A Dream of Spring
by jonerysbitch

Summary

This what happens when you don't give me a happy ending. Fuck you, sincerely, me. The tale of the new royal family and their cousins as they try to keep the realm in tact and maybe not die in the process. Raising children was never easy and we'll see how it goes for our well-loved and characters as they act the way they actually would.
The large, wooden door creaked open, revealing the royal couple. The Queen was clad in along, white and blue gown, with a matching necklace, her hair tied in a crown on her head for the summer heat. The dress had two flaps which revealed her heavily pregnant belly, as she was days away from giving birth. The King held her hand, clad in a simple shirt and pants, guiding her to the long table, where the Hand, Captain of the City Watch, Masters of Ships, Coin, Secrets, War and Smallfolk Affairs resided. The Hand and the Master of Coin where discussing something, nodding quietly. The Commander of the Royal Guard was standing in the corner with the Archmaester, discussing the upcoming birth. The table got up and nodded the couple. Yara, Master of Ships was busy studying some maps while Davos Seaworth looked over.

Per tradition, the Hand sat at the head of the table, the monarchs across him. The Masters would exchange places frequently. The other door opened and the Head Scribe walked in, carrying a pile of letters.

Jon first helped his wife get on her seat and she quietly thanked him, clearly discomforted. He took a seat next to Dany and kissed her hand, concern washing his face. Her 6th pregnancy had been a difficult one, much more than the others. Especially due the sheer size of her stomach.

“If Her Majesty is discomforted, perhaps we should continue our daily meetings in the royal chambers, so that you don’t have to leave bed. Being pregnant is difficult, especially for a sovereign monarch.”

“Thank you for the care, dear Lord Hand. Only a few weeks, and it will be gone. Forever. I intend this pregnancy to be my last.”

Sam nodded.

“Carrying twins is especially difficult for such a small woman as Her Majesty. Walking must be tiring.”

“Remember the times we thought you couldn’t have children?”

“And then comes Jon fucking Snow.” Uttered Bronn, Captain of the City Watch. The laughter of the royal children echoed from their gardens.

Dany laughed loudly. “I haven’t heard that moniker in a while, Sir Bronn.”
Jon shook his head, playing with the quill on the table. He took a scroll from the table and started fanning himself. Sometimes, he missed the icy layers of the deep North. Dany clasped her hand together, before starting the conversation:

“Lord Hand, what is our main topic today?”

“The Dragonpit meeting, Lord Domic Dayne is expecting an audience with you today and a visit to the Great Sept of Westeros.”

“And then we have the issue of taxes among those Stormlands villages, the Village Lord has allegedly been stealing from their treasury…”

Dany closed her eyes.

“The usual. Do the investigation, if there are reasonable doubts, invite him here and put him trial, if proven guilty he goes to prison, if proven innocent he gets paid off for the damages.”

Jon cocked his head.

“Where are those villages?”

“Near Storm’s End, the situation is so serious a woman went to Lord Baratheon to complain.”

“He’s on his way, so we’ll hear from him too.” Said Jon, tapping his sealing ring on the hardwood table, as if calculating something. “There must have been quite a lot of it stolen, since she went straight to the Lord.”

Dany nodded. “Local courts should handle that, but it must be a grand theft if they came to Gendry directly.”

“Indeed.” Agreed Varys, fanning himself with a plum coloured fan.
Davos Seaworth, Master of Smallfolk Affairs, wrote everything down carefully.

“For the meeting, I hope the accommodations will suit our guests. There is fresh milk for the Duke of the Vale, a private entertaining group for the Prince of Dorne and I pray that our other guests aren’t as picky.” Inhaled Tyrion, sipping the wine. This will hurt like a bitch.

“They’re family.” Uttered Jon.

“I’ll visit the Sept in a few hours, with Lord Domeric. I’ll kill two birds with one stone. Dame Brienne?”

“Yes, Ma’am?”

“You and Sir Payne will follow me to the Sept today. I think there will be a service for the 310th anniversary Aegon the Dragon has landed on the shores of Westeros. I’m very sorry for the dreaded service, but we’ll survive it.” She gave them a reassuring smile.

Brienne nodded, opening the back door.

“Pod! Put on the fancy cape! We’re going to accompany the Queen!”

“Lovely.” Dany said. “Missandei?”

“Yes?”

“Please send the tax reports to my office, I’ll review them tonight.”

“I’ll do it.” Said Jon. “You need rest.”

She shrugged. “Thank you. Sir Bronn? Any odd occurrences in the city?”

“Well some bastard attempted to smuggle some opium, so we got him… and threw the devil’s web in the sea. Then some cunts got into a fight over a girl, a few thefts and no murders today.”
“Oh, it’s a quiet day.” Chuckled Sam. He handed Jon a sealed letter. “From Lady Baratheon. I mean Stark. I mean Arya!”

Jon cracked the joined stag and wolf sigil and carefully reviewed Arya’s message. Since her marriage to Gendry after the war, she lived in Westeros, at Strom’s End with him and they even had a son, a small dark-haired beauty named Robb. And then she gathered a crew of wanderers, Jorah Mormont, the Hound and some other people and bought a ship which she named Nymeria and went to travel around the world. She’d come home once or twice the year to bear gifts and see the family. And then the cycle repeated again.

“Arya is coming to the meeting. She’s saying that she needs to tell us something and that she’s bringing someone with her, who claims to know Dany?”

“Me? If they come from Essos, it can be anyone.”

She looked at the sun. It was time to leave. She got up with the help of Jon and bid the room goodbye and went to her room to change, adding a small headpiece to her head and a white shawl over her shoulders. She kissed her children and Jon goodbye and walked down the Throne Room, now clad with two chairs made out of stone with cushions, which was now used for strictly ceremonial purposes. The audiences were mostly held in the Meeting Room or the Grand Room, which was filled with comfortable furniture and bookcases along with a large map of the Seven Kingdoms. Lord Domeric Dayne, a boy of 20, was standing there, observing the painted walls. He was wearing a plum shirt and grey slacks, with a matching silvery coat.

“Aren’t you warm, Lord Domeric?” She smiled.

“Your Majesty.”

He kissed her hand, surprised with how small it was.

“I wanted to ask you to accompany me to a service in the honour of my ancestor conquering the Seven Kingdoms.”

“It would be my honour. I have a question? What happened to the infamous Iron Throne?”
“We made armour from it. Turns out, you can dress quite a bit of knights with that old thing.”

The carriage ride was quite short, as the streets were too narrow for them to pass. The carriage driver opened the door.

“My apologies, Ma’am, but the road is too narrow. Shall we carry you?”

“No need, I’ll walk to the Sept.”

Domeric Dayne followed her in step, along with the two guards.

“I came here to ask of you something I was afraid to tell even my family.”

“And what is that?”

“I’d like to believe that I’m a good man, you know? I’m struggling, as I am quite young, but I’m doing my best. I don’t know if you’re aware of it, but late aunt, the Lady Ashara, flung herself from a tower in her grief over the deaths of her own child, Princess Elia and her children. As a Dornishman and a friend of House Martell, I ask of you to give me the bones of Princess Elia and her children, so I can take them to Dorne. Prince Olyvar has been talking about it for ages and he never seems to gather the courage.”

Dany bowed her head.

“As much as it pains me to tell you… They’ve been burned by the orders of someone who is now long gone. What I can give you are the last letters Elia wrote to her family. We found them, abandoned in some old room. Perhaps that will help her cousin mend his heart.”

“Have you read them?”

“Yes. They’re the saddest thing I’ve ever seen.” Dany hugged herself.

“Thank you, Ma’am. We all just wanted justice for Elia. And another request, from the Prince.”
“We’ve already hired...”

“No, not that. He became the father of a lovely baby boy, named Mors. He wanted to suggest a marriage between one of the princesses and Prince Mors.”

“They’re children. When my daughters are old enough, they’ll voice their opinions. I’ll talk to the Prince. They already have Targaryen blood in them.”

“Yes. Daenerys, too, wasn’t it? Her Mors built the Watergardens for her.”

“Yes. There was another Daenerys before her. My late brother told me it means “song” in our native language.”

They arrived at the Sept. The High Septon, an elderly charismatic man, walked slowly down the stairs and bowed in front of the Queen.

“Our Queen, the true representation of the Mother. A woman who is gentle and kind, mother to the little princes and to us all.”

“High Septon Orgell.”

The service was long and dreadful, Dany wished she had the idea to send someone else to represent her, alas, Jon followed the Old Gods and her children were too young. The Faith was already angry at the royal family for marrying under another religion and proclaiming religious tolerance in the country. At least she was smart enough not to arm them.

After the ceremony was over, Dany watched some young children walk around the Sept, giving everyone flowers. A little girl sung a song that she believed she’d never hear again.

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

The little girl gave a wreath of pale yellow flowers to Lord Domeric and a wreath of blue roses to the Queen. She curtsied quickly and stopped singing, observing the intricate headpiece Daenerys wore.

“No, my darling, don’t stop. Sing, please.”

The girl gave her a faint smile and went back to her friends. Dany stared at the roses. She could almost see the blood on a very similar wreath that must have withered a long time ago. She put the flowers on her head, taking off the small decoration she wore on her own head. She called back the girl and pushed the small jewel in her hand. The girl gave her a sweet smile before whispering thank you and went back to her friends.

“That was generous of you.”

“It’s just jewellery. I can do much more.”

Back in the Keep, Dany plucked slowly at her harp. She learned how to play it with the help of some teachers, she played it for her children mostly. Speaking of which, her eldest, Jaeherys, walked into the room.

“Mama? Uncle Gendry and Robb are here.”

“Already?” She attempted to get up, but little Jas gave her a hand, smiling.

“Here we go, Mama. Are the dragons around?”

“Drogon, Viserion and Rhaegal are on Dragonstone with their younger siblings. You know they cannot reside in the city, they’ll terrify the people.”

“But they defend us.”

“Yes, scary things tend to fight scary things off. They are fire made flesh, as we are. Fire, as much as we need it for survival, is terrifying.”
“How does Drogon know when to come?”

“He knows. The dragons just know it.”

Jaeherys nodded.

“When can I ride one?”

“To be fair, I wanted to put you on one last year, but we agreed, not before your 13th nameday. Your father is scared of heights.”

“Ned is just the same! He wails when we have to climb stairs.”

Dany laughed.

“Ned is other kinds of brave, Jas.”

“Brave to hide Ghost in the closet to scare off the maids.”

Dany slapped her forehead.

“Not again!”

Speaking of Ghost, the large direwolf was snoring his life away on a carpet in front of the fire. Dany whistled and he rolled up, wagging his tail.

“Hello, my darling Ghost.” He sniffed her belly and kept wagging his tail. “Have you seen my Jon?”

“Papa is with Uncle Gendry.” Said Jas.
Gendry and Jon were sitting in the Grand Room, little Robb in Jon’s lap. The boy looked like a
spitting image of his father, his mother left almost nothing of herself in him. Perhaps her wolfish grin.
Robb jumped up, clutching Jas in a strong hug and he gave his aunt a kiss on the hand. Dany smiled
and ducked to hug him, although it was impossible from her swollen belly.

“I leave you for a few moons, and you get fat?” Laughed Gendry. Dany shook her head.

“It’s exhausting to be pregnant, Gendry.”

Robb looked over at his father, in awe.

“There is a baby in there?”

“Two, probably.” Said Dany. “Why don’t you find the other children and play?”

The two boys left, hand in hand, racing down the hallway. The sound of their small feet made Jon
feel nostalgic of the brothers he lost to war. The sun was setting over the city. Gendry cracked open
the uncomfortable topic of the stealing Village Lord. Every village now, had a Lord, someone who
the villagers elected to represent them and their interests as well as do some basic duties, like report to
their overlord, or gather taxes. The system was flawed, but it was the best they could do.

“Are you certain he’s stealing?”

“According to the woman, he has bought his entire family new clothing and he rebuilt his house, he
has also hired multiple servants and allegedly, a Dornish woman who claims to be clairvoyant.” Said
Gendry, scratching his beard.

Jon slapped his forehead, groaning.

“Are you serious? On a lighter note, do you want you and Arya to stay at the blue chambers or
should we move you upstairs?”

“Arya? She’s here?” He asked, clearly shocked.
“She has sent us a message that she’ll be here for the meeting.”

Gendry inhaled deeply, attempting not to look at Jon and Dany. Before they were able to continue, Tyrion entered the room, carrying a swig of wine.

“Am I interrupting? Also, Jaime’s here, he says it’s something urgent.”

“Why is everyone early?” Muttered Dany. “Is Sansa with him?”

“No, she and Jason stayed behind, in the carriage. Jaime found out something that made his blood boil and he needs the help of you two.”

As soon as Tyrion finished speaking, Jaime Lannister, Duke of the Westerlands barged into the room, throwing his sword off him along with his cape.

“I need a divorce!”

“Sansa is a bit difficult, I know, but beneath the layers...” Started Jon, grabbing his head.

“Not mine, Jon! My cousin!”

“Ella?” Asked Tyrion, pouring the wine.

“Yes, Ella! She married that fool Westerling because her father insisted and it turns out, the rumours about him were true!” He spoke quickly.


“Westerling was married 4 times before. Four times! And every wife died somehow... They claimed miscarriages and illnesses, but something is very suspicious when four women die under the care of the same man. The rumours say that he beats them to death, and I didn’t believe it until a maid came from her new house and asked Ella’s father for their Maester!” Jaime finally breathed out. “I was intercepted by a messenger from Lannisport. We need to annul that damn marriage.”
“Please tell me they married under the Old Gods. I can send a message to Bran and he can annul it.”

“No. The Seven.”

“Fuck.” She cursed. “Send a message to the High Septon, now.”

An hour passed until the Septon arrived. He was usually thrilled to go to the royal household. He’d always get donations and food and the people there asked him about everything. But, being summoned so late at night made him suspicious. After being let in the grand room, he was faced by Lords Lannister and Baratheon and the Queen and King in the North.

“Your Majesties, my Lords, what is this urgent?”

“We need an annulment.” Cut in Jaime quickly.

“Is your lady wife that much of an issue?”

“No, not me, my cousin! He husband will kill her if we don’t get her out of there.” He explained it to the Septon.

“Do they have children?”

“No.”

“Has the marriage been consummated?”

Jaime closed his eyes.

“With witnesses.”

“Then I can do nothing.”

Daenerys saw right through his bullshit. She knew about annulments less likely than this one.
“Your predecessors did far worse things, High Septon. This is about saving someone’s life.”

“And do you have evidence?”

“Yes, she was in the need of a Maester!”

“I’ll have to deliberate with the council.”

“We don’t have time!” Shouted Jaime. Jon suddenly had an idea.

“Get Bronn and tell him to send a message to Lannisport to arrest Lord Westerling. Immediately, charge him with something stupid. And then get him here. And return Ella to Casterly Rock.”

Dany nodded and a servant raced to wake up Bronn. Dany dismissed the priest.

“He annulled Tyrion’s marriage. I don’t understand this.”

“My marriage was… A drunken mistake. Let’s hope the second one won’t go rotten.”

“How is Lady Marya?” Asked Dany.

“She’s taking care of our Talia.”

Jaime collapsed.

“I nearly broke my hip ridding here.”

“Go to bed, take it easy.” Jon said.
And they all went to bed. In the middle of the night, Dany woke, as if shot by lightning. She shook Jon awake, who got up and went to fetch Sam.

The patting of tiny footsteps echoed through the Grand Hall. The children, three boys and two girls, followed by an elderly Septa, were racing to the rooms where the King and Queen resided. In front of the large, carved double door, stood a tall, red-haired woman, who was playing with her necklace. Next to her, a small golden head was holding onto her leg, as they have just arrived. She smiled at the small group. The door creaked open, revealing their father. His dark hair was tousled, forehead sweaty. The sun has just risen, and with that two new lives.

His face was lit up by the sight of his children. Never had Jon Snow seen a sight so lovely. Jaeherys, their eldest, was leading the small pack, the boy bearing great resemblance to his mother. His sister, Aelinor, another Valyrian beauty, was holding a small bouquet of flowers. Next to them, young Eddard was holding his sister Lyarra’s hand, who just like him, looked like a Stark of Winterfell, and attempting to persuade Aemon, another small dragon, to get back in line.

“Dany is well. She was delivered of two healthy girls. We decided to name them Alyssa and Rhaella.”

The small group clapped, along with their Aunt Sansa.

“Congratulations! Congratulations!”

Aelinor stepped forward.

“I plucked these, this morning. For mama.”

Jon patted her head.

“Why won’t you come in and see for yourself?”

The tiny company entered the large chamber, which was bathed in morning light.
Daenerys was tired, but pleased. The two princesses were wrapped up in blankets, already asleep in their crib. Dany opened her arms, welcoming her older children.

She kissed them all individually before laying back again. She thanked Aelinor for the flowers.

“Twins, huh?” Asked Sansa, leaning over the crib.

“I did have my suspicions, I was too large this time. And they came a bit early.”

“Well, I bring you congratulations from the Lannister’s of Casterly Rock. For your 6th and 7th child.”

As soon as Sansa said Lannister, the door creaked open again. Tyrion Lannister, half asleep, pranced into the chamber.

“Remember when you thought you weren’t able to have children? Good times. Very good times! What is it this time? I bet my money on a girl.”

“Twin girls!” Said Jon, shaking his head.

“Two? I hope this is your last one…”

“Seven children seems like a good number.” Smiled Jon, kissing Dany’s head.

“And their names are?”

“Alyssa, for an ancestor, and Rhaella, for my late mother.”

“Lovely!”

The two babies stirred in the crib.
“Now you have a child for a kingdom each.”

“I suppose so, yes.” Dany’s lips curled into a smile as she watched Jas tend to the newborns. She cherished these simple, happy days with her family, something she never dared to dream about.

Lord Domeric was awoken by the loud ringing of bells, celebrating something. Confused, he opened the door, watching the servants carry around bloody rags, water, linen, cleaning utensils, clothing, gifts and various objects. He stopped a young girl.

“What happened?”

“The Queen gave birth to two girls this morning, my Lord.” She bowed and ran away. Domeric exited his room and walked over to the throne room, where Jon was attempting to calm down the high lords. Lord Tully was shouting at Lord Arryn, his nephew, Lord Baratheon was pacing around the room while the Prince of Dorne casually slouched on the wall, clearly ignoring the Duke of the Reach. He could hear the noise of children rattling outside of the doors.

Jon drew his sword and hit the pommel three times against the cold stone.

“The Queen is recovering and has asked you to move to her quarters to see her, the Dragonpit meeting will be held in two days, until then, enjoy the city.”

The high lords followed the King, except for Lord Stark, who was pushed by Lady Meera Reed. Bran was tired, his eyes weary.

“Congratulations, Jon. How is she?”

“She took it much easier than first time. Much, much easier. Remember when Jas was born?”

“Yes… Winterfell was covered in a snowstorm whose likes we will never see again.”

“Just like his mother, Stormborn.”

“He is very important, Jon. You know it.”

“All of my children are important.”
“As you say, yes.” Bran turned to Meera.

“Are you tired?”

“No, not really. I’ll leave you with your family.”

After they reached the royals quarters, they were greeted by the sight of the great lords and the Queen. Dany was perched atop a chair, eyes tired and puffy.

“I am very sorry we must meet like this, but, as you know, I have given birth a few hours ago. I’m asking you to postpone our meetings for a week. The girls came a bit early, I thought I’d still be pregnant.”

Lord Domeric was seated between Tyrell and Martell, listening carefully. He heard a loud noise again and turned his head. The door barged open, Prince Ned ridding on Ghost and shouting, followed by an angry Jaeherys and a raging Aelinor.

“Ned, get off Ghost, he’s not a horse!”

Robb Baratheon jumped up, and little Aemon and Lyarra grabbed him. Jason Lannister started crying and the adults exchanged looks.

“Eddard, get off that direwolf now!” Said Dany, placing her hands on her hips. He got off, pouting. Lyarra stepped out.

“Mama, Papa, Lord Uncles and Lords of Westeros, we’re very sorry for interrupting you.” Ghost barked and the family laughed.

“Please, go back to the playrooms, I’ll be there soon.”

After some small talk, Prince Olyvar walked to Jon and Daenerys.
“Congratulations on the birth of your daughters, Your Majesties.”

“Thank you, Prince Olyvar.”

“I think Lord Dayne has told you about my future plans.”

“And we will wait until my daughters are old enough to choose. We are flattered, but they’re children.”

He nodded. “I see.”

“Dany and I agreed that our children will choose eventually if they’ll marry once they’re old enough.”

“My grandmother was the same, Princess Loreza. She permitted my cousin Doran to marry for love.”

“And what happened?”

“His wife left him.”

“So be it then, their happiness comes first.”

“You are a soft father, Your Majesty.”

“Mine was the same. We came out pretty well.”

In the late afternoon, Gendry and Davos were taking a walk in the harbour. It was filled with mostly merchants and people selling and buying. Gendry laughed about working once at Flea Bottom.

“You’ve came a long way since then.”

“You too, Master of Coin.”
“Imagine, I wanted to be Master of Ships. But Yara Greyjoy has better qualifications.”

“Yes, she’s commanded ships since she’s been in nappies.”

“I don’t know many high lords who know how to forge a hammer or armour. Or dragon armour.”

“That was one hell of a task, but I was very pleased with the results.”

“And forge Valyrian steel.”

“Only because we found the secret in the Citadel. Who would have thought the missing ingredient was dragonfire?”

They stopped to admire one of the ships that belonged to Yara Greyjoy’s private collection.

“I think it’s called Black Dread or something. The headship of the royal fleet is called Balerion, believe or not.”

“My ships are named Yellow Stag, Thunderstorm and Arya.”

“How romantic. How is the human counterpart?”

“She’s about to arrive here, I’ve missed her.”

“That’s why you wanted to go down to the harbour. Nymeria and her notorious crew are coming to our shores again?”

“Yes. And my wife.”

Davos laughed. “And your wife! Do you remember when you two married?”

“She wore pants under her wedding gown. And she wore her sword down the altar. Jon walked her down and Dany married us. It was quite warm that night, I remember. And then we went to Storm’s
End and lived there. Robb came soon. When he was born, Arya took my hand and told me about her brother who died at the Twins. His name was Robb to, for the father I’ve never known. We were a family, a small one, but a happy one. Those years at Storm’s End were the happiest of my life. I remember holding Robb for the first time like it was yesterday. She was happy too, for a while. And then she became restless.”

“And I know the rest.”

“I can’t really judge her. She was alone in the world, a girl too young to be out there. She’s a strong woman now, but I know I need to let her be. She’s a knight and a wanderer. Also, Clegane is protecting her. The Hound would never let anyone come near Arya.”

“Very true. Is that Nymeria?” Asked Davos, pointing a chin towards a large flagship with a white and yellow flag and matching sails and a mermaid at it’s front.

Gendry’s face was washed over by sheer joy. His lips turned into a wide smile. Before he was able to say anything, the large figure of the Hound rolled into his sight. He passed by them, mumbling something to himself.

And then Gendry noticed a small figure, one he knew very well. Her hair was up in her signature braided bun, she wore a pair of dark brown pants and matching boots, a yellow shirt and a leather jacket with a wolf and stag embroidered on its sleeves. Arya turned her head to Gendry and started running to him. He took her into his arms and gave her a deep kiss.

“My light… Arya…” He put her down and kissed her hands. “Hello, my lady wife.”

“Hello, my lord husband.” She touched his cheek and he nuzzled it for a while, taking the sight of Arya in. Davos coughed, noticing a shadowy, tall figure next to Arya, clad in the deep maroon coat, the face covered. Next to them stood Jorah Mormont, holding his sword.

“Greetings, Sir Davos.”

“Sir Jorah.”

“Would the Duke and Duchess of the Westerlands be kind enough to go to the palace?”

Gendry nodded, taking Arya’s hand. They walked hand in hand through the streets into the
darkness, the warm summer air reminding them that winter is faraway. The shadowy figure walked next to Jorah Mormont, keeping quiet all the time. Davos looked over to the maroon creature.

“Lady Arya… Who’s that?”

“You’ll see. Dany and Jon need to see first.”

In the Grand Room, Jon and Dany were enjoying their newborns. Dany was pouring some tea, while Jon held Rhaella and the nursemaid, Dalla, was feeding Alyssa. After she finished serving the tea, Daenerys looked over to Jon.

“Don’t touch anything warm while you’re holding the baby.”

“I get very warm when I look at you.”

She dropped her spoon and Dalla covered her mouth. This was just another day in the of the royal family. Jon handed Rhaella to Dany and she started feeding the baby princess.

“I didn’t know you had it in you, Jon.”

“I couldn’t resist.”

Gendry and Arya were next to arrive, greeting their family. “Congratulations on the twins.” Smiled Arya and took little Rhaella’s hand and kissed it. Jorah Mormont walked in next, bowing to the couple.

“Congratulations, Your Majesties.”

Dany smiled at her loyal knight. He watched the little creature wrestle with a strand of Dany’s hair.

The shadowy figure stepped closer, bowing her head deeply. Her cloak fell off, revealing a stunning woman with piercing blue eyes and a ruby chocker necklace. Her dress was clad with similar chains as her necklace, her face an unbreakable mask.
Arya decided to introduce her.

“You stand in the presence of Kinvara, High Priestess of the Red Temple of Volantis, the Flame of Truth, the Light of Wisdom, and First Servant of the Lord of Light.”

She smiled. “It is an honour to finally meet you, Mother of Dragons. Child of Three. Bride of Fire.”

At those words, Dany’s eyes went wide. The sound of the children outside made Kinvara nod.

“I see that the sun has set in the east and that it rose in the west. Seven times, counting yesterday.”

Rhaella stopped eating and Dany gave her to Dalla who took the two babies away.

“Have we met?”

“I’ve met your Lord Spider and the Lord Hand once, back in the Bay. You were gathering Dothraki back then.”

She knelt in front of the royal couple.

“I am here to serve you, Your Majesties.” Jon has a strange connection to red priests, as one has brought him back to life.

“I can feel your mark, Sir. Who brought you back?”

“Melisandre of Ashai.” Said Jon, without a breath.

“Even our least powerful ones can perform miracles beyond the weak human imagination. Melisandre was not in particularly powerful, but she was cunning if anything.”

Jon recalled her setting on fire weapons and bringing her power to his own lifeforce. Who was this woman?
“I bear you no ill will, Ma’am. I want to help.”

Jon clutched Dany’s hand, as if to protect her.

“Mother of Dragons, do you remember what you saw in the House of the Undying?”

“Yes.” The Queen whispered.

“They told you about your children, too. Your firstborn, the living one, left you a scar because the Maester had to cut you to…”

“Turn him around…” She whispered back. She did have a scar there, only Jon and Sam knew about it.

The people in the room were shaking with fear.

“Lady Baratheon came to me.” Said Kinvara.

“I was sailing to Naath at first, but then something told me to sail to Volantis. And when I was scouting the city, I heard something… calling me. As if I needed to be there.”

“Smart girl. You heard me. And to think you almost gave yourself away to the Many-Faced God.”

Arya looked on the floor. “Not my wisest move to join them.”

“No one with people who love them should ever come near the House of Black and White.” Muttered Kinvara. “I am here to help you in the upcoming turmoil. And I bear a prophecy.”

Jon slouched back into the couch. “I don’t believe in prophecies.”

“Such a shame, King Crow.” She said. “I’ll consult with the Lord tonight, Mother of Dragons. You have nine now?”
She smiled. “They’re my children as much as the human ones are.”

“Fire made flesh. Mother of Dragons, be aware that some of your children have ice in their veins. The little one, that has a face like Lyanna Stark, she will build cities. And there will be a war for one of your daughters.”

“Are you talking about Lyarra?”

“She has Lyanna’s face, but not her fate. Your first girl, the apple of her father’s eye, she will be proposed to by many. Refuse them all.”

“I don’t need a prophecy to know that.” Said Jon, touching his sword.

“Kinvara, you are welcome to stay here. I have many questions.”

She bowed again and the servants led her to a room, letting everyone shake in their boots.

“I’ve seen Cersei, in Pentos. She’s put on a bit of weight, otherwise, she looks good to me. She’s depressed often, the servants say.”

Dany nodded.

“Good to hear.”

After Cersei lost, Dany gave her enough gold to last her forever and banished her to Pentos, where she lived out her live as a wealthy woman. She was attended by various servants and she slept most of her days away.

Arya called the meeting off and a really long and tiring day was finally over.
Vagabongs

Arya was preparing her luggage for the trip back to Storm’s End and was already preparing her next voyage, making plans with her highest ranking officer, the Hound. He was suggesting they go to the Jade sea or the lands of Ashai.
She was about to say something, when she heard a small voice.

“Mother?”

“Robb?” She said, turning her head toward the door where the small boy stood. He paced toward her and climbed onto her lap.

“I’ve missed you, Mama.”

“I’ve missed you too, sweetling.”

“Can you take me with you, please?”

“Robb… You’re too young. A ship is no place for a child. You need sunlight and enough space to run wherever you want.” She kissed his little head. “But once you’re older, I’ll promise to take you with me.”

He pouted, nodding his head. “Go back to bed, sweetling.” He left a hole in Arya’s heart.

“A spitting image of his father is that one, isn’t he?”

“I could tell when he was born.”

“I remember that. The Stormlands celebrated.”

“And so did I. I’ve considered having more, you know? So that Robb wouldn’t always be alone.”

“He has quite a bit of cousins, doesn’t he?”

“It’s not the same. He sees them a few times a year, otherwise, he’s the only child there.”

“So what, you’ll take a break a few years?”

“Yes, maybe. I’ll talk with Gendry.”

“Whatever you decide, your crew has your back.”

“Thank you, Hound.”

They finished packing and Arya realised she’d made up her mind. She went to the door with a Baratheon sigil and entered. Gendry was at his table, writing down some bullet points for the upcoming theft and fraud trial.

“I want a baby.” Said Arya, causing Gendry to drop his quill.

“Hello to you too.”

“I’m serious.”

“What has gotten into you, all of a sudden?”
“I… Robb is so alone, he should have someone to play with. And I’ve grown up in a large family, I was never alone.”

“And do you want a child or do you just want a friend for Robb?”

“Perhaps both. I’m young, you’re young. We should have more children.”

Soon, they were lying in bed, naked as on the days they were born.

“Is it bad that I want you never to leave again?”

“Not at all. I told you, once I find what I’m searching for, I’ll stay with you.”

“And what are you searching for?”

“I don’t know yet.”

Gendry closed his eyes.

“I’ll have a trial soon. Will you be by my side, Duchess?”

“I will.” She kissed his hand. “Gods, I forgot about the puking part of pregnancy.”

“Ask Dany for advice. She’s a veteran.”

They both laughed loudly. “To think she thought she was barren.”

“She told me once that Jon and her got together on a boat. Nine moons after that boat, she gives birth after a battle.”

“To be fair, no one was more surprised than her.”

“I’m happy for her and Jon. We grew up in the same family and we loved playing together. I remember climbing on trees with Jon and Robb and practising archery with Bran and pushing Rickon in a barrel down a hill. Then I’d go in the barrel and the cycle would continue until we got sick.”

Gendry slapped his forehead.

“A barrel?”

“One time, Jon lathered himself in flour and Robb led Sansa to the crypts and Jon jumped out behind Grandfather Rickard’s statue, howling. Sansa fell on the ground, screaming.”

“She didn’t play with you?”

“She… Never wanted to. I mean maybe at some point, when we were very little. But, once she felt the pretty things, like her dresses and music, she became a carbon copy of our mother. She always wanted to be a lady of a castle.”

“And she sure got one.”

“Oh yes. Just the wealthiest family in the Seven Kingdoms.”

“How did she even marry Jaime?”

“He proposed to her when he got his lordship back. She was available and she wanted to leave
Winterfell.”

“Why?”

“Bran became Duke of the North by election of our peers. Sansa lost the election for unknown reasons and was very upset. She hasn’t spoken to Bran in a while.”

“How so?”

“The North is by succession law, Bran’s. Jon has the customary title, King in the North, as Dany is Queen in the North, as a co-ruler. The idea is once their son comes to the throne, they’ll annex the two titles into one. As Bran won’t marry, probably Eddard will get the dukedom of the North.”

“What does Bran do for the North?”

“He’s just and kind and patient. And he doesn’t play any games.”

“And he’s a son.”

“And he’s a son… To be fair, it was a close call between them. But we all know who truly rules the West.”

“Yes. Jaime is supposed to hold a trial.”

She chuckled.

“How in the world will that go?”

“Probably well if Sansa helps him.”

“She was regent once?”

“Yes, during the siege! That was wild. She basically went to bed after that and refused to get out for a few days.”

“I’m glad that they destroyed the Iron Throne.”

“They made it into armour. Armour! The Hound wears armour made of it.”

Gendry laughed.

“What will the crew of Nymeria say if you stay on the mainland for a while?”

“They’ll whore and drink. Except for Jorah Mormont. He went to Bear Island.”

“Seems fine to me.”

“He is one heartbroken man. I feel terrible for him. We saw his wife this time.”

“His.. wife?”

“Lynesse Hightower. She’s now the head mistress of a powerful man.”

“I had no idea Mormont was married.”

“He was.” She plopped back into the bed. “If we have this baby, what will we name it? I don’t want it to be a last minute decision like everything in our lives.”
“I was thinking… Well, nothing. Your mother’s name was Catelyn?”

“If Sansa has more children, I’d imagine she’d name a girl Catelyn. I already took Robb. I would consider naming a girl Lyanna, but that wouldn’t be fair to you. Robb was named for my family. You pick a name this time.”

He shrugged. “You know I don’t mind. My mother’s name was Dahlia. I’d consider that too. And if we have a boy, maybe Edric or Berric.”

“Dahlia is such a pretty name. Like a flower. What was she like, your mother?”

“Well, I rarely saw her, as a steward had raised me. She had long, yellow hair. Died when I was little. And that’s all I remember. She was very beautiful.”

“I’d consider Dahlia. But Berric? As in our Berric Dondarrion?”

“Maybe? He has an interesting name.” Gendry got up and took a book.

“The Baratheon family history.” He opened the family tree.

“Oh, Rhælle! Such a pretty name.”

“She was a Targaryen princess. Cassana? Maybe Steffon?”

“All good options. So you want a girl this time?”

“Maybe.” He smiled. “Whatever you give me, I’ll be pleased.”

“I think that our Robb will grow to be taller than a house.”

“He is already that lanky… You know what boggles me?”

“Why is little Jaeherys that tall?” They both laughed.

“I think Aerys Targaryen was described to be tall…” He couldn’t stop laughing.

In the morning, Arya saw her brother and sister-in-law eating breakfast while pondering over some grain issues in the Reach. They turned around to see Arya. Jon pulled out a chair for her.

“Take a seat!”

Arya accepted and started chewing a lovely sweet pastry with cherries. Now that was missing from her ship. The table was filled with those pastries and fruit, as well as water and sweet lemon juice. Dany was going over some letters as they heard footsteps.

“Sorry I’m late, Jason was sleepy… Arya?”

“Hello to you too, Sansa.” She said with her mouth full.

“Lady of a castle, you still speak with your mouth full?”

“Yes.” She said through the cherries.

Before Sansa was able to mutter anything back, Jon was called to as there was an issue with the city watch. He let Dany eat and he ran to see what happened.

“Anything new?” She asked, sipping on her jasmine tea.
“Gendry and I want another baby.” Said Arya, cutting another pastry in half. Sansa nearly spilled her lemonade out. Dany’s eyes widened in excitement.

“Congratulations! Oh my, I’m so happy for you!” She took Arya’s hand.

“I could use some conception advice.” She said.

“I think… My experience was quite unique. I thought I was barren. Jas, as we all know, was an accident. A complete accident. Aelinor and Ned were planned. Beyond any reasonable doubt.”

“The three of them are close in age.” Said Sansa.

“Yes, it was my plan to have three children with three years difference between each.”

“But the difference between them is about a year or a year and a half…” Said Sansa.

“See? I don’t know what is in the food there up in the North, or in the water, but the moment Jon and I wanted more children, he would deliver quickly. I was pregnant pretty soon many times. And after Ned, I thought I was done. And then came Lyarra, Aemon soon. Then I said to him, I think we have enough. Boom. I have twins now.”

Arya started screeching from laughter. “So he has some talent, at least.”

“What in the world…” Said Sansa. Dany stirred her tea.

“I did my calculations, Jas was born nine months after we were on that boat. So he was conceived possibly the first time we’ve been together.” She held her head. “What is with the Northerners?”

Arya was still laughing.

“But for advice, take him to bed between your cycles, right around the middle. And you should be on your back.”

Arya nodded, it sounded reasonable.

“I can’t believe you want more.” Said Sansa.

“You don’t?”

“No, absolutely not. Jason is more than enough.”

Dany covered her face.

“I still don’t understand this.”

“I think no one ever will.”

“There were two reigning queens before me on the throne. And none of them had children while on the throne. I had seven. People always looked down on me when I was pregnant. As if I was about to pass away.”

“I had no idea.”

“They were quite condescending.”

“I like what you did with the succession laws.” Said Arya. Sansa’s lips tightened. Had those laws
been the same up in the North, she would have been Duchess in her own right.

Dany cut up a pomegranate, watching the red juice flow down in her plate. She looked sad for a moment.

“How is Sir Jorah? He went up North immediately?”

“Yes, little Lyanna, well not so little, is getting married. He wanted to be there, to take her down the isle.”

Dany nodded. “He wanted to take me too, alas, we got married in the middle of the battle. Bran married us, Tyrion served as witness. A few hours later, the Night King was gone and after some more time, we had a child. I don’t ever want to hear we’re not effective.”

“What a honeymoon!” Said Arya. “God, the storm when Jaeherys was born...”

“Sir Jaime says it was a similar one to the one I was born in. I sometimes wish I could see it.”

“Bran can. If he’s in the mood. I mean he’s quite moody.”

Dany leaned on her back, her still swollen tummy showing. She closed her eyes for a moment, trying to recall if she knew anything about the myth of the Three Eyed Raven.

“There were many before him and there will be always many after him, too. The last one was one of your own. You knew him as Brynden Rivers, or Bloodraven.”

Dany turned around and saw Kinvara standing there, leaning against the cool stone wall. She was holding a book with a dragon sigil on it. She came down and Dany offered her a seat.

“Your blood runs old, my Queen. You came from an unbroken line of 113 generations of nobility. The last 12 have been Kings and Queens. Fire and blood. Like what gave you your dragons.”

Dany could for a moment remember the cold desert night she became Mother of Dragons.

“But that’s long gone.” She said. “I have many children now, seven human ones and nine dragon ones.”

“I came here to ask something of you. To let me carry a torch of dragonfire to Volantis. The Lord of Light can speak more clearly to me from such a power.”

“I’ll grant your wish once you return home.”

She bowed her head and turned to Sansa.

“Who have you betrayed, my dove?”

Sansa went pale. She could still sometimes hear the people cheering for her father’s head.

“No one that is alive now.” She murmured. Dany asked Kinvara not to speak to Sansa that way. Before she was able to manage to say anything, a messenger came. He was holding a small, sealed letter. She cracked the sigil of a daisy open and read the content.

“Oh. Cersei Lannister passed away from alcohol poisoning this morning. They’re asking what to do with her remains.”

“Ask Jaime. He’ll know.”
Dany nodded and got up and told the sisters to enjoy the breakfast. She found Jaime Lannister on a balcony, watching the children play. They were all there, except for Aelinor. Robb and Jas were racing around the bushes, jumping up and down. Little Jason was hiding behind a tree. Jaime observed them, smiling.

She bowed her head and turned to Sansa.

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“Sir Jaime.”

“Your Majesty.”

“I’m afraid I have some dire news.”

“Do tell.”

“Cersei passed away. She drunk too much “Valonquar” and her liver couldn’t take it any more.”

Jaime went pale and numb.

“Say that name again?”

“Valonquar.”

“What is that?”

“A popular wine brand in the Free Cities. It was started by two younger brothers who had nothing to inherit, so they started making their own wine. And they became richer than their families. Valonquar means...”

“Little brother.”

“Or little sister. Valyrian is gender-neutral. I’m very sorry, Sir Jaime.”

“No need to be. She was a bad, bad human. But I loved her nevertheless.”

“What do you want to do with her body?”

“Bury her there. I doubt it anyone will want to visit her grave here.”
They sat there in silence. And then Jaime noticed a rider on a small, white horse. After blinking a few times, he recognised Ghost, the family “dog”. On his back sat Aemon and he was waving a stick. Aemon offered Jason a hand and the boy, to Jaime’s surprise, climbed on the wolf’s back. And the creature started running, the two boys laughing loudly. Jason had always been shy, always clinging to Sansa’s leg. Jaime carefully walked down the stairs, followed by Dany, who was much slower due her swollen body and general fatigue. She paced after him, shouting the children’s names.

The two boys fell off the large animal, growling at each other. And then they bumped their heads together. Again, they collapsed laughing. At least they were having fun.

“This is the first time I’ve seen him play with other children.” Smiled Jaime, looking at his son, the first son he could ever claim, playing with his cousin. Jason had always been timid and fearful, clinging to his mother for everything. One time, Jaime took him to a joust and the boy was terrified of the knights falling off their horses and now he was picking up wooden swords and fighting a heard of children.

“Seems like someone is opening up.”

“I’m very proud of him.” Smiled Jaime.

“I’m sorry about asking, but why did you react like that to the word Valonquar?”

“When we were children...” Jaime hesitated, not knowing the monarch’s stance on prophecies. She nodded for him to go on.

“Cersei was prophetised by a forest witch that she’d have three children and that they’ll all die, which came true. She was told she’d marry a king, which happened too. And then she said that the “Valonquar” will kill her.”

“I imagine she must have blamed Tyrion.”

“She forgot I am her little brother, too. She was born before me. Hadn’t Jon stopped me, I would have choked her to death for blowing up Flea Bottom.”

“He didn’t want you to have that on your soul. You loved her.”

“She was my sister.”

“I believed I’d marry Viserys growing up. You came to the wrong person for judgement.”

“What if you married him?” He asked, walking her back to the palace.

“He was cruel, a true abuser. My first husband killed him for threatening me and my unborn child, as deserved. He was a monster, but he was my brother. He abused me in many ways, yet he raised me and protected me.”

“You had a child before Jaeherys?”

“He didn’t live, sadly. I would have named him Rhaego.”

“I’m very sorry. For a long time, Cersei was the only person I had in my life who loved me unconditionally, as a woman loves a man. At least that’s what I believed. I was spirited away to serve your father and she wrote me letters nearly every day.”

She nodded. “She wanted to wed my eldest brother?”
“It had been her dream. And she was mine.”

Dany’s heart broke a little at those words.

“I’m glad you have a family now.”

“I am too. I was quite surprised you spared me at Winterfell.”

“I know that the Mad King earned his name.”

“Do you think… the incest turned them mad? With Joffrey too?”

“From what I’ve been told, Joffrey was spoiled rotten.”

“That too.”

“Is it strange that they’re all gone now?”

“It is. I remember your mother even after all this time. You look a lot like her.”

“Really?” She asked, a glimmer of hope showing up in her eyes.

“When I saw your eldest girl, Aelinor, I immediately thought of the late Queen. They look a lot alike. And little Lyarra looks a lot like Lyanna Stark. You know, Sansa’s aunt.”

“Which Rhaegar kidnapped. Does my Lyarra really look like her?”

“Quite a bit. Her and Arya too. It’s nearly uncanny. Gendry looks like a young Robert.”

Dany nodded, trying to image their faces. “They said she was beautiful.”

“I suppose. My father considered marrying me to her at some point, I think. To her, Elia Martell and Lysa Arryn.”

“And you did marry a Stark in the end.”

“More of a Tully, to be fair. I did promise the late Catelyn Tully I’d look after her daughter.”

“You’re doing a good job. She seems to be very well.”

“I agree. The meeting is at the end of next week?”

“Yes. I hope you understand why I had to postpone it.”

“Yes, I imagine you had a rough night.”

“This childbirth was easy compared to the first ones.”

“I liked that you named one of them Rhaella.”

“I wanted to name Aelinor Rhaella too, but Jon liked that name so much so I gave in. Lyarra got named by Arya and the rest were boys. How did you get your name?”

“After some ancestor of mine.”

“Same.” She said. They parted ways and went to their respective quarters.
Dany laid down on her bed. She was still exhausted from yesterday and she was, per tradition, over-working herself. She asked a maid to prepare her some water so she can bathe.

She got into the warm, copper tub and decided to soak her skin.

“Are you comfortable?” Asked Jon.

“I’m better now, thank you.” She leaned on the edge of the tub. Jon rubbed her back with the warm water and she moaned a little.

“I know it must be tiring, but we get a great pay off from your pregnancies.”

“Our children.”

“Yes. And your breasts.” he poked her shoulder and they both laughed. Jon kissed the spot where her shoulder and back connected.

“You milkmaid.”

They both started screeching from laughter and Jon took off his clothes and jumped in next to her. She leaned on his chest, enjoying the warmth.

“Sorry if my scars are scratching you.”

“I’m okay, don’t worry.”

“Your face says otherwise.”

“I’m still a little uncomfortable. That’s it.”

He kissed her shoulder again. They laid there for a while, just enjoying each other and their hard earned peace. And then reality checked in. Tyrion usually enters the chambers without a knock in case of emergency. He was followed by Missandei who was holding some letters and a concerned Samwell Tarly. The trio stopped with a screeching halt. Dany leaned her head on her hand and Jon went red.

“Knocking would be kind.”

Missandei, who was used to Dany’s nudity, just giggled. Sam turned around and started mumbling and Tyrion just leaned on a chair.

“Can you two get even more disgusting? Seven hells… If you have another child, I’ll castrate him.”

“Why me?”

“Well, Daenerys has nothing to get castrated! Now get dressed, we have an emergency.”

Missandei laid down some clothes and winked at them.

In the meeting room, Sam presented what he had heard.

“These reports come from Wildlings and Tormund Giantsbane himself. They are all saying that the Skagosi have cannibalistic tendencies. Well, not this exact wording, but yes.”

Dany huffed.
“We need proof. I can’t just order some arrests there.”

“I remember there were tales of the Skagosi eating people when I was a child. And that they have unicorns.” Said Jon, shaking his head.

“We thought White Walkers were a myth too. And let’s not even start with the dragons.”

“Here is a suggestion.” Said Tyrion. “You go to Skagos, on an official visit but we bring Varys so he can spy on them.”

“We can’t leave before the end of the month. I’m expected not to show my face in public and the meeting is next week. Maybe we can bring it up in front of Bran. He is their overlord, after all.”

“Rickon was on Skagos before… You know.”

She took his hand.

“We can send someone to represent us there. Someone with Stark blood and someone closely related to us.”

“A Stark and a relative of yours.” Said Tyrion, before clasping his hands together. “I know the people for this job.”

Speaking of those people, they were racing each other through the forest after a wild morning of sex there. Gendry grabbed Arya and threw her over his shoulder and she jumped off and tackled him down.

“You sure enjoy being on top, don’t you?”

“You’re dirty.”

“That is the goal, love.”

“I mean your mug, Gendry.”

He stuck his tongue out and she got off and laid next to him on the grass.

“You aren’t aware of how much I’ve missed you, Arya.”

She smiled.

“I know.”

“How long will you stay if...”

“For three years at least. Maybe even more. I don’t want my own child not to remember me.”

He nodded, taking the fact in that she was home. Arya got up, as she heard hooves making their way down the country road. She put a finger on her lips and signalled Gendry to hide. Sh climbed on a tree and watched three riders down the road. One of them was her own brother, and the other two were the Prince of Dorne and Lord Domeric.

“We have a trading deal with the Free Cities. Unfortunately, they don’t understand the concept of a deal.”

“How so, Prince Olyvar?” said Jon.
“Their taxes are really high.”

“Thank you for the forewarning. We won’t sign a deal with them. How long until your contract expires?”

“Three more years. I wanted to pull out, but I’m afraid they’ll attack me or make sure that I’ll never be able to make such a contract.”

“Which of the Free Cities are signed to?”

“Braavos.”

“And what are you selling them?”

“Lemons, oranges, spices….”

“That’s strange.” Jon said. “Aren’t they famous for those exports?”

“Not any more. Since the Long Winter 10 years ago, their crops have failed.”

Jon pulled in his reigns.

“The Long Winter reached them too?”

“Yes, not just that. They’ve had waves of famines torturing the cities.”

Lord Domerick nodded.

“And the Bay of Dragons has high prices, because trading through ships is more expensive.”

“And moving them through land?”


“I imagine…”

“We gave them decent prices but they tax us too much. I understand they need the money, but the Reach is in a similar situation, only Lord Tyrell was smart enough to set the taxes himself.”

“Hasn’t the North raked up a lovely debt due their lack of grain?” Said Domerick.

“Yes, they’re paying it off with steel from our mines.”

“Hasn’t there been a movement that has been saying that the North should be independent with you as King?”

“They’ve been many moments.” Said Jon. “Doesn’t matter what they think. I am aware that the North cannot produce enough grain to feed its own population and the North cannot and will not be independent.”

“Even after the Long Winter?”

“There are some parts of the land which are still very much frozen.”

“Is there a way of helping them?”

“Dany, I mean, Queen Daenerys has been offering to go up there to melt the remaining ice but the
“I see that the North has been having issues accepting their new Queen.”

“She’s been Queen for 10 years. So she’s hardly new. And she’s my wife and mother to their future overlord. There is nothing not to be accepted.”

“You don’t understand. I’m trying to give you advice. Let her melt the remaining ice.”

“And what if the sea rises?”

“The sea?”

“Yes. Skagos and the Iron Islands might get flooded. She won’t have that on her hands.”

Then Lord Domeric spoke.

“Perhaps they can grow potatoes.”

The two men turned.

“Potatoes?”

“Yes. Those can grow anywhere.”

“I’ll suggest it to Bran and Dany. Thank you, Lord Domeric.”

He smiled.

“Have you considered my other offer?”

“I told you already. We’ll let our children decide.”

He nodded.

Arya exhaled. Jon wasn’t in danger.

“I hope you are aware that you’ll need to make alliances this way. You’re a new dynasty. You’ll need support from the lords.”

Jon nodded.

“Most of the Lords have young children themselves. I don’t think all of them are considering marriage.”

They rode away. Arya thought of her Robb. Would he be forced to marry some random noblewoman?

She jumped off the tree and Gendry got out.

“And?”

“I guess potatoes will be the next main export of the North.”

A week passed and Dany and Jon were getting ready for the meeting. Dany wore a sheet dress, to hide her now much less swollen bump and a crown on her head. Jon wore his usual clothing, minus furs as it was inhumanely warm. Missandei and Greyworm were standing in front of the door,
quietly discussing something.

“Are you ready?” Asked Jon.

“Let’s meet the lords then.”
The Dragonpit was decked out for the occasion. The royal family truly outdid themselves. In a circle, there were several banners, serving also as curtains from the scorching sun. Under the joint Stark and Targaryen banner were two leather chairs and a one on the side with a small table next to it. The Stark banner only had one spot and a few chairs behind it, while the Greyjoy chair had one large and one for a child. The Martell one had two chairs, the Tyrell booth three. The Lannister tent had two chairs as well as the Tully and Baratheon spots. The Arryn banner had one chair and a bench behind it.

In the middle there was a circular stage covered with a similar deck, so that a speaker may come in the middle. First, Prince Olyvar and Lord Domeric took their seat, followed by Lords Tyrell and Redwyne, after him, young Lord Arryn. Bran was pushed in by Meera Reed, followed by Yara and her son, a sweet thing named Victarion.

Sansa and Jaime walked in, Sansa clad in a light blue dress with bird embroidery over it, her hair up in an intricate hairstyle. She took a seat next to Jaime and eyed Bran, who was warging into a bird to watch something. Last came Gendry and Arya, Gendry clad somewhat formally in yellow and black and Arya clad in, what shocked Sansa, in a simple dove grey dress with a silver sash around her waist and joined wolf and stag embroidery. When she took a seat, Sansa noticed pants peeking out.

“My lords and ladies, thank you for coming to our annual meeting. As you are aware, a lot has changed in a year, as it is natural. I wanted to congratulate you on the progress we made this year to help the Seven Kingdoms, but remind us that there is so much to be done. We have many things to decide, but first, the trial of Lord Janos Westerling for the murders of Jeyne Manderbrand, Cassana Selmy, Lora Bracken and the bodily harm done to Ella Lannister. Sir Greyworm, bring him out.”

He threw the man, shackled up in chains on the ground. He was quiet. Tyrion got up, as judge and took his position in front of The Crown. The defence, Lord Westerling’s mother, was preparing her speech in the corner. The prosecutor was supposed to be Sir Jaime Lannister, who was muttering something to his wife.
Dany leaned on Jon.

“Is his mother seriously defending him?”

“Apparently.” Said Jon, trying not to slap his forehead. Missandei of Naath stepped out, opening a piece of parchment to read the names.

“Judge, Lord Tyrion Lannister, Hand of The Queen. Who is our defence?”

“Mara Westerling, the defendant’s mother.” The woman proclaimed proudly. Missandei cocked an eyebrow, almost rolling her eyes.

“And the prosecutor?”

“Lord Jaime Lannister, Lord of Casterly Rock, Duke of the Westerlands and Warden of the West. In my stead, I send my lady wife, Lady Sansa Lannister, Duchess of the Westerlands.” Sansa got up, straitening her dress. She was in for a ride. As the prosecutor, she had the right first to speak.

“Your Majesties, Lords Spiritual and Temporal, as we all know, Lord Westerling’s character has always been subjected to various rumours who have been incredibly vile and sickening. And now, as a climax to all of his deeds, his wives, three of them, turn out dead and one beaten! If you need more evidence, look no further. This man is beyond redeemable and should be rightfully sentenced to death, as payback for these poor people who have suffered under his hand.”

“I believe he was accused of harming his wives.” Said Lord Redwyne.

“Yes, thank you, Lord Redwyne for reminding us women are people too.”

Sansa rolled her eyes, they almost fell out. Tyrion snickered under his breath. “And now for the defence.” Said Tyrion, nodding.

“Since he was a little boy...”
Jon groaned at the heart wrenching story about the bond between overprotective mother and spoiled brat.

“What in the Seven Hells...” Said Jon. Dany just stuck out her tongue and shook her head. Sansa looked like she was about to take the goblet on Tyrion’s table and throw it at the woman. She finished her story with tears in her eyes.

Sansa stepped forward.

“I call my first witness. Samwell Tarly, Earl of Horn Hill and Archmaester.”

Sam nearly tumbled to the stand, taking a seat. In a hidden corner, Varys, Kinvara and the Onion Knight were watching. Kinvara was for a change wearing a red gown with no sleeves, her hair up. She was fanning herself with a matching fan.

“Do you think he harmed those wives?”

“Yes.” The priestess and Lord Spider confirmed.

The trial dragged on until Lord Westerling lost his bells and decided to call trial by combat. Immediately, people started volunteering.

“Are they all crawing death?”

“It seems so, dear Varys.” Said Kinvara, trying to hide her dislike of the man down in the pit.

Sansa was fuming. She prepared, she had good witnesses and the bastard dares to request trial by combat? She turned to Jaime.

“Who is our champion?”
“I’d nominate Sir Greyworm there. He seems ferocious.”

“I’m not sure if we can nominate a Master of War.”

“Then who?”

Then, one of the royal guards stepped out. Brienne took off her helmet.

“I’m representing Lord and Lady Lannister.”

Jaime knew, small parts of them loved each other. He nodded in her direction but noticed The Queen and the tall woman exchanging looks.

“I believe that you will represent them well, Dame Brienne. You have my blessing.”

The woman put her helmet back on. Lord Westerling decided to fight himself. Needless to say, Brienne wrecked him.

“Well, I guess that’s settled. Move the body… Yes, thank you, no, no… Not in the sewers, we don’t want an outbreak…” Tyrion said.

“Keep him in a barrel, I need to feed my dragons.”

Arya snickered. Her good sister had always been resourceful.

Dany got up next, bringing up the matter of education within the people of Westeros.

“Everyone deserves to know how to read and to write.” She said. “I know it is quite expensive, but a man from Lys may be the solution to all of our problems. Please, bring him out.”

The man showed him the invention he had concocted. It looked like a wine press, but instead, it had
the ability to print numerous pages all at once. The lords awed.
“This machine can make enough books to teach children across the realm. The crown will fund
buildings for those children to learn, from ages 7 to 13. All children will be allowed to learn there, no
matter their heritage.”

“That is quite the radical idea, Your Majesty.” Spoke Lord Tyrell.

“I’m with The Queen.” Said Lord Arryn.

“Aye!” The rest of them shouted.

Dany thanked them. The first day of meetings concluded. She had dinner with Tyrion and Jaime that
night, along with his wife and young daughters. He had three of them, Talia, Joanna and Myrcella.
All of them had lovely golden heads and were similar in age. Their mother, Lady Marya Swyft, now
Lannister, was a kind and just woman, who Tyrion married first for companionship but later fell in
love with. The three girls exchanged excited glances at the majestic creature that is The Queen,
whispering among each other. Jon was dining with his siblings and Gendry. Jaime had a soft spot for
his three nieces, who reminded him of his late mother.

“Is the chicken good?” Asked Marya, watching over the three little girls. Dany nodded, eyeing the
three little shy doves. The conversation was easy, nothing to do with the events of the day.

“I’m introducing the princesses to the Faith in a few days, per tradition.”

“I’ll tell Bronn to double the guards.”

She nodded. “This is a final time I’m doing this, and the first time the entire family will be seen in
one place.”

“Please let be the final time.”

“Why are you against me having a lot of children?”

“Children mean childbirth, and childbirth means a possibility to die. The Realm needs you, Ma’am.”
Dany fumbled the food on her plate.

“I wanted a big family, you know that.”

“And now you have children for each of the Seven Kingdoms.”

“True.”

“Have people been already asking for the hands of the princesses?”

“Yes. The Prince of Dorne asked about a possible betrothal between his son and one of my girls.”

“Oh, so soon?”

“I suppose.”

“You’re not answering?”

“I’m letting my children choose. Just as I did.”

“Very well. I won’t interfere in your parenting.”

After dinner, Dany excused herself to go to bed. Her bump was nearly gone and she was walking much quicker.

“High in the halls of the kings who are gone...” She hummed to herself. Sometimes, she missed her old life as a conqueror and as a wanderer. But, with her new additions, that kind of life was impossible. Daario had once told her she’d never settle like that and he was very wrong. She was certainly happy she never settled with him. She was dreading the day the Captain of the Second Sons comes to report about Mereen and the Bay of Dragons. To be fair, that was in several days. He’d probably attend the naming of the princesses and the feast after. She opened the door of the private
quarters and entered the nursery. The twins were soundly asleep and well fed.

The nursery was painted to look like a soft spring meadow, with flowers and bugs decorating the old walls. She proceeded to visit the room where Jas slept and he was wide awake.

“Can’t sleep?”

“No.” He said, getting up. She offered him her hand. “Do you want to visit your other siblings with me?” He nodded. Dany thought of Drogon, she needed his presence now. She hoped he’d sense her calling him. Aemon was snoring with Jason sleeping next to him, two wooden swords placed atop of his bed. The room had many books dedicated to weaponry and history as well as a makeshift armour made out of parchment and rags. She closed the door, smiling. Lyarra was sleeping soundly too, just as Ned did. When she checked Aelinor’s gentle and rosy room, the bed was occupied, although her back was turned to Dany.

Unbeknownst to them, Aelinor was walking through the halls, carrying a kitten she named Rosie. She was humming a song to herself as she entered the kitchens which were closed by now, found a small plate and poured milk in it.

“Eat up, Rosie.”

After the kitten was done eating, she picked it up again and sang through the halls. A voice interrupted her.

“Aren’t you a bit too young to be away like that?”

“Lord Domeric. Pleased to meet you.” She offered him one small hand and he smiled, giving her a kiss on the hand.

“Your Highness, please go to bed before your mother catches you outside at the hour of the owl.”

The little thing pouted. She said no and asked him to walk her to the gardens. He followed her outside, watching her lay down on the grass and watch the sky.
“Why can’t you sleep?” He asked.

“Someone’s coming.” She responded. And with that, the warm summer night was woken up by the song of dragons. A large, mighty shadow covered the night sky. That must have been Balerion come again, Drogon. The mighty beast roared into the night sky, followed by a streak of silver. The beautiful silver creature, much smaller than Drogon, flew around his sibling, following him. Domeric trembled. There was the power of the Dragon Lords of Valyria.

Dany was holding her son’s shoulders as the two beasts landed on the meadow. At least the silver one did, a winged beauty named Aellyx. He was about the same size as Drogon was when she first rode him, but he was much gentler and softer. His beautiful silvery-grey eyes opened and he almost smiled at the little boy. Drogon was perched atop the wall and he leaned his snout down for his mother to give it a kiss. She petted him and climbed on his back, watching her human son approach the silver-winged beauty and offer him his hand. The dragon picked up his scent and closed his eyes, letting the young prince pet him on the snout.

“Go on.” The Mother of Dragons said.

The creature laid down for the little prince to climb on and so he did. The dragon took him up and their mother followed. Jas laughed, his little heart full of happiness. Aellyx carried him through the night sky, showing him a new point of few of King’s Landing. The city looked as if it was a small, sparkly gem from down bellow. They soared and came down, right past the palace walls. Dany flew behind him, watching her pride and joy fly away.

Hearing the dragons, in panic, Jon jumped out onto the balcony and saw Prince Jaeherys fly on the back of a dragon, laughing with his beautiful mother.

“Jaeherys! Daenerys! What are you doing?”

Dany soared down, flying to face Jon.

“He can ride dragons.”

“Are you mad? He’s too young!”

“He knows who he is.” She responded.
“He could fall off, he’s a child, not a dragon rider!”

“He knows who he is. The dragons know it. Do you?” She whispered, flying after her children. Arya stepped out.

“She took me once ridding. It was the best day of my life.”

“He could fall off!”

“Did Dany ever fall off?”

“No...”

“Then stop being a fuss and let the boy enjoy his birthright.”

Jon hung his head, terrified of the power his family wielded. There was no fire and people were coming out to watch in awe. Gendry laughed with Arya, pointing at the little prince’s grin as he climbed off the dragon, right into his mother’s arms.

“He’s of the same magic as she is.” Said a calm voice behind him. Kinvara approached him slowly, her voice no more than a whisper.

“I thought that magic was long gone. You have ice in your veins, as your old bloodline does.”

“I am not magical.”

“Oh, the magic you belong to is as almost as old as hers. The magic of wargs, greenseeners, skinchangers, the power of the Children and First Men. It is what brought her back to you.”

“And that came from Eddard Stark?” He said quietly. “What came from my mother?”
She turned her head.

“Does it matter?”

“I don’t…” A shadow of sadness washed over him. “I’m glad my children feel their mother’s love, but I wish I could have the same.”

“Maybe you still can.” She told him, looking in the skies. “I have missed seeing these kinds of things up in the sky. I remember seeing Aegon soar over the skies with mighty Balerion. He gave us dragonfire, the most powerful fire in the world. And a stupid priestess didn’t keep the flames well and we banished her for that. She was the one who brought you back.”

“Melisandre?” Jon asked, in shock.

“Yes, she was an apprentice at the time. My own in fact. We made her a necklace and started teaching her our magic. But then, one night, the flame lit by Aegon Targaryen and Balerion the Black Dread died out.” She signed. “At the time, about a 150 years ago, House Targaryen lost their last dragon. And our power ceased. Imagine my happiness when I found out a Targaryen princess hatched dragon eggs.”

“And now you finally come to ask for fire?”

“And I came to help you.”

“With what?”

“Soon, a shadow of the past will come home. And a heartbroken man.”

She turned her eyes back to the dragon.

“Unlike most of these people in the castle, you were lucky to have met your fated one.”
“You mean to say that Dany and I were meant to be?”

“From the first time you laid eyes on her on the Trident, yes. From the time you were born by the Torrentine and she at Dragonstone nine months later, yes. From the first kiss you exchanged under the lights of stars, yes. Always. You would have found each other. As you did before.”

“As we did before?”

She nodded. Jon recalled when he heard that Dany has landed on Westeros. At first, he wanted to go to Dragonstone to meet her, but Lord Tully gave them the Trident to meet. She flew there, on her dragon, the other two following her. He expected to see Aegon the Dragon with teats, but was left with the sight of a beautiful woman his age, with long silvery hair, clad in grey and red.

He remembered how she helped him defeat the Night King and then how they took King’s Landing. The birth of Jas after the Long Night and their other children following suit.

“Who is coming, Lady Kinvara?”

“You will see. I need to rest.” She left, disappearing behind the curtains. Jon didn’t sleep that night.

Dany woke up early and saw Jon wide awake. Concerned, she turned to him.

“Is everything alright, my love?”

Before she was able to answer, Ghost jumped up on their bed and decided to lay down on Jon, giving him a big hug. Dany laughed loudly.

“Ghost, you’re the best boy there is, but get off Jon, he’ll suffocate!” Th wolf plopped between them and Dany laid her head on his back, looking over Jon. Her hair was matching the direwolf’s soft fur. Jon was always confused by this, why did his wolf’s colouring match her and her dragon’s his?

Was this what Kinvara spoke about?

“What is troubling you, my love?”
“I don’t know.”

“Your mother, isn’t it?”

“Perhaps.”

She cocked her head.

“Bran told you he couldn’t understand the events related to your birth, and he tried many times. Perhaps there was a reason why Lord Stark took that to his grave.”

“I know.”

“Please, don’t crash your head against those rocks. You need to heal.” She leaned over the big wolf and gave him a sweet, chaste kiss. He smiled against her lips.

“Get some sleep, my love. We have guests this afternoon.”

“Ah yes. Your old Captain.”

“I swear if you get jealous...”

“What, Dany?” He smirked.

She got up, taking off her robes, leaving her nude. She filled out lovely from her pregnancies, she was a bit curvier than before. Glistening in the sunlight, she looked like a goddess.

“You’re beautiful.”
She smiled, turning her back to him.

“I know.”

Jon was ready to take her against the wall, but she told him to catch up with some sleep. Frustrated, he covered himself with the sheet and slept a little. He dreamt of Winterfell and his old room, the one Jas was born in, but he was there alone. He was seven again and Lady Stark sent him to his room because he couldn’t behave. This time, a woman clad in a long velvet coat in the shade of amethysts opened the door and offered him a hand. Jon snapped out of it, wide awake.

The King in the North got up and took a bath, still confused. What was wrong with him lately? He got up, tired and disgruntled. Then he saw little Aelinor braiding Lyarra’s hair and humming some sweet songs to her sister. After she was done, Aelinor picked up her bow and arrow and practised with her sister, along with their mother, who was already down there. Dany learned how to defend herself during the war, as she was terrified that something could happen to her and the baby. She became an excellent archer and a good swordswoman, but the bow and arrow was a good choice when she flew on Drogon.

Missandei walked by him, bowing. As the Head Scribe of the Seven Kingdoms, she had her hands full with the new education reform.

“Good morning, Sir.” She smiled.

“Lady Missandei.”

“I wanted to leave some reports for The Queen.” She placed them on the table.

“Is it important?”

“Not at all. I’m going down there, with the girls.” She waved him goodbye and joined Dany and the girls in the grass fields. Dany hit the bullseye and Jon clapped for her from upstairs. Sam came, announcing their guests have arrived at the harbour. Dany kissed her girls and hugged Missandei before racing upstairs to change. She changed into a lovely, draped, rose coloured gown, along with some dragon pins on her hair. She and Jon were seated in the Grand Room, discussing something quietly.
“Captain Daario Naaharis and Septa Lemore!”

The pair bowed, Daario dressed in finery and the septa clad in regular clothes. She was looking down at her feet, keeping quiet.

“The Queen of the Seven Kingdoms and The King in the North. A pleasure to see The Queen again and meet The King.” Said the sellsword. The septa kept quiet. She asked to remove herself from the room as she had another matter to attend to.

“Why did you bring the septa, Captain?” The Queen asked.

“She keeps an orphanage in Mereen, I think she deserves to meet her Queen.”

“I’ll invite her for tea later.” She looked at Daario. “As for you, you have to write several reports and hand it over at the Head Scribe’s office. But speak first? Is the city well? Has anyone attempted to revive slavery?”

“Not at all. Turns out, dragons make people shit themselves with fear. The cities are blooming, as we thought they would. They have gathered gifts for their Queen. And her mighty children. They sent enough livestock to feed your three beasts for many moons.”

Dany chuckled.

“I have nine dragons now, dear Captain.”

“Oh?”

“And seven children.” Said Jon.

“What the fuck.” Was the only thing he could utter. Dany clutched her belly from laughter.

“I just had two a few weeks ago. I have three sons and four daughters. In fact, my twins will have naming ceremonies tomorrow. You’ll attend, right?”
“I wouldn’t miss it for anything.” He said, shooting a strange look towards Jon. Daario left the room, searching for the kind-hearted Septa.

“Seven fucking children...” He cussed. “Does he have a magic cock?”

Dany looked at Jon.

“I’m proud that you didn’t kill him.”

“My sword was itchy.”

She smiled, taking his hand.

“You’ll have to suffer from him only for two days.”

Septa Lemore was angry with Daario.

“We are their guests and we should behave as such.”

“I can’t stand looking at his fucking smug, highborn face.”

“He wasn’t highborn. He’s a legitimized bastard.”

“Same to me, he has fancy titles. And my woman!”

“She is a Queen in her own right! And she is no one’s woman, not even her husbands.”

There was an angry storm behind her deep eyes. He usually never paid attention to the Septa. She was very beautiful, although she was old enough to be his mother, he could always recognise a
gorgeous face. Her accent was Westerosi, which made sense, as she probably learned the religion here.

“And you are very progressive for a follower of the Seven.”

“Shut it, Sellsword. I came here with a mission.” Her face softened. “Seven children, you say?”

“Three boys and four girls.”

“Where are they?”

“Probably playing outside, like other children do.”

She looked through the window, to the gardens, and saw a small boy with silvery hair ran to his siblings.

“The Prince of Dragonstone, I presume?” Asked Daario, anger coating his voice. The Septa looked at him, the anger not wavering.

“Shut it.”

She picked up her skirts and left.

In the morning, the royal family was clad in their finery. Jon and Dany were carrying each of the girls and walking towards the Great Sept, where the High Septon awaited them. The streets were decked out in flowers, people were coming to greet the newborn royals and their leaders. Dany waved at them, as little Rhaella slept in her arms.

“In the name of the Seven,” he recited, “I name you Rhaella. In the name of the Father, be just, in the name of the Mother, be kind. In the name of the Warrior, be brave. In the name of the Maiden, be virtuous. In the name of the Smith, be hard-working. In the name of the Crone, be wise. In the name of the Stranger, never do any harm.”
He turned to the sleeping princess in Jon’s arms. “I name you Alyssa...”

Daario and the Septa watched as the priest took his bow.

“The Princesses Alyssa and Rhaella have been introduced to the Faith. Seven save us all!”

“Seven save us all!” Responded the crowd. Jaime Lannister was scanning the room. The Septa and the Sellsword were confusing him, especially the woman. He could have sworn he’d seen her somewhere, once. Maybe in another lifetime, perhaps?

After the ceremony was done, they went for a feast in the gardens. There was soft music and food, the air filled with the beauty of summer.

Dany gave a short speech on motherhood and family and told the guests to celebrate. Yet, her good brother, Sir Jaime Lannister, was uneasy. He saw the Septa getting up and walking towards the palace, so he followed her quietly.

She went to a fountain and took her headscarf off, her long, curly, dark hair tumbling down her shoulders. She turned to her side, eyes glistening a deep plum colour. Jaime wanted to scream at the sight in front of him. She should be dead. For over 30 years now. The woman that shook Barristan the Bold, Eddard Stark and who knows how many more to their core.

“Ashara fucking Dayne.” He whispered. Before she could spot him, he raced to find someone. Right behind the courtyard, where the gardens begun, was a row of decorative bushes and some marble benches. There, Brienne and Bronn were sitting and discussing something.

“The fucker just killed him?”

“Yes. With no remorse.”

“Fucking hell. Oh, look who’s there. Sir I-shit-gold.”

“Fucking kill me now.” He plopped down on the bench next to Bronn. Brienne poured him a swig of wine. He downed it at once.
“I have some interesting news. I suppose you know who Arthur Dayne was.”

“The Sword of the Morning, Lord Commander of the Guard, yes!”

“He has a sister.”

“Ashara Dayne, was it?” Said Bronn. “A great beauty, according to some drunken, sad fuckers.”

“Didn’t she fall to her death?” Said Brienne.

“No, she certainly did not. She’s right there, in the courtyard, washing her beautiful face.”

“What in the actual...” Brienne got up, peeking behind the bushes.

“She looks good for her age. She’s what, fifty?”

“Yes, maybe a little older.”

“Why did she come here?”

“Let’s ask her that, shall we?” Said Bronn, seeing her walk back to the party. He intercepted her way.

“Greeting, my lady.”

“I’m a Septa, not a lady, kind Sir.”

“Yes, you are, Lady Ashara. Don’t you think Arthur’s old squire wouldn’t recognise you?” Said Jaime. Her eyes became glassy.
“Little Jaime Lannister...” She walked toward him. “I beg you to keep quiet.”

“Why?”

“I came to see my son and his children and leave.”

“You son?” Asked Jaime.

“I see he took his secret to his grave. Shame on you, Lord Stark.”

“You are...”

“Jon Snow’s mother. Yes. I have given birth to him at the end of the rebellion. Lyanna Stark died in my arms from a miscarriage, as if stupid Rhaegar wasn’t aware that a girl that young wasn’t ready for childbirth. She bled out at the Tower and I went into early labour. And it was a boy. I wanted to name him Arthur, for my brother, the one that died defending Lyanna Stark. And then Eddard came and took his son back with him. I never saw him again. I hid myself from Robert and went away. Imagine hearing that my son is King in the North and that he married a Targaryen?” She looked at them, sorrow in her eyes.

“Wait, Rhaegar raped Lyanna and left her pregnant?”

“No. He loved her, and she loved him. And they broke Elia’s heart. She wanted nothing else than to have a happy family, so she allowed Rhaegar to take another wife. I told her, I begged her not to do it when I found out he wanted Ned’s little sister. And I loved my Ned. He wasn’t a bragger like Robert or a skirt-chaser like Brandon, he was just my Ned. I wanted to marry him.”

“You loved Ned Stark?”

“More than anything in this world. He promised to wed me. Lyanna begged him never to tell anyone what she’s done. And I see now again, the Wolf and the Dragon are drawn to each other...”
“Those cunts fuck like rabbits. They have seven little spawns.”

“My grandchildren.”

Jaime needed to sit down. “What else happened during the rebellion that I don’t know off?”

“Robert lied about the rape. Lyanna faced him and told him the truth and left with Rhaegar to marry him. They were wed by a riverbank, Elia and I were witnesses. Elia was then taken hostage and… You know what happened.”

“Hadn’t Robert lied, Brandon and Rickard would never have left Winterfell…”

“He dug his own grave when he agreed to marry your sister. Hunting accident, my arse!”

Bronn laughed.

“You’re a feisty one!”

“They all paid for their crimes, didn’t they?”

“I just want to see my son.”

“Tell him.” Brienne said.

“He’ll hate me.”

“Someone will find out, sooner or later.” Jaime said.

“How will he forgive me?”
“I know The King had a sad childhood.”

“Tully hated him, didn’t she? She hated me too, her sister the same. They called me Dornish whore behind my back.”

“I never thought Jon’s mother was highborn too, we always thought she was some commoner…”

“Well, the royal family tree can be now completed. Catelyn Stark will be turning in her grave for this.”

“Tell your son, Ashara. I beg you.” Said Brienne. “And you don’t say a word to your wife, you hear me?”

“I won’t. She’ll be angry. I married the second Catelyn Stark.” He turned to Ashara.

“Wonderful choice.” She wiped a silent tear.

“There is another Dayne here. Your distant cousin, I believe. The current Sword of the Morning.”

“Little Domeric? I never got to meet him.”

“You will.” Brienne said. “This is your second chance, but you need to tell The King.”

“How?”

“Speak to The Queen first. He loves her more than anything.”

“She’ll feed me to a dragon.”

“Your good daughter will love you.” Brienne said.
“I have to try then.”

Chapter End Notes

Did R+L have any purpose on the show? Nope. Neither does it here. Also Ashara Dayne is really cool. Plus, this is my story and if I want Ashara Dayne to be Jon's mother, she's going to be his mother.
“Aemon, are you actually eating pure butter?” Asked Aelinor, clearly disgusted by her little brother.

“Yes. What will you do about it?” He said, taking another spoonful. Jason followed him and they laughed at her disgusted face.

She made a choking sound and turned away, looking at Jas who was enjoying his platter of food.

“What?” He said with a mouthful of sweets.

“He’s eating pure butter!”

“Aemon, that’s actually disgusting!” Shouted the Crown Prince.

“You’re gross.” Proclaimed Ned, taking a bite of the cake.

“Should we tell your mother?” Asked Robb.

“She’s used to this from him.” Answered Jas.
He shook his head and continued eating. The feast was going well. The court jesters were clad as
dragons and they were dancing around the gardens, blowing confetti out of their velour snouts.

“Look!” Shouted Aelinor. “Mama and Papa are dancing!”

The Spring Princess watched her parents dance. Jon offered her a hand and she put one on his
shoulder and the other in his own hand. They swayed softly to the music, along with other lords and
ladies.

Jon wore a dark blue jerkin with matching dark pants and boots, with the Stark direwolf embroidered
on his clothes. The Queen wore white, with dragon scales embroidering her dress.

“They look like a dream.” Said the little Princess.

The audience clapped for the monarchs, charmed by their presence. Ashara Dayne watched from
afar, it seems like fire and ice would never be apart.

She watched her son’s choice of bride from afar. She was no willowy creature, and yet she could
swear she was looking upon the most beautiful face in the world. She had very delicate features, like
her late mother did, yet there was a storm behind those violet eyes. Her beauty had a layer of
Valyrian steel underneath, a hardiness only prevalent in warrior women. She recalled the face of
Lyanna Stark again and her little sister Allyria, who once tried to put her claim on Dawn. Ashara
thought of young Lady Baratheon, too. Her face even resembled Lyanna. She remembered the Sand
Snakes, Oberyn’s wild bunch of girls and they all had the same essence underneath their eyes.

Her hair was done in intricate braids, probably adopted from the Valyrian traditions of her house.
Her body was curved, but she could see the years of ridding and fighting on her. A warrior princess,
her son decided, not some willowy thing.
His eyes were saying everything. His face was interlocked with hers, love radiating from him. Her boy looked so much like his father and his family, but she couldn’t stop staring at his hair. It was just like hers. His face was solemn and long and it belonged to a Stark of Winterfell, but she could swear she saw her brother’s chin and her mother’s smile on him.

She turned to Jaime.

“What say you, Jaime?”

“I’ll get Stark, you go to The Queen.”

Jaime asked Jon for a private conversation while Dany took her seat, overlooking the guests. Ashara approached her with a bow. Dany got up and invited the woman to take a seat next to her.

“Can we talk in private, my Queen?”

“Of course. Follow me.” Dany told Jon she’s going to check up on the twins and left, followed by the Septa. Kinvara watched them as they departed.

Dany opened the nursery and took a seat there, telling the Septa to sit down next to her.

“There is an urgent matter that I need to tell you.”
“What has my Captain done now?”

She took off her scarf, revealing her long, dark hair.

“I know you’ve met Barristan the Bold.”

“Yes?”

“Has he ever spoken of me?”

“No, I don’t remember him ever talking about a Septa.”

“And what of Ashara Dayne of Starfall?”

Dany’s eyes widened. Her hair was long and dark, eyes a similar colour to her own. There was a streak of silver in her hair now, her face aged, but she was still the woman of Barristan’s tales.

“I thought you died during the rebellion.”

“No. I did not. But I committed a sin that made me as good as dead.”
“And what did you do?”

“I had a son out of wedlock.”

Daenerys shifted in her chair.

“And was that son born during the rebellion?”

“Yes. I had an affair with Eddard Stark at Harrenhall. Nine moons later, I held Jon Snow in my arms.”

Dany started shaking.

“Why did you wait 30 years to come back?”

“I want to meet him. And his family.”

“I can promise you will get to meet our children. But him, that is something I cannot guarantee. You should know, he’s very angry with you and his father for never telling him.”
“I know. That’s why I need to talk to him.”

“They’re strange, those men from the North. They have this terrible sense of destiny and honour.”

“Oh, fuck Northern honour! It’s why we’re all here.”

Dany leaned back on her chair.

“They’re quite difficult, aren’t they?”

“But we love them, nonetheless.”

“Yes. I imagine my father would be turning in his grave if he knew I married Ned Stark’s son.”

“Yes, he would.”

“But, the Stark family was promised a Targaryen princess, during the Dance of the Dragons. I’m just repaying a debt.”

“Tell me, how did you two come to meet and marry?”
“I conquered King’s Landing in a day. With three dragons it wasn’t difficult. I arrested Cersei Lannister and sent her off to the Free Cities with the help of her brothers and took my seat as Queen. Lords came to swear their fealty to me until one day, a raven arrived. From Winterfell, signed by Jon Snow, King in the North. And let me tell you, I felt a wash of destiny on my body. It was strange.”

“And?”

“We met on the Trident, neutral ground. Jon showed me a wight, a moving and walking corpse. I was terrified. Jon and I decided to fight together, but we needed to rally the rest of Westeros first. So we toured the Seven Kingdoms and convinced everyone to join our cause. He fell in love. It felt inevitable. One night, while we were sailing from King’s Landing to the North, he came to me. Nine moons later, I held a son in my arms.”

Ashara smiled. “How did you two marry?”

“He proposed to me before we found out about Jas. Unfortunately, while preparing for the fight, we didn’t have time and my belly grew. The night before the battle, we were married in the Godswood, before the Old Gods. After the battle, I gave birth to my son.”

“That is a love story for the songs if I’ve ever heard one. The King in the North and the Dragon Queen. Ice and Fire. You are what Rhaegar and Lyanna dreamed would be.”

“I still feel sorry for Lyanna Stark. He raped her, a girl of 16.”

“He didn’t. He took her as a second wife and she died from a miscarriage.”

Dany looked down. “He’s still at fault. He was what, four and twenty when he died? No? Rhaegar should have known better than to consort with a girl that young.”
“Wise words.”

“Not wise, just reasonable. I was a young girl too when I was sold to a Dothraki Khal. I lost my firstborn, too. My heart goes out to Lyanna Stark.”

“She was a brave thing, the she-wolf. Her niece is a lot like her.”

“Arya? Yes, she is. Another she-wolf.”

“Ned would be proud of her.”

“Can you please tell her that?”

“Oh, I will.”

“And I think you should wear some more… adequate clothes. You’re no Septa, you’re the mother of a King. I want you to stay in my court and get to know your son and grandchildren better.”

“And my good daughter. I have to apologise to you.”
“Why?”

“I thought you’d be another tyrant. And then I heard you destroyed the Iron Throne.”

“It had to be done. That thing was ruining lives.”

“I couldn’t agree more. Your mother said something to me once, very similar.”

“She was right. The symbol of a regime that needs to be erased from our mindsets.”

“I’m happy my son married you.”

“I would have married him even if my parents had lived and demanded me to marry Rhaegar or Viserys or some nobleman. I’d be proud to be Daenerys Snow. Unfortunately, the realm demanded his legitimization in order for him to be accepted as King.”

“Ah, the realm.”

“I still remember the looks they gave me for carrying a child while unwed. I was their military commander and they looked down upon me as if I was some incompetent fool.”

“It was a little different in Dorne for me.”
“The North isn’t so forgiving. My belly grew, and so did the questions, the rumours… It didn’t help that Jaeherys was born with a head of silver hair. Once Ned was born, I was left alone. They frowned when I had a silver-haired boy, they frowned even more when I had a girl, but they were happy with a boy that looks like them.”

“I see that nothing has changed.”

“Truly. A Northern lady once criticized me for not taking the last name Stark. She said it was an honour there. I was the last of my name, what should I have done?”

“I remember a certain woman who’d kill to become a Stark. Was it Lady Dustin?”

“Yes!”

“They never change, don’t they?”

“Yes, they never change. At least I have Jon.”

“Yes, handsome brooding Northmen are a lovely sight.”

Dany pointed her chin towards Ghost sleeping on the carpet, four legs up to the skies.
“This is Ghost, our good boy.”

“That’s a horse.”

“A direwolf.” She got up and picked up Alyssa, who was now awake. “And this is your youngest granddaughter, Princess Alyssa.”

She cradled the little girl in her arms, charmed by her small face. A tear dropped from Ashara’s face.

“She’s beautiful.”

Dany smiled.

“You’ll meet the rest soon.”

“I never thought I’d hold my grandchild.”

“I never thought I’d hold a child.”
Ashara gave her a pained look and the two women dwell on their offspring.

Jaime was walking on egg shells. Brienne and Bronn watched him pace around the courtyard, following the Kingslayer with their eyes.

“You’ll dig a fucking hole like that.”

“Shut up!”

“Do you think she took it well?” Asked Brienne, not paying attention to the two men.

“Ashara fucking-undead Dayne or the Mother of Dragons?”

“Both.”

“Look for yourself.” Said Bronn, pointing to Dany standing with Ashara on the balcony.

Jaime sat down.

“I still can’t believe she’s alive. Her brother was my hero.”
“He was?”

“Yes. He died defending Lyanna Stark. Who died because of... Fucking Rhaegar. What was wrong with the realm? Jon Connington, Elia Martell, bloody Cersei and Lyanna Stark now, all were in love with him!”

“I’ve heard he was a handsome son of a bitch.”

“A stupid one at that.” Added Brienne.

“If it weren’t for him, we all wouldn't be here.”


Jon entered the private quarters of the Red Keep, which were all of the Maidenvault and newly constructed apartments so the Keep has separate state rooms and private chambers. There were four stories, one for the children, one with dinning rooms and dance rooms, one that served as a learning space for the children and another one where Jon and Dany slept. Those apartments had several chambers, one they slept and one they would spend time with their friends, then bathing rooms…

In one of the rooms they used to spend time with their friends, sat Dany, but she wasn’t alone. Across her sat a woman with dark, curly hair, except for one strand, which had turned grey. Her eyes were bright purple, they even resembled Dany’s a little. She was clad in a silky gown, custom to
Dornish dress, with silver stars embroidered on her gown.

“Jon, I’d like you to meet someone. This is Lady Ashara Dayne.”

He nodded. The name sounded familiar. “I suppose you must be a relative of Domeric and Arthur Dayne?”

“Domeric is my distant cousin and Arthur was my brother.” She whispered. Jon sat down next to Dany.

“You must remember the rebellion, then?”

“Yes.” Came a faint whisper. She took his hand. “I met Lord Eddard Stark then and I’d like to believe, we… cared for each other deeply. It might have been a deep infatuation. I’m… I mean yes, I loved him. And I cared for you, too. I’m your mother, my dear Jon.”

“Mother…” He whispered, realisation and shock washing over his face. His mother wasn’t a commoner, she wasn’t a wetnurse, she was a highborn lady and she was alive. His hands trembling, he looked her up and down. They had similar hair, even.

“You…”

“I know you have a lot of questions and I have to apologise to you for not coming to you sooner, but they did everything to separate us, Jon.”
“Why didn’t father tell me about you?”

“To protect me and you. My house had no living male heir from the main line at the time, and with Dornish succession laws, you could have taken Starfall and no one could say a word. My male cousins would have taken you away. And there is another secret. I come from a house that derives from the blood of the First Men. We respect the Old Gods. Your father and I married in that faith without a witness. You were the legitimate heir to Winterfell the entire time, as his firstborn.”

Jon tumbled down, holding his head. “Then what happened during the damned rebellion?”

Ashara told him about Lyanna Stark clutching Ned’s hand while dying, begging not to tell anyone what happened, as she believed Rhaegar was still alive. She told him about giving birth by the Torrentine, with her sister and a wetnurse named Wylla helping her.

“I wanted to name you Arthur, to be fair. But, your namesake was Jon Arryn in the end.” She put a strand of hair behind his ear. “I want you to know you were wanted and loved and I would have raised you in Dorne had Ned allowed it. He didn’t have the heart to leave you.”

“Then why didn’t he tell me that I had a mother that loved me?”

“My father betrothed me to someone and Ned knew had it be known I had a child, I’d never be able to wed. Not that I wanted it.”

“And your marriage to my father?”
“Under a heart tree down at Harrenhall. No witnesses, so it was null and void, if Ned confirmed it, that would made his relation to Catelyn Tully illegal and their children illegitimate.”

“This secret cannot leave this room.” Jon said.

“Agreed.” Said the two women.

“And I have many more questions.” he continued.

“Yes?”

“Why did you wait 30 years to come out and find me?”

“I… I escaped to Essos, to the Free Cities after the fall of the Dragons. If I came back home, Robert would probably force me to tell everyone about the rape of Lyanna Stark. And I didn’t want to to do anything with the Seven Kingdoms again. They took you from me, Jon. I was afraid if I ever reached Winterfell that Catelyn would have a thing or two to say. And then I worked with the children then. Soon, I heard the tales of Daenerys Stormborn and her children. By the time I reached Mereen and founded my orphanage, you were gone. And I couldn’t leave the children there. So I worked until the I asked Daario Naaharis to take me with him. But, new travel slowly. I found out only a few yours ago you’re alive and well. And King.”

“I need to tell you something.”

“Anything.”
“I died, while serving in the Watch. A red priestess resurrected me.”

Tears welled up in her eyes. “When and how?”

“My men killed me. They were angry with me for letting the Wildlings in.”

“You did what’s right.” Dany said, taking his hand.

“And died for it, yes. I have scars from it, you know.”

“Why did you let the Wildlings in?”

“They would have died with the Walkers and other monsters there, I couldn’t allow it. I was Lord Commander and it was my call.”

“Just as your father… You were right.”

“Thank you.”

There was a moment of brief silence.
“Would you like to meet our children?” He asked.

“It would be my honour.”

It was bedtime, and the little royals were clad in their nightgowns. Aelinor was braiding Lyarra’s hair for bedtime, while Jas was organising his brothers. Their Septa and nannies were telling them to line up, as their parents had someone for them to meet.

“I hope it’s a surprise relative!” Shouted Aemon.

“It’s probably another tutor.” Said Lyarra.

“We’ll see.” Answered Aelinor. Their parents walked in, followed by a lovely woman in purple. Dany opened her arms and the little rascals ran to her. They lined up again. Jon pointed at Ashara.

“My dear children, I want you to meet your grandmother, my mother, Lady Ashara Dayne.”

They opened their eyes in awe.

“This is Jaeherys, Prince of Dragonstone. Our eldest, he was born during the Long Night, in the middle of Winter.” He bowed his head. “Pleased to meet you, Lady Grandmother!”
“Hello, my sweetling.” She answered, kissing his little head.

“And this is Aelinor.” Said Jon.

“She’s called The Spring Princess by the realm, because she came with the Spring.”

“Beautiful.” Said Ashara, giving her a hug.

“Eddard, for my father. He’s a true little wolf.”

Ned grinned. “To put it mildly.”

“This is Lyarra, our clever little artist. She’s very creative.”

She bowed to her grandmother and Ashara smiled at her.

“And this is Aemon.”
“Like the Dragonknight!” He yelled.

“And he’s very loud.” Said Jon.

“You met the babies.” Dany said.

“May I spend some time with them before they go to bed?” She asked. Jon and Dany nodded, leaving her with the children.

“I have a living mother.” Smiled Jon.

Dany hugged him from behind and they walked back to their bedchambers.

In the morning she made an announcement to the council. To say they were shocked was mild.

“So she was his mother the entire time?”

“Yes. And from now on, she will be a member of the court. She’ll get a small household. I imagine her days will be spent with her grandchildren and Jon.”

“We need to regulate titles, allowances and clearance.” Wrote down Missandei.
“And we’re fucked.” Said Tyrion. “What will the remaining Stark children say? They’re all Catelyn’s children.”

“Bran won’t say a thing. Matters like this never concern him. I imagine Arya will be quite happy herself, but the issue is...”

“My good sister. Yes.” Tyrion leaned on the table. “She is the second coming of Catelyn Tully. Speaking of Tully, Lord Edmure might have a thing or two to say.”

“Then call them in and tell them of this development.” Said Dany. “We can’t hide this any more.”

After the high lords and ladies gathered, Jon announced the revelation and his intention to respect his mother in court.

“I have to say something.” Proclaimed Edmure. “If my Uncle Blackfish was here, Gods bless his soul, he’d agree with me that this “acknowledgement” of his niece’s husband’s mistress would be a disrespect to the memory of Catelyn Tully and to her trueborn children.”

Arya stuck her knife in the table.

“Gods bless Brynden “Blackfish” Tully, if he was still alive, he wouldn’t let you utter a single word! This is Jon’s mother, the one he never met. And Bran, Sansa and I are not offended. Right?”
Bran nodded, but Sansa’s face remained a little tense, but she nodded after.

“There we go.”

“Good.” Said Dany, turning to Missandei. “Write down this down, please. By the decree of Daenerys Stormborn, Queen of the Seven Kingdoms and Jon, King in the North, Lady Ashara Dayne becomes a permanent member of the court. She will reside with the family in the private quarters and will have an allowance usual for the widowed mother of a King. And for now on, she will be referred to as “My Lady The King’s Mother” with the style of Her Grace.”

After Missandei wrote it down, Dany sealed and signed the paper, along with Jon.

“I hope she will take well here.” Jon whispered to Dany.

“I can only hope the same.”

After the announcement, the rumours and other bullshit plagued the court for days. Ashara took Lady Marya Lannister as her lady-in-waiting as well as Ladies Redwyne and Yronwood. She usually spent her days tending the little ones and doing charity in King’s Landing. Jon was content with having his mother around and so were the others.

And then it came time for the lords and ladies to leave. Robb and Jas were hugging on the lawn, promising to write each other every week. And little Aemon and Jason were clutching each other, crying that they’ll be apart.
“Don’t worry, a year will pass soon. And we’re be together again. And make their lives hell.”

“Yes!” Shouted the Little Lion, banging their heads together. He then raced to his parents, waving at them. Sansa’s heart was melting. Her son found a friend and was breaking out of his shell.

Arya and Gendry hugged Jon and Dany.

“Write us, please?” Said Gendry.

“Of course.”

Arya and Gendry looked at each other. “And we have exciting news.” Arya placed her hands on her belly and Dany’s face beamed. “Congratulations!” Jon pattered Gendry on the back. It was time.

As they left, a coach from the Reach arrived. Gilly Tarly, Countess of Hill Horn and her children, Lord Samwell and Lady Primrose arrived. Sam was waiting behind them and he raced to greet his family.

“Thank you for finally joining us in the capital, Gilly.” Smiled Dany at her midwife.

“Little Sam was sick so the countryside did him well.” She patted his little head. Aelinor, who was hiding behind her mother, jumped out to hug Primrose.
“My dear Prim!”

“Aelinor!”

The two girls hugged before racing back to Dany.

“Mama, is it okay if Prim stays over with me for a little?”

“Of course. If Prim’s mother agrees.”

Gilly nodded and they left.

In the afternoon, the children were playing. Ned was throwing stones at the riverbank with Jas, while Lyarra was making a makeshift armour out of fabrics for Aemon, whose mighty steed Ghost was waiting patiently.

Aelinor and little Primrose were last to join the party. They were making wreaths of flowers for everyone. Prim made a wreath of mostly white flowers, with some colourful ones in it. It resembled The Queen’s crown which was made after Aegon’s.

“Prince Jas! Come here.” She giggled. He came to her, sitting down. She placed the wreath on his head.
“Thank you, Primrose. It’s very beautiful.”

She smiled, a little blush forming on her face. They were enjoying the evening breeze, as the wind picked up Jas’ thin blue scarf and tied it on a branch which was floating over the river. Prim told him not to worry and rushed to get it. What happened next terrified Aelinor for the rest of her days. The branch broke under Prim, who fell into the river and Jas jumped right after her. He came out soon, carrying Prim on his back. She was coughing and shaking, so they covered her in the scarps of fabric Lyarra had.

After Jaeherys explained to the adults what happened, they praised him for his good work.

“You are a little hero.” Said Gilly. He bowed his head and went to Aelinor’s bedchamber.

The walls were painted a soft, rosy hue, with painting of maids and flowers dancing over it. Her bed was quite large for her, so she and Prim fit well there.

“Is Primrose okay?” Asked Jas.

“She is.” Answered Aelinor. “We’re going to bed.”

Jas closed the door behind him.

Chapter End Notes

This is the last chapter before the time skip, the next one will begin 10 years in the future.
Wings of Desire

The loud sound of snoring echoed from the room next to Jas’. He opened his door, knocking at his sister’s room. He entered, not waiting for an answer. Aelinor’s hair was half done up, she was already dressed in a long, rosy gown, with billowy sleeves, yellow side panels and flowers embroidered on her waist. Behind the panel, Prim’s voice was shouting about choosing shoes.

“Who will wake him up this time?”

“You go. Just pour some water over him, or something.”

“And why are you getting dolled up?”

“None of your business. Go wake Ned.”

She gave him a chalice which was already filled with water. Jas kicked the door of Ned’s bedchamber wide open, revealing a dark room where a young wolf was snoring the night away. Or the morning. Clothes were scattered everywhere and there was, for some reason, a Tully flag on the floor, the trout had a painted moustache along with a tiny hat.

“Oi, Eddard!” Shouted the Crown Prince as he poured all the water on him. Ned jumped up as if he was struck by lightning and screeched.

“What the fuck, Jaeherys!”

“We had a rough night, I just wanted to check if you’re alive. What is this?” He pointed to the Tully banner.

“When you and Robb left, Jason, Aemon, Sam and I went to pester Hoster. He gathered Willas and Mors and we all went ham on each other. Then I stole Hoster’s banner and we decided to paint the fish. My Gods, we were drunk! Seven hells, what is this!”

“To be fair, I find it quite funny.”

“Fuck, my head hurts.”
“Get dressed and don’t let Mama see you like this. Or Papa.”

“He’ll laugh and she’ll send me to hell.”

“There is some truth in that, yes.”

“I’ll go to Grandmamma and ask her to hide me if our parents find out I got wasted and stole a Tully banner.”

“I want to see Edmure’s face.”

“Please, no, I cannot stand his pouting.”

Ned got up and opened the door that led to the bathing chambers.

“Rosa, can you please draw me a bath? Thank you!”

He tumbled back into his bed. Aelinor peeked her head in, staring at her brother.

“I see that you’re still alive.”

“Yes, dear sister, I am.”

“Good. You both should change and get ready, the joust is about to begin.”

“And who is your champion? Selmy?”

Aelinor stopped in her tracks. “No, shut up, you little shit.”

Ned and Jas looked at each other. “Selmy it is.” They spoke at the same time.
Jaeherys was clad in a dark grey west with red dragon scales embroidered on it, a white shirt and black pants and boots. His curly hair grew under his ears, purple eyes resembling their mother’s. Then came Aelinor, clad in her pink and yellow, hair up and decorated with pearls. Lyarra was next to her, dressed in a teal, pleated gown with no sleeves and a high collar, with small gold and copper leaves embroidered on it and a matching headpiece made out of those same leaves. The little twin princesses, dressed in red and blue, followed their sisters. Aemon came next, clad in a yellow west with golden scales. Last was Ned, dressed in a dark grey leather west and matching pants, with a wolf’s head on his back.

“Sorry I’m late.”

“As if you’re sorry.” Answered Lyarra, rolling her eyes.

The rustling of fabric turned their heads. Their parents, ever the Queen and King, clad in their usual white and black, came pacing down the hallway in front of the Dragonpit, where the joust was. Daenerys wore a long, stark white gown, with a cape and dragon scales embroidered on it’s sleeves, with small red stones covering her sleeves and the end of her cape. Her crown was proudly decorating her hair. Jon was clad in black, his usual jerkin and pants, two Stark wolves kissing on the clasp that was holding his cape, the Northern crown shining on his head. Ashara was following them, clad in a deep purple flowing gown and with a large, circular headpiece on her head.

“You all look marvellous.” Smiled Dany. After they were announced, they took their positions. The children went to the booth bellow their parents, along with their grandmother. All the high lords had gathered for their mother’s nameday. Jas could see House Stark, so Uncle Bran with his caretaker, Meera Reed, along with the Maester and Lord Glover, the direwolf banner shining on their balcony. One day, Ned would take Bran’s place as Lord of Winterfell, Duke in the North and Warden of the North. The Lannister boot was next, Aunt Sansa, clad in a deep sapphire shade with matching jewels, her hair up in intricate braids and a veil covering one half of her head, her husband Jaime clad in deep maroon and gold. His brother, the Hand of The Queen was upstairs with the monarchs, but Lady Marya and her daughters were seated with the rest of clan Lannister. Lord Arryn and his wife, both in matching, feathery blue, were seated along with their three children, Lord Royce behind them. The Prince and Princess of Dorne were there as well, in their beautiful yellow and orange silks, the Princess sporting an impressive headpiece, along with Lady Sarella and Lady Elia, their son and daughter. Arya and Gendry were sitting in front of their banner, Gendry dressed in black and yellow, while Arya wore grey and white, her dress resembling light armour, with a two different earrings, one wolf and one with a stag. Their daughter, Dahlia, was sitting between them, excited with the events. Robb was sitting with Jaeherys, waving to his family. Edmure and Roslyn Tully wore red and blue, their son Hoster was looking pouty after the incident with the banner. Ned tried to avoid his gaze. Lord Tyrell and his lady wife were carefully paying attention, dressed lavishly. Their son was up for a joust today and they were excited. House Greyjoy was represented by Lord Victarion only, as Yara had some matters to attend to.

Daenerys stood up, announcing the first joust of the day.
“Ser Arstan Selmy vs Ser Domeric Dayne! Begin.”

Aelinor was on the edge of her seat. Her long time fancy, Arstan Selmy, a future white cloak probably, was against Ser Dayne, the Sword of the Morning. She didn’t care particularly for him, as she considered him a knight from a house she had little relation to, except for her grandmother, who didn’t speak much of her relatives. Arstan was handsome, with his blonde hair and charming smile, he was two years her senior against Domic’s twelve, so she calculated that the younger man would win. Arstan was clad in a bright silver armour, with a sky blue cloak with golden wheat embroidery, riding on a white horse named Meraxes, just like her dragon. He looked like a magical knight from the stories.

Lord Dayne wore an armour out of a darker metal, with a star made out of amethysts on his chest and a large, purple feather on his helmet. His horse was as dark as his hair, his dark blue eyes hiding mischief. Dany gave them a signal to begin.

They missed.

Aelinor turned to Prim. Today, Prim wore a bright red dress, the colour accentuating the red of her cheeks, her sweet, plump face was the colour of poppies which happened to be adorning her light brown hair.

“He’ll beat him, you’ll see.” Said the Spring Princess, clutching her best friend’s hand.

And they missed again.

The Sword of the Morning was growing tired. He ran, and Ser Arstan fell on his noble looking arse. The audience clapped, shouting Lord Domeric’s name. Aelinor screeched, but no one heard her. She looked up to Primrose and took her scarf and patted on Robb’s shoulder.

“Escort me, please.”

Robb nodded and left with Aelinor. Jas turned around and smiled at Primrose.

“How are you today, Prim?”

“I’m very excited! Sam didn’t want to go, dad agreed, with his health… You know, I’ve missed these events…” She rambled.
“What kind of events?” Asked the Dragon Prince.

She wanted to say events where she could see him, but her mouth just didn’t want to cooperate today.

“What I wanted to say is, I missed these events where people gather and stuff...” She blushed even more.

“I see what you mean. I’ve never been too fond of crowds, but I understand my duty.” His eyes pointed up, where his mother sat. “As does she.”

Prim nodded. She used to dream when she was younger that Jaeherys would get on one knee and ask her to be his wife. They’d live at Dragonstone, just like Prince Rhaegar and Princess Elia did and they’d have lots of children. Then, she’d be Queen someday. She never wanted to rule, she’d be one like Mariah Martell or Naerys Targaryen was. But as she grew, she understood that Jas would marry a girl from an other house, a more noble one, a prettier one. She recalled the stories of the past days, when the Dragons used to wed brother to sister, but she knew that Jaeherys and Aelinor would never wed. Prim could even see her dress, a long and white one, probably one fit for a future Queen consort, with tiny flowers and a long veil. She imagined the Sept, her father walking her down…

“Prim, why was Aelinor so upset? Selmy lost fair and square.”

“Lovesick fools don’t understand fair and square.” She shook her head and the beautiful prince laughed. Prim wanted to listen to that sound all day.

“True. I hope that she won’t kill Lord Dayne with her arrows.”

“Eh, that one is hard to kill.” Said Aemon, joining in the conversation. Jason jumped in too, hugging his shoulders with one hand.

“Arthur Dayne knighted my father and he says that their house fights like no other. Dawn looks like it has been forged by magic to me.”

“True!” Said Jas. “I’ve seen Lord Domic fight once or twice and he shocks me every time. Mama wanted him to join the Royal Guards, but he says he intents to marry so he doesn’t want the white
“Shit, it would be an honour having him in our guard.” Said Aemon. “He taught me the basics of sword fighting. He could kick Selmy out of that saddle 10 times more and he wouldn’t even blink.”

“I don’t know anything about that, but knowing Aelinor, she’ll rain Fire and Blood upon him if he dares to kick out her “knight” out of the saddle again.” Said Prim, shaking her head.

“Selmy is a piece of shit, to be fair.” Said Aemon.

In the tent that belonged to humble House Selmy, the young knight was fuming. His squire was taking off his armour while the nobleman was cursing. Then he spotted a figure in pink with a red scarf on her head, followed by Robb Baratheon.

“Oh, my darling...” She smiled, opening her arms.

“Leave me alone! That old man kicked me out of my saddle as if I’m a stupid child!”

Robb bit his tongue.

“You know it’s difficult to defeat the Sword of the Morning, right?”

“I don’t fucking care who he is!”

“You will not speak to me that way!” She shouted. “I came here to help you, to comfort you and you have the audacity to yell at me!”

“I don’t care what you have to say! I fucking lost on my first try!”

“It happens, fucking hell! Shut up and get off your high horse.” She turned icy.

“ Fucking leave me alone!”
The Princess turned on her heel, choking with anger. Robb followed, shooting angry glares at the angered knight.

They returned to their seats, Aelinor swallowing her tears. Jas turned to his sister.

“Are you alright?”

A single tear fell from her eye. Prim frowned, taking her hand.

“I'll kill him.” Said Jas, putting his hand on the hilt of his sword.

“He’s not worth it.” She wept. Jas took her hand and squeezed it.

“He is not worthy of you.”

“Am I that difficult to love?” She asked.

“Don’t ever say that!” He half-shouted.

“He is not the first to treat me like this.”

“And I promise, he will be the last.”

Prim gulped. Perhaps, it run in the family to marry brother and sister.

“You’re my little sister. If those bastards dare to hurt you, they’ll taste our swords.”

The next joust was announced. And soon came the finale. To one’s surprise, Lord Domeric won. What happened next, surprised everyone. He took his horse towards his loyal squire, who placed a wreath of roses and babies breath on its tip. The crowd started clapping. There’s going to be a Queen of love and beauty. He rode and then stopped in front of the royal booth. Everyone tensed up when the wreath landed in Princess Aelinor’s lap. She had been crowned many times, but never like this. He bowed as she put on the crown and the people clapped. Except for Aelinor’s father.

The loud music filled Maegor’s Holdfast. The Queen was giving a short speech about births and why they matter, while telling the guests to dance and celebrate.

The ballroom was clad with people having the best time of their lives. Jon got up and offered a hand to Dany, who pretended to blush and jumped into his arms. After a short dance, Dany went to tend to her good sister Arya while Jon went over to greet Tormund, who came down to visit.

“My little Crow! Aren’t you marvellous!”

“I didn’t know you know such fancy words.”

“Eh, we were going South, might as well not embarrass myself… Look at you! King!” He poured Jon a drink and he gladly accepted it. Bronn and The Hound were at the same table, alongside Tyrion Lannister who was singing some song with the Prince of Dorne.

“And we’re drunk as rats!” He shouted, causing everyone to laugh.

“You’re a smart man, Crow.”

“How so?”

He pointed towards Daenerys, who was hugging Arya.

“You married a good woman. A strong woman. A hard woman. If you ever decide to dump all of this shit and come live with us, she’d make a good Wildling.”

“Yes. She is a warrior.”
“And a good rider.”

“The best one I’ve ever seen.”

“Of course, that’s why you have seven children!” He shouted, slapping Jon on the back. Jon spat out his drink on the table, earning an eye-roll from Clegane and a fit of laughter from Bronn.

“You fucking dickbag! That was a good one!”

“Was it?” He asked. “It is the truth!”

“Don’t talk about my wife like that!” Shouted Jon, pouring wine over Tormund. And then they got drunk.

Dany was talking to Arya, they were catching up from her latest travels to the Free Cities. Arya was joking about meeting some pirates and the Water Dancers from Bravos, as Jon barged in, singing. Daenerys slapped her forehead and Arya started laughing. Gendry got up from his seat and cocked his head.

“What?”

Jon came to Dany knelt in front of her.

“Will you marry me?”

“We’re already married.”

“I know, I love you!” He shouted, getting up and grabbing Dany and spinning her around, her skirts and cape flying behind her. She was giggling like a young girl.

Jas leaned onto Aelinor.
“I’m not sure if I want to puke or call them adorable.”

Jon put Dany down, holding her face. She was beautiful, so much that it was beyond him.

“I just wanted to tell you all how much I love my wife. Look at her!” He was now hugging her from behind. “I’m the luckiest man alive… Because I was born at the same time as Daenerys Stormborn!”

She was blushing and laughing too, now.

“Bard, play Jenny of Oldstones!” Shouted Jon, taking Dany into his arms. The younger generation decided to leave the wild spectacle that was the royal couple dancing. Among the tents, knights were celebrating and dancing, but the hotspot was the Dayne tent.

The large purple fortress of fabric had a giant shield above the door and it was wide open, it’s furniture placed around it so that food and wine can be placed around it. There was an empty chair where probably Lord Domeric sat, but he was missing otherwise. Robb shouted at everyone and they shouted back, greeting the heirs.

Jas climbed on a table and gave a speech.

“You all fought valiantly today, I hope that it will stay like this for ever. In the name of Her Majesty The Queen, I wish you a good night!”
“Aye!” They shouted back. Ned opened a swig of wine and chugged half of it down, burping loudly. Aelinor scrunched her nose in disgust. She felt a light tap on her bare shoulder and turned around. It was Ser Dayne.

“Ser Domeric…”

He pointed at her with his hand.

“Your Highnesses, my Lords and Ladies, our Queen of Love and Beauty, Princess Aelinor!”

The lords clapped and Domeric led Aelinor by the small of her back to the chair in the middle, sending electricity down her spine. Her skin covered with goose pimples, she sat down.
“Let us sing and dance for our Queen!” announced Domeric.

Prim tried to sneak a dance with Jaeherys, but he was flooded by various ladies, as they all wanted to be Queen someday. Unfortunately, none of them saw Jas, they just saw His Highness The Prince of Dragonstone. Pouting, she sat down on the carpet next to Aelinor. The Princess brushed Primrose’s hair away from her neck.

“You should tell him.”

“Tell him what? That I’ve been foolishly in love with him since the day he saved me from drowning ten years ago?”

“Well, I’d change the phrasing, but yes.”

“I’m a daughter of a minor house. No one will take me seriously.”

“Jas chooses his wife. That’s what our parents decided. She might be a commoner, but she is to be his Queen.”

“Can I ask you something, and you need to answer me honestly?”

“Always.”

“Do your parents plan to wed you two? The Dragons have done it for centuries...”

“Primrose Tarly, are you mad? As if they would even consider it! I could never marry Jaeherys. People think we’re twins.”

“It’s terrifying how alike you two are.”

“We’re siblings, one and a half year apart. We slept in the same chambers and grew up together, of course we’re close. But not close in that way. You see, there is this Red Priestess, she visits my mother often. She once told me that my parents were fated to be together, two sides of the same coin. She called them Fire and Ice. And all I could think about hearing that was if I don’t meet that kind of love, my life will be wasted. Do you think I want that from my bloody brother?”
“I see… Can I talk to that Priestess?”

“You’re in luck, she’s visiting us. We can go and meet her as soon as this cock-measuring competition ends.”

“You cuss a lot for a Princess.”

“Eh, the crown is on the head, not the tongue.”

“I like that quote.”

Lord Domeric approached Aelinor, kissing her hand. She noticed a cut on his hand.

“Is this from the joust?”

“No, from Ser Arstan. He was offended that I crowned you.”

She rolled her eyes.

“As if anyone cares about his hurt feelings.”

He laughed, eyes sparkling in the night. Her heart was racing at the sound, shuddering at the brief touch of her arm. Aelinor picked up Prim and they walked down the path to Dany’s office, where Kinvara probably resided.

To their surprise, The Queen and the Priestess were sat at a table, speaking.

“You’re awake?” Asked Aelinor.

“I should ask you that. Hello, Primrose.”

Prim curtsied.
“This is Kinvara.” She introduced. The woman in red bowed her head.

“Sit, my children, I see you have many burning questions.”

Daenerys got up. “I need to check on Jon, otherwise he might fall off the bed or something...”

“I’ve never seen Papa drunk.”

“He’s quite fun when he drinks, isn’t he?”

Aelinor giggled, watching the small figure of her mother disappear behind the curtains. Kinvara turned to them, lighting a fire in the copper pot on the table with some ancient spell. Prim shuddered. She saw the dragons many times, when the young children rode them, but she never saw something like this.

“Come, Primrose, the flames have something for you. Ask.”

“Will I wed the one I love?”

Kinvara looked at the flames. “Yes.”

“And will we have children?”

“Three.” She answered, looking into the fire. “But, beware of the sirens across the sea. Every half needs to be whole. Your beloved will feel the bittersweet between his teeth. Your beloved will plant trees with you.”

She screeched with happiness.

“As for the Princess, the stars smile at you, my dove. Many will come, but you’ll know the face of your fated one, for you will see it in your dreams, just as your mother did.”
Aelinor rose an eyebrow, but then Daenerys returned, the fire blazing harder. She was carrying something that looked like a pile of old, white fur.

“Look what I found! My wedding dress.”

She put the coat up against her body. It was made out of white fur, greyed and yellowed by the age. But what shocked Prim the most was how large it was, it’s bottom part was wide open, with pleats. Some parts of it were torn and burned, with bloodstains on it. Dany’s face was covered with an air of nostalgia. To Aelinor, it looked more like a battle dress than a formal wedding gown.

“Forgive me for asking, Your Majesty, but what happened to it?”

“Jon and I married and went to battle immediately. The honeymoon was slaughtering the Army of the Dead.”

“Was the bottom part made to accommodate Jas?” Asked Aelinor.

“Yes, good observation! I was nine moons pregnant when we went to battle. Jaeherys was born with the dawn.”

“You were pregnant while you got married?” Asked Prim.

“I thought I was barren. But then, I was bathing one night and your mother came to visit me. She saw me and asked how far along I was. Of course, I was confused, but a midwife confirmed it. I was three moons along, the Night King coming for us. He was a strong one, born a bit too early.”

Prim thought how her mother acknowledging Jaeherys first must have been a sign of fate. Kinvara smiled.

“The one who was promised to you, came into your arms with the death of our old world.”

“Yes.” Smiled The Queen, remembering the day Gilly changed her life. The Red Priestess smiled.
“And the Prince brought the dawn. He’ll be one of the best Kings the world as ever seen.

“Of course he will. I raised him.” She leaned on the chair, staring at the tattered dress.

“I sometimes wish we had a regular wedding, to be fair. But then again, nothing in our lives has been regular.”

“How long were you in labour?”

“For hours. Through the entire night. And then the sun came out and my son with it. The winter lasted for a while, until you came. The realm likes to say that you brought us our first spring since the worst winter the Seven Kingdoms have faced.”

“Go to bed, my sweet.” Said Kinvara. “You shall see your fate.”

They parted for the night, Prim gushing over the story of Jas’ birth.

As soon as her head touched her silky pillow, Aelinor was pulled into a strange darkness, a lover above her. He was kissing her neck, leaving small marks upon it. His face was very comely, body stiff and strong from the nights of riding and fighting. She couldn’t see his face, but he was handsome, she was sure of it. Tonight, she realised that this is not the first night she dreamt of him. Was it Arstan? Was it Lord Domeric? No, Ser Domeric could never be her lover. He was twelve years her senior, an anointed knight and the Sword of the Morning. He was someone she shouldn’t even consider. Her lover toyed with her a little and then she finally looked at his deep, blue eyes. Oh.

Aellyx had been sleeping in the forest, as Jas travelled to the Citadel recently to listen to some lectures. He climbed on his back and flew to the Iron Islands. As he was tasked to summon Yara on a council meeting, and she was tasked with travelling to Essos in order to recover an old Targaryen treasure.

He landed on the beaches in front of Pyke, the castle half-covered in white, thick fog. Climbing of the dragon, he noticed a thin, tall figure with long, tied, greying hair walk out of the water, a beard covering half of his face. The man was dressed in simple linen and cotton clothes, with a necklace of wood and bone around his neck. He was carrying a staff, its top covered with seaweed.

“What is dead may never die.” Said the man to him. Jas finally recognised Theon Greyjoy.
“But rises again, stronger and harder.” Answered the Prince.

The Drowned Man bowed his head.

“It is an honour to see you, Prince Jaeherys.”

“Likewise, Theon Damphair.”

Jas was aware that Theon suffered a terrible fate at Winterfell, although no one ever speaks of it. After the war for the Dawn, he returned to the Islands and never left them, becoming a Drowned Priest.

“I suppose you’re here to see the Duchess.”

“Yes, we need Lady Greyjoy.”

“She’s home. With something for you.”

“Do you fancy Valyrian steel, Theon Damphair?”

“You need to ask her that. Those matters aren’t a concern to me any more.”

Jaeherys never truly understood the Ironborn. They were a strong people, born from the sea itself. He wasn’t too fond of the open sea, it’s power wasn’t something he as looking for. Theon Greyjoy was a shadowy mystery to him, his eyes shrouded in a glassy shell of sadness and tragedy.

“Can you explain to me why you say the what is dead prayer?”

Jaeherys never truly understood the Ironborn. They were a strong people, born from the sea itself. He wasn’t too fond of the open sea, it’s power wasn’t something he as looking for.

“The sea can only rebirth you. It never kills the way men do.”
He nodded.

“Just like you and your dragon draw strength from fire, we call upon it from the sea.”

“I can hear them sometimes.”

“The dragons?”

“Yes. My mother has a better sense of it and my sister has dragondreams.”

“There are many kinds of magic in this world. The magic of Valyria, of the Old Gods, the Drowned God, the Many-Faced God, the Lord of Light...”

“You believe that they all exist?”

“Yes. For us.”

He nodded.

“It’s time for you to take your birthright back to its home. I heard that it looks unchanged.”

“I still cannot believe she found it.”

“My sister could find a needle in the haystack. I imagine your mother keeps the other one since it’s been recovered from The Wall.”

“Yes, she never leaves it unattended.”

“I would too. The magic those swords posses... It scared even the Night King.”
“I heard you fought bravely.”

“I did. At least, I tried. I wasn’t always brave.”

“You are a wise man, Damphair.”

He frowned.

“Not exactly. Go on. She’s waiting for you.”
Heartbreakers

The Small Council was gathered around the table, save the chair of the Master of Whispers. The reason was that he has passed, his body now lying in his chambers, before being carried away to be buried outside the city. He passed in his sleep, in the wee hours of the morning, just before the Prince of Dragonstone had departed for the Iron Islands. The Master of Ships and the Crown Prince weren’t there too, as the council was waiting on them to vote a new Master in.

The doors opened, revealing the heir-apparent and the Captain of the Fourteen seas. Yara took off her black, leather coat and smirked.

“Why the long faces?”

“Lord Varys has passed in his sleep.” Proclaimed Daenerys, looking at her hands. The ring the Master of Whispers usually wore, one with the seal of that ministry, was in the middle of the table. She sat down, signing.

“The end of an era, really.” She leaned on her chair, playing with the handle. Jas took the seat usually designated for the heir, on his mother’s right.

“Will you take his body to Lys?”

“He has no known family. We’ll bury him in the city. But, we are in dire need of another Master. We need someone cunning and smart, someone who knows how networks work and isn’t afraid to get their hands dirty. Someone who can fulfill these duties without hesitation, yet someone who understands the needs of the people. Therefore, I nominate the Duchess of the Stormlands for this role.” Dany announced. Judging by his father’s face, Jas knew his father was alright with this decision.

“Those who are for it, say aye!”

The entire table agreed.

“Dame Brienne, if you were kind to summon Princess Arya?”
Sometimes, Jas found it funny how his aunts were princesses. As sisters to a King, they were, although Sansa carried the title of Princess with all her elegance and might, Arya would literally arrive everywhere on horseback, she commanded a squad of scary men and would cut up a man from neck to navel had he wronged her. She was also a former Faceless Man, so if anyone knew how to set up a spy network, it was she.

“Princess Arya Baratheon, Duchess of the Stormlands!” Shouted the announcer. Arya was now clad in her leather pants, Needle on her hip, Catspaw on the other, Gendry right behind her. Arya accepted the offer earlier, this was just the confirmation. Gendry hated to be away from her, she had just returned from a voyage two moons ago, and now she’d live in the capital for a while.

“Princess Arya, your Queen and King have summoned you to become their Master of Whispers. Will you refuse the call?” Asked Dany.

“No. I accept the call.”

“Then it is time.” Dany took the ring and put it on Arya’s finger. She bowed and kissed Dany’s hand, a confirmation more of. As most people who were sworn into the council swore on the Book of the Seven, Arya as a follower of the Old Gods, would swear her oath in front of a Heart Tree. They exited the room in order for Arya to swear the oath.
“I swear it upon the Old Gods, I, Arya Baratheon, born Stark, will serve the people, Queen and King. I swear it upon my blood that I will do no harm, no evil or mischief.”

The troop returned. At the head of the table, sat the two monarchs. On Dany’s right was Jaeherys, next to him was Davos, Master of Smallfolk Affairs, next to Davos was Yara, Master of Ships, next to Yara sat Grand Maester Samwell. To Jon’s right was Bronn, Captain of the City Watch, also known as Goldcloaks, Brienne, Captain of the Royal Guard, Greyworm, Master of War, Arya, Master of Whispers, and finally, on the other end of the table was Tyrion, Hand of The Queen. Missandei was on her own desk, as Head Scribe, she was writing down the new appointments.

“As you are aware, we need a Master of Coin, as our current one is doing a terrible job.”

“Yes, Lord Redwyne hasn’t attended a single meeting this moon. He even left his ring.” Commented Jon.

“Perhaps, if I may voice my opinion, Sansa could do this job.” Said Arya.

“We asked her, but she’s running the Westerlands and the North for Bran so she has her hands full.
And also, having both of my sisters on the council wouldn’t look so good.” Said Jon, huffing.

“Usually, a Lannister is hired for this part.” Said Tyrion, playing with his chain. “But, the only Lannister’s who know to work with money are me and my good-sister.”

“What of Lord Tyrell?”

“No, he’s too busy with the new trading deal with Yi Ti.”

“To be fair, Robert Baratheon had his brother-in-law, father-in-law, brothers and best friend on the council. The issue of nepotism can be overlooked. She’s very qualified for the job.”

“True. Who was Robert Baratheon’s Master of Coin, again?” Asked Daenerys.

“Littlefinger. He allowed Robert to bankrupt the country and then he’d rake up debt from the Iron Bank.” Spat Davos, remembering the debt.

“That’s why we have our own Goldlion bank.” Said Tyrion, sipping on some Dornish white.

“Another option is Lord Velaryon.”

“He is a better sailor.”

“I mean, Jaime knows how to take care of the Westerlands, as Sansa has already set up a well-oiled machine, Bran can do the same in the North. Also, Ned needs to learn more about the North so he’ll go with Bran there to study. If anything goes bad, I’ll go myself there to pull the reins.” Said Jon.

“True. Let’s lay this out like this and see what Sansa thinks.”

She accepted, but swore an oath to the Seven.

The newly installed Small Council was now in session. First up, the recovered sword Blackfyre.
“And it was hidden in a bloody tower?”

“Yep. At least it’s back home.”

Jas put the sword on the table. Some years ago, Gendry had melted Oathkeeper and Widow’s Wail back together, returning Ice home, finally. Not that Bran had any use of it, but he did. Instead, Gendry made a new sword for House Lannister, called Brightroar, after the one that Jason Lannister lost ages ago. For Brienne, he made a lovely piece encrusted with sapphires, named Bluestone now, and it hung on her hips everywhere she went. Dany’s Dark Sister and Jon’s Longclaw usually hung on the walls of their chambers, ready to use. For House Mormont, Gendry sent them a sword which Lyanna Mormont named Beartooth, and according to Ser Jorah, she enjoyed using it. And now Blackfyre was there, back into the arms of the Dragons.

“It looks stunning.” Proclaimed Gendry, who stayed there to observe the sword.

The rippled metal shone in the candle light, reminding everyone of its power.

“It is yours now.” Dany said. “Use it wisely.”

“I will.” He promised.

Missandei was up next.

“Our second issue is the grand debt of Pentos to our Goldlion bank.”


“Four hundred thousand Golden Dragons, Your Grace.”

“Fucking hell!” She cursed. “I might just pay them a visit myself. Who is owning us this money? The entire city or a single person?”
“The entire city. They borrowed this money to finance sellswords to defend the city from attacks.”

“Ah yes, with the wars raging there, I’m not surprised.” Dany said. “I imagine they hired the Golden Company? Maybe even the Stormcrows?”

“Possibly both, if they raked up such a debt. You can build an entire city with that money.” Commented Greyworm. He turned to Sansa. “We can extort them.”

“No, I suggest we offer them a paying plan. Every year they pay us a part until they paid off the entire debt. The longer they take, the more will it grow. If they don’t repay in 10 years, I suggest taking a dragon or two or three there as a threat.” Said Sansa, writing the groundwork for the contract.

“Do we agree on this?” Asked Jon. The table responded with “Aye!”.

“Next issue, the recent killings in Street of the Sisters.” Everyone turned to Bronn.

“Some man’s daughter escaped with his enemy’s son and all hell broke loose. We had to get everyone out, people were fucking stabbing each other with glass.”

“And they all are arrested?” Asked Dany.

“Yes, awaiting trial as we speak.”

“If they only harmed each other, I’ll leave this case to Ser Davos to put on trial. If they harmed anyone innocent who has nothing to do with them, I shall perform the trial myself.”

“I’m afraid it’s the second, Your Majesty.”

“Very well. I’ll prepare for this afternoon. How many of your men were harmed in this?”

“Two killed, 4 harmed. Other cunts are fine.”
She nodded, turning to Yara. “Is our future prison ready?”

“Yes, the fortress is in the middle of an island, no one can escape, unless they can hold their breath for three days or fly.”

“Good. It might receive new prisoners.”

The council sat for nearly four hours. After, it was dismissed. Sansa entered her new office. It was cleaned from Lord Redwyne’s belongings, now nearly empty. She ordered the servants to change the purple curtains for blue ones and she placed a miniature of her, Jaime and Jason on the table. She also added some flowers and books and reorganised the reports. She was ready to take her new duty as Master of Coin.

As night fell, Aelinor grew restless. She was sitting in front of the Grand Hall, where her parents had received Lord Tytos Tyrell and his wife. She heard her own name, the word betrothal, dowry and titles. Tired, she slid down the door. She decided she’d rather slit her own throat than marry Willas Tyrell, who followed her like a lovesick fool wherever she went. Speaking of the fool, he just paced to the atrium where she stood, hands trembling, a yellow rose pinned on his chest.

“Your Highness.”

“Lord Willas.”

“You look lovely today.”

“I look like that always.”

“I suppose you must have heard of the upcoming arrangements.” He knelt in front of her. “I know you are a Princess of the blood and I promise, I will treat you just like one. I know what you need, bards and the finest silks, I’ll give you all and more. I promise that, as your future husband.”

She rolled her eyes. Again, the memory of her dreams, the ones with a lover, were coming back to her. Willas and his sweet chestnut head weren’t a part of that dream. He was made to marry someone much softer and sweeter than she is, as she was Fire and Blood, a dragon rider and an archer. Not her. No one was meant to marry her except the lover from her dreams.

“You couldn’t handle me.”
He gulped. And then she heard a shout. It was the word no. Aelinor smirked at her mother. Who would dare to defy her?

“I highly doubt we’ll wed, kind Willas.”

“But… Father promised.”

She shook her head. “No.”

“Well, if your parents decide we’ll wed, you shall be the future Duchess of the Reach.”

“My parents said I’ll marry whomever I please. And as for now, you are anything but pleasing me.”

She turned her head and left upstairs and leaned on the window, looking over the garden where her two youngest sisters were playing catch with Ser Payne. The two little thing giggled as Ser Payne tumbled down the grass with them.

She felt finger play at her waist and turned around to face Domeric. He was a handsome man, with lovely, chiselled features. But what made her knees buckle the most was his smile and charisma, which he had in abundance.

“Why the long face, darling?”

She wanted to kiss him.

“Nothing.”

“Is it now?” He came closer.

She came to him, bold as always. “Come with me.”
“Where?”

“To my bedchamber.”

Tyrion walked behind Lyarra, who was speaking quickly and sounded quite excited. She was talking about her parents’ upcoming wedding anniversary, and the gift she was preparing. There was a large canvas pinned to the wall of the Maidenvault, along with various packs of brushes, paints and oils.

“I decided to paint the historical meeting of my parents and you will describe how it looked like.

“Oh Seven Hells, Your Highness! That was twenty years ago. I remember them shaking hands, your mother wore white, your father black. Ghost was there, too! And the dragons, three of them at the time. Um, then there were many tents and a lot of people, Dame Brienne, Pod, Jaime… I was there too!”

Lyarra was sketching something on a smaller piece of paper. She showed it to Tyrion.

“What say you?”

“Yes, that looks pretty accurate.”

“I wish I could go there and see it myself.”

“The painting will be sufficient. How in the world will you paint a canvas this large?”

“I’ll use a ladder, don’t worry. I’m a smart girl.”

Tyrion nodded. “Very well. I have a trial to attend to. Have you seen the Crown Prince somewhere?”

“I think he was… In the library, possibly? Maybe he’s with Ned or Robb.”
“Thank you. Oh, there is Lord Hoster to keep you company!”

Lyarra was sketching her mother as Hoster Tully approached her with a bow.

“Your Highness.”

“Wonderful!” She showed all her brushes in his hands. “You can be my assistant!”

The trial was a shit show, but it was over. Dany was packing up her notes as the remaining family members of the two warring households were leaving, all looking at her with great interest. Tyrion came to her, praising her good work. He also had a request for her.

“Lord Arryn wants to see his daughter engaged to Jaeherys.”

“Isn’t the girl eight or nine?”

“Yes, but they’d wait another 6 years for them to wed.”

“It’s Jaeherys’ choice in the end. If he doesn’t want to marry her, he has my full support.”

“I know you want nothing but happiness for your children, but this dynasty is quite fresh in the minds of the people. You need to secure support for centuries to come. And is there a better way than through marriage?”

Dany inhaled. “I know. I don’t want to sell my daughters like broodmares. They deserve better. And my sons should marry for love, too.”

“Set them up with a lord that is suitable and heir to something. Today, I introduced Lord Hoster to Princess Lyarra.”
“He’s a bit too old for her.”

“He’s four years older than her. An heir to the Dukedom of the Riverlands and the future Lord Paramount of the Trident. Think about it. A betrothal would make the Tully’s like you better. The issue with Lady Ashara being treated like a Queen Mother and the issue of Catelyn Tully is still very much alive and here. A Princess of the blood as their Duchess wouldn’t be that bad. And one of the twins could go to Dorne. Like Daenerys and Mors Martell and Mariah and Daeron. You need to solidify that bond with Dorne. And Aelinor can become a Tyrell, the Reach is quite wealthy.”

“We already rejected the Roses, they were too demanding. They want a dowry in lands and goldmines. And they sounded as if they were buying a cow, not asking for my daughter’s hand. And you’re forgetting that Aelinor will go to Meereen eventually as Lady Regent of the Bay in my name. She needs a husband from Essos, perhaps.”

“As you know, the Magyr family has asked for her hand.”

“Yes, those bankers don’t want titles or lands I imagine. Only a deal with the Seven Kingdoms.”

“Your children will need heirs, or all of what you did will go to shit.”

“I know, but Jas has just turned 20. He has time. But, I see how a betrothal can look good. If my children agree, yes. But, I want them to have the ability to step out of the deal if they want.”

“Good. I recommend engaging Princess Lyarra to Lord Hoster as soon as you can.”

“I just feel like a horrible mother, Tyrion. I promised them they could choose.”

“Perhaps if you ask them, you’ll know. Look.” He said, looking at Lyarra painting the large canvas and Lord Hoster patiently sitting next to her, handing her brushes. He listened to every word that left her lips and looked impressed by her work.

“He’s a good lad and a smart one too. He’ll treat your daughter well. Arya can watch him for a while. Ask her tonight.”
“I’ll see.”

“Many have agreed she resembles Lyanna Stark.”

“She does?”

“Yes.”

“Very well.” She looked around. “I still feel guilty.”

In the evening, Dany came to Lyarra. The girl was finishing up a sketch of something and Dany took her hand.

“Is everything alright, Mama?”

“Lyarra, tell me, if I were to suggest a future husband for you, would you be upset?”

“Depends who.”

“Hoster Tully.” Dany said, expecting her daughter to murder her.

“No, I like him. He has a pretty face and isn’t stupid. I wouldn’t be mad, at all.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. I’d eventually want to get married and have a family.”

“We’d demand that you two won’t marry before you turn one and twenty.”

“Sounds alright to me. Why were you upset?”

“I promised myself I’d let my children marry for love.”
“And I like Hoster. I have seven years to get to known him better. You and Papa knew each other for a year and a half when you had Jas?”

“Mhm.”

“See? I like his freckles, quite a bit. He looks as if the sun kissed him.”

Dany smiled. “I’m glad you want this.”

“I know I’ll make an excellent Duchess.”

“Of course. You are a smart one. I remember you learned how to walk before most children did.”

“Sounds like me, to be fair. Do I get a ring?”

“I… Yes?”

“Oh, lovely! I hope it will be a pretty one.”

Lyarra gave her a bright smile and Dany hugged her. Finding a wife for her heir won’t be easy like this. She was about to thank her for her stance and cooperation when Brienne barged into the room, her heavy armour making a loud noise.

“Your Majesty! Lord Tyrell fell from his horse and broke his neck!” She shouted, hands trembling. Dany got up and told Lyarra to stay. She ran with Brienne, the larger woman was much faster than her. Brienne even offered her to carry her to the Throne Room. There stood Jon with Lady Tyrell and young Willas, along with Samwell Tarly and Tyrion Lannister. Lady Tyrell was clad in black, tears streaming down her face. Her husband on the other hand, was lying on a slab that was placed in the middle of the room. Tyrion thought how eerie this moment was, recalling Jon Arryn lying there. Lady Ashara was there too, standing in the back and observing the situation. Willas took a deep bow and kissed Dany’s hand.

“My condolences, Lord Tyrell.” She said, looking at the new Duke of the Reach. Willas thanked her
quietly. He explained that he will stay in the capital and that he wants his father’s body burned and put in a box so he can carry it home. Dany nodded and took a step back between Jon and Tyrion.

“What happened?” She asked quietly.

“He rode in the middle of the night and the horse tripped on a branch and he fell off it.”

“Why?” Dany asked, confused why anyone would ride that late.

“He had a mistress in the city.”

Dany tried not to roll her eyes and looked back at deceased Tytos Tyrell. He never expected to become Lord or Duke, but there he was. And now his son took his place. Lord Tytos was once Master of Laws, but that position has been empty for a while because they couldn’t find a suitable Master, and Tyrion, Missandei and Dany handled most of the situations regarding the law.

“How long will you stay, Lord Tyrell?” Asked Jon.

“I don’t intend to return without a wife.”

Sam filled the green pot with golden roses with the late Duke’s ashes and carried it back to Willas and his mother, who looked at the pot with sorrow in her eyes. Willas thanked Sam and Sam bowed to him, as he was his liege now, by law.

“Lord Tarly?”

“Yes?”

“I was wondering… You have a daughter?”
“Yes, Primrose. She’s 19.”

“Then I ask you, her father, to allow me to take your daughter’s hand in marriage.”

“Oh.” Sam said. His daughter would be immediately the most powerful woman in the Reach, Duchess and Lady of Highgarden. Sam was quite surprised by the offer, as Prim was quite shy and she rarely meddled with men, she usually never left Aelinor’s side.

“Whatever you see fit, Lord Tarly.”

“I think, I mean, she’d say yes. I need to ask her. And her mother! Come to my study tonight and I’ll give you the answer.”

Willas nodded and Sam waddled back to his solar that he shared with Gilly. She was reading a book and fixing a dress when Sam came in, red from excitement. He told her about the proposal, but Gilly frowned.

“I don’t want to place that burden on her young shoulders.”

“Gilly, if we say no, she might never get an opportunity like this.”

“Do you know Prim’s heart at all?” Asked Gilly angrily.

She remembered a little girl with pudgy cheeks crying over a beautiful Dragon Prince, who was busy with learning how to become King someday and who pulled her out of the water that fateful day a decade ago. She remembered her sad face when he’d dance with other ladies, or her tears when he didn’t pay attention to her. Her excitement when she saw him on a dragon for the first time and her disappointment when she realised he won’t take her for a ride.

“Speaking of her, where is she?” Asked Sam.

Prim was sitting in Aelinor’s bedchambers, reading some poetry out loud as Aelinor laid in her beautiful ceramic bathtub which was painted with various flowers. The sweet scent of winter roses filled the room and it made her head dizzy.
“Prim, I just remembered! It’s my parents’ wedding anniversary soon, I need to talk with Jas about the upcoming celebration.”

“I imagine it will be postponed due Lord Tyrell’s untimely passing.”

“Yes, but we still need to get them a present. Can you please go to his chambers as summon him here?”

Prim got up, all excited. She never visited Jas’ chambers before, so she basically ran to the hallway and knocked on the door. All she could hear was his sweet, honey like voice singing.

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

She entered slowly and observed the bedroom. It had tall ceilings which were painted dark blue with stars painted on it. The walls were made out of a simple, white stone, a darker one on the floor. A small hallway led to his bedchamber, but in the hallway was a door which probably lead to his study or bathing room. In the middle of the circular room was a bed with a canopy, made out of dark blue velvet. There were may bookshelves out of white wood and piles and piles of books were placed everywhere. There was a model of a ship placed on the wall, alongside a desk and a chair. Jaeherys himself was half dresses in his boots, breeches and shirt, hair dishevelled, string a harp, lounging on a settee. Prim listened to the beauty of his voice, soaking it in. Jas turned around and smiled.

“Oh hello, Primrose. What brings you here?”

“I was looking… I mean, Aelinor was looking for you.”

“Oh, I’ve came up with a present. We’re going to sing Jenny’s Song to Mama and Papa. It’s their favourite.”

“Oh, why that one?”
“It’s a long story, but it just shows you how much they love each other. I hope to find someone who loves me as half as much as they adore each other.”

Prim gulped.

“And have you?”

“No, I’m quite young. I don’t intend to marry soon.”

“Oh, I see.”

“I’m going to Lys with Aunt Arya soon and I’m going to see an old friend of mine and I must say, I’m a little too excited to see her again.”

“And who is your friend?”

“Her name is Kara. We used to play as children together in Meereen when we spent time there. Her father basically owns Lys.”

“Oh, I see...” She said, gulping down. She wanted to wed young, so that she’d meet her great-grandchildren.

“And what of you, Primrose?”

“I-I need to leave.”

“You don’t like my singing?” He smiled, putting down the silver harp. How can one person be the embodiment of the sun and yet again break her heart when he refused to shine on her? She gulped, swallowing her tears. Picking up her skirts, she wanted to leave, but then she turned around on her heel.
“I’ve loved you since we were not even tall enough to reach the windows in the Maidenvault. I loved you since you saved me from drowning in that river. I loved you for so many years and yet, you never seemed to notice.”

She turned around and ran through the doors, past Aelinor’s room. She needed to see her mother immediately. Tears streaming down her face, she entered their solar, only to find her father there.

“Prim? Why are you crying?”

“Can I ask you to make sure I never hear Jenny’s Song again?” She begged.

“What happened?”

“Nothing.”

“Then I have something to tell you.”

With her broken heart and pain that swept through her soul, she said yes. That night she was given a golden ring with a rose who had a small emerald on top of it. She thought it to be a little too dainty for her but alas, she was to be Duchess of the Reach and Lady of Highgarden.

Three moons had passed and Prim was getting into her wedding gown. Aelinor was braiding her hair per Prim’s request. Aelinor brushed through the hair down her back and put the small headpiece made out of copper roses on her hair, along with the wedding veil. Prim’s gown was heavy and long. It had a long train which will be carried by Prim and Lyarra into the Great Sept, along with long sleeves. It had small, copper roses embroidered on it, along with a small archer on the rights sleeve. Prim thought, had the Gods been kinder, this gown would be embroidered with dragons. Aelinor clipped in the last details and nodded.

“And now you’re ready.” She said, sadness echoing from her voice. Sam came soon, as he was to escort Primrose down the isle. The loud music that played in the Sept filled her ears. Vows were exchanged and now she was a wife and a Duchess. They bowed to Their Majesties on their way out of the Sept and walked out in the sunlight.

The next day, Prim and her new husband were due to leave. Aelinor was standing on the gates in
front of the carriage, tears streaming down her face. She opened her arms and hugged her best childhood friend.

“I shall miss you, Primrose Tyrell.” She wept.

“As well, Aelinor Targaryen.”

“Promise me you will visit me. And I shall fly to Highgarden.”

Prim sobbed, holding Aelinor. They separated and she entered the carriage and rode off. Aelinor looked down on the carriage leaving the road. She truly never wanted her to leave.

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