# The Golden Dragon

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## Summary

When Jon Connington was exiled in 283 AC Rhaegar tasked him with taking his youngest brother Lucerys Targaryen away with only a written decree and a large amount of gold to their names. Raised as an exile in the ranks of the Golden Company, follow Luke as he journeys to reclaim the throne stolen from his family.

## Notes

Bold speech is High Valyrian
The Sacking of Lys

Chapter Summary

Lucerys of House Targaryen, the Captain-General of the Golden Company, makes his mark on the island of Lys

298 AC

The seawater lapped calmly against the hull of the Vhaegon, as the imposing war ship kept its course along the bright blue waters of the northern Summer Sea. On board, close to one hundred men were frantically getting to work preparing numerous long-range weapons for the battle that they all knew was getting closer every second.

Atop the quarterdeck stood two men. One was elder, with a greying red hair cut close to the head, and he was looking through a far eye out at an island far in the distance. "We're close." He said.

"Good." The younger of the two grinned. His purple eyes gleaming in the hot sunlight almost as much as the shiny steel armour he was wearing, his Westerosi house sigil engraved in the chest plate proudly for all to see. "Ready the fleet."

"At once, Captain General." The red head obeyed.

"I've told you a thousand times Jon, to you I'm just Luke." The younger man said, wiping his shoulder length silver hair out of his face.

Jon shook his head at that. "To me, you're my King. But you refuse to let me call you that as well Lucerys."

"Because my brother is still alive." Luke reminded the elder man. "He may think I'm dead, but he is still my Father's heir and so the rightful heir. What we do today is for him and my sister."

"Of course." Jon said knowingly as he'd heard those words hundreds of times. He grabbed the signalling flags. "What do you want me to say?"

Luke placed both hands on the wheel and stared at the island city that was becoming clearer on the horizon. "Exactly like when we faced the Crows Eye." He said with a menacing smirk, taking in the sight of Euron Greyjoy's repurposed ship beneath his "They made fools of my family and stole from them. Take no prisoners."

Jon grinned back before turning around to signal to the other 49 ships in the fleet before walking quickly down the stairs to scream at the men. "The Captain General has decreed no prisoners! Strike true, strike hard. Send these bastards down to the depths and Lys shall be ours by nightfall!"

The men cheered, and Luke couldn't help the smirk on his face. Briefly putting one hand on the ruby decorating the pommel of his Valyrian Steel sword for comfort, he soon focused solely on leading the fleet towards Lys. The bells from the city could soon be heard, as a small number of Lyseni ships began to sail out, rushed and uncoordinated.

"I know those sails." Jon commented as he returned to the quarterdeck. "Salladhor Saan."
The famous pirate sell sail of the Summer Isles, Luke remembered. "This will be easy." Luke told himself, wiping his silver hair away from his eyes again. "PREPARE TO BRACE!" He roared, as the men pushed out the assault ramp at the bow of the ship, ready to drop it on the first one they could find.

The *Vhaegon* was one of the newer ships in the Golden Company's arsenal, having taken a dozen of ships from the Ironborn after an assault on the Summer Islands had led them to the exiled Greyjoy's fleet. A lengthy battle had been had, but the Company had won, and Luke had taken the Silence for himself, renaming and redecorating it, and incarcerating the remains of the mad Greyjoy in the figurehead for all to know to be terrified when they saw the *Vhaegon.* Luke soon shook the image of Euron Greyjoy's body out of his mind as he turned the wheel to the left slightly, ready to impact with the first ship they found.

And what an impact it was. Gripping on to the wheel tightly Luke felt himself jolted to the left as the Dragon's mouth came crashing down onto the largest Lyseni ship and the battle soon started. Half of his crew manned the catapults aiming at the other oncoming ships while the other half streamed down the narrow gangway onto the Lyseni in disarray. "Jon! You have the wheel!" He screamed at his friend and mentor, as Luke withdrew the Valyrian Steel sword Blackfyre and sprinted towards the bow and onto the other ship.

Almost immediately as he ran down the gangway onto The *Valyrian*, carving the Valyrian Steel blade through the leather armour of one of the pirates, spilling guts onto the deck. Swinging his wrist, Luke then found a new opponent, clashing blades twice before the pirate fell to the ground, blood pouring from his neck. Blood spattering in his face, Luke wiped his eyes with his sleeve and walked menacingly towards the wheel, leaving a trail of dismembered and bleeding corpses behind him as he went.

Rising up the stairs his eyes caught a smaller Summer Islander dressed in ornate clothes slash his scimitar diagonally down a Golden Company man's torso, kicking him to the floor with a laugh.

"You're a pretty boy." Saan said, holding his sword out at Luke. "You'd be worth a fortune in the pleasure houses."

Luke smirked. "A shame the price on your head is worth more than they'd give me for you, or I might have sold you to them Saan."

Saan was amused, and his face showed it a wide grin. "This shall be fun."

Luke agreed, and struck quickly as Blackfyre was inches away from the pirate's throat before it was batted away. Another blow to the left was blocked, before Lucerys jumped backwards, missing a swing from Saan.

He stepped into the attack again, as Blackfyre sang as the Valyrian Steel sword battered the scimitar from all angles. Luke was taller and stronger than Saan and it showed as the Captain General of the Golden Company forced the pirate against the back end of his own ship. Standing tall with the sea wind whipping his hair around his face, salt water and sweat dripping from the Valyrian locks, Luke watched as Saan unwillingly trembled, before Blackfyre parried a weak attack away and was driven into the heart of the pirate.

As the Summer Islander gasped his last breath and slumped to the floor, Luke quickly severed his head, sticking it on the point of Blackfyre and holding the sword up for all to see on the main deck of the *Valyrian.* The pirates mostly looked up and stopped their fights dropping their swords and other weapons in surrender, disheartened by the death of their leader. The Golden Company cheered loudly as Luke walked back over to the *Vhaegon* and retaking the wheel.
"They're breaking!" Jon exclaimed over the noise of catapults firing. Luke saw that he was right, and the Lyseni ships were trying to flee, leaving the city open.

"Good!" Luke cried. "Bring the ramp up, we have a city to sack!"

The city of Lys was soon dripping with blood as the Golden Company roamed. Luke wasn't interested in stealing or raping, so he and a loyal group of men fought their way through the city towards the cliffside palace that was the home of the Magisters. It didn't take long before the doors had been kicked in and the Company were slaughtering the palace guards.

Lys was ruled by three Magister's, and all three of them and their families were quickly rounded up and brought to Luke, who was sat on the central throne of three in the lavish hall. Jon stood to his right as the three families were forced to their knees in front of him.

"**Which one of you is the wealthiest?**" Luke asked bluntly in Valyrian. The three looked between one another, terrified, but silent. "**Answer me now, or you'll all die.**"

"**Him!**" The youngest of the three men shouted, pointing to a middle-aged man who was holding the hand of his wife. "**He has an entire bank! Take him and let us live in peace!**"

Luke was grateful that it hadn't taken long at all, and he nodded to Jon, who stepped forwards and stabbed the younger man in the heart, before then doing the same to the third Magister. "Take their families. Give the women to the men of the company, give the men to the slavers." Luke commanded. He waited for the wailing women and children to be forced out of the room before standing himself and walking up to the kneeling Magister. "**Baelor Rogare, I presume?**"

"You know me?" Baelor answered in the common tongue.

"I do," Luke replied. "House Rogare has a... reputation. I think we may even be distantly related somehow." The 19-year-old shrugged.

"What do you want? What has Lys done to offend the Company?" Baelor asked.

"It's more what you've done to offend Myr." Luke admitted.

"We can pay more." Rogare tried, but Jon just barked out a laugh.

"I highly doubt that." The elder man chuckled.

"They are being very generous." Luke told Baelor. "And they're letting us keep everything we plunder."

"There must be something." Baelor begged. "Please, we are a peaceful island."

"Peaceful?" Luke asked darkly. "Tell me, Lord Rogare, do you remember hosting two children a few years ago? Two scared, innocent children that just wanted your help?"

Rogare's eyes widened. "No... you can't be..."

"All they wanted was shelter and safety, and you stole everything valuable they had and chucked them out in the dirt!" Luke was bordering on shouting now. "Their money, their jewels, their mother's crown."

Rogare was now on all fours at Luke's feet. "We had no choice... King Robert..."
"NEVER!" Luke roared. "Never call him that in my presence!"

"Luke." Jon warned, and the younger boy closed his eyes and began to breathe slowly. Opening them once more he took a closer look at the Magister's family.

His wife was silently sobbing, and his eldest son was trying to break free of his captors. The man also had two daughters, and it was the younger one that caught his eye, a girl with light indigo eyes and the typical silvery hair of Valyria. He moved towards her, gesturing her to stand.

"What's your name?" Luke asked. Baelor began to protest but a punch to the side of the head silenced him.

"Valarra." The girl said, standing firm.

"How old are you, Valarra?" Luke followed up.

"Sixteen."

Luke smiled, and nodded his acknowledgement when the company paymaster, Gorys Edoryen, came in holding two objects of great importance.

"We found them." He cried triumphantly, walking up to Luke. "Your Magnificence." He bowed, overexaggerating his words as he held out the objects that they had truly come to Lys for.

Taking the delicate crown in his hands, Luke hitched a breath. It was a simple black gold circlet with three small rubies at the front, but it meant everything to him. "My Mother's crown." He whispered. "Finally." Next, he took the sword from Gorys, unsheathing it to reveal the Valyrian Steel Sword of House Rogare, Truth. Admiring the blade, he used it to rip open Valarra Rogare's dress, exposing her young, naked body to the room as the dress fell to her feet. Baelor once again tried to protest, along with the Rogare heir, but they were both beaten again and held back.

"You are beautiful, my dear." Luke told the girl, stroking her cheek as she held her head high, trying to not show any weakness. "You'll do perfectly." He gestured for one of his men to bring a Targaryen banner to him, as Luke wrapped her up himself before taking her hand with a slight hint of force. He turned to Baelor, who was looking dazed from the blows and tears were in his eyes. "In the name of my brother, Viserys. The rightful King of Westeros. I, Lucerys of House Targaryen, do take back what was stolen from my House, as well as your sword and your daughter as compensation for your ill treatment of my brother and sister." He then whispered darkly to the Magister. "If you ever cross House Targaryen again, then I will not be as merciful as I am now."

As the words settled in and Baelor's wife began crying for her daughter, Luke led Valarra out of the Magister's Palace by the hand, as she used her other one to keep the banner around her body, silent tears falling down her cheeks.

A few days after the Sacking of Lys, Luke and the Golden Company were back in their camp on the Essosi mainland, deep within the Disputed Lands that had seen so much conflict through the years. He rode in last of all his men, with his prize sat in front of him on his horse, her back pressed closely to his chest. He rode towards the impressive tent that he had called home since his other mentor Myles Toyne's death little over two years before. Dismounting, he pulled Valarra off of his horse too, and held her hand as they entered through the tent flaps.

"This is your home now." He told her, turning to the girl as they reached the ornate bed. "You don’t leave this tent without me or Jon."
"Of course, my lord." Valarra replied passively.

Luke sighed, running a hand down her cheek softly and noticing when she flinched. "Do you understand why you're here?"

"I'm to be your whore." She said, a hint of bitterness in her voice.

Luke snorted out a soft laugh. "I guess you could say it like that. Your Father insulted my House by his treatment of my siblings. You being here is more a warning to him than anything else, so long as you don't become a problem to us you will be treated well, I guarantee it." Valarra didn't say anything, instead just stared Luke down with her Valyrian coloured eyes. Luke smirked, as two women were ushered into the tent. "These two are your maids, they will bring you food, help you get dressed and will be your companions in camp." He said to Valarra, before turning to the elder of the two girls. "Make her pretty." He told them, before he left Valarra alone with the girls, stepping towards the back corner of the tent.

There was a separate section there, kept hidden by the drooping black fabric with a red three headed dragon snaking down the material. Pushing it to one side, Luke knelt before the black oak chest. Out of his shirt he brought out three keys, using each one to unlock a separate lock before pushing the chest open. Smiling, he again reached into his shirt and pulled out the circlet that had once been the prized possession of his Mother. He kissed the middle ruby before placing it alongside his other prizes. Eying up the thin jewelled golden crown of Jaehaerys I, the simple golden band of Aegon III and the warlike black spikes of Maekar's own crown, Luke grinned to himself. "Three more to go." He whispered to himself, before locking the chest once again and returning to his bedchamber and his new prize.
Volon Therys

Chapter Summary

Norvos feels the Golden Company's wrath. Daenerys longs for home.

Chapter Notes

This version of Volon Therys is based on the Iron Throne Roleplay Wiki.
Bold Speech is Valyrian.

299 AC

The upper city of Norvos was aflame. Thousands lay dead inside mighty stone walls that separated the nobility and the Temple of the Bearded Priests from the Sinner's Steps, most of them locals.

It had been put to the Golden Company that the Bearded Priests had offended one of the triarchs of Volantis, and so a lucrative contract had been made with the tiger triarch and the Golden Company had sailed up the Noyne towards the rolling limestone hills that housed the Free City. The battle had been bloody, as while the lower city had fallen quickly due to the speed of the attack, the Sinner's Steps had turned into a waterfall of blood before the Company had managed to get to the top and assault the walls.

Jon Connington had taken up the rear, the Valyrian Steel sword Truth at his hip thanks to the generosity of the boy he had raised from childhood, knowing that the famed Three Bells would ring out their song of war and get in his head. He still flashed back to the Stoney Sept whenever he heard bells ring, still saw his blade open the heir to the Vale's throat, and pierce Hoster Tully so badly that he had to sit out the rest of the war. But he also saw his failure and his retreat.

Lucerys had led the assault as he always did, and after three whole days of fighting the Captain-General returned to the lower city, his prize in his hands and his silver armour dull with the splatter of blood. "Is it done?" Jon asked.

Luke nodded. "The Bearded Priests will now decorate their sacred temple until the crows finish them or someone cuts them down." He said nonchalantly.

"The people of Norvos won't like that." Jon remarked.

Luke chuckled. "You said the same before we took the contract, Jon, but Magister Malaquo left explicit instructions that the price went up by half if we did as he asked. I know you don't agree with this butchery old friend, but we need the gold if we are ever going to take back the Seven Kingdoms."

Jon couldn't disagree with that. He stared at the crown hanging loosely at Luke's side. "It looks so different." He admitted. "Your Father wore it with such splendour, especially nearer the beginning of his reign when I first went to court."
Luke was holding the crown of Aegon the Unworthy in his hands, a large and heavy object of red gold with seven dragon heads poking out of the top, each one with gemstones for eyes. Aerys had worn it in the hope of becoming the greatest King that ever lived, but Luke just looked at it with disdain.

"I've only got it because it belongs to my family." Luke muttered. "It's a pompous thing and I'm surprised my ancestor Aegon had the strength to lift his neck with it on if the rumours of his girth are true. If it were up to me, I'd melt it down to scraps." Jon understood and bowed his head in silence. "Anyway, enough about this. Come! Let us feast in the halls of the Norvoshi priests before we head back to Volon Therys."

Jon longed for that. The last year had seen a large increase in the sellswords joining their ranks and so the Company had been gifted a town near the south coast of Essos by Volantis to use as their own on the promise to talk to the magisters of the city if ever a contract came up pitting Volantis as the target. Grinning at the heavy pat on the back from his silver prince's younger brother, Jon walked into Norvos to feast.

It took weeks to sail the main force of the Company back down the Rhoyne to their town, but Luke was glad to see the white walls and marble towers of Volon Therys appearing through the warm nights air. Five of the six towers depicted a key event in the history of the town, with one tower in the process of being carved depicting the Golden Company takeover of the city, now dubbed the Golden Tower. That was where Luke had made his headquarters and his personal rooms lay at the top.

Letting Black Balaq sort out the dismounting of troops, Luke and Jon made for the Golden Tower hastily. The hour was late so there was a minimal amount of guards about, and the two said their farewells and promised to discuss their next course of action in the morning. Jon headed to the command room, while Luke went for bed.

He climbed the steps and said a quiet hello to Jaqynno on the door, before pushing it open quietly. The room was very faintly lit with the candles coming to the end of their wicks Luke looked down at the large, four poster bed and smiled. The sleeping form of Valarra was curled up, breathing lightly against the pillow. Turning away, he went to place the heavy crown on a table when her voice sounded.

"Did you get anything?" She asked. Luke turned around and saw the Lyseni noblewoman rub her eyes, and sat herself up, her pale skin barely visible through the translucent purple material of her nightdress.

"I did." Luke nodded, throwing the crown of his four times Great Grandfather unceremoniously on the bed.

"Should you not treat it with a bit more respect." Valarra asked, picking up the crown and fingering one of the golden dragonhead points.

Luke just laughed as he slipped out of his golden shirt. "My Father wore that crown."

"So you should definitely treat it with more respect." Valarra grinned. Luke didn't wear the same expression for long.

"I've never told you my first memory, have I?" The Targaryen asked. Valarra shook her head and moved over to his side of the bed, taking a hair brush and gently combing through his long silver hair.
"No, you haven't."

Luke sighed. "I was four. Rhaegar had been and gone again and my mother was worried. I remember her and Princess Elia sitting and playing with me and my niece Rhaenys when the King came into her room. I didn't know what they were saying but I knew my mother was pleading with him. He hit her and dragged her away with his claws, and I was left with Elia not realising what was going on." He told her quietly, brimming with anger. "I know what happened now, he had just burned his Hand for defying him or something, and that aroused him."

"Luke..." Valarra whispered, placing the brush on the bed and massaging his shoulders. He leaned into her, calming down.

"I hated him, I knew that much." Luke said honestly. "He hurt my mother regularly and I can never forgive that. I was thankful when a week or so later Jon Connington came and smuggled me out of the city because it meant I didn't have to see him again." He sighed once more. "Then I was told that my mother was dead nine months later."

"I'm so sorry." Valarra whispered, resting her chin on his shoulder and wrapping her arms around his front.

"I don't want to be like that." He insisted. He held her left hand and kissed the golden ring on one of her fingers. "I don't want my wife to be terrified of me, nor my children."

Valarra wrapped her leg around his waist and shifted herself smoothly so that she was straddling Luke rather than sat behind him. "I'm not terrified of you, Luke. You are not your Father. You've treated me well ever since I came with you and I wouldn't have married you if you were not a good man." She kissed him, and his hands sought her belly. "And you will be the best father, I know it." She pushed herself off him so she was standing on the floor, her hands now in his. "Now hush, you've had a long few months on campaign, let me ease your stresses how you like it best.

She sunk to her knees and began shuffling Luke's trousers down his legs, exposing his manhood. Luke sank back so he was lying on the bed, relishing the feeling of his Lyseni wife doing what her people did best.

The pounding at his door was an unwelcome sound that woke Lucerys up. Groaning, he sat up in his bed. Valarra was unhappy too next to him. "Make it stop." She grumbled, half asleep.

Getting out of bed and putting on a crimson robe to cover his nakedness, he opened the door angrily, and it only slightly went away when he saw Jon. "It's barely dawn," Luke complained. "What is it."


Luke chuckled knowingly. "The babe is well, as is Valarra if you'd care to ask."

"You know my feelings on the girl." Jon said quickly. "You shouldn't have eloped with a bed slave..."

"Don't!" Luke shouted, his face twisting in rage. "Don't ever call her that. She was a noble guest, a hostage. She is a daughter of the House Rogare and a Princess now. I love you like a father, Jon but you shall treat her with the respect that deserves."
Jon bowed his head in apology. "I apologise, Lucerys. Forgive me."

Luke nodded as they descended the final few stairs before coming to the command room, already with people inside. Luke greeted them all, Black Balaq, his commander of the archers, a summer islander with whiter hair than even Luke's own that war a magnificent feathered cloak of green and orange. Lysono Maar, the full lipped Lyseni spymaster that looked eerily similar to the Captain-General, and finally Gorys Edoryen, the Volantene paymaster with long red hair and a pointed black beard, his ever-present leopard skin draped over his left shoulder.

"My friends." Luke greeted fondly. "Pray tell me why I've been plucked from the arms of my naked wife to sit and chat with you ugly sons of whores."

Black Balaq just grinned, and it was the Lyseni spymaster that spoke. His high pitched, eerie voice constantly making Luke's spine shiver. "I've had whispers from Qohor meet my ears. They say that Drogo's horde have passed through Vaes Khadokh."

"Essaria?" Luke asked. The city had been in ruins long before even Aegon the Conqueror had sat the Iron Throne. "What are they doing so far west?"

"Travelling to Pentos. Peacefully." Maar answered.


"We know of two other people in Pentos, one of which would be a prize worth staying the arakh's." Jon said to Luke pointedly.

Luke's hands gripped the edge of the table tightly. "Have we heard from Illyrio?" He asked through gritted teeth.

"No." Black Balaq shook his head.

"But there are whispers of a large wedding ceremony being set up near the Magister's palace." Maar reported. "In the Dothraki style of the ceremony."

Luke raised a fist and pounded it hard onto the table. "I will NOT have my sister sold off to a Dothraki savage!" He roared. "She is blood of the dragon, not a fucking brood mare for horse lords!"

"We can beat them too Pentos if we leave tomorrow at the latest." Edoryen noted.


"The Dothraki will not take kindly to an interruption, Captain-General." Black Balaq told him.

Luke agreed, trying to calm himself down. "Then send all the boats." He said coldly. "Gorys, how many sellsword companies can we afford?"

Gorys thought for a moment. "Three that are currently free."

"Then send a rider to Malaquo." Luke ordered. "I want him to make contact. I want them with us when we face Drogo's horde. I'll travel up beforehand and make contact with my siblings. We leave the minimum number of men here to defend the town and my wife. The rest travel with us."

"Captain-General." The others nodded, and they went to go about the business they'd been tasked with. Jon was the only one that remained in the room.
"Are you sure about this?" Jon asked. "Drogo is the fiercest Khal in the Dothraki Sea."

Luke nodded. "My House is crippled, Jon. I only have Viserys and Daenerys left to me. If we are to take back the Iron Throne I need them unwed."

Jon agreed. "They don't know about you, remember."

"They will." Luke whispered, staring down at the map marking of Pentos. "They will."

Daenerys Targaryen felt miserable, although that wasn't a new feeling. Ever since leaving Pentos her and Viserys had been on the run from hired knives, being turned away from the cities of Essos after the magisters had had enough of them. Pentos seemed different however, although that didn't help the youngest dragon's mood.

Her handmaidens were both gossiping as they heated her bath, but Dany just stared out at the Narrow Sea, trying to see if she could spot Westeros, her home. She couldn't, but that didn't stop her trying.

"The sea is calm today, Princess." One of the handmaidens said as Dany was handed a glass of water. "I am glad, I don't want the Sea God to send storms here like he did with Lys."

Dany was confused. "Sea God?" She asked.

The dark-haired slave girl nodded. "A Valyrian Sea Demon came down from the North a year back and sunk thesell sail ships out at sea, and brought his wrath upon the magisters, stealing their daughters for himself. Magister Rogare was so haunted he threw himself into the ocean not long after the Sea God came for him."

"What nonsense is that?" A haughty voice came from her doorway, and Dany froze up at the voice of her elder brother. "Valyrian Sea God? The Valyrian's worshipped fire, you halfwit. Go, leave us." He commanded, and the two women bowed their heads and quickly ran off. Dany saw Viserys walk up to join her on the balcony, seeing him in her peripheral vision. "You shouldn't let them fill your heads with such nonsense."

"What were they talking about with Magister Rogare?" Dany asked. She remembered the man, and how he had basically thrown them on a ship for the mainland after buying her mother's crown off of Viserys, and she remembered how Viserys had been furious on that boat, cursing the man to each of the seven hells.

Her brother grinned. "He made some powerful enemies, sweet sister, who hired sellswords to sack the island and make him suffer. I wish I knew who they were, I'd raise a glass to them." Dany nodded, knowing that he wouldn't expand on that to her. Sighing, she stared back out to sea, imagining herself as a child walking through her image of the Red Keep and sitting on her Father's lap on the Iron Throne of legend. "The Dothraki are on their way." Viserys added.

Dany sighed. "I don't want to marry him." She whispered.

Viserys grabbed her shoulder and turned her towards him. "You don't want to?" He asked, his voice raising in anger. "I don't want to be here, I want to be sat on my Throne with the Usurper being flayed before my very eyes. We all have to do things we don't want to, Daenerys. Marrying Khal Drogo will give us an army, and an army will give us the Seven Kingdom's." Dany remained quiet, and Viserys sighed. "It's just me and you left, sweet sister. Our Mother died birthing you, our Father was murdered. Rhaegar was killed in battle and Lucerys was kicked in the head by a horse.
Our family relies on us to win the Iron Throne and save our people from the Usurper." He kissed her on the cheek and took a step away. "Take your bath, we're feasting with the Magister again tonight and I want you looking pretty."

With that the man walked away, leaving Daenerys looking sullen once again, staring out to the place she wished she called home.
While the main host was gathering near the ruined city of Ghoyan Drohe, Luke had taken only Jon and a handful of his most loyal sellswords further West, and they entered the Free City of Pentos through Sunrise Gate and kept moving westwards.

Luke had only been to Magister Illyrio's manse twice. Once as a toddler when he first arrived in Essos after being smuggled out of King's Landing, and once after earning his knighthood to listen in on a meeting that the former commander Myles Toyne had had with the magisters of Pentos. The gates to his sea view manse were still the same as he remembered though, with the pot-bellied Unsullied guarding the main gates.

"Stop." One of them said in bastard Valyrian. "Nobody is to enter Magister Illyrio's palace."

"He'll want to see me." Luke said, not allowing the famed soldiers to intimidate him with their spears. "Tell the Magister that the Company wish to speak with him."

One of the Unsullied began barking something in Ghiscari that Luke couldn't understand, but the man himself was walking towards them before the Unsullied could do a thing.

"Lord Connington!" He said graciously, arms wide in greeting. "What a pleasant surprise to see you in Pentos on this fine day."

"Magister." Jon greeted with his teeth clenched. Luke knew that Connington didn't think much of the fat cheesemonger.

"Come, welcome to my palace once more, Prince Lucerys." The Pentoshi said, greeting Luke with an awkward hug once the gates were opened. "What a fine surprise."

"Where is my brother?" Luke demanded to know. "Where is my sister?"

"In time." The man said diplomatically. "You must be tired from the road my friends. Come, let me get you settled in your rooms and you can have baths drawn, and we shall meet for a drink this evening."

The group of sellswords were led up to the manse and taken by servants to rooms. Luke had a rather attractive girl bathing him, barely 16 years of age. Once he had been scrubbed with a whole range of scents and lotions, Luke was surprised yet grateful to see a rich set of clothes fit for a
noble set out, black with red details down the sides, the colours of his house. He was led to a large chamber where Illyrio was already sat with Jon Connington, who had changed into his house colours as well.

"Very Westerosi." Luke said dryly as he sat down and allowed one of the slaves to pour him some wine.

"I thought it would make you feel at home, my Prince." Illyrio told him. "My Lord." He nodded to Jon in addition.

"I'm Lord of nothing, cheesemonger." Jon said gruffly.

"For now." Luke said quickly. "When we take back out throne I shall insist that your seat and lands be given back to you, Jon."

Jon didn't smile, but he nodded his head in appreciation. Illyrio smiled widely. "Now." The Magister began. "I must ask, why are you here now? This was not the plan."

"The plan." Jon laughed bitterly. "The plan was to arrange marriages with Westerosi Houses. The plan was to give Dorne a King and a Princess, as well as the Reach a Prince. Not to give a Dothraki horde our best bargaining chip."

Luke wasn't sure what Jon meant, but kept quiet for now. "An unfortunate turn of events for sure, but the young King grew restless, and you turned him away."

"Toyne turned him away." Jon argued. "The boy was a fool."

They were talking about Viserys, Luke realised. He remembered a few years back when Myles Toyne had sent him on a diplomatic mission with the former paymaster Harry Strickland to recruit men in Myr, to only come back and hear whispers of the Beggar Prince. He had raged at the former Captain-General for weeks afterwards.

"He was desperate." Illyrio shrugged. "And I hear that your charge broke this pact before we did."

"With no help from me." Jon muttered.

"I was not aware of any pact." Luke answered strongly. "But in any case, the power of Lys stands with me, a Free City willing to pay for a host of men willing to cross the Narrow Sea, not a horse pack that are frightened by a bit of salt water. This plan will not work."

"This plan brings 40,000 screamers to our King's side." Illyrio had a fake smile on his face.

"My King." Luke said sharply. "Or are you willing to swear fealty for the entirety of Pentos to House Targaryen and make us the Eight Kingdoms?"

Illyrio stared at Luke for a few moments, and so Luke stared back not backing down. Illyrio broke the contest, laughing aloud. "Ah Ser Connington, you've done a fine job with this one. He is a commander, a leader. He will be very useful when we take back the throne."

Luke felt patronised but said nothing. Instead he took a sip of his drink. "I've raised him to be a King, as I was tasked to do by his brother, Rhaegar." Jon said.

"Before it was known who we could save." Illyrio pointed out. "Nevertheless, he will make an excellent hand to King Viserys..."
The door opened, and a young girl poked her head around the door. Luke's eyes widened in realisation and he could only stare. "Magister." She said.

"Yes, Princess." Illyrio smiled widely.

"I… sorry, I didn't realise you had visitors." Daenerys Targaryen said shyly.


Dany nodded. "Viserys told me you were our brothers friend Ser. It is an honour." She curtseyed.

"The honour is mine, Princess." Jon nodded politely.

"And… ah I'm afraid this may be difficult for you, Princess." Illyrio admitted bashfully. "You see… for yours and your brother's protection we had to spread a little falsehood around the world. What is it you know of your family?"

Dany looked confused. "My Father was murdered by his guard. My Mother died in childbirth with me, and I had three brothers but two died so Viserys is all that I have left." She answered.

Luke stood up and his royal purple coloured pupils met her own violet eyes. "No, Princess." He answered softly. "To protect our family I was spirited away, and news of my death spread to deceive our enemies. I am your brother, Lucerys."

In a rare moment of unladylike behaviour, Dany had run off at the revelation. Illyrio had made to go after her, but Lucerys had insisted he should be the one to go. He followed her to her room to find the door left slightly ajar. Opening it slowly, Luke peered in to see Daenerys at the balcony staring out to the Narrow Sea.

"I often come here and imagine crossing. To see King's Landing and our Father's throne." Dany said, somehow knowing it was him. "Viserys would tell me all about it. All about our family and what was taken from us both." She turned to face him, her cheeks wet with tears. "He told me you were dead."

"He thought it true." Luke told her, stepping forwards. "Everybody did. I was hidden away deep within the Golden Company for years, training under another name, having to dye my hair a certain blue to stop my eyes from looking Valyrian, always on the move with a sellsword army because it was too dangerous to show who I really was." He said bitterly. "But I was told everything too. I learnt our histories in addition to the little I actually remember. All I wanted was to be with Viserys and you, Daenerys. All I wanted was a family."

Dany smiled softly. "I want to call it madness, I want to believe you're one of the Usurper's hired knives trying to kill us both, but I can feel it in my bones." They were inches apart now, and Dany lifter her hand to touch Lucerys' cheek. "You are my brother."

Luke smiled, emotions getting the better of him. "Yes, sweet sister. I am." He leant down and hugged her tightly, feeling her arms cling to his neck. He lifted her into the air with ease, she was so skinny and so light. Placing her down again, he reached out to the side of her face and tucked her hair behind her ear. "You must tell me everything about your life. I've only heard snippets."

"Our life has been all over the place." Dany admitted with a laugh. As brave as she'd ever been, she took his hand firmly and led him back into the room, sitting him down in a chair. She told him all about her early memories in Braavos with Ser Willem Darry and the red door, and she told him
about being forced out of that house and moving from city to city, having to eventually sell jewels and a crown to survive. The story about the crown made Luke grow angry, but he kept his cool for the sake of his sister and told her about Lys.

"I won the crown back." He told her as Dany finished her Lys story.

"You did?" She asked.

Luke nodded. "I'd just taken over the Company and heard a rumour about two foreign exiles having to sell a priceless heirloom for a few gold coins. Jon guessed it was you and Viserys and I had to do something. Luckily Myr wanted better dominion over the Disputed Lands and gave us a contract. So I sacked the city and won us back our Mother's crown."

Dany looked gleeful. "Have you got it with you?" She asked eagerly.

Sadly, Luke shook his head. "It's safe in our tower though." He admitted. "You can come and see it soon."

Dany's tone grew sadder at those words. "I can't though. I'm to wed Khal Drogo of the Dothraki."

Luke felt bitter but held his angry tongue. "You want this?"

Dany seemed almost torn. She opened her mouth to speak a couple of times before saying. "I will do what I must for our House."

That was the end of the conversation it seemed, as just as Luke went to open his mouth to counter, a servant came in.

"My Princess, My Prince. Magister Illyrio has called for you to join him for supper." The man said. "Prince Viserys will be joining us."

Dany smiled. "Thank you." She said sweetly. Standing, she gestured for Luke to rise and she placed her hand upon one of his biceps. "You can escort me to dinner, brother." She said cheekily. Laughing aloud, Luke let Dany lead him towards the hall of the manse.

It was a bit of a quiet dinner that night from what Luke was used to, but he didn't care one jolt. The hour was growing later and Viserys still hadn't arrived, but Luke was telling Dany all about his adventures with the Golden Company. They were laughing about Myles Toyne winning a war thanks to out drinking an opposing general when the doors to the hall burst open to reveal another Valyrian looking man. Luke turned and saw his older brother for the first time in over 15 years.

"Illyrio!" He exclaimed, already half drunk by the looks of it. "That Lyseni girl you gave me is an absolute delight! The tongue on her…" He quickly realised that they had guests. "I wasn't aware we had guests." Viserys added, narrowing his eyes in suspicion at Jon. "Ser Connington, what a surprise."

"Your Grace." Jon bowed his head briefly.

"How long has it been, a few years?" Viserys asked.

The greying Connington corrected him. "4 years."

Viserys nodded. "That's right. I drank a toast when news of Toyne's death reached me, the arrogant fool." Luke clenched his teeth and bit back his anger at the insult of his deceased mentor. "I
suppose you now lead the company? Have you come to swear yourself to my cause now?"

"I don't lead, I only follow." Jon answered calmly.

"I lead." Luke told him firmly, standing up from beside Dany.

Viserys narrowed his eyes inquisitively. "I don't know you." He said slowly. "Dany aren't you going to introduce me?"

Daenerys sipped her water. "This is Lucerys, Viserys. Isn't it wonderful! Our brother didn't die after all, he's here and has an army!"


Viserys looked incredulous, but then burst out into an erratic laughter. "What nonsense is this?" Viserys laughed. "My fool brother was kicked in the head as a child and died instantly, my mother mourned him for months. It is a vicious lie!" He was shouting at the end, shaking with anger.

"I was smuggled away." Luke answered. "And hidden to keep the Usurper from finding us all."

Viserys withdrew his sword and held it steadily under Luke's neck. "I don't like being lied too." He whispered menacingly. Luke stood firm however, staring into his brother's lilac eyes. Viserys must have done the same, as he stepped back and dropped his sword arm to his side, his eyes wide in recognition. "Mother always loved the colour of your eyes." He told Luke slowly, realisation setting in. "They were the same colour as her Grandfather's, she said. I often looked at you to see something she loved so much." His sword dropped to the floor, and he held his arms wide. Luke grinned, and welcomed the hug. They both clapped each other's backs happily before pulling away with smiles on their faces. Viserys looked around to see concern on Jon's face, but happiness on Dany's and Illyrio's. "Well then, let us feast to this miraculous reunion!"

The food was incredible as to be expected from one of the richest men in the world, and they all relaxed into what was more of a lounge area for some wine. Illyrio had brought out one of the finer Dornish reds in his collection and had the servant girl that had bathed him earlier pour it out.

"A fine wine to remind you of your home continent." Illyrio had said as Viserys' cup was the last to be filled. The elder Targaryen grinned, pulling the girl onto his lap and began to fondle her breasts, and Luke presumed that this was his Lyseni woman.

"So, you run the Golden Company now?" Viserys asked, pinching a nipple through the soft fabric.

Luke nodded. "After Myles Toyne died it was decided I was old enough, and although some questioned it I beat all others at the choosing."

Viserys was pleased. "How many men?"

"22,000 as it stands." Jon answered, knowing more about the finer details of the Company. "More join all the time though, thanks to Luke's successes."

"He was the one that sacked Lys, Viserys." Dany answered happily, sat on the same sofa as her youngest brother. "He won back mother's crown!"

"And a Valyrian Steel sword along the way." Luke grinned, patting at Jon's sword Truth, still in its scabbard on the table beside Luke. Jon had insisted on leaving Blackfyre at camp and giving Truth to the Targaryen leader, knowing that Luke wouldn't give it up and that Viserys would have
insisted it belonged to him.

Viserys nodded. "Impressive." He admitted. "I'm still unsure of how you survived King's Landing though, brother. And why it was only you that was saved."

"That was me," Jon intervened. "Your Father was keeping you and Queen Rhaella close to him, Your Grace. Princess Elia and her children were being kept in Maegor's Holdfast under guard. When your brother Rhaegar returned and Prince Lucerys was the only one allowed outside he planned it all with a heavy heart. I had just been exiled, and I was to take Luke with me, and if the worst should happen I was to raise him as a leader and a warrior within the Golden Company. Ser Willem Darry brought him out for his first sword lesson and they went past the stables. We planted a body of an already dead child and managed to smuggle Luke out of the Red Keep."

"So the body that Mother mourned after the cremation…" Viserys said slowly.

"Was a street urchin that had died a few days earlier." Jon admitted. "The Spider arranged it all."

"I didn't know what had happened until a few years later." Luke told Viserys. "We had heard you were in Braavos, but by the time I could convince Jon that I wanted to see you, you had moved on."

"We then did as I was instructed. I trained him, he squired for me and I knighted him." Jon told the room. "Toyne though, he grew obsessed with the idea of Luke being the true heir and groomed him for it. That's why he turned you away those years ago, and why Luke wasn't in camp to meet you."

Viserys turned to Luke darkly. "You were groomed to rule?"

Luke nodded unflinchingly. "Myles wanted that for me it's true." Luke stood up, taking Jon's sword and unsheathing it. "And that came in handy by the time I was leading the Company myself. It's why I was able to retrieve mother's crown, the crown of Maekar, the crown of Aegon IV and that of Aegon III. Most of our family heirlooms are now in my possession, with more being searched for throughout both Essos and Westeros."

Viserys stood too, pushing the whore off his lap and having his hand on his pommel. "Then what do you want?" He asked, darkly. "I am the elder. I am the dragon."

"Viserys please." Dany pleaded, but Viserys shot her a dark look and she slunk back into herself.

Luke took a step forward, Truth low at his side. "I want what I've always wanted." He answered honestly. "The Usurper and his follower's dead. The dragon of House Targaryen flying across all of the Seven Kingdoms. Justice for our Father, for our niece and nephew, and for our brother." He took another step. "I want a family. I want us all to be together, taking back our throne from those that stole it from us. You are the elder yes, I've always known it to be true even with Toyne grooming me." Luke slammed the point of the sword into the stone floor and sunk to one knee, bowing his head. "And I will serve you with all that he taught me. From this day, until your last day."

He could hear the other occupants bated breath as he stared at the stone floor, waiting for a reaction. His eyes looked to Viserys, and he saw his brothers hand move away from his own sword. "Rise, brother." Viserys finally said. Luke did just that, sheathing Truth. "It means a lot, that you are swearing your sword to me. Truly it does."

"I mean every word." Luke told him.

"And loyal service shall be rewarded." Viserys grinned. "Once we sail across the Narrow Sea, kill the Usurper and his brother and win back our Throne. You shall be my Prince of Dragonstone and
Hand of the King."

Luke grinned, nodding his acceptance. "I would be honoured, Your Grace."

The two met once again in an embrace, and Luke heard Dany sob happily behind him. He pulled away slightly and gripped Viserys' head in a show of friendship, and the two drank to their future conquests.
Chapter Summary

King Robert worries about Essos. Daenerys is presented to Khal Drogo. Luke makes different plans.

300 AC

Winterfell was quiet as it nursed the many hangovers that had been well and truly earned at the welcoming feast the night before. Ned however was up early as he usually was, fretting over the news he had received the night before in his solar. His thoughts were interrupted by Jory at the door.

"His Grace here to see you, Lord Stark." The Captain of the Guards announced. Robert strode in through the door, the Baratheon King seemingly unharmed by the barrels of wine he had consumed.

"Thank you, Jory." Ned said, standing. "Your Grace."

"None of that Ned, please," Robert groaned, lowering himself into his seat. "Ah." He let out, happy at being off of his feet. "What are you doing in here anyway, you can't already be working!"

Ned smirked. "I've got to get a lot in order if I'm to be your Hand."

Robert perked up at that. "You'll do it then?"

Nodding, Ned said. "Aye, someone's got to make sure you don't beggar us all."

Robert laughed from his stomach. "You're a good man Ned. Thank you." He pulled out a raven scroll from his cloak. "I want you to look at this, tell me what you think."

Ned did as he was asked and read the message. "The Golden Company sacked Norvos." He looked at Robert questioningly. "Why do we care about this? It's half a world away."

"They're growing bolder, Ned." Robert said grimly. "They sacked Lys, they sacked Norvos. In the last three years they've traipsed over half of Essos leaving flames in their wake and only growing stronger."

"They're sellswords. The best of them." Ned shrugged. "And they're content across the Narrow Sea."

"For now." Robert muttered. "But what about when they grow strong enough to cross? What about when Viserys Targaryen decides to come claiming the Iron Throne."

Ned shook his head. "You're worrying about nothing Robert. Viserys Targaryen has no wealth. He's been fleeing city after city because he's a beggar and is receiving nothing but contempt. The day he can afford the worst of the sellsword companies is the day I pay him any mind."

Robert didn't look happy at that. "There are still those that would join a Targaryen uprising in the
blink of an eye, Ned. There are still those that call me usurper."

"And you have five Great Houses behind you." Ned insisted. "If it comes to it and they do invade, then we'll send them back into the sea." The Stark Lord stood up. "Now, come on. The Wolfswood won't hunt itself you know."

Pentoshi Magister's weren't like the nobles in Westeros, and they didn't have specified training yards for the nobles to train in swords. That meant Luke and Jon found themselves on a stone balcony out in Illyrio's gardens, both sweating in the heat so much that they'd discarded their tops already and were battering each other with blunted swords. Luke was clearly the better swordsman, driving the elder man backwards until he slapped Jon's sword away from his body, and brought his own down hard, making Jon drop it.

"Yield!" Jon panted. "I yield."

Luke grinned, stepping back and dropping his own sword before running his hands through his hair trying to make it a bit more presentable. He stared back at Jon who was also catching his breath. "You fought well old man."

"Arrogant arse." Jon huffed. Luke grinned, picking up the water skin on the balcony and throwing it at Jon who took a grateful gulp before throwing it back. Luke looked up at the palace where he saw Viserys watching them, before the elder Targaryen skulked off inside. "He's a jealous one." Jon noted, seeing where Luke's eyes were. "That's why you left Blackfyre back in Volon Therys."

"He's just unsure of me." Luke waved off. "We've been apart for 15 years, it'll take time to reconnect I'm sure."

Jon didn't look convinced however. "What do you actually remember of him?"

Luke furrowed his brow in thought. "Not a lot. I remember him reading to me once." He shrugged. "But we are older now and we're family."

"Don't be naïve boy." Jon grumbled condescendingly. Luke turned around and shot Jon a look, but the elder man had been around Luke long enough to not be cowed by him during a lesson. "What happened to your family almost 200 years ago when the succession was questioned by a claimant."

Luke shook his head. "This isn't like that…"

"What happened?"


"Exactly." Jon said waringly, looking back up to the manse. "I'm not saying you'll war. I'm saying that your family are proud, prouder than most. And while that is one of your biggest strengths, it's also a big weakness. Just keep your eyes open, and don't be fooled by the notion that family means everything. My cousin betrayed me, remember, when I lost at the Stoney Sept he turned his cloak and fought for the Usurper." Luke nodded, and went to grab his discarded shirt. "Now go and get yourself ready, you've been invited to meet the Khal later and I want you to look the part. If you want him to take you seriously, then you need to be ready."

Luke nodded again, shaking wrists with Jon and departing, determined to make an impression on the horse lord.
Once he had dressed himself in his best clothes the colours of his house, Luke retrieved from his things the gift he had brought for his sister. He made his way over to the bathhouse where he knew she was getting ready and saw her putting a pair of dragon adorned pins on her shoulders. "Daenerys." He said to get her attention.

She looked over at him and smiled weakly. He moved over to Dany and looked her over. "You're a rare beauty, sister."

She looked away shyly. "Do you think the Khal will like it?" She asked.

Confusion ran through Luke's mind. She was only in a thin, slightly translucent dress and he could just about see bare skin through the material. "I apologise, I thought that was a night dress."

"No." Dany admitted. "It's a gift from Illyrio."

Luke shook his head. "I shouldn't be surprised. The man does have his perversions. You can see everything, Daenerys. Are you not uncomfortable?" Dany didn't say anything, but that gave Luke the answer that he needed. "Here, this is my wife's, but she rarely wears it." He held out the blue fabric for her to inspect. "The finest seamstresses in Volantis made this. It's a gown fit for a Princess, and a Khaleesi."

"It's beautiful." Dany admitted. "But I don't want to offend the Magister…"

Luke scoffed. "We are the blood of the dragon, sister. The scions of Old Valyria. Illyrio should be doting to your every need, not forcing you to wear a gown fit for the pleasure houses of Lys." He told her softly.

Dany nodded, running her hand along the dress. She turned to her maids. "I want to try this on."

She told them in their native Valyrian.

Luke bowed his head happily, handing one of the girls the dress and moving over past the bath to the balcony. He stared out to the Narrow Sea and tried his hardest to find any hint of land on the horizon but failed to do so. A few minutes later, Dany's voice came from behind him and he turned around to see a completely different young woman. She looked almost taller, not slouching so much as she had done before. She also looked a lot more like a Princess than she did before, her head being held high. "How is it?"

"Wonderful." Dany beamed. "Thank you."

Luke waved off the thanks, moving back towards her. Sighing, he told her. "I know we've not known each other long, but you are my sister and I want you to be happy… We don't need the Dothraki, not really. If you'd rather not go through with this then just let me know and I'll sort it all out."

Dany's eyes widened in slight terror. "Viserys…"

"Viserys is our brother. He'll understand." Luke tried to say.

Dany shook her head. "No, he… he won't. It's ok Lucerys, I'll do my part for us." She tried to smile.

Luke sighed. "Very well. But if you do decide against it, then tell me. The Dothraki are good, but the Company are better."

Dany smiled at the thought and held her hand out for him to take, which he did happily. "Come,
we're already late and Viserys will be going mad."

Luke laughed. "I wouldn't worry. The Dothraki aren't the most punctual of people."

The air had a hint of a breeze that made the heat of Pentos bearable. Lucerys and Daenerys had arrived at the spot in the gardens that they were due to meet Drogo to see a fretting Viserys.

"Where have you been?" He whispered, incensed at Dany. "He's going to be here any minute!" He then noticed what she was wearing. "That's not Illyrio's dress." He stated.

Luke looked over at the cheesemonger first and replied to his brother. "It's a unique dress from Volantis, made for my wife, Valarra of House Rogare. We felt it looked more noble than the see-through cloth that was provided. You are selling a Princess after all, not a whore, Magister." Luke directed the last bit to Illyrio.

The cheesemonger smiled, but again Luke could tell it was faked. "And like a Princess you look, my dear. A wise decision, the Khal will be delighted with you."

They would find out then, as the thundering of hooves was heard growing closer, Luke wasn't surprised to see the four horses of the Khal and his three blood riders enter through the stone archway. Illyrio immediately moved to greet him.

"Athchomar chomakaan, khal vezhven." Illyrio said, and Luke didn't understand a word. "May I present my honoured guests, Viserys of House Targaryen, the third of his name. The rightful King of the Andals and the First Men. Captain-General Lucerys of the Golden Company, and the Princess Daenerys of House Targaryen." Illyrio introduced them all. It had been agreed to not spread the truth of Luke's tie to his siblings, rather using simply his first name and rank, which everybody in Essos knew about. He then walked closer to the still mounted Khal repeating himself in Dothraki.

Dany went to move closer, but Viserys held her wrist to stop her, pulling her in closely. Luke noticed this in his peripheral, but he kept his steely eyes trained on the Khal. He heard Viserys talking quietly to Dany. "Do you see how long his hair is? When Dothraki are defeated in combat, they cut off their braid so the whole world can see their shame. Khal Drogo has never been defeated."

"Not yet at least." Lucerys interrupted quietly.

Viserys smirked. "You could take the great Khal Drogo?" He asked mockingly.

Luke didn't move, as the Khal's eyes were firmly on him at the moment. Instead he just replied to Viserys saying. "We've had to face Dothraki before. They're good, they're deadly, but they are unstructured, unprofessional, and they die just the same as any man."

"Come forward my dear." Illyrio called to Dany.

Luke leant in to her this time. "Stand tall, stand proud, and meet his eyes unflinchingly." He whispered. Dany moved towards the Khal then, and Luke stood closer to his brother.

"What are you doing?" Viserys asked. "Don't ruin this."

"We don't need them." Luke muttered back. "We have an army now, we can call this off."

"And anger an entire Khalasar? Are you mad?" Viserys asked.
Luke bit back his initial response, and instead answered diplomatically. "The Dothraki will never sail across the Narrow Sea. I will, Lys will. Save her for House Martell, or House Tyrell."

"I am the King, brother." Viserys said bitterly. "Not you."

"Of course." Luke replied as the Khal looked Dany up and down. "But I am only advising you that we don't need these savages."

Viserys was about to bite back again, but the four horses were urged away, leaving Daenerys at the bottom of the steps alone. The eldest of the siblings ran down the steps like a petulant child. "Where are they going?" He asked.

"The ceremony is over." Illyrio answered.

"But he didn't say anything!" Viserys whined. "Did he like her?"

"Trust me, Your Grace." Illyrio answered. "If he didn't like her, we'd know."

The three Targaryen's were escorted by Illyrio out to one of the balconies, where Viserys stared out towards the Narrow Sea. Luke was stood to one side with his sister, and he smiled down at her. "You did well there." He told her quietly. "You didn't show any fear, and bravery matters more to a Dothraki than almost anything."

Dany smiled upwards at him, but they were both captured by Illyrio's voice to Viserys. "It won't be long now." The man was saying. "Soon you will cross the Narrow Sea and take back your father's throne. The people drink secret toasts to your health, they cry out for their true King."

Suddenly it all made sense to Lucerys. The entitlement, the sudden fits of rage when things weren't going his way. Viserys had been brought up believing falsehoods his entire life, believing that the people loved their family and that their father had committed no crimes.

"When will they be married?" Viserys asked, walking off. Dany and Luke followed him at a bit of a distance.

"They don't need to marry." Luke repeated himself. "Do we really wish to traipse to a city that's closer to Qarth than Pentos, only to travel all the way back? Come to Volon Therys, we'll amass our armies and invade Westeros together."

"Do you have as many men as Khal Drogo?" Viserys whipped around and asked accusingly.

"Not the numbers, but better men." Lucerys shot back.

"Then wouldn't it be wise to have both?" Illyrio asked.

"Yes." Viserys nodded. "Yes, it would be better."

Lucerys felt frustrated. "They will never set sail!" He exclaimed. "This is all a folly!"

"We've known you for less than two months!" Viserys bit back. "You may lead a sellsword company now, brother. But I have lived and suffered with Daenerys all her life. I think I know what to do for us better than you do."

"I don't want to marry him." Dany said quietly, cutting the tension between the brothers.

Luke turned to her, quickly losing his feistiness and looking down at her softly. "Are you sure?"
"Of course, she's not. You're influencing her." Viserys shot at him, before turning to Dany. "What do you want then, sweet sister?"

"I want to go home." Dany told him.

Viserys looked at him incredulously. "So do I." He told her. "So does Lucerys. I want us all to go home, together. But they took it from us." He stepped closer to Dany, peering down at her. "So tell me sweet sister, how do we go home?"

"With the Golden Company." Dany answered, more hopeful than sure. "With Luke."

Viserys scowled. "I thought I'd made it clear that that is not enough." He said sharply. "Drogo has 40,000 men in his tribe." He stroked Dany's cheek. "And so long as it meant us sailing across the Narrow Sea to win back our home, I would let Drogo, his blood riders, and all 40,000 men fuck you. And their horses too, if that's what it took."

Luke couldn't sit and take that, and he grabbed Daenerys' arm and pulled her away, standing face to face with Daenerys. "She is our sister." He growled. "Not some whore."

Viserys stood firm. "She is our bargaining power, and it is what we will use. I am the King, Lucerys. My decision is final. Daenerys shall wed the Khal, and we shall sail across the Narrow Sea with an army of over 60,000 men. Am I understood?"

Luke didn't answer but stayed in between his siblings unmoving. Viserys stared him down for a moment but scoffed and walked off with Magister Illyrio.

"He's right." Daenerys said unhappily. "The more men we have, the better chance we have of winning."

"Daenerys..." Luke said pleadingly, but she shook her head and followed Viserys, leaving an exasperated Luke pondering on what he could do.

From the balcony he immediately went to Jon's room, where the elder knight had spent the rest of the day. The Targaryen slammed the door shut, and Jon barely raised an eyebrow.

"He's still going through with it!" Luke raged. "She explicitly said that she didn't want to marry him, and yet he's still pushing it along no matter what I say, and she goes with it!"

"Of course she does." Jon answered him calmly, writing a letter at a desk. "She's been with him for 15 years, and she's known you a couple of months. She doesn't know if she can trust you fully yet, the poor girl has been let down by city after city. The question is, what are you going to do about it?"


"You were raised better than this." Jon reprimanded. "You rose to the rank of Captain-General at the age of seventeen, think."

"I can always force it." Luke sighed again. "Go over his head. Bring the Company in to Pentos before the horde get here."

"Better." Jon nodded, holding up his finished letter. "I'll deliver it myself. Maar has reported that everything is in place for a battle if we need it."
"Everything?" Luke raised an eyebrow.

Jon nodded. "This won't be easy. Lots of men will die."

"Maybe there's a way I can avoid that." Luke thought aloud.

Jon grinned. "There is. The Khal is only the Khal because he shows strength, if he appears weak…"


"So, what do we do?" Jon challenged him.

Luke thought for a moment and noticed that Jon had a map of Pentos on his table. He looked at it for a few moments, grateful that Jon allowed him the time. "We set up our infantry and mounted sections here, just outside the city. Archers on the walls." He pointed to the positions. "I challenge the Khal to a single combat duel and win."

"Don't be over confident." Jon warned. "He is a vicious killer."

Luke stared up at him, venom in his eyes. "So am I."
The air was calm and quiet, the silence only broken by the flapping of large, leathery black wings. The Dragon was baring his teeth, looking for its prey as it soured over the land. He veered left, and then veered back to the right again, eyes open. It soon saw what it was looking for and brought it's wings into its body, swooping downwards at pace.

The green dragon was unsuspecting until it was too late, and the black crashed into it with teeth and claws ferocious in its slaughter, tearing chunks out of the green's flesh.

Luke awoke with a cry, sweating. Panting to catch his breath, he looked outside to see the moon was high in the sky and it was still late at night. He closed his eyes once more but knew that sleep wasn't going to come. Groaning, he slipped out of his bed and put a robe on to cover his torso before making his way out towards the gardens.

He had gotten to the balcony that he and Jon had taken for their training yard and noticed that he wasn't alone. Daenerys was also awake, staring out to sea as she often did. He walked over to her, saying nothing as he leaned on the stone balcony beside her.

"What's marriage like?" She asked.

Luke turned to look at her, unsure of what to say. "Mine will be a lot different to yours, sweet sister." He told her gently.

"Tell me anyway." Dany told him.

"Valarra was my bed warmer before she was my wife." Luke shrugged. "It was a physical relationship that grew into more. She learnt how to please me, then she became my confidant of a night, and then she ended up becoming a valuable advisor at times. I grew to care for her and she was of noble stock, so I wed her."

Dany didn't look to comfortable. "So please him and life will be easier." She said to herself. "I don't know how."

Luke placed his hand on hers. "You learn with practice." He saw her still looking unhappy at the prospect. "But it won't matter for you, not yet anyway."

"What do you mean?" Dany asked.

"Jon rode eastwards a few hours ago, he should be meeting up with my army any time now." Luke admitted to her. "Soon enough, I'll have 22,000 men lining the walls of Pentos and below. I'll have ballistae, I'll have my elephants…"

"You have elephants?" Dany asked disbelieving.

"Two dozen of them." Luke told her, mocking offense. "Magnificent beasts. In times of war we
spike their tusks, they've been known to break cavalry before, ideally they will do again."

Dany chuckled, before snapping her head to look up at Luke in horror. "No Luke you can't! Viserys will be furious, he made a bargain…"

"Do you know anything about the Dothraki?" Luke asked her, interrupting. Dany shook her head. "They hate any form of water that their horses can't drink. This plan by Viserys was doomed to fail from the start. The savage would wed you, bed you under the moonlight and hopefully he would be dignified to do it away from his Khalasar but that's no given, and then we'd all have to ride to Vaes Dothrak to bless your union with their gods. We wouldn't be ready to invade for years." He took both her hands in his and made her face him. "I may have not been here, you may have thought me dead, but you are my sister, and I will not have you defiled by a Dothraki screamer. You deserve a Great Lord, one that you like to spend time with and can grant us 30,000 spears."

"But Viserys…"

"Viserys has been scorned by too many people to be able to make sane decisions about you." Luke said bitterly. "He yearns for home, and admittedly the thought of 40,000 Dothraki screamers is enticing, but he's never been to the Dothraki Sea, he doesn't know their ways."

"And you do?" Dany asked.

"Not as well as some." Luke admitted. "But we fought a lesser Khal once or twice when he thought he could scare Volantis into handing over slaves and gold, we stopped them."

Dany nodded, staring back out to sea. "You can beat them?"

Smiling, Luke kissed his sister on the cheek. "I will beat the Khal in open combat, and then if his horde decide to take offense to that, then we shall crush them." He reached into his sleeping bottoms and pulled out a golden coin, handing it to Dany. "Our word is as good as gold." He told her, repeating the company motto.

Dany grinned, wrapping her arms around his neck. "Thank you." She whispered, admitting to herself for the first time that she could get what she wanted.

Luke's words had convinced Daenerys, and after some rest she was determined to tell Viserys that she wasn't going to marry this Dothraki Khal. She made Luke wait outside of Viserys' room as she knocked and announced herself. Entering, she was almost knocked over by the fleeing Lyseni girl that Illyrio had given Viserys for his stay, and she saw a naked and hardened Viserys rise out of his bed unhappily, moving to cover himself. She averted her eyes as he spoke.

"Why are you interrupting?" He asked sharply. "I was busy."

"I don't want to marry the Khal." She said, stronger than she had done before. Viserys groaned childishly. "We've had this discussion." He told her. "We need his army."

"No, we don't." Dany insisted. "Luke's promised that his men can handle it. They're on their way here now!"

"Luke promised!" Viserys exclaimed mockingly. "How do we know what his promises are worth? We've known him all of a few months. I promise that this marriage is needed for us to go home, and my promises are worth more than our brother risen from the dead."
"He has elephants…" Dany began. "He's going to challenge the Khal to a duel!"

Viserys began laughing. "Then he's even more of a blustering imbecile than I thought. The Khal doesn't lose."

"Neither has…" Her argument was cut short as Viserys slapped her painfully on the cheek.

"We don't know him!" Viserys shouted, irate. "You will marry him, or you'll wake the dragon!"

"No." Dany said, not letting the tears fall as she held her hands to her cheek. "I won't."

"Right." Viserys' eyes were terrifying. "You've done it. You've woken the dragon!" He grabbed her wrists and threw her against a wall. She curled into a ball looking to protect herself as Viserys leered over her, when a figure rushed in and grabbed Viserys, one large hand covering his nose and mouth, and the other restraining his arms by wrapping it around Viserys' torso. Viserys struggled for a moment, trying to elbow Luke to free himself but the younger was also the stronger, and it wasn't long before Viserys passed out. Luke picked him up and placed him on the bed.

"Are you ok?" He asked. Dany shook her head, tears flowing freely down her face now. Luke sat beside her, placing an arm over her shoulder and bringing her in close so she was crying into his shirt. "It will be ok. Nobody else will hurt you." He insisted, running a hand down her hair soothingly.

Luke had put two of his own personal men outside of Viserys' chambers to make sure that he stayed there as soon as news came through to the manse that the Golden Company were close. After letting Dany know to stay in her rooms and quickly explaining to Illyrio to get the city prepared to lock its gates, Luke once again got into his armour and made his way to the battlefield.

Outside of the Sunrise Gate Jon had set the men up as discussed, with the archers marching past him to man the walls. He met Jon as the latter was marshalling the trench digging efforts. Riding out to greet his friend and mentor, Jon almost smiled at seeing him.

"I see you've brought me an army." Lucerys grinned.

Jon bowed his head. "And a few sellsword groups, they're joining the archers inside the gates though ready to make a move once the Dothraki have charged."


"I've brought you two other gifts as well." Jon noted. "Follow me."

He rode down the lines of the men towards the left flank where the soldiers were still filtering in and being marshalled by two men. One was the hulking figure of Franklyn Flowers, the bastard of Cider Hall, and the other Luke hadn't seen for at least 4 years.

"Ser Jorah Mormont." He called, slowing his horse down as they reached the pair. "I thought you'd disappeared on us."

"I had to return to my wife." Ser Jorah told him.

"Who left him for a fat Lyseni." Franklyn Flowers laughed. Jorah just glowered at the ground.

Jon cleared his throat. "Ser Jorah spent some time with the Dothraki, he can be your envoy and your translator. I found him on the road, he was to attend the wedding."

"I was hoping to pledge my sword to the rightful King of Westeros," Jorah admitted. "And to aid the Princess into adapting to Dothraki life. I had not expected to see Pentos mount a defence."

"I'm mounting the defence." Luke admitted. "Targaryen's do not lower themselves to lie with horse lords."

"As you say." Jorah bowed his head.

"That isn't all." Jon said. He reached back and untied a scabbard from his horse. Luke grinned as the familiar handle came into view. "Princess Valarra sent this despite our wishes, saying that she feared for you less if you had the blade." Luke untied his own sword belt and swapped Truth for his own Valyrian Steel blade, Blackfyre. He ran his thumb over the ruby in the pommel and thanked Jon.

"Don't thank me yet." Jon noted. "We have a few hours to get this into a defensive line. The entire Khalasar are close."

It took five hours for the Dothraki to start filtering into the eyesight of Lucerys atop the walls of Pentos, and as soon as the first few horses were spotted he made his way down and out of the gates to mount his horse. As it had been decided that Jon joining them out in the open was a folly considering he was second in command, Luke rode with Ser Jorah, Ser Rolly Duckfield, and one of the serjeants Ser Brendel Byrne, to meet with the Dothraki a few hundred feet away from the line of elephants. One of the company's Red Priests had also pushed him to join, though Luke rarely had time for him and couldn't even remember the man's name.

"Go, Ser Jorah." Luke said when he halted his horse. "Bring the Khal to me for talks."

The Northern exile bowed his head and rode off into the horde of Dothraki, and Luke was waiting for another half an hour until the thundering of hooves that indicated the Khal's and his bloodriders arrival.

"Khal Drogo!" Luke greeted as the Khal and his men stopped. The long-braided warrior said something in his guttural language, and Ser Jorah translated.

"The Khal wishes to know why there is an army in between him and his bride."

Luke sniffed. "Because there will be no wedding. The Princess Daenerys is not the Khal's to take. If he wants the blood of Old Valyria, then there are plenty of whores in the Free City that he can steal."

Ser Jorah translated, and Luke stared down the Khal as his eyes grew narrower in rage. The Khal went on a lengthy rant, and Luke waited patiently, barely blinking as the Khal went on.

"The Khal says that he shall have his bride, and he shall cut down every man, woman, child and beast that gets in his way. He shall make slaves of the silver haired boys and force them to watch as he puts a son in their sister." Jorah stated.

"No." Luke said with a smirk. The Khal understood that word and his horse reared. "He will turn home and find a wife elsewhere. Or if he must have my sister, he can duel me on foot for her."

Ser Jorah relayed the message, and the Dothraki began speaking to one another in their language. "They are saying that a foreigner is not a worthy Queen, and that they should ignore your request
and sack the city anyway." Ser Jorah told him. "But the Khal is considering it, saying that he won't be defeated by a boy in an iron suit."

"It's the finest Volantene Steel." Luke pouted jovially. The Khal spoke to Jorah once more.

"He consents to your fight." Ser Jorah told him. Luke nodded, as the two leaders dismounted and grabbed their weapons. Luke had Blackfyre only, and Drogo pulled out a great arakh.

Luke began to circle around, enticing Drogo to attack. The Khal was clever though and circled with Luke. He said something mockingly in Dothraki which caused the bloodriders behind him to laugh. Throwing caution to the wind, Luke flicked his wrist and Blackfyre spun in a circle, before the Targaryen brought his other hand to the hilt and drove downwards hard. Drogo ducked to the left and ducked underneath the blade again when Luke slashed at him. Stepping backwards to reassess, Luke smirked at the dancing Khal. That got the bigger man to lunge, swinging his black bladed arakh powerfully, but it only got as far as Blackfyre. The blades scraped against one another until Luke pushed it away from him and snapped his arm back, slashing Drogo on the arm.

First blood was spilled, and Drogo's eyes narrowed in anger. Luke decided that the Khal was done playing with his food now, and Drogo used both arms to drive the arakh into Luke. The Targaryen had been trained for so long though that he was able to duck out the way and parry when necessary, moving with a speed and grace that had to be seen to be believed.

He grew confident though, and when he moved to attack again Drogo spun underneath his reach, and it was only Luke's reflexes that stopped the arakh from driving into his hip, and instead it only kissed him slightly. Grimacing, he could feel blood escaping his body.

"Right then." Luke muttered, teeth clenched. He drove into the attack, raining one handed and two-handed blows on the Khal, nicking him rarely. Both blades were colliding with one another at an incredible pace and it took all of Luke's training to keep the Khal from hitting him again. The Khal was good as well though, sneaking his blade downwards and catching Luke badly in the outside of his left leg.

The Targaryen dropped to his knee, his spare arm immediately finding the wound. His eyes blazed with rage as he saw Drogo turning away from him, gloating to his bloodriders. Luke fought through the pain and rose to his feet again, hearing Valyrian muttering from behind him.

"Lord of Light allow his King's Blood to protect him. For the night is dark and full of terrors." The muttering said, repeatedly. Luke kept his eye on Drogo who had turned back to Luke. He held his arakh high, and the Targaryen ran his bloodied hand along the flat edge of his blade to prepare when suddenly Blackfyre erupted in flames.

Drogo staggered back at the sight, his eyes showing a tiny hint of uncertainty in them. Luke looked down at his sword grinning, letting the flames lick his other hand before he brought the flaming sword down to his leg, and cauterised his leg wound. He then moved forwards, swinging the flaming sword around to add to Drogo's uncertainty. Luke lashed out, and as the swords clashed the flames danced, close to Drogo's bare torso.

He forced himself forwards though as he drove his blade towards the Khal, with the flames doing their bit in worrying the Khal. Drogo went for the kill, ducking a swipe from Blackfyre and bringing his sword back at Luke's neck. The Targaryen though was ready for that, and parried the arakh hard, and the black steel bounced off the Valyrian giving Luke an open body to aim for. He slashed at Drogo, and blood began to pour from his left him to his right shoulder as the Valyrian Steel found its mark. Drogo dropped to a knee and tried to lash out again, but Luke brought Blackfyre back up and locked swords with the Khal, He saw Drogo move for his knife belt and
roared, shoving the arakh back to the side and forcing his arm across his body, letting Blackfyre impact with the Khal's neck.

Drogo dropped his sword as his hands rushed up to stop the blood flow, leaving Luke the opportunity to move around to Drogo's back and grip his long braid, severing it with Blackfyre. He turned around to face the Dothraki horde as Drogo fell to the ground with a thud, holding the braid up for all to see. Flinging it over his shoulder, he saw the bloodriders look at him with a mix of pain and hatred, and Luke watched them turn their horses and move to join the main Khalasar.

Luke turned to his own men, who were concerned. He stumbled over to his horse, trying to mount up but failing. He felt arms around him, lifting him up onto the saddle. "They're going to attack." Jorah said. "They're calling to raze the city to the ground."

"Then let me get to my men." Luke wheezed, tired out. "I need…"

"You need to get back to the manse." Ser Rolly stated outright. "You've been stabbed."

Luke looked down and found that Rolly was right. Sticking out of his midriff just underneath the plate armour was a dagger handle that Drogo must have driven in when Luke had slashed his throat. "Oh…" He muttered, before the pain caught up to him and he slumped forwards in his saddle, losing consciousness to Brendel Byrne barking our orders for them to retreat.
The Battle of Pentos

Chapter Summary

The Dothraki reel from the duel. The Golden Company show their strength. Luke's life is on the line.

For Jon Connington up on the Walls of Pentos, watching the fight between Khal Drogo and Lucerys was almost as bad as the feeling that he had when Aerys the Mad had banished him from Westeros and stripped him of his Lordship. He audibly hissed in exhilaration when the Valyrian Steel sword went up in flames and cheered with the rest of the Golden Company as Luke forced the brute to his knee, cutting open the Dothraki's neck and severing his braid. The cheers fell silent once it was clear that Luke had taken some heavy wounds in the process though, but thankfully those out in the open with him were quick in their retreat.

Jon barely saw Luke as they raced into Pentos, but as soon as the gates slammed shut his mind had to be focused, as he took in the sea of Dothraki in the distance. They were getting rowdy, and somehow the Stormlander knew that this wasn't over. "FORM RANKS!" He roared down below, and the order was passed from serjeant to serjeant, as the infantrymen tightened up their divisions. He heard the catcalling from the horizon and saw the dust of the ground being kicked up into clouds, shrouding the Dothraki charge. "ARCHERS!"

"ARCHERS!" The call went around the walls from Black Balaq.

"NOCK!" Jon called, waiting for the Dothraki to come into range. "DRAW!" The row of elephants began to move forwards then, and Jon grinned knowingly, thanking the Gods that Chains was still in his right mind. He saw the Dothraki getting closer, and they were moments away from being in range of Black Balaq's archers. "Loose." He said menacingly.

"LOOOOOOSE!" Black Balaq roared, as his own Goldenheart bow pinging musically, as his feathered arrow soared into the air quicker than the others. Jon watched on as the arrows seemed to fill the sky as they hit the peak of their arc, before falling down towards the ground and colliding forcefully with the onrushing Dothraki.

Another volley of arrows hit the 40,000 strong Khalasar before the archers lowered their bows, and for now all Jon could do was watch as the famous beasts of the Golden Company proved themselves against the might of the Dothraki.

Chains was a veteran of the Golden Company. His Great Grandfather had been one of the men that fought for the Black Dragon and had survived the Battle of the Redgrass Field, following Bittersteel across the Narrow Sea and he had been loyal to the Golden Company until his death. Chains himself, his birth name lost to the ages and hadn't been said in so long that Chains felt that he could barely remember what it was, had been a member of the Golden Company since he could wield a blade. He had given up on steel long ago however and strapped to his back was a two-foot wooden handle that held five feet of linked iron chains, a formidable whip.

He had been placed in command of the elephants since long before his own Father had fallen in battle, and he never felt more alive as he did when he was perched upon the small towers placed on
the great beasts back charging them into battle.

The ground outside of Pentos was dry and dusty, as shown by the horizon of dust clouds being kicked up by the Dothraki screamers as they narrowed the gap between themselves and the Free City. The Elephants too were kicking up a storm as they raced forwards towards the oncoming horde. Chains held onto the reigns tightly as the 5 other men on the lead elephant were shouting instructions.

The only sound Chains could hear though was the thundering of hooves coming towards them. The men on the horses were just coming into view, and Chains tightened the grip on the reigns.

The clash came moments afterwards, as the elephant roared and whipped his head to the right, impaling at least three Dothraki on the iron spikes littered on its tusks, the arakh's almost bouncing off of the armour protecting their legs.

"Loose!" Chains roared, his voice low and gravelly. The archers on the tower began firing down at the Dothraki, while the legendary mounted warriors towards the back of the formation began firing back up at them. Chains had to duck out the way of an incoming arrow but one of his men weren't so lucky, the arrow embedding itself in his eye.

The elephants weren't the only formation smashing outlet that the Company had however, and as the Dothraki began to crowd the elephants, falling in their droves as the beasts battered them with tusks and feet, the numerous Knights of the Golden Company clattered into the Essosi barbarians. Swords clashed with arakh's, and the battle outside of Pentos quickly began in earnest.

Illyrio's manse was on the other side of the city to the Sunrise Gate, and all Daenerys knew of the battle is that it was likely happening at that very moment. Wistfully, she sat down in her chambers with a book on the Dance of the Dragons, trying to pass the time.

Voices were beginning to raise from down below the balcony, and as Dany had just reached an interesting part in the tale about the Dragonseeds when she could clearly hear the words one of the men arguing were saying. "He is the Prince!" The voice roared. "Get your healers now before he bleeds out, and we shall settle it with your Magister when he lives!"

Fearing the worst, Dany closed her book and rushed over to the balcony where she saw a brawny ginger carrying Lucerys awkwardly, her brother not moving. Gasping, she ran out of her room as quickly as possible.

She arrived at the courtyard a few moments later, when Illyrio was already there, the fat Unsullied surrounding him. "Your General brought war to Pentos when we could have had a lasting peace with a marriage. He abused my hospitality, so no. I shall not invite him back into my home."

The ginger was furious, his towering height leering over Illyrio with glaring eyes. He had shifted Luke over to another of the Golden Company and his sword flew out of its sheath and was quickly at Illyrio's neck before the Unsullied could react. "Listen, fat man. I don't care who you are, I don't care how much money you have. All I care about is that Prince Lucerys gets the treatment he needs, and he will get that treatment. I can either walk behind you as we go and get it, or I can step over your corpse."

Dany had to intervene. "There's no need for that, Ser." She said boldly. All the men turned to face her, and she felt suddenly self-conscious, but she swallowed her anxiety down for a moment when she saw Luke hanging off of one man's shoulder. She turned to Illyrio. "Magister, my royal brother would be most irate if he finds out you hadn't helped Luke in his time of need."
"Princess…" Illyrio began, but Dany had found her strength.

"Magister." She cut in. "A man such as yourself would surely see the benefits of staying on the rightful King's good side and make the choice that would guarantee that, wouldn't you agree?"

Illyrio clenched his teeth and thought for a moment, before he nodded. "Very well." He said. "Take him into the feasting hall, I shall have my finest healers see to him."

Smiling, Dany curtseyed before showing the young ginger, who's name turned out to be Rolly Duckfield, to the feasting hall. She waited in the corner as the few men of the Company began stripping Luke of his armour and throwing it to one side, and she gasped at the sight of the gashes on his leg and the deep stab wound in his side. The healers got to work quickly though, and all Dany could do was watch.

Jon Connington prized himself on learning from his mistakes. At the Battle of the Bells he had underestimated Robert Baratheon's ability to inspire loyalty and it had very nearly cost him everything. Since then, his cautious nature often frustrated his comrades, but he was effective and ruthless when he needed to be. He knew now that he should have just burnt the Stoney Sept down to the ground and picked out the corpse of the Usurper, rather than do the honourable thing. The Knight of Griffin's Roost chuckled to himself at the thought of honour. Back then he was a naïve boy that thought he could impress his Prince by bringing Robert in chivalrously, but what had that gotten him? He had slain Ser Denys Arryn against the fountain in the centre of the town yes, but he had almost been killed for that action by Robert Baratheon's Warhammer by the sept. Escaping with his life and exiled, the only thing that had stopped Connington from drinking himself to the Seven Hells was the toddler that Rhaegar had tasked him to save.

Shaking his thoughts and clearing his mind, he returned to watching the battle from the walls of Pentos. Thousands lay dead from both sides. The initial charge of the knights had brought them some fortune, but the Dothraki weren't known as the greatest mounted warriors for no reason, and their lack of mercy was gruesome to watch. Two elephants had fallen as well before a few lines of the Dothraki broke through the cavalry battle towards the infantry wall.

The pikes came out efficiently, but Jon himself readied the archers.

"We'll hit our own men!" Black Balaq argued.

Jon stared him down coldly. "You are the best archer in Essos, your company is the finest in the world." He reminded the Summer Islander. "Fire on the Dothraki."

"Jon…" Black Balaq began, but Jon silenced him.

"Do it!" Jon roared, and Balaq bowed his head and gave the orders.

Below the walls, hundreds died from the arrow fire that followed. Thankfully to Jon, most of them were the Dothraki screamers, but regrettably some of those bleeding from the Goldenheart arrows were Company men. Shaking the regret from his mind, Jon nodded his happiness at how the charge had been halted by the well-trained men of the Golden Company and left the command of the walls to Black Balaq.

He walked down to the road by the gate inside of the city to where 200 mounted warriors were gathering. Not as many as Jon would have liked, but it would do. He mounted his own horse, a fierce chestnut coloured destrier, and without words he nodded at the Pentoshi guards to open the gates, ready to join in the carnage outside with a fresh charge.
It was a few hours after the duel against Drogo when Luke slowly opened his eyes. He recognised the ceiling of his room in the Pentoshi mansion, but he also recognised the feeling of pain in his left leg and his side. He went to sit upright, but a delicate hand lay down on his bare chest.


Luke settled down onto the mattress, and Dany came into view, sitting on the side of his bed and holding his hand with both of hers. "What happened? Last I remember… I think I had won?"

Dany smiled, and nodded her head. "The Khal is dead, you slew him with a blade of fire and cut his braid. She nodded over towards the side of the room, and Luke turned his head to see the length of braided black hair on one of his sofas. HE grinned, the achievement settling in his mind.

"The braid is my gift to you, sister." Luke told her. "To show you that the Gods have vowed that no horse lord will ever be worthy of you."

"I don't need a braid, I need my brother." Dany said firmly. "So you rest up and grow strong once more."

Luke shook his head. "I need to see." He grimaced as he pushed himself upright with his hands. "I need to see what's happened."

"I can tell you that, my Prince." Rolly Duckfield said from the doorway. "Forgive me for intruding, but I heard voices."

"Not at all Ser." Dany smiled kindly.

"Ah… I'm not a knight, Princess." Rolly bowed his head shamefully. "I should have told you sooner, but I was so irate at the Magister."

"With good reason." Dany admitted. She turned to Luke. "He isn't happy with you for bringing war to Pentos."

"He's doubled the guard." Rolly noted. "He even has 10 guards outside his personal chambers at all time, even when he isn't there."

That intrigued Luke. "You will be knighted soon my friend." Luke promised. "I will knight you myself for all that you've done for me."

Rolly grinned, before controlling his facial muscles and dropping to one knee. "I am honoured."

"Now help me up." Luke commanded.

"No." Dany insisted. "You need to rest."

"I will rest once I know that we've won." Luke told her firmly. "Get me a cane and help me up. I need to give instructions…"

"There's no need for instructions." Rolly told him. "You've been out for hours, my Prince. The battle is over."

Dead lay everywhere. After Jon's charge had broken the eager Dothraki and he himself had killed one of their other leaders, the savages had quickly begun to retreat. Old John Mudd and Young Jon Mudd had led the party to chase them down with Ser Jorah Mormont, which left Jon Connington
free to just survey the field.

He kicked his horse into a light canter back towards the City, who had opened the gates to allow the wounded to be brought inside and treated. He noticed silver hair coming outside of the city though and was angered to see Luke hobbling out onto the battlefield. Galloping towards the Captain-General, he then dismounted in front of the Targaryen and his sister. "What are you doing out here?" He asked gruffly.

Luke grinned, holding his side. "I've come to see your victory, Jon."

Jon scoffed. "Some victory. I don't know the final counts, but we must have lost over 5,000 men today."

Dany looked horrified as she surveyed the battlefield. "5,000 men died for me?" She whispered. "No, 5,000 men died because I asked them to fight." Luke said grimly. "This is on me."

Jon knew Luke could handle it and didn't argue. "We broke their initial charge, and a secondary cavalry force smashed their vanguard while the infantry brought them down with spears and pikes. We must have killed at least two of Drogo's bloodriders or they would have never retreated."

"How many of theirs are dead?" Luke asked.

Jon tried to count in his head. "I'd say at least 13,000. It was bloody, Luke. This will go down in history as a bloodbath."

"This will go down in history as the prelude to House Targaryen winning back the Iron Throne." Luke corrected. "As soon as enough people are recovered we'll ride back to Ghoyan Drohe and sail down to Volon Therys. With my siblings."

Dany smiled at that, but her smile turned to horror as she stared past Jon's shoulder. Connington turned around and saw that the Mudd's had returned, followed by a small force of Dothraki soldiers on foot. Luke stood tall, Blackfyre at his hip as Jon stood beside his leader, waiting for the force to reach them.

"Some fled further," Young John grinned as he rode towards Jon Connington. "They were infighting over escaping and surrendering. These are the survivors that wish to surrender to you, Captain-General."

One of the Dothraki stepped forwards, his head bowed in shame. He spoke slowly, and Jorah translated for them.

"These only ask for a small blade, so that they can cut off their braids and lay them at your feet, My Prince. It is the mark of a Dothraki loss to do so."

Luke nodded, and unsheathed his own dagger. "You may do so with my own blade." He told the Dothraki, and Jorah translated. One by one, hundreds upon hundreds of men stepped forwards and cut off their braids, laying them at Luke's feet. Nightfall had fallen upon them before the last man stepped forwards, and Luke was absolutely shattered, almost falling asleep on his feet. Once the final Dothraki had then walked away in shame, Luke held a weak grin. "Let us rest tonight, my friends, but tomorrow we celebrate this fine victory."

Viserys had finally been let out of his chambers the next day as the Great Hall of Illyrio's had been turned into a crowded feasting hall for as many of the Golden Company that could stand. He held a
smile for those that drank with him, but secretly he seethed. How dare his younger brother knock him out and lock him out. Was he even who he said he was? He watched on as Dany and Luke both shared a laugh and grimaced. He may have fooled his sister, but Viserys was the last dragon. He knew when something wasn't right, and he was determined to find out what that was.

He carried on watching as he saw Luke whispering into the newly knighted Ser Rolly Duckfield's ear and saw the ginger leave the room. Something was going on, and Viserys would find out what his supposed brother was hiding from them.
The day after the feast was the day that Illyrio Mopatis had decided to air his grievances with Luke. The Targaryen was being seen to by one of the Golden Company's own medics when the Pentoshi Magister barged into his chambers. Ser Rolly Duckfield immediately let his hand fly to his sword pommel, and Jon Connington also watched on, prepared for a fight. The other occupants of the room were members of the Company's spy ring, and the Targaryen Prince did not look happy.

"Magister." Luke said, his arms up as the medic was tying linen around his naked torso. "Were we due to meet?"

"I want you gone." Illyrio said bitterly. "You have brought nothing but destruction to Pentos. Neither you nor your band of rogues will ever set foot into this great city ever again!"

Luke smirked, winking at Jon. Ignoring the magister for a moment he turned to the medic who had just finished tying the bandage. "Thank you." He said quietly. Luke stood up and let the man place a thin golden tunic over his head, covering the bandages. "I saved your life, Pentoshi." Luke told the fat man. "You helped Viserys plot this degrading match, enabling it even. You insult my House by doing so, you insult my brother by treating him like a child." He took a menacing step towards the magister, who ducked behind two robust Unsullied guards. "All you seem to have done in the last year is fan the flames of my brother's ego and bargained for my sister to die in the east."

"Events were made to ensure that House Targaryen regained the Iron Throne." Illyrio argued.

"By angering our two most loyal allies?" Luke asked, an eyebrow raised. He held his arms up again as Blackfyre was strapped around his waist by the medic. "Jon, what was the agreement again?"

"Prince Viserys was to marry Arianne Martell, while Princess Daenerys was to marry Prince Trystane." Jon answered. "While you were to wed Lady Margaery Tyrell once she came of age."

"A treaty which you made redundant." Illyrio accused. "A treaty which was destroyed by the death of Princess Arianne!"

Luke nodded. "The Princess' death is unfortunate true, but Prince Doran would likely have still agreed to an alliance and a betrothal of his remaining son and Daenerys. I also admit my wrongdoing, although the treaty with House Tyrell would have been welcome knowledge before I married the daughter of Magister Rogare." He was growing angrier. "I also had my spymaster do a little digging, cheesemonger. Who was it that you were going to pass off your son as again?"

Illyrio's eyes widened. "I don't know what you mean."


"Ser Myles Mooton died in the Battle of the Bells." Illyrio smiled uneasily.
Jon shook his head. "Liar. He escaped with me, injured and with a mangled arm it's true, but he was in the Red Keep when I left with Prince Lucerys."

"Imagine my surprise when I hear that my troops fell upon the Shy Maid on the way to Pentos to save my sister from a marriage that was beneath her." Luke began. "And imagine my surprise when after extensive questioning, the occupants admitted that you have been plotting against my House for decades."

"Falsehoods." Illyrio defended himself.

"The Septa admitted it." Jon told Illyrio. "Myles admitted it under torture. He told us all about your Black Dragon plan."

"The boy is dead, Illyrio." Luke told him bluntly. "Lemore is dead, the captains Yandry and Ysilla are both dead. Myles Mooton is dead. Your scheme is sinking to the bottom of the Rhoyne along with the Shy Maid and the bodies of its occupants."

Illyrio's eyes began watering, and he narrowed them in anger. "Seize him." He barked to the Unsullied in bastard Valyrian. The overweight guards stepped forwards, spears pointed, but Rolly Duckfield was quicker, slashing out with his sword and snapping the spears, before ending the lives of the Unsullied with swift cuts to the throat.

"You've been kind to my siblings." Luke told the magister who was reeling from the sudden demise of his guards. "So, I shall be merciful and let you live, but I will require some compensation."

"You will have nothing." Illyrio spat. "The Seven Kingdoms will never accept Viserys as their King, you will all be doomed trying to take back a land that rejoices at your misfortune!"

Luke smiled, taking another step towards the magister. "Perhaps that's true, but we will have something that the Seven Kingdoms won't."

"What's that?" Illyrio rolled his eyes.


The Magister was left in a state of total shock, as Luke limped out of the room towards the exit of the manse, closely followed by his loyal companions.

It was a slow process, but the walk through Pentos was finally over once Luke and his fellow men arrived into the Golden Company's camp outside of the city. In the distance a steady stream of men was already making their way towards Ghoyan Drohe and the boats, while the last few men packed up the tents that remained. Luke saw Viserys standing over by Ser Jorah Mormont, displeasure clear on his face. He started hearing words as he got closer, leaning heavily on his cane.

"What do you mean they've all gone? I was promised a Dothraki horde!"

"The defeated Khalasar will return to Vaes Dothrak, Your Grace. They will choose a new leader, or leaders, and form their own Khalasars…"

Viserys spat. "So we have no horde? Only a band of mercenaries."

"The finest mercenaries in the entire world, brother!" Luke called out happily. "A band that
defeated Khal Drogo himself!"

Viserys turned and nodded. "As you say, brother. But now we have half the men I was promised; how do you propose we take back the Iron Throne with what you have?"

"We don't." Luke shrugged. "We don't have the men nor the allies."

Viserys scowled. "Then what are we doing now?"

"Sailing home." Jon said dryly from behind Luke. "Volon Therys is a fortress, there we will recover, regain our numbers and wait for the right opportunity."

"Wait?" Viserys scoffed. "Your grand strategy to avenge our Father is to wait?"

Luke nodded. "Look at it this way, currently Robert Baratheon is strong. He has the alliances he needs to keep the Kingdoms from splitting, with the Lannisters, Tullys, Starks and Arryns all linked we'd have no chance."

"Nor would we even when the Usurper dies." Viserys spat.

"I think you underestimate the challenges of successions." Jon smirked. "We've worked at this for over a decade, Viserys. Trust us."

Viserys looked incredulous at the request but gulped and smiled forcibly. "It seems I have no other choice, now you've gotten us kicked out of Pentos."

The eldest Targaryen stormed off towards his new horse, and Jon stepped closer to Luke. "He's going to be trouble."

Luke nodded. "It's our job to steer him to make the right decisions, Jon. I'm not risking my all to put Aerys the Third on the throne."

Connington nodded. "I'll accompany him on the way to the barges, perhaps some stories of your elder brother may placate him."

Luke smiled at the thought and nodded, watching his friend and mentor follow the eldest Targaryen. After a moment however, he turned to the exiled Northerner. "You fought well in the battle, Ser. And I thank you for aiding in my retreat."

"I was just doing my duty, Prince Lucerys." The man bowed. "Your sister deserves a Westerosi Great Lord, not a man who would never have sailed across the Narrow Sea."

Luke nodded his agreement. "She does, but what she also needs is a loyal protector. I can't be there all the time, and I would have her safe. From anybody that means her harm." He told Jorah pointedly.

Jorah nodded, taking out his sword and dropping to one knee. "I would gladly serve the Princess as her sworn shield, if she would have me."

Luke bid Mormont to rise. "It is her you should be swearing yourself to, Ser. Not me."

It took a few hours longer, but soon the camp was taken down and the last of the Company were on the road, and Luke finally felt like he could relax. He was in the back of a wagon due to his wounds yes, but he had his family back and out of the grasp of a scheming, untrustworthy man.
He looked to the right and grinned as he saw Dany riding her new mount. The late Khal Drogo had apparently planned for the filly to be given to Daenerys as a wedding gift, and Luke had agreed with Ser Jorah that it would make a fine gift to her. She had named the horse 'Silver', after its silvery mane. Ser Jorah rode beside her.

"Thank you." Daenerys called over to Luke in the cart. "For helping me escape that marriage."

Luke chuckled, shifting on his pillows. "You never need to thank me, sister."

Dany smiled, her hair bouncing as her Silver plodded along the old Valyrian road. "But I will anyway." She grinned.

"We are family." Luke told her seriously. "I've gone for so long knowing that I had family out there, but never being able to meet them, that now I have you both within touching distance I never want to let you go. You, Viserys, and of course Valarra are my world and I would give my life to ensure that we get what is ours."

"I can't wait to meet her." Dany told him honestly. "I've always wondered what it would be like to have a sister."

Smiling, Luke told her. "She will be delighted to have you as a friend, I am sure."

He saw Dany stare up the line of marching men. "I worry about Viserys." She said honestly. "He seems… different."

"He will be alright." Luke promised her. "I have a gift for you both once we are both at Ghoyan Drohe."

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Ghoyan Drohe was a ruin in every sense of the word. It was once a bustling port city, but after the Second Spice War, one of the many clashes between the ancient Valyrian's and the Rhoynar, the city had been a beautiful city of canals and fountains with greenery blooming, had become a desolate place of muddy reeds, with swarms of flies hovering over the numerous points of water snaking through the city.

Luke had set his personal campsite in and amongst the broken stones of the largest palace, where the walls were crumbling and sinking back into the earth. He had asked both Daenerys and Viserys to dine with him before they were due to board a barge the next morning, but so far only Dany had turned up.

"How much longer do you think it will be until we're in Volon Therys?" Dany asked as they sipped on some water before the food came out.

Luke thought for a moment. "Likely a few weeks. The Rhoyne is a large river crawling with pirates and worse. We won't be rushing down it, that's for sure."

They spoke about menial things for a while longer, until the tent flaps flew open and in came an irate Viserys.

"You summon me?" He spat venomously. "I am your King!"

Luke stood up, holding his hands up in surrender. "I did not summon you, brother. I invited you to sup. I have a gift for you both after dinner." Viserys eyed Luke coolly, and the younger knew that he needed to give the gifts before dinner to ease the tension that was growing. He moved over to the side of the tent where he had packed the gifts in a wooden box. Picking it up and bringing it
over to the table, he rested his hand on the lid and spoke. "Magister Illyrio was going to grant these
to Daenerys at her wedding, but by rights they belong to us as the last true sons and daughter of
Valyria. I found out that he had hidden them once it was clear that we were to do battle with
Drogo, and well, I stole them from him."

"You stole from our host?" Viserys asked angrily.

"I stole them back." Luke bit back. "They were stolen from us almost 250 years ago by the thief
Elissa Farman and are rightfully ours." He waited for a moment and opened the lid.

Viserys' face changed from anger to wonder at the sight of the two dragon eggs in the box. He
immediately reached in and grabbed the green one, holding it up at eye level. "Are these real?" He
asked.

"Illyrio thought they were stone, but he is no blood of the dragon." Luke told him. "Feel how warm
they are to touch?"

"A comforting warmth." Viserys nodded, as Dany picked up the white dragon egg.

"They're beautiful." Dany whispered.

Luke closed the box and put it to one side. "I have a third, but I don't know how they hatch yet. All
I do know is that our ancestors had eggs in their cribs and slept with them nightly. Hopefully that is
enough, and once they have been hatched no army shall stand in the way of the Iron Throne."

Viserys grinned sadistically. "With dragons we shall be unstoppable." He looked up at Luke. "Well
done, brother.

Dany was slightly less formal, wrapping Luke in a fierce hug. "Thank you so much." She
whispered to him. Luke just planted a kiss at the top of her head.

"Now, shall we eat? This is likely to be our last decent meal before we reach Volon Therys, it
would be nice to eat as a family." Luke said, widening his arms in invitation. Dany nodded, sitting
down at the table keeping her egg close to her. Viserys was stood staring at the egg for a moment
longer, but even he happily sat down, leading to a rather relaxed evening spent in the company of
family.

Once his siblings had retired, Luke went to find Jon Connington. After checking both the
command tent and the main feasting area, the Targaryen made his way over to Jon's personal tent.
"Jon." Luke said as he pulled open the tent flaps to announce himself.

Jon stood upright from a seat in the corner and bowed his head in respect. "Lucerys. How did it
go?"


"You do realise that they could be stone after all? There's no guarantee that they are real eggs, nor
that they will hatch. The dragons died out over a century ago." Jon warned.

Luke smirked. "My dreams are real, old friend." He walked over to his famous old chest of black
oak that he had asked Jon to keep safe and unlocked it with his three keys. He ran his fingers over
the scaly surface of the egg that he had held back. Images of Aegon the Conqueror flying atop the
back of Balerion the Black Dread flashed flew his mind as he caressed the egg, before grasping it
with both hands and bringing it out. He made his way over to the table that Jon was sitting at and
placed the egg down upon it.

Jon took it in his hands. "It's cold." He shrugged, handing the black egg with red ripples back to Luke.

The Targaryen shook his head. "You're wrong." He said lustfully, the egg holding his gaze. "They ooze with warmth."

Jon shrugged again. "Possibly in part due to your Valyrian heritage. But right now, they are useless other than for selling."

"We won't sell any eggs, Jon." Luke bit back.

"Apologies." Jon raised his hands in a light-hearted surrender. "I just fear what would happen if your brother's hatches. He's already unstable, Lucerys. I travelled all the way here and my only impression was that I was speaking to your father once again."

Luke looked uneasy but sighed dramatically. "What can I do?" He asked. "He is still my brother, and one of the last Targaryen's left in the world. If I keep the egg from him what damage to our relationship would that do?"

"He's already jealous." Jon warned. "He's not a King, Lucerys."

"And again, what can I do?" Luke asked, more forcefully. "As long as he lives, he is my King." Jon said nothing but looked pointedly at Luke. "No." The Targaryen said firmly, understanding the unsaid request. "No, no Jon I am no kinslayer."

"You would be a much better King." Connington argued. "You inspire men, you are likable..."

"And because of that you want me to agree to the murder of my own brother?" Luke asked incredulously.

Jon shook his head, leaning forwards so his elbows were on the table. "I'm just saying that when the time comes you could win the war, but he will not."

"We will win." Luke answered, his rage bubbling. "There is no me or Viserys, there is us. The Dance of the Dragons showed that all that comes from infighting is misery and death. I am not Aegon II and nor am I Rhaenyra. I will serve my brother whether I want to or not."

Jon nodded, sensing that he should leave before he made things worse. "As you say. If you'll excuse me, I shall see you on the boat at dawn."

Luke nodded, not saying anything as Jon left the tent, before he brought the black dragon egg into his chest and hugged it close, imagining himself hatching it and burning his enemies to cinders.
The Rhoyne

Chapter Summary


The Baratheon Royal procession had been riding back towards King's Landing for a week before they had passed the Neck and reached the fertile lands of Ned's goodfather. Robert was getting impatient, he could tell, and Ned wasn't surprised when he was summoned away from the Queen's wheelhouse to dine with his old friend. Ned Stark was sat at the table that had been laid out for the pair and thought mournfully on leaving the North when he was left alone for a moment, as Robert pissed up against a tree.

The King tucked his member away and turned back towards Ned. "Gods." He exclaimed. "This is country!" The Baratheon came back and sat down in his chair. "I've half a mind to leave them all behind and keep going."

"I've half a mind to go with you." Ned added solemnly, shifting in his seat.

"What do you say, just you and me on the Kingsroad. Swords at our sides, a couple of tavern wenches to warm our beds tonight." Robert tried to persuade his friend half-heartedly, raising an eyebrow at his suggestion.

"You should have asked me 20 years ago." Ned remarked with a smile.

Robert laughed. "There were wars to fight, women to marry." He said, the last bitterly. "We never had the chance to be young."

Ned was quick with his response, scratching at his beard as he said. "I recall a few chances."

Robert was briefly surprised at the bawdiness of his friend and burst into a deep laughter. "There was that one." He said as he wagged his finger, trying to jog his own memory. "Oh, what was her name? That common girl of yours... Becca? With the great big tits you could bury your face in." Robert said, making lewd gestures.

"Bessie!" Ned exclaimed. "She was one of yours."

"Bessie!" Robert repeated, the memory coming back to him with a grin. "Thank the gods for Bessie and her tits." They both laughed at that. "Yours was... Aleena? No. You told me once. Meryl? Your bastard's mother?"

Ned's face went dark. 'Promise me Ned.' "Wylla." He told Robert, feeling guilty at how easy it was to lie to his friend. He thought on Jon, up at the Wall, and again felt guilty, knowing that it was Ned's own selfishness that refused to tell his nephew the truth until he had taken the Black and rid himself of all his claims.

Lost in his thoughts, Ned realised that Robert had been talking to him again. "You never told me what she looked like." He caught the end of it.
"Nor will I." Ned told Robert shortly.

The Baratheon could sense Ned's discomfort and tried reassuring him. "We were at war. None of us knew if we were going to go back home again. You're too hard on yourself. You always have been." When Robert could see that that wasn't cheering Ned up, he went for a different approach. "I swear if I weren't your King, you'd have hit me already."

"The worst thing about your coronation... I'll never get to hit you again." Ned told him, a smirk appearing on his lips.

Now it was Robert's turn to have his emotions change instantly, as his voice lowered and grew quieter. "Trust me, that's not the worst thing." He told Ned, reaching for the scroll and handing it to the Stark patriarch. "There was a rider in the night."

Ned took it and read it, before reading it once again just to be sure. "Daenerys Targaryen was due to wed a Dothraki Horse lord." He repeated.

"Was due to." Robert emphasised. "But the wedding was stopped. By the Golden Company."

Ned shifted in his seat uneasily. "How many men do they have now?"

"Less than before." Robert told him darkly. "But they defeated a horde of 40,000 and killed Khal Drogo."

"Why do these whispers from half a world away worry you, Robert?" Ned asked, trying to brush it off.

Robert shook his head grimly. "I was never any good with my lessons, Ned. You know that better than most. But I remember the stories of the Golden Company and their pledge to put a Dragon on the throne."

"A Blackfyre, not a Targaryen." Ned corrected.

"Red or black, a Dragon is a Dragon when I sit on the Iron Throne." Robert muttered, his grip on his goblet tightening. "There's a war coming, Ned. And if this is true and the Golden Company have the Targaryen whore and her brother…"

"Then we'll throw them back into the sea." Ned interrupted. "The only way to get to Westeros is through the Narrow Sea. Send word to Stannis and Lord Redwyne to start preparing their fleets, and I'll even have Wyman build a fleet of our own."

Robert nodded, grinning. "See, this is why I need you!" Chuckling, Robert took back the letter. "Anyway, lets forget about those two brats for now. There's game in these woods, Ned. Let's hunt!"

The pole boat that carried the three Targaryen's along the peaceful waters of the Little Rhoyne was a large one, large enough that it allowed for Luke and Viserys to spar with one another. That arrangement hadn't lasted very long however, as Viserys had sulked after losing for the third day running and disappeared into the boat, and so far, he hadn't reappeared.

Luke was always up bright and early and had taken to bathing himself in the waters of the Little Rhoyne before the pole boat started moving again each day. The fourth day of travel was no different, as the High Valyrian young man waded naked in the river.
"He's not coming out today." A voice said from the direction of the boat. Dany was sat on the edge, wearing the dress that she had worn the day she had met Khal Drogo. The hem was bunched up at her knees, and she let her feet dangle in the water.

"Shouldn't you be getting changed?" Luke asked, raising an eyebrow as he eyed her dress, the translucent fabric not leaving anything to the imagination.

Dany shrugged. "It's a nice dress, even if it is a bit revealing. Besides, it's only us on this boat." He couldn't argue with that. They were at the back of the fleet, if you could call the array of barges a fleet, and the only occupants of the pole boat were the captain, Ser Rolly and the three Targaryen's.

"And you're wearing even less than I am." Dany smirked.

Luke chuckled. "I'm bathing, sister."

"In clear water." She raised an eyebrow, with a glance down to his waist. Luke laughed louder at this different side of Daenerys. Luke stood up, the water coming to his knees, before shaking his head amusedly at Dany not turning and going to dry himself with a cloth, putting some trousers on as soon as he was dry. Luke strapped Blackfyre to his hip but left himself shirtless and bootless as he climbed back onto the boat and sat down beside his sister.

"He should be willing to train if he is to be a King to inspire." Luke grumbled, splashing his feet in the water of the Little Rhoyne.

Dany shook her head. "He hasn't had a true lesson since Ser Willem died." She told him. "Before then he trained daily, but afterwards he was forced to look after me and had no teacher."

Luke honestly felt bad for his older brother. "It must have been tough."

"Mostly it was." Dany admitted. "With every rejection he grew angrier, and the angrier he got the less people took him seriously."

Luke noticed how Dany quickly withdrew into herself at the memories and wanted to find something to cheer her up a bit. Luckily, Mother Rhoyne seemed to hear him, as in the distance towards the direction of Ghoyan Drohe, a humungous horned turtle poked his head above the water and let out a bellow. Dany looked shocked at the sight.

"The Old Men of the River, the Rhoynar called them." Luke explained with a smile. "They worshiped turtles like that before the Valyrian's scattered them and destroyed their cities."

"It's beautiful." Dany said in awe.

"It was considered a blessing to see one, apparently." Luke spoke again. "Mother Rhoyne has smiled upon our quest, Daenerys. We will take back the Iron Throne, I am sure of it."

The Little Rhoyne tributary soon joined the beginning of the main river, and it was around a fortnight after setting sail before the pole boats and barges passed Ny Sar, and the joining of the Noyne. Luke stood tall on the pole boat, staring in the direction of the ruined city in sadness.

Viserys had come above deck to see the famous place and looked triumphant. "When my dragon hatches, that is all that will be left of Storm's End. I vow it."

"It was cruel, what the Valyrian's did." Luke countered. "An entire race of people."

"People that were beneath them." Viserys argued. "A people that we had warred with for
Lucas stared out at the large bonesnapper turtles. "In truth, without the Spice Wars and Nymeria leaving here, we would never have been born. " It was true, since Dorne had come into the fold House Targaryen had married with descendants of Nymeria multiple times.

"Aegon and Rhaenys were descended from Nymeria." Viserys muttered darkly. Sighing, he spat. "They will be the first that we avenge by burning Tywin Lannister and his lackeys."

Luke could only agree there. "What happened?" He asked.

Viserys stared at him, bewildered. "You don't know?"

"Jon tried to keep as much of the horrors from me as he could growing up." Luke admitted. "I only know they died."

"Died." Viserys scoffed angrily. "They were butchered. I overheard Mother crying about it to Ser Willem on Dragonstone. Rhaenys was stabbed half a hundred times by one of Lannisters insignificant bannermen, and Aegon..." He paused to collect himself. "Aegon had his head smashed against the wall. He was unrecognisable."

Things started to make sense in Luke's mind once he had heard that. "So Illyrio decides to raise a child of the same age and complexion to be this unrecognisable prince to put his own boy on the Iron Throne."

"Exactly." Viserys nodded. "But rest assured, he is most definitely dead. Ser Willem was convinced."


"Elia was raped by the Mountain, Gregor Clegane." Viserys told him unemotionally. "Then killed."

As the gravity of it all set into Luke's mind, he narrowed his eyes in anger at the sight of Ny Sar. "Those responsible will pay." He swore. "They will know about us by now, they will know that we are to be feared."

"Ships in the distance!" One of the men on another boat roared over the water. Luke's hand immediately went to Blackfyre at his hip, as he saw the red sails of the Norvoshi River Galleys in the distance towards the Noyne, just observing the ongoing fleet.

"Norvoshi." Viserys recognised.

Luke smirked. "They're probably still angry at me for sacking Norvos. They won't harm us, not unless we head towards them."

Dany soon appeared from below at the noise and had come to see what was happening. "How badly did you sack Norvos?" She asked tentatively.

Luke looked slightly abashed. "I may have brutalised their sacred temple and hung their bearded priests by their feet atop the walls as crow food." He admitted.

Viserys burst into laughter at that. "You really are a true dragon, brother." He said flatteringly. "Although you should have put them to flame."

Luke shook his head. "We'd fought hard for three days, and that was more of a message." He
brought out a far eye and looked through the lens at the men on the ships, just waiting. "Have a
look, they're more scared than angry."

"Your exploits are well known." Viserys muttered, and Luke couldn't tell if it was a compliment or
bitterness. "As you say, the Usurper will know about you now. Your ruthlessness will come in
handy when we take back my throne."

Luke didn't reply, just nodded his head once. The three Targaryens then stood in silence as their
boat sailed calmly southwards towards Dagger Lake, and away from the worried eyes of Norvoshi
sailors.

"You let that little girl disarm you?" Robert Baratheon asked his son and heir, Joffrey, mockingly.
The entire Baratheon, Lannister and Stark party was filled with tension after the incident on the
Trident between Joffrey and Arya, but Ned Stark was simply just tired. Robert turned to Ned and
ordered. "Ned, see to it that your daughter's disciplined. I'll do the same with my son."

The doors to the room that they had all gathered in burst open at the final word, taking the
attention away from everything that was going on. In strode a man that Ned hadn't seen since after
the Rebellion, the King's youngest brother, Renly. "Robert!" Renly called out. "Robert!"

"Seven hells." Robert swore. "What in the blazes are you doing here?"

Renly was panting but forced his way through the crowd to stand between Ned and an irate Arya.
"I'm sorry, but Varys swore that this couldn't wait, and I was the only one that could deliver it."

In his hands he had a letter, and Robert took it quickly. His eyes flicked over the scratchings of ink,
and Ned could see his face growing red and angry. "Out. All of you." He whispered venomously.
When nobody moved, he then screamed, spit flying from his mouth in pure rage. "OUT!
EVERYBODY GET OUT!"

The room began quickly emptying, and Ned saw a look that Cersei gave to Ilyn Payne. He pulled
Jory Cassell over. "Get the Direwolf and ride back to the North with her now."

"My Lord..." The captain made to complain, but Ned shook his head.

"Do it. If you can find the other in the woods then take her with you, but I want them out of reach
of the Queen." Ned whispered. Jory nodded and fled the room. Ned then turned to the girls.
"Follow Hullen and stay in your rooms until I come and speak with you both." He could see them
both about to argue, but he raised his voice. "Now, girls!"

Sansa and Arya both nodded, and soon the entire room had emptied barring Robert, Renly and
Ned. Robert had already downed at least two cups of wine in the time it had taken for the room to
clear and was currently pouring another. "Did you read it?" He asked Renly.

Renly shook his head. "Varys mentioned it was to do with the Targaryen's, but I know nothing
else." He said honestly.

Robert smashed his fist on the table at the thought of that family. He threw the letter on the ground

Ned picked it up and did as commanded. "Viserys and Daenerys are with the Golden Company and
sailing down to their stronghold of Volon Therys." He read out, thinking it was knowledge that
they already knew. The next bit hit him in his bones though. "The Captain General's past has
finally been revealed to Varys, he is Lucerys Targaryen... No, this is a lie. Lucerys is dead."
"Kicked in the head by a mare after the Stoney Sept." Robert reminded them. "Or so we were told. Read on."

And Ned did read on, reading how Jon Connington was supposedly still alive as well, having raised the exiled dead boy within the ranks of the greatest mercenary group in the world, and how they had sacked city after city, only to come to Pentos and reunite the Valyrian family. "How reliable is this?" He asked Renly.

"Varys looked worried. Extremely worried." The younger man told them.

Robert pounded at the table again. "I want them DEAD!" He roared. He took a breath and turned to Renly. "Ride back to King's Landing and call all the banners. I want that shitpile of a city that they call a home razed to the ground. They'll face the full might of Westeros!"

"Robert." Ned warned.

"No Ned!" Robert roared, spit flying from his mouth. "The Golden Company, led by a Targaryen!"

"A depleted Golden Company!" Ned raised his voice back. "Look at it wisely, Robert. What allies do they have here?"

"There are still those that call me Usurper…"

"And there are even more that call you their King." Ned told him firmly. "We sure up our defences. We patrol the Narrow Sea regularly. Have Varys set his spies up to infiltrate Volantis so we can keep a watch on their movement."

"Wait for them?" Robert asked incredulously.

"He has a point." Renly admitted. Robert gave him a fierce glare, but Renly stood firm. "They are no threat to you over the Narrow Sea. The Golden Company will never be able to have more than 20,000 men. I can field more than that personally out of my own levies."

Ned could have hugged the younger Baratheon, and probably would have if Robert's anger wasn't so high. "When they come, if they come, we'll be ready." He insisted to his friend.

Robert was calming down, but his face was still red with rage. He thought for a moment and sighed dramatically. "You both better be right." He warned them. "Because I swear to you, I will kill every single Targaryen that I can get my hands on."

Everyone had seen fighting at Dagger Lake. The pirates that called it their home were plenty, but they were no match for the Golden Company, and after a brief bit of plundering of his own, Luke and his men were sailing back down the Rhoyne.

Around a week after leaving the largest lake in the known world, they came to the area that Luke had always dreaded. The Sorrows were a dreary, foggy place with a bad history for those of Valyrian heritage. Luke had tied a cloth around his face to cleanse the air he was breathing and had insisted that Dany did the same. Viserys however thought himself above it and had refused.

"Why are we wearing these?" Dany asked, her voice muffled by the fabric.

Luke looked at her, as they stood on the deck. "Do you remember the story of Nymeria's ships?" Dany nodded, having heard it in full just over a month earlier as they had passed Ny Sar. "She fled because of what happened here." Luke explained.
"The Second Spice War?" Dany asked, remembering her history.

Luke nodded. "It started because of a few Valyrian dragon lords aiding Volantis in destroying Sarhoy, one of the ports that was taking trade away from them. The Rhoynar leader, Prince Garin raised a force of 250,000 men, and they conquered all the smaller Valyrian towns along the Rhoyne, including Volon Therys. One of our towers even depicts the war." Luke remembered, thinking of the Spice Tower. "Anyway, Valyria responded, sending 300 dragon lords including one of our ancestors to crush this host before it reached Volantis, and they destroyed both Sar Mell and Chroyane."

"Chroyane?" Dany asked, as she had never heard of the place.

Luke turned and pointed to one of the larger ruined structures that was barely in view because of the fog. "That's the Palace of Sorrow, the home of Prince Garin." He explained. "This is what is left of Chroyane."

Dany's stomach churned. "Why is it so foggy?" She asked. "The other ruins weren't."

Luke sighed. "Prince Garin supposedly didn't die in battle. He was captured and hung in a golden cage and forced to watch as his people were murdered and enslaved by Valyria. He called upon his goddess to curse the Valyrians."

Dany shivered at the thought. "What happened?"

Luke shrugged. "Nobody really knows, but Chroyane became a ruin overnight and the Rhoyne was littered with stone men." He pointed down at the river, where men growing thick with Greyscale were sinking into the depths of the river, having attacked those further forwards in the convoy of boats. "Since then though, Greyscale has haunted the world and it is one of the few diseases that can harm us."

"Superstitious nonsense." Viserys called from behind them. Luke turned around, his eyes narrowing in annoyance at being called out. "There is no power in this water magic, sister. Don't listen to it. The only magic is that of fire, fire and blood."

The eldest Targaryen disappeared back into the ship then, likely to fawn over his egg once more. Luke clenched his fist to try and dissipate his anger at being told he was wrong, and instead tried to focus on the hauntingly beautiful sight of the Sorrows, as the Company continued to move slowly southwards.
Death of the Usurper

Chapter Summary

Luke reunites with Valarra. Another Targaryen enters the world.

Chapter Notes

Bold speech is Valyrian.

It had taken a long time with the number of barges sailing down the Rhoyne, but finally Luke was happy to spot the rising towers of Volon Therys in the distance. The marble towers rising high into the sky brought a genuine smile to his face.

"Daenerys, Viserys." He called out and waited for his siblings to get to the deck of the barge. "Welcome to Volon Therys."

Even Viserys looked impressed at the size of the town, but Daenerys absolutely beamed. They sailed closer, past all of the lumber yards outside of the walls, and soon they could see the carvings on the Spice Tower as they came into the actual city, docking last of all of the barges. Luke immediately led his siblings to the Golden Tower that he called his own. He was surprised however when his wife Valarra hadn't come to greet him. They stood in the entrance chamber and one of the servants walked briskly towards them, bowing.

"Captain-General. I am pleased to welcome you back to Volon Therys." Gaera said in High Valyrian.

Luke smiled at the plump woman. "Gaera, where is my wife?" He asked.

The woman looked nervous. "The Princess left you a note in your chambers." She told him.

Confused, Luke nodded his understanding. "Can you show my siblings to our best guest chambers?" He asked her. The woman nodded, and so Luke turned to the pair. "Gaera here will get you settled in to the tower. If you need anything at all then just let her know. I'll come and find you soon." He promised them. He then quickly ran up towards his chambers, throwing the door open and hunting for the note. Finding it, he ripped open the seal and scrolled through the words.

It was written in the Lyseni corruption of High Valyrian. Apparently, Varys had sent them a warning that Robert now knew who Luke was and had threatened an invasion of Volon Therys. Clenching his free fist, he continued reading to find out that Valarra had reached out to the Magisters of Volantis and had been offered asylum inside the Black Walls until the Golden Company returned. Feeling relief, Luke relaxed a bit and set the note down.

He took some food and drink to replenish himself before he went to find his siblings. He initially went to Viserys to ask him about coming to Volantis, but the elder brother refused, claiming that the insults he had suffered the last time he was in Volantis were still sore. Daenerys however was
more than happy to join him in the largest city in the known world, and a day later, the two docked in one of the Eastern Docks. Luke and Dany made their way towards the gates leading into Old Volantis but were stopped by one of the guards there.

"Who are you to pass through the Black Walls?" The guard asked pointedly.

"Lucerys and Daenerys, of House Targaryen, blood of Old Valyria and one of the last descendants of Aenar Targaryen, the last of us to step foot in Valyria." Luke answered. "I'm here to see my wife, who is in the care of Magister Malaquo."

The man processed that and turned to his comrade, who ran into the city. "Wait here." He pointed to a spot where a few other people had gathered. Luke nodded and moved quickly, dragging Dany behind him.

"What's going on?" Dany asked. "Why aren't we allowed in?"

"Did you not have to wait before?" Luke asked. Dany shook her head. "Only those invited can enter Old Volantis. We've proven our heritage, but we still need an invitation, so we are waiting for one."

They weren't waiting very long, and the magister himself came out to meet them, greeting Luke with a hug. "My old friend, how are you?" He asked excitedly in a heavily accented common tongue. "I hear you are causing all kinds of trouble on the western coast, no?"

"Completely unintentionally, Malaquo." Luke smiled forcibly at the old man's toothless grin. "How are you, how is re-election going?"

Malaquo grinned once more. "My friend, I will be on that council until the day I die." He said arrogantly. "But you cause a stir. There are whispers that some wanting to get onto the triarchy wish for war with Pentos after your visit there."

"War with Pentos would be idiocy." Luke commented. "Go for Qohor, they're much more interesting."

Malaquo laughed loudly. "Ah it has been too long my friend! I fear you must be overcome with joy however, have the hangovers been as good as I imagine?"

Luke shook his head. "I've barely had a drink since we left Pentos."

Malaquo was shocked. "No? But Lucerys! It is a time for Targaryen celebration surely?"

"I've reunited with my family yes..." Luke wasn't understanding.

Malaquo grinned. "You have been away a long time. There is news from Westeros. Robert Baratheon is dead."

Luke stopped in his tracks. "What?"

Malaquo nodded eagerly. "Yes! He is dead from a hunt. Some say he was speared by Ser Barristan of his guard for making vile comments about you. Some say he was gutted by a pig."

Luke felt lightheaded at the news. "He's really dead?"

"All the captains confirm it. Robert is dead, and Eddard Stark has been arrested for treason." Malaquo explained.
Dany was beaming at the news, and Luke turned to her and embraced her fiercely in a hug. "I can't believe it... so a child is on the throne?" Luke asked.

"Backed by House Lannister." Malaquo warned him. "And no, we won't go to war with them either. Unfortunately, we can't rid ourselves of the Elephants." He said, grimly thinking of the other two magisters. "But alas, let us get you to my manse. I have another surprise for you..."

They found Valarra in a lavish apartment attached to the Magister's manse. The Lyseni girl was sat down in a comfortable armchair as Lucrys was allowed to enter the room, a small bundle in her arms. Luke was grateful that Dany gave him a moment to enter alone, as he walked over to his wife and knelt before her.

"You are a fool." Was the first thing she said to Luke. "Picking a fight with Khal Drogo of all people."

Luke smirked. "He was a threat to my family." He shrugged. "I see that it has grown since I have been away."

Valarra beamed at her husband. "Visenya, of House Targaryen." She introduced, opening the silk blanket to allow Luke to see his daughter's face properly. She had wisps of silver hair and mauve eyes, truly the blood of Old Valyria.

"Beautiful." Luke whispered in his native Valyrian tongue. He held his arms out as Valarra placed the babe in them, and Luke held his daughter for the first time. She was staring up at him inquisitively, settling into his arms.

Valarra meanwhile had spotted Daenerys in the doorway. "And you must be the Princess Daenerys." She stood up and moved over to take Dany by both hands. "Lucrys spoke often of wanting to meet with you, sister."

Dany smiled shyly. "I always wanted a sister."

Valarra raised Dany's hands and kissed them both. Switching to the common tongue, she said. "Well now you have one. As well as a little niece. Come, let Visenya meet her aunt."

Luke was rocking the baby now as she gurgled, falling asleep. He showed Visenya to his sister, who held out a finger to stroke Visenya's cheek. "She's so soft." Dany whispered. Visenya enjoyed the contact and raised her stubby arm up and gripped Dany's finger tightly, causing the Targaryen girl to laugh aloud. "And strong."

"She will grow stronger." Lucrys told them both. "She will be a great beauty, and she will grow up in the Red Keep not knowing anything but peace when we take back our throne." He leaned over to kiss Valarra on the lips, a smile on his face as he did so. "With the Usurper dead, now is the time to plan and strike."

Later that night Malaquo Maegyr held a grand feast in his halls celebrating the birth of Visenya and the death of Robert Baratheon. Valarra was still slightly weakened from childbirth and had excused herself and baby Visenya early, and after both his wife and his sister had left Luke found himself deep in his cups.

It was long past midnight when he tried to stumble up to his own rooms, but somewhere he took a wrong turn and found himself upon a balcony, where a young woman was staring out towards the
bay looking miserable. "Oh…" Luke slurred. "Apologies, My Lady. I was… I was looking for my bed."

The girl smiled sadly. "You're in the wrong wing, Prince." She said in the common tongue.

"You speak Westerosi?" He asked, surprised. "Most in Volantis shun the language…"

"My Grandfather is fluent." She noted. "And as a Triarch, he made me learn it so I may be an attractive prospect if some Lordling wished for my hand." She sounded bitter.

"You'd do well with a Westerosi Lord." Luke nodded, before furrowing his brow. "Well, the less traitorous ones."

"I don't like lavish weddings." The girl said firmly. "I don't like the divide between us and the poor. I don't like the divide between us and the slaves…"

Luke was surprised at how passionate and bitter she truly sounded. "You disagree with slavery?"

"A slave saved my brother's life." The girl said, looking back out to the city. "It was at another wedding, one that lasted for days. We were swimming in the Rhoyne and he began to drown. A slave came and saved him, knowing that to touch my brother meant to lose his hands."

Luke suddenly felt sobered. "You're Malaquo's granddaughter…"

"Talisa." She introduced herself. "Talisa Maegyr, although I'd sooner have no surname."


"I dislike how they treat their subjects and slaves." She told him firmly. Luke raised his arms in a mock surrender. "I dislike how I'm forced to learn how to dance and to sing, rather than anything remotely useful."

"What do you wish to learn?" Luke asked, joining her and leaning on the balcony.

Talisa sighed. "Healing. Medicines. But of course, a girl can't learn these things."

Luke read between the lines. "Except you have." He surmised. She looked up in surprise. "Someone as headstrong as you seem to be would be able to get somebody to teach you."

Talisa actually smiled, as she was caught out. "When I'm 18 I plan on leaving here. I don't care if I'm disowned, I want to go and help people, like the slave did."

"You know." Luke thought, his drunken mind coming up with the plan. "Westeros has no slaves, and they are always in need of healers."

Talisa nodded. "But how am I to get to Westeros if I have no money to buy passage? Grandfather will not let me go when he can plot a marriage between the son of a Norvoshi priest."

"I don't think they can have sons." Luke shrugged, missing the sarcasm. "But sellsword companies always need healers, and as it happens…" He jabbed both thumbs into his chest. "I'm going to invade Westeros. Come with me, join the Company as a healer."

Talisa laughed. "I can't just leave, I'll be stopped."

Luke shook his head. "I can talk to the Triarch. If you really want to go and see the world, then join me."
Talisa was suspicious. "Why help me?"

Luke shrugged. "It seems a shame to see such spirit be broken down and crushed when you clearly want to help people, poor or rich." He then smirked. "And if it doesn't work out then you'll have the pick of the Westerosi Lords to bed."

Talisa snorted out a laugh. "You're serious?" She asked.

"What have you got to lose?" Luke asked her back. "If you're running away anyway, at least this way your family will know who you are with and where you are."

Talisa thought about it for a moment, the 16-year-old running through all the scenarios in her head. After a while, she broke out into a grin. "Alright then, I'll do it."

Luke grinned, and shook her hand. "Great! Be ready to leave soon though, I need to get back to Volon Therys within the week so we can't linger."

Talisa grinned, and after nodding she rushed back into the manse, leaving Luke thoroughly satisfied with himself until he remembered that he was still lost.

They lingered in Volantis for three more days to ensure that Valarra and Visenya would be fine to make the short journey across the Rhoyne, and once they were back in Volon Therys Luke immediately called a meeting of the generals. Viserys was of course invited too, and he was the last one to turn up.

"I don't appreciate being summoned, little brother." He said condescendingly as he entered the Golden Tower's command room.

Luke bristled, but didn't react angrily. "Apologies, but I thought you might want to hear this." He looked around at those in the room and spoke loudly and clearly. "Robert Baratheon is dead."

The silence was deafening. "Are you sure?" Connington asked. Luke nodded.


Lysono Maar spoke up next. "I had been hearing queer rumours from across the Narrow Sea. I was waiting to confirm them, but I suppose you just did Captain."

Luke nodded. "And Ned Stark has been arrested for treason."

"Ha!" Viserys barked out a laugh. "Only about 20 years too late." He looked around the room. "This is it. This is the moment we've been waiting for. We should attack King's Landing while it's weak."

"No." Jon said firmly, and even Luke was surprised.

"No?" Viserys repeated, incredulous at the statement. "What do you mean, no?"

"I mean no." Jon repeated. "We aren't ready. We barely have the men to invade…"

"The Usurper is dead! A boy sits the throne!" Viserys cried out. "Lucerys…"

Luke was unsure. "We do need more men…" He began.

"You swore." Viserys warned him. "You said that when the Usurper died, we could strike."
"But the alliances that he made still hold." Luke countered. "Baratheon, Stark, Lannister, Tully, Arryn. They are too much for us."

Jon shifted uncomfortably. "Perhaps not for long." He pulled out some parchment. "This came just after you left for Volantis, I was waiting for you to return before I mentioned it."

Jon gave the letter to Luke, who read it in shock. Looking back up at Jon, he asked. "Is this true?"

"Varys claims it is." Jon answered.

Viserys was impatient now. "What? Is what true?"

Luke placed the letter on the table. "The Usurper's queen cuckolded him. None of her children are Baratheon's, they'll put a bastard on the throne."

"And Ned Stark knows this so he has been arrested, as does Stannis Baratheon." Jon explained. "Stannis will war with Joffrey. Civil War. The North won't lie down while Stark is in the black cells either."

"That is the time to strike." Luke nodded along. "When uncle and supposed nephew clash, we shall be there to take them in the rear." He turned to Maar. "We need more men. Talk to your contacts, try and encourage as many people as possible to join us. Send word to Lys as well, remind Rogare that his daughter remains in my bed and has given him a Targaryen grandchild. We could do with Lyseni aid when we come to take the throne." He then turned to Black Balaq. "We need the recruits expertly trained as well."

"Of course, Captain." Balaq bowed.

Luke then turned to Viserys. "Give me time, brother. Let me replenish my army and I shall sit you on the Iron Throne."

 Barely a week after the meeting and already recruits had come streaming into Volon Therys from the nearby areas. Training was hard, and Luke ensured that Viserys joined in with training, sparring with him alone though. It was after one such session where Viserys had learnt a new move when they were taking a break as the healers went around checking the Company recruits below their balcony. Viserys was staring at one girl in particular, and Luke noticed that it was Talisa Maegyr.

"She's a hightborn that one." Luke made note. "Granddaughter of our dear friend in Volantis."

"She's better looking than anybody I ever saw in that stinking city." Viserys noted with a grin. "Do you think you could introduce me?"

Luke grinned. "She would be a good match and would likely bring Volantis to our side."

Viserys laughed darkly. "Who said anything about a wedding?" He asked. "No, I just want to see what is under those robes, have my way with her and if she pleases me keep her as a bed warmer. No brother I will marry Dany after I've taken my crown."

Luke stood as still as a statue. "Daenerys is betrothed to a Martell…"

"Daenerys is blood of the dragon." Viserys said firmly. "She will do as she is told this time, and you won't stop it."
Luke wanted to argue, to protest for his sister but Viserys walked away, humming some song that Luke didn't recognise. With a grim expression on his face, he stared out into the city knowing that for his sister's sake, that could never come to fruition.
Chapter Summary


Volon Therys soon settled into some form of normality, and it wasn't long until a section of the Company marched out under Luke's leadership towards Tyrosh, where a rumour had been heard that King Aenys' crown was currently in the possession of a very rich merchant. Luke had offered Viserys the chance to join them, but the eldest Targaryen had refused, claiming he would get to know his new home a bit better.

Daenerys had begun to feel right at home in the sprawling Volantene town. She had struck up a good friendship with Valarra, and the pair spent the majority of every day together. They had recently started walking through the area nearest the Golden Tower together so that Dany could learn her way around, and they found themselves walking towards the riverside one afternoon, chatting amiabley about Valarra's past.

"So how long has it been since you've seen your family?" Dany asked.

Valarra thought for a few moments, her silver hair loose and catching the light breeze. "I saw my eldest brother Drakano in Volantis a year or so ago, but I've not seen my Father or sister Larra since I was taken."

Dany felt bad for her sister by law. "I'm sorry."

Valarra smiled brightly. "Don't. The first few months were tough, but I grew to love Luke. Now we have a beautiful daughter to show our love. I was invited back to Lys a few days back, so hopefully I will get to visit them with Visenya soon."

Dany truly hoped so. The pair walked arm in arm down the bank of the Rhoyne that flowed through the city, just generally chatting about all sorts of things, when they soon heard a muffled scream. Valarra was curious and went towards the noise, her right hand holding her hip. Dany followed nervously. "We should get guards." She hissed.

Valarra shook her head, and walked into an alleyway where she gasped at what she saw. Viserys was crushing a girl up against the wall, fumbling at her dress. The girl was writhing around trying to break free, but the Targaryen male was too strong.

"Viserys!" Dany cried. Viserys looked up, rage in his eyes. That was enough though, as Talisa Maegyr bolted from the alleyway in tears. Dany took a step forwards. "How could you, she was Luke's guest!"

"She was a whore." Viserys waved away. "She came on to me."

"It didn't look like it." Valarra growled. "You come into our city…"

"Your city?" Viserys laughed. "You're a bed slave that used sorcery to make my weakling brother fall in love with you, this isn't your city." He pointed up at the Golden Tower in the distance. "You see that banner?" They looked up and saw Luke's own personal banner, an idea borrowed from
King Aegon II and something that Luke had been known to say was Aegon's only good idea, a golden three headed dragon on a black field. "That is my banner. I am the head of House Targaryen, so by all laws this city is mine."

Valarra laughed loudly. "You own nothing." She spat on the ground. "You are not worthy of leading these men, you are not worthy of your family."

Viserys's eyes narrowed and he took a step towards Valarra. "You dare." He snarled. "You dare talk to me like that. Me? The last dragon!"

Daenerys's breaths grew shorter and raspier. "Please, she didn't mean it. We'll leave you be." She pleaded with her brother. Valarra turned to her and shook her head sadly.

"No, sweet princess. I meant every word." She said softly, before turning back to Viserys with a glare. "You run along to your chambers. I pray to Saagael that you stay there until Lucerys gets back."

Saagael was a Lyseni god that was also known as the Giver of Pain, and Viserys knew it. "You little cunt." He snarled, walking forwards again. "You dare threaten me? I am your King you slut! You've woken the dragon!"

"No." Dany gasped terrified, and she tried to block off Viserys' path as he made for Valarra, but he just back handed his sister out of the way and Daenerys went sprawling to the ground.

"You dare harm your sis…" Valarra began angrily, but she was cut off when his hand wrapped around her throat and Viserys shoved her forcefully into a wall.

Viserys put his face closer. "You know, Lucerys married without my permission, and I never got the chance to take my right to the First Night." He smirked in his madness. "Mayhaps I will now."

He reached down and pulled Valarra's dress up, briefly exposing the dagger she had strapped to her hip. Valarra luckily had a hand free, and she wrenched the blade out of it's sheath and thrust it into Viserys' shoulder.

He stumbled backwards, roaring in agony. Valarra dropped to the ground coughing, trying to catch her breath. "Go." She wheezed at Dany. "Run!"

Her shame would live with Daenerys until the end of her days, but the Targaryen Princess was terrified of her brother when he got like this. Her vision was spinning after the blow, and in such a state she could only do as she was bid.

She ran all the way to the Golden Tower, and ran into the man that she had given the day off, the knight of Bear Island, Ser Jorah.

"Princess, calm down." He said quietly, pulling out a cloth and dabbing her eye. Daenerys hissed at the pain and saw that the cloth had specks of blood on it. "What happened?"

"Valarra…" She panted feeling extremely light-headed. "Trouble. Riverside."

That was all she could get out. Daenerys passed out suddenly, her eyes rolling into the back of her head as she dropped forwards. Ser Jorah managed to catch her, and he shouted at somebody in Valyrian to take Dany to her room.

Ser Jorah didn't hang about though, as soon as Dany had been passed over to the serving girls and Jorah was sure that she would be fine, he went to investigate. Knowing the rough route that the
girls had taken, he walked cautiously with his hand on his sword pommel not knowing what to expect.

It was half an hour later when he came across the scene. Initially impressed at how far Daenerys had ran, that soon turned to horror when he saw Valarra lying prone on the ground. Her dress was ripped exposing her breasts and she wasn't breathing. Jorah rushed towards the girl and knelt down trying to feel for a pulse or anything. He couldn't.

Sighing, he took off his cloak and covered the woman's face and chest up before picking her up. He remembered the younger Lucerys' rage from years back, and the knight was certainly not looking forward to what would happen when he returned from Tyrosh.

As it happened, Luke returned to the city late that night. The Golden Company men that had accompanied him to Tyrosh were all in high spirits, and some had even got some prizes of the feminine kind to take back to their houses, but Luke and Jon were more subdued.

"We'll find it." Jon repeated for the thousandth time as they rode at the head of the columns through the gates of Volon Therys. "It has to be somewhere."

"It was a big gold crown, Jon." Luke rolled his eyes. "It's likely been melted down by now."

Jon shook his head. "Have some faith, My Prince." He said.

Luke snorted in amusement before facing the direction he was riding in once more. He was surprised to see a bit of a crowd gathering on either side of the streets, all bowing their heads and looking at the floor mournfully.

Luke wasn't an idiot. "Something's happened." He told Jon in the common tongue so the locals wouldn't understand. Jon was looking slightly alarmed also and so together they left the column and galloped towards the Golden Tower. Dismounting and handing their horses over to the stable hands, Luke burst into the entrance hall, the candlelight flickering in his eyes. He was greeted by a serving girl who was in tears. Unable to speak in her grief, the girl took Luke's hand and dragged him up the tower towards his room.

Luke was about to protest at the unseemly behaviour, but all noises died within him as he saw the room. Daenerys was crying inconsolably in one of the corners, with Ser Jorah trying to comfort her. Viserys was sat at the desk looking angry yet thoughtful as he rubbed his shoulder, while lying on the bed peacefully was Valarra.

She was too still, Luke thought to himself. Without a word he swept over to her side, his fingers grazing her hands. "They're cold." He said to himself aloud. "Why are they cold?" It was then he saw the bruises on her neck. Finger marks that had evidently squeezed as hard as they possibly could. Luke choked on a sob, his hand coming to his mouth to try and stop the noise. "Val." He whispered, leaning over and touching her forehead with his own. "Wake up for me, tell me you're ok."

"She's dead." Viserys said bluntly from behind Luke. The confirmation made it worse, as Luke gripped the linen on the bed tightly, his knuckles going white.

"How?" He asked through gritted teeth. Nobody answered and so Luke turned around to face the rooms occupants. "HOW!" He roared.

"The Pentoshi!" Viserys cried, standing up suddenly, his stool flying backwards. "A Pentoshi assassin. They wanted revenge."
Luke felt a tear drip down his cheek. He wiped it away with his hand and stared coldly at Viserys. "Where is he?" He growled.

"Dealt with, brother." Viserys laid a comforting hand on Luke's shoulder. "He won't trouble us again, nor will Illyrio."

Luke shook his head. "No, no I need to deal with him myself." He said, half deliriously. He turned to Jon. "Summon everyone. We're going to war."

"Luke…" Jon said from the doorway, the pain in his eyes at seeing the boy he brought up in so much agony. "This isn't wise."

"Wise?" Luke laughed bitterly. "Wise? I don't give a FUCK ABOUT BEING WISE!" He stood closer to Jon and shoved him with his hands, although the strong Connington didn't go anywhere. Luke shoved Jon again, his eyes now stinging from the tears. Luke choked out another sob, melting into the embrace of his father figure. "She's gone…" He cried.

"I know my boy." Jon said, as soothingly as Jon Connington could be. "I know."

"I want it gone." Luke whispered hoarsely. "I want Pentos razed to the ground, I want the head of Illyrio, and all the other men that dare to defy the dragon. I want them all to burn, to die screaming as I watch."

"They will pay." Jon said exactly what Luke wanted to hear. "But we have more important issues at hand. Valarra needs to be burned, and you have a daughter to think of."

That snapped Luke out of it. "Visenya." He said sharply. "Where is she?"

"Safe, with three handmaids and Ser Caspor protecting her." Ser Jorah said coldly. "She is safe."

Ser Caspor Hill was another Westerosi exile and one of the toughest knights Luke had ever known, so he was happy at that arrangement. "Good." He said. "Good, keep her there, I will see her soon." He looked over at Dany, who was still sobbing, albeit silently now, in the corner. "Ser Jorah, take her to her chambers and give her some milk of the poppy." The knight nodded, escorting Dany out of the room. Luke reached his hand out as she went past and they briefly held hands before she left. "I want to be alone with her." He told the other occupants. Viserys walked straight out, but Jon lingered for a moment. "I'll be fine, Jon. I just need a moment."

He was awoken by dainty hands caressing his long silver hair, and thinking that last night had only been a dream, he smiled and mumbled. "Morning Val, I'm sorry I didn't wake you."

"It's me, Luke." He heard his sisters voice. His eyes flew open and saw Daenerys sat on the edge of the bed leaning over him to stroke his hair, her eyes red from crying. "I didn't want you to wake up alone."

Luke turned over to the other side of the bed and found it empty. "Where is she?" He demanded.

"Being tended to." Dany said soothingly. "Ser Connington is arranging it all for a pyre tonight."
"A pyre." Luke repeated, his voice breaking. "How did it come to this? I thought I taught Illyrio to not mess with the dragon."

Dany shut her eyes and breathed in deeply. "Viserys lied." She said quickly.


Controlling her breathing, Dany repeated slower. "Viserys lied. It wasn't the Pentoshi, it wasn't Illyrio."


"Viserys was raping Talisa." She whispered. "Valarra and I… we were walking and heard them. She got him to stop but he grew angry and… and…"

"And he killed her." Luke whispered darkly.

"I tried to stop him, but he hit me too." Dany was tearing up once more as she lifted a hand to a scab on her face. "Valarra told me to run, but I should have stayed I know what he gets like…"

Luke shook his head, his thoughts whirling with rage but keeping a calm face for his sister. "You did what you were asked to do, don't apologise for that." He told her.

"But she died because I ran." Dany whispered.

"She died because Viserys killed her." Luke said, and saying it out loud made it even worse. "Well he won't get away with it." He snarled.

"No, don't!" Dany gasped. "Luke…"

"He murdered my wife, the mother of his niece, in my city." Luke growled. "He must pay."

Dany was in pieces, shaking her head in fierce opposition. "You don't know what he'll do…"

Looking at her then, Luke realised fully that this wasn't the first time that Viserys had hurt Dany. He reached out and cupped her cheek, his anger fading slowly. "He has harmed you before?"

Dany didn't want to say anything, but the sad look in his eyes made her nod her head. "Never badly, only when we had been kicked out again, or he had to sell Mother's crown…"

Luke shook his head. "He never should have laid a finger on you." He got up groggily and put some unflattering clothes on, not caring how he looked. "I promise you, Dany." He told her honestly once he had put shoes on as well. "I will sort it. You will never need to worry about him again."

Dany looked alarmed, but the thought actually gave her a glimpse of hope. She nodded slowly and Luke seemed to take her meaning. He came towards her and kissed her on the cheek, although the corner of his lips barely touched the corner of her own. He didn't seem to notice however and fled the room quickly, leaving Dany alone, her hand gently stroking the place where his lips had touched.

At midday the two brothers were riding southwards where a few acres of forestland could be found. It was a favoured spot of Luke's when he wanted to go hunting, and Viserys had been encouraged to go with him.
The area was no more than an hour away, and they dismounted their horses and took out bows and spears to comb through the woods quietly while on foot. Viserys found a rabbit burrow and managed to snare one of the creatures, while Lucerys was just struggling to stay in the frame of mind he was showing to his brother.

"Come, let's start a fire and cook it." Luke said to his brother, gesturing back to the direction that the horses were. Viserys just shrugged and followed along. "Your arm seems injured." Luke noted. Viserys looked on, questioningly. "I injured it fighting off the assassin." He said shortly. "Lucky I killed him when I did."

Luke just nodded, the thought of everything that had happened yesterday still so raw. "I'm glad we did this." He admitted. "We have never really spent much time just you and I, have we?"

Viserys shook his head. "Only when you were younger and Mother would sneak me into your chambers."

Luke nodded. "Of course, Father wouldn't hear of us being alone together in case one of us was murdered." He didn't remember a lot of his childhood in the Red Keep, but he remembered just enough for Jon to have filled him in as he grew older.

"A fair request, given the circumstances." Viserys shrugged, hoisting the rabbit over his shoulder. "The Usurper would have paid a King's ransom for either of us."

"Yes well, he's dead now." Luke said grimly. "As is Ned Stark, as is Jon Arryn, as is Valarra. All dead."

Viserys bristled. "She seemed a good woman, I'm sorry." He said. Luke stopped in his tracks, trying to work out if he meant that. "At least you'll always have little Visenya to remind you of her."

Luke couldn't help it, but he smiled. "Yes, she's the spitting image of her. She'll break many hearts in Westeros."

Viserys grinned. "The Princess of Dragonstone, yes many of the Lords will clamber over one another at my feet to get but a kiss off of her."

Luke wanted to scream that she wasn't his to sell off, but at that moment with Viserys laughing and walking ahead, a twang was heard, and then a squelch. Viserys gasped breathlessly and gagged, an arrow protruding from his neck. "No! Viserys!" Luke screamed loudly, looking around for the source of the arrow. He ran towards his elder brother, and caught him just before he fell to the ground, choking on own blood. "Don't you dare leave me today of all days. HELP!" He screamed to anyone in the area. "SOMEBODY!"

It was no use. Viserys coughed, spluttering blood into Luke's face. He coughed again weaker as his hands fell to his sides, and he moved no more. Luke was deathly still, checking for any signs of life. When he couldn't hear breathing he shook Viserys once, and then once more just to be sure. Realising that Viserys was dead, his face changed from anguish to contempt, and he shoved the elder man off of him, making Viserys thud unceremoniously on the ground. Luke got to his feet and wiped the blood off of his face with his sleeve. He caught his breath, and then said. "Good shot." He turned to the direction that the arrow came from and saw a silhouette appear, wearing the familiar Valyrian Steel sword Truth at his hip and his famous, cropped ginger beard.
A grim look was on Jon Connington's face. "You've made me a Kingslayer." He said gruffly.

"I didn't make you do anything." Luke snapped. "I didn't tell you anything. But you know me well enough now, Jon. You knew that this needed to happen months ago."

"I feared it would need to." Jon corrected. "I never wanted this. For all his faults, Rhaegar loved him once. Your mother loved him."

Luke didn't even have the emotional strength to feel guilty. "He was a cunt." He said bluntly. "He was my brother, and I loved him once too, but he murdered my wife and I shan't mourn him." He turned back to the body and spat, saliva smacking Visery's vacant face.

"Lucerys." Jon warned. Luke turned to him with a glare, but Connington had been around enough Targaryen's to be cowed by it. "That is not how a King behaves."


"The King is dead. Hail, King Lucerys the First of his name. Rightful King of the Andals, the Rhoynar and the First Men. Rightful Lord of the Seven Kingdom's and Protector of the Realm." Jon announced, although nobody else could hear.

Luke shook his head. "Stand, please. Not now..." He trailed off, thinking of Valarra. "I can't, not yet."

Jon did as asked, but said. "Whether you want it or not, you are the true heir of Aegon the Conqueror and his line. We will sit you on the Iron Throne, Lucerys. I promise you that."

Dany didn't react when she saw Luke bring back Viserys' dead body to Volon Therys and place it on the pyre with Valarra. In truth she was glad that he couldn't hurt anybody anymore, but then again he was still her brother, the one that protected her while growing up. As she thought that though she looked at the woman who was still shaken by the events. Talisa had insisted she come to the funeral, but Dany was worried that this would be too much for her now that Viserys was to be given to the flames as well.

Luke had immediately taken Visenya and held her closely, apologising to the babe for not being there earlier. After showering the baby with hugs and kisses, he turned to Dany. "We need to burn them now."

She looked up at the sky and saw dusk was falling, and nodded. She looked back at the pyre and an urge came over her. "We need the eggs on there too."

That surprised Luke, but to his credit he didn't argue, he just barked an order in Valyrian to a serving girl who went to grab the eggs, and then to Malanar, the Red Priest that had aided him while fighting Khal Drogo, asking him to perform the ceremony.

Daenerys couldn't concentrate on the words of the ceremony. She supposed it was beautiful, a number of the men in attendance couldn't keep their emotions in check as the Red Priest gave his speech. Even Luke gave a speech, but she would never remember that either. Her eyes remained solely on the three dragon eggs propped up on the kindling in between the two corpses.

Before she could react, the pyre was lit. "For the night is dark and full of terrors!" The Priest cried, and Dany found herself repeating the statement, even if the sentiment behind it was empty.
Luke was also unable to tear himself away from the flames as the pyre lit up. Dany noticed a solitary tear fall from his face, but his eyes shone bright purple as the flicker of the flames illuminated themselves in him.

The next morning was easier for Lucerys. He woke up moved to the window, carefully sidestepping Daenerys who had stayed with him for the night so that they made sure the other was alright, and he quickly checked on Visenya in her crib. When he was there, he surveyed the city, going about their day as if the day before just hadn't happened.

He looked up in the sky then, and his full attention was gathered by the bright red streak across the sky. A red comet.

He felt hands wrap around him, Daenerys having woken up in the process. She stared up at the comet as well. "What do you think it means."

Luke didn't break eye contact. "Some would have it mean a victory in war, or an election win for the Tigers." He explained. "I'm sure in Westeros each region has a separate meaning. They are all wrong." He turned back into the room and stared at Visenya's crib. "It is an omen, sister. A message for us. We will retake our throne and destroy those who stole it from us, and the Gods have given us the means to do so."

Dany followed his vision and grinned, as the high-pitched screech of the three baby dragons was heard throughout the room.
The Viper and the Dragon

Chapter Summary


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The Red Comet still burned brightly in the sky even two months after it had first appeared. The men of the Golden Company had a number of different thoughts, but it was the Red Priest Malanar that Luke had believed, when he had spoken of dragons.

The creatures were a miracle. All the learned men in Volon Therys had come to the conclusion that the mix of Valyrian heritage in both Viserys and Valarra had unlocked something as their corpses burned, hatching the long dead stone eggs. Luke didn't care though as he walked down the winding stairs towards the Golden Tower's main hall. The black dragon, that Luke had named Valaxes after his dearly departed wife, was perched on his shoulder, his tiny head stretching to see as much as it could.

He had a constant shadow now as well. Though he had refused to be crowned until he had a foothold in Westeros, Jon had insisted that Luke began to recruit for the Kingsguard. Ser Rolly Duckfield was the first to be invited, soon followed by Ser Caspor Hill, the man that had protected Visenya when the call of an assassin had gone up. Ser Franklyn Flowers had been the third man to join the brotherhood, but it was the fourth and most recent man that interested Luke the most. Ser Barristan Selmy had arrived a couple of weeks after the dragons hatched, brought to Luke in chains with Jon Connington calling for his head. Luke had listened to the old man though and had quickly decided to offer him the Lord Commander's role.

It was Barristan who was on his tail now as Luke descended the tower. He was in his room with Dany and his daughter when a messenger had arrived to say that Luke had important guests. He had then donned his finest black garments and quickly made his way down to meet whoever it was.

Jon was already in the room when Luke and Barristan entered, and the Stormlander had his usual gruff look on his face. Luke couldn't see the newcomers face, but his yellow robes gave his allegiance away as they were adorned with the sun of House Martell.

"Prince Oberyn." Luke said, catching the man's attention. "This is a rare honour."

Oberyn Martell grinned. "The honour is all mine, Prince Lucerys." He bowed extravagantly.

"King." Jon corrected.

"We can argue about titles later." Luke waved away what was going to become a petty argument between the two strong minded characters and walked past Oberyn to sit in the high seat of the Golden Tower. He settled into it and stared at the Dornishman. He had brought a rather attractive woman with him. "Why are you here?"

"Straight to the point, I like it." Oberyn grinned again.
Luke sat more upright. "You're either here to kill me on behalf of Westeros. I imagine that news has reached the other side of the Narrow Sea about recent events." He noticed Barristan place a hand on his sword hilt and pushed his shoulder upwards, allowing Valaxes to take off, flying around the room slightly before settling onto a perch that had been made for the three dragons. "Or, you're here to sound me out for an alliance. You hate the Lannisters as much as I do, I'd imagine, and now they are weak."

"I hate the Lannisters more than anybody in the entire world." Oberyn growled, his cheery act evaporating. "They raped and murdered my sister; they stabbed our niece 50 times and they dashed our nephew's head against a brick wall. I would do nothing other than spit on their graves."

Luke smiled, and Barristan relaxed. "Very well then. An alliance does make more sense, House Martell and House Targaryen have long been friends."

Oberyn nodded. "My brother, Prince Doran, he would ask what you know of the pact made upon your exile?"

Luke nodded to Jon, who answered the Prince. "The King knows what we agreed, Oberyn. Too late, however."

"Yes." Oberyn admitted. "It seems that one side of our bargain has been cruelly stopped. My poor niece Arianne dying before her time, and your eldest brother Viserys murdered by assassins."

"Then if you are here, you must have a counter arrangement I'm sure." Luke said quickly, not wanting to think about his elder brother. Oberyn nodded, reaching into his robes. He pulled out a sealed parchment and handed it to Jon who opened it. Nodding, Jon handed it to Lucerys who read the words.

"You wish to go ahead with the rest of the pact?" Luke asked, surprised. "You won't have a Queen."

"We can't have a Queen." Oberyn said sharply, obviously still affected by Arianne's death. "Unless you'd take one of my bastards of course."

Luke chuckled at Oberyn's rashness. "Unfortunately for you, no I would not."

"Then tying us together through your sister and Doran's heir makes the most sense, does it not?" Oberyn asked.

Luke nodded. "My sister is a kind woman. She has been more of a parent to my child than I have ever been, and that Valarra was ever given the chance to be. She would be good for Prince Trystane I am sure, although I will not agree to it until she has consented."

Oberyn didn't look overly happy but accepted it. "If you would allow me to speak with her about the virtues of Dorne, I would appreciate it. My brother has long plotted against the Usurper and Tywin Lannister, he would not see it broken because of the wishes of a young woman."

Luke nodded his agreement. He needed Dorne just as much as Dorne needed him, if not more. "Of course, Prince Oberyn."

Oberyn grinned once again. "I do have some news from Westeros, if you'd like to know."

"Always." Luke nodded his head. "News of the west comes too slowly for my liking. The last we heard Ned Stark had been executed."
"A grim affair. I had no love for Stark, but he did not deserve the death he got. His heir, Robb Stark, is now King in the North and in open rebellion against the Iron Throne. He has also captured the Kingslayer."


"Tywin Lannister was stuck in Harrenhal not knowing where to turn." Oberyn sounded gleeful. "The wolf to his west cannot be left alone, but neither can the Stag to his south."


"Perhaps, but I think he's more scared of the other one. The Reach and the Stormlands have risen for Renly Baratheon." Oberyn explained.

"For Renly?" Jon asked, surprised.


"Which is what Stannis believes, and he has sailed from Dragonstone towards the Stormlands." Oberyn told them.

Luke burst into laughter, and even Jon had a grin on his face. "House Baratheon at war with one another. Excellent." He chuckled, before turning to Jon. "This is it. This is the moment we have been waiting for."

"It is." Jon nodded.

Luke tuned back to Oberyn. "Dorne is with me?"

Oberyn and the woman both sank onto one knee, dipping his head. "On behalf of Prince Doran, of House Martell. I, Oberyn of House Martell to pledge 30,000 spears to your cause, and an oath to follow you and your kin in perpetuity, Your Grace."

Luke grinned, standing from his chair. "Rise, Prince Oberyn." Oberyn did as bid, as did the woman beside him who Luke guessed was his famed paramour. "We'll find you and your paramour a fine room in the tower. Rest up, tomorrow we begin planning the invasion of Westeros."

After Oberyn and Ellaria Sand were settled, Luke went back to his chambers to see Daenerys watching over Visenya on the large bed, the baby's dragon Rhaegal flying just out of reach and making the baby giggle. Viserion, Dany's dragon, was calmer over in the corner having a snooze. Valaxes woke him up though by barrelling into the white dragon and the two began playfully fighting.

"How was it?" Dany asked.

Luke nodded, settling down on the bed and scooping up his daughter. "Good." He answered. "It was an envoy from Dorne. Prince Oberyn."

Dany's eyes widened in surprise. "Dorne? Do they want an alliance?"

"Yes." Luke sighed. "They offered me 30,000 spears for your hand in marriage to Prince Doran's son."

"Ah." Dany commented. "What did you say?"
Luke leant against the pillow, sitting Visenya on his stomach as he held her upright. "I told him that you would have to consent to any match."

Dany smiled at that. "30,000 spears seem a lot."

"If you ask me it's too many to turn down and anger." Luke sighed. "I'd rather not wed you to anybody, but angering Prince Doran when I have no other allies in Westeros is a stupid move I'd rather not take."

Dany nodded. "I understand." She ran the back of her hand against Luke's cheek, propping herself onto her side so that her other hand could play with his long hair. "This son is the heir I presume?"

Luke nodded. "I wouldn't wed you to anyone other than a Great Lord's heir."

"The Water Gardens sound nice from the books." Dany shrugged. "Weren't the built for my namesake?"

Luke honestly couldn't remember. "You don't have to if you don't want to." He told her.

Dany smiled and kissed his cheek. "You're sweet, but we knew that we'd have to marry for alliances. Dorne sounds wonderful and it's safe."

"I'd have you take Visenya there until the fighting is over." Luke told her. "But I don't want you to think I'm selling you for an army."

Dany shook her head. "Viserys sold me for an army." She insisted. "You're winning us our crown."

The commanders were in the command room by dawn the next morning, a map of Southern Westeros spread out and pinned to the wooden table. Carvings of all the Houses were placed in the relevant capitals, and Luke stood at the head of the table where the North should be in the map.

"Last I heard Tywin Lannister was in Harrenhal." Oberyn told them all, moving three of the lion pieces to the castle. "King's Landing is poorly defended but strong enough." He placed one lion piece on the Capital. "And Robb Stark was at Riverrun." The wolf piece joined the trout piece. "Renly Baratheon has a large force in the Reach of Stormlanders and Reachmen, and Stannis is sailing to meet them."

The relevant pieces were moved. "First thing is to send a message to Prince Doran." Jon explained. "We need the Dornishmen to move into the Red Mountains. Half in the Princes Pass, and half in the Boneway."

Oberyn grinned. "Doran called the banners as I set sail."

"Good." Luke nodded happily, moving the sun carvings onto the border with the Stormlands. "While Stannis and Renly fight it out, we shall use the distraction to move into the Marches."

"They won't be taken easily." Oberyn admitted. "But they shall be taken."

Luke liked the man's optimism. "Meanwhile, the Golden Company shall make a move of their own."

"Storm's End." Oberyn suggested.

"I do not like the look of the bay." Black Balaq complained.
"True, any landing would need to be miles away." Ser Barristan agreed.

"We can cut the heart out of the Stag with it. Take Storm's End and those sitting comfortably in the Red Keep will start to grow nervous." Oberyn argued.

Luke looked at the map carefully. "Storm's End needs to fall, but I'd rather have a strategic base first."

Oberyn looked baffled. "We have Dorne."

"Dorne is good and your men will be excellent." Jon told the Prince. "But we need one further North."

Luke took the dragon piece in his hand, staring at the craftsmanship before he spoke to the room. "This will not be easy. What we are doing is equal to the task that my ancestor Aegon took on when he first united Westeros, if not harder as he had three fully grown dragons with riders. If I am to embark on the same quest of conquering Westeros with the 17,000 men we have under our banner and Dorne, then it is poetic that I start at the same place that he did, a castle which has been left practically undefended by its current Lord." He slapped the dragon piece down on the map, at a small island just out of Blackwater Bay. "Prepare the Golden Company for war, my friends. We set sail for Dragonstone."

17,000 men preparing to ready themselves to sail takes a lot of time, and so the first ship to depart Volon Therys was the Martell's ship, with a few extra bodies. Talisa Maegyr had opted to join Daenerys, the two bonding over Valarra's death, and of course the ever-faithful Ser Jorah Mormont was joining the Targaryen Princesses.

Luke stood on the docks as their luggage was taken on board, and he kissed Visenya on the cheek, saying a silent goodbye before handing the baby to Talisa who took her on board.

"She'll be alright, I'll look after her." Dany smiled.

"I know you will." Luke said honestly. "Look after yourself as well. Once Dorne officially declares for me I wouldn't put it past the Lannisters to send assassins."

At the word, both Viserion and Rhaegal screeched as they flew around the docks, causing Dany to grin. "I think we'll be well protected. It's you I worry about."

Luke shrugged. "I've fought in dozens of battles sister, what's a few more?"

Dany grinned. "The next time I see you, you'll be the King of Westeros."

"With any luck." Luke smirked. He moved in for a hug, holding his sister tightly. Dany reciprocated, a tear dropping from her eye. They parted slowly, with Luke holding both of her hands until she backed away, their arms stretching and fingers touching as she moved further away onto the boat.

Luke stayed in the same spot for an hour at least as he watched the boat sail southwards along the Rhoyne towards the Summer Sea. As soon as the orange sailed ship was but a speck on the horizon he waited, and as it went out of view his entire mindset shifted. He was no longer a brother or a father, he was Lucerys of House Targaryen, and he was going to win back his throne.
Daenerys had been in Dorne for three weeks by the time she had met her betrothed. Her days had been following a routine so far. She would wake up and check on Visenya, making sure a wet nurse fed the baby before she had any food herself. Then she would take a walk with both of the dragons that had come with her to Dorne and the wheelchair bound Prince Doran Martell until midday where she would take the baby and bathe in one of the numerous pools with Talisa.

She was in one of those pools when the large frame of Areo Hotah arrived to collect her. Making sure she dried both Visenya and herself off, she made her way into Doran's inside lounge area, where the young Trystane was sat on the sofa on his Father's right-hand side.

"Ah, Princess." Doran welcomed. "Come, meet Trystane."

Trystane Martell was a skinny young man of 14, and he instantly rose and moved over to Daenerys, kissing her spare hand. "You are a rare beauty, Princess. I look forward to getting to know you better."

"The pleasure is mine, Prince Trystane." Dany smiled courteously, keeping hold of Visenya. "I have heard many good things about you."

"My Lady is too kind." Trystane smiled. "But if you would excuse me, I should cleanse myself. It was a long journey."

Dany bowed her head to him as he departed, before sitting down on the sofa he had just vacated, rocking Visenya gently. "He is a good boy." Doran explained. "My illness keeps me from venturing far, so Trystane is the one that meets my subjects. He will be a fine Prince of Dorne."

"I only hope I can be a good wife to him." Dany told him what he wanted to hear. Doran shifted in his seat, pulling out a raven message.

"I received this last night, from King's Landing." He told her, passing over the letter.

Dany unfurled it and read it, the words making the hair on her neck stand tall. "Lord Tyrion offers his bastard niece for Trystane in return for an alliance against Stannis Baratheon." She read.

"A bastard according to Stannis." Doran corrected her.

"And my brother, the King you swore yourself to." Dany told him firmly. "We had a deal."

Doran nodded. "We did, we also had one over a decade ago that got broken." He took the raven message back, staring at Dany intently before breaking into a smile and ripping up the raven message. "But you must not worry, I would never sully my son with Lannister filth. The Imp can keep his bastard niece. I swore an oath to your brother that I shall keep. Our men are moving into the Stormlands as we speak razing the Dornish Marches. Soon we shall break through and reap havoc on those lands while Lucerys takes King's Landing and puts as many Lannister skulls on
spikes as the Red Keep can fit."

Dany breathed a sigh of relief. "Have you had any word from him?" She asked.

Doran shook his head. "Only that His Grace passed through the Stepstones a week ago, with any luck he will have taken Dragonstone already…"

Lucerys Targaryen stood on the deck of his ship Vhaegon as the wind howled around him, whipping his long, silver hair up in a frenzy. The sky was clear and the sun beaming down on them as the ship sped forwards towards the island in the distance. He could vaguely see the jagged stonework of his ancestors rising above the black cliff edges, and all he could think of was that he was home.

"Dragonstone, Your Grace." Ser Barristan commented. "The seat of House Targaryen for 500 years."


Ser Barristan looked mournful as well. "She did, but she would be extremely proud of her remaining children I am sure of it."

Luke appreciated that. He then untied a ribbon around his wrist, his dead wife's favour, and tied his hair up so it didn't get in his way. "My sword." He called out, and his 13-year-old squire Edric Dayne ran towards him and handed him Blackfyre, already in its sheath and belt. Luke tied the belt around his waist, his silver armour reflecting the sunlight. "How do I look?" He asked Barristan.

"Like a King." Barristan replied.

Luke snorted in amusement. "Not quite yet, Ser." He then turned to his squire. "You know your role?"

Edric Dayne nodded, he was originally Beric Dondarrion's squire but had fallen ill before the Tourney for Ned Stark so couldn't go to King's Landing with the Stormlander. Then news had reached both Ned Dayne and his aunt Allyria that Beric had been slain by the Mountain, so the pair had returned to Starfall just in time for Dorne to rally behind Lucerys. He looked small in his chainmail, his purple surcoat proudly sporting the sigil of House Dayne. "I'm to stay with the ship."

Luke nodded, ruffling the youngster's hair. "Good. We won't be the first to attack the beach, but you are still the heir to Starfall. I won't have you die on my watch." Edric didn't look overly happy but knew enough to not argue. Luke turned back to face Dragonstone. "The wind is in our favour." He noted. "Signal Jon to commence the invasion and prepare the scorpions."

The shout went up as the crew of the Vhaegon rushed around preparing the long-range weapons. Luke stayed where he was, watching as other ships in his armada raced forwards towards the few ships that had remained to protect Dragonstone bearing the colours of Stannis Baratheon.

A couple of hours later it was done. Stannis' ships had been sunk and the Golden Company were unloading onto the beach preparing to assault the first gate. Luke lowered himself into one of the rowboats, and once he had been joined by Barristan and the men from his own ship they sailed over to the beach of Dragonstone.

As the boat hit the sand, Luke felt his breath hitch in his mouth. The sounds of dying men and clashing steel lessened to him as he stood, stepping off of the boat and feeling his right boot sink slightly into the damp sand. His left soon joined, and after 18 years he was standing on Westerosi
ground once more.

He knelt down on one knee and pulled off his black leather glove of his right hand, gripping the sand in his fingers and letting it fall out of his hand. He felt a tear roll down his cheek and quickly wiped it away. He then heard a high-pitched squeal and felt claws digging into his shoulder, as the black and red form of Valaxes joined him on the beach. As he looked at his dragon he heard cheers and looked over to see that the battering ram had broken through the first gate. Smirking, Luke rose to his feet and unsheathed Blackfyre. Dragonstone would be his.

Not for the first time Luke was grateful that Renly Baratheon had claimed Kingship over Stannis. The Lords of the Narrow Sea didn't have a large number of men, so Stannis had had to take a large majority of them with him to siege Storm's End. That meant that once the Company had made it through the first gates and up the long and numerous steps that separated the castle from the beach, it was relatively easy to take the castle. A mix of Baratheon and Florent men had resisted, but Luke had 85 times the number of men that had been left behind, and it wasn't long before Luke entered the castle.

He stepped over a handful of bodies as he made his way through the main tunnel to the entrance chamber, where Jon Connington was covered in blood with a number of Company soldiers standing by a yellow banner, with a black stag prancing inside a fiery red heart in its centre.

Luke stepped up to it, all eyes on him as he stopped before the sigil of Stannis Baratheon. He eyed the black stag for a moment, rage filling him. He reached up and felt the fabric of the banner before roughly tugging it and watching as it fell to the floor. The Company cheered at the action, but Luke just felt bitter.

"Dragonstone is yours, Your Grace." Jon Connington said proudly, as two men opened the doors to the throne room. Luke couldn't say anything as his eyes locked with the obsidian carved throne. Instead he just walked inside, the room feeling dark and cold even as light filtered through the windows, illuminating the Targaryen sigil carved into the floor. Luke stopped to look at it for a moment before walking over it and up the steps, stopping once again in front of the throne carved out of rock. He ran his hand over the rocky surface, relishing the feel of the warm stone before he turned around to face the room, sitting down in the throne.

The room had filled up behind him, and as soon as his arse had touched the seat Jon had led them all in bending onto one knee. "The Dragon King!" He shouted.

"THE DRAGON KING!" Came the cry from everyone in the room. Valaxes chose that moment to fly through the doors and roar his infant cry, soaring through the room before settling on the top of the throne. "THE DRAGON KING! THE DRAGON KING! THE DRAGON KING!"

Luke just sat there. They still had to ensure the surrender of the castle but for that moment he didn't care. He was home.

Once the company left the throne room and left to secure the castle Luke made his way to the Chamber of the Painted Table. He stood in the doorway for a moment admiring the view out of the open section on the other side of the room before looking down at the table itself.

The Painted Table was marvellous. Carved from a large block of wood in the shape of Westeros as it had been over 300 years prior, it showed Luke every river, mountain and settlement of the continent. Chairs were laid out around it, and Luke noticed that the figures of Stannis' preparations were still laid out. He saw the Stark Direwolf deep within the Westerlands, with the Lion of
Lannister at Harrenhal. He saw stag and rose figures together at a settlement called Stonebridge, although the name had changed to Bitterbridge during Maegor's reign. More rose carvings were at Highgarden, with the Martell Sun firmly within the Red Mountains.

It was a helpful layout. Luke hadn't known that Robb Stark had broken through the Golden Tooth, nor that the Vale were seemingly absent in all of this. He studied the map carefully when Jon entered the chamber.

"Your Grace. We have captured Selyse Baratheon as well as Stannis' daughter, Shireen." He reported. "We also have Axell Florent in the cells. Everyone else of any importance sailed with Stannis."

"Very good, Jon." Luke told him happily. "Here, come take a look at this." He gestured to the table. "What do you make of it?"

Jon looked carefully. "The Lannister's are scared to move. Move one way and King's Landing is vulnerable, move another and they gift the Westerlands to Stark."

Luke agreed. "They're caught in a stalemate. It's Renly that looks the most threatening and they all know it."

"It leaves King's Landing open for the taking." Jon noted.

Luke concurred. "We will not rush, however. We have Dragonstone and will have sent a clear message to the rest of Westeros. Houses will declare for us in time. For now, I must pray."

Jon had a nervous look on his face. "I fear that won't be possible."

"Why not?" Luke asked quickly.

"It seems that one of the Red Priestesses has found her way into Stannis' employ," Jon explained. "A number of the prisoners began cursing that we'd be punished by the Lord of Light, and the Maester told me a story about these fanatics storming the Sept and burning the statues of the Seven."

Luke's hand snapped into a tight fist. He was raised in Essos so was fairly tolerant about religion so long as others were the same. Malanar was fairly tolerant and that's part of the reason Luke kept the Red Priest around, but this was too much.

"Find out how many of these fanatics were involved and hang them all, highborn or lowborn I don't care." He snarled. "String up their remains over the edge of the steps. They can feed Valaxes for the next few months."

Jon didn't hesitate and bowed his head. "At once."

"And we need to get new statues carved." Luke announced. "I can't bring myself to move any further until I can speak to the Gods."

A couple of days after taking Dragonstone Lucerys held his first true council meeting in the Chamber of the Painted Table. He stared out to sea as his council sat around the carved continent admiring his many ships at anchor.

"Varys has sent us word." Connington was saying. "Renly Baratheon is dead."

Lysono Maar shrugged. "I have heard many things." He told Luke. "Some say it was one of his own Kingsguard, some say Stannis himself snuck into his tent and killed him before slinking back into the shadows."

"Varys also mentions Catelyn Stark." Jon told them.

That concerned Luke. "If Robb Stark was looking for an alliance with Renly then they would have crushed Stannis and the Lannisters with ease." Luke commented. "Yet another reason to be grateful for Renly's demise."

"The Florent's have joined Stannis in full, as have the Stormlords." Maar continued. "The rest of the Reach… not so much."

"That's still 100,000 men at least." Barristan commented.

"And it also means that Lord Tyrell's daughter is a widow." Jon told them.

Luke stared at him, understanding the hint. "Are you serious? Wed the woman that wed my enemy?"

"Look at it practically." Jon stated. "The Reach has the largest force. Tywin Lannister won't be shy in trying to turn the tide of his war by bringing them into his grasp, we cannot allow that to happen."


Maar had a strange grin on his face. "He was a sword swallower, Your Grace. I doubt he could bring himself to fuck her."

"That's… not the point." Luke sighed, realising halfway through that it could be an excellent point. "I'm still grieving." He tried.

Jon stood up. "It's been months now, and we cannot afford to let the Reach join with the Lannisters. I appreciate you want more time, but I don't believe we have time to spare."

Luke shook his head defeated. "Very well." He groaned. "Send a raven to Highgarden. Remind Mace Tyrell of the agreement that you signed and forgive him for abandoning us for Renly. I shall wed and bed his daughter for his support."

Jon felt bad for a split second but shook that away knowing that this union would be the most important thing that Luke could possibly do in his reign. "There was one more piece of news. Winterfell has been taken."


Jon shook his head, a smirk on his lips. "Theon Greyjoy was Ned Stark's ward and has betrayed them. The Ironborn now hold vital points in the North."

Luke thought it through. "So Robb Stark is torn between pushing on in the South and rescuing the North. Tywin Lannister is torn between King's Landing and the Westerlands and Stannis Baratheon will be torn between rescuing his daughter and avenging his wife and attacking King's Landing." He surmised. Grinning, Luke looked at the majority of happy faces around the table. "Excellent."
Oberyn Martell was glad to be off of a boat. He had barely had a chance to settle back in at the Water Gardens before he was put back on a ship and sent to Dragonstone to relay information to their new King. The Martell Prince was escorted through the first set of gates by a rather attractive young man in the golden armour of the Company, but he stopped himself from flirting when he saw the bodies dangling over the side of the stairs up to the castle.

There were at least three dozen, all strung up naked by their feet. Oberyn didn't recognise any of them, mainly because the majority of their faces had been torn off by sharp teeth. As he climbed the steps he noticed the black dragon tearing off a chunk of the lone woman's breast. Grimacing, he hastened his movements up to the castle.

He was greeted in the Chamber of the Painted Table by Lucerys and Connington, the latter still wary around the Dornishman. The King looked happy to see him, however. "Prince Oberyn." He welcomed. "Welcome to Dragonstone."

"It has been a long time since I was last here." Oberyn admitted. "My sister Elia had just given birth to Prince Aegon and I was on my way into exile."


Oberyn smirked. "They shall be." He agreed. "And I hear we have one less King to worry about."

Luke snorted in laughter. "The War of the 5 King's." He mocked. "Apologies, 6 King's, apparently some Wildling savage is being counted as well."

"Stannis will be dead soon enough." Oberyn all but promised. "We have moved our men into the Marches, and he needs a victory to maintain his credibility. Dragonstone fallen and his daughter captive, he needs to either retake Dragonstone or defeat us."

"He will come here." Jon said gruffly. "And we shall be ready for him."

Luke nodded. "Yes, we will." He looked up to Oberyn then. "How is Visenya? How is Daenerys?"

"Settling in well." Oberyn told him. "Visenya is enamoured by the Water Gardens it seems. Before I left your sister had taken to bathing in the waters with the babe."

Luke smiled. "I'm glad." He admitted. "Keep them safe, if I am to fall then Visenya shall be the Queen. I would have Prince Doran sit on the Council of Regents."

"You shall not fall." Jon said firmly.

Luke just smirked. "I do not plan on it, old friend. But I must be ready for it."

Oberyn shook his head. "Well try to avoid it at all costs, or I may regret bringing you this gift."

The day after Oberyn's arrival all of the important members of the Golden Company had been summoned to the throne room. The room was so packed that only a small walkway joined the throne to the doors. Valaxes was perched on the top of the throne and Jon Connington was at the front of the room stood underneath Luke's personal banner, the Golden Dragon on a field of Black, talking with the new Septon of Dragonstone as the doors opened.

In came Luke. His hair had been cut to a more manageable shoulder length and brand-new armour had been forged. Black steel the Targaryen sigil prominent in rubies on his breastplate. He also
wore a crimson cape decorated with barely visible red dragons, and Blackfyre was on his hip as always. He looked more a King now than he ever had done before. He was flanked by his four current Kingsguard as he made his way through the crown and up to the obsidian throne. Luke then knelt before the throne as the Septon cleared his throat and began the ceremony, praying that each of the Seven aided him in their own ways. Luke was barely paying attention to all the pomp until the Septon got to the end.

"In the Light of the Seven." The Septon cried out. "I now proclaim Lucerys, of the House Targaryen, First of His Name. King of the Andals, the Rhoynar and the First Men. Lord of the Seven Kingdoms and Protector of the Realm." Luke felt the crown of his ancestor placed on his head. Oberyn had brought the crown of Aegon the Conqueror, lost for over 100 years in Dorne after Daeron the Young Dragon had died in his failed conquest wearing the Valyrian Steel circlet adorned with rubies. The steel felt cold on Luke's forehead, but he didn't make a noise. The Septon took a step away once the crown was rested on Luke's head. "Long may he reign!"

"LONG MAY HE REIGN!" Came the shout from behind him. Luke stood up and turned to face the crowd, who waited in anticipation as he sat himself down on the obsidian throne before they all erupted in thunderous applause.

Valaxes stretched out on his hind legs and flapped his little wings behind Luke, roaring as loudly as the little dragon could. Luke realised that this may not be as impressive as some of the coronations in history, but he was determined that this day would go down in the history books as the official beginning of his long reign, and that nobody would stand in his way until he sat on the Iron Throne.
Life on Dragonstone was calming. The island was completely occupied, and the Golden Company were seeing to any ship repairs needed and resupplying with help from the Rogare's in Lys. Luke meanwhile was planning the main stages of his invasion with Jon and the Dragonstone Maester, a young man named Pylos, in the Chamber of the Painted Table.

They had decided on a two-pronged attack of King's Landing, taking castles on Crackclaw Point and down the coast from the North, as well as invading the Stormlands from the South with the Dornish forces. Luke kept looking at Storm's End, pondering on what to do with it once his conquest was over.

"The Dornish have taken Blackhaven." Jon told Luke, holding a raven message. "Lord Wyl led his force over the walls and took the castle. Lord Dondarrion hasn't been back since before the Usurper died, so it was easily surrendered."

Luke grinned. "Excellent, we have our way into the Stormlands." He looked down at Storm's End. "I think I'll offer Storm's End to Stannis Baratheon if he bends the knee."

Jon looked at him like he was insane. "Stannis Baratheon is as rigid as they come, he will never bend the knee to us."

"Nor do I want him to, but it's only right." Luke shrugged. "In any case, we've killed his wife and have his heir in custody. He will only have Storm's End until he dies, and then it will go to Shireen's husband."

Jon looked at Luke questioningly. "You already have an idea on who that will be, don't you?"

Luke smirked. "I do. Storm's End needs to go to a loyal man, a Stormlander that I can trust, and there is no man I trust more than you."

Jon was shocked. "No, I… I can't marry her."

"Why not? She has bled, has she not?" The second question was directed at the Maester, who nodded. "Then I don't see a problem."

"She is a child." Connington said sharply. "I'm old enough to be her Father."

"She is a maiden with Durrandon blood." Luke countered. "What better way to ensure the end of the Baratheon line than through you, my most trusted friend."


But the Targaryen shook his head. "I know you'd rather just take back Griffin's Roost and retire there until you died alone, Jon. But I need this from you. Take Storm's End, put a son in Shireen
Baratheon and have House Connington grow more powerful than ever before."

Jon lowered his head, not looking at the younger man. "I can't dissuade you from this?" He asked.

"No." Luke admitted. "It has to be you. Bed her until she is with child and then never see her again for all I care, but she is the key to Storm's End, and I would use that to break Stannis Baratheon even more."

Jon sighed, moving over to the open balcony and staring out towards the docked ships. "Alright. I'll marry her." He said reluctantly.

Luke grinned, moving over to stand beside Jon and clapping on the back. "Thank you, my friend."

"Reluctantly." Jon added, a small grin on his face at Luke's happiness.

Luke laughed. "That makes two of us then." He smirked, before reaching into a pocket and pulling out a raven message. "Pylos, have this bird sent to Storm's End. Let us make sure that Stannis Baratheon knows what has happened here and dare him to face us."

"Of course, Your Grace." Pylos bowed.

"And send birds to every other castle in Westeros." Luke ordered. "Let them know that their rightful King has returned."

King's Landing was one of the closest settlements to Dragonstone, and so a raven reached the Red Keep within the day. Tyrion was settling down for his supper when Cersei called a meeting of the Small Council, and he was quite grouchy when he entered the room.

There were only four of them left. Cersei hadn't bothered to appoint a new Master of Laws or a new Master of Ships, and Littlefinger still hadn't returned from Renly Baratheon's old camp after having gone to meet with Catelyn Stark to arrange a prisoner trade, so Varys and Pycelle were the only non-Lannister members sat in the Small Council chambers. Tyrion took his seat and grumbled. "Why was I interrupted when I was tucking into a rather delicious duck leg?"

Cersei looked towards Pycelle angrily. "We have had a raven from Dragonstone."

Rolling his eyes, Tyrion asked. "Is Stannis surrendering? That would be wonderful."

"Not quite." Pycelle told them, handing Tyrion the raven message.

Tyrion unfurled it, noticing the red dragon seal. He mumbled the words, until he came to the last part. "I, Lucerys of House Targaryen do hereby claim the Iron Throne of my ancestors." He quoted. "Another King?"

"He died." Cersei said stubbornly. "This… Lucerys… is nothing but a pretender. The babe died as a child."

"Kicked by a horse." Pycelle remembered. "I remember the Mad King was quite irate at Queen Rhaella that night."

Varys nodded. "A dark time indeed."

Tyrion noticed something odd in Varys' eyes, but didn't have a chance to question it before Cersei clapped her hands together. "It's settled then, this is nothing more than an imposter."
"It's not so simple." Tyrion countered. "No matter who this boy is, he is still at the head of the Golden Company. 17,000 men within striking distance of King's Landing."

"And Prince Oberyn Martell has been seen liaising with him." Varys added. "Both in Volon Therys, the city of the Company, and now on Dragonstone."

"He claims to have both the sword and the crown of the Conqueror." Tyrion said, gesturing to the message. "That is more dangerous than the men. They are symbols."

Cersei looked worried. "We need to bring Father back." She whispered.

Tyrion, for once, agreed with her. "With Stannis in the South and Lucerys to the east, yes." He turned to Pycelle. "Write to Harrenhal and sign it from myself and the Queen Regent. We need the men here more than the Riverlands." Pycelle bowed his head and departed, closely followed by Cersei, who wanted to visit with her children. Varys got up to leave but Tyrion stopped him. "I suppose this means that my alliance with Dorne is dead in the water?"

Varys nodded grimly. "Prince Oberyn believes Lucerys' heritage and has convinced Prince Doran."

"And what of Stannis?" Tyrion asked. "What is he doing?"

"I'm not sure." Varys admitted. "Although, his wife is dead at the Golden Company's hands and his daughter is imprisoned on Dragonstone."

Tyrion breathed a sigh of relief. "With any luck the two will fight one another before turning their eyes to us. We need the defences strengthening." Varys nodded, and Tyrion had one last question. "Could it be true? Is it really Prince Lucerys?"

Varys stared into Tyrion's eyes, unflinching. "Jon Connington believes, and he was shut away in a room with Rhaegar for hours before he departed for his exile, and the next day the young Prince was dead. I thought nothing of it at the time, but yes I believe it is truly Prince Lucerys."

That wasn't the answer Tyrion had wanted to hear. He dismissed Varys, contemplating his future actions in silence with this new threat looming heavy over him.

Olenna Tyrell was struggling. The elderly woman was sat in her chambers at a desk staring at two letters, one having come by raven from Dragonstone, and the other from Harrenhal via Littlefinger. Renly's death. Two Kings, two options of marriage for her granddaughter.

There was a knock on the door, and Olenna raised her head to see said granddaughter in the doorway. "Grandmother." Margaery smiled kindly.

"Come, child." Olenna gestured. "Help an old woman out." Margaery shut the door and came to sit beside Olenna.

"Are these the letters?" Margaery asked. Olenna smirked, of course Margaery knew about them.

"Yes." She nodded. "One from Joffrey, of the supposed House Baratheon. And the other from Lucerys, the long dead Prince of House Targaryen."

Margaery picked up Lord Tywin's letter first, reading it thoroughly before picking up Luke's raven message, asking for Margaery's hand and explaining that an envoy was on the way. "So who am I to marry?" She asked after reading them both.
Olenna smirked again. "I haven't decided yet." She leant back in her chair. "Both are good matches. By allying ourselves with House Lannister we will have the two most powerful houses joined in marriage, you shall be wed to the ruler of the Seven Kingdom's and we can beat back any of our enemies. But by allying ourselves with House Targaryen we will become the most powerful house in Westeros and will repay Aegon the Conqueror's faith in us all those years ago. And we will be completing a pact made long ago."

"A pact?" Margaery asked.

Olenna nodded, pulling her necklace off with a key dangling. "That drawer in my cabinet." She gestured. Margaery went and unlocked the drawer, pulling out an old piece of parchment. "Read it."

Margaery did as she was told, and the surprise was on her face instantly. "When was this arranged?" She asked.

"Oh, about three years after the rebellion." Olenna shrugged.

"And why wasn't I told until now?" Margaery asked. "Why wasn't Father, why did I have to go through with marrying Renly if I was already betrothed?"

"Because you weren't, not that I wanted you to marry that sword swallower." Olenna grumbled. "I told Mace that it was a bad idea, that we needed to wait but did he listen? Of course not. Well now the cow has been milked and we cannot squirt the cream back up her udders, so we have to make a choice."

"I don't follow." Margaery said, holding up the parchment. "I was betrothed."

"To a married man." Olenna explained. "The lovesick fool married his Lyseni bed slave or something. That and the Dornish girl died so the pact seemed obsolete."

"But he isn't married now?" Margaery asked.

Olenna shook her head. "Oh no, the Pentoshi saw to that. He has a daughter I believe, but no wife."

"Then surely we should be creating an alliance with the Lannisters." Margaery said with a frown. "If this Lucerys already has a child."

"A girl." Olenna reminded her. "Any boy comes before a girl, especially for the Iron Throne. And I am sure you would give him numerous boys if you had the chance."

Margaery agreed there. "Plus there are… rumours… about Joffrey. Not kind ones."

Olenna agreed there. "So, weighing up everything and considering it is your future that is being bartered over, what would you do?"

Margaery thought, looking between the two letters. "The North want Joffrey dead, the Riverlands want Joffrey dead, the Stormlands want Joffrey deposed. If we ally with him it's us and the Lannisters against the rest of Westeros. At least with the Targaryen we'll have more of a chance of peace down the road."

Olenna smiled. "Good girl."

"But now we have to convince Father… and what do we do about Littlefinger?"

Olenna leant back in her chair. "Leave your Father to me. As for Baelish, I don't feel arresting one
of King Joffrey's key advisors to be too out of the question."

Arya Stark was clearing up plates after yet another war council meeting at Harrenhal when a letter with a broken red seal caught her eye. Looking closer and pushing the two halves of the seal together, she almost gasped as the three headed dragon of House Targaryen became visible.

"Your nosiness is growing tiresome, girl." The commanding voice of Lord Tywin Lannister came from the doorway. Arya snapped to attention and hurried about clearing the cutlery. "But that letter has gone everywhere so you'll hear about it soon enough. What do you think?"

"I… I only saw the seal my Lord." Arya staggered.

"And what do you think?" Tywin repeated.

Arya thought for a moment. "I thought House Targaryen was dead." She admitted.

Tywin was slightly impressed. "You recognise the seal?"

Arya nodded. "My father… he fought in the Rebellion for Lord Dustin. He told me about the red dragon."

Tywin accepted that and sat down, rereading the letter. "The day that Rhaegar was killed by King Robert."

"He didn't talk about it a lot." Arya told the Lannister Lord. "Only about the sigil. He said as soon as he saw it he was scared." A lie, but Arya had learnt a lot about the history of House Targaryen from Maester Luwin, and most of it was dark.

"The Targaryen's were nothing to be scared off once the last dragon died." Tywin mused. "As soon as that happened, they were just men they could be overthrown, as Robert Baratheon proved."

"Didn't you serve the Mad King?" Arya asked, before kicking herself. "Apologies, I shouldn't ask questions."

"No, you shouldn't" Tywin told her. "But yes, I was Hand of the King for the majority of his reign. I knew him, I knew Rhaegar, and I was there for Prince Lucerys' birth. He was a quiet child, but inquisitive even as a babe."

"Do you think it's really him?" Arya asked.

"I don't know." Tywin admitted honestly. "But it doesn't matter what I think. It matters what the Tyrell's think, what the Dornish think and what the Vale thinks. If even one region decides that Prince Lucerys didn't get his head caved in by a horse then we are in more danger than we are now."

Tywin scribbled a note out and handed it to Arya. "Give this to Ser Kevan. Don't read it." He said pointedly. Arya took the message and bowed, leaving the room. On the way she unfurled the message anyway and read the words, seeing that Tywin had ordered the castle to prepare to march. Fearing for her brother's life, Arya knew she had to speak to Jaqen H'ghar again.

A rider from Ashemark had come to Robb's secondary camp of barely 6,000 men not far from the Crag bearing the news of Luke's return to Westeros. Robb gathered the few heirs and men of noble houses that he had into his tent and told them all the news.

The Blackfish looked at Robb grimly. "He will want something. We all fought against the Targaryen's at the trident." He looked over at the Frey in the room, Black Walder. "Well, most of us."

"He wishes to fight the Lannisters, no?" Ser Wendel Manderly added. "Our interests align."

"He also wishes to fight House Baratheon." Robb told them. "He took Dragonstone first, the seat of Stannis Baratheon. That's not a coincidence. His house was ousted out of Westeros by Robert Baratheon and now he's come back for blood."

"Send an envoy." Dacey Mormont suggested. "See what this dragon wants."

"We don't even know if he is legitimate." Black Walder told them all.

"He has the crown." The new Lord of Wayfarer's Rest, Lord Karyl Vance, told the tent. "He has the sword. Those are powerful symbols."

"He says he has them." The Smalljon corrected.

Robb let them all discuss it amongst themselves, not knowing what to do about it. Finally, he stopped them. "None of this matters now. We are on the other side of the continent and he hasn't threatened us specifically so far. Lord Karyl, ride to Riverrun and speak with Lord Edmure. I want scouts keeping us up to date with Lord Tywin's movements. If he rides for home, then allow him to pass into the Golden Tooth and we shall crush him in a pincer. If he rides for King's Landing then he has given up on us, so we shall ride North and deal with the Greyjoy's."

"What about the land we've taken here?" Ser Wendel asked.

Robb shook his head. "We will never keep this land. We raid the Crag and then move South to take Sarsfield, and we'll stay there until we hear about Tywin's movements."

Murmurs of agreement were heard. "Prepare your men." The Blackfish told them all. "We'll attack at sundown."

The letter for Storm's End was a lot more personal than the ones that had gone to the other castles in Westeros, as it had been written by Luke himself. The last son of House Baratheon, Stannis, was usually an unemotional man, but Ser Davos Seaworth was seeing the man rage in his solar, throwing objects and flipping tables in a frenzy worthy of King Robert.

"HE KILLS MY WIFE! HE MARRIES MY DAUGHTER OFF TO A BLASTED TRAITOR!" Stannis roared. "I will have his head, Ser Davos. I will take it myself!"

"As is your right, Your Grace." Davos said diplomatically.

"He dares offer me Storm's End after what he has done." Stannis glared out of the window towards Shipbreaker Bay. "My Lords would hang me if I took his peace after what he has done. I would hang myself."

"Then don't." Melisandre said from the shadows. "You are the Lord's chosen, Azor Ahai himself."
Take back Dragonstone and give this pretender to my fires and your victories shall be assured.”

For once Davos agreed with the woman, though more out of fear for the safety of the sweet young girl Shireen. "We have the Stormlords and House Florent behind us now. We can assault Dragonstone and free Shireen.”

"I can't let this go unpunished." Stannis growled. He handed the letter to Davos. "Take this and show every single Storm Lord within the castle. Let them know what this Targaryen boy has done to my heir and my wife. Rile them up, get them as angry as I am now."

Davos bowed his head. "What will you do now?"

Stannis moved over to stare out the window once more, his arms folded. A loud rumble of thunder filled the air. "The fleet needs readying. I shall show this Targaryen that the words of my house still mean something. I will bring him the fury."
The Griffin

Chapter Summary

Oberyn leads an army. Jon is sent to forge an alliance. Stannis sails to war.

Chapter Notes

| Bold speech is Valyrian |

Jon Connington was disgusted with himself. He had done as his King had commanded and married the Baratheon child in the newly completed sept and unwillingly bedded her afterwards, but he couldn't free himself from the noise of her crying as he left her chambers for his own. He'd ended up drinking an entire bottle of Dornish Red that night, passing out in his armchair instead of sleeping in his bed. That was the reason for his aching neck the next day as he woke up early to let out some of his frustrations on one of the training dummy's.

He didn't know how long he had been there slashing at the dummy, but the sign was high in the sky before he dropped the training sword to the stone slabs on the ground. He went to one side and wiped the sweat off of his forehead with a cloth, only to turn round and see Luke walking over to him, followed by Ser Franklyn Flowers of his Kingsguard.

"Your Grace." Jon bowed his head.


Jon grimaced. "I did as you commanded Luke, but I'll never be happy about it. The poor girl…"


Luke had also calmed down, sighing and pinching the bridge of his nose. "I'm sorry too, you're right. She is as much at fault for her family as I am for mine I suppose."

Jon nodded. "I'll give her time to recover and see her in a few days."

Luke shook his head. "You might not get the chance my friend. I'm going to need you on the mainland."

That peaked Jon's interest. "Your Grace?"

Luke smirked, and handed Jon a raven letter with the broken seal of House Tyrell. "The Queen of Thorns is open to more negotiations. As you were involved in the signing of the original pack and you are my Hand, you are the perfect man to finalise these talks."

He wanted to argue, but Jon knew that Luke was right. "Very well." He nodded. "How long have I
"I need you there as soon as you can be, Jon." Luke told him, handing him another letter. "Then I want you to aid the Dornish through the Stormlands and the Kingswood."

Jon read the surprisingly neat handwriting of Prince Oberyn, who had detailed that Stonehelm and Grandview on the edge of the Rainwood had both fallen to Dornish forces and that they would rest up for a few days before marching towards Griffin's Roost, Jon's old seat. "My cousin's son will have to make a choice." Jon noted.

"Write to him." Luke shrugged. "Maybe your words will persuade him that my claim is correct."

Jon thought about it and couldn't see the harm. "If you'll excuse me, Your Grace, I'll prepare to leave and write the letter now."

"Take Ser Barristan with you." Luke said quickly as Jon was just about to turn away.


Luke wasn't taking no for an answer. "He is also the only person on Dragonstone that I trust enough to go with you, and that Mace Tyrell will respect enough to make him want to accept our alliance. I need him more as a symbol than I do as a bodyguard. I'll have Rolly, Caspor and Franklyn here."

"Ser Barristan has already accepted, Lord Hand." Franklyn Flowers told the Stormlander.

Jon didn't like the idea of leaving Luke without the protection of the famous knight but could see he was fighting a losing battle. "Very well." He sighed.

Luke grinned and clapped Jon on the back. "I can feel it in the air, Jon. Victory. It's close, I can almost taste it."

A few days after Jon and Barristan's departure a lone ship was spotted in the distance coming towards Dragonstone from the west. Luke watched it sail around the island to dock in the deep-water ports from the Dragonstone bridge, noticing the lack of a sigil on the ship's sails, but the white sails meaning asking for a parley was telling.

He had Ser Caspor Hill greet the newcomer on the beach along with Chains, the large and unwelcoming commander of the elephants, as Luke himself walked back up to the castle and sat himself down on the obsidian throne. Valaxes was perched on the top of the throne, the black dragon growing larger every day. He also had a dozen men of the Golden Company line each side of the room as Franklyn and Rolly Duckfield stood either side of the throne. It was an obvious power play, but Luke couldn't afford to let himself look weak with whoever was coming to treat with him.

Maester Pylos had placed the Valyrian Steel crown of Aegon the Conqueror on his head mere moments before the doors were opened by more Golden Company soldiers in the corridor outside, and in came Chains and Ser Caspor, leading a lone man with long, silver-gold hair and a sea green seahorse on his white surcoat.

"You are in the presence of Lucerys, the first of his name. Rightful King of the Andals, the Rhoynar and the First Men. Captain-General of the Golden Company, Lord of the Seven Kingdom's and Protector of the Realm." His announcer stated proudly.
The man nodded with a smirk. "I'm Aurane Waters, bastard of Driftmark." He shrugged.

A bastard. Luke didn't let his frustration at being treated with by a bastard show. "Why are you here, Aurane Waters? Your Lord has sided with Stannis Baratheon, has he not?"

"He has." Aurane nodded. "Before he knew that across the Narrow Sea there was a Targaryen preparing to take the Iron Throne. Before Stannis Baratheon ended up warring with his brother."

"Yet he still followed the man." Luke countered, narrowing his eyes.

"My brother follows Dragonstone, as members of his House have done since the Targaryen's left Valyria." Aurane bit back. "My ancestors followed Aegon Targaryen as he embarked on his conquest, they followed Rhaenyra Targaryen in the Dance of the Dragons, they followed Daeron the Young Dragon as he tried to conquer Dorne, my own Father followed King Aerys in the rebellion. We followed Stannis while he had the island, but now he's in Storm's End raging about your letter after killing his own brother."

That last statement interested Luke, and he leant forward as he said. "We heard that a woman killed Renly Baratheon. A woman from Tarth."

Aurane actually laughed. "As did we, we also heard that Catelyn Stark killed him. But Catelyn Stark was on Renly's side in the parlay and those that saw it said that a big woman wearing armour from Tarth was Renly's most defensive voice. Who really wanted Renly dead, with both a motive and a witch to do so?"

"Stannis, so that he could gain the Stormlands." Luke said realising as he leant back on the Throne informally.

"Indeed, and my brother feels unhappy at serving a supposed kinslayer." Aurane told Luke. "As does Lord Celtigar."

"So what are you proposing?" Luke asked.

"Me? Nothing, Your Grace." Aurane told him. He held a sealed letter in his hand and held it out. "My brother and Lord Ardrian though? That's not for my eyes."

Luke stared at Aurane Waters cynically for a moment before he nodded to the Maester to go and retrieve the letter for him. It was quickly in Luke's hands, and he broke both the seahorse seal of House Velaryon and the red crab of House Celtigar before unravelling the parchment and reading the words scribbled on it.

Luke grinned at the words, rereading it all once more to make sure he understood. "Very well." He said, standing up. "Your brother asks you bend the knee to me here and now on behalf of him to prove your islands loyalty to House Targaryen."

Aurane wasted no time, sinking to one of his knees and moving his eyes to look at the stone flooring. "Driftmark is yours, Your Grace, as is the loyalty of House Velaryon."

Luke nodded happily. "Rise, Aurane." He turned to the announcer. "See that Aurane has comfortable rooms and a hot meal, he'll be needed to return to Driftmark as soon as he can."

"Your Grace." The man bowed.

Luke then turned to Ser Rolly Duckfield. "Go and let all the searjents know that Stannis Baratheon will soon be sailing for us. Prepare all defences and crews. We'll break him here and end the
Baratheon line once and for all."

It had been a long march from the Dornish Marches to Griffin's Roost, as the Dornish army had been forced to travel through the Rainwood in order to reach the stronghold of House Connington. That of course had meant that Stonehelm, Grandview and Crow's Nest had all had to be taken. Thankfully for Oberyn, the skeleton garrisons hadn't been too much of an issue, but it would still be too much Dornish blood for his brother's liking.

Griffin's Roost was an interesting castle. There was a gatehouse on the mainland that led to a steep crag jutting out into the westernmost part of Shipbreaker Bay that was the width of a single pathway, that then led to the castle mounted on a rocky hill in the bay with red stone cliffs. It was a daunting castle to take, as Oberyn would need to take both the gatehouse and the castle, and the casualties would have been massive.

He was extremely surprised however to see Ser Ronnet Connington announced to him in Oberyn's own tent. The Stormlander took bread and salt, and eyed Oberyn up suspiciously. "You have a strong host, Prince Oberyn."

Oberyn grinned. "It has been a while since Dorne was respected in the field. I cannot wait for that to change."

"You've come to the wrong castle then. Half of these men will be dead long before you get men on the walls of the Roost. Half again will be dead before the Griffin banner is torn from my walls." Ronnet said defiantly.

Oberyn shrugged. "Perhaps that is so, but you are fighting against the true King of Westeros, Ser. You are fighting against your own cousin."

"My Father's cousin." Ronnet argued. "A man I haven't seen since I was a boy. A man that is solely responsible for the loss of our lordship, of our lands."

"A man that is now hand to Lucerys Targaryen, the First of his Name." Oberyn countered, pouring out a glass of Dornish red and taking a long sip from it before handing it to Ser Ronnet to prove it wasn't poisoned. The red head took the goblet suspiciously as Oberyn poured himself a drink.

"He's been gone for so long." Ronnet admitted. "How am I to know that he isn't going to revoke my castle from me and take over once again?"

Oberyn smirked. "Let us speak plainly, Ser. You clearly do not trust Stannis Baratheon or else you would be on your way to Dragonstone as we speak. You clearly do not wish to fight for the bastard Joffrey Waters, or you would not be here also."

"I followed Renly, and Stannis somehow had him killed." Ronnet spat angrily. "I do not know how, but he did. Stannis can hang."

"And he will, one day." Oberyn told the Stormlander. "Which will leave Storm's End to his daughter, who is now married to your cousin."

The news obviously hadn't travelled this far, as Ronnet was taken aback by that. "Jon is wed to Shireen Baratheon?"

"Wedded and bedded, my King has told me." Oberyn nodded. "So Jon will be a bit busy to take this castle back while he is Lord of Storm's End and Hand of the King. Your seat is safe, Ser."
Ronnet relaxed at that and brought out an opened letter. "He wrote to me, Jon." The red head explained. "Encouraged me to bend the knee to Lucerys and join my forces with you. I thought it was madness, that I would be hanged for a traitor or something for taking his seat."

"Jon Connington is a miserable old man, but he would never betray the King like that." Oberyn told Ronnet. "He has been told that he will be Lord of Storm's End. You will bow to him as your liege lord of course, but he shall not take Griffin's Roost as his own."

Ronnet nodded slowly, taking it in. "So what are you to do after you take Griffin's Roost, or I bend to the Targaryen?"

Oberyn laughed. "If I tell you that, what's to stop you running off and sending a raven to Stannis, or anybody."

"The fact that Stannis is currently sailing." Ronnet told Oberyn with a smirk. "No news would reach him until he either died or took back Dragonstone, which with his numbers I highly doubt he'll do. But I'll bend my knee to your King, Oberyn. I know when I'm beaten."

"Ser, we have not even started fighting." Oberyn grinned. "We are but two old tourney friends having a delicate conversation."

"With close to 30,000 men outside my gates I wouldn't call this friendly." Ronnet scoffed. "But very well. I presume I can make my pledge to you for now?"

Oberyn laughed again, enjoying this. "There's a dragon banner in the corner over there, kneel before that and I shall vouch for you to the King." Ronnet groaned, but did as he said he would, kneeling before the banner and pledging himself to King Lucerys of House Targaryen. "Excellent." Oberyn clapped his hands and shook Ronnet's hand afterwards. "Now, how strong is your host here?"

"Around 1,000 men, but mainly green boys and old men." Ronnet said grimly. "I sent my strong host with Renly Baratheon and they joined Stannis once he died. But they're all Stormlanders and know the area."

"They will come in handy I am sure." Oberyn said happily.

"So what is the plan?"

Oberyn grinned. "Your cousin is to be the Lord of Storm's End, no?" HE asked in his sultry accent. "Then we must take the castle he hopes to rule."

The *Fury* was near the back of the armada as it sailed northwards on the Narrow Sea, so Stannis Baratheon could stare outwards at the mass of ships carrying his 20,000 men to Dragonstone from the prow, the ships now filled to the brim with soldiers. He had been left alone for the most part since leaving Storm's End, with his men not wishing to provoke him into anger, an occurrence that came regularly after the Targaryen's letter.

He kept the letter on him at all times, the thought of his little girl being molested by a traitor giving him a drive like he hadn't seen since he watched Mace Tyrell and thousands of Reachmen camped outside of Storm's End feasting while he had to force leather down Renly's throat to keep his younger brother alive. Stannis shook his head at the thought, thinking back on Renly would only distract him, with the look of his younger brother's shocked stare into a mirror still haunting his dreams.
He heard soft footsteps come towards him and knew who it was instantly as already the air felt warmer. He said nothing, and just glared into the distance.

"My King." Melisandre said.

"What do you want?" Stannis asked snappily.

Melisandre placed her hands on the raised rail and stared out to sea. "I want to play my part in the Great War." She admitted. "I want to see you take your rightful place on the Iron Throne, leading this country through the darkness. I want to spread the knowledge of the one true god."

"And what about Shireen?" Stannis asked. "Go on, look in your flames and tell me about my daughter."

Melisandre turned to him with a knowing smile. "My King, if the Princess was to be harmed then we would already know about it. The Valyrian needs her alive."

"But what do you see." Stannis urged, almost desperately.

Melisandre smiled, looking into his deep blue eyes. "I see you, fighting in the snow."

"In snow?" Stannis scoffed.

Melisandre nodded. "You win this battle and will go on to many more. Your cause is just, and the Lord sees that. He would not have granted you his power if he did not. He will grant it again if you desire."

She placed her hand delicately on his chest, rubbing it gently through the steel chest plate. Stannis looked down at her in surprise, moving his own hand to grip her wrist tightly, pulling it away from his body.

"You think I want to do that when my daughter is in danger?" He asked incredulously, throwing her hand away roughly. "Have some decency woman."

"My King…" Melisandre lowered her head submissively.

"Leave me be." Stannis said gruffly, not looking at the red woman. "And I'll forget that this conversation ever happened." The Baratheon Lord turned away from the shadow binder and walked back towards his cabin, not able to get the image of a severely distressed Shireen out of his mind.

The bells of Dragonstone began to ring in the middle of the night, waking Luke up. He wasn't even out of bed when his squire burst into the room, an action which caused Valaxes to hiss in the corner. "Your Grace!" Edric Dayne shouted. "We're under attack!"

The boy was already clumsily in his chainmail and surcoat, which Luke had to admit that he was impressed at the speed of the boy. "Is my armour ready?" Luke asked. Edric nodded, moving over to a mannequin in the corner of Luke's room that was hidden by a curtain. Edric pulled the curtain away and Luke looked at the black steel that he had worn for his coronation determinedly. Within ten minutes he was in his armour and ready. Edric Dayne handed him the belt which housed Blackfyre, and Luke tied that around his waist. "Go and find Ser Franklyn. Tell him to send out the fleet and bleed Baratheon as much as possible. I don't want any Baratheon filth stepping foot on this island."
"At once, Your Grace." Edric bowed. The Dornish boy then bolted out of the room, leaving Luke alone for a moment.

The Targaryen looked over to the corner of the room where Valaxes was in the process of waking up. He was only about the size of a small cat still, but Luke couldn't bare to lock him up while the battle raged. "Come." He barked out in his native Valyrian. Valaxes let out a high pitched groan, but got on his hind legs and stretched out his wings before he launched into the air and landed on Luke's shoulders.

As he left his room and walked through the castle he was soon joined by Ser Rolly Duckfield and Ser Caspor Hill of his Kingsguard. "Your Grace. The fleet is preparing."


"The Vhaegon is waiting for your command as well, Your Grace." Ser Caspor added.

"I'll join them shortly; I just have one more thing to do before I go." Luke admitted. "Rolly, go and make sure the vanguard have the catapults ready." Rolly bowed and left Luke alone with his dragon and last Kingsguard. Luke began to walk further into the castle. "Caspor, I have a different job for you, one I fear you won't like."

They soon reached Jon Connington's chambers where Luke entered them alone, with Valaxes flying into the room and landing on a table causing the Baratheon girl to shriek a little at the surprise before she stood up and curtseyed quickly towards Luke. "Your…. Your Grace."

"My Lady." Luke smiled fakely. "I trust you are well?" Shireen only nodded, her eyes wide in either fear or awe of Valaxes. "I presume you know what the bells mean." Again, Shireen nodded. "Then I will warn you only the once. Your Father will not retake this island, it is more likely that he dies assaulting it. If you try to escape during the fighting, then my friend Caspor outside the door will stop you by any means necessary. You remember Caspor, don't you?" Shireen nodded once more. "Good. I expect to see you afterwards, My Lady." He bowed politely just before turning and leaving the girl alone. The door shut behind him as Valaxes followed the Targaryen out, and Luke stopped next to Caspor Hill. "If she does try to escape, remove her head." He told the bulky Kingsguard knight.

He didn't wait for a response, instead striding through the castle corridors until he reached the Chamber of the Painted Table. There were braziers illuminating both the room and the open balcony at the back of it. Luke walked towards the balcony where his ships were starting to pull out in order to meet Stannis' own fleet, with Luke's fleet beginning to fire flaming missiles from catapults into the horizon. Even though he was the one being assaulted, Luke smirked as he looked down as the battle started, feeling Valaxes land on his shoulder once again while screeching.

"Soon your head will be laid at my feet." Luke said quietly towards the vague direction Stannis Baratheon. "Soon my ancestors will smile down at me as the male line of Baratheon becomes extinct."

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