Purple Reign

by JustAGoodfella

Summary

Nineteen years after the notorious Earth bender, Robert Baratheon was crushed by fire. Another Targaryen conquest has begun to lay claim to the eighth Kingdom, the rebellious Iron Islands since another Mad-King has awoken- a sickness of power has now consumed Rhaegar- neglecting his wives to let prophecies corrupt his head by the claws of Red Witches.

After being shipped off to the North as a child for not being able to fire-bend like his family, Jon was to be his Uncle’s Ward in Winterfell. Home to the wolf skin-changers. But, Jon ran away after four years in Winterfell on dire news from his Great-Uncle Aemon and disappeared beyond the Wall for an entire year.

Believed dead. Jaenerys Snowborn Targaryen returns battle-worn, he is the new King beyond the Wall after he saved the free-folk from the real threat only he knows of…

He has to return to the capital to convince his father of the ‘Army of the Dead’, to make the Wildlings citizens of the Realm and to meet his forced betrothal, Arianne Martell. All while keeping the secret he could now bend Air.

Rhaegar’s sickness for power is prone to all dragons, will Jon be next? Honour or Desolation is the coin-flip of every great Targaryen.
The Hammerhorn

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 1:

The Hammerhorn

The wax had puddled around the dying candle on the small table and the yellow hue reflected off her violet pupils as she hung over the weathered book she was reading, she leaned her cheek further into her propped up arm on the table and turned the page.

The bundles of extra rigging and rope slid softly against her small cabin’s wall that was actually a storage room but served as their hide out, she could hear the sailors above her cackling and drinking in their chanting songs into the night while she sat in the cabin growing restless with the harsh seas.

Dany pulled her scratchy dark red blanket tighter around her while tracing the faded words on the page with her delicate finger, legends of the prince who was promised arose before the first men or age of dawn, before the dragons-lords and their winged shadows flew over Valyria and before the lions took the mountains of the west or the krakens pillaged in the devils sea. It is believed by the fire priestess of Asshai that the promised prince would end the Long Night but the forgotten purpose of the Supreme Being was far before the fall of the long night. The chosen was to unite the
elements and bring balance to the world but the burden of wight walkers that the forest gods made, also fell upon his shoulders and he was named Light Bringer carrying a weapon that could only summon the true light if all four powers of bending were mastered.

“Earth…” Dany murmured as she continued reading, the last Earth Kingdoms perished shortly after the doom of Valyria, the dragons were the supreme fire benders and the practice of Earth bending became a lost art after the fires obliterated the lost Kingdoms of the green people, in conquest for the Valyrian empire by the legendary Supreme Dragon Emperor, Aurion, and his blood son, Jonothor.

In modern day, there are rumours that crannogmen of the west neck also have adopted earth bending, to clear their paths through the unforgiving marshes and swamps. However, the last true known Earth Bender’s in Westeros was House Baratheon and their liege lords in the Stormlands, but they have been sworn in perpetuity to never practise it after the Rebellion, the only actual known and confirmed earth benders in the realm now are the horselords of the Red waste.

“The dothraki…” Dany whispered to herself before she continued on to the next heading.

“Water tribes…” Dany read as she turned the faded page, the city of Bravos was founded on the principle of water benders, after the slaves revoluted and fled the masters of the Valyrian Empire, the practise of water bending arose in the titan’s hidden city and became known as water dancing. The water made their swordsmanship unstoppable to most masters and it is now a known practise of the House of Black and White. The water’s purpose of reflection and the transparency of faces, gave the Many Faced God power over deception and reflection. The only other known water tribes after Aegon’s conquest are located on the Summer Isles, the natives are a peaceful people like their butterflies and they say the caverns under the islands are where they breed their women in the natural pools of lily nectar and where they practise water bending to only grow crops and fruits; a peaceful tribe.

Dany frowned at the next paragraph in the book.

The Air Normand’s are an extinct race. The Last Air bender has said to have died by Vhagar’s breath. The practise of air bending was desolated shortly after Aegon the Dragon started his conquest- there was a prophecy by the Faith of the Seven- that the only true power that could rival Aegon’s dragons in the skies was the people who controlled the skies and an Air bender would bring to fall of House Targaryen.

Visenya I Targaryen took it upon her-self to cleanse this prophecy to the wind for her brother, a moon before the conquest began, she desolated the Eastern Air temple of Westeros, now known as the ancient skyscraper named The Eyrie of the Vale and now the seat of House Arryn. The monks and their giant eagles were put to flame in the dead of night and roasted in their temple by
Vhagar’s lungs of flame. The peaceful monks who once flew on gliders and bended the very air have now gone, replaced by memory since their laughter has liquefied in the wind and left only stories for child play.

Dany reached the paragraph she wanted to read, “…fire.”

The notorious fire nation was once threatened by the doom of Valyria. The Gods saw their conquests of the realm bringing unbalance to the world and saw fit to see ruin in Valyria. Daenys the renowned daughter of House Targaryen ensured the survival of dragon-lords by departing the family East and residing the seat of Dragonstone in the blackwater shores of Westeros. Aegon’s Conquest happened generations later, and he built the new fire nation, the greatest in history and took his seat as the King of the Seven Kingdoms, defeating the false Kings of the Reach and the West and then bending the honourable Starks of Winterfell to his will. Aegon bended the wolf skin-changer once named the King in the North- Torrhen Stark- into a peaceful feality.

Generations later, when the last Dragons died after the Dance, House Targaryen relied on only their own fire-bending to protect the realm. It is known by every man and boy that in present day, King Rhaegar, the Prince of Dragonstone and son of Aery’s of House Targaryen, is the most powerful fire-bender.

“…most powerful my arse,” Dany murmured, closing the book in a strut. I think could rival my brother’s bending if I wished…

“Please sprout,” Ser Barristan said gently opening his eyes from sleep as he heard her curse, he rolled over in his bunk to look at her sitting by the small table next to own bunk in the cramped storage cabin they were hiding in. “you should not swear, you are a Princess of House Targaryen, not an angry…”

Dany rolled her eyes and listened to his gentle telling-off, while discreetly adjusting the fitted blouse under her cloak before plonking back down on her chair with crossed arms, toying with her mother’s ring on her finger. “I’m not a girl anymore Barristan.” She reminded him.

“I know sprout, you’re a dragon.” Barristan said gently, still in the habit of treating her like the little royal princess he had been allocated to protect for her 18 years of age. He scratched his white balding hair and watched Daenerys glancing around the room in disgust.

“What’s wrong?” He groaned, finally sitting up from his bunk and then taking his wet stone and sword from his pack that had his white cloak stuffed into it for discretion. He laid his longword on his lap to sharpen the oiled edges to simply occupy himself in the dead of night for the Princess’s
sake, who stubbornly wouldn’t go to sleep.

Dany tried to not smile as his old amused eyes that knowingly observed her trying to be angry with him.

Dany giggled at the situation before looking up with a huff.

“I just still can’t believe Rhaegar is too blinded to see if the rumours about Jae’s return are true, to see if his own son is alive or not? I can’t believe he wouldn’t let me go find my own nephew, my best friend when we were children may be alive and he refused to hear it?”

Dany vented on, “…I think I’m just angry I had to actually sneak out of Kings Landing, my own home, and hide aboard a supply ship bound for Eastwatch. It’s lucky dear Tyrion knew the ship’s captain or I don’t think I would have been able to board without my identity being compromised and you being punished for treason.”

Barristan nodded, glancing over at the snoring Dwarf who had fallen asleep into his fourth bottle of wine before looking back at Daenerys whose big purple eyes happened to be glaring at him with sadness.

“Don’t worry about me.” Barristan stuttered, catching on to what she was implying about the treason.

Dany shook her head, the messy tendrils of her silver hair kissing her cheeks. “I am worried Barristan.” Dany implored, tucking her adorable tiny knees in her crossed arms as she huddled in the chair, giving Barristan a soft smile before looking up at the pale moonlight that streamed in the port-hole above them.

She turned back to him after a few seconds, “You shouldn’t have come with me, you honourable fool. When Rhaegar finds out you abandoned your duty to protect a rebellious princess…”

“…his rebellious sister.” Barristan corrected, smiling gently before saying, “Your Grace, I have won more one-to-one combats than any man in the realm, if you were to go missing, who do you think the King would want by your side? Hmm?” Barristan said with his old twinkly eyes.

“I have protected you since you were a babe in your mother’s arms, your mother, Dowager-Queen
Rhaella made me swear after she went back to live on Dragonstone a few years ago, that I would always be by your side in the capital to protect you, that I would lay my life down to see you smile… and I would…I see you as my own sprout, so don’t you dare think I would let a hair on your head get hurt.” Barristan huffed, continuing to oil his sword as if the matter was closed.

Dany pursed her lips at her adorable old knight who still called her ‘sprout’ after the childhood incident many years ago. He found her and Jae sneaking back in the Red-Keep after an silly adventure, Jae holding a kitten he caught for Dany which she many him carry because her hands were occupied in holding a handful of sprouts she stole from an abandoned merchant’s stall and she munched a full bowl of them on the way back, and gave one to Barristan in-exchange for not telling them when he found the two rascals. She now wondered if Barristan actually ate it to not hurt her feelings because she knew she would have cried the entire keep down if he hadn’t.

Dany grinned at the memory before reminding him sternly. “I’m a fire bender Barristan. No man would dare harm a Targaryen daughter, especially this one.” Dany challenged figuratively to any man that dared.

“Men are stupid and they do stupid things. Don’t ever trust them.” Barristan cut in protectively.

“You’re a man.” Dany giggled.

Barristan smiled, “no, apparently, I’m a mere honourable fool, remember.” They both shared a look before bursting out in laughter.

After a few seconds, Dany smiled, “You know, when we were children. Jae and I… and Rhae, Egg and Vis for that matter… all saw the Kings Guard as our second fathers. Yes, I know it’s ridiculous…” She said with pursued lips at his old frown of disbelief.

“…anyway, Ser Arthur and Jae were like a house on fire. Egg and Rhae adored Lord Commander Gerold, Vis and Ser Beric was close and I… I had Ser Barristan the Bold at my side from day one…” Dany burrowed her brow at her old knight, “…I love you Barristie, but you shouldn’t have come with me, Rhaegar will punish you for disobeying his order of not confining me to my chambers if I was to run off.”

Barristan smiled bravely, “You’re like your mother, too stubborn, I wouldn’t have had a chance if I tried to keep you in the Keep anyway.”
They both laughed, Barristan slowly added, “I couldn’t let you run off alone Daenerys, especially with your Lannister friend, on a whim of finding a dead prince that’s rumoured to have returned beyond the Wall, from the dead…”

“Jae is not dead!” Dany cut in, crossing her arms again, “I can feel it.”

Barristan raised his old hands in surrender, “I meant to say, please don’t get your hopes up. I know you two were near inseparable when you were children, and I miss Jaenerys just as much as you do. But, he chose to run away from Winterfell. He had a duty as Lord Stark’s ward, for four years he was but then out of the blue, he ran off and disappeared into nowhere? That’s not like Jaenerys; he has the wildness of Queen Lyanna but also taught the duty that Rhaegar…”

Dany raised her eyebrows at that and Barristan gave a dumb look, both having a silent recognition of thoughts that it was safe to silently say, that Rhaegar was no longer that man.

“Jae would have had a reason.” Dany muttered more to herself as Barristan continued.

“…anyway, Jaenerys was sent to be his uncle’s ward all those years ago and then disappeared with Ser Arthur Dayne in toe. The Starks of Winterfell are disgraced for losing a prince of the realm and Rhaegar is still livid, not to mention our dear northern Queen. The search went on for months, led by the King himself as you know. So, now new rumours arise after a year of nothing, saying Jaenerys has returned from beyond the Wall. A rumour coming from a drunk… a drunk, Lannister.” Barristan finished in a grunt, staring indignant at the snoring scruffy dwarf, “I’m just doubting the integrity of the source of information like the rest of the realm, he’s known for his wine and dare I say habit cohabiting in brothels from dusk to dawn…”

“Leave my dear Tyrion alone, he’s my friend.” Dany laughed, cringing a little at the dribble that slurred at of Tyrion’s sleeping face as his little bundled form shuffled in his hammock bunk across the room. “He has his issues like all of us, but he has a gentle heart and a clever mind.”

“Clever, yes, and bold like you, I see why you two get along.” Barristan grumbled, still not liking to trust a Lannister.

“Tyrion took a huge risk just like you and I too sneak out the capital, his father is Hand of the King. He took a huge risk to tell me of his Night-Watch friend Yorin, the man who told him a boy with purple eyes and a direwolf had entered the tunnel of Castle-black a fortnight ago…”
“Just a rumour,” Barristan corrected before continuing, “Anyway, why did Tyrion come with us then?” Barristan asked, hearing the thunder clap above them as the sea heaved the boat in the summer storm brewing in the night.

Dany tried not to smile, “he wanted to help me, more to prove to the realm that he’s not just a drunken dwarf… and said he always wanted to go to the Wall and piss of the edge of the world.” She then giggled at Barristan’s flat expression of her profanities.

It was quiet for a long minute, both of them listening to the claps of thunder and bolts of lightning that flashed in the port-hole window. They could hear the crew above singing and pushing something around, and shouts and cackles.

Dany bit her lower lip before drawing Barristan out of his sleepy absent gaze, “if Jae is there. If he is alive. Please don’t tell him that I have mastered Fire-bending to the point that I have.”

Barristan frowned, “Your Grace, you should be proud. You’re a Princess, and it’s unheard of that a Princess can bend fire and even summon sparks of lightening, only your King Brother and now you have that power. Even Aegon and Viserys struggled to bend such force. You live up to your birth name… Stormborn.” Barristan said proudly.

“I know… I know…” Dany stuttered, before shuffling uncomfortably in her chair, “but I don’t want Jae to know that I’m nearly on the rank of master… not yet anyway.”

“Why?”

“…because, we all know Rhaegar practically exiled Jae in the North to be Lord Stark’s ward because Jon can’t fire bend… I suppose he takes after his mother, I remember Jae was a natural with a sword but fire… fire burned him unlike the rest of us. He can’t fire bend and I don’t want to make him resent me if he’s knows I can now melt a stone house and even summon small sparks of lightening…”

Barristan smiled gently, “If Jaenerys is actually alive, I doubt he will ever…” He was cut off by a plunging motion.

The ship jostled dramatically, the old timber creaked like a mermaids cry and they could hear heavy freezing salt water now trample and splash the upper deck hard, their bunks slid a little from the power of the summer storm.
Tyrion was thrown from his bunk and smacked the worn floor in a heap, his golden head of hair tangled and his grubbily hands pushing himself up slowly with a slur. “’Why...” He groaned rubbing his chin that smacked the floor on impact, he rolled up and squinted through his eyes at both of them, and the room was now dark as the candles stubbed out from the ship’s quake.

Dany immediately stretched out her hand from underneath her cloak, widening out her delicate fingers in a fluid motion to let paring flames suddenly bristle out her palm, her clawed fingers lighting the room again with a strong glow.

Tyrion squinted at the intruding light Dany produced, looking at them both with a tired, confused expression. “Why... the... fuc, are we?” he said drunkenly.

Dany giggled but Barristan was already looking out the porthole window, concern etched in the lines of his old face. “Something is happening on the deck, I can hear it. there is an small sail boat strung to the starboard side, just boarded.”

Dany immediately stood up and tightened her cloak around her petite shoulders, “then we should take a look, I hope my Rhaegar doesn’t think he can just send men aboard to take me back.” Dany nearly growled, moving towards the door, Barristan quickly shuffled in front of her and stopped her opening the cabin door.

“Princess, please. We should hide and keep to ourselves; your safety is my priority as always.” Barristan pointed out.

Dany balled up her tiny fists and gave him a look that could eat through a man, “I am the dragon’s daughter, no harm will come to me nor you, now step aside my dear knight.” Dany said stubbornly and Barristan moved in defeat, shadowing her closely as he followed her into the corridor and up the wooden ladder, to the lower deck. Tyrion called after them and mumbled something along the lines of staying down there and holding the fort, presumably to just slurp more wine.

They reached the upper deck and were met by blistering rainfall that hammered the starboard side as the waves crashed the sides of the ship as it pummelled on northward. Showers of salty sea water wallowed over their heads but what caught Dany’s attention was the group of drunken sailors cackling in a circle, bottles of rum dangling from their hands with it also dripping from their beards. Dany squinted her eyes through the rain and saw in the middle of them was a big person in rope being pushed around, presumably the person caught from the small sail boat the sailors had caught. They were all taunting the captive.
“…her fancy Lord of a father hasn’t got blue sapphires, fuck that story… if he did she probably already ate them!” A sailor laughed, humiliating the big blonde who had a black eye and swollen lip and looked like she had given a good fight before being taken, next to her lay an unconscious young man with big cheeks.

“…Aye! All she’s good for is bait for the fish- it’ll feed them for fooking years!” He barely got out while cackling at her as she screamed deeply and struggled in the rope.

“…Where she get that armour- that’s castle-forged armour, who she steal it off? A fooking bear?” One of them laughed.

“…It would explain why she was able to cut down three of our men with only a small fucking dagger in her pants!” They man laughed with the taken blade, sniffing it, “I can still smell her man cunt!”

Another pointed at her, his squeaky voice stuttering on his drunken speech, “It reminds - me of a… a mule with - yellow pube hair - on her head bred with… a fucking old ram!” The sailor managed out, as they all roared in laughter, restraining the woman with a rope around her neck as she screamed in fury, three of them barely holding down the big woman.

“Please!” Brienn finally struggled, looking down at her friend Pod, who lay unconscious with blood dripping from his chubby jaw after he tried to put up a fight against the ten bulky sailors. “…My squire needs help. We mean no harm. We are simple sailors minding our own business! Let us go!”

“Fuck that! I tell you what, you stop struggling and I’ll let you suck my big fat cock.” The main man taunted patronisingly, while looking up at Brienn who’s damp yellow curls stuck to her forehead. “I imagine you have a tongue like a horse, so I’ll let you to suck my big cock! And then I’ll take you back to Lord Tarth to gain my gold. If your telling us the truth on who you are, I… we want the weight of you in sapphires.” The man laughed with his friends. The man started to undo his breeches.

Brienn roared deeply, struggling as she was pulled down by the rope that was clasped around her neck like a dog. She managed to scream back, “put that thing near me, and ill bite it off and spit it back at your lady friends…”

Gevyn grabbed her face, squishing her checks, “you will play nice, big bitch.” He spat, continuing to unlace himself.
Dany’s shock was quickly replaced with anger, she balled up her fists in disgust as she stepped out the shadows, shrugging her shoulder out from Barristan’s gentle hold and stepping forward with her petite confident form. “You would be wise to let her go! Right Now!” Dany said sternly, watching as the entire crew turned around.

The men widened their eyes at the sight of her platinum silver hair and fierce beautiful violet lashes, Dany then realised she had forgotten to put her hood up.

The main sailor, Gevyn, stepped forward, pointing at her with a short curved sword. “You’re a Targaryen, yes? A royal that lives in the Red-Keep?”

Barristan stepped forward, his gaze stern. “Lower your blade or I will cut you down like the vermin you are.”

The sailors ignored Barristan’s threat, pushing Brienn roughly onto the floor bound in a gag, before they circled Dany and Barristan. “I thought we were carrying just some fancy strays aboard that paid well, and simply wanted to try their luck in the North of Westeros, I didn’t expect a Targaryen. Let alone a woman, an angel at that.” Gevyn added with glinting eyes, the rainfall plummeting hard.

Dany narrowed her eyes, “I am Daenerys Stormborn, sister of the King. Now I order you… release her, provide her with as much food and water as she needs and let her go.” Dany said with a Dragon-Queen gaze that her mother had taught her, gesturing to Brienn who lay on the floor bruised and tied up; watching.

Gevyn stared for a second and then began to laugh, pointing at her with his sword again – “I heard of you, your highness.” He sniggered, “The boys on our last supply stop in Gulltown told us news from Kings Landing, news that a Targaryen Princess had disappeared and there was a handsome fee if she was returned unharmed.” Dany swallowed her throat discretely, remaining unfazed and focused.

“You will not listen to me then?” Dany asked diplomatically.

Gevyn tried not to smile, “I’m afraid not, silver girl.”

Gevyn stepped forward, the circle of sailors closing around them and Barristan immediately
rippled out his long sword ready to cut them all down but nervous for his Princess since they were heavily outnumbered, he tried not to whisper to Daenerys how her impulses always seemed to get them in trouble.

“I reckon the money for your safe return, is triple the amount we’d get from this usual supply drop to Eastwatch.” He turned to his second in command, “Harlon, turn this ship around, we’re going home sooner than we thought.” He turned back to Daenerys pointing at Brienn on the floor, “I tell you what Princess I will let the beast go, but you will be confined to a cabin for your own safety on our voyage back South, don’t worry, your new cabin will be fit for royalty… now tell your man to step down and come quietly, there is no need to fight.” Gevyn growled, as he gestured to Barristan.

Dany held his challenging gaze before making up her mind, “Ser Barristan, step down.” Dany said.

Barristan looked at her momentarily in shock before he understood and nearly rolled his eyes, “Yes, your Grace;” putting his sword away.

Gevyn smiled, a little shocked, “good, now come with me.” He made to take her wrist but Dany calmly stepped back.

“You mistake me. I said Ser Barristan would step down… not me.”

The sailor’s looked like they were about to laugh but Dany had already clawed her delicate fingers, emitting paring flames that licked the tops of her fingers with a dark orange glow. They all tumbled back in terror as Dany tightened her fists, letting waves of fire with dark veins of smoke slither down her wrists as she extended her arms, moving in a fluid hard motion, she struck out a raging ball of fire at Gevyn with her open fist, flying with a roar and plunging into his chest as he smacked the floor in fire.

And she extinguished her hands as Gevyn screamed in pain and his clothes caught on fire, he howled and sprinted in skeleton-sort-of-way off the deck, falling off and hitting the ocean floor far below with a small splash, the screaming stopped as he froze in the undercurrents. The rest of the crew stumbled back in terrified gasps at the silver girl, releasing she was a fire-bender and not just a dainty princess.

Dany stepped forward with glowing embers still floating around her in an ethereal way, “I am the daughter of the dragon, the blood of Valyria flows through me and if you won’t listen, you will get only fire and blood.” Dany stated simply.
They all turned quiet, Dany gestured to Brienn “realise her and keep our heading to Eastwatch, I want no more disturbances. I expect to dock in Eastwatch as soon as possible.” The crew nodded hurriedly and went about business, sweeping the floors and going down the deck to man the great oars, to increase pace. Some scarped off to find the captain.

Once Brienn was untied, she massaged her wrists and looked down at Daenerys with only gratitude. “I owe you my life, your Grace.” She stated as the people of the deck cleared away, the rainfall had stopped and the pale moonlight gave a damp but thick dreamy glow to the ship floor.

Dany couldn’t help but feel proud of herself, she smiled and the corners of her eyes crinkled in that adorable way, “Don’t be ridiculous, Lady Brienn. I did nothing but my duty as a Targaryen. I know who you are by the way, I remember Lord Tarth coming to court when I was a girl. I remember you played with my older brother Viserys and Renly Baratheon, King Rhaegar’s ward at the time in Maegor’s holdfast.”

“That was many years ago, and I’m not a Lady, just Brienn.” The big blonde said with a warm nod, “…May I ask your Grace, what are you doing on a ship bound for Eastwatch...?”

Dany hesitated, “I could ask the same question, Brienn of Tarth?”

Brienn put on a brave face, “I ran away from my home. I never wanted to become a Lord’s wife and bear children; they all think I’m a monster. And when my family tried to stop me from doing the only thing I’m good at, learning how to train with a sword, I swore I would leave when I mastered swordsman-ship. So, here I am with a boat originally meant for White Harbour but my squire Podrick got us lost, unfortunately.” Brienn scowled at Pod who was slurring in his sleep.

Brienn looked back at Dany, “They say in the North, women learn the craft of fighting and not just sewing. I wish to find a good Lord and serve as a loyal sword. I heard Lord Eddard Stark of Winterfell is a good man. So, if I can’t be a knight of the South, I would be a sworn sword in the North despite the brute nature of the cold I don’t rather like.”

Dany smiled in admiration, “why not go east or stay in the South to serve in the capital. I could convince my King Brother to put you in the trials of the next Kingsguard, if any opening ever came in the future?”

Brienn smiled sadly, “A woman wearing a white cloak will never happen. I couldn’t… I couldn’t take the rejection and it would only hurt me more, your Grace, you see, I have dreamed of serving the Royal family since I was a small girl. The honour is unmatched to wear a white cloak. But as I said, I would be rejected because I am a mere woman in a man’s world.”
Dany nodded sadly, “I understand. I wish I could do something…”

“I could serve you.” Brienn said, her bruised blue eye widening, “…if you would have me. You have courage, not battle-courage perhaps, rather fire…but, I don’t know…a woman’s kind of courage. And I think that when the time comes, you will not hold me back from being myself, a warrior. Promise me you will not hold me back in a man’s world…”

Dany was a little shocked but was warmed by Brienn’s words, glancing at Barristan’s encouraging old eyes she turned back to Brienn, “when the time comes, I will not hold you back.” Dany assured.

Brienn took her sword and knelt, laying it at Dany’s feet “then I am yours my Princess, I will shield your back and give my life for your’ s if it comes to that, I swear it by the old gods and the new.”

Dany knelt as well, gently taking her big hands in her small ones. “I vow you shall always have a place in my home, and at my table, and I shall ask no service of you that might bring you dishonour, I swear it by the old gods and the new.”

Brienn gave a thankful smile as they both rose, “so where are we going, my lady?”

“I am on a quest, to find my rumoured to be dead nephew. New rumours have arrived that a boy with purple eyes and a white direwolf has returned from beyond the Wall, greatly injured but alive, and no one will believe it. So I have to, for him…we promised each other when were children we would never give up on one another.” Dany added, a little vulnerable.

“I understand, Princess. I will shield your back and help find you’re kin.” Brienn said solemnly.

“You may have to start shielding your own back, what I am doing is treason and going against my King’s wishes. A lone Targaryen attracts a lot of attention, many men as you now know, may try and return me to the capital for the bounty on me. Those foolish enough to stop us will die or you and I will die trying.”

Brienn smiled and looked down, “I heard the free-cities have a saying, Vala Morghulis.”
Dany raised her beautiful eyebrows, “...yes, all men must die. But, we are not men.”

Her violet eyes looked over the dark skies of the northern waters, hoping Jon was alive.

The Lost Prince

2 weeks before

The Gods had chosen and the snow settled. Earth and water, air and fire, were all now in his grasp and gleaming in his dark purple eyes.

He fell to the ground. His flesh and blood streamed with black veins, seizing over his wrists and chest like a labyrinth of creeping shadows, the magic eroding his bones into sheer power, awakening deep within his heart. His neck lined with dark veins as he tried to look up before he
twisted and screamed in spasms; knocking things over as he lurched around, he tried to reach for clean air, clawing for breath and clutching his hair with his sharp nails that grew. But all he got was broiling bulleted pain; his back grew ridged and stronger, squarer and broad as he fell and soothed his burning skin on the cold black marble floor, he curled up on the cold hard marble chamber, the four goblets haunting around him each emitting a different element. His arms and forearms grew stronger and lined with fibres of lean muscle, his entire body engorging with dark power under his alabaster white skin. He could barely hear her voice as his back suddenly arched in agony and leather wings spouted out his shoulder blades, unfolding it’s dark leather with silver, grey veins painted all over them, and taking up an enormous wing span before swiftly nestling into high folds. He tried to see through the tendrils of unruly silver hair that sprouted and changed over his eyes, but his eyes dilated in malign hunger, and burned into orange pupils as he screamed in agony falling on all fours. He ran his jaw along the floor in delusion, trying to stand and knocking mantles and furniture over and staggering as he threw his arms back when his wings stretched out of him with a magnificent black shadow. He could barely see her scared purple eyes in front of him as he couldn’t help clawing at his naked flesh as the clothes on his back peeled away like paring flames, leaving his pale skin preening with etched black runes on his wrists and chest. Old Ghis runes were now scorched on him and making his smooth white skin glow, claiming him the black prince of Valyria. The raging fire softly creeping in his bones… All at once, the pain stopped and the power congealed. He slowly found his feet and pushed himself up, his orange eyes glowing and unruly silver hair stuck to his sweaty face, and he looked beautiful.

Jon woke up in sweats, his unruly raven curls stuck to his face as he sprung up from the makeshift bedding made of their furred clothes in the tent. Realising where he was and that it was just a nightmare; he calmed his breath and lay back down, running his fingers through her thick blonde hair that was the colour of dark honey. He flattened his palm down her smooth naked back to hug her slender waist tighter into him. The air was quiet and he listened to the gentle whistle of wind and snow outside their tent, and his mind calmed and went to his family, he missed them all. He missed his mother and Egg and Rhae, his little sister Visenya… He missed Dany.

“…Jon”

Val murmured sleepily, pressing her stomach on his groin. “I can feel your cock already hard for me… do you want your morning suck?” She said innocently.

Jon tried not to smile from the warmth of her body weaved into his, her supple thighs intertwined with his hairy legs and her small hands and sharp nails grazing his broad shoulders as she nipped kisses into the crook of his neck, and cuddled further into him.

“Hmm?”

Val smiled with her eyes still closed, “I said… do you want your morning suck?”
“Hmm?” He playfully hummed again, pretending to be asleep as he felt her laugh, Jon opened his eyes to see her lift her head up. Her tangled honey hair framed her face, her sleepy expression caught his breath under the pale light that streamed into the patches of their tent, her high cheekbones and grey eyes making him swallow hard as she pressed her full lips on each of his eyes, “I said…”

She then kissed his jaw, “…do you.”

She nibbled his earlobe, “…want…”

She lathered her small hot tongue in his ear, “…my mouth…”

Jon growled when he felt her soft small hand cup his hairy swollen balls, pulling gently on his sack and massaging his swollen sack of seed.

“…me to drain your stones and suck your cock?” Val pouted innocently, waltzing her fingers up his cock teasingly.

Jon’s eyes were heavy with desire as he nodded, watching her with dark purple eyes as she sat up and straddled him, she smirked down as she pinned his dense forearms above his head. “…Aye?”

“Aye…” Jon murmured, staring up at the pink capped nipples topped on her full breasts, Jon watched her cup and squeeze her milky breasts in a tantalizing way, shaking her blonde wisps of hair out her almond eyes as she squeezed her tits that were full of milk.

Jon tensed his calves and tightened his abdomen as Val kissed down his chest, kissing and licking his abdominals before reaching his groin, before slowly gripping the base of his manhood. “Val…” He groaned unknowingly, weaving his hands into her hair and peeling it away from her face, looking wantonly at her.

Val smiled up before she ran her tongue under his cock, following the veins and reaching the throbbing fat head, sucking gently before pressing a juiced kiss on the leaking tip, licking her tongue teasingly on the slit before sucking and slobbering on the sides.
“You like that, you like your wildling woman drinking from your balls?” Val goaded, sucking hard now as she relaxed her throat and took him down her throat, gagging before sucking again and making a glug, glug sound.

“…Aye.” Jon groaned huskily, tightening his grip on her thick hair, leaning over her, he smacked her jiggly bottom, the pale left white globe rippled as he swatted her left bum cheek again as she squealed on his cock. The red hand print on her arse made him glare back down at her face in desire, watching how her pouty plump lips moulded around his shaft and peeled down and up and down, the hot saliva of her tongue causing him to make friction as he started to fuck her mouth.

“Val…I’m gonna…”

Val reacted instantly and lifted her mouth off him, she slithered up to him and took his lips, kissing him fiercely as she propped herself onto his groin and reached back her hand, her hard fingers then pushed his turgid cock against her velvety wet folds, finding her pussy lips in her frizzly blonde mound before pushing the head in, sinking down hard with a scream, her eyes rolling back for a second.

She pinned her small palms down onto his chest and began to roll her hips hard, her face hung up as her breasts started to clap together as she fiercely rode him. Jon grabbed her hips, scrunching her flesh as he looked up as she rode him with breathless pants.

“That’s it…” Val panted as she rolled her hips and clapped their flesh together. “Fuck me… put a Targaryen bastard inside my belly,” She mewled, squeezing her heavy breasts to relieve the pressure, and she twisted her nipples to let the creamy milk drip out a bit.

“…Jon. Fuck, fuck my brains out…put…”

But Jon cut her off when he smacked her right breast causing her to squeal in pain and pleasure, and he felt her pussy lips suddenly tighten around her cock, her wet river clenched and convulsed glistening cum between her burning loins around his cock, Val crumpled in a spasm on his muscled chest, with her toes pointed and back arched as she collapsed on him, and Jon thrust up one last time as he spilled deep inside her holding her ripe, firm bum cheeks apart as he did so, the noise in their tent slowing down with soft squelching sounds of their connection and their mewling lips of kisses; as they both drew heavy breathes and came down from there high.

Val smiled down at him, “is my southern boy happy he stole me, are you happy you get a morning and night suck from a real woman like me, not that red bitch Ygritte? I know her flat chest is not
what you like. I know you southern princes like your women thick and juicy, like your fancy juicy meat…” Val giggled.

“Aye,” Jon said, twirling her blonde hair in his fingers and laying a tendril in the sun light that streamed through a patchy hole, watching the blonde turn lighter, imagining a silver colour.

“Or do you prefer my hair to be kissed by fire?” Val questioned, she laid her face flat on his sweaty chest as she watched him play with her tresses.

Jon shook his head in humour at her attempt to goad him and Val knitted her brow, grabbing his jaw fiercely to look directly at her as she hovered over his lips. “You like me warming your bed, don’t you?”

“Aye…” Jon said simply, running his fingers along her waist as she lay atop him. “…I love you and your tits.”

Val laughed, “You boys are all the same. Here,” Val gestured as she handled her right breast and pushed it to his pouty pink lips that she loved, Jon gave her a husky look of confusion.

“Drink…” Val ordered with pursed lips, watching her unruly warrior smile before dutifully sucking her hard pink pebble and she felt her breast swell milk out as he drank her warm milk, the sensation made her sigh sweetly.

Val watched Jon hum contently and she wondered if he knew… “You know why I carry milk, why my body has changed?” Val questioned playfully as she hummed from the sensation of his talented tongue on her other nipple.

Jon slowly caught on to what she was saying and his face went blank, a little pale as he pulled back. “You’re…?”

Val giggled at his face, “Aye… Jon Snowborn. You put a baby in my belly. The seed you fuck into me every night has made me full with child, now I’m simply a damn cow with milk for the baby you bred into my pussy.” She sniggered before lying on his chest quietly and after a moment of planting feather kisses on his neck, she breathed, “I’ll give you a son.”

Jon didn’t say anything, his dark purple eyes quite hollow and lost.
The icy breeze wafted through the frayed opening to their tent and soft flutter of snow wafted through the small split, causing their intertwined nude bodies to grow goose-bumps all over but Jon was oblivious to it all and Val immediately noticed his glassy eyes.

“Aren’t you happy?” She nearly shouted, impatient with his silence as she bolted up and glared down at him.

“…What?” Jon murmured coming out his daze to find his angry wildling princess pulling on her under blouse and pulling her patchy furs over her head in a strop. “Val, what are you doing, of course I’m…”

But Val scrambled out the bedding, making a quick plait of her hair over her shoulder as she seethed out, “…I know I’m a fair bit older than you but you’re such a fucking boy! I carry your baby and you barely look at me.”

“Val it’s a lot to take in that’s all…” Jon scrambled up as well angrily, pulling on his breeches and coming towards her to comfort her, she yanked her arms from his hands and rounded on him.

“…What! Is it because I’m not a fancy southern maid or a… a fooking donkey lady in a castle!” She exclaimed, pulling her bone dagger from the ground and shoving it into her belt, all while glaring at him, “…or is it because I’m not your sister or summit?” Val accused, her nose flared with her anger.

“What..?” Jon breathed hotly.

“…Aye, that’s right! I know! Artie once mentioned that it was a tradition of your stupid royal family to marry each other!” She accused with her grey eyes focused on his face.

Jon shook his head in frustration, “Can I talk now?”

“No!” she fired back, waiting for his answer anyway.

Jon sighed and raked his hands through his unruly raven hair, now fully dressed with Longclaw on his hip and his great wildling furs on his shoulders. “Val… are you sure? Are you sure you carry a
babe, my babe?”

Val looked at him stubbornly, “Aye I’m sure there’s a babe in me, I think anyway…” She mumbled as she continued to pull her gloves on.

Jon gave a flat expression, “…so you are not sure?” He said bluntly.

Val flared her nose in anger, her eyes wide as she balled her fists and turned to him, “You don’t want it, do you?”

Jon sighed heavily, “…if you would just let me finish, of course I…”

But they were cut off when Tormund suddenly came booming in out of nowhere, his wide grin and grizzly orange beard and hair flaked with snow.

“Val! Little wolf! Shut up and get packed up!” He laughed, pulling Jon into a bear hug as he ruffled his unruly hair and gave a serious daunting look, “today little prince, you are finally going to meet Mance, the King beyond the Wall!” Tormund boomed with a wide grin.

Val dropped her anger in curiosity as she cut in, not even slightly embarrassed as she finished getting ready, stuffing her breeches with her extra wool for warmth. “Tormund, Mance is here in hardhome?”

“Val! Little wolf! Shut up and get packed up!” He laughed, pulling Jon into a bear hug as he ruffled his unruly hair and gave a serious daunting look, “today little prince, you are finally going to meet Mance, the King beyond the Wall!” Tormund boomed with a wide grin.

Val dropped her anger in curiosity as she cut in, not even slightly embarrassed as she finished getting ready, stuffing her breeches with her extra wool for warmth. “Tormund, Mance is here in hardhome?”

“Aye,” Tormund answered, ignoring Jon’s open mouth and turning to the blonde. “My warg got word for us to head closer to Storholds Point. Mance is going to meet us at the top of the mountain… he says he has found the fucking horn. He says it’s not what he thought.” Tormund said with a happy shrug.

Val raised her eyebrows with her hands on her hips in curiosity, “well we shouldn’t leave him waiting, it’s been a nearly a year since he disappeared looking for Joramun’s horn.”

“Aye, he left just before he could meet this one.” Tormund boomed with a laugh at Jon, clapping him hard on the shoulder. “The time is here for our little lost prince to prove himself he’s one of us now, or his little pecker will be in tonight’s stew along with his fancy knight!” Tormund laughed again before shouldering his way out the tent with a call over his shoulder, “come on, no more time for fucking or arguing, our little party is expected in an hour. We need to move…”
Val immediately followed and left with Tormund, ignoring Jon and his call after her.

Jon shook his head and growled to himself in anger at her stubbornness, finishing getting ready he threw his furs around him and tightened the pelts over his shoulders before ducking out the tent. He found Ghost and Ser Arthur waiting for him in the city of tents outside, people and giants walking all over. Arthur was looking at the sunrise, over the vast planes of snow and Jon came up behind him.

“Morning Arthur,” he grunted, kneeling by Ghost to ruffle his arctic fur in greeting, Ghost nipped playfully back and trotted around his legs and the mere size of the little mammoth with skinny lean legs made him lose balance momentarily.

Arthur wore his wildling fur also, his white faded cape was also strung down his back in a trail, his dark indigo eyes gazing the plains of snow and his stubble grown out on his square jaw. “…I wondered when you’d show up snips.” Arthur said, as he turned and gestured to Val’s tent with a smirk, which was now being broken down by the Free-folk as they planned to move.

“Shut up,” Jon laughed with red ears, pretending to look around the enormous camp that stretched as far as the eye could see. He saw hundreds of thousands of tents being broken down as they readied to move camp further towards Storrholds point, the arrow-head mountain that they could see in the distance. Giants and mammoths could be seen helping, along with all the clans of free-folk in their own tribes trying not to start another fight as they packed their belonging and headed further into Hardhome, towards the distant mountain.

“We get to meet this King beyond the Wall today?” Arthur asked watching the commotion as well.

“Aye, Tormund said Mance found this so-called horn he’s been looking for. So now, we get to meet this King they love so much as he’s finally back.” Jon said, trying to adjust his collar to make it more comfortable.

Arthur lowered his voice as he turned fully to Jon, smacking Jon’s hands away and adjusting his collar for him as a father would do for a son. “You do know Mance is a proclaimed King which means he’s in open rebellion against my sworn King?” Arthur smiled, “…it’s my duty to cut any pretenders down.” He reminded casually.

Jon raised his brow and shook his head when he knew Arthur was merely jesting, “Mance is a great man from what we’ve heard, he banded all the clans together for one purpose. Survival. He knows the true threat. Just remember why we came beyond the Wall a year ago looking for him, we need to convince him to resolve this peacefully and not rage War on Caste-black or the Wall
for that matter. We can’t afford a single man to fall into the Night Kings army.”

“We came beyond the Wall to look for your Uncle Benjen.” Arthur reminded.

“I swore to Lord Commander Mormont after he fell at the Fist, after we found out the Walkers were actually real and how the wildling’s we’re not monsters, that we was gain the Free-Folk’s trust and lead them to safety, peacefully…” Jon emphasised.

Arthur nodded but cut in, “We are putting your life at risk if Mance doesn’t trust us, you’re a Targaryen Prince not a messenger.”

“I have a duty as a Prince. To protect the weak, is it not?” Jon said sternly before adding, “… anyway, Tormund and Val, and Ygritte for that matter trusts us. Most of the Free-folk do…”

“…and it took them nearly a fucking year to do so.” Arthur corrected, patting Jon on the shoulder. “All I’m saying, I will watch your back in there Jaenerys as always, but you can’t let your guard down either. I made a promise to Queen Lyanna to return you safely after your Wardship in Winterfell was done, I’m already failing her and my King in thinking that we are both missing and most likely dead, so be careful with Mance Rayder. I will be by your side…”

“Like old times.” Jon said with a small smile.

Arthur returned the smile, “Yes, like old times snips.”

Jon shook his head at Arthur’s nickname for him as they began walking, wanting to catch up with Tormund and Val. “come on Ser Arthur Dayne, let’s go treat with the King beyond the Wall.”

They led a small party up the alp after letting the camp settle at the base of the mountain, the great jagged stone crests rose high and almost whirled around the base of the colossal outcrop that was covered in snow. Their small range party that was to meet Manse’s party at the top went first. The Lord of Bones and Tormund led the way up the snowed cliff side paths, with Val, Jon, Arthur and Ghost trudging behind. The white winds whirled below them as they gained more altitude, further and further up the path and it seemed like an endless journey.

After a solid hour of climbing, the sun slightly peaked out the murky storm clouds above them and Jon held up his hand to hold off the light snowfall from his eyes as he gazed at the sight before him. A colossal cylindrical stone bastion peaked at the top, embedded into the vertical terrain in an enclosed peak on the mountain, impossible to see by the naked eye from below or away.
They reached the steps of the snow covered outcrop, and Jon saw the ancient runes that were etched on the wall of the rock archway they had just entered, runes he didn’t recognise but the symbols underneath the runes almost looked Valyrian. They all stopped to catch their breathes from the trek and they could see Wildling sentries that had already taken post for Manse’s arrival earlier he presumed.

Jon knew by the sheer size and deep-roots of the building it was not built by the Free-Folk nor any normal stone mason or builder. He looked around as they followed the path made by wildling sentries, passing the frozen inner courtyard when they reached the top, the ground was littered with broken rotten tree-life and bark that has once grown but been broken and cut down by the fierce winds, scrap and jagged rocks laid littered on the paths from some sort of destruction long ago, all covered in layers of snow, everything looked ancient, weird sticks with rubber webbing littered the ground and faded orange cloaks blew and circled the snowy soil, caught on arrow pegs. The place looked like it had been abandoned for centuries.

“Where are we?” Jon murmured, looking at the inner archway that also had worn runes inscribed upon it, runes that reminded him of swirls or even air movements. His question earned a shrugged grunt from Tormund and Arthur gave him a weary look with his hand on Dawn’s hilt, always ready.

“That’s a good question boy!”

They all wheeled around to find an old man staring at them from atop of the steps, his greasy hair and frosted beard made him a weary sight as the rutted figure narrowed his eyes at him. Jon held his gaze.

Tormund grinned at the figure with the regiment of guards by his side, “Mance you old fucker!”

“Tormund, Val.” Mance nodded slowly, before looking back at Jon. “So… you must be Rhaegar’s boy. Jon is it?”

“Aye,” Jon stated, glancing momentarily at Arthur who came by his side.

Manse nodded as if thinking something over before coming out his deep thoughts, “Well Jon. This place you ask… this is the Northern temple of the lost Air people, the home to the long dead monks and more importantly, home to what I came looking for to break down that Wall you southern’s put up.” Manse said with a hard face staring at Jon indignantly, “Come.”

And with that, Manse disappeared into the domed opening atop the stairs.
Val pushed Jon on the back with a grin to urge him forward, and Jon rolled his eyes at her as she strolled teasingly past him, and Arthur exchanged a look before they also followed Manse inside the temple with Ghost trotting behind them all.

They entered a great antechamber that only ascended, the light stone floor faded by the snowfall and the pillars were cracked and crooked from the weight of snow on the ceiling and the power of the wind at this altitude. When they reach the higher levels, they followed into an open roofed clearing with stone statues circling them. You could almost touch the low clouds that were just above them, giving the colossal open clearing a misty, ethereal feel. The stone figures sat around the clearing forming a circle, almost like a forgotten council, they were all bald and thin, their eyes hollow and forgotten, the whistle of wind was like a flute in the cracks and holes on their stone faces. They looked just as old as the crypts that held the Starks of Winterfell or even older.

In the middle of the clearing stood some of the Wildling elder’s that had also just arrived and Jon noticed on one of the men held an old frail woman on his back; Jon already knew her as mother mole. The old wrinkled crone, although half blind, immediately swayed her saggy frail jaw to look obtusely at Jon, following his every move into the clearing.

Manse then turned back towards him, sitting down on a rock and taking out his hunter’s knife, slowly taking an onion spud from his pocket before peeling it into cloves. As he ate the first clove, he then looked up at Jon, “I suspect you know your history on the lost race of the Air Normans being raised a prince, an’ all that fancy cobblers?” Manse grunted earning laughs from the wildling men that surrounded him.

Jon slowly nodded.

“Speak up boy.” An elder hissed.

“Aye,” Jon said simply, glancing at Val who actually looked a little worried but kept her mouth shut as she tried to look like she had nothing to do with him, leaning against one of the rock pillars.

Manse munched on his spud while watching Jon closely, he then cleared his throat and pointed at Jon with his knife. “You can fire-bend I presume, like your King father?” Jon raise his jaw a little, he knew if he wanted to sue for peace in regards to the Wall and banning together against the wight walkers he had to be truthful, if they were to fight together. If he didn’t there would only be better and better lies and lies wouldn’t help them win this fight.

“No,” he replied earning raised eyebrows from Mance and all the elders, mother mole kept whispering to her-self as she hunched the back of the wildling man holding her.
Manse cleared his throat again, “But, your mother is Lyanna Stark of Winterfell, no? You can skin-change and become like your wolf?” Manse asked, gesturing to Ghost who silently stood by Jon with red ruby eyes silently tormenting everyone and everything as always.

“No,” Jon said again, “As a child, I could do neither. A sword is my preferred choice.”

Manse stared hard before his face changed, he laughed and clapped his leg hard “…a Targaryen prince and a nephew of Ben Stark- the wolf ranger- and you can’t do neither!” He roared with laughter again before leaning forward after a moment with beady grey eyes, “What are you good for then, what use are you to me, hmm?” Manse taunted. Everyone turned to him in judgement.

Jon held his cold alpha gaze as he stepped forward a little, “I came here in peace, my use for you is to be your people’s voice in the South, and I can convince my father to make the Free-Folk citizens of the Realm. But, only if you and your people come with me back to Castle black before winter comes, Lord Commander Mormont agreed to raise the gate before he died, but this is only if you come in peace.” Jon added.

Manse narrowed his eyes, “And why would you do this? And more to the point, why should I trust a southerner?”

Jon matched his challenging gaze with a wintery glow in his dark purple eyes. “You don’t trust me but your people know me, I’ve lived and learnt your ways..?”

Mance cut in with narrow eyes, “…You know I can’t trust you even if I wanted, even if my people tell me you’re a good lad. Because your name is Targaryen and you will always be loyal to your blood. As I’m loyal to mine, the blood of the First men flows through my veins boy and we don’t kneel, because I know what’s out there…”

“…Aye! And that same blood flows though me, my mother is Lyanna Stark. The blood of the first men flows through me, just as much as you...”

“So why do the Starks hunt us down like animals?” Mance roared back, standing up, “Just because you southerners built a damn Wall, and declared it your land doesn’t mean we are the monsters because you know as well as I do, what lies out there is waiting to kill us all, wildling or southerner, it doesn’t matter. You know this.” Mance spat with deep breathing shaking his head as he looked up at the skies for a second, “…the shields that guard the realms of men,” He murmured to himself before looking back at Jon, “…my people are flesh and blood, we belong to the realms
Jon held his gaze as he spoke, “You do… You do belong to the realms of men and Westeros has fallen short of that oath.” Everyone looked at Jon in surprise as he continued, “…we can stand together, we can fight together and we can beat them, but only together.” Jon said calmly, trying to diffuse the glaring eyes at him but they only got worse.

Mance frowned and shouldered right up to him, the bridge of his crooked nose now almost touching Jon’s. “You a good lad, Jon Snowborn… You really are, and I been told you saw them at the Fist and you lost at the Fist. There’re unstoppable. So, do you really think just friendship will help us win this War? We both know those stuck up pricks down south would want us to kneel to even consider us. And we don’t do that. We don’t kneel.”

Jon raised his jaw a little in an alpha manner, “This isn’t about friendship, this is about survival… this is about putting a seven-hundred foot Wall between you and what lies out there,” Jon said pointing behind him at the distant ice landscapes.

Mance shook his head as he replied, “You are not Lord Commander of the Nights Watch, and you’re not even a black brother. Aye, you may be a southern Prince, a rebellious one at that for just being here, but you’re not the King, they won’t listen to you, they won’t raise the gate on your order and you know it.”

Jon shook his head, “Lord Commander Mormont swore…”

“Mormont is dead.” Mance corrected, sitting back down and leaning his wrists on his axe and watching him closely.

“Well, we have to try… Isn’t your people’s survival more important to your pride?” Jon growled softly in resign, matching Manse’s challenging gaze.

Manse raised his brow, “Pride? Fuck Pride. It’s not about that… Remind me boy, what are your family’s words. The famous Targaryen saying..?”

Jon swallowed hard looking around before glaring back at the stubborn king, “Fire and Blood.”

Manse nodded as if he made his point “…You see, my people won’t follow a southern leader, you
know this. So, I face a problem as their King, I could bend the knee and my people won’t follow me no more, ninety tribes would scatter in winter. Or I could refuse, and my people receive, fire and blood. I will not accept your terms to come peacefully.” Mance finished gravely, “The only way I see, is to go South on my own terms…”

“How would you do that,” Jon said calmly, restraining from straggling the stubborn fool. The free folk will accept a southern ruler if their king does.

It was Tormund who answered Jon, coming to stand next to Mance. Tormund spoke, “We now have the Horn of winter. Mance said he finally found it, a horn that whistle a mighty breath and break down the fucking Wall.” Tormund laughed with a clap of his big hands.

Jon and Arthur exchanged a discrete worried look but Tormund turned to Mance, his voice booming with excitement “…so, where is it?”

Manse looked at Tormund and Val before slowly sagging his shoulders and pointing with his thumb over his shoulder behind him, “It’s over there.”

Everyone looked over Manse’s shoulder to the other side of the circular open top clearing. The snowfall was still falling with a soft drizzle as the winds caned on not far above them and there sitting between two of the stone bald monks, was a pedicle made of pure ice and lodged into it on top, was a hammer. The hammer was like a large mallet but bigger and fortified in every way, the grey metal almost shimmered in the pale light and it looked strong, with ancient groves and markings etched on the sides. The handle was weaved beautifully but short, so it could only be wielded one-handed, thin and short but laced with the smoky handle with a worn leather brace at the top.

Tormund knitted his bushy ginger brow in confusion, “A hammer?”

Manse stood up and walked to the ancient weapon lodged in the ice pedicle. His old grey eyes almost glaring at it, “it’s the hammerhorn.”

“What exactly is a hammerhorn?” Val asked, coming to stand next to Jon who glanced at her then Manse in confusion as well.

“Legend says this…” Manse emphasised as he pointed at the Hammer lodged in the pedicle of ice, “…this, is the weapon that was forged for Joramun to help build the Wall and supposedly the only
thing with the power to destroy it. I found a red cloak no more than a year back, buried under the snow at the Fist of the first men. Inside I found dagger’s of black glass and wrapped up in a fake horn, was ancient marking on a white water stone, a mark I knew only the giants could read. After I convinced the Giants of Old to join our ranks, I finally found out what the message said. ‘Those who seek Joramun’s mighty horn will find it waiting between the arrow-head of the very wind, waiting for the promised on a pool of glass.”

Manse looked at all their still confused faces, before un-confusing them as he pointed at the stone monks either side of the hammer, “…these people once controlled the wind, and this mountain is the only arrow-head this side of the Wall. And there’s the pool of glass…” he added, pointing at the mantle of ice the Hammer was lodged in.

Tormund was still confused, “So where do you blow?”

“It’s not a horn Tormund,” Val said with a roll of her eyes. Val sauntered up to the pedicle of ice and closely inspected the marking on the lodged Hammer. “…all the stories we were told as children, they were all wrong. It was never a horn - just a damn Hammer, a tool to build.” Val said thoughtfully as she clasped her hands around the hilt and pulled and with all her strength, it wouldn’t budge, not an inch; only solid and asleep.

Manse stepped forward with a forced smile etched with annoyance, “No one can pick it up. I’ve tried, all my guard has, and even my skinny warg has. I’ve even had Mag the Mighty try and if a Giant can’t pick it up then there is only one thing…”

“The Hammerhorn is cursed.” Mother Mole cried, nibbling at her fingers as her crazy eyes glanced up for a second, scanning the clearing in delusion. “Only the promised…” she kept murmuring to herself under her breath.

Jon crossed his arms, his dark purple eyes tired from all the nonsense. “Listen, there is no time for this… the Night King is coming. We need to get you South of…”

But Manse cut him off, examining the Hammer. “The markings on the Hammer hold the answer, I know it. But, it is no tongue I know or seen…” He trailed off, running his finger over the patterns on the sides of the grey metal.

“…You won’t know them because it’s Valyrian.” Jon finally stated, having noticed it the moment he saw the Hammer, everyone turned to him but he looked Manse in the eye who clearly didn’t believe him.
“Why would Joramun, one of the First Men. A time when Valyrian’s were probably still fucking their sheep, have dragon lore encrusted on his own weapon?” Manse growled in frustration.

Jon shrugged, “No idea. But I know my mother tongue when I see it. The word’s on that Hammer is high Valyrian… almost Old Ghis from the way the vowels align.” He said more to himself.

“You can read it?” Manse asked- eyeing him wearily as the Thenn’s around him tightened their hands on their axes.

“Aye,” Jon softly growled as he met his gaze, “But, if I read it for you, you will reconsider my offer of coming in peace?” Manse just nodded as if bored but Jon was now determined as he stepped forward, past Manse, and closely inspected the markings. Dany was right, her forcing me to say in those classes with Maester Cressen are going to pay off for once in my life. It went quiet.

Everyone looked at Jon impatiently but it was Arthur who placed a hand on Jon’s shoulder after a full minute of quietness, “Jaenerys? What does it say?”

“It’s…”


Jon looked at the old words with his fingers in thought; he took a deep breath before he read out loud, “Whosoever holds this Hammer, if he be worthy, shall possess the power of Jonothor.”

Val broke the dead silence with a laugh, “You don’t too read well, my love, the man’s name was Joramun.” Val stated as if fact, earning nods from some of the elders.

“I know my mother tongue. It says Jonothor, whoever that is?” Jon said with a shrug before he then touched the outline on the side of the hammer, it was a faint outline of what looked like an ancient trefoil knot, a triquetra; very faintly outlined so it could only be seen in the most palest light. It confused him even further.

“…this mark… I’ve seen it before. I’ve seen it in the crypts of Winterfell, in the deepest levels, on the very foundation stone of the castle. My uncle Ned told me it was the mark of Brandon the
Jon looked at Arthur, saying, “How can the mark of Bran the Builder and ancient Valyrian runes, both be on a Hammer, far north of the Wall in a Lost Air temple?” Jon was lost in thought, and he slowly reached out his hand and traced the trefoil knot with his fingers. And he held back his shock, as he touched it… whispers of its history echoed his ears for a second, muddled at an ephemeral pace, and he didn’t know if he imagined such a thing.

Manse closed his eyes, “Worthy…” He then looked at Jon, “you sure boy?”

Jon came back out his stream of thoughts, taking over his shoulder, “Aye, it seems the hammer is cursed. But, it doesn’t matter, none of it, I can still get you South of the Wall, only if you come in peace, only if you trust me, only together.” Jon said clearly, and Tormund relented, clapping Jon on the shoulder in agreeance. Everyone looked at Manse for his say who just stared at the lonely Hammer like Jon.

“Aye, it doesn’t matter.” Manse finally said, looking at Jon with an indignant glare, “because I have you.”

“What?”

“You are Rhaegar’s son and now my hostage.” Manse gestured to his Thenns to take him, and they all started walked towards him, and it was Arthur’s rippled sword and Ghost’s deep growl that stopped them, the Kings Guard and Direwolf standing in front of Jon protectively.

Jon opened his mouth, trying to comprehend what was happening but he simply couldn’t tear his gaze of the Hammer. It was Val that hurriedly spoke, “Manse! He is one of us now. Let him be!”

Manse twitched his nose as he shouted, “The hammerhorn laughs in my face, Val! This boy is now our only way behind that damn Wall, we take him and put a knife to his throat, and I can guarantee them Fire-Bender’s down south, will shit fire out their arses and bend to our will! Now remember who you are, you are a Wildling! You should think more with your bow then what’s between those pretty legs.” Manse glared at Val’s wavering fierce expression as she then went to stand next to Jon, who was still facing the Hammer. Manse growled in frustration, “Fine, kill the knight and the dog. Take them two!” Manse said to the Thenn’s, who drew their blades.

Jon heard more shouting but his ears were muffled, his surroundings were blurred but the Hammer
in clear view, his lips still reading the words… “…whosoever holds this hammer, if he be worthy…” Jon clasped his hand around the hilt, “…shall possess the power of Jonothor.” He pulled.

The ground suddenly quaked with tremors, currents of air circulated the clearing with a harsh ripple, and the murky clouds above them snapped with thunderous lightening. Everyone visibly froze when they heard the unmistakeable sound of the ice pedicle shattering to pieces, they all slowly turned, looking at the man who did it.

Jon turned to them his eyes now a bright blue hue, the great Hammer firmly in his hold as it channelled through him. He could feel it pulsing within his fingers, the ancient power awoken in his hand and the burden it carried, letting it go and now giving it to him, the power of destruction, the power of building, the power of air bending. Jon felt lighter and suddenly, a hard stream of warm air filled his bones inside. Ancient knowledge filling his brain without him knowing, and he dropped the mighty Hammer, it slamming into the ground like a magnet, as he himself fell to the ground on one hand clutching his head with his other hand to calm himself. He could feel the gravitational pull of the Earth, he could feel the very spin of the world, and he could feel the call of the wind and the bite of the thunder.

“What’s happening to me,” He gasped out, feeling Arthur’s hands on his back and Val’s hand’s on his face, her face was blurred as was the sound of their speech. Jon desperately tried to focus and it was Ghost’s deep scarlet stare at him that calmed him. The wolf looked at him as if knowing what he was feeling, he did now, and Jon reached out to him. imagining his presence was like a island, and he flew to it and came back to his senses, first hearing Ghost’s howl then the others…

“…love, speak to me…”

“…Jaenerys, can you hear us…”

“…seize the boy and be done with it…”

Jon made out a blurred picture of Arthur pushing back a Thenn, and Ghost snapping his jaws in a fierce snarl, and suddenly Jon found strength. The very air pushing him up, Jon’s purple gaze focused and he outstretched his hands in a fluid motion, wheeling his right leg forward as he curdled a hazy sphere of wind and released it with fluid force. The solid airstream cut the very air, plunging past multiple Wildlings and slamming into the opposing Thenn, rippling him into the opposite wall.

Everyone stopped, everyone was shocked.
“When the fuck did you learn to do that,” Tormund shouted, his mouth hung open.

Arthur inspected the scene in shock, “you can air-bend..?” His question already answered from what he saw.

Jon simply stared at his own hands in shock, his mind racing and he looked down and saw the Hammer sat like a bolt, waiting to be picked up and he did. The sound of the magic metal softly rang as he lifted it. And the moment he did, thunder cracked above.

The Hammer was a craft of Bran the Builder and more importantly, something else, ancient from Valyria, but unbeknown to all of them, the last wielder of the mighty weapon was an Air-bender. And after the air Normand’s were slaughtered, the secrets of air bending were entrusted into the Hammer, waiting to find the chosen one.

“He is the promised child born of salt and mist, Joramun’s hammer will answer his call.” Mother mole said, breaking the silence with her voice remarkably calm but her eyes were rolled back to white orbs, “…he is worthy. He is the promised prince who will bring the Dawn, he will carry the lightening and she the mother Storm.”

“.Who’s she?” Tormund asked but was ignored.

When mother mole nearly collapsed from her prophecy, Val continued to support Jon on his feet who still looked half-unconscious, Val then looked up as she spoke to a baffled Manse, “he’s the chosen… he may be young and he may be prettier than all those in the pretty tales,” Val laughed uncertainly before turning serious, “…but he knows how to lead, he knows how to fight and he knows our ways. We need to put aside our differences and ban together, even if it means kneeling. It’s time Manse…” Val nodded encouragingly.

Manse finally looked a little convinced as he gawped at the drowsy dark haired Targaryen, leaning on Val for support with the Hammer in his other hand, but Manse also looked like he was trying to prove himself wrong, he slowly opened his mouth, “and what if he…”

“…I carry his babe, he will never betray us.” Val informed him, protectively holding Jon’s arm.

Jon heard that, and gently pulled Val’s slender form more against him, still feeling drowsy from the new feeling of the Earth’s very spin; but the feel of the Hammer in his loose grip, gave him
strength as if anchoring him down and acting as a channel for his new found power.

Arthur looked down at Val’s navel, before looking at Jon’s pale complexion. “Jaenerys..? Are you with us?”

Jon looked up, regaining his motion but his dark purple eyes were quickly drawn to his direwolf. The silent beast had picked up a scent, and was now perched on the rubble at the open end of the weather-top clearing, overlooking the ice plains far below. And then, the arctic beast began softly whining meeting Jon’s gaze.

“Ghost? What is it boy?” Jon whispered.

But their answer was given, when a shrill cry echoed far below at the base of the arrowhead mountain, from what they could tell it was coming from the village of Hardhome. And a wilding horn was met, one blow… two blow’s… three.

“Walkers…” Manse shouted before he began barking orders to his men, all grabbing their weapons, but they all stopped what they were doing when the very structure of the Air temple quaked. The snow fell in hard lumps, it went quiet than as the snowfall became blizzardy. The cold air was now thick and palely loitering a chilling feeling as the clouds turned dark. They all shared a glance before they turned to the old worn ironwood doors to their clearing, they heard a distant shout and thought they heard muffled cries, but then it went soundless as the grave.

They didn’t make a sound as they all stared at the door, cold sweat running down their brows and everyone had a sickly complexion as they heard a swarm of footsteps grow nearer and nearer and nearer...

Bang! The doors erupted open and a legion of rotting flesh and bones swarmed in, over thirty walkers running at them in a maniac way towards them. The Sword in the Morning, ran in-front of a still drowsy Jon, Arthur parried two swords with one swing before slicing his milky razor sharp blade through the wights, the ear splitting sound of them dying ringing the clearing.

Ghost dive bombed a wight away from Val’s left side as she pulled out her whale bone knife and made to charge, but Jon suddenly pulled her behind him to her dismay. Jon didn’t give her the chance of shouting at him, his mind worked on its own accord. He ripped out Longclaw from his hip and met the steel of a dead-man, struggling, he remembered he held the Hammer in his other hand and he brought it down hard, crushing the wight’ skull but as he did so, the Hammer met the floor and nearly cracked right through. This is not of this world...
Looking up, he saw Tormund and the Wildling’s protecting Manse in a circle and fighting off the majority of wights in the room. Arthur and Ghost were taking the front line at the door itself. Jon quickly threw Longclaw at Val to catch as he then turned, and ran towards Arthur and Ghost. They were being swarmed and he out of instinct, threw the Hammer, and he was amazed by the magnetic trajectory it entailed as it shot like an scorpion at a line of wights invading the door, ringing a metallic sound, sweeping their heads clean off and clearing a line in the swarm of wights, disappearing somewhere in the darkness.

Jon outstretched his hand, angry at himself for losing it already but his eyes widened when the Hammer stopped in mid-air, and shot back to his hand. But, he had no time to think on it. He then heard Val’s scream behind him as the wights began climbing through the open windows of the circle clearing. His eye’s dilated into bright blue hue, his new emotions and bending uncontrolled, releasing the current of air between his fingers, he pushed his free arm towards an invading wight making him airborne. Before sweeping his hands together and cutting the air, slicing the last two wights apart. They fell to the ground, their mangled bodies limp before they slowly began moving towards him and Jon watched, his eyes went back to dark purple, as Arthur buried Dawn’s decimating tip into their skulls to finish them. The clearing went quiet for a moment, bone and rotting flesh surrounding them, they had lost half the Wildlings sentries and Ghost has lost an ear, deep red gashes on his white withers on his side.

“There are more coming.” Manse growled tiredly, heaving deeply at his old age.

“Yes we need to regroup with the camp, we need to get in formation but if you haven’ noticed, we are surrounded up here!” Arthur shouted as he and Tormund barricaded the broken door with the axes and swords of the fallen dead-men.

“My people are being attacked! I need to get down there…” Manse started.

“We won’t make it…” Arthur argued back.

But Jon cut them both off, “Manse, you’re right, you need to get down there and get your people on the ships. The dead seem to be coming from the south flank of the temple, hence why we can only see stragglers of wights down there,” Jon pointed down at the distance village below on the north side where the ships were docked.

“Mance, you’re people need to hear it from you that those ships won’t be torched in the middle of the sea, and that you and I are going to get them past the Wall to safety. Tormund and his men, and Arthur and I will hold the fort on the South side of the Air temple too buy you time, I can hold them off I think, now take the north door…” Jon said breathlessly, pointing at the other door of the
clearing that seemed quiet.

Manse nodded and called out orders to the twenty or so men in the room, he then pulled Jon by the collar, “don’t die, Targaryen, you need to convince your father, remember.” They shared a look of understanding, before Manse quickly led a small group of his men down the other door. The exit led to a steep descent of steps hidden on the north face of the arrowhead, back to the docks on Hardhome, but it was Val that resisted as she refused to move from Jon’s side. Even-though Jon was nearly nine years Val’s youth, Val looked younger from the way her eye’s flared like a tough but beautiful wild princess.

“I am your woman Jon Snowborn, don’t you dare think I will leave…”

Jon pulled her in for a searing kiss, cutting her off as she breathless pulled away and he leaned his forehead against hers, her dark blonde hair curtaining their faces. “Go Val, for our babe.” He whispered on her soft lips, reassuring her he believed her as he placed his palm on her navel.

Val wanted to shout at him as her eyes softened, but she took Longclaw and sheathed it back into his scabbard, “You will need it.” She said simply before pulling him into a hot kiss and biting his lower lip.

“I will come find you, I promise.” Jon said from the look in her fierce eyes, as he began hearing the swarm of more wights hitting the main door again. Val gave him an angry look before looking into his eyes helplessly, savouring the moment and trying to control the croak in her throat.

“…You know nothing, Jon Snowborn.” And with that, Val kissed the corner of his mouth and left with Manse and the others.

Jon tore his gaze off her and turned around, snapping into formation. The door was struggling under the intruding weight of hundreds of mangled bodies behind it. Ghost growled at the sight, blood trickling down his sides but his white jaw’s snarled and strong, next to Jon.

“…Easy boy,” Jon whispered, feeling Tormund and Arthur come to stand next to him, with only a small company of Wildling’s behind them.

Arthur and Jon shared a look. Knowing this could be it, the sounds around them blurred in that very moment.
“For Starfall…” Jon softly smiled.

“For Dragonstone…” Arthur said, returning the sentiment.

“…For Sheila.” Tormund grunted.

The door breached, flying off its hinges in a flummoxing spiral under the nest of bodies that scrambled in like a stampede of flies. Arthur and Tormund immediately took the left flank, ripping wights apart and holding ground while Jon and Ghost took the middle flank. The rest of the Wildling’s taking the right flank. They cut and thrusted, stabbed and swung.

It felt like they were coming from all directions, and Jon dropped the handle of the hammer so he had more reach, the wights rippled under the touch of the Hammer, he brought it down hard on a wights shoulder and lodged it out, throwing it at the coming skeleton before calling it back to his hand, the metallic sound ringing his ears. They all had conceded ground, the more wights they cut down the more it seemed entered the clearing. Jon suddenly stumbled from the weight of a wight jumping on his back, trying to bite his neck and it was Ghost that leaped in the air after it, sinking his fangs into its arms and ripping it away from Jon, the direwolf landed and snarled at the intruding dead man who snarled back, the white wolf launched at him protecting his kin...

Jon felt blood trickle his forehead, his or someone else’s’ he didn’t know. His mind was festered from the scene of two Wight Walkers entering the door, razor milky staffs at their side. Jon saw Arthur charge them but a swarm of wights plunged him back, Tormund coming to his aid.

Jon reaffirmed his grip on the Hammer and Longclaw, and charged the ice monsters on his own, their ice blue eyes piercing his soul.

He met the blow of the first Walker, who moved with impossible speed, conceding ground he parried drastically as the other Walker thrusted his ice spear inches from his gut. Lowering his stances and tensing his calves, Jon threw a flurry of hard swings at the first walker and then saw an opening, bringing the Hammer down hard he aimed for the Walker’s head… but the other ice monster closed his fingers around his neck and threw him in a spiral into the snow, losing both his weapons.

But, before the Walker could bring down the razor blade, Jon pushed his hands down and willed the air to push him up, his feet finding the ground at impossible speed. As he launched his hands in a fluid motion, spiralling a wave of air, the first Walker erupted backwards airborne.
Amazed at what he did, Jon summoned the Hammer back to his hand and picked Longclaw up, running at full tilt at the other stunned walker, he met his ice spear with Longclaw and pivoted, swinging his Valyrian blade to the Walker’s left flank, he swung around and crushed the gnarly ice spear into shards with the Hammer.

The walker looked stunned, but Jon didn’t give him time, he ducked under the Walker’s arm and moved a peninsula strike with Longclaw right into the walker’s chest, lifting the hammer over his head, Jon brought it down to hit Longclaw’s pommel driving the sword straight through the monster and it shattered in the wind. Breathing deeply in the middle of the fighting, he was covered in cold sweat from the assault.

“…Jon!” Arthur shouted in warning.

A decimating milky shard of ice pierced into his back, the other Walker had stabbed him in the back, and Jon choked out warm blood. His purple eyes went darker, his senses blurred as he barely made out Arthur burying Dawn into the Walker too late.

He could barely feel Arthur’s hands on his face, trying to keep him conscious, the Hammer fell like a magnetic bolt at his side, wights still pouring in, and he barely make out Ghost being swarmed by a nest bodies, his snarls turning into wines… he tried to reach for the Hammer and he did, raising it above his head, but his eyes felt heavy… not noticing the winds curdle and thunder surrender above him, a pure light tore through the skies at them but Jon had already lost consciousness…

He didn’t feel his knees hitting the ground, nor the shard of ice lodged in his side turning a sickly dark blue, festering his skin, he just felt the cold softly creeping into him…
Chapter End Notes

Please Kudos, comment and subscribe. It really helps, especially this beast I've planned. I need constructive criticism here and there. cheers. next chapter is already written and will be out on the weekend.
Stormborn and Snowborn

Chapter Summary

Best friends reunite.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 2

- Stormborn and Snowborn

-
The Return of the Dead Prince

Remember me, my love…

The pale panels of daylight filled the room with a thick earthy glow. He felt warm for once and he snuggled his jaw further into the pillow. He didn’t know where he was nor did he know the time or day. All he knew was that his throat was dry and his bones ached with a numb pain on his side.
Blinking his eyes in a bleary flutter for a second, he lifted his head in a pathetic attempt to try and see. He tried his best to focus his eyes but he groaned from the wincing pain in his side, wincing into his back. A ribbon of drool fell sleepily on the furred sheets and it was only after a few seconds that he began seeing familiar dark stone walls. The fresh scent of pinewood and fresh summer snow wafted from the slopes of the slanted windows. After a few seconds, Jon took a husky ragged breath and breathed deeply, slowly groaning up and resting on his elbows and he squinted around the room.

His vision was blurry and he slurred with one open eye, after a minute, he finally became adjusted to the pale light. Then he knew he sustained some sort of injury because the sight before him was the last thing that he ever thought he would see. At the end of the grand feathered bed, was Ghost curled up with a mysterious woman. The moment Jon looked his way, the arctic wolf blinked open his red ruby eyes with only one ear peaking up and the other missing, Ghost wined softly with slow panting and stretching his skinny hind legs as if saying, ‘everything is alright now.’

But, what shocked Jon the most was the molten golden hair that lay sprawled over the wolf’s white withers in perfect silk ringlets, and the silver-haired woman was cuddled up by Ghost’s side in a petite ball. Her beautiful face had matured since he last saw her five years ago and she looked different, a lot different, with her wide hips and womanly shape in the cream woollen corset dress that she fell asleep in. But all he saw was his childhood friend, his best friend.

“Dany?” he croaked and he coughed from his raspy throat.

“Dany,” he repeated softly, trying to stretch his calloused fingertips towards the end of the bed and he watched her hum sleepily, her tired violet eyes slowly opening and looking back at him before widening in a flurry as she jumped. “Jae!” She squeaked.

He grinned, his sore violet eyes crinkled in actual happiness, “Aren’t you a sight for sore…” But he was cut off when she leapt on him, her small hands running around his neck in a strangling hug and he leaned into her shoulder, hugging her back. “Gods, Jae. I missed you.” Dany wetly breathed onto his neck.

“Daenerys Targaryen.” He murmured and he watched her lean back with a teared smile on her rosy lips, her jasmine perfume filling his nose while she looked at him expectantly with searching eyes.

“Where am I? What is…? No, firstly, where am I and, and what are you doing here?” He croaked out in disbelief at Daenerys.
Dany pressed her lips together from laughing at his hazy expression, “You are at Castle-Black again, silly, and you barely made it back by the looks of it. Ser Arthur told me, he and some of your Wildling friends brought you back from Hardhome when you came back half-dead on a nag, but now you are safe and sound… My dear nephew, it’s been a long time.” Dany muttered with that smile that consumed her whole face, the corners of her eyes crinkled in that adorable way along with her dimples.

“And you talk in your sleep now.” She playfully nudged him before pressing him in exaggeration, imitating his deep northern accent, “Val… oh, Val… please… who’s Val?” She tried to say seriously before giggling with a sardonic grin.

Jon rolled his eyes and rubbed the tiredness out his face with his palm. “So, you’re still a nuisance,” he responded, making her giggle as she ignored him and checked his temperature with the back of her hand; a reassured look forming on her beautiful blotchy face from her last few days of tears.

“Water…” He croaked out of the blue, Dany smiled and pushed him back down when he tried to get up for the water jug on his bed side, his ribs wincing in pain. She instead stood up and poured a long swing into a chalice, then teasing him as she drank out of it instead with mischievous eyes peering over the brim.

“Over five years it’s been and you’re still a pain in my arse.” He grinned dramatically, watching his best friend giggle before passing him the cup. He chugged the water down with a wolf’s thirst, closing his eyes at the refreshing feeling.

He then searched her eyes as they fell in a comfortable silence with Ghost purring under Dany’s pets and coos as she sat back down by his side.

“You’re probably wondering what I’m doing here.” She said softly, watching him drink heavily before petting Ghost in his deliberate need for more of her attention.

“Aye,” Jon gasped, watching her expectantly and adjusting the sheets when he became aware he only had his cotton-breeches on.

Dany smiled and looked at him amused, “Aye,” She whispered, mocking his northern accent that he had formed. “You’re such a northman now.” She grinned, and he couldn’t help but smile at her arched eyebrows watching him and her adorable tiny knees pressed against the side of his leg, as she settled on the side of the bed more comfortably.
He only hummed before gesturing her to explain how she came to be at his bed-side. Her face filled with sadness and her lilac pupils slightly pooled with tears as she spoke. “When you went missing beyond the Wall a year ago, we all thought you dead. Your mother wanted to ride to Winterfell herself and demand why her own brother let her son go beyond the Wall…”

Jon interrupted, “I had to go Dany, the moment the King…”

“Your father,” Dany reminded him sternly.

Jon wanted to roll his eyes before continuing, “The moment, Father, sent me to Winterfell to become Uncle Ned’s Ward all those years ago as a boy, every other moon in Winterfell, a ranger of the Nightswatch would be executed for desertion. All claiming to have seen the Wight Walkers…”

“Wight Walker’s?” Dany mumbled in confusion, fussing over him as he spoke by taking loose tendrils of his raven hair off his face with her delicate fingers.

“Aye, Wight Walkers, Dany… legions of undead monsters… Just like the tales our wet nurse, Wyalla, told you and I, and Rhae, Egg and Vis. But, they’re not tales Dany, it’s all true. The true enemy is out there waiting to bring down that Wall and slaughter us all. I kept in touch with Maester Aemon when I came to Winterfell and he confirmed it was all true, all of it. And after four years of confusing ravens and battles with wildling raiders scaling the Wall and attacking from the southern gates, he sent me a raven for help. He told me he needed help from a Targaryen, that he only trusted his own blood to see the true enemy, so I could convince the realm. Uncle Ned had forbid me to go for unlikely information but I had to, Uncle Benjen went missing and I couldn’t just sit there. So, I took it upon myself… I left Winterfell with Arthur. Well rather snuck out… barely managed getting past a wolf’s scent but we managed… When I got to Castle-Black, the Lord Commander, Jeor Mormont, came with me when he led a ranging beyond the Wall, for nearly a year, Arthur and I…”

“You went against your Uncle Ned’s and Lady Catelyn’s wishes against your mothers and your fathers. You could have died Jae, you did nearly die!” She nearly seethed as she squeezed his arm, looking at his young face that had a small scar above his eye and another on his cheek. *He looks battle-worn now but… it made him look…*

Jon shook his head, “that’s not the point Dany, Maester Aemon was right. I saw them Dany, Wight Walkers, first at the Fist of the first men and then at Hardhome, at Storrholds point… They are real, and they will bring the storm with them, winter is coming.” He murmured darkly, softening his face in reassurance at Dany’s shocked expression.
It was silent for a moment before Jon nearly gasped, his mind returning, “where’s everyone… Val… where is she..?” Jon remembered Day most likely didn’t know her so he asked, “Arthur? Is he alright?” He added in concern.

Dany pursed her lips to hide a smile, before tilting her head to the side with a gesture towards a chair in the shadowy corner. Jon looked over and under a woollen blanket, sat the Sword in the Morning in drooling slumber, his bandaged head sagging back with a snore and the great double-edged milky blade of ‘Dawn’ resting on his lap.

“That knight is one honourable fool,” Dany laughed softly; “he refused to leave your side at all. It was him that pulled out that shard of ice that punctured your back and ribs when Maester Aemon tended your injuries. Ser Arthur has not changed much from what I remember as a girl, still quite serious but charming in his own way. He pulled me into a big hug when he saw me arrive three days ago, grateful that at least one other Targaryen cared for his favourite Prince.”

Jon rolled his eyes before looking at Ghost with a quick instruction. The Direwolf almost nodded in understanding, hopping up before prowling up to the Knight and pulling on his sleeve with his dense jaws playfully. It wasn’t a moment after until Arthur Dayne jolted awake, his dark indigo eyes groggily focusing on Princess Daenerys before noticing the now awake Jaenerys.

“My Prince..? Prince Jaenerys!” Arthur nearly shouted before pushing himself up out his chair by the bed in a struggle and rushing to Jon’s side, helping him sit up.

“How many times Arthur, it’s just Jon to you.” He grunted, coughing on his dry throat.

Arthur rolled up his sleeves on his muscled wrists, his broad shoulders sagging in tiredness as he supported Jon’s bandaged back to sit more comfortably. “Well stop doing stupid things son, and I will. Fucking hell, you’re lucky that shard of ice didn’t puncture your lungs. Maester Aemon and I could barely pull it out without rearranging your guts” Arthur muttered darkly.

“How long was I out,” Jon murmured, looking at the cuts of Arthurs face and noticing they had already finished healing.

“Nearly a month, you’ve been living on honey and goats milk, so you need to get your strength back son. It wasn’t until Princess Daenerys turned up at the gates did you, for some weird reason, start breathing properly again.” Arthur added with a warm smile towards Dany, who lay cuddled up with Ghost again, “she was able to fire b…”
“I used a little remedy, my mother once taught me, nothing special.” Dany corrected hurriedly, not looking Jae in the eye and fussing over Ghost.

“…well, whatever you did, it would seem that she was the real hero in bringing you back.” Arthur grinned.

“Your welcome,” Dany teased at Jon as she began smoothing out her woollen cream corset as she clipped back her silver tresses behind her button ears with some silver hair-pins.

Jon smiled at Dany’s mischievous eyes before looking back at his mentor and father figure. “What happened? I don’t remember much after Hardhome. I just remember talking negotiations with Mance in the lost air temple and then horns blowing, I remember killing all those Wights with Longclaw. And you, Tormund and Ghost by my side but then it goes blurry…”

Arthur let out a hard sigh, “As you know, the Wights came from all directions. We managed to get most of the Free-Folk on the ships as planned, but it was a massacre and we all got separated. I saw you in the temple, you were taking on two Wight Walkers by yourself son, two of them, which even for me is hard fucking graft” Arthur growled and then he remembered Dany was there and turned to her, “Apologies Princess, for the language, I forgot myself…”

“Nonsense Ser Arthur, I am a grown woman now and…” Dany started casually but abruptly faded off from Arthur’s stern look. By habit, all the Royal Children saw the Kingsguard as father figures or mentors, especially Ser Arthur since he helped raise them, especially Jon, when he went with him five years ago to protective him in Winterfell under Queen Lyanna’s orders for his ward ship.

“You’re still a Princess,” Arthur said sternly with a gentle smile and with another apology, he turned back to Jon and carried on.

“Anyway… you killed one walker with a peninsula move but the other hit you in the back, the coward! Just below your lungs and into your back ribs. I took that monster down with Dawn and the walker shattered in the wind, and then something happened… A bright light like a bolt struck the highest peak and fractured the pillars, the chamber collapsed on us and killed most of them bleeding monster’s and it gave us enough time to flea…you were losing a lot of blood so I had to carry you back to the ships, you needed a Maester. Castle-Black was the nearest and I only trusted Maester Aemon to make sure you see a full recovery, which you will.” Arthur added gently.

Jon nodded, dreading his next question. “Who made it,” he croaked.
For the first time in Jon’s life, Arthur didn’t meet his eyes. Dany noticed and squeezed Jae’s hand, but he didn’t look at her, just at Arthur, waiting for the worse.

Arthur then looked, “Most didn’t make it, Tormund found Mance and his troop of Thenn’s, they all had fallen… gutted by a dead giant at the bottom of the mountain, when we managed to get to the base of the mountain, you was still losing a lot of blood and we had wights on our tail, I had to leave with you… I swore a vow to protect you and… and… I couldn’t find Val… I’m sorry… the walkers would have slaughtered all of us if I didn’t give the order to unweigh the anchors.” Arthur muttered with a bowed head. Jon went blank, calming his breathing to remain strong.

“Where are the free-folk we saved on the ships?” Jon croaked after a tense minute.

Arthur tried to keep his anger at bay, “they came with us to the tunnel here at Castle-Black, we walked for days and when we finally got here. Because Lord Commander Mormont had fallen and you were unconscious, the acting Lord Commander… Stannis Baratheon wouldn’t allow them to pass. The git won’t allow the Free-Folk through towards the Gift as agreed at Hardhome. So, the 50,000 we saved are camped just outside the Wall in the haunted forest but a lot have scattered to shelters, mostly children and old people. I managed to get Tormund and Ygritte past the Wall with me, but the rest are waiting for their new King Beyond the Wall to save them again.” Arthur slowly added, carefully watching Jon’s reaction.

“What?” Jon grunted in bewilderment after a second, before he very vaguely remembered the incident when the wildling elders hailed him as King, when he laid half-dead on the nag on the way back off the ship.

Arthur smiled sadly and reminded him, “Mance is dead. The rest only believe in your word to save them, you lived with them for months upon months and you learnt their way. Tormund said the Elders see you as their own now, and their new King. They are your people now Jaenerys Targaryen. I bet you wished you listened to me, and we didn’t go gallivanting beyond the Wall a year ago looking for dead-men now, eh.” Arthur pestered darkly, clapping Jon lightly on the shoulder.

Jon smiled weakly, “Aye, I just hope father doesn’t think I’m rebelling against him with the title of King beyond the Wall?” He murmured dramatically.

Arthur and Daenerys smiled softly, reassuring him with a shake of their head.
Arthur stood up, “I will get you something to eat, warm up them bones of yours. Ser Barristan came North with Daenerys and he’s outside on guard. We’ll meet you both in the main hall; it’ll do you both good to get out this damp room.” Arthur added, making towards the door behind him.

“Arthur,” Jon suddenly said, stopping the Knight. “…where is it?”

Arthur looked over his shoulder, taking a deep breath “I couldn’t pick it up Jon… no one could. It’s still in the air temple, lost to the Other’s…”

Jon slowly nodded and Arthur took leave, and the room went quiet. Jon and Dany found each other’s eyes, and broke into smile’s at the relief to see their best friend again.

Jon swallowed hard, staying strong as he searched Dany’s eyes. “Have you sent a message to my mother, and the King…” He asked. And when Dany gave him a weary look, he mumbled out, “What about Uncle Ned? People need to know what happened.”

Dany squeezed his hand, “Your Uncle Ned wanted to come when he heard of your miraculous return, but he is caught up in some dispute with House Greyjoy near the Stoney shores. So, your cousin Robb came instead and he’s been awfully kind, I quickly gathered you too are like brothers and he has his own wolf like you, Grey-Wind, I believe he calls him, a rather loud wolf for my liking, not like my fluffy Ghosty. Anyway… right now, Robb is probably with Sam, one of your Nightswatch friends he said.” Jon nodded; Samwell Tarly was a brother of the Watch and had quickly become his friend after he departed Castle-black a year ago to go on the initial raid.

“So, my father doesn’t know about me being alive? My mother?” Jon murmured with regret.

Dany shook her head with a silky sigh. “I believe your Uncle sent a raven shortly after he heard of your return, sending the raven directly to Queen Lyanna to confirm you were alive and well. But I couldn’t do it myself… Jae, we all thought you dead. We mourned for you, I mourned for you.” She prodded him angrily before squeezing his warm hands with watery eyes, “everyone has grieved for you, and everyone refused to believe you’re actually alive because it hurts too much to think we gave up on you… So, as you can imagine, a lot of things have changed Jae. A lot.” She repeated to confirm with a nod of her head.

Giving his hand a warm squeeze and letting him lace his calloused fingers with her small honeyed hand, she continued “After you came north to ward for your Uncle, Rhaegar and Lyanna, and Elia for that matter started arguing a lot, Lyanna and Elia didn’t like sending you off while all of us could stay in the Capital, but Rhaegar was adamant you went to Winterfell…”
Jon knew why, because I can’t bend fire, he swallowed the bitter taste in his mouth as he listened…

“…I believe he felt his second son shouldn’t get too comfortable in the capital, probably avoiding any resentment between you and Aegon, which is stupid I know…anyway, it kind of settled down. A few years past and Egg was betrothed to Margaery Tyrell for a political match, the harvests of the Reach would have helped the Capital in the coming winter. And Rhaenys, she was betrothed to Joffrey Baratheon, Cersei Lannister’s and Renly’s eldest son, the future lord of the Stormlands, after the notorious earth bender of the Rebellion died under Rhaegar’s own fire. So, that betrothal was to patch up the alliances of the damn rebellion all those years ago. Anyway, little did Rhaegar know that Aegon and Rhae had different things on their mind, that being each other…”

Jon hummed with little shock; he always knew his big brother and sister was a thing before he left the Capital at Ten and four. Now, he was nearly ten and nine of age, and he knew Rhae and Egg had probably consummated their love.

“Anyway,” Dany continued with raised eye-brows, “as you probably have guessed, those two love-birds fled Westeros nearly a year ago…”

“…A year ago,” Jon repeated in shock.

“Yep,” Dany confirmed, half-distracted by petting a growling Ghost who then happily nuzzled into her scratches.

“How..?” He asked first, remembering the security and guard that surrounded Kings Landing. He knew the Crown Prince and the Princess couldn’t have just waltz out in the middle of the day.

“Jae, you should have seen it…” Dany exclaimed at the memory, threading her fingers in her silver hair at the tense memory, “Aegon went to see father, he demanded Rhaenys hand. He was quickly refused on the grounds of being already betrothed to the Tyrell girl, Rhaegar wouldn’t hear any more of the matter. However, you know how much a hot head Egg can be and how stubborn Rhae is… The two hatched a plan and made a huge fire at the hour of the wolf, on the other side of the city, destroying the Gate of the Gods on the North side, a distraction we later learned. Aegon’s work as you might have guessed. His Breath of Fire ability is actually unmatched, it’s quite disgusting to see how he stretches his mouth open like a goat, but his fire was so hot it actually melted parts the north wall. Rhaenys used her signature fire disks in what she calls a pinwheel attack on the City-watch while Aegon did his work; they fought off half the gold cloaks by themselves. And then, when Rhaegar and Viserys arrived to put a stop to them, they had already fled on a ship for the free-cities.” Dany nodded at the shocked look on Jon’s face.
…No one was hurt obviously, but it hurt Little finger’s purse to fix the damage… Rhaenys still sends me letters in secret of course, she stays that they are finally free to do what they want, that they are in the free-cities, Pentos I last heard and now enjoying life as Targaryen lovers, she says. And that I’m free to join them anytime.” Dany giggled softly.

Jae raised his brow, unsure of what to say as he watched Dany purse her lips at his confused expression.

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Dany elaborated with a big cringe at the mere idea, slapping his arm playfully at his confused expression as she spoke “I just happen to find it funny that they would invite me into their lovers quarrel, when they clearly know I don’t harbour feelings for them in that way. So, drop that confused look on your face, Jaenerys.” Dany pressed with a smile.

Jae chuckled at her cute nose scrunching at the thought of sex with them. “Well, I don’t know Dany… you know how Egg did have a thing for you when we were little. You have to admit the thought didn’t cross your mind that you might of grown close with Aegon and eventually married him to become his Queen, everyone knows you have the ruling mind for it. So, if you wasn’t running off on adventures around the Castle and causing trouble while he sat studying, you two may have been a thing. So don’t hit me for being confused.” He said lightly, mostly saying it to annoy her.

Dany rolled her eyes, “Hey, you seem to forget, it was you and I that ran around and caused trouble;” they both broke out in laughter at the memories.

“But no,” She said abruptly, “Aegon and Rhaenys can leave me out of it, and watch, when they hear that you’re alive, don’t be surprised when Rhae sends you an invitation.” She added with a wink, both of them laughing with big cringes, “So, anyway, as you can imagine the realm is in dire need of their Crown-Prince back but I’m sure Aegon will return soon enough, it’s only a matter of time he swallow his stupid pride.”

“What of my baby sister?” Jon asked gently.

Dany laughed, “Visenya hasn’t changed at all, still the same free-spirt. And she’s not a baby anymore she would tell you, almost ten and three. And she loves riding with me, and we often go to the orphanages together after court in flea-bottom and the other squares. After you left me,” Dany pouted playfully, “Senya and I have grown quite close, she’s like my own baby sister with her beautiful silver hair,” Dany laughed, twirling her own signature Targaryen silver hair in her finger, to emphasise her meaning.
“What about you Dany? How come you’re here in the North?” Jon softly said, both of them watching their hands softly intertwining and unlacing, together.

Her sigh was like silk. “You are my blood. My dearest nephew, our family may have given up hope you was alive. But not me… After my mother went back to live on Dragonstone against Rhaegar’s wishes for a quieter life, Rhaegar made sure I was always kept close to him in the courts of Kings Landing, then I had lost Rhae and Egg, then Viserys became besotted with the idea of ruling Dragonstone in Rhaegar’s stead, a feat of some sort of power I suppose. I, on the other hand, like I said, I was left in the capital in the courts, which wasn’t too bad I suppose. I became good friends with many Lords and Ladies, especially Tyrion Lannister, he’s here in fact, most likely reminiscing with his new found friend called Northern Ale,” she laughed before adding, “… anyway, he was the dear who gave me the news about you, news he found from a Nightswatch man called Yorin he met.” She muttered softly before searching his eyes.

“When we heard rumours that a man with purple eyes had come south of the Wall with a direwolf of the North, I just knew it was you. Even though everyone else dismissed it as false information, I left before the raven even came to the capital to confirm from you’re Uncle. The winds were kind and, Ser Barristan insisted he came with me on this venture that everyone but I believed pointless. We docked at Eastwatch no less than a fortnight later. We arrived here only three days ago. And I found you lying here, the lost prince who I used to play swords with and catch kittens with.” She said breathlessly with a wide smile, “now a grown man with a Direwolf and a funny northern accent.”

Jon smiled softly and looked down at Ghost, who was curled up over her feet. “It seems he likes you more than me, isn’t that right boy.” Jon ruffled Ghost’s tilted snowy head as the mammoth white wolf tugged on his sleeve playfully.

“Well I rather like my little Ghosty.” Dany cooed.

“Firstly, it’s just Ghost. And second, he’s clearly not little.” He said stubbornly, nearly using his brooding face.

Dany laughed, “Now don’t do that brooding thing you do, Jaenerys Targaryen, I hoped you grown out of that,” She giggled before adding, “I promise I won’t steal him from you, yet.” She said with amused eyes before turning serious, “Your mother’s family have been awfully nice by the way, your Uncle Ned has sent several messages and hopes to see you soon and Robb is always offering to help me feed you your honey milk. I keep asking him to show me his skin-changing ability but I think he’s too shy or something… but, he keeps me company when I have my own suppers in here.” Dany added casually, fluffing up Jae’s pillows as he winced from the pain on his side again.
Jon narrowed his eyes at her and after a few long seconds, she burrowed her eyebrows and slapped him playfully on the arm. “Don’t be silly again,” she tutted.

“What?” He tried to say innocently in his defence, “it just seems my cousin has taken an interest in you. Bringing you meals himself, I would even go on to say…”

“Well don’t.” Dany swallowed out, “Robb has become sort of a brother to me. I don’t see him like that,” she said resolutely before adding, “I hope he doesn’t think I do, I don’t want to hurt him.”

Jon grinned, “Knowing Robb, he’s head over heels for you. You’re quite the sight now my little aunt, not that spotty girl that used to tackle me down.” He watched her cheeks flush a little, picking at the frays of the blanket as she softly replied.

“If you’re not careful, I will tackle you down.” Daenerys said playfully with pursed lips, crossing her legs on his bed as she fussed over Ghost. They fell in a comfortable silence and it was her that broke it.

“What will you do now? Will you return home with me?” Dany asked with a glance of her gorgeous hooded lashes.

“Lyanna misses you dearly and I know Rhaegar misses you, I think its grief that has made him refuse to come North to see you, I think it is anyway..?”

Jon couldn’t stop himself, “No. it’s because I can’t bend fire like the rest of you, he hoped the taint on his perfect statue gone and lost in the snow…”

“Don’t be stupid, Jaenerys Targaryen. When he found out you went missing a year ago, he led a search party himself. He travelled for weeks upon weeks but no sight of you. He nearly burned the entire Wall down with his bare hands when the trail went cold near Last Hearth… I remember when he and his Kings Guard returned empty handed; Lyanna nearly killed them all in her fit.”

“I am going to return but then I will come back here.” He eventually said gravely.

“Why must you, silly?” Dany snapped after a hard look, “You have been missing for a year Jae and gone for four, you can’t go back beyond the Wall to fight the wildlings again.” She wanted to scream.
“I’m not going to fight the Wildlings.” He reminded, “I’m going to save the rest of them.” He elaborated for her confused face, “The plan failed and most are still out there just outside this Wall. They were born on the wrong side of the Wall, that doesn’t make them monsters, and if they don’t pass the tunnel south. They will all die by winter and become meat for the Night Kings army. That was why I went north of the Wall, Dany, to learn their ways and gain their trust. Then, I went to treat with their King, Mance Rayder. The stubborn fool wouldn’t bend the knee at first to save his people until…” Jon remembered the whole situation with the Hammer, and it led his thoughts onto how Val vouched for him and it physically hurt his heart,” Jon stumbled on his words before skipping past that part, “…he agreed with me to fight when the time comes, only together could it be done. But, then the Walkers came, it was a no stopping them in the air temple and as Arthur said… it was a massacre at Hardhome, no one survived.” He said trailing off, looking out the pale light streaming into the window.

He came back to his thoughts, “Now, the remaining 50,000 of Free-folk are depending on me to get them south before winter comes. And they crowned me their King and I must of accepted,” he said with a weak expression, “…because it was the only way to keep them banded together. If I didn’t take the title, they would be killing each other right now. So I have to try and get them south, I swore a vow and I intend to honour it. I have to try and convince father to make them citizens of the realm.” He said with determination.

Dany watched him attentively, her childhood companion and her once partner of crime that she so dearly missed, now he spoke like a wise old man. He had become different, more broody and stronger physically and mentally, and she believed in him. “You’ve become quite the man Jae, you honour is rather compelling but also rather annoying.” Dany teased, stroking Ghosts withers while peering into Jae's dark purple eyes that swallowed her up.

Jae softly smiled before nodding at her. “You’ve become even smarter and braver, coming to the edge of the world to find a dead prince, on the chance of a rumour. Brave but reckless,” Jon teased back.

Dany failed to stop a laugh, before turning serious. “Jae seriously, you could leave all this behind, the Wall has stood for a thousand years and you don’t owe anyone anything. You nearly died for them. I know you made an oath as their chosen King but you’re a Targaryen and you answer to no one, so it wouldn’t be seen as fraud, you’re not a Stark or a Nightswatch man, you could leave this and come back to your family without a worry, become the Prince you are, gods know Rhaegar needs it, he has already been betrayed by two of his children… It’s an easier path Jae, it’s easier than being in open rebellion as the King beyond the Wall, because that’s how Rhaegar may see it, especially after two of his children have already abandoned him to gallivant the free-cities against his consent.”

Jon only squeezed her hand in understanding but shook his head, “…As you said Dany. A lot has changed over these past five years and if you’ve looked into the Night Kings eyes at the Fist of the
First men, it would be all you would think about. You would know that, that… it’s the endgame. So, whatever I do, I would rather fail with honour than succeed with fraud.”

The Reckless Silver Princess

“Ha! You’re a hard fucker to kill, King Snowborn.” Tormund boomed, pulling Jon into a bear hug.

They had arrived in the Great Hall, and a long oaken table had been reserved for them. Dany had changed into a thick woolen northern coat, the snowy fur hugged her curves warmly and it was lined with blood red lines, a white fur pelt on her shoulders and topped off with maroon seal gloves. She was a Targaryen Princess, what did she expect, she didn’t have anything remotely not-eye-catching.

Jon wore his heavy brown northern cape, a modest navy tunic underneath and Longclaw loyally strapped to his side. His left arm was held in a sling and Dany guided him in by the other arm as he got used to walking again. She stepped to the side when a cluster of black-brothers and wildlings came bounding up greet Jon.

“Who’s that?” Dany whispered to Arthur, who was grinning at the scene. The moment she had arrived at Castle-Black, her and Brienn had mainly stayed in Jon’s room and had only met Robb, Stannis, Samwell, Gilly and knew Ser Arthur and Ser Barristan of course, everyone else was a mystery.

“That’s Tormund Giantsbane,” Arthur said smugly next to Brienn, watching Jon talking to the bear hugging man, “He has been with us for a while, a good man put really crazy. The girl next to him is Ygritte, she was the one that caught Jon and I and held us captive at first, she brought us to Mance originally. I would say watch out for her, she’s bat shit crazy, but don’t worry, stay close to Jon, Barristan and I and you’ll fit right in Princess.” Arthur smiled with Ser Barristan and Robb, nodding in agreement. The wildling girl Arthur had pointed out was starring daggers at her for some reason, Dany dismissed it.

“Why are they calling Jae, Jon Snowborn?” Dany asked.
“I see,” Dany hummed happily, “But I still think Jae copied my name, of Stormborn, he was probably brooding one day on why my name is more fitting than his” And Dany laughed when Jon turned back to her and said, “I heard that.”

Tyrion walked into the room with a group lads behind him, telling a joke about a honey-come and a jackass, he was clearly drunk again as he slumped down next to Dany.

“You look well hydrated…” Dany murmured in amusement, watching him pour himself a horn of Ale.

“…I thought you didn’t like the taste.”

“I must say, it’s an acquired taste, like the very North. I might stay…”

“Really..?” Dany questioned, not really listening as she glanced at Jon staring at plate on the other side, looking crumpled by something, she watched Arthur whisper something in his ear and him barely react.

Tyrion’s voice came back to her, “…what can I say, I’m just enjoying the time we have before we have to return to the capital, or more to the point, our intimidating King and Hand… I’m jealous of you, you’re a Princess of the realm, me on the other hand, a dwarf… I reckon the mighty Tywin Lannister will send me right back here to become a celibate crow… a little one at that,” he laughed as he drank.

“I’ll protect you,” Dany murmured absently, taking her friend’s hand and letting him feel the fire that ran through her, and Tyrion returned the smile.

Ten minutes later, they were all chugging down piping hot, rabbit mint stew. Dany glanced at Jae, who simply sat at the head of the table. He still had dark rings around his eyes; his skin had an unhealthy complexion as he stared absently at his food, just toying with it. Ygritte caught Daenerys
staring at Jon in concern, and the fiery red head got the wrong impression and straightened her spine in her sweaty furs, copying the Silver Princesses composure of eating properly in an attempt to get Jaenerys to look at her.

“So, what is the plan then, King Jon?” Robb asked with a smile, everyone turning to the new King Beyond the Wall.

Jae pushed his untouched bowl away, and pushing his thoughts away from Val.

He took a long swing from his Horn of Ale before setting it down and holding his cold alpha gaze. “…I believe it’s time to return home. If I am to get the Free-folk beyond the Wall peacefully, I need my Lord Fathers permission… he is the King of Westeros after all.”

“What of all our people? The King beyond the Wall should say with his people.” Ygritte seethed, “We can’t wait forever in the forests for some Southern Lord to wave a flag or summit, and we need to move before winter hits, we can’t wait for a fire-bending southerner to wipe our arses.” She muttered harshly, glaring at Daenerys for some reason.

Dany narrowed her eyes back and entwined her small hands together, sitting confidently as she replied for him. “To make you citizens of the realm, asking my brother, King Rhaegar, peacefully, is the best course of action. Jaenerys is right. We need to convince Rhaegar that the real enemy is not you, but the Wight-Walkers.”

Ygritte saw Jon nod in agreement, and it made her seethe back at Dany, “What would you…”

“Enough Ygritte,” Jon growled, “Now, Robb. We need to go back to Winterfell first before heading south. If the Grey-joys are indeed rebelling against the crown and Uncle Ned has got his hands full, you need to help him. The sooner the realm is united, the better. Dany and I, will head on south after with Tyrion, Brienn, Ser Arthur and Ser Barristan, and Tormund and Ygritte will come as my representatives of the Free-Folk; to convince my father of the threat. Also… the acting Lord Commander should come as well.” Jon said slowly, turning and looking up at the grizzly rutted man on the high table.

Stannis’s nose was twitching and he looked back at Jon with his cold gaze, he replied slowly, “With all due respect my Prince, you are not the King. And the Nightswatch has sworn to stay clear of the politics’ of the realm, we are mere shields now. So I will not be going south. My brother Robert learnt his lesson twenty years ago when he lost the touch of the Earth and was consumed by the fire of the King’s wrath, and now… now I’m here to live out my days as a result,” Stannis growled before adding, “if you want them Wildling’s south of the Wall, that’s your
problem not mine, I would see them dead if I had the numbers.” He muttered, “I respectfully decline your offer, my prince,” he added diplomatically before carrying on eating his stew and ignoring the tension.

Jon wanted to roll his eyes but it was Ser Arthur who stood up, “You are not Lord Commander yet, Stannis. What say you Maester Aemon?” Arthur then said softly, turning to the blind old man that was being fed by Samwell Tarly.

Aemon raised his wrinkled face gravely, his blind eyes only looking at the ceiling as he croaked out, “I agree with Prince Jaenerys, the Nightswatch should have a say in negotiations for the coming Long Night. Samwell, you will go with Jaenerys and Daenerys. You will be the Black brother that will represent the Nightswatch. I trust you to make the threat clear to my nephew, King Rhaegar.”

Sam gulped but nodded nevertheless and looked at Jae, “I will come with you Jon.” Sam grumbled, with a small smile.

“Thank you Sam.” Jon responded with a nod.

They all nodded before Ygritte blurted out, “You better not be kneeling on us, Jon Snowborn. We crowned you our King, not for you to give it to some southerner who doesn’t know our ways.” She said with her voice getting louder.

Jon turned back to Ygritte, her thin bushy figure staring intently back at him. “That southerner you speak of is my father, and he will see reason if I tell him the truth.” Jon growled back, noticing Dany and Ser Barristan exchange a weary look. He glanced at them in confusion before having to turn his attention back the freckled red-head.

“So you will bend,” Ygritte mocked.

“Aye,” Jon nearly roared, clearly had enough of her backtalk as he slammed the table with his fist and to his surprise, he heard the wind grow stronger for a moment outside. It was dead silent before he growled with his husky voice, “your survival is more important than your pride, that’s what Mance didn’t understand. My father would lead us better and he is the most powerful fire-bender, rebelling against him is madness. We need all my family’s ability with fire, the trained fire soldier of the royal armies all on our side for this coming war. Fire kills the Wights remember, that and Dragonglass, and we need both.”
Dany quipped her head up, “Dragonstone sits on a mountain of dragonglass, remember… the caverns we used to play in as children.” Dany said to Jon who nodded, “we need to mine it, melt it and forge weapons from it,” Jon agreed.

Ygritte opened her mouth to retaliate but it was Tormund that spoke, “Shut your mouth now Ygritte, the boy nearly died for us, he saved in Storrhholds mountain, in the air temple, and at Hardhome with the ships. If we aren’t willing to trust his word that he will do it again, if we aren’t willing to stand next to him in a southern court and do this peacefully, we’re cowards.”

The room became silent and it was broke by the door groaning open, the winds howling outside as Grenn came striding in. “Your Grace’s, a raven from Kings landing.” He said, holding out a sealed parchment towards Jon and Dany.

Jon and Dany exchanged a weary look, and Jon took the scroll. There was two pieces of the letter, he passed Dany the one from Rhaegar. And he read the one from his mother with a deep breath.

My sweet baby boy,

If you don’t recognise my writing it’s because it’s your Lady Mother! You failed to tell me of your ridiculous adventure to sneak out of Winterfell a year ago to only disappear beyond the Wall! You should be ashamed of yourself, Jaenerys Targaryen! And now nearly a year after, I hear my baby boy is alive and well and has returned a man. My heat started beating again. You scared me Jae but know that I love you, and I eagerly await your return. Which you will young man! And wait until I get my hands on the Sword in the Morning, he should know better than to let you go wandering!

Ned’s message told me you were hurt and it would take time for you to recover, I wanted to come but Rhaegar forbid me to travel north for unconfirmed information on if it was actually you!! I believe your Aunt Daenerys snuck out of the Capital to see you though, and I trust Dany’s word to see you safe. Senya misses her big brother! And keep Dany safe, I’m already missing her sweet dimples.

Come home my son, we miss you dearly! Lots of love.

Your mother, Lyanna Stark

Signed, Queen of the Seven Kingdoms.

Jon had to wipe the tear in his eye, feeling Arthur pat him on his broad furred shoulder in understanding; he missed his mother so, so much. He then turned to Dany but saw a look of shock on her face as she read Rhaegar’s message that he sent to her. “What is it Dany?”
She failed to reply and only passed it on to him; he took the sweaty parchment and quickly read.

To my son Jaenerys Targaryen,

I hope you are well and have a worthy explanation on why you disappeared beyond the Wall and away from your duties as my son and your Uncle Eddard’s Ward? My spymaster, Varys, has also informed me you are now a King in your own right? Some say you are in open rebellion against me, as the King beyond the Wall?

My small council want me to execute any potential usurper of my Throne with my own fire to ensure the realm stays in peaceful times. But, you are my son and I have a Grey-Joy rebellion to deal with and your mother insists I don’t use fire to settle it, as the realm has suffered enough from fire bending them into our will. So, I agreed that it should be settled by a sword and fealty but it is tedious and slow work, so you must come to King’s Landing immediately and bend the knee to me and bury this new matter, your wildling friends will, without question, be put down. And you will be spared to fulfil your duties as my son. These are my terms.

To my sister, Daenerys,

Your recklessness was nothing but senseless! I will also be having words with Ser Barristan for going with you but I’m glad he did. Now, for the time being, you will return South with Jaenerys to fulfil your duties as my sister. As a result of Aegon and Rhaenys ridiculous mishaps, they will soon annul their marriage on their soon return in the coming months from Essos, Rhaenys will marry Joffrey Baratheon as intended, Aegon to Margaery as agreed in the coming year. Jaenerys return mean’s he will now marry Arianne Martell, while little Visenya will secure the Vale when she has bled into a woman, and marry Robyn Arryun.

I did intend for you to marry Robb Stark however after Lord Stark let my own son go missing, House Stark will not gain your hand. So, you on the other hand, will marry Viserys as per his request. He has been the only loyal Targaryen so far by ruling Dragonstone in my name, and he only has eyes for you, so you will make him happy and give him a son whose to be under my fruitful watch, to make sure he never rebels against me. You know how Viserys can be. You are my sister, now come home and fix the wrongs you have made.

Sighed,

King Rhaegar Targaryen, Lord of the Seven Kingdoms and Protector of the Realm.

Jon looked up after reading his half, seeing Dany’s parted lips of shock. “That was cold,” Jon muttered, “but it sounds about right for father, that new Red-priest on his council is most likely the one that wants to execute me. Cold…” He repeated wearily, stretching his neck in tiredness as he watched Ser Arthur’s face want to agree as he held his tongue since that was his sworn King.

Dany burrowed her eyebrows in disbelief, “Forget that bit! Have you read my half? Have you read
who you are to marry, and who I am being sold off too?” Dany nearly squealed with enrage and a big cringing expression, almost shuddering as she tried her best not to torch the room in rage.

Jon snatched the letter back from Arthur and firstly read his own, “Arianne Martell?” He breathed heavily after a second, “the Princess of Dorne? Isn’t that Rhaenys and Egg’s cousin?”

Dany nodded and laughed weakly, “she is quite beautiful you know. You’re going to have you hands full with that one, Jaenerys Targaryen.” She breathed with humour before thinking of her own betrothal and groaning again.

Jon looked back up after reading the rest, “Viserys? Good luck with that…” Jon nearly laughed, putting his hands up in surrender when Dany playfully slapped his arm.

“It’s not funny Jae.” She sighed, and Jae reached for her hand with a gentle squeeze as she elaborated her sigh.

“My brother has become power hungry, both of them for that matter. But, Viserys is something else... Ever since Aegon fled East and you disappeared, presumed dead in the far North. Vis wants to be named Rhaegar’s heir, so now it seems I am being Rhaegar’s brood mare to keep Viserys happy. Don’t get me wrong, I care for Vis but not like this,” She shuddered, thinking of her brother’s skinny face and spidery hands even touching her body.

“Nuh uh, “she breathed dramatically to herself.

Jon saw her discomfort and quickly stood up to wrap his best friend in a tight hug, Dany was his sister in all but name, and he loved his mischievous best friend. Dany blinked back tears, feeling for once really safe in her nephew’s warm muscled form and gentle hands. He leaned back slightly, taking her small cute hands in his own hands before speaking directly into her soft violet eyes.

“Don’t worry, Dany, you and Senya are not being sold off to cover for Egg’s and Rhæ’s faults or for my father’s ambitions, we have the real War to fight and he must see that.” Jon told her huskily. Robb nodded eagerly in the background, feeling like he had just been slapped in the face from Dany’s announced betrothal.

“Open the gate!” bellowed a rough northern accent from outside and it was quickly followed by a hard thud of the wooden beams of the great gate groaning open. Dany looked at Jon’s alpha cold face as he turned to the door in curiosity, he gave her a curious look before limping out with
everyone filing behind him to see what the commotion outside entailed.

The courtyard was cold and sombre now, the snow drizzling quietly and the heaps of shovelled
snow and tents of smith stations littered around the dreary clearing. Daenerys held Jon’s arm since
he was still getting used to walking again as he still winced a little from the pain in his arm sling
and ribs.

But, she stopped him altogether when they reached the upper landing to look down. Standing under
the archway of the main gate, was a black mare with an elegant lady disembarking off. The lady
was clad in red draping robes, her red hair blossoming around her pale beautiful face and a choker
of rubies clasped to her throat, a red ruby slit in the middle and making her neck look long and
smooth.

“Who’s that?” Jon growled as they walked down to the courtyard, already knowing it was
something to do with his father.

Dany recognised who it was instantly. Her old fire bending master… She turned to Jon and
whispered back quickly, “Jae, you must understand, Rhaegar has gone a little mad with prophecies
since you disappeared a year ago, he either practises ancient fire bending scriptures from the dark
ages or locks himself in his chambers all day after court and speaks only with the head priest, he’s
become paranoid, thinking he is being betrayed somehow. Since, you disappeared, Aegon and
Rhae betrayed his wishes and exiled themselves, my mother left for Dragonstone against his
wishes and that damn Grey-Joy rebellion is driving us all insane as of late. So, you saw how he
was in the letter… I and everyone knows’ my brother has become a little blinded from us all and
chooses to console with those witches than his own family. Yes it’s unhealthy, but I believe its
grief over losing two sons that has made him turn towards them. Lyanna and Elia detest them, but
Rhaegar is King. So, just play nice and tell this witch you’re not in need of their whispers about
prophecies, I believe she’s here to…” But Dany was cut off when they got into ear-range.

“Prince Jaenerys.” The Red Priestess murmured after handing the horse reins to a watchman,
looking directly into Jon’s comely face and husky form, staring into his purple eyes with interest,
looking him carefully up and down with no shame.

“Do I know you, my Lady?” Jon asked as he approached the clearing with Dany, noticing Ser
Barristan, Ser Arthur and Daenerys coming closer to Jon’s side, Dany looked like she wanted to
tell him something quickly.

“My name is Melisandre, Princess Daenerys knows me to have lived the Capital, she is my former
student after all” She said with a small smile, Jon looked at Dany and she gave him a subtle look of
confirmation.
Jon then looked back at the Red Women, who was looking around wearily at them all before turning back to Jon like she had just concluded something; as she slowly continued in her clear voice. “The head of my order, Kineva, is the advisor to your King father on the Iron Throne. I am here under King Rhaegar’s orders, to help escort you to the Capital to meet his demands. I’ve been told to advise you in how to present yourself in front of the court towards your father, to make sure you bend the knee and submit, and I am to be yours to command, in every single way to your liking on the way there.” Melisandre said, her lips forming a seductive smile, sticking out her perky chest as she stepped closer. Dany internally and unknowingly growled a little at the audacity of this old woman.

Jon knew every man in the yard could see Melisandre’s hard nipples point through her robe, he took a coarse cold breathe, “I understand my father has made an alliance with the fire bender’s of Asshai and holds trust with the red priest’s… but…”

Daenerys cut Jon off, stepping in front and staring confidently with her lilac eyes almost flared, “You haven’t come under Rhaegar’s orders to just convince Jaenerys to swear feality on our journey back, have you? That would be absurd because we have just received a raven from the capital, telling us to come south with no mention of Rhaegar sending you or you aiding us. Now, it may be treason to speak ill of your order in-front of my brother, since he seems to trust you. But, I don’t, and I can say that confidently because I am in the presence of another King, the King beyond the Wall, my nephew Jaenerys. And I would remind you he may have been born in the South, but he is a man of the North and not the false fallacies of the Capital, so speak the truth on why you are here and be done with it, my lady.” Dany added diplomatically but sternly with fire.

Jon didn’t know whether to laugh or stare at Dany in awe at her confidence. As he held his arctic gaze, he knew even though it highly unlikely, that Dany would make the finest Queen of them all.

Melisandre regarded them both closely before turning back to Jon, “You know of an ancient threat, do you not?” She nearly half-whispered, breaking her composure.

“Aye,” Jon said with narrow eyes, “how did…”?

“I have seen them in the fires, I have seen the true enemy. And…” Melisandre stuttered out with a rush, dropping her confident persona as her face flooded even paler. “My order believes me to be delusional, that what I see in the fires is false… The truth is I have been banished for going against Kineva’s teaching of the realm being in peace. She sent me East, back to Asshai, but I know my place is by your side. I came North when I saw you return from beyond the Wall in the fire, I just want you to trust me and that’s why I lied about being here on King Rhaegar’s orders, my apologies, but I hoped to gain your trust before bringing this to you. But, now I know you are the only Targaryen that would believe me because you saw them with your own eyes. The Great
other…” She finished with a deadly whisper.

“So, you’re here to give advice on how to convince my father…” Jon began to ask but was cut off.

“No, your Grace. I am here to tell you, you need more to win this fight, more than your Air bending…”

Dany frowned, “Jaenerys can’t air bend, the Air Normand’s are an extinct race and he’s a Targaryen…”

“A Targaryen who can’t fire-bend…” Melisandre corrected.

Dany felt like showing her former teacher how hot her flame was now as she bite down her anger, “Maybe so, but accusing him of Air bending is more treasonous than miraculous, Aegon the conqueror destroyed the Norman’s in the conquest and those…” But Dany trailed off when she glanced at Jon, his pale face, she knew that look, he was not telling her something.

“…You can Air Bend?” Dany slowly said, looking directly at him.

And when Jon didn’t answer, Dany didn’t know what to think. Jon refused to meet her eyes, only looking at Melisandre as he raised his brow impatiently, “…What are you actually doing here, my Lady?

Melisandre stepped forward, “your fate lies East with me, you now possess the power of Jonothor, I’ve seen it, so now going South is almost fruitless, there are prophesied secrets that lay dormant in the east, waiting to be found in the lost lands and you must find them to bring balance, hopefully to be used in the great War. You need to come with me and sail east, only your blood can handle such power and you need to master…”

“Stop speaking in riddles,” Jon softly growled, “why should I go east? My journey lies South, to be back with my family, and then back North to protect the realm with my father, he may be consumed in prophecies but he will put it aside to do his duty of protector of the Realm, he’s cleaned the realm once and I know he won’t hesitate to do so again against the Wight Walkers.”

Melisandre looked like she wanted to dispute this, but she swallowed her tongue. If I tell him now how far my order has corrupted Rhaegar and their true purpose of whispering in his ears, fate
may change its course and Jaenerys will not be able to return north to fight in the Winterfell; he will die in the south with the truth... I saw him in the fires wielding all the elements with the black power in his veins, I must stand aside if he won’t listen and let fate lead him there... it’s his destiny. Melisandre merely nodded, looking at Jon carefully in his husky furs and the beautiful Valyrian Princess beside him. It's her destiny as well, Snowborn and Stormborn, only together.

“Do as you must, your Grace, I will wait in Wintertown for your return.” She said cryptically before gliding back onto her horse. Jon hated riddles. He hated the lies that came from within Kings landing.

“...You are wasting your time; the next time I come North will be to fight the Walkers. If I live to see the dawn, I’m returning home for good.” Jon said, stopping Melisandre her tracks.

Melisandre turned and looked at him in disapproval, before her lips formed a spine-chilling smile and stared deep into his soul. “You know nothing, Jon Snowborn,” and without another glance back, she galloped through the gate and quickly disappeared back in the snowy moors leaving nothing but a wisp of red.

Jon felt a lump in his throat, his head down and only his eyes looked up as he watched the red witch leave. Those words haunting him. And the hole in his heart finally collapsed and truly ached, his dark purple eyes threatening to spill tears of loss.

Jon’s husky voice cracked, “I’m going up top, stay here.” He quickly said to Arthur as soon as the main gate shut after the red witch, and he swept off, hiding his tears as he walked towards the gated cage, that elevated up the Wall. He got into it and the chains clattered, rolling him up and slowly his furred broad back disappeared above the clouds onto the seven hundred foot Wall.

Dany softened her gaze, watching him go and after a second, she felt a wet nose nuzzle into her palm by her side. Turning around, she met Ghost’s deep ruby eyes, the white wolf softly whined nudging his head into her navel gently so she nearly stumbled in the direction Jon went, as if saying help him.

She looked at Barristan and then Arthur, who met her gaze, “Go, he needs you more than ever.” He said and without hesitation, Dany walked after him with ghost trotting behind on his skinny legs.
The trenches on the Wall reflected the pale sunlight as she ran her delicate fingers along the ice galley partition, hot lines forming on it under her warm fingertips. The cold bite of the wind was pinching her angelic face and she walked in her snowy corset dress coat, her nose and cheeks reddened from the cold air at this altitude. Men in black cloaks, most ragged and old, looked at her in awe and wonder. Some bowing politely and some gawking at her beauty, mostly the younger boys but no one tried anything with the mammoth white wolf trotting in front of her on his skinny legs; leading the way.

They had been walking for nearly ten minutes before they reached the less guarded part of the Wall on the east flank of Castle-Black, and Dany nearly walked into the direwolf when he stopped abruptly. Whining softly at her, to look.

Dany turned and found her northern nephew standing at the edge of the Wall, overlooking the white horizon. The metal grates on either side of him were cold, burnt kindling and ash, long gone out.

“Jon.”

He heard her gentle voice but the ache in his throat stopped him from responding; he squeezed the bridge of his nose and wiped most of the tears from his eyes before she could see. “What are you doing, it’s cold up here.” He croaked, not turning around, hoping she wouldn’t come closer and see his pain.

Dany frowned, wondering why he was being so distant.

Jon nearly jumped when the grates on both his sides suddenly roared with blue flames, the heat quickly warming the underside of his jaw even at this altitude, the azure blaze licked the grated caskets fiercely.

“Is that better.” Dany more said than asked.

It was then she realised he was in pain from his crumpled posture, stepping towards him she gave him the courtesy to not look at his sore red eyes as she took his good arm, softly stroking his forearm in an almost side hug, looking over and down at the white horizon with him.

“It’s beautiful up her… it makes me want to fly like our ancestor’s once did.”
“…Aye” he barely managed out, swallowing hard to keep his emotions at bay as he looked at her home, the real North. “you, haven’t been up here yet?” He asked, coming back to the present.

“No, I haven’t left your side, silly.” Dany murmured glancing at his glassy eyes, keeping it brief to let him talk as she lightly stroked his forearm.

Jon coughed out the lump in his throat, “…so, who’s… I mean, what… who’s that blonde lady, Brienn is it..?”

Dany’s heart went out to him when she listened to his pathetic attempt to make light conversation.

“…and Tyrion, what is…”

“Jon,” she cut him off by coming to stand in front of him, smoothing her small hands up his broad furred shoulders she scooted closer and hugged him, stepping into his open arms and talking directly into his chest with a muffle.

“…Jon, it’s not your fault.”

“What..?” He softly growled defensively, laughing from the tighter hug she gave him, he placed his hands on her waist and met her gaze, “what are on about, Dany Stormborn?” He laughed, trying to desperately lighten the situation as he made to move out her gentle embrace.

Dany refused to let him go, she refused to let him hold it in, not from her, “Jon, it’s not your fault.” She said adamantly.

He looked at her strangely, a flash of vulnerability in his eyes before he half-laughed again, “I know…”

“No Jon,” Dany said fiercely, wanting him to open up to her, she leaned closer and stroked his pretty hair, looking for his dark vulnerable purple eyes, and spoke when she found them, “Jon, it’s not your fault.”
Jon began fumbling on his words trying to play it off again with a nod, but Dany took his face between her small hands, softly stroking her thumbs over his beard that covered his young face. “Jon, it’s not your fault.” She said one last time, searching his eyes, and tears pooled his eyes from the realisation of her meaning, his eyes narrowed and his eyebrows pulled down in a pained expression, and he pulled her closer and sobbed into her neck.

Dany ignored the cold bite of the wind, she just held him, held him as he cried, as he mourned, fumbling over words and she rubbed his back and let him pour it out. “…I promised her… I promised I would come find her… I can’t, I… I can’t… I… she’s out there, alone… being possessed by that monster… I wasn’t there to burn her body…” he cried nuzzling his nose into Dany’s warm neck as she just held him, he sobbed into her neck as she scooted her arms wider to accommodate his broad shoulders “…she was… carrying a baby, my baby…” he cried into Dany’s warm neck and soothing tone, his chest shaking and suffering. His tears impossibly warm.

“O, Jae,” Dany breathed, now blinking tears out her own eyes.

He slouched and sobbed into her warm neck, Dany on her tip-toes to hold him properly. “…Jae, you do not know if she’s gone. Ser Arthur did say he didn’t find her body…”

“…Don’t Dany, just don’t.” Jon cried, his eyes closed as he remembered flashes of the massacre at Hardhome. He remembered losing blood on Arthur’s back as he was carried onto the ships, he remembered the dead rising, looking at him… the Night King stepping off his flesh skeleton horse and staring at his soul. Having taken his woman and unborn baby…. *No one could have survived that, she’s gone and I failed her… “…She’s gone.”* He cried.

Dany heard the horrible pain in his voice.

After a long while, they just held each other, more for warmth and even more so for comfort as his face was too exhausted to cry anymore. Dany slowly leaned back and gave him a small smile before she began fussing over his appearance, speaking in an encouraging tone before her voice became fierce. “…we will convince Rhaegar of the true threat, we will call the banners, all the banners, we will gather the greatest force the world has even seen, we will then march back North. We will open every gate on the Wall from the Shadow tower to Eastwatch by the sea, and dare the Night King to walk through any one of them tunnels, and then, we will destroy that foul monster, with fire and blood.” Dany promised, looking fiercely into her nephew’s sore eyes.

“…Fire and Blood.” Jon repeated with a growl.

They stepped apart as he wiped his tears away and after a second, he hit another wave of emotion,
“I love you Dany and I missed you so much.” He grunted, suddenly pulling her back to him by her arm and hugging her tightly, lifting her petite feet off the ground in surprise.

Dany squealed happily “put me down Jaenerys Targaryen or I swear I will burn you alive.” She threatened despite hugging his neck.

Jon just laughed and gently placed her down as he wiped the last tears with his sleeve. Dany looked at her feet, giving him a moment to clean up, “Jon… her name was Val, wasn’t it?”

He met her gentle gaze and nodded, “Aye.”

Dany nodded awkwardly, fussing over the last tendril of his unruly raven hair stuck to his blotchy face before she stepped forward and moved past him, looking at the white horizon sadly, she then rubbed her hands together to get the chill away for a second. Looking over the white horizon, she looked back at her hands and cupped them together as if holding water, concentrating.

Jon watched in awe as a bright blue flame softly erupted from Dany’s honeyed cupped hands, and she let it glow brighter for a second into a larger orb of light before she lifted it forward, and the blue fire ball floated in an ethereal way and slowly burned forward in waves of fire. They watched as it slowly moved further North.

“For Val,” Dany softly confirmed, watching the lament of memory burn further north.

Jon pulled her petite warm shoulder’s into his chest, kissing her temple “…Thank you, Dany.”

“Your welcome, nephew,” she smiled, hugging him back and they watched the blue flame drift in the wind, further and further.

Jon broke the comfortable silence, “Your fire… it’s blue.”

Dany’s eyes widened, rushing out the peaceful moment in alarm, and she shrugged out his arms and stepped back. Ghost propped back up, as if ready to go back if she wished.

“Yes… so?” Dany muttered harshly, moving a silver tendril behind her ear as she now refused to
meet his eyes, the flames in the grates extinguished immediately.

Jon was taken back, “I was just going to say, congratulations. It means you’ve reached the rank of master, doesn’t it? You can control complete absence of emotion and peace of mind? You can summon lightning...?”

Dany felt defensive, “…if you’re asking if I could now kick your ass, than yes, I can.” She confirmed.

Jon raised up his hands in surrender, laughing, “Dany, what’s wrong? It’s a good thing that you’ve…”

“You’re not angry?” Dany timidly cut in, hoping her best friend wouldn’t think less of her, remembering when they were little the disappointment Jon felt in himself when he couldn’t fire bend like the rest of them, remembering how Rhaegar punished him as she just got better and better without even trying.

“Why...? Wait... do you think I’m jealous?”

“Well, you could never fire bend and I’ve always felt bad when…”

“Dany,” he cut her off, placing his hands on her petite adorable shoulders in reassurance, “Dany, you are going to become the most powerful fire bender in the realm one day, and I couldn’t be prouder.” He stated.

Dany smiled, “Thank you, sweet nephew.” She loved to tease him by reminding him she was his Aunt and in some way, had power over him, Dany walked back gesturing for them to go but turned back, and noticed Jon still looking at the horizon in thought, “…so, you’re an Air Bender now?”

Jon turned from the white horizon, playing it off. “Not an air bender really, I just…”

Dany rolled her eyes watching him fumble over words, she quickly decided and clawed her fingers wanting to know now, emitting gnaws of blue fire in her knuckles, she stretched at two finger’s on each hand before shooting a several fireball’s at him with loud crack’s in a hard fluid motion and watched in awe, when Jon handled his reaction and clenched his fists in alarm, a transparent but cloudy sphere instantly formed around him like a bubble and her blue flame’s splashed off the air
sphere, and rippled the ice floor in splosh, melting dips into the ice.

“What the fuck Dany?” Jon said desperately, the air sphere fading with a hard blowing air movement from the centre in all directions.

Dany’s beautiful lashes fluttered from the air movement, coming to terms with what this meant “…It’s true. You’re the last air bender,” Dany murmured, “…it’s impossible.”

“I wish it were.” Jon stated, trying not to look at his own hands. He remembered the prophecy in the history books they studied as children, an Air Bender was said to bring the fall of House Targaryen.

“You must keep this hidden; this will only push Rhaegar away.” Dany pointed out.

“Only Arthur, Tormund and Ygritte know about it this side of the Wall, and now you.”

“Ahem,” Dany gestured pointing at the direction of the Castle-black courtyard far below, indicating at all the people that heard Melisandre.

“…they are all brothers of the Nights watch, who are they to tell, most can’t read or write and Maester Aemon controls the rookery. My secret is safe for now.”

“Well, I suggest you don’t make anything float for a while either…” Dany laughed softly.

“Aye, I suppose. I don’t know exactly how to control it nor the movements; it just happens I guess…”

Dany just nodded, letting out a humoured breath, “if you have any other new found talents, give me a heads up from now on. Learning you can bend air from Melisandre was embarrassing enough and…” Dany caught to the look on his face and gave him a dumb look, “…what?” she asked with narrow eyes.

“I came up here to also, you see, I… well… You might want to step back.” He finished cryptically, and Dany followed Ghost’s hurried suit.
Jon turned towards the white horizon; closing his eyes and he searched his feelings. He searched his mind. He searched his heart. And he opened his hand.

Dany’s eyes shot up at the skies when she heard what sounded like a thunder cannon, a loud metallic whistle filling the murky skies. And she ignited her hands in terror when she saw a spec in the sky appear out a distant arrowhead mountain barely visible in the vast horizon. There was another clout of speed from the spec, jolting like a jet stream and before she knew it, a Grey Hammer gracefully crashed in Jon’s palm like a magnetic bolt of lightning, the very air force rippling their hair as Jon steadied his feet from stopping the momentum of his Hammer.

“…It fucking worked,” Jon breathed in relief, holding the ancient weapon in his good hand, he had a determined look as he lifted his eyes towards the distant lonely mountain in the white horizon, where he last saw them, last saw the Night King raise his arms when he was barely conscious on the boat in Arthur’s arms…

The thunder cracked with a roar above them. “Next time I come North, I will kill him properly this time… I promise,” Jon vowed, dark purple eyes now emitting a light blue hue for a second as he spoke to wind that now held Val’s memory.
“What in the seven hells...?” Dany murmured, extinguishing her flaming palms.

Jon slowly turned back to Dany, realising what she must be thinking and playing down the moment. “Come on,” And with that, he strolled past her wide violet eyes and Dany blinked, gulped and then chased after him with a million and one questions. Neither Targaryen noticing the faint blue finger marks on the handle…

The air became colder as the sun started to go down, nightfall came early at the edge of the world.

“…And what’s that?” Dany pointed after millionth question, pointing at the runes on the circle conductor on top on the Hammer. They were in the grated cage, being elevated down the ice Wall, the great chain’s clunking along.

Jon held the Hammer in the light, trying the read the small Valyrian symbols but not understanding the vowel alignments nor spaces in the words. “…I don’t know… I don’t know what this thing actually is or what it can really do.” He gruffly answered in his northern accent, giving up as he showed Dany instead.

Dany shook her head, with pursed lips. “You should have listened more in Maester Cresson’s classes like I told you,” Dany scooted closer and read the old runes, “these aren’t Valyrian unlike the high Valyrian on the sides, this top bit is ancient Ghis from what I can tell. I can’t read it but I know this word,” she pointed, “because it’s not a word but a name…”

Jon was even more confused, why would this Hammer have High Valyrian, the mark of Bran the Builder and now Old Ghis inscriptions? All on a magic weapon found in a lost Air temple..?”

Dany frowned and she tilted her head, wording out what she could. “…Mjolnir.” She read.

“Milnor?” Jon tried to repeat, his northern accent butchering the words.

“Mjolnir.” Dany said slowly, laughing between emphasised the sounds until he got it finally got it.

“Gods, your Eastern dialect sounds have got even worst since I last saw you. You speak like a baby.” Dany laughed, as the grated lift hit the ground, and a black brother opened the cold bolt
You’re a baby,” Jon shot back childishly and he stumbled a little when Dany nudged him in the ribs making him wince but laugh. “Ow!” They glared at each other, trying not to laugh.

Ser Arthur walked towards them, calling out. “Snips, you alright?” coming to stand in front of them.

Dany giggled, staring at Jon in challenge. “You call me a baby? You’re the one who’s still called Snips!” She giggled.

“Sprout! Come inside and get some supper!” Barristan called from the other side of the courtyard, waiting for her.

Jon then tried to stop himself from laughing, “Sprout?” Jon laughed back making Dany scowl at him.

“Your laugh is frankly stupid,” Dany shot back, stalking towards the main hall doors, talking over her petite white furred shoulder with pursed lips, “…You’re lucky I’m wearing a corset coat…”

“Always with the excuses…” Jon teased.

Dany grinned, her hand on her hips, “…so you wait until you’re arm and ribs heal, then I’ll kick your sorry arse, air bending or not.” Dany added, her honeyed voice making her swearing frankly alluring.

Jon rolled his eyes, dropping Mjolnir like a magnetic bolt on the ground and following her inside to eat, “whatever you say, sprout…” and the bickering went on and on.

Ser Barristan and Ser Arthur watched them go, looking at each other with a dull look. “we now have twice the trouble on our plates old friend, don’t we?” Barristan laughed.

Arthur rolled his eyes, “I would swap any day for, Daenerys… Jon too hard to deal with, he does at least two stupid heroic things a day that’ll get him killed… I’ve sated growing grey hairs because
of him.” Arthur growled.

Barristan gave him a dull look and pointed at his white balding head, “…You saying the Princess is better?” Barristan laughed, walking inside with him, “…she tries to save more people a day than Queen Alysanna did in her entire reign…” and their bickering started. But both happy, the kids were back together.

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Daenerys was in her room, it was first light of the next morning. The sombre skies were streaked with purple tinges and the morning air was icy cold. She braided her long silver hair into an intricate braid, thinking about all the thinks Jae told he about the legendary Hammer, when she was finished, her hair was cascaded beautifully over her petite shoulders.

She washed her smooth alabaster skin in boiling water and the steam soothed her mind before she dried herself with her scented oils and a towel. She got her attire ready and began buttoning up the nimble buttons of her black silken blouse while in deep thought, hiding away her creamy breasts and tying on the snug black corset dress that was lined with lush brown fur. She finished her look off, by donning her red frosted cape over her shoulder with a silver dragon broach. She wore her house colours, and when she was tying the straps of her small black boots, Ghost padded up to her from his place by the fire.

The snowy direwolf hadn’t left her place the moment she arrived at Castle-Black, all the boys had started to joke to Jae that the direwolf liked her than him; which made her laugh and Jae simply brood even more.

“You’ll keep me warm Ghosty, won’t you, my love?” Dany purred, scratching his dense arctic jaws and pecking his wet button nose with a loving kiss. “How was he last night?” Dany softly asked the wolf, she knew Jon’s loyal companion would have checked up on him numerous times. “…did he let it out again?” Dany asked.

The wolf softly whined in her palm, his red ruby eyes telling her she was right.

Dany swallowed hard, speaking softly, “sometimes the strongest people in the morning are the people who cried all night… my mother told me that.” Dany murmured, thinking of the meaning.
The direwolf simply lolled his tongue, before going to roll around in the patches of snow by the base of her door and Dany got up when the door knocked.

Ygritte’s red face and bushy hair appeared, holding her bow lazily with a grim expression as she stood in her patchy wilding furs. “King Jon says everyone is ready, just waiting for you. He sent me to get you.” She muttered.

Dany smiled when she referred to Jon as the King, she knew the title was likely temporary for Jae but it did suit him. “Thank you, I’m coming now.” Dany responded, her petite confident form strolling past her onto the outside upper walkway.

“What are you smiling at,” Ygritte blurted as they walked, “do you think it’s funny, that Jon is our chosen King?” She gasped with her rough northern accent, her breathing berating as she twitched her hands on her bow.

Dany narrowed her eyes at the red-head, “I swear if you even think about that, your red hair will actually be kissed by real fire…”

Ygritte scoffed, “You fire benders don’t scare me, it should be…”

Dany ignored her and moved her right leg forward, and pointed two fingers at the fire bracket at the end of the corridor, sweeping a fluid motion and the orange flames twisted like a serpent snarling as instant blue flame as Dany took control, expanding her small hand Dany conjured a scolding fire circle around the sweaty red-haired wildling.

“What the fook!” Ygritte half screamed, wobbling on her boots at the unnatural site twisting around her, the azure blazed ring gliding like a disk and causing her to sweat fiercely from the scolding heat magic.

“Play nice Ygritte or the sky will fall down on you,” Dany’s honeyed voice in contrast to her serious beautiful face, extinguishing the conjured ring in a sizzled wave.

Ghost then stepped in-front of Dany in protection, his mammoth body and skinny legs rooted in arctic precision as he snarled at the Wilding girl, issuing a gashing snap in warning and making her stumble back in terror. Ser Barristan stepped forward as well from his sentry position, coming from the bottom of the corridor after he saw the commotion, to emphasise Dany’s protection.
Dany quickly patted Ghost’s withers and he immediately backed down, licking her honeyed hand as his red ruby eyes silently tormented Ygritte. “I’m not scared of you Ygritte,” Dany implored, saying her name wrong by accident but carrying on anyway with a step forward, “Now, I suggest you show me the way or Ghost will have words.”

Eventually, they both began to walk together, and with Barristan out of ear-shot, Dany added, “You are coming to the capital with us, so I suggest we learn to be friends because it’s a snake-pit down there, lots of lies and deceit, not like the honour and truth you northerners value.” She said diplomatically with Ghost at her heels as they walked towards the main courtyard in the chilly morning light.

Ygritte slowly nodded but was still unconvinced as they walked. She knew that this Princess Daenerys was undeniably the most beautiful girl that walked, Ygritte knew that this petite goddess could have every man at her feet if she so wanted, she knew that Daenerys could finish and have each of them spent with her gorgeous violet eyes alone.

And she knew this Princess was the same age as Jon, of only 18 years, unlike her own 26 years of age and that made her even more jealous. So, as she trudged behind the womanly shape of the Princess’s alluring figure, she couldn’t stop herself from bluntly out, “But, don’t think I don’t know what you’re doing, Princess Stormborn. I know Jon is your nephew, and I know your family has no fooking boundaries. So, stay away from his pretty hair because you are not sleeping with him because you’re not his woman.”

Dany nearly gasped with her ears reddening, she spun around. “I do not want to sleep with Jae. He’s my best friend.” She said hotly, swallowing hard and crossing her arms.

Ygritte nearly rolled her eyes but Dany held her profound violet gaze in warning.

The Wildling girl raised her eyebrows and gave in to Dany’s fierce gaze, “Fine… good.” The redhead muttered before elaborating, “Because Jon Snowborn stole me, I am his woman now and soon he will understand that.” She said confidently, both of them finally coming into the main-courtyard where their company were saddling on their horses.

Dany raised her eyebrows and brushed it off, not wanting to break Ygritte’s bubble. She hopped on her white horse, and led the reins beside Jaenerys. “What was that about?” Jon asked hoarsely, fidgeting with his arm sling as he sat on his lean black stallion, who’s leather skin look fierce and was breathing misty cold breathes, she then noticed Jon’s great husky furs were moulded on his broad shoulders and how his short unruly hair effortlessly caught the streaks of pale sunlight.
“Nothing,” Dany murmured with red ears, “how are you feeling?” she then asked, watching him carefully and noticing he was a little pale, he looked like he hadn’t slept all night.

“Fine,” He murmured.

She watched him carefully and prodded him with her delicate finger on his chest. “No, something else is bothering you, I can tell, you were brooding again,” She giggled. “Are you...?”

“No…” He answered, knowing she was talking about Val.

“Alright,” Dany took a lighter tone, “are you thinking about your newly betrothed,” She teased.

“No,” He muttered defensively, concentrating on handling his horse with one arm, and he explained for her narrowed gaze and full lips that smiled knowingly.

“It’s… it’s just going to be weird to see them all again, seeing the damn Capital. I may have grown up there but I was raised in the North. It’s all I know… And I went to see the remaining Free-Folk this morning in the forest lands beyond the Wall, and they are all depending on me to bring them to safety…. And now… now… Father may see me as a threat since I’m the King beyond the Wall. And you telling me Father has become paranoid with everyone, don’t help, along with that rouge Red Witch the other day warning us… I’m… I’m not sure if father will help me, or even believe me...” He trailed off, glancing behind him at the imposing Wall of Ice that reflected the cold sun.

Dany hummed but was still unconvinced, she reached over on her nag and curled a tendril of his unruly hair behind his ear as she lifted her hooded lilac lashes at him, and he looked back wearily at her soft expression.

“That’s not it, what’s really on your mind Jon Snowborn?” She said with a silky sigh.

Jon shook his head with a grin, “You know me too well, Dany Stormborn.” They both laughed, and her bright purple eyes and his dark purple eyes locked in trance as he groaned.

“Fine, what is Arianne Martell like..? You’ve met her, haven’t you? you spent time in Dorne with Rhaenys once?”
Dany couldn’t help but giggle.

“Oh no… What?” Jon softly growled.

Dany controlled herself, looking over at him as they rode out the gates of Castle Black, “…let’s just say, Arianne Martell is not a shy maiden, she’s a girl with a **big** appetite, if you know what I mean…” Dany smirked with a wink.

Remembering the times when her and Rhaenys would bathe nude in the Water Garden’s in the mornings, and the Deity of Dorne would join them looking beautifully dishevelled, telling them the latest details of her night, the girlish talk and how her golden skin and voluptuous body preened beautifully in the dornish heat after a busy night with her newest hunk.

Jon burrowed his brow in confusion, “…what? She’s fat?”

Dany rolled her eyes at his cute nativity, knowing he’ll figure it out himself on their wedding night. She giggled again, “Yes, Jon. She’s fat…”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter is written and will be out on Wednesday once I've edited it. Things get spicy in King landing when Arianne arrives, and we meet the most powerful Fire Bender on the realm, King Rhaegar Targaryen.
The plush red velvet cushions were sprawled numerously around the carriage and it was sweaty and hot and a thick summer glow seeped in the intricate port holes of the top windows. They had been on the dusty roads for weeks upon weeks and now finally the line of carriages and fine dornish entourages were entering the soil of the famous Capital. Just under a mile from the Dragon-Gate.

Arianne fluttered open her dark lashes when a rather abrupt bump on the road rattled the cabin, the wheels of her grand carriage forced to waggle over and along.
“Poxy carriages,” Ari breathed out tiredly, flopping over her voluptuous golden hips in her cocoon of satin sheets that nourished her large, messy feathered bed. She stretched out her golden thighs and yawned heavily as she stared at the wooden ceiling; thinking of her day to come.

Her mind wandered to her newly betrothed as she snuggled further into the messy sheets as she pushed her cheek further into her pillow, running her small brown hands over her pillow tits, and flicking her erect brown nipples with tantalizing circles while daydreaming. She thought of how she would fare in the Dragon’s den. When her father told her about the Targaryen prince that had returned from beyond the Wall, the prince who was presumed dead had come back to the living was a shock for them all. And how a raven arrived at Sunspear shortly after from the Capital, from King Rhaegar himself. Her father showed her the letter that asked for a betrothal between her and the dark-haired prince.

No one had seen Jaenerys Targaryen since he was a boy and even though Arianne hoped for the Crown-Prince Aegon, she knew Rhaenys was way too protective of Aegon to let her be alone with him for a second, stopping her from working her dornish magic. And that chance had breezed off a year ago when her beautiful cousins fled Westeros to most likely wed and to fuck wantonly in the Pentoshi heat.

But, that didn’t nourish her thoughts any more. Her thoughts lay on the dark haired Targaryen, with his dark purple eyes, the lost prince that despite not being able to bend fire was rumoured to have become the best swordsman the North has ever seen. She wasn’t surprised, her newly betrothed had Ser Arthur Dayne as a mentor as his time as Ward of Winterfell. Arianne knew Targaryen princes were beautiful but a boy, bred in the Northern glaciers and brute winter winds. She hummed in her daydream about this mysterious man; she imagined he held the same defined looks as Aegon but more wild, more dangerous in a different way to fire-bending.

She found her hand wandering down her golden stomach, smoothing over her warm flesh until reaching her pretty tight pussy. Smiling to herself, she ran her middle finger along her glistening pussy lips, the hood of her clit fleshy and sensitive, she squeezed her succulent black clit together which caused her to curl her toes as she pushed her finger slowly in and out her tight cunt, cold seed still oozing out from last night, but her thoughts were thinking only about this brute northmen with his hairy Targaryen balls, succulent in her spit, squirting power inside her womb as he fucked her on white bridal sheets.

Ari massaged her left breast and twisted her nipple as she fingered her pussy with two fingers, smearing the cold sticky seed still inside her from last night’s activities over her folds. But now, she imagined the mysterious black haired dragon, with skin pale as snow, pulling her onto her hands and knees. She imagined him fisting her shiny black tresses and lining his cock with her dripping pussy, pounding her arse with his big wolf cock.

She was nearing her orgasm when the door of her carriage knocked twice.
“Fuck.” Ari breathed angrily in her dornish accent. She swung her toned thighs off the bed and retrieved her silky black negligee, tying the robe around her petite shoulders and loosely covering her body with a huff before she made to the door and pulled the latch open. Light streamed into her door, as the carriage rattled along the road. Arianna narrowed her eyes at the intrusion of sunlight but it was her Uncle’s smile that woke her up and caused a shiver inside her to flutter. The sunrise shone brightly on the forest road.

“Good morning my beautiful niece,” Oberyn said, slowly walking along by the carriage in his sandy tunic that split down the centre and teased the hair on his broad chest. The Red Viper looked up at his brothers daughter, with her silky black hair cascaded around her petite shoulders and her toned thighs on display under her loose silky black robe.

“Are we on Targaryen soil yet?” Ari said, glancing outside her door to see if she could spot any sign of the famous capital and the red towers.

“Your soil soon,” Oberyn replied with a smile, causing Ari to roll her beautiful lashed amber eyes. “And not yet, niece, no more than an hour away though, after we pass that treeline in the distance we may see the Red-Keep, I promise.”

Arianne used her hand to block the sunlight as she looked at the distant red and brown forest-line that Oberyn pointed at, “good.” She murmured, seeing the tops of Red-tower’s in the distance.

“I came to finally tell you my plan.” Oberyn muttered his gaze absent as he strode along her carriage with his sandy garbs trailing his black boots with a slither.

Arianne rolled her eyes when she found her Uncle’s smouldering brown eyes, locked on the pillowed valley between her tits that peaked from her split negligee.

“And whom did you come to discuss it with Uncle, me or them?” Ari teased, smirking as she glanced down at the loose cut of her robe.

“You of course,” Her uncle replied, his smouldering brown eyes finally meeting her own.

Arianne leaned out her carriage door a little, emphasising her chest with her juiced beautiful lips pursed. “Well, don’t keep me waiting…” And she led him inside, shutting the latch behind her and her uncle went straight to the side-board next to the bed, pouring himself a long swing of dornish red.
Now they were out of sight of their liege lords and guards, Arianne slaughtered over to the feather bed and sat on the edge, her leg’s crossed as she watched him closely. His broad back was turned against her as he took a drink and started making other drink on the side-board, presumably for her while observing his own large outline on the bed that he left that morning.

“Are you thinking about last night or the night before?” Ari teased, noticing his eyes constantly flicker towards their messy imprints of certain activities from the night before.

Oberyn practically growled at his niece’s seductive amber eyes, and her body that was oozing sex from under her negligee, “…concentrate, Arianne. We are entering the dragons-den.” Oberyn smirked, adding a little mint leaf to the hot tea, to lessen the bitter taste. He turned and handed her the cup, “…drink. And listen.” He said as he stood in-front of her.

Arianne raised her eyebrows at the cup, “moontea… don’t worry uncle, the only babies I will carry will be the Targaryen boy’s, unless you want to spill this poxy tea and carry yours.” Arianne teased with her amber eyes trained on him as she sipped the hot steamy brew, a silky sigh leaving her lips.

Oberyn’s mouth was dry at the mere sight of the petite goddess, even Ellaria didn’t have a hold on him like her.

“Uncle..?” Ari said innocently, smirking at her Uncle’s gaze locked on her as she sighed and blew her hot tea, knowing she was tightening his breeches at this very moment. “…You were going to tell me your plan?”

“Yes…” Oberyn breathed, regaining his senses as he leaned on the carriage wall watching her, as they became serious. “As you know, a raven arrived for your hand in matrimony to Jaenerys Targaryen, the boy of the Stark Queen.”

Ari nodded, sipping her tea as she listened, “…now as you also know, your father, my brother, Doran passed away shortly after from his gout, unfortunately.” Arianne nodded without emotion she didn’t really care for her father’s death; that occurred a week before their departure. Yes, she had mourned but her father was never there for her, she was just a prize to be sold off for future alliances in his view, unlike her uncle Oberyn.

But, Arianne spilt the last of her tea when Oberyn added, “…well, that’s not true. I poisoned him.”
Arianne’s eyes widened, the china cup shattering on the floor and the room broke into dad silence, her heart thumping as her hands instantly pulled her silk robe tighter around her in protection, “What!”

“Arianne, your father was weak!” Oberyn said lazily, coming to stand right in front of her, “…he ignored the insult to Dorne, when Rhaegar and the Stark bitch shunned Elia, and made her a fool. He ignored the fact that Elia is more a prisoner than Queen now, confined only to Maegor’s holdfast and she even has to send letters in secret, and Doran ignored the consequences of Aegon and Rhaenys exile, he ignored how we should fight for them when they rebelled and now, dornish blood will never sit on the Iron-Throne…”

“You don’t know that, King Rhaegar might forgive…” Arianne started to protest before Oberyn cut her off.

“Aegon and Rhaenys might never return to Westeros, the people see them as traitors, most know the truth they are not on a trade negotiation in Bravos. But, that is not why I put a stop to Doran’s heart. The head of House Martell, ignored the most important turn of this century, a chance that will give Dorne the power to overthrow House Targaryen and become the true rulers of Westeros.”

Arianne tried not to look interested, narrowing her lashed amber eyes. Her breathing calmed but she still fumed, “spit it out, traitor.”

Oberyn smiled at her fierceness, the smile that caused her loins to burn in desire and it made her more angry at herself but she listened attentively.

“…when I journeyed the Jade Sea, east of slaver’s bay, I happened to stumble upon the ancient city of Qarth, or more importantly the House of the Undying. A warlock showed me a vision. A vision of a black sun over Westeros, a black sun that will shroud darkness over the Capital, that will happen in two moons, at mid-day on Aegon the Conqueror’s day.”

“…An eclipse.” Arianne murmured.

“Yes,” Oberyn said, his dark eyes twinkling power. “…an eclipse. On that day, the sun will go out. And the Targaryen’s fire-bending power’s with it. They will be defenceless, the royal armies and the Targaryen family themselves, all just meat and bones to kill. They won’t be able to fire-bend.”

Arianne shook her head, “…nor can we fire-bend. The eclipse will take our fire-bending.” She
Oberyn smirked, “…that’s the best part. We will not look like the enemies but the saviours when we save Jaenerys Targaryen from assassins, I have hired the Facelessmen assassin’s to eliminate Rhaegar, Viserys and every Red-Witch in that city. Then the only fire-bending power in Westeros will be the Southern fire-bender nations, in other words, Dorne… Arianne, after that Eclipse hits, Dorne will be the true power and the Iron-Throne will be ours because your first child will most definitely be heir to the Iron-Throne.”

Arianne mulled over his words, her voluptuous body becoming less tense. “So... you want me too?”

“You, my beautiful nice, will gain the trust of the future King. You will steal that boy’s heart with your smile or feed him you’re milk if you have to, make him yours. The boy can’t fire-bend and he will serve as our puppet for power until your children come of the Throne, then we will dispose of him.”

Arianne gave a dull look, relaxing back as she flexed her arms to lean on them as her pillowed chest stuck out from her motion. “…seducing him will be easy, we are already betrothed and men of the North hold honour like no one else according to Aunt Ashara. Anyway, all pretty boys with dark hair want to fuck me. That is not the problem, I want something else…”

“What do you want? You will be Queen.” Oberyn breathed, his dornish accent and smouldering eyes making her itch with desire.

Arianne smirked, “You.”

“You already have me?”

Arianne smirked, standing up she stood at a petite five foot two, her amber eyes barely reaching his neck. She locked her eyes onto him like a snake would coil, before running her small brown hands along and down his shoulders and resting her palms on the split of his sandy robe. “…you misunderstood me, Uncle. You want me to be a bitch in heat for Prince Jaenerys at night. Well, this dornish bitch wants a real man’s cock inside her during the day...”

Oberyn slowly smiled, he suddenly pulled her into his musky chest, holding her upper-waist firmly as his thumbs grazed the sides of her boobs. “I will be by your side, I promise. What more..?”
Arianne placed a delicate finger over his lips, her strong dornish accent speaking softly. “I want you protecting me in the capital. I want you to be at my side after I become Queen of the Seven Kingdoms. I want you to leave your poxy paramour in Dorne. I want to stay with me in the capital and fuck me so good, like you’ve been doing so well on our journey here, the Targaryen’s do it, why shouldn’t we…” Ari breathed seductively, reaching up on her tip-toes and sighing over his lips, “…don’t you want to be the man to put babies inside me? Not some boy who can’t fire-bend. I want the Red Viper.” Arianne fluttered out.

Oberyn’s eye-lids grew heavy and before he knew it, their tongues were duelling like hot serpents. Strings of saliva made ropes between their mewling lips as Arianne nipped, kissed and bit his lips and softened her tongue to allow him entrance as he dominated her mouth.

They ripped at each other’s clothes until they were naked as their name day. Arianne’s young voluptuous body oozed with desire, her juiced lips swollen from their kiss and her inner golden thighs already glistening with wetness. Oberyn kissed every inch of her body like she was a goddess, throwing her onto the bed after as she squealed with desire. He stood by the edge of the bed, lifting her dainty right ankle, he kissed her foot and popped her big toe into his mouth and swilled his tongue around her toe before moving onto the next digit. Causing her to whimper at the feeling of being dominated and the sight of his older, scarred tanned chest, and the thrilling way his bronzed abdomen tightened every-time he breathed made her whimper at the sight. A real dornish man.

“Uncle…” Ari breathed, her silky black hair sprawled around her head as she looked down her stomach and saw his big brown cock, wet on the top with pre-cum, resting and poking her inner thigh at the wrong angle. “…fuck me.” She sighed, and Oberyn complied with a smirk.

“You’re mine, Arianne.” Oberyn whispered, pushing her burning loins apart he lowered himself, squishing her pillow pointy tits against his scarred chest, he reached down and lifted his cock against her nether lips. And Arianne moved her hands and clawed into his shoulders as she gasped, her wall accommodating his length, pushing the tip inside her like a vice. Her amber lashed eyes fluttered as he started rolling his hips, “…tell me your mine.” Oberyn muttered, biting into her long smooth brown neck.

“I’m yours…” Ari moaned, her eyes scrunched from his cock ploughing inside her, causing her breasts to bounce as he leaned up and fucked her on the edge of the bed, driving into her as she rubbed her pussy, convulsing around his veiny older cock as he went even faster and faster, deeper and deeper.

“Say it..!” Her uncle gasped, smacking her breast and causing her to squeal in pain and pleasure.
“I’m yours daddy.” Arianne whimpered, as her uncle pulled her legs and pushed one over his shoulder driving deeper into her, their sweated flesh clapping hard.

“you fuck me so good, daddy..!” Ari moaned, her amber lashed eyes now rolled in the back of her head as he continued to fuck her.

“Arianne, I’m…”

Ari immediately reacted, pushing her foot flat against his chest to push him out, she spiralled up and fell on her knees, her arse jiggling on her way down as his cock hit her face and smeared her fleshy lips. She looked up innocently as she took his turgid cock inside her mouth, his large hands threading into her thick shiny hair, guiding her, as she bobbed and made a glug, glug, glug sound. Tasting herself with her long snake-like tongue.

“Ari..!” and he stammered, pulling out her fleshy lips and he started squirting spurts of white seed over her face, the first rope hit her cheek and the over her chin, which dribbled onto her pillowed valley as she cupped her pointy breasts and twisted her buds and worked him with only her mouth. The rest of his load threaded into her messy hair, creating drops of a white crown into her silk black mane.

They both collapsed into each other’s bodies, intertwining their bodies on the bed as they breathed from exhaustion in the humid heat. Ari lay on top, with her back to his chest, cuddled up in his dense lean forearms.

“A crown for the future Queen…” Oberyn smiled, his sticky seed flecked in her tresses.

Ari giggled lazily, laying her hands on-top of the hands that killed her father, as he massaged her nipples and twisted them in tease. She sighed into his hold, feeling safe for some reason. Oberyn actually saved her from her crone of a father and now was going to make her Queen.

Oberyn kissed her neck as he held her, “my seed looks better than those gold chains and jewels you thread into your beautiful hair.”

Ari smirked, “too you maybe, but I have a future King to please. I will stick to the jewels.” Oberyn hummed in agreement.
“Do you know why I wear all that gold in my hair?” She asked and he only hummed back, still nipping and kissing her neck and ear-lope.

“I wear it, to make sure you know your fucking the most valuable thing in the world…” Ari sighed, leaning up and kissing his lips.

“The future Queen…” he breathed and he opened his eyes, as she lifted his chin, her amber eyes locked on his.

“No… Your niece.”

Oberyn grinned, opening his mouth for her passionate kiss. His mind only on the Eclipse in two moons, on the mid-day of Aegon the Conquerors day, and how he had to please his niece until he got what he wanted for himself, the Iron-Throne.

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Princess Visenya Targaryen

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The warm breeze wafted through the red sand stone balcony to her chambers, her chambers were in the towers of the Red Keep that held the apartments of the Targaryen family. On the south side was her grand room, which was messy and cluttered with various props and books that kept her occupied in the long days laying around Maegor’s holdfast waiting for something actually interesting to happen.

In the corner of her chambers, lay her sleeping wolf, her pure black coat breathing deeply in slumber and her withers as always were flecked with a thin shine of sweat from the heat. The wolf was used to the humidity despite faring better in the cold North. The black withered direwolf refused to leave her mistresses side since she left her pack and given as a gift by the Stark family when a litter of seven was found five years ago.

The distant dark shores of the blackwater could be heard crashing lazily in the summer heat from the expanse far below their lavish red towers on the south banks of the colossal city, but this didn’t bother the sleeping dusky wolf. It was a quiet sunrise and the bird’s chirped, the fire fountains on the lower level’s trickled and all was good. It was a rustle of sheets that bolstered Meraxes, her black wither’s sprouted up and her piercing green eyes popped open when she heard a scream coming from the grand four-poster bed.
Visenya bolted up, her silky silver hair tangled in a knotted bun above her head for sleeping but the silver tendrils that crept out during the night were now stuck to her sweaty forehead, making her look wild. Her beautiful stormy grey eyes were wide and her chin quivered from the feeling of a warm puddle seeping beneath her bottom.

Senya glanced at Meraxes, the wolf immediately trotting up to her with a low whine of comfort, her dark wet muzzle sniffing the warm fluid that had stained the bedding. “Meerie, help me…” Senya nearly whined as she dipped her delicate fingers off the bedding finding her first ever moon-blood staining her underwear.

Visenya’s eyes widened even further at the site of her blood still creeping from between her legs, horrified her body would betray her and she couldn’t stop tears flooding her eyes; *did this mean I’m now able to bear children? Do I have to be shipped off to that sickly boy in the Vale? Or am I just hurt… I don’t know..?*

“Meraxes, my robe…” Senya whispered, controlling her pooled eyes, mindful of maids hearing her from outside.

She quickly slipped her supple legs onto the edge of her bed and when Meraxes brought back her red cotton robe, she slipped her arms into it, tying the belt tight around her dainty waist as she got up.

“Thanks, girl…” Senya mumbled, trying to stop her tears as she scurried past the door that was most likely being guarded by her assigned Kings guard that night; her wolf followed her past. She crept past the door carefully, mindful not to make a noise as she slid into the antechamber for lounging and hosting any guests, nearly tripping over her stack of parchments and sketches of the new fire-bending moves she was practising, scurrying swiftly past the sofa, she tried not to sob as she pushed the hidden latch on the portrait of her hero, Visenya the first of her name.

The secret passage creaked open and she hopped in, hoping her Mother was still her chambers, she didn’t know exactly where everyone would be, but she knew the sun had just risen.

Visenya looked over her shoulder as she crept through and came into the main long corridor, that led downstairs to the Queen’s ball room, she snuck past a sentry of fire guards who patrolled past in precision and kept going to the other apartments on the royal floor; Targaryen banner draped proudly on the dark orange walls.

Meraxes sensed her need for discretion and was silent for once, walking in-front of her and leading the way, as if already knowing where she was going. They came to the corridor where her parent’s
slept and she casually walked past Ser Beric Dondarrion at his sentry post, his white cloak trailed like a beautiful waterfall behind him, he didn’t say anything under his white helm. Just gave her a kind smile and stepped aside, assuming she was just a girl in the state of needing her mother after a night terror.

She gave a small smile in return and kept walking.

When Visenya finally stood in-front of her mother’s door she raised her hand but couldn’t find herself in knocking. Meraxes looked up at her before sniffing her hand and licking the tips of her finger’s that were stained with her dry blood. “…Meerie,” Senya cried, whipping her hand away angrily, “that’s disgusting. girl.”

She wanted to scream in an angry whisper, and when the wolf looked down sheepishly, she stroked her black wither’s in quick apology, soothing her and praying her wolf didn’t whine more.

Checking Ser Beric was still at the other end of the corridor; Senya wiped the last tear from her lashes and knocked on the tall red door with a dragon-encrusted handle.

It was early morning, the sun had just risen and when Senya got no answer, she gathered up her courage again and knocked a little harder.

There was a pause and she heard shuffling behind the door, perhaps an exchange in conversation before her mother opened the door. Her cheeks looked flushed and her long brown locks were a bit messy. Lyanna wore a thin robe of Novoshi silk that clung to her body and teased her curves beneath. As her daughter, Visenya could easily see why their father had risked a war over her mother. She had a pretty smile and a contagious laugh, full pink lips that right now, looked a little swollen and wet in the pale sunrise, and her eyes were like her own, the colour of stormy skies. Senya smiled bravely through her tears, hoping one day she’ll be as beautiful as her mother.

“Visenya..?” She asked, a little surprised, one small hand scrunching the front of her silk robe shut over her chest, her chest breathing deeply from some sort of activity. While her other hand, out of motherly instinct, quickly came to sweep a silver tendril from her daughter’s beautiful face.

“Sennie, honey… what’s the matter dear?”

“Is father in there?” Visenya asked first, a little terrified.

“No… only your good-mother and I, your father doesn’t usually sleep in…” But Lyanna trailed off, noticing Visenya sickly complexion she looked on the verge of tears. “…what’s wrong, Visenya?”
Her daughter ran into her arms crying and caught Lyanna by surprise who wrapped her arms around her, shushing her. “Visenya, you’re starting to worry my love, what’s wrong..?”

“Can I come inside,” she sniffled, glancing at Ser Beric at the other end of the corridor. Lyanna got the message and quickly nodded, speaking a little loudly, “yes Visenya. Come inside. Your good-mother and I were just speaking,” Lyanna said clearly, directing it behind her, taking her hand and pulling her in gently as the door shut behind them; Meraxes slipped in as well like a shadow.

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**The She-Wolf**

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Lyanna led her daughter through the grand antechamber, the lavish furniture looked untouched and the draped curtains over the tall sandstone windows of the enormous royal room, made the air feel warm and cosy. A warm glow flourished over the Novoshi carpet that patterned the floor, and on the floor was garments of clothes sprawled and littered up to the bedroom; Lyanna’s pulled her daughter past it hurriedly.

Pushing open the bed-chamber door, Visenya blushed as he captured her good-mother’s form. Elia was turned away from them, elegantly but desperately trying to put her robe on in time. Senya swore she saw Elia’s perfectly round olive bum cheeks before it disappeared with a swish of her robe, tying the thin sheen of silk over her small golden shoulders as it clung to her slender body. The robe was in the same style as her mother’s though hers was framed red with intricate patterns, while her mother’s was framed with a shiny turquoise.

“Elia..!” Lyanna pestered as she led Visenya in, “…we have company.” Lyanna scolded with a sly grin, biting her lower lip at Elia’s annoyed expression of being interrupted but when the dornish queen saw the state of her good-daughter, her gaze softened.

“Senya, honey… what’s wrong?” Elia said rather fiercely at anything or anyone that would upset her good-daughter, who was also her child in all but name. Visenya sobbed, her tears streaking her cheeks and she ran into Elia’s arms, holding her tight.

Lyanna’s heart broke, at seeing her child in such a state. As Elia sat Visenya down on the bed, whispering kind words to stop her tears, Lyanna popped her head out the door and called her handmaid, asking for some herbal tea to be boiled, to calm Senya’s nerves, saying it was for herself.
Lya walked back in and locked the door, quickly stepping back into the bed chamber and she walked around and plonked down on the bed. She scooted closer so Visenya was seated between her and Elia. The moment she did so, her daughter instantly retracted herself from Elia’s arms and cuddled into her own, laying her head on her mother’s chest and letting it rest there, sniffling into her mother’s scent having calmed down a little to be in her arms.

“Sennie, I can’t help you if you don’t speak?” Lyanna slowly said breaking the silence.

She held her tight around the waist and wiped Visenya’s nose with her sleeve as she let her daughter lean into her chest despite the thinness of her own gown. Elia leaned into Visenya on her other side, the dornish woman pressing her lips against Visenya’s temple, “What troubles you, sweetness?” Elia asked her voice as sweet as her lips.

“…boy trouble?” Elia suggested with a teasing grin at Lyanna, trying to lighten the situation.

“Don’t be ridiculous, Elia” Lyanna shot back at her wife, trying to hold a glare at Elia’s sultry smile and failing. They both then looked back at Visenya expectantly, waiting for her to begin.

She struggled to begin, mumbling words in a jumble. Lyanna rubbed her back, “come on, love? Just breathe.”

Visenya took a deep breath, calming her aching stomach. Shrugging out their hold to their surprise she concluded it was just easier to just show them. Senya stood in-front of them and shrugged off her robe, the heavy cotton falling in a puddle at her feet leaving her in only her loose cotton shift that reached down to her adorable knees. She started crying again.

Elia looked confused but Lyanna’s eye widened at the site of dry blood on her daughter’s finger’s which she finally noticed, realising the day she dreaded had come early. Too early. Lyanna stood up and Senya wouldn’t meet her eyes, “it’s alright, Senya. Let me…” and Lyanna unknotted the laces on her daughter’s shift and lifted it over her head, exposing her nude figure.

Looking past her daughter’s plump apple breasts shaped like own, she caressed her daughter’s alabaster shoulders as she looked down and saw blood stained between her legs, ruining her pretty underwear.

It was Elia that broke the silence, “…her first moon-blood.”
And her dornish voice cracked in a sob, angry what this meant. Rhaegar had informed Lyanna, the moment Visenya bled into a woman, the vale Arryun boy and his foul mother would come south and wed her daughter, securing and bringing the Vale into the fold. And Visenya would be shipped off to the Vale.

Visenya started crying again but Lyanna’s beautiful grey eyes became fierce, lifting Senya’s chin to look at her, “…You are not going anywhere, Visenya.” Lya implored, she then turned and hurried to her own wardrobe. And she came back a moment’s later holding a new clean shift of her own and new underwear.

“Elia, help me clean her… Now!” Lyanna half-shouted, spooking them both, and Elia widened her eyes and jumped up to help. Despite Visenya struggling and constantly saying she could dress herself, the two Queens quickly cleaned their baby girl. As they used a wet cloth to clean Senya’s thighs, Elia mumbled out, “…You know Rhaegar will want to know, Lya.”

“I don’t care,” she shot back stubbornly as she worked.

“Lyanna…” Elia warned.

Lyanna’s tone was seething, “Elia. Our dear husband first refused to let me go see my baby boy at the Wall, Dany barely managed to escape to see him from what we heard. And now when Jaenerys has just returned to us, he’s now betrothed to your niece in Sunspear, Rhaegar would have him wed and shipped off to patch up mistakes, Rhaegar and I made. But, I made my peace with it since I know Jae is a man now and knows his duty, however…” Lyanna broke off in a croak, her eyes watering.

“…not my baby girl, Elia.” Lya pleaded into Elia’s eyes. Visenya looked down at both her mother and good-mother, watching as they cleaned her legs of the dry blood, embarrassed at hearing all this.

“I know, I know, but… forget it, you’re right. Not a word of this will be uttered.” Elia said with a nod.

Lyanna handed Visenya a set of her own clean underwear, “put it on, and the blouse.” Lya ordered softly.
Senya nodded, not questioning her mother, as she put her legs through the expensive silk patterned lacy garment and then threw the shift over her head, and the shift felt tight around the chest and squashed her nipples a little. She tried not to huff, *her whole body was changing*. She ignored it and swished out her silver hair after she put it on, Elia then came behind her to help her tie her gown over it. Lyanna then placed Senya’s bloodied garments on the table, pointing at it. “Senya, burn it.”

Senya widened her eyes at the seriousness her mother took the situation and her tone, but complied, stretching out her palm she rose her hand flatly with her palm up, then coiled her hand into a claw and flames instantly licked the tops of her fingers, and she spat a small fire at the garments turning it into only ash and embers.

“The mattress...!” Elia cried softly. And Lyanna growled. The three women marched out the room, ignoring the army of handmaidens’ now woken and tending every-room and Lyanna nearly pushed the maid with the tea into the wall.

The corridors and roomed were now being dusted and polished in the summer sun by the army of handmaids and florists were putting fresh flowers on tables and bannisters. But, the two Queens ignored them all and just marched with hard jaws; their timid silver-haired daughter hurrying behind them in her mother’s clothes.

The black direwolf prowled in-front leading the way to the south apartments of the children’s rooms. Visenya’s being the only one in use since Dany had now gone and Viserys was on Dragonstone for the building of the new fleet of warships commissioned by the King a few months ago. The other three rooms belonging to the other children were collecting dust from a long time ago.

When they reached Visenya’s room, the door was ajar, and giggling handmaids were opening the drapes and dusting the mantles, and the two maids inside dressed in aprons and dusty corset’s squeaked in excitement when they reached the messy bed, “look! Joslyn! The Princess has bled into...”

Lyanna practically burst the door open and Elia hurried in, rolling her eyes at Lyanna’s fierceness while shutting the door behind them, locking it. Meraxes trotted in aswel and circled protectively around Senya’s feet.

“Ladies, what are you doing?” Lyanna seethed as stepped into the bedchamber, Visenya hiding behind her mother’s intruding petite figure.

The maids looked alarmed but bowed respectively, “Your Grace’s...” one of the maids curtsied,
“…the princess, she has bled into a woman. The sheets are stained with her first moon-blood. It’s a fruitful day in the King’s keep…”

“My daughter has not flowered, do you understand?” Lyanna implored cutting her off, her hands on her wide hips and her brown locks fallen out her intricate bun and now framing her fierce beautiful face. The handmaids looked at each other in confusion and then looked back at the Stark Queen.

“Your Grace, my apologies but the King has told all handmaid’s to inform him if and when…”

But, they shrieked in terror when Lyanna’s form twisted, her beautiful nose snarled into a pure chestnut muzzle as her pale skin burrowed into a beautiful light brown coat flecked with the faintest white withers. Her silk robe fell off her body in shreds, the wolfs-blood in her veins broiled at a voracious pace and she fell on all fours, her claws sprouting from her dense paws as her supple thighs stretched and furred into strong hind skinny legs. Her grey pupils dilated and broadened into elastic dark orbs of malign hunger and the she-wolf leapt, snarling and knocking over the two young maids, both crying silently in pure terror as ribbons of drool fell onto their faces from Lyanna’s snarling jaws.

Visenya looked at Elia shocked but Elia looked amused at Lyanna wolf form, not as big as a direwolf but just as fierce. The dornish princess quickly stepped forward when Lyanna snapped her jaws again at the maids, inches from their blotchy whimpering faces.

“You two will keep your foul tongues behind your teeth. Is that clear?” Elia said sweetly on Lyanna’s behalf, and Lyanna snapped her jaws over their sweaty heads to emphasise the meaning.

The two women nodded in terror, begging for mercy. “… If you fail to do so, the She-Wolf of Winterfell will rip your bones limb from limb. And I personally will roast your remains into the blackwater to be forgotten. Clear?” Elia asked again.

They nodded with whimpering chins, tears streaming there numb faces, the fat one chewing her own tongue.

“Good.” Elia concluded while combing her shiny black hair with her golden fingers as if bored, her dornish accent quite alluring to Lyanna whose furred ears twitched in desire for later.

“Now, get up and go fetch a new mattress, if anyone asks, the Princess burnt her old one practising one of Kineva’s new fire-bending spells… Go on.” Elia ordered, holding Visenya closely by the
waist in comfort as the maids scurried out past them.

The dusty maids quickly ran out, trying to act casual as they disappeared in the cleaning outside, shutting the door behind them.

As Lyanna transformed back, Elia coiled her hands in a snake-like motion and her finger’s heated. She drew a flame like a slithering viper from the air, smoking and sizzling, before she threw the dark snake-like flame at the mattress where the moon-blood stain was and the cotton and fluff burnt away the evidence into black char.

Visenya raised her eyebrows impressed at the black flame, unlike her own usual orange, “…wow, you fire-bend like a true Targaryen.” Visenya said.

Elia laughed with a shake off her head brushing her hands off, and kissing Visenya’s temple with her sweet lips. “Thank you darling, thanks to Daenerys I, daughter of Naerys, who wed my ancestor Prince Maron of Sunspear, we Martell’s can fetch a pretty fire as well,” Elia winked.

They both turned to the She-Wolf, who stood up beautifully nude. Her brown locks fell in a ripple back down her rear, the tips reaching her bottom, out the way and unable to hide her pointy apple breasts that were topped with peach coloured spuds, her supple legs sat high as she stood a little taller than both of them at five foot eight, the beautiful brown tuft of hair between legs the only thing covering her pussy. Elia quickly threw her one of Visenya’s gowns hanging on a dresser, an innocent dark green robe which Lyanna caught and quickly threw on; cautious of her appearance in-front of her baby girl.

“Mother!” Senya squeaked happily, running into her warm body once she was suitable, “Thank you, thank you, thank you!” She repeated happily, kissing her mother’s cheeks like she would do when she was a little child when Lya spoiled her with sweets or gifts.

“It’s alright now, baby. You’re not going anywhere, I promise.” Lyanna said, cradling her face with her hands, her thumbs rubbing away dried tears.

Elia smiled at the mother daughter embrace, cradling her own arms, missing her own daughter and the times they had. I hope my children have all the happiness in their hearts now, free to love each other like they were born to do. But, I hope they come back soon with Rhaegar’s true blessing… with a few babies of their own I dare say. The way Rhaenys is protective over Egg, I’d expect her to be delivering twins everyday. Elia laughed internally from the lonely feeling without seeing her own children every day coming out her day dream.
“Alright my lovelies, I must bathe and become a Queen again after this unexpected adventure this morning. My brother and his niece from Sunspear should shortly be arriving today and I want to give them a proper welcome. I know you detest the idea of Arianne marrying your boy, Lya, but give her a chance. She’s family…” Elia implored at Lyanna’s dull face who just hugged her daughter. Elia then turned to the silver-haired princess, “…keep practising you fire-bending, Sennie, you’ll get it one day.” Elia winked at her good-daughter in her double-meaning, looking at the ruined burnt bed. Elia gave a soft smile and left.

“I love Aunt Ellie.” Visenya whispered.

“I love her too…” Lya returned, but her thoughts now annoyed on her son’s newly betrothed. The Princess of Dorne who was a lot older than Jon but was supposed to be undeniably beautiful. Lya hated the idea of an older woman bedding her innocent boy who had just survived a year of disappearance beyond the Wall. He need’s rest and to be around his family, not some harlot… I’ve heard the rumours. Lyanna knew how manipulative dornish women could be, their power between their legs was undeniable and she knew because Elia teased her often enough.

“Mother,” Senya whispered breaking their swaying hug.

“Hmm?” Lyanna responded, her thoughts still haunted by imagining her precious baby boy in the hands of an older woman. She knew he would be man know after all his time in the North and beyond the Wall. But, he was still her baby boy and so is Visenya. I will do anything to protect my babies, from anyone...

“…I… I need a new wardrobe.” Senya whispered, getting it off her chest after a fortnight since her recent growth spurt.

“You don’t like your clothes? All the ladies wear these frocks and gowns, even in the North…”

“…My boobs are too big.” Senya mumbled out with a stomp of her foot, cutting off Lya whose dumb look turned into a soft smile.

Lya held back her smile, lifting her daughter’s chin so she would meet her gaze. Those vulnerable stormy eyes catching her breath, she spoke softly, “…I’ll have my own seamstress make you an entire new wardrobe, my gift to you, yes? You need not touch your allowance... lots of red and black but also lots of blues, like you like.”
Visenya hugged her mother before leaning back, “What should I do for today? The dornish guests will arrive soon, won’t they..? And I can barely breathe in my own clothes? Should I borrow Dany’s?”

Lya tried not to smile at her daughter’s innocence, “From my own eye, your chest is now bigger than you beautiful Aunt’s.”

Senya gulped. “What about Rhaenys’s old corsets?”

Lyanna shook her head with a snort, “those old dresses are inappropriate for my own daughter, and they’re quite dated now Rhaenys would say if she was here, and I swear. My dear dornish daughter had more milk in her breasts than half of us ladies in the keep, her chest size is too big for you.” Senya giggled at her mother’s remark.

Lyanna let out a concluding breath, “…for now, use my wardrobe if you wish. From my own eye, I think you and I have the same boobs….” Lyanna smirked softly, stroking a silver tendril behind Senya’s ear in a motherly fashion. Visenya’s face flushed pink in embarrassment. Lyanna left the room and after a few minutes, came back with an elegant light blue dress, scaled fabric at the top fading into a silk sheikh at the bottom. “Try this, dear.”

Senya pulled the dress on, surprised at the nature of it. It was a woman’s dress, appropriate but it did tease her curves. Her mother’s dress fit like a glove despite trailing her feet, since her mother stood taller than her. It exposed her smooth alabaster shoulder’s and collarbone and clung well to her wide hips, and Lyanna stepped back after she finished touching up her daughter’s hair into an elegant weaved plait Elia once taught her.

“You look like your own woman.” Lyanna croaked.

Visenya gave a brave smile at her mother, changing the topic a little. “Did you help Dany as well, when she bled into a woman?”

Both Lyanna and Visenya thought of Dany as their own, closer than any other of the family, since Lya practically fussed over her young sister in law as if she was her own daughter when Rhaella moved to Dragonstone, raising Dany as her own. Dany reminded Lyanna of Jaenerys, since they both were inseparable as small children.
Lyanna laughed, “No. I’m afraid Rhaenys got to her first. I believe Daenerys learned the ways of women, motherhood and dare I say, sex. On her trip to Dorne shortly after Jaenerys left for Winterfell for his Ward ship…”

“How do you know?” Visenya asked, a little shocked at what her mother was implying.

Lyanna smiled clipping Senya’s hair back with pins in her mouth, she mumbled out, “…let’s just say, Daenerys and Rhaenys were glowing when they returned from Sunspear. And a mother knows these things.” Lyanna added softly, “there…” And she stepped back again, fraying out any silver hair to highlight the effect.

Lyanna caught Visenya’s quietness, “…you, on the other hand, don’t have to worry about such things, you are not going anywhere for a least a few years. Not until you’re ready, only then will we both inform your father you’ve bled.”

“Won’t he suspect?”

“Men don’t know anything.” Lyanna softly replied, in her own thoughts.

Visenya nodded dutifully under her mother’s gaze.

“Mother? When will Jae return, do you think..? I miss him…”

Lyanna hummed, a smile creeping on her face from the thought of her boy, “I miss him too. Your father says he sent my letter North to Castle-Black, I suspect Jaenerys and your Aunt will pass Winterfell on their journey on the Kingsroad, then straight home. I’m hoping within the next fortnight they’ll both be in my arms.”

“Do you think he still does that brooding thing?” Senya giggled.

Lyanna grinned, “Knowing your brother, it’s only gotten worse.” They both laughed.

“I can’t wait for him to bring Ghost aswel; I haven’t met the albino wolf yet. Meraxes could use a friend in this weather.”
Lyanna hummed, glancing at the lolling black direwolf in the corner, panting as usual in the heat. Lyanna finished the extra touches on her daughter’s plait, gesturing she was done. “Now go, you have some time before the Dornish princess and the others arrive. Eat plenty and then, find your friends in court and get a good seat. The Dornish love to make an entrance when they come to the capital.” Lyanna smirked.

She nodded and made to run off, discretely taking her grey riding cloak and shawl off the peg and Lyanna narrowed her eyes. “You plan to see the entourage at the dragon gate, don’t you?”

Visenya looked at her feet, “No.”

“Visenya Targaryen, you always look at your feet when you lie, do you know that?” Lyanna smiled with a glare.

“Please can I go? I’d be good, I promise.”

Lyanna had no problem with it, ever since Aegon and Rhaenys had exiled themselves. And Jon had disappeared in the vast north. Rhaegar had tightened security on the children and her and Elia for that matter. And it got worse when Daenerys fled north to find Jon. Now, they were confined truly to Maegor’s holdfast apart from court meetings and now even their supper’s were only allowed on the upper terraces on the East tower if they wanted to dine outside in the humid heat of the capital. Lyanna knew this severe confinement would make anyone desperate for fresh surrounding especially her wild daughter. She trusted her daughter since she was an excellent fire-bender and she always had her wolf at her side, that Ned gifted her as a pup.

Lyanna put her hands on her hips, “How will you explain it to Ser Wendel, his duty is to protect you on this day. To keep you in the castle?”

Visenya merely grinned at the challenge.

Lyanna rolled her eyes, sorry for the poor Kings guard her daughter tormented constantly by sneaking away. “Fine, but be careful and don’t let your father catch you or me regret it.”

Visenya nodded excitedly, throwing the grey cloak to hide her attire underneath and tying the shawl in a wrap around her hair, hiding away her silver locks to Lyanna’s dismay of doing the intricate weave for nothing.
“Sorry,” Visenya said weakly, as her elegant hair weave was crumpled and hidden under the grey wrap.

Lyanna raised her eyebrows at Visenya’s form, her grey cloak and head wrap hiding away the fact that she was a princess but only a commoner. A beautiful commoner at that, since her stormy grey eyes and heart shaped face, and pouty pink lips were still showcased.

Lyanna pursed her lips and laughed, “…it’s fine, just go and don’t linger, I want to see you in court by mid-day, understood?” Visenya nodded and gave her mother a kiss on the cheek; she called Meraxes to her side and left the room in a hurry.

Lyanna sighed, cradling her own arms in the now empty room, light starting fill it from the early rising sun just above the blackwater.

“…she’s not a baby anymore, but a woman.” The she-wolf whispered sadly.

Princess Visenya Targaryen

“Hurry Meraxes,” Senya grinned, and the wolf pounced out the Queen’s ball room after her and Visenya slammed the heavy side door shut, bristling her fingers over the single dragon-encrusted knob on the centre of the great door, she melted the lock with instant orange flames licking the metal bolt; melting it shut behind her. Visenya stifled her giggle with her knuckles when Ser Wendell’s northern grunt growled behind the door.

“Princess Visenya! Not again! Please!”

It would take him half an hour to catch up to her now, he had to go the long way around, via the board kitchens on the upper floor if he was to have a chance without Lord Commander Gerold finding out he was outrun by a girl in her early teens.

Senya was already skipping away, Meraxes excitedly trotting around her in circles as they made towards the south gate, stepping down the spiral staircase two steps at a time she ran in a hurry with adrenaline coursing through her, the sandstone bricked steps were brightly lit by the tall stained windows following each step with lavish tapestries decorated extravagantly on either side.
The palace was at its tip top state since visitors would be pouring in over the coming months. Especially since her brother Jaenerys was returning.

She reached the southern corridor and followed the spiral stairs downward, Meraxes racing in front and she walked past the fire fountains casually when they reached the last floor leading to the southern arch gate; usually heavily guarded.

Peeking around the corner, Visenya squinted under her hood and noticed that there were only two guards patrolling the gate. She remembered most of the gold-cloaks and the fire guards in the Castle would be on the trenches on top of the outer city walls. Her father would what to showcase the power and might of the House Targaryen today for the dornish guests; the city was dressed to impress.

“…We could go into the city today, girl.” Senya murmured to the panting wolf, noticing the small guard patrol was her chance to have a real adventure today. Meraxes was crouched down in hunting position, mirroring her mistress’s discretion and also observing the small guard blocking their way.

Visenya quickly decided against going to watch the dornish entourages and all their Bannermen representatives march through the dragon gate. That’s boring, as long as I’m back before noon as mother said, no one will know better. It had been nearly a month since she had been into the city squares and orphanages or strolled through the markets to see the lavish merchants from across the seas that come for western trade. I haven’t been down there since Dany left. And I’ve never been down there without a guard. It’ll be fun, as long I’m back before noon, no one will know.

Visenya smiled mischievously, whispering softly to her companion. “…We must be fast, girl. Can you do it?” Senya smirked, watching Meraxes growl in challenge, pawing the ground with her dense skinny wolf legs in eagerness. Visenya nodded with a grin and peered back around the corner, noticing a barrel of drinking water under the archway were the two fire-guards were standing. And Visenya also noticed the long ivory horns at their hips, signals for reinforcement. Knowing what she had to do, Visenya took a deep breath and shared a grin with Meraxes.

Balling her palm, she quickly stepped out from around the corner and snuck behind the lower wall, into the courtyard where the gate was, Meraxes creeping in front. Her stormy eyes locked onto her target and she outstretched her fingers, focusing on the wooden barrel, her eyes squeezed shut as she concentrated and ever so slowly the calm barrel of water started bubbling with steam; very quickly.

“Dracarys…” Visenya breathed hotly, opening her eyes and clawing her fingers in quick succession. And the wooden barrel exploded, steam issuing everywhere into a warm cloud of fog. White fumes of steam puffed and filled the gate as the wooden barrel scorched in flames.
“…fuck sake! Borren! What is this!” Halys shrieked, hopping from the puddle of scalding water that flooded under the archway, his spear clattering as he swiped furiously at the cloud of steam.

Borren squinted, unable to make out Halys while soaked in hot water with most of the splinters of wood in his grizzly hair. “…How in the seven hells do I know, you…”

But, neither guard noticed a black shadow leaping past with a rider on top, a ring of laughter in the air as the pair galloped down the descending cobbled road that led into the city, under the shadow of the Red towers; unnoticed.

It had been over an hour and Visenya was walking down River-row square. Hopping over the water channel bridge, where wooden canoe’s wafted under and through to transport goods around the city, the two had explored most of cobbler’s square and was now heading back. They walked down the alleyways and came out into a large dusty sand-stone road. Busy and full of the sounds of talking, haggling, footsteps and horseshoes pulling wagons. Hundreds upon hundreds of stalls lined the street, and all people in lavish colours filled it like a slow moving stampede; traders shouting out their deals for the day.

Senya watched amused at the haggling buyers and sellers, her silver-gold hair still tied up and hidden in her grey hair wrap and her corset dark blue dress that clung to her body was hidden under her long light-coloured riding cloak; full discretion. She had to side step several times to get past a wagon’s of traders, selling mussel fish from wagons and patchy table clothes on others. A seller selling pearl necklaces made for water-tribes from bravos caught her eye but she quickly walked on remembering to keep herself to herself, shoving through a crowd hovering around freshly grown grapes from Gull-Town and passing another open shop that sold Essosi dresses and fabric’s. But, most moved out the way for her when Meraxes shouldered through, the wolf’s intrigued green eyes sniffing everyone and everything as she lead the way, receiving lots of scared and intrigued looks.

“Stop fussing, Meraxes.” Visenya ordered.

Meraxes whined softly, trying to shrug the quilt-like sheet her mistress brought with a few pieces of silver and then draped over her back, covering most of her black shiny withers.

“…the drape makes you stand out less.” Visenya implored after the seventh time, shoving the cloth down more firmly over her withers. Visenya heard a huffing growl and she tutted in back to quieten her, but the pair forgot what they were arguing as they found themselves in the famous Street of Steel.
The sound of hammer’s hitting metal and clanging of swords turning, filled their ears. Pushing through the crowds and passing the timbered manses and granaries, senya relaxed into the hot air bursts that issued from the lines of blast furnaces. Piles of freshly forged steel clattered shop stalls, people showing other’s the balance and craftsmanship of their own steel, the most expensive swords hung up glimmering with oil.

The further she walked up the street, the more expensive the prices became. Visenya didn’t know where to look as she walked up the ascending cobbled road filled with puddles of oozing molten ore and oils, filling the labyrinth of lines between the cobbles on the road.

“…What’s a pretty girl doing with an animal like that?”

Visenya had reached the top of the street and her light-coloured riding cloak swept the dust on the road elegantly as she spun around at the voice.

Her stormy eyes met a tall, black haired boy looking at her from under a canopy of a large armoury. He looked older than her by at least a few years, in his late teens, maybe her brother’s Jae’s age, but it was his eyes that were dark almost black and his bare chest, sweated and greasy, that instantly caught her gaze causing her the swallow hard unbeknown to her. Every breath he took tightened his abdominals in a stimulating way which twitched a flutter in her chest.

“Excuse me?” Visenya managed out, putting her hands on her hips and narrowing her eyes, trying to ignore his bare chest that was covered in soot and grease from labour.

“Your dog..? He’s a big one…” The smith’s apprentice asked again with a friendly laugh, putting his mallet down on the smith station as he walked out the open shop front towards them, the heat of the forge behind him issuing embers and steam.

Meraxes growled and bared her fangs at the tall lean smith with his annoying, plummeting beady eyes.

“Meraxes is no dog, she… is a direwolf.” Visenya corrected, stroking Meerie’s withers to soothe her from ripping the boys throat out for mistaking her as a dog and a boy one.

He nodded, softening his gaze at the mysterious girl’s beautiful voice. “Well, I know she… is not a breed from this stinking city. My master told me wolves of Westeros only come from that frozen
wasteland in the North, the Starks.” He confirmed as he wiped his palms with a leather rag

Visenya raised her eyebrows, “… well, it seems you do know something.” She teased, trying not to blush at talking to a handsome stranger like her older sister Rhaenys would tease her about.

Gendry smiled, trying his best not to stutter on his words from this gorgeous girl he had plucked up the courage to speak to. He walked around her, speaking over her shoulder as the busy street walked past them.

“…So, you didn’t answer my question. What is a girl like you doing with direwolf like that?”

Senya narrowed her eyes playfully, glancing over her shoulder at him as she studied a freshly forged war-hammer bracketed in the vice, on the smith station.

“What is a Smith making a war-hammer the size of that for? It’s hardly a weapon for you?” She shot back, her lips pursed in tease.

Gendry chuckled, “I will have you know that I…”

Visenya a spidery voice somewhere behind her and the feeling was like cold water running down her spine, she cut the boy off, surging forward and clapping her hand over his mouth, listening intently from noises coming within the smith’s shop. Gendry furrowed his brow, muffling something in-audible from within her palm as she just shushed him. And her fears were confirmed when she heard the distinctive voice of Ser Janos Slynt, the commander of her father’s city watch and a spidery voice of Lord Varys aswel, and another voice; all of which coming from behind the curtain that led into the shop.

Gendry shook her hand off his mouth, “…what are you doing?” He barely grunted before Visenya shushed him, her stormy eyes wide in terror.

She was standing in full view just in front of the shop. If Janos or Varys, especially the spider, found out she was wandering the city with no guard and against her confinement in Maegor’s Holdfast. Her father would soon find out and she would be in deep trouble.

She started panicking, looking around drastically as the voices inside began to get louder, as if coming out.
Gendry waved his hand in front of her face to get her attention, “what are you..?”

Visenya focused on him, glaring at him like her fiery Aunt would do.

“Shut up, you fool.” She seethed, and she all but ran behind the smith station and ducked under a patching table that hide her from the view of the door, breathing deeply with her back against it.

She felt Gendry follow her, plopping down beside her in confusion. “what are..?”

Visenya nearly burned him alive there and then in frustration, glaring at him to shut up, but stopped herself when she remembered her direwolf. Spinning back around and popping her head up, to still check Varys and Janos hadn’t come out the shop, she turned back and pleaded with Meraxes who was still lolling in the middle of the busy street.

“Come Meraxes.” Visenya pleaded, glancing at the noises behind the curtain of the inner shop door, drawing even closer.

“Meerie please!” She begged, watched the intrigued green eyes of her companion just blink at her.

Meraxes simply looked at her while nipping at the annoying clothe on her back before giving up as she began lolling her tongue at other scents she could pick up, the street surrounding them were filled with tempting tasty treats from food stalls. “Meerie, I will take the cloth of your back!” She nearly half-shouted, “…just please, come.”

It was Gendry’s sudden movement next to her in their crouched position that startled her, standing up, he whispered to the wolf. “Meerie, look girl.”

And he dangled a ferret carcass that he lifted up from a discarded tin pot on the side. The black direwolf trotted into their hiding place immediately, sniffing him wearily before snatching the ferret and crunching on its bones as she curled up around Visenya, staring at Gendry in interest with her feared green pupils as she chewed.

Visenya was about to thank the smith but she simply pulled him down next to her, to hide, when Lord Vary’s and Ser Janos walked out, Janos almost pulling the curtain door down in annoyance as
he strutted out first, with a bony tradesman swiftly following them.

“…please my Lords, I am sure I can achieve a pure Valyrian blade. But, the dragon-bone is an essential ingredient. If you could just persuade the King, all I would need is a mere piece of a bone. I would sell my entire shop for such a small piece. I truly believe I…”

Vary’s spidery voice cut him off, “You confidence is truly inspiring, Tobo Mott. However, the dragon skull’s and relic’s under the Red-Keep are priceless heirlooms of the Targaryen family, they are not to be tampered with.” He informed, signalling their conversation was done.

Tobo pleaded, “I understand my Lord, but the first batch I make would be a gift to the King himself. I could even…”

Ser Janos rolled his eyes in boredom under his golden helm, pushing Tobo away by the face in a degrading way. “You would do well to take milk of the poppy for your delusions old man, now hold your tongue and pay us for calling us to this maggot infested hole you call the finest steel shop in the capital.” Janos tormented, taking the coin from the old man’s pockets himself.

Varys rolled his eyes at his crudeness, turning back to Tobo. “What the esteemed Commander of the city watch meant to say, was. Your notion for making Valyrian steel is frankly impossible. You have the heat from your new furnaces, yes. You have the supposed book to read a spell from, that you got from a pirate of all places you say, yes.”

He checked off, “…you have a surplus of iron ore, yes. But you don’t have a piece of dragon-bone you desire from the dragon-heads under the Red-Keep. Nor do you have an Earth-Bender to do such crafting, which you list bending earth is an essential part in crafting the magic into the metal; according to that book inside you showed us. And as I don’t need to remind you Earth-Bending is forbidden by the Crown after the rebellion; I would like to know how you propose you would complete this task of making Valyrian steel, even if you had dragon-bone? Are you housing an unlisted Earth Bender?”

Tobo looked shunned; his sweaty brow leaked as he glanced at the abandoned smith station his apprentice worked at before he looked back, mumbling, “…I have found a way to overcome that, my skill over the years has enabled me to use a finely shaped clove stone mallet to mirror the curvature of earth-bending forging. So, I have no need of bending earth to sculpt the magic, I have the tools to craft the magic. I just need the dragon-bone… I will sell my entire shop for a mere piece of…”

Ser Janos huffed, and swept his gold-cloak around and made to walk away, calling over his
shoulder. “Go back to making castle-forged swords for the Crown, that’s all your good for, peasant!” Janos spat, walking away down the street. Vary quickly gave a polite bow, and made to follow but he stopped when he noticed black wither’s peaking from behind a table.

“What is that?” Varys gestured with a nod of his bald shiny head, at the black haired withers that quickly disappeared, as if being pulled down. Tobo muttered something in confusion that he didn’t know either.

Visenya pulled Meraxes down, her stormy eyes now even wider as she tried to control her breath.

She could not let Varys find her here, especially without a guard and especially with a strange handsome boy hiding with her. She balled her palm and it heated, ready to burn the shop down to mask her escape. But, she was shocked when the spiky black haired smith stood up, facing Varys and Tobo.

“…Sorry mi Lord. It’s just me, I felt a dirty labourer like me should stay out the way when fine Lord’s like yourself enter the shop, that job is for my master. That’s why I hid. I didn’t want to cause trouble…”

Vary noticed the black hair on the boy’s head and concluded what looked like wolf wither’s was just this boy’s hair and Varys stopped his apologies. “No need to apologise…”

“Gendry… Just, Gendry. I’m just a bastard.” Gendry stated.

Varys nodded with a kind smile, “Well, Gendry. Your apologises, aren’t needed, I was once a boy trying to make a living on the streets of this city. Now, carry on…”

Varys gestured to the burning hot forge, and the spider swept away with his arms folded inside his robe, disappearing into the streets after the commander of the gold-cloaks to report to the Hand of the King. Tobo glanced at Gendry, red-faced, mumbling something before he stormed back inside throwing curses at the two Lords that left.

When the coat was clear, Visenya slowly stood up and softly smiled at Gendry, “Thank you, Gendry. You saved me.”

Gendry folded his arms and nodded in appreciation, raising his brow, “well, you know my name.
Can I now ask what you’re called?”

Visenya bit her lip, clutching the insides of her riding cloak and knowing her hair wrap that covered her silver hair, displayed her as a mere common girl to him. But, still, she couldn’t give her name away.

“I don’t want to lie to you. So, I can’t tell you…” She managed out, stroking Meraxes who had finally shrugged the drape off her back.

Gendry knotted his brow in confusion, even more interested in her. “…You’re a wanted criminal then, I figure. A beautiful one…” He breathed softly, staring at her stormy grey eyes, her pouty pink shaped lips and petite figure that didn’t hide the curve of her chest.

 “…I’m sorry, I didn’t mean…”

Visenya pursed her lips as her cheeks tinged a flushed colour, cutting him off with a wave of hands, changing the awkward turn of the conversation he made. “So, Gendry the bastard smith… tell me, why does your master want dragon-bone?” Visenya asked, now wanting to know more about this adorable lean fool who practically saved her arse. While praying her face wasn’t burning red.

“Valyrian steel,” He blurted out, trying to stay confident as well.

Visenya waltz her finger’s along the iron mallet on the table, trying to mirror something Rhaenys would do. “interesting.” She managed out.

“Not really, he won’t get it. The only dragon-bone are the heads of deceased dragons under the Red-Keep, those fire-bender freaks won’t let anyone near their precious dragon skeletons.” Gendry laughed, as he began crafting a blade into a new mould he started on.

Visenya wanted to push her knuckles into her mouth to stop herself she giggling at his inability to impress her even more when he called her a freak without knowing it. “Hmm.” She merely nodded in response.

“Anyway, what you saw with that bald fella and the fancy gold-cloak, was the last straw. My master won’t get a penny of their time now. He will have to sell the shop, there is too much competition on this street and even-though we forge the best steel, most say our prices are too high.
I’d give by winter and the famous Tobo Mott will be gone from this city, and I’ll most likely be shipped off to the Wall to swear the black. At least I’d get a warm supper while freezing my balls off.” He smirked to himself.

Visenya smiled sadly, it gave her a breath of fresh air to hear his crude language unlike the respectability within the wall of the Red-Keep but she felt truly sorry for this dark-haired smith who just saved her from an on-slaughter of trouble.

“You’d go to the Wall? I heard it’s a place criminals… my brother told me it’s a place where murders and rapists now go?”

Gendry just shrugged, cleaning up his station as sweat lined his bare chest. “…there’s food.” He said simply.

“…no women though.” Visenya blurted, and the glance he gave her made her go red from what her suggestion sounded like.

Gendry burst out laughing, “…well there is only criminal one’s here.” He said with a nod at her and they both glared before they burst out laughing.

Visenya watched him work, bringing the hammer down tirelessly on hot steel for a minute before she stopped him and caught his gaze, “what if I said I could help you?”

“What do you mean?” he grunted, wiping his hands with the leather rag as he turned and listened after he dropped the hot steel into a bucket of water to cool off, steam issuing everywhere.

“I could get you a small piece of dragon-bone. I could get you into the dungeons of the Red-Keep, completely unnoticed, to where the Targaryen’s keep the skull of Balerion the Black Dread, the biggest Dragon to live. I will give you a small piece, a very small piece, as a thank you. For saving me back there,” Senya added, biting her lip nervously and crossing her arms as she watched him think it over.

Gendry squinted his beady eyes, “how would you? Get me in that bleeding fancy castle..?”

Visenya glanced around to make sure no one was looking before she pulled off her hair wrap and shook her head of head. Her golden silver locks cascaded over her shoulders, and she met his
shocked gaze. “…because I am Visenya Targaryen. Daughter of the King and a Princess of Dragonstone. That bleeding fancy castle you say, is my home…” She added with her hands on her hips.

Gendry’s mouth hung open a little bit, and Visenya tried to hide her smile as she tied the head wrap back on and gestured to Meraxes to follow her, “Come girl.”

Visenya turned back to Gendry at the door, “…Meet me at sunset, just outside the winch towers overlooking black water bay, and follow the path to a small black pebble clearing in the shadows of the North tower. You can’t miss it and I’ll meet you there… I know a secret passage and I will introduce you to the bones of Balerion.” Visenya winked.

Gendry slowly nodded, “sunset” He mumbled, still in awe as the silver princess disappeared like a dream into the crowd with her black direwolf in toe.

*Fire-Lord Rhaegar*

The dark room was large and rectangular, larger enough for a dragon to lair in. At one side of the
King’s private study were oval shaped mahogany doors, heavily guarded by his most trusted fire-guard inside. His loyal Kings-guard were just outside, white-cloaked centennial’s that were the finest swords in the realm and trained in the art of chi-blocking, the ability to immobilise benders, Ser Gerold Hightower and the newest recruit, Ser Lancel Lannister were on guard this morning.

The dark doors were heavy with cold-bolt dragonglass and intricately designed with the Targaryen three headed dragon on both sides; the blood-red Sigil inflamed onto the very spines of the wood. The route inside was lined out by fourteen archaic black goblets, of pure granite, a piercing blue flame cackling in each casket and marking a path of the dark red carpet, that was weaved with fine Pentoshi satin in the colour of flames, the path leading to the high desk. Each goblet also stood next the a dark marble pillar, encrusted from the ceiling into the floor with snarling dragon head’s sprouting out above and below, while the goblets of fire shadowed a haunting glow on the very Valyrian tapestries decorated on the red sand-stone walls of the Red Keep and all this, leading the way the great steps at the front, the red velvet imprinted platform was three steps, each wide enough for an easy arms-length apart. And at the top, was a great mahogany desk made of the finest craftsmen.

Rhaegar glared at Renly.

“.Boy! How many times do I need to tell you, you will not be leaving the Capital!” King Rhaegar bellowed down, his ageing face calm and stoic but emitting a fierce authority with his yellow tinted eyes, that slightly faded his magnificent purple irises.

Renly bowed his head hurriedly with a scared swallow, almost cowering in his chair next to his much older wife, Cersei Baratheon. The Hand of the King, Tywin Lannister had a blank expression etched in the lines of his face, he wore his great black leather tunic and gold weaved crimson lion cape, draped over his right shoulder as he sat on a side chair.

With a stern look at his wife, Renly tried again and his chin had a slight quiver in fear, “…I understand, my King. But, my children have never seen neither Storms End nor their mother’s House. I have been nothing but a loyal servant to House Targaryen ever since I inherited the Stormlands after you slayed my traitorous Brother, Robert, the Usurper.” Renly spat like a trained dog, before gulping the warm humid air of Rhaegar’s study, “…I just wish for my children to familiarise themselves with the people of Storms End that they are one day to rule in your name.”

Rhaegar narrowed his eyes, the trench of flames behind him swaying vehemently like an azure iron curtain, to emphasise the effect he was the true master of fire. It created a dark ethereal hue outline around the great Targaryen King and stressed his power, even more, when he slammed his fist on the table in frustration, the goblets of fire around the room screaming scarlet for a second, mirroring their master’s repulsion.
Tywin stood up abruptly and looked at the King, his tall stature and Lannister green eyes flecked with the same evil of scheming.

“Your Grace. I understand your dire need to punish House Baratheon after what those dogs tried twenty years ago. And we did, Robert’s ashes are still on the Trident where you left them. Stannis Baratheon’s line has been exterminated and he’s been sent to serve and die on the Wall. The two most powerful Earth-Bender’s in Westeros are long gone. However, Renly was but a boy at the time and by punishing my son-in-law is also punishing my daughter. Lady Cersei and my grandchildren have the right to see their forbearer’s keep’s, you have nothing to worry, my King. House Lannister has always been loyal to you, has it not?”

Rhaegar smiled evilly at the passive threat his Hand posed, wanting to teach his Hand his place by burning the rest the hair’s on his balding head. But, he didn’t. His lord Hand, Tywin Lannister, was funding his conquest to secure the iron-islands and soon the continent of Essos when his full plans took place, when he had his succession secured. 

Whoever that be who I deem worthy of me, after my first-born Aegon ran off with that whore I raised as a daughter, and ashamed my House and legacy. My new successor will be worthy of me, I swear. Rhaegar took a sip of his arbour gold in thought and then pointed at the small form of Renly with the same bony hand, his voice a deadly tone “Boy. I raised you as my Ward in the Capital for all these years, in the goodness of my own heart, after I took your brother’s head.” Rhaegar tormented.

Rhaegar watched Renly closely who looked at his feet like he might puddle himself, his beautiful emerald-eyed wife, Cersei was quite the opposite with her stoic gaze like her father’s. Rhaegar wanted to dare the lioness to speak instead, he’d rather her wear the armour and him the blouse from the look of the petrified sickly complexion Renly possessed.

Rhaegar thought of Tywin’s words and swallowed his wrath to keep Renly here like a dog, but he would let him go on his own terms.

“…Fine, I will allow you to leave Kings landing on two terms. The first, your first-born son Joffrey will remain in my city to await the return of my daughter, Rhaenys, for matrimony as initially agreed and my daughter’s children will inherit the Storm-land’s in good time. The second and most important, if my master of whispers gets a whiff of any Earth Bending being practised. The people will know who is to blame, Renly Baratheon, any rebellion in any shape or form will be cleansed with fire when the sky falls down upon them, you will carry that burden on your shoulder’s. Understood?”

Renly barely made a nod before Rhaegar instructed, “Now, you will depart the Capital after my son, Jaenrys, has returned from the North in a fortnight. That should give you enough time to make preparations for your long-awaited return… Now remember well, boy… Earth-Bending is forbidden in my Kingdoms. Now leave.” The flamed danced dangerously as he finished and Renly nodded solemnly.
The three stood up, Renly made to leave but Lady Cersei did not. Her green glare was enticing but quite the opposite to her false sweet voice.

“You Grace. I thank you for this, but I ask if my daughter and I could stay in the capital with my eldest son, Joff, while my dear husband and Tommen go to Storms End. My eldest son needs his mother in the capital, especially now after he’s to be wed to his soon to be bride, she is a Targaryen Princess after all. He will need his mother’s guidance to make Princess Rhaenys the happiest she could be after her long trade negotiation with the Iron-Bank she has been tasked with. And I wish to find my own daughter, Myrcella, a suitable match in the Capital before Winter is upon us.” Cersei added knowingly.

She knew the rumours surrounding the Crown-Prince and his sister. Cersei knew the lies spread by the Crown, stating the children were on a trade negotiation in Bravos was a blatant lie, she knew the inbred dragonspawn were likely fucking one another’s brain’s out in the Novoshi heat in exile. She knew the wedding initially made for Joffrey and Princess Rhaenys would never happen. Instead, Cersei wanted Myrcella to be in the capital when and long after, Jaenerys Targaryen returned. Aegon was unlikely to be in succession in her mind after he ran off and betrayed House Targaryen, which made the second sun the likely successor. If she could find a way to terminate his betrothed from the Martell bitch, than Myrcella could become Queen of the Seven Kingdoms. She knew the dark-haired Targaryen boy was fond of Blondes from the rumours he laid with a wilding princess. She herself would teach Cella the art of the power between a woman’s legs and soon, House Lannister could be the true power in Westeros.

Rhaegar raised his wispy silver eyebrows, and after a haunting few seconds he slowly nodded, granting her wish.

Cersei and Renly bowed and curtsied and left with consent.

When the great door’s shut behind them, the fire King turned to his Hand, “I will kill that boy myself, if he so much as thinks of bending earth, cow shit or solid rock, I will burn his liver and feed the rest of his corpse to that demented fool, Stannis at the Wall. Now, I suggest you also remind your daughter her place, how dare that woman talk to me directly…” Rhaegar spat, glaring at Tywin.

“I will discipline my daughter.” Tywin replied lazily, his expression stoic and not giving anything away as always.

Rhaegar nodded, gesturing to another scroll on his desk, holding it up “…Tywin? News from a man named Tobo Mott came to me from one of my Priestesses located within the city, is it true he
has found a way to forge new Valyrian steel?"

Tywin shrugged his broad bony shoulder’s, “The old fool keeps begging an audience with yourself, your Grace, however, I informed him myself he is not worthy of your time. I have sent the Commander of the City Watch and Lord Varys into the city to investigate today. I highly doubt the old forge man can do such a deed in forging Valyrian steel, but Ser Janos and Lord Varys have been instructed to get to the bottom of it by sundown.”

Rhaegar nodded his aged purple eyes barely visible under the yellowish tint now forming in his forties. He scratched his long mane of silver hair with his long sharp, yellowed nails “…very well, I want a report as soon as possible. Now, go tend to our Dornish guests. I’m told my son’s betrothed, Arianne Martell, Prince Doran’s daughter, is arriving by noon. So, see that her liege lords accompanying her are found appropriate rooms and suppers, and I will grant them an audience at court on the morrow. Now, send in my most-trusted advisor, I believe she’s waiting outside.”

Tywin hid the look of scorn on his face well, he draped out his lion cape in a long bow, muttering his leave of absence, and left.

It wasn’t a moment after until the oval-shaped doors opened. Kineva walked in with her shoulder’s held high in confidence, her red velvet drapes trailing the floor behind her with a slither, covering her bare feet. Kineva had a beautiful face and her smirk made it more so, her weaved red locks fell on-top of her ample breasts were the tops were cupped out her flowing robe from her plunging neckline that showed a generous amount of cleavage; her erect spuds visible from the expensive red shades of fabric. Her enticing red eyes looked straight at him as the choker of rubies clasped around her pale throat, gleamed a haunting glow.


Rhaegar smiled at her, his defined features, long silver mane and sculptured herculean body under his red and black garments, even in his older age, still gave a look of Targaryen beauty.

“How many times Kinvara, I am known as, King, in this country.”

Kinvara raised her delicate brow, the light of Rhaegar’s blue flames accentuating her curves that teased under her red drapes, and the blue hue of Rhaegar’s fire goblets as she walked past them highlighted her shapely lips and full thick thighs as she approached the platform with her swaying hips.
“Whatever you say, my King… But, in Volantis, in the Great Eastern Fire Temple, you are known as the one and only Fire-Lord of the West. The Prince who was promised.”

Rhaegar raised his pointed silver eyebrows in amusement, watching Kinvara climb the steps on the platform to his desk as she approached him. Kinvara smirked devilishly at Rhaegar’s enticed eyes that were now fixated on her, walking around the table. She laid her hands on the fire-lords pale skin, letting him lower his guard as he leaned a little into her soft hands, watching her closely.

Kinvara smirked again before she propped herself up on the desk in front of him, looking down at him with a twisted smile and ever so slowly, she spread her thick legs and the drapes of her robe split, exposing the tangled red pubes over her moist folds, clear nectar oozing out her fleshy clit that peeped out, and making her pink folds look puffy and enticing.


“Hmm?” Rhaegar now merely hummed as he ran his index finger along her pink slit, his sharp dirty nail splitting her lips and touching the fleshy hood in possession. Kinvara smiled down at the ruby encrusted, black ring on his very finger that gleamed.

The ring that controlled his emotions and made him more open to her counsel over the years, her whispers, her magic over him had now installed long ago, she had power over him. She lifted his chin, meeting his yellow tinted eyes. “You seek my council?”

Rhaegar smiled and leaned back, meeting her red eyes as his hands settled on her open loins, resting them over where the robe stopped. “Indeed, Kinvara. Tell me… did you find my traitorous children in the flames?”

Kinvara narrowed her tempting red eyes, studying Rhaegar’s reserved expression. She slowly replied, “I have not. But, my preachers are located around all the free cities from the eastern shores, following the River Noyne and in every sandstone village and every ancient city. My preachers will find them, two fire-benders named Targaryen cannot hide forever.” The witch assured, running her finger along Rhaegar’s lips in temptation her toes curling from just the Fire-Lord’s gaze. But, Rhaegar grabbed her wrist hard and clasped his hand around her warm skin, pulling her a little closer as he spoke in his rapturous voice.

“I want them found. Their relationship annulled and put to bed, they have a duty to uphold, their capture is of paramount concern to the Crown now, it has been too long.” Rhaegar said, thinking of
the pact he had with Tywin Lannister’s grandson, Joffrey was to wed Rhaenys. The Lannister army was needed, it was the greatest force with chi-blockers unstoppable to most armies and could easily challenge the royal fire army. And Aegon needs to wed the Reach girl and squirt a Targaryen baby into her belly, to secure the food for his conquest.

Kinvara could see the fury in his eyes, the blue flames behind him blowing dangerously as it reflected his emotions. “Hasn’t your Master of Whisper’s found nothing on them?” She asked.

Rhaegar scoffed while his eyes followed the curve of her pale thighs as he ran his fingers along her knee. “…Lord Vary’s is missing more than his cock lately, more his use on my council. He has found nothing on them but when I do find them I will no longer hold back, I have Viserys on Dragonstone readying a new fleet of ships. I will bring them home or I will kill them myself for embarrassing me in front of the realm…” Rhaegar said in a deadly whisper, glaring indignantly at the goblets of fire lining his study.

“…I had high hopes for Aegon, he possessed the power. But, the boy betrayed me for that whore I raised as a daughter. I swear, if Rhaenys doesn’t return begging for forgiveness for enticing Aegon to run off, which I know she did, Aegon is not bold enough to think of such treason himself, if Rhaenys doesn’t admit her crimes and doesn’t wed the Baratheon boy with no mishaps… I will not drag her to no sept, nor will I have her join the silent sister’s. I will package her in a crate and ship her off to the Dothraki in the red waste, I would give my daughter to the thousands of earth-bender savages that pillage the Dothraki Sea, so they and all their horses can take turns raping her, until she’s mere skin and bone, until her fire goes out for good…” Rhaegar finished with a snarl.

Rhaegar glanced up at the red-witch again, “…have you seen anything else in the flames.”

Kinvara slowly smirked, getting the message, she turned and took a small vial of black substance from a draw in his desk and uncorked it, pouring the black liquid into her palms. Closing her eyes, she muttered a prayer with in a gnarly tongue, her throat constricting at her eyes lit up at a vision of flames.

Taking a deep breath, she came back to Rhaegar’s amused eyes as he watched her in lust, she began toying with his silver mane and massaged the remnants of the now clear liquid into his scalp; a usual procedure after she made a vision for him. “The lord showed me a number of interesting things that happened on sun rise. A good thing and a bad thing, shocking I might say.”

“Go on.” Rhaegar whispered, barely listening as he leaned into her soft fingers and sharp nails that massaged his head of as he cupped her red mound between her legs, his thumb softly grazing her fleshy nub as her bum shuffled to the edge of the desk to give him more access.
Kinvara enticing red eyes gleamed as her velvety voice spoke softly.

“Aegon’s Comet will soon be upon us...”

Rhaegar’s eyes lit up, the yellowish tint growing stronger over his pupil irises as he replied, “…the power of a hundred suns.”

Kinvara nodded, “…it will come soon, the Lord of Light has shown me it will fly over the skies for a full turn of six moons this century. When the comet is in distance, your royal fire-armies will be able to harness it’s energy and have unmatched power, they will see your vision of world supremacy done. The water benders of the iron-islands will fall in a day, the entire continent of Essos will fall in a week.” She goaded.

Rhaegar slowly nodded, “Only once every hundred years can a fire-bender experience this kind of power. I will solidify the West from Winterfell to Dorne, and crush all the free-cities in the East, they will all be mine.”

“You will be the Supreme, Fire Emperor… the Dragon King.” Kinvara confirmed, her enticing red eyes gleaming.

“Yes.” Rhaegar vocalized, “…The last Great Comet gave Aegon the Conqueror and his Dragons the power to take the west. I will take the East.” He then came out his glassy eyes and gazed at his red-witch. “When..?”

Kinvara pouted sadly, “…in one year, on the last summer eve, when winter comes. Aegon’s comet will reign.”

Rhaegar slowly nodded before turning his attention to the other matter, “…you told me the good news, now what of the bad?”

“Your daughter, Visenya, has finally bled into a woman. She is fit to bear children for Robyn Arryun.” Kinvara whispered, smirking at the thought of the Stark bitch crying over her daughter being shipped away. *Maybe this will finally drive that Queen away back to the North away from the Rhaegar. Then, I will have only one Queen to deal with.*

Rhaegar smiled with closed eyes, “Good. Send a raven to the Eyrie, I want the Arryun boy to come
south in two moons. Before the next harvest, I want my daughter to secure the Vale. This is not bad news?” Rhaegar then pointed out.

Kinvara added wood to the fire, speaking the whole truth. “Your Northern Queen and your Dornish one, both have kept this from you. They burnt the evidence and threatened two handmaids not to repeat the joyful occasion.” She said as if asking why they would do so.

Rhaegar’s expression turned acid with fury as his nose flared. “I will speak to my wives and disciple them, truly I will. First they give me two children each, the first two exiled themselves on foolish fallacy and my northern bride gave me one that cannot fire-bend, an embarrassment on me and then the same boy disappears far North neglecting his duty, presumed dead until now I hear…” glancing at another scroll on the desk that he received a fortnight ago. “…now, my wives conspire against me to hide my youngest child’s fortune of bleeding? I will make sure they know my wrath.” He snarled, clawing the very air as the goblets of fire screamed scarlet.

Kinvara tried not to smile from her manipulations, “…Your younger brother is still loyal to you. Viserys waits for your order on Dragonstone, waiting for a location to find his traitorous niece and nephew. That is Targaryen loyalty.”

Rhaegar scoffed, “Viserys awaits Daenerys’s hand in marriage that is all. He will return to the capital as soon as she comes back South with Jaenerys, I suspect Viserys also awaits me to name him my successor, as Fire-Lord after I’m gone.”

Kinvara tilted her head, running her hands over his broad shoulders in comfort. “Would that be so bad? One son embarrassed you and another son can’t fire-bend. Viserys is…”

“Weak!” Rhaegar finished. “…the boy is delusional; his flames are not truly powerful to control the Seven Kingdoms or the East after I’ve taken it.”

Kinvara slowly nodded, offering an alternative “…Daenerys on the other hand is a fire prodigy, I heard from Melisandre, one of my master fire-benders and Daenerys’s former teacher was highly impressed at her work. Perhaps, you should name sweet Daenerys your successor. She would be a true Dragon-Queen, and with the right guidance, she would see your vision of world conquest, done.”

Rhaegar raised his brow in interest, “…Yes, she would, if we stamp out the gentle nature of her heart.”
“It can be done.” Kinvara assured, “…but whatever you chose, your line must be secured before winter is here and Aegon’s Comet falls.”

Rhaegar nodded, “That is why I agreed to Viserys taking Daenerys as a bride; Viserys is weak and Daenerys is strong. So, if Aegon still proves foolish after he returns and doesn’t stop his affair with Rhaenys, I will dispose of them. And then I’m left with my second son, but I cannot name Jaenerys my heir since he cannot fire-bend. So, it falls on my sister, Daenerys, she is the true prodigy, in good time she will control Viserys and bend him under my guidance for me.”

Kinvara nodded at his logic, “…your sister Daenerys, her fire is the truest like yours, raw blue…” Kinvara almost goaded.

“It is true…” Rhaegar murmured deep in thoughts, “…so, Viserys will marry Daenerys as planned, to make sure her children are named Targaryen. If Aegon doesn’t return soon with no mishaps and doesn’t swear his life and prove his loyalty to me again. Then, I will find a new successor. Be that through Daenerys children. That will be decided.”

“Very wise, my King,” Kinvara murmured, toying with loose strands of his silver yellowing mane. He relaxed into her touch before lifting his head lazily to meet her enticing red eyes, “…Daenerys’s flames are blue. Do you know why that is?” Rhaegar then said as if amused, proud and darkened at the same time.

Kinvara narrowed her eyes, studying her chosen lord. “…I have my guesses, nothing more... there is more to her birth than meets the eye?”

Rhaegar smiled and slowly nodded, “…yes, it seems you have more wisdom than the entire realm… your right, Daenerys’s flames are the rawest blue because she is the most Targaryen than any of us… but that is not a story for today. Now, go get my She-Wolf I call a wife. Bring her to me.” Rhaegar said, his face calm as he reached for his harp.

Kinvara leaned in and kissed his lips, running her fingers over his mouth in an alluring way before sweeping off to do his bidding.
“What do you mean summoned?”

“Fire-Lord Rhaegar summoned you.” Kinvara stated again, with a heavy sigh.

“What did he say he wanted?” Lyanna demanded, strutting behind the beautiful red-witch and her flowing blood-coloured garbs. She was supposed to receive the dornish guests in ten minutes before she was ordered by this Red-Witch to leave the welcoming party by the extravagant entrance of the Red-Keep. She would have to leave all that now to Elia but she would join her in court later, hoping to also find her daughter Visenya safe and sound in the side seating with the rest of the ladies.

“Lady Kinvara, what does he want?” Lyanna repeated, barely keeping up in her annoying, extravagant silk gown Elia made her wear.

“Nothing to worry your pretty face about, your Grace…” Kinvara cryptically replied, as they arrived and stopped at the large mahogany oval doors with glowering caskets of blue fire on either side.
Lyanna narrowed her stormy eyes at her as she looked at the door and then the witch, “…I don’t trust you, Kinvara.”

“Fire-Lord Rhaegar does,” Kinvara said simply.

Lyanna wanted to smack that smirk right off her face, “…My husband and King, may trust your order. But, I am a Stark of Winterfell, if I find you’re corrupting my husband’s way, I will rip your pretty throat out myself. Understood?” Lyanna implored, “…now get out my way.” She added, pushing the red-witch lightly on the shoulder to move despite being plenty of room as she stormed past Lord Commander Gerold and Ser Lancel, pushing the door and entering the room.

The sound of strings whispering a beautiful tune, met her ears as the door closed behind her. It was a song she knew well, it was the song he played at the Tourney of Harrenhal were they met as young lovers. All was simpler then, Rhaegar was known to the realm as a gentle soul despite being the son of the mad Fire-Lord Aery’s. Rhaegar was a fire-bending prodigy but never liked the attention or the fighting, he liked to sing.

“Rhaegar?”

Lyanna crossed her arms in frustration when he didn’t answer, he was simply sitting on the steps leading up to the platform to his desk. He sat cross-legged with his harp on his lap, his sculptured back perfectly orthodox with his straight silver mane of hair a perfect mane down his back. But, his yellowish purple eyes were trained only on his sharp yellowing fingers that played.

“Rhaegar..?” Lyanna repeated. She was dressed in her full Queen attire, her lavish grey and white silk gown was pinched beautifully around her waist, sheer silk sleeves laced on her wrists with embroiled intricate patterned silk that hugged her arms, while the bottom of her dress faded into a blood-red to symbolise her husband’s House. Her dress was partially backless, teasing her alabaster snow-like skin and her brown locks fell beautifully on the top of her ample chest, outlining the Weirwood blue winter rose, sapphire necklace around her neck.

“Rhaegar, can you stop…” And Lyanna winced when his fingers plucked the wrong chord, the room falling in silence as Fire-Lord Rhaegar lifted his insidious gaze onto his northern wife.

“Lyanna, my sweet,” He slowly whispered.

Lyanna tried not to snap at him, but her eyes glared. He had no right to call her adoring epithets; he
hadn’t shared her and Elia’s bed in a very long time. He was neglecting her in court and at meals choosing to dine with his Red Witch instead lately, he even isolated her and Elia, Dany and Visenya, in Maegor’s holdfast, and he simply gave her nothing any more but the cold title of Queen these days.

“You summoned me, my love?” Lyanna responded dully. She didn’t notice the blue goblets of fire now flickering scarlet in a haunting manner.

Rhaegar stood up, his dark blood red robes trailing the floor as he walked down the steps, the flames issuing a glowing outline around his pointed shoulders and the flame headpiece weaved into his silver mane, emphasising his Fire-Lord status. “…Jaenerys returns to us soon, aren’t you happy?” Rhaegar smiled cryptically.

Lyanna crossed her arms again, feeling uncomfortable as Rhaegar instead of coming to kiss her, walked around her like inspecting prey.

“Of course I am, I can’t wait for our baby boy to be back home!” Lyanna said, bustling at his silly question.

Lyanna could feel his presence behind her, just watching her and she spun around irritated, making her silk gown sweep.

“Rhaegar..? You call me here when the dornish guests are arriving when the woman you betrothed to my baby boy arrives at her home. And instead of getting to know this, Arianne Martell, you pull me out of the gathering and don’t tell me why? Tell me the truth why you summoned me?” Lyanna said, hands on her hips, “…and that’s another thing, when did you start summoning me?” Lyanna added, with a glare.

Rhaegar smiled, stepping forward in his dark blood robes. He slowly placed his sharp-nailed hands on her cheeks, cupping her beautiful face, an act he once did to calm her but now, his hollow eyes trained on her stormy eyes. “…my sweet winter rose, your northern spirit is always refreshing. I value your brute impatience for truth…”

Lyanna started to relax into his touch, as his thumbs rubbed her jaw, making her remember the times they had in the Tower of Joy before he left her full with child, for Dragonstone to gather the royal armies 19 years ago.
“Rhaegar,” Lya murmured, falling into his touch that she missed so much and she subconsciously leaned into his arms and nuzzled her nose into his broad chest, as his arms caressed her back. “…it’s been so long since you touched me, my love. You’ve been neglecting me, my King… you’ve left your She-Wolf in heat.” Lyanna teased playfully, her eyes closed in comfort at his touch, leaning her head under his chin.

Rhaegar’s voice was barely controlled as he leaned back, meeting her eyes. “And you’ve never lied to me… until now.”

Lyanna blinked before she frowned angrily, coming out the moment. “Excuse me?”

His face was passive as he started walking back towards his desk, leaving her standing clueless as he talked over his shoulder. “House Arryun will be instructed to come to the capital, to attend Jaenerys’s wedding and to come to wed their own bride. Visenya has bled. She is ready. And you tried to keep it from me. Half my family have betrayed me, and now you. My Lyanna, betrayed me. I never thought you out of all the others would try to make me a fool.” Rhaegar seethed, his back towards her as he gazed absently.

Lyanna’s stomach tightened, her stormy eyes pooling with tears as her wolfs-blood go from ashamed to angry. Her knees felt weak when she realised Vienya was being shipped off, and there was nothing she could do.

Lyanna seethed with tears in her eyes, “Rhaegar… my love, please don’t do this. Our baby boy is just returning and now… now you’re making me let go of my baby girl. Not Visenya… please…” Lyanna begged, quickly walking up to him, and finding his cold face and acidic irises. She cupped his face, desperately pecking kisses on his dry lips. “…Rhaegar? I’m sorry I tried to keep this from you but I… I can’t… please,” and Lyanna did something she had never done in her life, she dropped to her knees and begged, her maternal instincts for her children overcoming her anger at him…

Please Rhaegar. She’s our daughter! Don’t sell her off for some stupid alliance! She’s our baby! She’s…” Lyanna blinked away her tears when he raised his hand to silence her, her face blotchy and her dress ruined and creased in a matter of seconds.

Rhaegar closed his eyes, the black, ruby encrusted ring on his finger gleamed its manipulation. And Rhaegar only muttered one thing as he looked down at Lyanna’s pathetic form and raised his hand, his fingers instantly became afire as he glared at her. “You betrayed me, my love.”

The Red-Witch outside the door, smirked when she then heard the She-Wolf’s scream of pain echo
from within. Her plan was working.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!! Please comment, sub and kudos. It really helps. Gods I love writing this fiction. Next one we visit Winterfell, the northern water tribe and home of the mythical skin changers; on Jon and Dany's journey back home.
“Arthur and Ser Barristan are going to kill us.” Jon concluded.

Dany smirked as she too dismounted her nag, they had just snuck off the Kings-Road somewhere on in outskirts of the Gift, without anyone noticing, simply to practise their bending before they reached Winterfell away from keen eyes. Dany’s white-furred pelt over her snowy dress coat rustled in the calm white wind as she strode beside him. “Don’t be such a prude, dear nephew. You’re King beyond the Wall, aren’t you? Start acting like it…” Dany smirked.

“Exactly…beyond the Wall,” Jon pointed out, looking around the secluded area they had snuck off too. The bleak morning sun reflected a pale shine on the frozen lake, naked pine trees and shrubs circled the dark ice lagoon named Longlake, which stretched just under a mile completely frozen over, the wind pawing and rustling their hair in a peaceful manner while Jon tied his black mare and Dany tied her silver nag to a tree.

A few minutes past as they walked to the middle of the frozen lake and without a doubt, the two had already started bickering.
“…you can’t keep saying your, knackered,” Dany scolded, imitating his northern accent before adding, “…You need to practise your air-bending.” She added with her hands on her hips when they reached the middle.

Jon rolled his eyes, “Dany, I can air-bend… I can just do it for some reason. Ever since I touched Mjolnir…”

Dany eyed the ancient grey hammer behind them in the distance, planted on the ground as if sleeping by their tied up horses that nibbled around a naked pine tree, she glanced back at Jon. “I know that Jaenerys Targaryen, but your wounds and especially your arm, are getting better every day we journey. And your Air-Bending with it, you’ve grown stronger. The only way to know how strong, is to keep testing your limits.” Dany concluded seriously as she put some distance between them to get in position, the pale sunlight shining her face and the cool winds fluttering her silver tresses in the quiet snowy landscape they had arrived at.

Jon smirked as he undid the bindings on his arm-sling, his northern furred cloak rustling in the wind as he put about ten-feet between them “… I know you too well, dear aunt. I know you really dragged me to this secluded area to just kick my arse, again.”

Dany tried to hide her smile, every other day on their journey south from the Wall, she and him would sneak off to practise their bending; away from everyone else’s eyes for his sake. Dany eventually broke into a smile under his knowing dark purple eyes, as his short unruly raven curls
rippled in the wind.

“For your information, sweet nephew, I dragged you to a secluded place to help you practise your
air-bending. You know why you can’t practise it in-front of the others, only Ser Arthur and I know
you can bend air!” Dany glared.

Jon rolled his eyes, concentrating on undoing his arm-sling and it made Dany more agitated in a
playful way.

“…You understand why no one can know you’re the last air bender, right?” Dany asked seriously,
watching him closely.

“Aye, Dany, I know the prophecy.” Jon muttered, avoiding her gaze as he began stretching out his
fingers and clenching his fists, causing the snow and wet dirt around him to instantly rustle and
maul in small air gusts.

“Go on then.” Dany softly questioned, crossing her arms and testing him, her beautiful lilac eyes
narrowed.

Jon sighed before he answered, “…an air-bender was prophesied to bring the fall of House
Targaryen. That’s why, four hundred years ago, Aegon and his Dragons destroyed the Air people,
before they had a chance.” He added in a whisper.

Dany frowned at Jon’s pale expression as he pretended to warm his hands up; knowing something
else was bothering him. “Yes Jae, that’s why Aegon the Conqueror desolated the air-temples in
Westeros, he and his dragons with the power of the Great Comet in the skies, desolated the Air
Normand’s with fire and blood, until they were gone.” Dany said sadly but seriously at what this
meant.

Jon finally met her gaze as he unstrapped the brown leather straps of his wolf pelt on his great
northern cloak, letting it fall down in a puddle by his boots as he held his arms by his sides and
opened his hands, balls of air gusts sweeping into his fingers from the very wind, “…So, you’re
saying if my King father was to find out that I’m now an air-bender, he’d kill me?” He asked
incredulously, watching Dany also get ready for their spar.

Dany had unpinned her snowy furred dress cloak, putting it to the side in a neat fold, only wearing
her scaled black and red leather’s underneath, which clung to her body and teased her curves. The
removal of her snowy dress coat meant she could move more freely in her snug cotton leggings. She then opened her palms and blue flames ignited, and she too got in position, staring back with a sigh at his question.

“I’m not saying that Jae. I’m saying since you’re now King Beyond the Wall. You are already in open-rebellion against Rhaegar, being an Air Bender will only add fire onto that. You should keep your air bending a secret, at least until you’ve bent the knee, and got Rhaegar to make the Wildlings citizens of the realm and past the Wall before winter is here.” And with that, Dany stepped forward and moved her right leg in a controlled circular motion on the ground before jabbing both her fists in quick succession, and two blue flaming fireballs exploded at Jon.

Jon’s dark purple eyes dilated in arctic awareness, tensing his calves and lowering his stance. He breathed and let the cool air into his lungs before flattening his hands and bringing them out causing gusts of air around him to form, swiftly forming a cloudy sphere to instantly bubble him like a shield. And the fire blasts splashed off the air sphere and tickled in dark orange acidity on the dark frozen lake floor before dissipating, leaving small potholes and bubbling hot water.

Jon grinned and expanded his arms in a fluid motion before spinning his body around for momentum before he flung a precise air current back at Dany, the harsh sound piercing the very wind.

Dany grinned and brought her arms in a hard cross before into a parallel motion to quickly form a shield of azure flame, blocking the air current easily but conceding ground, Dany looked up at him.

“… Come on sweet nephew, I thought you had more stomach as a so-called King.” Dany taunted with pursed lips, and before he could reply she suddenly ran towards him in a flutter and kicked a blue blast of flame out her foot and another, from her left foot when she spun around in the air before landing, laughing at his panicky expression as he ducked the first and barely dissipated the second blast with a circular motion of air that consumed her fire flare into a funnel of air.

“Seven hells, Dany!” Jon exclaimed with a playful grunt as he landed on stumbling legs, glancing at the steaming potholes now behind him on the frozen lake she was issuing. Jon looked back at his aunt and saw sparkles of mischief on her rosy lips, she was in position for another attack already with her beautiful small hands clawed like caskets of blue flame.

“Well, pick it up Snowborn!”

Jon shook his head at her teasing tone as he unstrapped Longclaw and his scabbard from his waist to be free of the weight and threw it towards the horses that were panicked and pulling at the ropes.
Jon looked back at her beautiful smile and dimples which made him also smile. “You asked for it, Stormborn.” He shouted back.

Dany ignored him, her arm movements signalling she was going to rain fire on him and he took a deep breath and ran towards her vortex of fire she was beginning to issue, her dainty booted feet moving with precise precision as her silver hair fluttered beautifully in her movement, jabbing a flutter of jabs in the air before releasing her upturned palms into little clenched fists, and a fire moulded dragon erupted from her funnel-shaped fire vortex with a roar of heat and burst forth towards him, melting a path on the lake floor in its serpent-like movement.

Jon closed his eyes and stood his ground, the roaring winged heat flying towards him, he was calm as he opened his hand behind his back.

A cannon-like sound sounded behind him and when Mjolnir flew and spun into his palm with her magnetic ring, he instantly flung his arm around and the grey hammer disappeared into the fire dragons’ very mouth, bursting through the blanket of blue and orange flames, its magnetic trajectory aimed straight at his petite dangerous Aunt at the other end.

Dany’s honeyed voice squeaked and she ducked at the very last second, feeling the wind of the hammer fly past her, and she was thrown off balance, falling on the ice floor into a sprawl.

Jon opened his hand and Mjolnir hit back into his hold, as he quickly but cautiously walked towards Dany to check if she was alright. “Dany..? Are you…”

Dany popped her head up and glared at him approaching, pushing her soft palms down into a jet propulsion, exploding blue flames downwards to elevate her with a jump and an issue of smoke and steam from the lake floor. She rounded on him fiercely once she found her feet, her beautiful face contorted with playful annoyance, her finger pointed at him.

“You cheat. Bending only!” Dany shouted out, trying not to grin at his smug face as she pushed her delicate silver tendrils by her cheeks behind her button ears in fluster.

Jon smiled at his best friend, pointing at her with the Hammer. “One nil… my lovely Aunt.”

Dany fumed, shaking her head with a grin at his tease. “Best out of three, you poxy northern git.” She reminded.
Jon snorted at her competitiveness, getting back in position on the now smoking frozen lake floor that had numerous cracks and potholes. He looked back at her, “…it’s cold up here for a southern girl, you sure you don’t want to call it off?” He teased.

Dany shook her head with a smirk and clenched her fists. Her alabaster skin radiated a steam of heat, blowing her silver hair in an ethereal way which caused him to instantly quieten and look at her in a weird way. And Dany used it to her advantage, pointing her hands with two fingers; she made a fluid deep movement and glided her pointed fingers in a clouded motion. Then suddenly sparks of dark blue lightning emitted from the tips of her fingers, almost a raw purple colour, splashing the lake ground and causing frozen water to surface from the cracks. She took a deep breath, lifting and locking her lilac eyes onto Jon with nets of lightning blitzing around her

Jon tightened his grip on the hammer, narrowing his eyes at the mere bright light she was brewing from the lightning nets that blitz around her and he was shocked at her power, not knowing what to do, “…Dany! What the fuck. Alright, I yiel…”

Dany grinned and directed a lacerating bolt of lightning at the frozen surface a few feet in-front of him in a snowy explosion. The frozen lake floor at his feet cracked like thunder and Jon lost his footing and leapt as the ice floor avalanched beneath him, he quickly air bended and barely jumped out the way, slamming down and sliding inches from her petite feet, the air slowly calmed and was filled with her giggles at his dishevelled form. Glancing up, with his unruly hair stuck to his wet face, his body drenched in salty water but he couldn’t help but join in with her laughing.

“It’s not funny Dany.” Jon grunted, between laughing with her.

Dany let out a deep, gratifying sigh to contain her laughter. “It really is dear nephew.” He was about to make a clever answer but they both suddenly froze. The smoking and steaming lake floor was now painted with so many cracks, they barely moved as splinter sounds circled them with a dangerous quake. Dany looked up fearfully at Jon, who as he stood up, the ice crunched weakly under his boot. He slowly raised his hand at her, “Dany don’t move.”

“…Jae,” Dany breathed weakly, her whole figure becoming a statue when she slowly looked down and noticed that she was standing right over an enormous deep crack made from her lightning strike from just a minute before.

It went silent for a haunting second before Jon heard the lake collapsing underneath their feet and out of instinct, he quickly turned when the dark lake floor split open and he weakly threw Mjolnir behind them, letting the Hammer slide on the ice island they were on, to pivot the weight before it disappeared beneath the water, doing so, elevating the other side. “…Dany run!”
And they both sprinted up the sinking ice landmass, and he caught her around the waist and thrusted his arm, bending a long-winded funnel of air to guide them to the shore of the lake but he lost control. And he swerved and held her in the air, hoping to land on his back. And he did take the impact, both of them tumbling onto the shore in spirals as the entire frozen floor of Longlake crashed and collapsed into nothing but icy shards of broken dark water from their intense sparring session.

Jon blinked his eyes against something really warm and soft, his bearded jaw was squashed between a small valley of warmth.

“Comfortable.” Dany sighed with a raised brow, glancing down and staring indignantly at his face planted on her snug black leather chest between her small peaks. Jon took the bridge of his nose out from between her soft breasts, his face burning red when he met her stern gaze but he detected a hint of mirth on her rosy lips.

“Aye,” Jon slowly grunted, his face still burning red in embarrassment but he played it casual, she was his best friend after all. Dany tried to keep her smile at bay at his innocent apologetic expression, “well get your pretty hair off me.” Dany scolded, looking up at him and struggling under his weight.

Jon grinned down at her, his nose inches from hers, “…so you think I’m pretty?” He teased, attempting to make her the uncomfortable one.

Dany snorted, “…pretty stupid.”

She sighed sweetly as he slowly took his weight off her. “…Sorry,” he softly croaked like a green boy but before he could raise himself onto his knees, he fell into the sweet scent of her sigh that left her succulent rosy lips and stopped, his eyes locked onto her plump lips for a second. Her full lips suddenly looked wet and dare he thought, beautiful.

“Jae?” Dany asked breaking his trance, and he hurriedly met her gaze.

“Get off.” Dany giggled staring at his weird expression, but then her gaze softened too under the look he unknowingly gave her, his dark purple eyes were plummeting and dare she think, beautiful. She was glad he didn’t move off her, both of them laid on the floor, sandwiched and breathed deeply from their spar, but now also enticed for a reason unbeknown to both of them in that mere second.
Dany fluttered her eyes at his pink shaped pouty lips that still breathed inches from her own lips, her sigh was like silk. “Jae, what are..?”

“Jon!”

They both broke out the moment with burning ears, and looked up, Dany’s vision upside down as she looked behind and Jon looked forward, sandwiched together in their plank position. Red ruby eyes peered down the ridge from the Kingsroad, Ghost’s mammoth head wisp through the mossy shrubs and weeds, looking down the small hill verge that led down to Longlake. Ghost ever so silently trotted down the snowy verge towards them making a b-line to Dany, and seconds later Grey-Wind appeared and immediately howled to his master before following the white wolf down the opening.

Robb’s voice echoed again and the tops of his auburn curly hair appeared, looking down the verge with his brilliant blue Tully eyes and sweeping brown northern furs rustling in the wind. He instantly caught site of the two Targaryen’s and his mouth thinned and his nose flared. “What are you two doing?!” Robb stammered, his handsome face slightly pinched, “what’s happening..?”

Jon and Dany looked back at each other, still pressed together and realising what it looked like.

“Nothing,” Dany mumbled, pushing Jon off her in a tumble and springing up, dusting herself off and ignoring how Jon rolled face first into the dirt from her push.

Robb looked around at the Lake. The frozen surface looked like a war zone, the frozen lake floor was cracked like a maze with islands of ice lodged on top of each other and some upturned, floating horizontally floating with violent scorch marks flared over the surfaces and making smoking potholes. And one upturned naked pine tree lay sprawled over the opposite shore, the top branches sunk into the lake on the other side of Longlake and its neighbouring trees looked like it they had been just split with a bolt of lightning, still smoking with embers. “Nothing,” Robb repeated in disbelief, looking back at them.

Jon pushed himself to his feet as well, rubbing the back of his neck. “Aye. Nothing.” He repeated in a less convincing manner and he groaned when Ser Arthur and the rest of their company appeared in a hurried manner. Brienn and Ser Barristan instantly ran down the verge to check on Daenerys, worried from the state of the burning lake floor.

Arthur trudged down, giving Jon a scolding gaze. “…Snips.”
“…Arthur,” Jon grunted, rolling his eyes at his mentor’s stern expression.

Arthur came straight to him, looking around before pushing into him slightly and lowering his voice. “I thought you and Princess Daenerys were going to catch us breakfast before we reach Winterfell at mid-day. Not turn Longlake into a warm bath and destroy half the trees.” He said, glancing at the orange flickering naked pined on the other side, “… you once said it yourself, the North is a sacred place. The entire North. It doesn’t need your newfound power to haul it to the ground. And that’s another thing if you’re to practise your air-bending I thought I said do it indiscretion?” Arthur whispered angrily, checking over his shoulder that Robb, Brienn and Barristan couldn’t hear.

“It wasn’t just me Arthur, Dany…” Jon started.

“Save it, Jaenerys Targaryen. I would have though, you being a King now, it would teach you more discipline in the art of discretion.” Arthur said softly, walking around him to clear up the mess. Arthur walked around him and further down the small pebbled shore, lowering his stance before he moved his arms in a fluid motion with his fingers spread. And the icy tide of the lake shifted; bending an incoming tide of water on the other side he brought his hands together in a fluid motion and bended the water over the two burning pine trees. Realising his palms, the water rained and extinguished the flames.

Jon raised his brow, impressed. He rarely saw Arthur use his water-bending, only his way with a sword when it came to combat. House Dayne was one of the very few tribal Houses in Dorne left that could water bend. The Dornish were direct descendants of the Rhoynar, an ancient culture of river-faring people. Who dwelt on the banks of the immerse river Rhoyne that once ran deep through Essos. But, they were forced to flee in ten thousand ships during the Rhoynish Wars with Valyria. The Rhoynar that made it settled in southern Westeros. Dorne was the known settlement of the Southern Water Tribes like the Vast North was the home of the Northern Water Tribes. However, when Princess Daenerys, daughter of Aegon IV Targaryen and his sister-wife Naerys, married Prince Maron Martell. Her royal blood was too powerful and liquefied the Martell line, the Martell’s of Sunspear became a Fire-Bending family and they ruled Dorne. Soon, the sea’s went dry and became sand, and the Rhoynish culture started fading. Only House Dayne and a few other proud houses kept their roots.

Daenerys watched quite amused at the picture of Jon getting all the blame from Arthur. She caught Jae’s eye for a second and winked teasingly, causing him to frown into his usual brooding which made her laugh. Dany jumped slightly when an unexpected northern cloak was placed around her shoulders behind her.

“Thank you,” Daenerys blinked, turning around and finding Robb Stark’s eager blue beautiful eyes staring at her, he stood far too close to her for her liking and she was glad when Ghost came lolling between them trying to get Dany to pet him.
“Ser Arthur is a great Water-bender, he bends like a Stark? Why doesn’t he usually bend water instead of using a sword?” Robb murmured, both of them watching Jon and Arthur in the distance in amusement. Arthur scolding Jon, like a father would a son, as the Sword in the Morning streamed currents of icy water from Longlake onto the sizzling trees. And while Jon and Arthur were in the middle of the frozen river, the rest of their company were littered around on the rock settlements.

Dany smiled, “…Jae once told me Ser Arthur’s secret. The seas in Dorne dried many centuries ago so Arthur didn’t train like a normal water bender. Jae told me, Ser Arthur uses a special type of water-bending. A type of blood-bending, but not the vile practise the Faceless Men are rumoured to use. Ser Arthur is far more honourable, he can only bend the water in only his own body in so, he nourishes the muscles he using, having the advantage in swordsmanship in distributing his energy. That type of Water-Bending is why he’s able to wield the legendary sword of Dawn so well. So, he distributes his water weight inside his body to wield a sword, that why he fights so well.” Dany said, reciting Jaenerys scrawny notes she once read when she was little.

Robb hummed in response as he stepped much closer to her again. Dany was startled when he began to lace the leather pelts of his northern furs tighter around her petite shoulders, giving her an overly kind smile.

“Why don’t you help him bend?” Dany muttered with flush cheeks, desperately wanting to create space between them without hurting his feelings.

“Naa. They don’t need me, I’d rather be here with you.”

Dany cheeks flushed and she quickly leaned back when he finished tying his cloak around her, trying to lighten the situation. “…Just spit it out, Robb Stark. Are you a water-bender or not?” She teased.

“It’s not that simple, Princess.” Robb laughed as he followed her to sit on some rocks. He was forced to not sat near when Ghost curled around Dany. So, he sat by Grey-Wind, stoking his withers and watching Jon and Arthur in the distance.

Dany scoffed as she leaned her chin away from Ghost’s licks and wet muzzle, the white wolf was curled around her feet on the other side of the rock settlement.

“Well simplify it,” Dany protested, with pursed lips. She had started to get to know Jon’s cousin
quite well now from their journey from Castle-Black, him and Samwell Tarly had become dear friends. Sam was kind and thoughtful and always would give her a book to ponder over if she was bored. Robb was more charismatic despite being nervous around her for some reason, he and Jae would often through playful insults at each other and joke about boyish things, and she and Robb had found common ground in teasing Jae about his brooding habit. But, she was still trying to figure Robb Stark out on why he was so keen on getting to know her. *Is Jae right or was he teasing, does Robb like me?*

Robb rubbed the back of his neck, “well, as you know. My mother is a daughter of House Tully, the only water-tribe in the Riverlands. But, the North is no stranger to Water-Tribes. House Manderly, House Glover and a few others are known water-benders. Winterfell itself is full of Water-benders. But, the Starks themselves can water-bend and skin-change…” Robb said, stroking his wolf’s grey withers,

“What do you mean?”

“My father once told me. Water is the element of change. The people of the northern water tribe are capable of adapting too many things. We have a deep sense of honour and loyalty for only each other. But, the Stark family have the blood of the First Men, my ancestor Bran the Builder was said to be the most powerful Water-Bender. He raised the Wall itself, something no other can do. The Starks were once the Kings of Winter and we were because we can adapt, we can change. In other words, skin-change… At full Moon, we are forced to change into wolf form when water bending is most powerful. Adapting to winter and cursed to become wolves, and our ability to water bend in wolf form is far stronger. Some starks can only water-bend and some a born with just Wolves-blood. Only the head of House Stark can do both. Like Queen-Lyanna can only skin-change and not water bend. Sansa is only a healer, not a wolf. Arya is also a bender despite her fierce nature. Rickon is a wild wolf, no bender. And Bran can’t do neither, for some reason.”

Dany raised her brow in interest “…and you? You can only bend water?”

Robb shook his head, “…I can bend water. But, when I come of age, I will be able to do both. Keep my water-bending and let the wolf-blood is side me quicken, since I will be the Stark of Winterfell after my father and so I will change forever. He’s able skin-change into a dire-wolf as large as your horse and bend a puddle of water into an ice glacier with ease…”

Dany raised her eye-brows, lowing her voice “…not to be a typical bender, but isn’t water-bending itself more powerful than becoming a wolf?”

Robb shook his head, overlooking the frozen lake that reflected the pale sun. “…No. You have to understand, a direwolf has thirce the senses of a normal man. Combine that with your knowledge of how to beat benders, you can outspeed and out-think any man in wolf form. You can sense an
attack way before a water-bender can perform a water current, a Direwolf’s bite can tear through
pure ironwood and their speed and senses combined with the ability to bend, can beat any move
made by a water-bender or fire-bender…”

Dany pursed her lips, “I wouldn’t be so sure.” She teased.

“Aye, you’d be a handful for any opponent.” Robb mumbled with a nervous laugh looking around
the burnt clearing and making her smile that cute smile that consumed her face and crinkled the
edges of her eyes.

Dany cleared her throat, her honey voice sweet, “Don’t put your-self down, Robb Stark…I…”

But, Dany stopped abruptly when she finally noticed the deep gaze Robb was issuing onto her. His
kind beautiful eyes were raking her in without her knowing and she knew that look. It was the same
look her old lover had when she broke his heart and left Dorne on her trip back with Rhaenys, after
visiting Sunspear for a few months. **Robb Stark has feelings for me, or even worse, thinks he’s in
love.**

Dany scrambled up, startling him and muttering she had to speak to Jae about a Targaryen matter.

“Jae…” Dany said angrily, reaching the other side of their spot on Longlake. Arthur was putting
out the last of their fires, and she tugged on Jon’s cloak angrily, pulling him aside. “You was right,
I think Robb has feelings for me,” Dany whispered incredulously.

Jon gave her a dumb look, his hands filled with soot from putting out the mess that she made and
he got the blame for. “Well, it’s not dragon lore, Dany. It’s bleeding obvious, he’s always
following you and you’re even wearing his cloak.” Jon laughed, tugging at it.

Dany scowled and began to try to pull the northern furs off and failing from the tight knots. Jon
sighed and stepped closer, helping her get it off, her eyes barely reaching his chin in the windy
clearing. “Just let him down easy if you don’t like his northern courting, but he is a good man,
better than Vis.” Jon whispered thoughtfully.

Dany wanted to cross her arms as Jae helped under the laces by her collar, and he passed her own
snowy dress coat to her. “Where’s Mjolnir?” Dany shivered, wanting to change the conversation
entirely, glancing at the middle of the Lake where it sank. The middle starting to freeze over again.
“Arthur and I just agreed, the hammer should stay at the bottom of the lake for now. I can summon her if I need. But, as you said, I need full discretion that I’m not the last air-bender or any over threat to our family name.”

“You’re doing the right thing, and your finally thinking strategically for a northerner.” Dany teased.

Jon smiled at her tease, “…get all the teasing about me being a typical dirty northerner out, all you can right now, because we reach Winterfell in a few hours. Then, dear Aunt, you’re going to be surrounded by those dirty northerners…” The two Targaryen’s shared a smirk before calling their company and continuing on the road.

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_The Queen of the Seven Kingdoms._

“I should kill the power hungry fool I call a husband!” Elia seethed, pacing the room in disgust. She was dressed in her flowing crisp orange gown, adorned and patterned with the three-headed dragon that was stitched into the bottom piece with Novoshi black silk, on the flared hem that trailed floor elegantly. The dress was made to impress, hugging her arms and the orange silk exposing her beautiful defined olive-skinned collarbone, the sheer auburn sleeves were tight and patterned also around her delicate arms. She had just heard of Lyanna’s disappearance from greeting her family and the other dornish entourages, apparently, Rhaegar summoned her for some urgent matter. Elia had met her dear brother and niece in court and shared hugs and sentimentalities. However, she quickly cut it short when one of her handmaidens informed her Queen Lyanna wasn’t to attend the main course nor the dessert nor the theatre show installed for the guests. Instead, one of her little birds in the keep informed her that the Stark Queen had been humiliated by the King, and Elia swept off without another breath.

“…I want to shove that stupid head-piece that makes him the so-called Fire-lord, up his flat arse! The lost fool of a King!” Elia shouted looking at the door and not caring if anyone heard, and she clawed a flame of dark fire in her hand momentarily in anger in her pacing.

Ashara shook her head at Elia’s fit of anger. She sat patiently next to Lyanna, letting the she-wolf lean her head on her shoulder on the lounger that bathed in the sunlight, the dark yellow beams of mid-afternoon radiated in from the open balcony doors of the Queen’s private chambers. Ashara softly used a wet cloth, dabbing gently on Lyanna’s right eye which was bruised and blood-shot, a small burn mark festered on her upper cheek beneath her eye; it was dark, vile and slightly swollen.
Ashara had been the First Lady in waiting for the Queen’s ever since Lyanna was crowned Rhaegar’s second wife. She had become a true friend to the two fierce Queens, helping them raise their children in court just like her brother Arthur protected them and helped the royal children in the sparring yard. Yes, Ashara had become one of their most loyal friend’s, her and Wyalla who was also an old friend and Helya Hightower, another one of the ladies in waiting for the Queens. But, it was Ashara that was summoned by Elia when Lya was found in their room, refusing to move, tainted and hurt by the King himself for hiding Visenya’s first moon-blood.

Elia stormed again in her pacing, making the enormous bedchamber feel small and she was growing even angrier due to the fact that Lyanna didn’t care to share her anger. The northern beauty had become lifeless, her striking stormy eyes were now dull and hollow, her body collapsing in on herself as she sat, blank to her surrounding as Ashara tended to her.

“I’m going to march into his pathetic study and give him a scar to match! I will teach my dear husband the real meaning of fire and blood,” Elia spat as she came and knelt by Lyanna’s knee’s, taking her lifeless soft cold hands and giving her a reassuring look. “…I will dare to cut his pretty cock off and wear it around my neck like a wildling girl! How dare he hurt you!” Elia raged with angry tears pooling her own eyes as she glared at the violent mark on Lyanna’s face, Rhaegar’s work.

Lyanna avoided her gaze and simply sat there on the lounger, her lips slightly parted in her delicate breathing. Her regal grey, silver dress ruined and her tender hands limp on her lap as she stared expressionlessly at the floor, her exhausted grey pupils crisp with dried tears.

Ashara softly put the cloth down, opening a tin of salve as she looked at the angry dornish Queen. “Elia,” Ashara warned, “…don’t make matter worse. Confronting the King will just earn you a stain to match Lyanna’s. Now make yourself suitable again, please, your family still expects you to join them in the theatre gardens. Oberyn and Arianne have travelled miles for…”

“I’m not in the mood for theatre!” Elia spat, pushing herself up as she began pacing the room again.

Ashara rolled her eyes and turned back to her friend. “Hold still, dearest.” Ashara said softly by Lya’s side, and despite not receiving a response from Lyanna who merely gazed abyss. Ashara dipped her hand in a china bowl of water that she brought up with her, swirling her delicate porcelain fingers around the edges of the water before placing her wet dripping palm over Lya’s eye. Her hand slowly glowed a misty blue and she began her water-bending healing.

At Starfall, House Dayne was known for their water-bending. One of the very rare dornish houses that still could bend salt and water. Arthur had been trained to become the best warrior but she was taught to be a healer. After it was done, the scar was no longer there but the bruise was. Ashara
started to apply the salve under her eye, the nasty bruise still dark and evident under the slimy spicy substance.

Ashara placed her hand on Lya’s, “…It will take time to heal, the scar has gone completely but the bruise is still tender. A moon or so, and you and your healed beauty will surely remind the King, why he fought a war for you. How he loves you and how he made a stupid mistake.” Lady Ashara implored gently, giving Lya’s hand a squeeze, “…Lya? Can you hear me?”

“Lyanna Targaryen!” Elia chimed, and Lya jumped at the sound of them, glancing up at them both while fresh tears pooled her beautiful lashes.

She regained her surrounding and her heart clenched, “…He doesn’t love me, not anymore.” Lyanna croaked, her once-clear voice breaking into a delicate cry.

Ashara gripped her hands, shaking her head as her bold indigo eyes then implored her words, “…listen to me, my Queen, your husband does love you, Rhaegar loves both you and Elia. Maybe he was just angry at himself, maybe he was stressed, maybe his meeting with Renly didn’t go well, but even though that’s no excuse, men just do stupid things. They just do. Believe me… I once knew a man, a good man, who seemed to have forgot his love for me and chose duty.” Ashara said with a sigh, her tone remorseful as she swallowed her own emotions about her own lost love, the honourable Northman she once dreamed of a life with. “…men are fools, but I know they still love us.” Ashara added softly, her thoughts afar.

Lyanna simply shook her head, remembering the way Rhaegar raised his hand at her and how she screamed in agony when his sharp fingernail needled fire into her skin, into her soul. The same soul he swore to love and protect. Her voice was barely a whisper, as she met Ashara’s kind eyes with fresh tears, “…thousands of people died for our love, Ashara. Don’t you understand? Thousands of people fell on the Trident, and now. Now, it was all for nothing. I have the mark to prove it…” Lyanna cried, her soft finger touching her bruise.

Elia had enough of Lya’s pity, this was not the She-Wolf. She kneeled down by Lyanna’s lap, looking for her stormy eyes, “…Lyanna Stark, look at me.”

“…look at me.” Elia repeated and Lya slowly glanced down, swallowing hard to keep her sobs in her throat.

Elia took her hands, “…You should wear that like a badge of honour. I took our husband for a king but not after today. Not until he remembers how we bled two children each for him, how we stood by his side when he waged war against to rebel Baratheon, how we loved him through all of that
and all the years after. Until he remembers, we should wear the armour and him the gowns. And the armour you wear, is to show that your still strong regardless, not this maid your acting like.” Elia pestered, and she pressed her sweet lips against Lyanna’s cold rosy lips, kissing her softly before sighing over her lips, “…it looks bad on all of us, if you don’t announce yourself to Jaenerys’ bride to be. I will send Princess Arianne up here to meet you, Visenya soon may have to go to the Vale but you should get to know my niece whose to live here, know she will make Jaenerys happy and make you more comfortable…”

“…No” Lya answered, regaining her strong voice and nudging away from Elia, “…I don’t want to meet that beautiful harlot that’s going to sink her much older claws into my baby boy.” Lya said fiercely, the colour in her cheeks returning and coming back to life.

Elia sighed with her sweet lips pursed, happy Lyanna was speaking properly again. “…my love, we’ve been over this. You haven’t even met Arianne. She may be a little older than Jaenerys but she has a gentle heart, granted, she’s a little bit of a handful and has a reputation but nothing our Jaenerys can’t handle. He’s King beyond the Wall now apparently, every girl swoons over a King despite Jae’s brooding nature. I once knew a northern girl that ran off with a brooding prince.” Elia teased.

Lyanna rolled her eyes but it was Ashara that spoke, “…Elia is right Lya. You should meet the dornish entourages, to show strength and it gives you a chance to embarrass Rhaegar in front of court with that bruise he gave you. At least meet with Princess Arianne. You are to be her good-mother…” Ashara added, shrugging her shoulders.

And Elia stood up to go get the Dornish Princess when Lyanna nodded her consent, and when the door shut behind her. Lyanna found strength in her knees and stood up to fetch a fresh gown, it went quiet for a few minutes as Lyanna looked in the grand portrait looking-glass. Ashara stood behind her, lacing a much more simpler gown on her, that was made of silver linen that clung to her body, embroidered with red velvet autumn leaves, with a pinched waist that emphasised her chest and teased her hips; no less beautiful if it wasn’t for her bruised eye.

Lyanna broke the silence, “…you were talking about my brother, weren’t you? ..the fool that chose duty over the beautiful Ashara Dayne?” Lya asked, looking intently at Ashara’s beautiful indigo eyes. Ashara instantly dropped her gaze, pretending to focus on the pins she was using to weave Lyanna’s wild brown locks into something more fitting for a Queen.

“…No.” Ashara emphatically said, her eye contact in the mirror reflection refusing to meet Lya’s.

Lyanna smirked and raised her eyebrows in question, “Brandon or Ned?”
Ashara finally met Lyanna’s gaze in the reflection with dull eyes. “…Ned,” she eventually murmured and she playfully pushed Lya on the shoulder when Lya giggled in disbelief at the rumours that were now apparently once true. “I don’t want to talk about it,” Ashara stated, breaking Lya’s giggle.

Lyanna straightened her posture and it went silent, rolling her eyes when Ashara slapped her hand away from touching the bruised eye so she retorted by bringing the topic up again. “So, you and Ned were in love. It was serious?”

Ashara smiled at the memory, also just glad Lyanna was feeling better. “Yes… my Ned, a simpler time. He was such an honourable sweet fool to me at the tourney. And quite a poet…”

“Please…” Lya snorted, looking at Ashara in the reflection of the mirror in disbelief, “…my brother Ned, is no poet. More like a mumbling green-boy with the women back then, not a poet surely?”

Ashara quirked her eye-brows, her seductive dornish accent teasing, “…you’d be surprised. He had a good tongue. You’d be surprised what he could do with that tongue…” Ashara added suggestively.

“Stop,” Lyanna cringed, “…just stop.” She added, both of them laughing. It went quiet for a moment as Ashara finished the last of her pins, Lya’s brown locks now elegantly waved, and sitting on the tops of her chest like silk in chestnut ringlets.

“Ashara Dayne. You would have made a beautiful Lady of Winterfell. Don’t get me wrong, I do adore Catelyn. But, the woman to too stern and proper for my liking. Winterfell could have used some dornish blood, you certainly would have brought Ned out his shell. I believe he would have fewer lines on his face now if he had you by his side reining the entire north, together. But, maybe not, I know for a fact no work in Winterfell would have got done if you were his Lady, Ned wouldn’t leave your bed.” Lya laughed and Ashara smirked, but her tone was sad and concerned. She hesitated, “…Ned, has lines on his head now? He isn’t that old, he’s the same age as me, isn’t he?”

Lya caught the vulnerability in Ash’s eyes, speaking quickly, “…I’m not certain. Maintaining the North is a stressful task, I remember my father Rickard looked like a crone in his mid-thirties. I’m going off what Jaenerys’s old letters in which he told me about Ned, this was when Jae first arrived at Winterfell all them years ago. You have not spoken to my brother since his wedding at Riverrun?” Lya guessed her voice gentle in understanding.
Ashara shook her head, her porcelain angelic face heavily guarded. “When Ned married the Tully girl, I was heartbroken. We used to send letters to each other every day it seemed after the Tourney of Harrenhal, from Winterfell to Starfall without failure. Not by raven, ravens are controlled by them poxy Maesters and their moralities. Our way was a thrush. The bird was a gift from one of my suitors that came to court me at the tourney. But, I soon used it for Ned. The thrush was so clever. It wouldn’t deliver to just any rookery like a simple-minded raven. It would recognise each correspondent and their scent. Only mine and Ned’s hand touched the letters, it would recognise only us and fly to only us wherever we were. Full discretion some may say. I’d say romantic…” Ashara sighed, plucking the hair from the comb and gazing absently out the open bright balcony, “…then one day, the letters stopped, and Winterfell had a new Lady.”

Lyanna came behind Ashara and slowly hugged her waist from behind, resting her chin on her friend’s shoulder. “I’m sorry Ash. You deserved better.”

Ashara put on a brave smile, leaning into Lyanna’s hold. “…it’s funny. That same thrush visits me every other day. And I expect him too. It would…”

“Ashara! Are you saying you still have a way to speak to my brother without prying eyes, without Rhaegar knowing what’s in a letter sealed for Ned?” Lyanna half-shouted, turning the beauty around harshly and Ashara’s dress swished in the motion. She was clad in a beautiful black velvet gown, framed with violet stitching to bring out her eyes.

Ashara narrowed her eyes, “yes, I suppose I do…”

“I need you to send a message to Ned.”

Ashara’s beautiful indigo eyes widened, leaning back and creating space. “No, way. I refuse to speak to that honourable fool.”

“Please Ashara.”

“Over my dead body!”

Lya raised her brow, “Fine. As your friend, I can’t make you. But, as your Queen…”
“Lya, don’t…” Ashara warned, begging.

“Please. Just tell him what happened. Tell him things have changed and to warn Jaenerys on his journey past Winterfell. Ashara, I need to know my baby boy will have the right approach to not provoke his father in any way. Rhaegar already exiled Aegon, he has people hunting them across the narrow sea at this very moment. Rhaegar has changed and all because of that Red-Witch. I just know it. I can’t have Rhaegar killing Jon. He already can’t fire-bend and now he’s King Beyond the Wall, another taint on Rhaegar. Just tell Ned, to warn Jon that the Red-Witch is whispering lies into his ears. Tell him, not to trust his father, tell him he can’t anymore… Tell him, I believe Kinvara is behind all these drastic measures my husband’s taking…” Lya said breathlessly, looking desperately into Ashara’s eyes.

Ashara slowly squeezed Lya’s fingers gently, softening her gaze. “…fine. I will do it. For you, not for Ned Stark.” She reminded before she left the room.

Lya softly smiled, “…Thank you, my friend.”

The Deity of Dorne

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“Arianne pouted, fluttering her hand by her face to keep the humid heat at bay. “…we spent most our days in the Water Gardens, teasing the boys. Nothing Rhae and I weren’t used to… Daenerys was a little prude at first but since all the boys practically gawked at her ethereal beauty. She soon came out her shell and got herself a little plaything…” Ari smirked, glancing discreetly at her sworn sword behind her. The tall knight dropped his strong jaw and sky blue eyes, his light sandy brown hair catching the light effortlessly as he gave Ari a discrete smile.

Elia shook her head in amusement at her niece, not noticing her King Guard, Ser Beric and the Dornish Knight behind her Arianne brought. “Don’t let Queen Lyanna hear you say that. She’s very protective over Daenerys, she sees her as her own child, like Senya.” Elia said sternly, following the red-sandstone staircase lined with red patterned Novoshi carpets and high immersive ceilings, carved with intricate oiled tapestries. They finally came onto the floor that housed the grandest apartments where the royal family resided.

“…so, where is Daenerys?” Ari asked, more for the intrigued gallant Knight behind her, adorned in his dark sandy gown and hilted spear.

Elia slowly cleared her throat, looking down while walking in her regal manner. “Princess Daenerys will return soon Arianne. She’s taking a trip.”
“Aunt Elia…” Ari pouted, knowing Elia was holding something back. “…you can trust me. We are family after all and I’m going to be you good-son’s wife.” Arianne said innocently.

Elia groaned with a small smile, “Fine. But you didn’t hear it from me, understood?” Elia said, checking they were out of ear-short from her white cloak and Ari’s Dornish Knight. Arianne slowly nodded, intrigued.

“Daenerys has gone North. To see Prince Jaenerys at the Wall. They were near inseparable as children, like twins. It was only natural Dany wanted to see if Jae wasn’t dead, he is her best friend after all. But, she went against the King’s consent in going…”

Ari raised her eye-brows, her seductive dornish accent flattening momentarily. “I’m not surprised… the Princess is a fire-bending prodigy. If anyone could have left the Capital against the King’s consent, it would be his beautiful sister. Anyway, why didn’t the King and Queen Lyanna journey North, didn’t they want to see if their son had actually returned from the dead?”

Elia licked her sweet lips, “The King and Lyanna have duties in the Capital. They can’t just do as they please. We have seven Kingdoms to rule.” Elia lied, earning an understanding nod from her unbelievably attentive niece.

Arianne adjusted her golden bagels. She was dressed to impress, a dress of green silk and myrish lace. It had a deep neckline that showed off her large melon breasts that every old lord and young suitor grew hard over. Her green flowing dress had different shades of green silk adorned onto it, mostly sheer green silk which was tight on her hips and ass with slits that began high on her brown thighs. Gold sheikh bands patterned her hips and ankles, large hooped earrings graced her ears and thin chains of gold ringlets, weaved into her thick shiny tresses, the thin gold ringlets contrasting beautifully with her black mane and bold amber eyes. Her golden body was oozing sex under the fabric the dornish called a dress. “…What of my dear cousins? What actually happened to Rhaenys and Aegon, I heard…”

Elia raised her hand as they reached her corridor, “that’s a delicate subject and for another time, my niece. Now, Queen Lyanna is inside and she’s a little tired. You will see why. Just, make a good impression Arianne, she is very protective over Jaenerys, as am I.” Elia added, with kind but stern brown eyes. Ari quirked her beautiful amber eyes in acknowledgement.

“I understand, my Queen…” Ari said cryptically, turning to her Knight behind them, “Daemon dear, you wait here.”
Elia led Arianne into the Queen’s private chambers, they walked through the first room that was handsomely decorated which opened out into a much larger lounging area, that had a grand dark fireplace encased into the red-sandstone wall and a large sitting area with all the furniture a Queen would need after a long day in court. And standing by the open balcony doors, was Queen Lyanna Targaryen. And when she turned towards them, Arianne instantly noticed the bruised mark under her beautiful stormy eyes.

“Princess Arianne, it’s a pleasure.” Lyanna greeted, an overly kind smile planted over her pink lips.

Arianne curtsied deep, the gold ringlets in her hair sparkling under the sunlight. “My Queen, the pleasure is all mine....” And when Arianne rose, she noticed Lyanna saw the state of her quite revealing dress. The Stark Queen’s eyes quickly turned from soft to a hard glare, when she noticed how Arianne’s brown nipples outlined out from under her sheer green silken dress, the humid heat preened the sweated valley between her breasts from her plunging neckline and shaping out her erect buds. Lyanna noticed how her son’s betrothed’s dress revealed her golden thighs high up her legs and how her lacy sheer sandy undergarment could actually be seen between her supple thighs, in the right pale light her entire dress despite the myrish lace, exposed a lot of her body; and the northern Queen didn’t approve in the slightest.

“Ahem.” Elia coughed, noticing Lya’s turn in mood.
Arianne couldn’t help herself, if the Stark mother didn’t approve, she didn’t care. The dark-haired prince was already hers in the eyes of the King’s letter of betrothal. If the Stark Queen was going to be cold form day one, so would she. Arianne broke the silence, “I’m sorry to not see you at the Dragon Gate, your Grace? This is my first time in the Capital, it is truly beautiful, as are you.” Ari widely smiled pleasantly, how her Uncle taught her.

Lya swallowed hard, she didn’t expect these emotions to arise so quickly. The wedding was moons away and Lyanna couldn’t bear the thought of giving her baby boy to this harlot of a Princess.

“…Apologises, Lady Arianne.” Lya only said, now emphasising the word lady and not Princess, Elia raised her eye-brows at the visible tension in the room and instead of intervening, Elia just discretely rolled her eyes and went to the side-board to pour herself a goblet of dornish red, drinking deep.

Arianne tried to keep her voice calm from this poxy wolf bitch who apparently decided to not even give her a chance. But, Ari’s spicy dornish accent remained pleasant, “…apologises, my Queen. But, I couldn’t help but notice the bruise under your eye? Are you alright?”

Lyanna softly touched her eye, remembering what she looked like. She gestured for Arianne to sit on the lounger across from her, and Lya sat on the opposite, pouring herbal tea from an expensive steaming kettle she had the maids prepare before they arrived, into porcelain cups and offering one to the Heiress.

Arianne sipped her tea, preferring a glass of chilled dornish red but she politely held her tongue. And Lyanna simply didn’t answer her question as the room went awkwardly silent, Ari could feel the tension as well so she swallowed her pride and fluttered out innocently, trying to sound like a maid. “…forgive me my Queen, it’s not my place to say.”

Lya glanced at Elia’s gaze, who stood behind the lounger where Arianne sat and Elia’s brown eyes discreetly told her to play nice. Lyanna internally rolled her eyes, turning her lips into a polite smile as she looked back at the Heiress. “Don’t be ridiculous Lady Arianne, you are to be my daughter in law soon. You can speak truly to me, I prefer it.” Lyanna managed out, blowing on her tea and wishing her bruised eye didn’t make her feel so weak.

Arianne nodded her innocent voice in contrast to her petite womanly figure. “I only asked your Grace, because… the only person that would dare to strike a Queen without having their head on a spike, would be the King. And forgive me if I’m speaking out of place but I…”

Lya quickly caught on, actually feeling some positive emotion for the girl. “You have nothing to
worry, Princess. I raised my son to never strike a girl, let alone his lady wife to be. When it comes to my Jaenerys, he was raised in Winterfell. Honour is what he breathes.” Lyanna said softly, “…he will never hurt you, I suspect he will cherish the ground his lady wife walks on, he will never hurt you.” Lya added and Elia smiled at the scene, glad they were getting on.

Arianne nodded, sipping her tea with a natural sultry smile. “…I have heard all about the White Wolf. Some say he’s the best swordsman the North has ever seen. The dark-haired prince that can’t bend fire but can still best any bender. The Prince of Fire-Lord Rhaegar that battles wildling invaders on ice glaciers and became their King out of power with a white direwolf at his side. A mythical white beast that lures his prey like the power between a woman’s legs…”

Lyanna abruptly cut her off, her anger at the way the Heiress described her son like a piece of meat imploding inside her. “…You and my son will live in the Capital after you marry. Until you have birthed him a son. Then after a few years under my supervision, you may leave to resume your place at Sunspear with Jaenerys as your ruling consort, as equals.” Lyanna said firmly, “… and you will visit a lot. When Aegon returns to take his place on the Throne in the years to come. I suspect he will make Jaenerys his Hand, and my grandchildren will live here.” Lya finished firmly.

Arianne raised her eye-brows at the explosion of information, even-though Arianne only had to wait for the Eclipse to become the real Queen. She still had to play the part and it would look suspicious if she didn’t question this statement, any lady would. No matter, when the dark-haired prince’s seed has quickened in my womb, not only will I have Oberyn kill him but also his overbearing wolf bitch of a mother.

“Your Grace? Dorne is my birthright and also now my betrothed’s, I can’t leave my people alone especially when winter is coming;” using the Stark words against her.

Lya had a sharp tone with tension in her shoulders and neck, she wanted to show this harlot what a real wolf looked like and skin change into a so-called mythical beast to rip her pretty throat out. Her reply was curt, “You will reside in the capital until my boy is ready to leave his home again, now I suspect your journey has been long. You should get some rest, I believe supper has been sent to your new chambers.”

Arianne nodded, not wanting to waste more time with this poxy bitch. Before she stood up, she smiled pleasantly. “…I will get some rest, I’m sure I’ll need it. I can’t wait to meet Jaenerys. I expect when my betrothed arrives I will quickly be occupied all day and dare I say, thoroughly exhausted. He is half dragon, half wolf after all…” Arianne said with a discrete glare at Lyanna before turning her lips into an innocent but suggestive smile, hearing Elia laugh.

Lyanna internally growled but held a false smile also. “If you need anything, just let Elia or I know, won’t you?”
Ari nodded, “Of course, my Queen. I can’t wait to explore the castle tomorrow and finally meet Jaenerys’ young sister. I didn’t see Princess Visenya in court today either?” They exchanged a few more sentimentalities before Ari stopped at the door, “…apologies, your Grace, but I’m a bit foreign to the customs in the Crownlands. Is it proper to address you as Queen Lyanna or simply good-mother now?”

Lyanna actually dropped her false smile, “…Queen.” And when the door shut behind her, Lyanna’s mind woke up, ignoring Elia’s pestering off playing nice going down the privy.

Lya held up her hand to stop Elia’s scold, “…where is Visenya?”

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**The King Beyond the Wall**

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The barracks outside Winterfell were peaceful. The soiled ground had a thin layer of snowfall flecked over the wet grass and the wind howled softly around the great grey domes that sat above the ancient castle walls. Daenerys sat upon her nag, riding next to Jon and she quickly noticed the furred mounds in the grass lounging near the castle walls and many similar grey and brown mounds littered over the distant moors. They were wolves, a pack of nearly fifty bred to follow, bred to kill. Some raised their great furred heads as they passed and some simply continued to gnaw and chew on old bones and other carcasses, their yellow and dark eyes panting at them suspiciously before lounging back into their curled forms, noticing Robb was leading the pack.

The sight of these animals just living amongst the people made Dany shuffle uncomfortably in her saddle, and Ghost must have sensed this because the white wolf stayed close, daring any of these little wolves to come near his master’s family.

Jon held the reins of his horse with one hand, his other still supported in his arm sling. He rode with Dany by his side and Ghost on his other, Ser Arthur and Ser Barristan followed them closely. At the very front was Robb who led the way in the great stronghold with Grey-wind and they all were followed by the small regiment of curious wildings behind. It was then, Jon distantly heard the Stark watchmen bellowing orders to open the gate made of pure ice from the battlements that stood imposingly 50 feet in the air, barely visible in the misty summer fog.

“Lord Robb is back! Open the gates! Open the gates!”
From atop the battlements, four stark sentries’ in grey furs and blue leather jerkins, swept their front feet and glided their arms in a fluid motion, the ice gate started to lower and when they brought their hands in a horizontal lowering motion, with a slow elegant turn. Hunter’s gate which was made of pure ice and rocks, flooded into a cascade of water that flushed down the stone grated floor that sat underneath. The four water-benders at the top turned back into sentry position.

Jon gave a happy nod towards Robb’s grin of being home by acknowledging that he also knew they would have a dozen hugs waiting for them on the other side of the grey walls. They both looked back forward as the gate disappeared into mist and Grey-wind and Ghost quickly trotted in and led the rest of their party. They dismounted their horses and walked into the keep of House Stark.

The familiar grey stone walls were weathered as usual and etched with the frosted wind but it all felt warm and just to him. Jon felt like he was home, he was home. He also felt a similar deep connect with Dragonstone because every time he walked the coasts of the colossal blackwater island he felt lighter and more at ease. The gargantuan Valyrian battlements and tenement halls and its dragonglass caverns made him feel safe, and Winterfell issued a feeling near the same. The Northern water tribe was always a welcome home to him.

He felt at peace when he walked in the Godswood, Winterfell was one of his dearest places; it was his mother’s home after all. And after a full year of living beyond the Wall, the colossal grey domes, peaceful moors and ravens fluttering above him made him genuinely smile for the first time in a while. Even the packs of wolves littered around the castle made him feel warmer.

“It’s beautiful, isn’t it?” Jon murmured with a small smile to Dany, talking privately as they walked comfortably arm in arm, heading through the heavy beamed gates under the gated tunnel and following it towards the busy courtyard.

“What is...? ...this beautiful castle that holds so much history or the fact that you broke your brooding nature for a genuine smile?” Dany teased sarcastically while fixing her stunning silver tresses a little as she walked regally with her fingers now entwined at her front, she was wearing a midnight blue corset dress now to honour Lyanna’s home, the bottom trimmed with a black flare and her wrists lined with intricate patterns of black lace. She wore her white snow fur coat over it of course to keep the horrible cold at bay, her bright purple eyes flecked with beauty.

“The castle,” Jon confirmed bluntly with a growl that made his mischievous best friend laugh. Jon couldn’t stop himself from breaking out another smile when she scrunched her cute dimples into her laugh before straightening back up to her regal composure of a royal princess.
“Do you think Rhaegar sent another message to Lord Stark?” Dany then whispered to him, “Rhaegar would know that we would pass Winterfell on our journey to Kings landing from the Wall.” Dany acutely thought as they came out into the ancient courtyard, the dirt ground was dry and cleanly swept.

“Maybe, we’ll find out soon enough…” But Jon’s reply trailed off when they came out into the main courtyard, all the people in the courtyard stood like statues waiting to see the lost Prince, some of the household whispered “Lyanna’s boy has come back, he’s alive” others whispered “look at the sword he carries,” most whispered, “He looks like a King.”

But Jon didn’t hear any of that as he stopped abruptly under the grey stone bricked archway, on the other side of the courtyard and facing them was the Stark family lined up. Jon’s throat caught a little when he saw his mother’s side of the family. Little Rickon had grown bigger and was walking now, no longer shy but wild as he stood tugging on his mother’s dress, pointing at the girl with platinum blonde hair who had just walked in front of him that he thought was just magical. Bran stood grinning, his hair was longer since Jon last saw him and he was wearing a leather padded sort of armour. He had started training with swords now.

Next to him stood Lady Catelyn proper as ever with her curt smile and brown northern dress that was lined with blue thread. But it was when Jon saw his Uncle Ned, did he visibly gulp. His uncle looked older since he last saw him a year ago but his grey stormy eyes held the same cold alpha gaze as he stood in his broad brown flecked northern furs.

“Mother, Father.” Robb breathed, giving both his parents hugs before standing with them and turning around with a gesture to Jon. The courtyard was still as Robb broke the silence again. “See, I told you I would bring Jon back in one piece, well kind of.” Robb laughed, breaking the tension by gesturing to Jon’s arm in a sling.

Jon gave Robb a small smile before looking back at his Uncles sad dark eyes and he couldn’t help avoid his grey gaze as he looked down at the floor. Jon felt like he had let his Uncle down, a year ago he went against his uncles wishes about leaving Winterfell to go see Uncle Aemon at the Wall, to then go beyond the Wall looking for the truth about the missing rangers. He remembered when his Uncle forbid him to go because it was foolish and he reminded Jon he was a Prince of the Crown with duties. He reminded Jon that he was tasked to look after him, to protect him no matter what. Jon knew he was right, he knew his Uncle was only doing the right thing. But, Jon thought he was doing the honourable thing by answering his great uncle Aemon’s call for help, so he left anyway. He left with Ser Arthur and Ghost at the hour of the wolf and didn’t look back. Didn’t leave a message, didn’t even say goodbye. And now he stood in-front of the same weary grey eyes that he let down a year ago.

“Won’t you even look at me, son?” Ned said softly, breaking the silence.
Jon breathed with a discrete sigh of relief. *He still calls me son.*

“Aye,” was all he could murmur back, meeting his uncle’s gaze and then there was another awkward silence.

Dany watched it all with interest and she thought Jae was being foolish, even she knew that his mother’s family dearly missed him from all their softened expressions of seeing him again. But Jon probably felt like he let them all down when he disappeared and ran away from being Winterfell’s ward a year before. Dany had to stifle a laugh at the thought of Jon eventually returning to Lyanna let alone his uncle Ned. *Lyanna would probably beat Jon up before hugging and kissing him, and never letting him go again.* Dany thought internally with a laugh before she pressed her rosy lips together and came back to the situation in hand.

“As hem,” Dany coughed, looking at Jon expectantly as they stood in-front of the Stark family. Jon looked at her and caught on, turning back to his Uncle.

“I forgot myself. Lord Stark this is my Aunt, Daenerys Targaryen.” He said with his husky voice, “the Princess of Dragonstone and soon to be a Master fire-bender and… apparently still a pain in my ar…” Jon coughed when Dany discreetly elbowed him in the ribs, making him splutter as she held an annoyed smile in front of them all. Ned wanted to laugh at their little interactions and he knew Jon had a close friendship with his beautiful and now he saw, mischievous, younger Aunt.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Lord Stark.” Dany regally said with her honeyed voice, ignoring Jon’s hurt husky face expression and stepping forward, “Winterfell is quite beautiful my Lord, Queen Lyanna always speaks highly of her home, she also speaks very highly of you, my Lord.” Dany added with a smile.

“As does she about you, your Grace.” Ned gently smiled, taking Dany’s soft hand to place a kiss along her fingers.

Lady Catelyn smiled attentively, “You look, beautiful Princess, you will make a great Lord very happy one day.” She blurted out with an overly kind smile.

Dany gave a polite smile, trying not to groan from her betrothal waiting south for her and trying not to groan from Robb’s overly kind gaze on her, he was indiscreetly raking her in again but Dany knew it was innocent. Ned stepped forward as he spoke.
“My sister always told me tales about the little Dragon Princess with a head full of silver hair, the girl that would run around with my nephew here and cause mayhem around the entire Red-Keep. Lyanna told me about the mishaps you two used to get up too as small children she also told me she sees you as her own daughter in all but name. So, I will see you as the same.” Ned added with a kind expression.

Dany blushed a little and found the man’s gaze comforting. “Lyanna and dear Visenya have a special place in my heart. And I hope they were good stories you were told.” She added with pursed lips.

“Only good stories” Ned confirmed with a smile. “The hospitality of Winterfell and the Northern Water Tribe is yours Princess,” he said with a little bow of his head before looking back at Jon.

There was a comfortable silence as Daenerys met properly Lady Catelyn and the rest of the children. And Jon was pulled in for hugs by Bran and Rickon and a shy Sansa who couldn’t keep her dainty eyes off him, but Jon faded everyone out again when he came to Ned. He shuffled on his feet like he was a green-boy despite looking the part of a King with his striking dark purple eyes, unruly raven hair and Kingly furs. “Lord Stark, I want to apologise for…”

But Jon was cut off when Ned walked up to him and pulled his nephew in for a deep hug and Jon sighed in relief and hugged him back, reopening his eyes when they broke apart as Ned softly held his shoulders. “It’s alright son. You’re back now, just… just don’t do it again.” They both let out a humoured breath.

“You’ve picked up some scars along the way,” Ned muttered, noticing the small faded scar above Jaenerys’s eye and the half-healed cut on his defined jaw. “It was a long road, son.” Ned concluded.

“Aye, and it’s going to get much longer. I found what I went looking for… I found the truth the told by the black brothers that disserted the Wall.” Jon said gravely, and he nodded to confirm the fear in his Uncles eyes.

“Winter is coming… the wight walkers.” Ned murmured, swallowing hard when Jon suggested his worst fears, the fears from the countless deserters of Nights watchmen that all said they had seen the Great Other.

“Aye, and the true enemy won’t wait out the storm, he brings the storm. I’ve seen it… Winter is
coming for us all.” Jon said, confirming the unsaid threat that was now clear between the two of them.

“How did you survive?” Ned pondered, remembering the horror stories he was told as a boy.

Jon nearly told him there and then about what happened at Hardhome. About the Hammer. About his new ability to bend air. But, with a discrete look at Arthur and Dany, Jon chose not to lie but simply to leave out that part. “Valyrian steel, it is one of the few things that destroys them monsters, I fought them at the Fist of the First Men.” Jon answered simply, he clasped Longclaw hilt and rippled out the smoky razor blade. “It saved my life.”

“And how did you manage to get this,” Ned said with an impressed look, taking the sword and holding it in the pale sunlight and admiring the craftsmanship. “It reminds me of Ice.” He said simply as he passed it proudly back to Jon.

“It’s called Longclaw and it was Lord Commander Mormont who honoured me with it. He fell at the Fist before we retreated… I… I will have it returned to House Mormont one day after I’m gone.”

“I should doubt that House Mormont has no male heirs. The coward and traitor Jorah Mormont fled Westeros years ago when we hunted him for justice for slave-trading. Using his ability to skin-change to overpower common folk. That coward won’t return in my lifetime or yours, I’m sure. But I knew the old bear, Jeor, and if Jeor Mormont gave it to you son, he gave it to you. It’s a sword of House Targaryen now and yours to wield.” Ned concluded with a smile.

Jon still looked a little unconvinced. Still as brooding and humble as always, Ned thought. “Ser Barristan, I believe no one could question your honour. Wouldn’t you agree with me?”

Barristan was simply holding his white helm against his chest, watching the whole scene with his amused old eyes. Now he straightened his spine as he stood next to Arthur, and gave Lord Stark a nod. “Of course Lord Stark, Prince Jaenerys certainly has proved his worth for a weapon like that, and I know his mentor would agree.” Barristan added kindly glancing at the Sword in the Morning.

Arthur felt everyone turn their attention to him, apart from Jon who looked humbly down as he petted Lady and Nymeria who were howling softly and demanding pets off him, while Ghost just stood with Daenerys as always for some reason, her silent protector.
As everyone looked at him, Arthur noticed Ned was almost glaring at him for some reason so he cleared his throat and spoke.

“Yes, Jon takes after his father when it comes to his ability with a sword, and Longclaw… the blade is a weapon to destroy and a tool to build, a fit companion for a King.” Arthur said purposely with a deliberate smirk while watching Lord Stark’s reaction.

Jon watched the little flicker of anger in his Uncle’s eyes as Arthur replied and he raised his brow in anticipation when Ned shouldered right up to Arthur’s face; stormy grey and bold indigo tormenting each other.

“Careful how you speak Arthur. My nephew is in open rebellion with that title of King beyond the Wall, and I am bound by honour to serve only the King of Westeros, so let this be a happy reunion and not one of your mistakes.” Ned growled.

“Mistakes..?” Arthur said with a frowned laugh before turning serious by raising his jaw a little, “…speak the truth Stark and spit out that look of yours.” Arthur growled back, two of Westeros’s most renowned men now glaring at each other.

It was a few seconds before Ned let it out. “You let my nephew go without my permission, a prince of the realm, my blood, my sister’s only boy. I thought I failed him when he disappeared from the face of the earth. I thought he was dead… dead and all with the help of the Sword in the Morning. The great water-bender of Starfall who chooses not to water bend. Don’t you care about his family, don’t you care for him?” Ned nearly sneered in wolf blooded anger.

Jon went to step forward to defend Arthur but Arthur placed his hand on Jon’s chest as if he knew Jon would step forward, pushing him back as he walked closer to Ned’s face, his rapturous voice just as hard. “I did my duty by protecting him,” Arthur growled, “Jaenerys is like my own, and I would die for the prince. I would die for Jaenerys; I would die for Daenerys, Visenya, Rhaenys and Aegon. I would die for the King and his Queens to protect House Targaryen. So don’t you dare accuse me of not caring for Lyanna’s boy!”

Ned softened his expression a little and Arthur’s did too, and Jon thought it was all over as everyone let out bated breathe in relief. But that stopped when Ned turned back and smacked a solid punch on Arthur’s face. Catelyn’s jaw dropped and Dany actually covered her mouth in shock, Jon and Robb were also serious despite wanting to laugh.

“That’s for making me believe my nephew was dead!” Ned half-shouted over Arthur.
Arthur slowly stood straight again, the impact barely doing a thing to him as he stood inches from Ned’s cold and unflinching eyes, meeting his gaze. “I suppose I deserve that, I had a hand in making Queen Lyanna cry those sleepless nights. And now, Jaenerys and I should make it our life’s work to make her smile again.” Arthur breathed softly, earning a warm nod from Jon aswel. Arthur wiped the little trickle of blood from his lip, “and you Starks settle things the old way I suppose.” He added looking at the blood on his fingers.

This faltered Ned’s coldness as he let out a small smile and after a long stare, Ned breathed out. “It’s good to have you back Ser Arthur Dayne. Thank you for looking after him.”

Arthur smiled at his northern friend. “I did nothing but my duty, and it’s good to be back, Lord Eddard Stark. And I promise if Jaenerys has any more ridiculous, honourable, stupid ventures in mind, we’ll bend it out of him, together.” Arthur and Ned laughed, pulling each other in for a hard short hug.

Jon wanted to roll his eyes, even more, when Dany added to him in a whisper, “I’ll beat you up as well,” she giggled.

Ned shook his head out of all the commotion, “come on, we’ll talk more inside. Let’s get you both warm.” Ned hummed with a smile, offering Daenerys his arm and an apology for the disorder while Jon took Lady Catelyn’s arm. “Come inside and have summit to eat. You will stay the night of course before you continue your journey south.” They both chuckled and made to head inside to the warmth.

But Jon stopped, “Wait… where is Arya?”

They all smiled around him.

A few minutes later, Jon and Dany were leaning on the wooden framed doorway of an inner courtyard on the south side of the castle, that had a rectangular sink pool of water that ran around the open yard. They leaned on either side of the door with grins, watching the fighting within with impressed looks. There was Arya, even wilder but still the same size, with her Needle as she took her water dancing lessons with some curly tanned man. She was sweating furiously as she slowly moved her leg in a fluid motion, bringing her right hand up, her palm flat and guiding an orb of water with needle in her left hand. Sweeping her arm, she flung her wrist and the orb flew but broke in a splash before it even left her hand, and she was pivoting constantly with her Needle while completely on the back foot against her water dancing master.

“I can’t do it,” Arya panted as Syrio seeped water from the floor around her feet, freezing it so she
was stuck and holding a wooden sword to her neck for another millionth time.

“You think too much child… you think too much and lunge too much, trying to knock me out with one blow. Fighting is a dance and water bending is an art of change, together, it’s a dance of death. And what do we stay to death?”

“Not today.” Arya muttered with her determined face on as she picked up her sword and used her other hand to grasp a whip of water. The water bending tribes in Bravos used an advanced method of water-bending, using a sword and bending water at the same time; deadly and precise.

“Show me your weeping octopus,” Syrio instructed sternly, taking her thin Needle from her to study her movements without a sword.

Arya balled up her face in concentration and stood on a small rock in the middle of the water courtyard. Closing her eyes, she brought her flat palms together and lifted them in a sweeping motion from stomach to eye-level before stretching out her fingers like tentacles and sweeping her arms in a long fluid motion, causing a spiral of wave currents to sprout out the water pools, swirling and dancing around her in long ribbons like hallucinating spiralling waves.

“Good,” Syrio soothed in his accent, throwing her sword back and making her lose concentration as she caught it, while the ribbons of water around her fell in a splash. “…you move and bend well without a sword, child. But, the art is to use both in one constant way.” Syrio added.

They got in fighting stance again as Syrio chanted, “Remember! The rules of the Dance child, we Bravossi never forget them.” Arya nodded as she listened, “first rule…”

But before Syrio could finish, Jon suddenly interrupted, “First rule… stick em with the pointy end.”

Arya froze at the sound of that husky voice she so dearly missed. She turned ever so slowly before looking up behind her, to find her favourite person in the world. “Jon…” she breathed breathlessly.

“Aya Stark,” Jon croaked softly, instantly getting soft at Arya big stormy eyes. Dany had to lean back when Arya’s hands dropped and the floating water around her dropped like weights also. And she sprinted and all but flung herself into Jon’s arms, his feet stumbling back and he held her tightly with closed eyes. “I missed you big brother.” Arya whispered into his neck.
Jon softly smiled as he reopened his eyes, “I missed you too.” He groaned happily, he slowly opened his eyes and saw Dany over Arya’s tiny shoulder smiling at them, “Arya, this is Aunt Daenerys. Dany’s also an excellent bender, like you I see and she’s also a pain in my ar…”

Dany pushed playfully Jon again with a scowl before he could finish, all of them laughing. “Careful Jaenerys Targaryen, I could have my dear Ghosty here make a meal of you.” She winked mischievously, petting her white shadow that was nuzzling his jaws into Dany’s hand constantly and always demanding pets and coos off her as he followed her constantly.

Jon narrowed his eyes playfully before turning back to Arya who was still hugging deeply into his shoulder, “Arya say hello then.”

Arya didn’t release her hold, “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Princess Dany.” She croaked into Jon’s shoulder, still swaying in her hug causing them both to smile gently, Arya peaked her head up, “…you’re a fire-bender?”

Dany smiled at her enthusiasm, “Yes, not a talented of a bender as you it seems.”

Jon shook his head, still holding Arya in his arms as he retorted, “…she’s being modest, she’s a soon to be master. Lightning and everythin.” Jon said to Arya, sharing an impressed look.

Dany wanted to wipe that smirk off Jae’s face and tell Arya he was the last air bender with a magical hammer, but she held off and giggled when Arya spoke, “…I’m not surprised. Daenerys is all you talked about when you first came here. Daenerys this, Daenerys that…” Arya teased, imitating his husky voice.

“Is that so?” Dany asked with pursed lips, and the two girls laughed when Jon’s face dropped, he cleared his throat uncomfortably and walked out, muttering something about supper and they were both still pains in his arse causing them to laugh even harder.
The summer gaze left a red hue in the bleak mid-afternoon skies over the grey fortress and everyone had now settled in Winterfell, rooms had be allocated, bathes were made and Ghost followed Daenerys as always. Jon shut the door to his old room, feeling fresh and warm for once, he wore a modest dark maroon tunic under his kingly northern furs. He now walked down to the great hall with Ser Arthur at his side in a comfortable silence feeling almost warm for once, he presumed Ser Barristan and Ghost were with Daenerys already in the hall.

Jon couldn’t help smiling to himself a little while walking down the familiar corridors. He passed Robb’s room and found it vacant with the door slightly ajar… Robb has probably gone to spend abit of time with his parents. Jon then rounded the next corner and found Sansa coming out her room, and the moment she saw Jon she blushed like a red plum.

“Jon!” She muttered in surprise before hurriedly stuttering, “Y-y-your Grace,” Sansa then curtsied ever so properly, she stood in a light blue cloak with her lithe figure only up to his shoulders and her young blue Tully eyes failing to make eye contact but not failing to notice his unruly raven curls and striking purple eyes, and his lean form.

“Sansa,” Jon said slowly, “you don’t have to call me that. I’m still just Jon.” He added. Sansa mumbled something and Jon gave a kind smile, and offered his arm as they walked down the Corridor towards the small feast.
“I’ve missed you Jon.”

“I’ve missed you too sans. You’re all grown up now, and it’s just been a year. It makes me feel old.” He laughed before asking, “…how’s your water bending coming along?”

Sansa bobbed her head proudly, “Septa Mordane says I’m a great healer. But, Arya is not so much. She’s still wild as ever, refusing to be a proper lady. She doesn’t seem to grasp that women in the Northern tribe are healers and the men the warriors, fighting is messy Septa Mordane says, better to leave it to the men. But, father eventually got a Bravossi Master to teach her something called water dancing to occupy herself. But, I’m following the rules like a real lady, my healing is coming along quite nicely since you’ve been away.”

“Great…” Jon murmured certainly, knowing if Daenerys or Rhaenys heard the girl’s nativity, they would knock some sense into her, “…I’m sorry I missed it.”

Sansa nodded, “father was angry and scared for you when you disappeared that night, I remember it clearly. The search went on for days and no one thought to track you that far North. We even let our Wolves take charge and father led them himself, he didn’t turn back into his human form for days. But even they couldn’t find you or Ghost, I thought they would find Ghost but your wolf is ever so quiet…”

“I know Sans,” Jon muttered, “I’m sorry for leaving like that but I had a duty to find out what my Great Uncle Aemon was so distressed about beyond the Wall, no else would have…” He trailed off, in deep thought.

Sansa brushed if off and carried on in a naïve tone, “…and the King thought you dead, even though Queen Lyanna refused to believe it. And I prayed to the new gods every day for your health.” She quickly said, looking dreamily at him and making him swallow uncomfortably as they walked.

He decided to change the conversation, “I’ve missed you too Sansa, you will always be my little sister.” He said firmly more to her than himself.

Jon thought that deterred her innocent looks but she still carried on, “You’ve changed Jon.” Sansa smiled giving his good arm a squeeze as they walked.

“Huh, how so?”
“You’ve got stronger, and bigger and, more… handsome.” She added shyly.

Jon let out a hard breath, unsure what to say and Sana quickly saw this and her smile faltered, quickly wanting to change the subject as well.

“Where’s Ghost?” Sansa asked, breaking the uncomfortable silence as she stroked Lady’s light brown withers, who trotted in-between Sansa and Jon, Arthur trudged behind with an amused smile.

Jon smiled with a shake of his head, “it seems my wolf prefers my wonderful Aunt. I wager when we get in the hall Ghost is probably swooning over Dany’s pets and coos, she spoils him way too much.” He added with a sarcastic annoyed gruff.

Sansa nodded, thinking it all over, her ears red as they walked onto the lower levels and past the kitchens towards the hall. “Princess Daenerys is quite beautiful, when you came to live with us all those years ago, you failed to mention that your mysterious best friend back in the South is… really beautiful.” She mumbled out causing Jon to frown.

He shrugged not knowing what she was implying, “Dany’s my sister in all but name, and I missed my partner in crime.” He added.

Sansa then pressed on a little more confidently, “mother means me to wed soon, she says I will marry when I’ve bled into a woman and hopefully marry a P… a fine Lord.” Sansa said with a wide smile as if that was a wonderful achievement.

Jon groaned, “I wish I was as enthusiastic about my future… but instead I’m now betrothed to a dornish princess, who happens to be very beautiful but also a real handful according to Dany.” He said with a shake of his head.

Sansa frowned, her bottom lip almost out and after a few seconds, she fluttered out uncertainly—“but, aren’t you now a King in your own right? Don’t you have the power to reject any such agreement on your own terms? Father said you’re now King beyond the Wall?”

Jon looked at her naïve expression. “Maybe… but I won’t… I can’t.” he added with a soft growl in his throat. “My father is King of Westeros and I beyond the Wall. I am in open rebellion as long as I hold this title. I will bend the knee and follow his so-called terms… but only when I convince him
the free-folk aren’t monsters, only when my father comes North with the royal fire army all the other southern armies, when he helps me destroy the Night King with fire and blood... He needs to rally the realm against the real enemy or winter will come for us all.” He said and she noticed his dark purple eyes glazed melancholy; she gave him one last discrete dreamy look before entering the great hall.

The great hearth of the hall was crackling a delicate fire, the crunch of embers amongst the dry wood was the only sound while they all supped on roasted dear with honeyed pears, along with a few of old man’s pies with the beans and onions. Ned and Robb came in halfway through with weary expressions as if they had just discussed something important.

“One hundred thousand, most likely more,” Jon said clearly, now pacing the great hall once everyone had supped. He had everyone one around him sat on the benched tables on either side: the Stark family, Daenerys and their Kingsguard and a few northern Lords who were visiting Winterfell, Big Jon Umber and Howland Reed in the background.

Ned grimaced as Arthur nodded to confirm. Ned then looked back at Jon and cleared his dry throat, “If what you’re saying is true, the Northern water tribes cannot face this alone. The Night King will roll over every Northerner before they reach a Southern army that can stop them.”

Jon looked up at the high table as he stood in the middle between the two benched tables. “If only that were true, but the Walkers raise their dead on command, if the North falls, we will all rise and become meat for the Night Kings army. I saw it. He looked me in the eyes, raised his hands, and the fallen woke up and bore steel for him. If we fall, the south won’t stand a chance. Only together, only with the royal fire army and all the armies of Westeros... only together. And maybe that won’t be enough. But at least we’ll give the fuckers a fight.” Jon added his dark purple eyes almost glowing wintry fire.

He then turned to look directly at his Uncle at the main seat, “Lord Stark, my company are going South to bring the aid we need. I will convince my family, but I ask you to send men to man the Wall. There are little over a thousand at Castle-Black, and since my armies of free-folk can’t pass without permission from the King of Westeros. The Wall hasn’t been properly manned in centuries, I ask you to call your banners North and hold the Wall until I return with my father. The Northern Water Tribes have the power and might to hold half the castles on the Wall.”

Ned leaned back in the high chair, carved with ironwood wolves that the Kings of Winter once sat on, his brow creased in deep thought. He looked back up at Jaenerys after a moment and regarded his words, “Jon, you are forgetting the South is occupied with conquest now. The Grey-joys are in open rebellion, Balon is reeving the stony shores as we speak and Victorian Greyjoy burned the fleet at Lannisport no more than two days ago. Your father, Fire-Lord Rhaegar want to bring them into the fold before winter is here.”
“I know but I will convince my father to turn his armies North instead,” Jon answered with a determined tone, but he faltered his look of determination when everybody’s face, apart from Arthurs, looked almost weary at his statement. “What?”

Ned broke the silence, “Jon. The King wants me to call the Northern banners after the summer storms have passed. And head west on our ling-ships to supply aid to the royal armies to deal with the Grey-joys, his last letter says I’m to wait for his word.”

Jon shook his head, “You need to defy that order, and you need to send the banners north to man as many of the castles on the Wall.”

Dany stood up next to him, “Jaenerys is right, when winter comes. It will not matter whose corpse sits on the Iron-Throne.”

Ned breathed calmly and spoke to both of them. “You would have me betray my King? Your brother, your Father? I cannot betray my honour to the crown, I would be betraying Lyanna. And I have already let her down when you went missing. I cannot go north to man the Wall, not now.” He added firmly.

“Uncle…” Jon said.

Ned abruptly stood up, walking around the table and past them both. “Come with me Jon.” He asked simply before adding over his shoulder at Daenerys, “Princess, I believe my son Robb wants to tell you something important…” He said more gently.

Dany watched Jae follow Lord Stark out with determination, and she turned to Robb with confusion.

The crows outside fluttered with squeaks and chirps, the bleak sky whistling a soft wind. Jon followed the trail of his uncle's great furs outside, they didn’t say much nor did they make eyes contact, just walked. They walked past the courtyard full of young water-benders, taking their lessons. Jon gave small smiles to familiar faces of the household who smiled at him with warm gestures, but it seemed his Uncle didn’t have time for that as they descended into the crypts.

“Uncle Ned.” Jon started when they reached the first levels, passing the great statues and stone direwolves.
“Follow me, your Grace.” Ned simply murmured over his shoulder.

Jon frowned at the formality of the title, and when Ned stopped, they turned to the youngest of the statues. A tall stone man with a young face with what appeared as wild carved hair, next to him stood an imposing stone statue of a great man, a long stone carved beard and a great sword leaning on his stone lap, with wolves snarling at his sides. Jaenerys swallowed hard as he always did when he looked into their hollow eyes that were dark, empty, but not forgotten. “Do you remember who they are?” Ned said.

“Of course, Uncle Brandon, and my Grandfather, Lord Ri…”

Ned cut him off and turned back towards him, the yellow hue of the candles lighting his lower jaw. “Do you remember what happened to them?” He asked softly, the dark canopy of the underground fortress echoing his words in whispers.

Jon didn’t know what his Uncle was trying to ask, Jon knew the story and he also knew the rebellion was a big misunderstanding when it concerned the Starks. The feud stemmed from the usurper’s jealousy. “Aye, the Mad King, my Grandfather, burned them alive.” He said with shame and confusion at Ned’s expression.

“Aye, that’s right. Aery’s became too ignorant with power, he thought his position of Fire-Lord, the overflow of gold under Dragonstone, the caches of Wildfire under Kings Landing and the Iron-Throne itself gave him power that no other could rival. But he grew paranoid nonetheless, trusting no one, not even his own blood. He got so consumed with securing his power that it brought a sickness to his mind. A sickness that brought a decent man to the depths of madness, sanctioning death by fire towards of a House that had done no wrong but had a daughter abducted from them and simply asked for justice. Now, I know your father and mother fell in love all those years ago, and they have built a good life and raised two good children. But, what I need you to understand Jaenerys, your father… your father Rhaegar…”

“What about my father?” Jon asked impatiently, feeling a bit vulnerable to the truth Dany had already implied.

Ned dropped his shoulders and spoke, “your father now has the same sickness. Now I fear for Lyanna, I fear for Visenya... I fear for you, son.”

Jon wanted to laugh as he spoke with a frown, “Lord Stark, my father is an honourable man just
“Rhaegar was the one to provoke the Grey-Joy Rebellion in the name of conquest to make the Seven Kingdoms, Eight, he started it when he deployed an attack on the Iron-Islands and burn all the septs of their Drown-God all in the name of prophecies to do with the Lord of Light. Those fire-bending witches from Asshai he calls advisors have twisted his mind and now…” Ned breathed heavily looking at Jon’s hurt face as he calmed himself. “Jon, Rhaegar’s armies killed hundreds of innocents and commoners in the septs of the Drown-God, I admit, the Iron-Born are not good people but children melting in their own homes? Mothers and crones now not able to see loved ones ever again? Countless fathers and brothers, burned alive, failing to protect their family?”

Jon didn’t know what to say, knowing the truth from his uncle’s eyes.

“I…” He stuttered.

Ned looked back at the statues, “Jaenerys. You don’t know how lucky you are to not have Lyanna’s statue standing down here after Roberts Rebellion, and I fear if Lyanna stays in that snake-pit down south… I don’t know if House Stark could bear having to bury…”

Jon stepped forward slightly, swallowing hard with a shake of his head. “My mother sent me a raven, she seemed fine, and she didn’t mention anything to do with…”

“I received a message.” Ned admitted, “…from an old friend in the Capital.”

Jon frowned, “…who?”

“Doesn’t matter.” Ned replied, remembering his shock in seeing his old Thrush carrying a small scroll two days ago, sealed with Ashara’s mark. Ned came out his talon of thoughts, “…she told me, Rhaegar smacked your mother over a petty matter concerning Visenya’s betrothal situation. He hit my sister, keeps her and Elia stowed away and doesn’t trust her counsel anymore.”

“…what?” Jon growled incredulously.

“It’s only a matter of time,” Ned growled as well, “…Northerners that travel on the Kingsroad, always tell me they never see Queen Lyanna when they have an audience with the King. She rarely
leaves Maegor’s holdfast, lately, since the red-witches gained Rhaegar’s trust, Lyanna and Visenya are kept hidden away. Lyanna was forbid to come North to see you return, instead I’m told a Red-Witch came to the Wall. Even Queen Rhaella left her own son in the Capital, choosing to live on Dragonstone and your sweet Aunt says she had to flee in secret to come see you.”

Jon turned, and looked at the hollow eyes of his Stark ancestor, breathing heavily before he looked back at his Uncle’s gaze. “What are you asking of me?” Jon said softly, his husky throat raspy.

Ned narrowed his cold alpha gaze, “The North Remembers the last time a Mad-King sat on that damn throne. And I have a duty as the Stark of Winterfell to keep all innocent from the harm of that and… and winter is coming. You saw the Night King, I trust your eyes more than I trust Rhaegar’s intentions to clear Westeros of drown-gods and Weirwoods for his fire witches.”

Jon narrowed his purple eyes a little in challenge, gesturing his Uncle to spit out what he wanted to say.

Ned sighed, his face looking old despite his young age for a father of five. “After seeing the message. I don’t want you going alone. I will come South with you on your mission to convince your father to make the wildlings Citizens of the Realm. It’s the right thing to do. But after your brother, Aegon fled East, and the Red-Witches have corrupted Rhaegar’s inner circle, his paranoid mind has become too much. I believe your voice will not be heard, I believe you will be asked to bend the knee or die. Either way, he will make you surrender your title of King Beyond the Wall and the Free-Folk forgotten to winter. All because of his new greed for fire and power.”

Jon hated the words his Uncle was saying about his father. But, he had to remember he was a King and had people counting on him, so he refrained from protecting his father’s honour from his uncle’s accusations. The situation was getting worse and worse. First, he’s in open rebellion to the realm with the title King Beyond the Wall the Wilding’s heralded him, now his own father is supposedly blinded by power and on top of all that, he had to keep his secret of being the last air-bender from the realm and nearly all his family.

“…If this is true, I will not bend the knee until he sees sense, even if he sends me to swear the Black, I would do so, at least the Wall has another sword when the Long Night comes!” He said angrily to the possible thought of his father not hearing the truth.

Ned shook his head, “No. If that happens, you will get your mother and sister out of the Capital. My wolf pack and my best Water-benders and I will buy you time to escape. I will have Lord Manderly send his own sons to the shores of the Capital in secret, to smuggle you and all you trust back North in case I’m right. Then, we will send Robb a raven if the time comes. He will be acting Lord of Winterfell in my stead. And the moment we do so, he will call the Northern Tribes and man every Castle on the Wall. The true enemy lies north, not west on Pyke. The Targaryen army is
a southern army, they have never ventured past the neck and nor can they, the marshes and crannogmen will eat them alive and the snows will break their forces. Every Lord in Westeros knows this. And then… I would proclaim you, King in the North as well as beyond the Wall.”

Jon furrowed his brow, his purple eyes had a wintery glow and his broad furred shoulders breathed heavily. “…What?”

“The North Remembers. In truth, she knows no King but the King in the North, whose name is Stark. The Northern Water Tribes will stand behind Lyanna Stark’s son. And with you as King Beyond the Wall and the North, then the Wall is yours by right on both sides. You don’t need the Lord Commanders permission to open the gate towards the Gift, you can make the Free-Folk citizens of the Realm by yourself.”

“Uncle Ned, I may not be a fire-bender but I’m still a Targaryen. I will not turn my back on my House.” Jon said simply, “and for my own confusion, why would you name me King in the North and not yourself, or Robb?”

Ned breathed heavily, “Because… Do you trust your brother Aegon?”

“Yes, of course.” Jon said automatically, unsure what he meant.

“I’m sure if your father threatens to kill you if you don’t bend the knee, Dorne will realise Elia and her children aren’t safe either. Westeros will be in chaos and I know the Lords of the South will want a just King, a new Fire-Lord. And that falls on the shoulders of your brother Aegon by the laws of succession. And I know only you will be able to hold the North’s independence as King with Aegon reigning the South as King. Since Aegon and you love each other, I know neither of you will attack the other’s Kingship after we repel the walkers. In short, you need to be leading us in the Long Night you’ve fought them twice, not Rhaegar or Aegon, only you. Jaenerys Targaryen, son of Lyanna Stark. The Northern Water Tribes will stand with you, and you need them behind you since they’re the ones that know how to fight in Winter.”

Jon had to take it all in quite slowly, swallowing hard as he looked at Ned’s unsure eyes. “You have thought quite a lot on this, haven’t you?”

Ned stole a glance at Brandon’s crypt before meeting Jaenerys’s curious eyes. “Aye, I have already lost Bran and now Benjen is gone, most likely dead, so, I won’t lose Lyanna.”
Jon then knew his Uncle only had good intentions; he was the most honourable man in Westeros and was only looking out for his family. And he was risking a lot to defy a Kings order to protect his family, to see that his nephew’s claim that Wight Walkers are coming is treated with the right measures.

Jon couldn’t help but laugh gravely, “We are committing treason by just thinking of this.”


Jon shook his head and nodded to his Uncle, “this is only the last precaution, only if my father is truly blinded do we even consider this.”

“Aye, only if he threatens to kill you, I will do this for you.” Ned said seriously before adding, “…we leave at Dawn.”

Jon wanted to roll his eyes at the entire situation he was now presented.

“Wait, even if we defy my father’s orders and man the Wall anyway. His armies may not be able to come north to kill us, but Aegon’s Comet will soon come and then they will come. He will have the power of a hundred suns, we need that sort of power standing with us fighting the Dead not slaughtering us.” Jon said dramatically, “Hopefully, my father meets the Wights after he’s finished killing all of us on his trip to the Wall. Anyway, how are you proposing we deal with a royal fire army with Aegon’s Comet above them, eh? They will have unmatched power” Jon pointed out, not expecting an answer.

Ned let out a hard breath he didn’t know he had been holding since they entered the crypts, he closed his eyes, already knowing Jon’s reaction to his solution to this matter. He opened his eyes and looked gravely at Jaenerys.

“…I could have Daenerys kept as a hostage in Winterfell, for safekeeping.”
Chapter End Notes

Thanks for diving in. Any feedback or things you want to see, just comment and kudos.

Tell me what you thought of this chapter and the next one should be up much sooner, it's called:

"The Earth Bender"
For the first time in Ned’s life, Jon gave him a dirty look that issued only the Blood of the Dragon, raw and flared.

“...You know I would never harm her.” Ned said calmly, narrowing his eyes at Jon’s cold glare.
Jon was still visibly unconvinced and Ned sighed, “...she would be our guest, Jon, and treated like the Princess she is.” Ned tried to reassure. “...she trusts you, so I trust your decision, keep Daenerys here for safekeeping for the North to not be set aflame in the most certain future, or both of you go south and we all place our trust in your King Father. But, if you do that, the North will have no reassurances it won’t burn before winter.”

Jon raked his good hand through his unruly curls, his mind not wavering. “Daenerys is no pawn, Uncle. Nor an object for bargaining. She’s the strongest person I know and I know her like the back of my hand as she does me, she will not agree to be held in Winterfell. Call it being a guest if you want, but a prisoner would be more accurate.”

“...or the future Lady of Winterfell.” Ned pointed out.

Jon stared at Ned in realisation, “...that’s what Robb’s talking to her about, isn’t it? He’s going to ask her for her hand, isn’t he?”

Ned nodded, “Robb has wanted to marry her way before all this, and now it would make sense in the Norths favour as well. If Daenerys agrees to take Robb in matrimony, Fire-Lord Rhaegar can’t attack his sister’s new keep or kin. Also, I thought they would make a handsome couple.” Ned added softly; weary at Jon’s still cold gaze. Jon was supposed to be the more reserved member of the Targaryen family and if he was displaying cold emotion. He shuddered to think what the rest of the dragons would do.

For some reason, Jon clenched his fists in protection for his best friend, feeling quite hot and bothered at the thought of Robb with her but he swallowed down his brotherly protectiveness quite well by passing it through his connection with Ghost, who he felt snapped his jaws quite fiercely somewhere far above.

Jon was still at a loss for words, “...this will make matters worse, Uncle, Dany’s betrothed the Viserys and I too, to some Dornish princess, even Visenya apparently has got a betrothal, there’s no time for that.” He indicated to Robb’s want for Dany’s hand.

Ned gave a heavy sigh, tilting his jaw up “...we have to take time!” Ned said in frustration before pointing at Brandon’s crypt. “The message said Rhaegar now doesn’t trust anyone but the Red-Witch’s. It said Lyanna and Visenya are in danger, Jon! Understand I am doing this for you. Keeping Daenerys in Winterfell is for all our protection, it guarantees your mothers safety and your sisters. I already thought I failed your mother when you went missing, over a year we all thought you dead and I bared that burden! I can’t fail your mother again, not if Rhaegar sees the King beyond the Wall as a threat! He might kill you!”
Jon shook his head, “I will bend the knee!” He suddenly growled back, shocked how childish his honourable uncle was acting.

“…what if he doesn’t listen? What if King Rhaegar thinks wight walkers are nothing but a wet nurses tale like the rest of the south?” Ned laughed, his grey eyes wide and fixed on Jon, the yellow candle light in the dark crypts outlining the stressed lines on his middle-aged face.

“…what if he doesn’t listen, Jaenerys? Will you bend the knee for a coward that doesn’t believe in his own son? Because he did it before! He did it when he didn’t believe you were worth his time when he found you couldn’t fire-bend, he shipped you to the North and out his site for something you can’t control. What kind of a father does that? Bran can’t water bend and he can’t skin-change, but I still love him with all my heart and anyone be damned if they think to take my boy away from his home because he belongs with his family. Just like you, son. But, I raised you for half your life, you’re now a Stark of Winterfell, and you are my boy just as much as Rhaegar’s.” Ned added, breathing hard.

Jon softened his expression, understanding his Uncle’s reasoning. “I hear you Uncle Ned, and I will not bend the knee if my father is truly blinded as you say. But, I have to believe he isn’t what you say he’s become. He’s my father, and if you don’t trust your King, trust me instead. Hear me when I say, Daenerys can’t be kept here against her will.” Jon said firmly.

Ned sighed, his chin high. “Catelyn and I have already agreed and accepted the risks. If Daenerys doesn’t agree to Robb’s hand. Then, the Northern water tribe will be forced to hold her here, as our honoured guest.” Ned said firmly.

Jon’s nose twitched in anger, the dragon inside him daring to come out. “Uncle, I swear. If you do this. I don’t care if this is my mother’s home. Winterfell will burn to the ground and I will help my Aunt in doing so! I’m a Targaryen. Not a Stark.” Jon growled with his husky voice, matching Ned’s cold alpha gaze.

Ned sighed, his jaw strong. “I don’t want to fight you on this Jon. Remember, you still have to go south and convince everybody of the Night King and his Armies of dead men. I will come with you, to protect you but your Aunt has to stay in Winterfell.” Ned said firmly but in a much softer tone trying to convince him.

Jon shook his head in frustration, pulling in a deep breath as he stared at the crypt of his fallen Uncle and Grandfather. Jon’s voice was a soft growl, “Daenerys is the King’s sister, remember what you did when you thought someone abducted your sister..?”
Ned quickly opened then closed his mouth, his face paled into a sickly complexion. *War happened and thousands died... for a lie, for nothing.*

It went quiet, the taste of the stale air in the crypt lingering on their tongues.

Jon knew by his Uncle’s expression, the argument was over and he had won. Ned backed down, realising what he was thinking was not only dishonourable but also hypocritical, and it wasn’t right. It wasn’t the Stark way. *I nearly lost my way,* Ned thought, looking at Bran’s crypt in shame. *I’m just afraid. Afraid to lose Lyanna and Visenya. Afraid for Jon. Afraid... for my first love, Ashara, who still lives in the damn Red-Keep. Her letter is what I’m angry about; it reminded me of my broken promises to her. Our lost love and how I wasn’t there for her when she lost our babe and nearly bled to death. And I took my feelings out at the situation in hand, nearly twenty years later.*

Jon and Ned gazed at the crypts in thought until Jon broke the silence. “I would have Dany come South with me. But, if she agrees to Robb’s hand in marriage, I can’t stop her from staying here and then the North has its reassurances. But I will go south nonetheless, with trust in my father. I can’t go with lies to deceive him if he doesn’t believe me, I am his son. He will listen,” Jon added determined.

Ned nodded in resign, “…alright. But, I will still come south with you, to help you in any way I can.”

Jon nodded, “and please Uncle Ned, remember, sending a raven back to Robb to call the banner’s and tribes together, naming a King of the North is the last precaution, only if my father is truly blinded do we even consider that.”

“Only if he threatens to kill you, I will protect you and have the North united in your name,” Ned said seriously.

Jon nodded in resign as well, his husky form issuing a Kingly glow. He let out a small smile at the situation, “If I were you, I would pray Dany doesn’t agree to Robb’s hand. She is a Princess of House Targaryen and the only sister to the King. And you planned to keep her in Winterfell. She already has a betrothal.” Jon reminded.

Ned spoke softly, looking at the crypt. “… to protect my family and to protect her as well from Rhaegar’s sickness. Daenerys is a good kid and from your old tales of growing up in the South,
your uncle Viserys is hardly the honourable type.” He added, turning back to Jon with a sad smile.

Jon nodded with a small chuckle. It was then Jon noticed the age on his Uncle’s face which the quiet wolf gained since he had disappeared beyond the wall. And Jon dropped his hands further like weights in sadness, knowing his uncle was now like this because he carried the burden and scorn by the realm for losing a royal prince.

“I missed you, son,” Ned said suddenly, giving him a gentle smile.

He missed his uncle too but the man had changed, still as honourable but more desperate to keep his family safe. Jon knew now he couldn’t tell his Uncle about his air-bending without the risk of it being exploited. Jon smiled sadly, “I missed you too, Uncle.”

_The Reckless Silver Princess_

“…You too, Lady Brienn,” Dany said warmly, her petite boots crunching in the light snowfall on the dirt. Her gorgeous lilac eyes were in awe of the blossomed trees and canopies of frosted blue winter roses that circled the archway of the Godswood. “I will be quite alright” She reassured, leaving her old Knight to nod and stand sentry and the big lady to stare wearily at Robb before standing with Barristan at the vined gates of the peaceful clearing, Dany entered the quiet Godswood with Robb.
“I see my cousin’s wolf loves you.” Robb teased, gesturing to the white wolf whose wet muzzle was never far from Dany’s small hand that was limp by her side as they walked further into the haven of trees.

“Yes,” Dany smirked, stroking’s Ghosts white withers as he trotted beside her, “It seems so.” She added briefly, wanting Robb to take the lead in the conversation as she continued staring at the magical clearings in wonder.

Robb looked a little nervous as he tore his gaze off her womanly shape, silver tresses and succulent rosy lips not to mention her gorgeous dimples when she smiled. She’s perfect. I hope she says yes.

They reached the ancient Weirwood, and the shimmer of light that weaved through the ceilings of red leaves in the breeze gave an ethereal glow to the pale tree. Its old face almost in peace as golden leaves swept the ground and the small pond by its side was clear and mirror-like.

Despite the ground being earthy and crisp, the ground leading up to the spiritual pond was frosted with snow and ice. But inside the mystical pond, there was clear nectar water that shone a brilliant deep blue. Inside the Godswood oasis was two fishes, swimming in an endless circle. One white and one black. The pair was a perfect balance inside the water, an eternal dance of push and pull.

Robb watched Daenerys take a step forward, kneeling down to take a closer look at the fishes
dance around each other. He watched her petite confident form taking it all in before she stood up and turned around to face him with pursed lips. “It’s remarkable, Jae always wrote me letters saying the Winterfell Godswood was unlike anything we had ever seen as children. Now I know he’s right, your home is truly beautiful.”

Robb smiled, his confidence growing as he gestured for her to sit down with him on a worn-down tree stump. Dany smiled at the gesture and sat down politely, watching the trees and the breeze rustle the wildlife. “Father means for me to marry.” Robb murmured after a moment.

Dany got a little uncomfortable at the hurt in his voice. So, she discretely moved a little bit away from his side towards Ghosts withers, who had curled up by her thigh. Grey-Wind was trotting around on Robb’s side, sniffing out any food.

She didn’t say anything so Robb carried on, “I am to wed Alys Karstark in a few moons if… I don’t get to marry the woman I actually... want.” He said with a bit of a husky croak.

Dany entwined her fingers regally at her front, unsure what to say. “Is she beautiful?”

“Very.” Robb smiled, now looking directly at her. She could feel the smoulder and she felt herself blush a little but decided to keep the situation still ambiguous because she didn’t know what to say to that. “I’m happy for you. I also heard Alys Karstark is quite beautiful.” She said, pretending to be naïve.

Robb laughed, shaking his head. “No, not her, the only reason father wants me to marry Alys is because House Karstark is an important house in the Northern Water Tribe. The Karstark’s are breeding legions of War Goats, thousands upon thousands, for the coming wars if any. They are supposed to be near unstoppable in the snows, light enough to not sink unlike horses and the hides of the beasts are as tough as ironwood.”

Dany couldn’t help but giggle, “I’m sure you’ll be very happy.”

Robb held a serious face until he burst out laughing as well.

“So, you’re marrying her for goats.” Dany giggled again with pursed lips.

“Very important goats, I will have you know.” Robb laughed as he pretended to justify the
obscurity of his situation.

“Aahh.” She nodded, pretending that was complete justification as they smiled.

The clearing became quiet again before Robb drew up his courage, turning to her slightly and staring at her beautiful hands, as she was occupied in softly stroking Ghost’s withers. He drew a deep breath, “This happened after Jon disappeared north before your brother King Rhaegar told my father that, in punishment for losing his son, House Stark would not gain matrimony to the most beautiful Targaryen princess… I… I wanted to marry you Daenerys.”

Dany froze a little, not expecting Robb to say it so bluntly.

When Daenerys failed to say anything, Robb felt a little hurt and looked away from her. “I know we get along good, so it seems unfair to stop something this good happening.” Robb slowly turned back and watched Dany stare absently at Ghosts withers, her thoughts most likely racing.

“I know you are betrothed to your brother Viserys, and I know you don’t want that.” Daenerys continued to say nothing and Robb got a little impatient, so he made a bold move and gently took her hand from her lap, giving it a reassuring squeeze.

“Please look at me.”

Dany had barely collected her thoughts but she did spare a glance at his flustered face, and his eager beautiful blue eyes and brown curls.

“I spoke to my father just before the meeting in the hall and he agreed that if you decide to marry me, he will protect us. He will make sure we can be happy, I will be Lord of Winterfell one day and you can be my Lady reigning the North, the entire North. The Northern water tribes ours to reign and protect. You won’t have to marry Viserys. My father says…”

But Daenerys had collected her thoughts; she blinked to regain her composure and turned to him with her honeyed voice. “When I speak to people of the North, they all love your father.”

Robb was a little startled from the turn of conversation but he nodded nonetheless, “…he’s the best man I know, and I know all children think that of their fathers, but he truly…”
Dany cut him off, “children do not always think that about their fathers, believe me…” she said softly

Robb nodded unsure what to say, so he carried on, “He once told me being a lord is like being a father, except you have thousands of children, and you worry about all of them. Farmers ploughing the field are yours to protect, the children scrubbing the floors are yours to protect, the water-healers in the halls are yours to protect, soldiers you order into battle…”

“Lord Stark is a wise man… but, he is a fool to challenge a dragon.” Dany said gently, turning to Robb fully now and gazing into his eyes. “Robb Stark, I am betrothed to someone else, as you also may be in the near future. I won’t lie to you, I despise the thought of being Viserys bride but I cannot and will not make a fool of him or the King.” Danny tried hard not to stutter on her next words despite her hating them.

“I have to do my duty as a Princess of House Targaryen, even though I’m afraid to say those vows in front of a sept. I would love to be brave and refuse my betrothal to Viserys but I can’t.” Dany admitted, giving him a sad smile.

Robb looked down hurt before saying seriously, “The only time a man can be brave is when he’s afraid.” Robb said not giving up, recounting what his father told him.

Dany smiled at his surety but slowly took her hand out of his, “I am not a man.” She said simply, standing up and making to walk away, Ghost trotting behind her.

But, Robb quickly stood up and took her hand again in a hurry, “…Daenerys, you know what I mean though. You’ve become the bravest, most beautiful woman I know. I am a man, a man who loves you.”

Dany raised her delicate eyebrows slightly, her lips parted in shock and she gave him a sad look, stepping closer and touching his jaw with her delicate fingers.

“…You’re very sweet and kind, Robb Stark.” She smiled gently, “and believe me, I would rather marry you then marry Viserys. But…” Dany had been so caught up with feeling sorry for him she didn’t realise what she said, and she didn’t want to hurt him even more. Robb took it in stride and placed his hands on her waist, leaning in as Dany discretely tried to lean out.
It was Ghost fiercely snapping his jaws at him did Robb falter his movements. They hurriedly stepped apart as Ghost and Grey-Wind then bared fangs at each other, Grey-Wind stepped forward and Ghost snapped, the larger grey wolf chasing Ghost into the clearing of trees.

*I simply don’t like him like that.* She thought, ignoring the wolves as Robb watched them curiously. So she lied to spare his feelings, she looked him in the eyes and lied to him *and to herself.* “My heart belongs to another… I don’t… I mean, I can’t marry you. I’m sorry Robb.” Dany said softly.

They stared at each other for a few seconds, and Dany felt uncomfortable at Robb’s broken heart of puppy love. “Will you excuse me, my Lord.” And she turned and walked away without waiting to hear his mumble. But she heard his call a few seconds later.

“It’s him, isn’t it?”

Dany stopped in her tracks and her blood boiled. She spun around, her ears red as she crossed her arms, “Don’t be ridiculous. Jae is my best friend.” She said hotly.

After a few long seconds, Robb strode up to her with a sad smile, “Aye. But you did know who I was talking about…”

Dany widened her eyes at the accusation and threw him a Dragon-Queen gaze her mother once taught her and Robb slowly relented, muttering an apology as he held out his arm, “should we go see what they all doing, your Grace?” He tried to say calmly.

Dany swallowed hard and nodded, taking his arm politely as they left the Godswood, not noticing Ghost’s wet nose pushing and sniffing into her hand by her side again, as always.

*The King Beyond the Wall*

- “What are you trying to smell?” Arya blurted out, watching Jon curiously as she sat with him in the courtyard. The courtyard was quite quiet, household stewards and maids and Stark water-bending sentries walking past occasionally. In the swept clearing were Ser Arthur Dayne and Ser Barristan Selmy giving Bran and Rickon the sparring session they had promised them the moment they arrived in Winterfell, Ser Rodrick and Jory had joined and they were all watched Bran in clumsy padded leather, trying his best to land one hit on Ser Arthur with a training sword.
“Come on Bran, if you truly wish to become a Kings Guard, turn your weight into your sword and hit the old bugger.” Barristan encouraged with amused old eyes, leaning on his longsword and giving Bran pointers on how to hit Ser Arthur Dayne who only had a small wooden stick.

Arthur rolled his eyes, “I’m not as old as you Barristan, remind me again what Aegon the Conqueror was like?” Arthur tried to say seriously before they and all the northern water tribe lads around laughed.

Back beneath the open shelters hanging on the sides of the courtyard, where spectator chairs sat, Arya repeated, “…what are you trying to smell? You’ve been sniffing like Old Nan with a cold.” Arya laughed, tugging on Jon’s sleeve to get his attention back as he sat quietly in the corner brooding.

“Nothing,” Jon muttered with red ears, falling out of Ghost’s sense of smell and focusing back on Arya’s constant questions of what it was like beyond the Wall. He watched the sparring session with Arya and they laughed together in content, feeling free for a change. Next to them, his regiment of Wildlings sat in the other corner, Tormund telling them the usual story about Shelia, with Ygritte sharpening her arrows and watching Jon discretely.

Jon was content in just watching, he didn’t like fighting, he only liked to spar with the Kingsguard but his hand was still a little sore after he took it out the sling for a bit. Sam was on his other side, reading one his many books he borrowed from the Winterfell library and Arya was on his other side pestering him as usual, but he liked it, she reminded him of his little sister Visenya.

“Why is that one watching you?” Arya whispered, nodding to Ygritte who glanced away quickly with her bushy orange air.

“I don’t know,” he murmured with a roll of his eyes, continuing to stretch out his hand and watch the sparring. His broken bone above his elbow had healed quite well but it still ached when he slept.

“I think she likes you.” Arya concluded with a serious face, huffing when she got no reaction out of him but a husky grunt as he continued brooding.

Arya narrowed her eyes, her blue dress her mother forced her to wear causing her to shuffle uncomfortably in her chair beside her brooding cousin. “I could get Maester Luwin to find a cure for your brooding,” Arya commented.
“Aye great.” Jon murmured his mind elsewhere as he absently watched everyone in the courtyard from under their sheltered spot.

Arya then knew he wasn’t listening, “…father says Sansa is a better fighter than you?” Arya said, testing him.

“Aye great,” Jon murmured again, lost in his thoughts.

Arya balled up her little fists in anger, tugging on his sleeve. “Hey! I said…”

“Arya…” Jon breathed, blinking out his deep thoughts in apology. “I…”

Jon stood up abruptly making the chair groan and ignored Arya’s huff, he saw Daenerys approaching with Robb from the direction of the Godswood. And it seemed it didn’t go well from Dany’s calm expression that he knew like the back of his hand, the expression that hid she was really annoyed.

He stared directly at Dany as she came to join them, “Are you alright?”

“Yes…” she muttered, refusing to meet his concerned dark plummeting purple eyes as she majestically plonked down on a chair next to Arya, entwining her fingers and pretending to watch little Bran and Ser Barristan spar. After a few seconds, Dany could feel Jon still looking at her so she glared up at him, “I’m fine Jaenerys Targaryen.” She implored like it was the end of the conversation.

Jon narrowed his eyes and looked back at Robb, who was putting his sword in the rack and pulling out a training sword, clearly angry as well.

“What did you say to her, Stark?” Jon said walking up to him, his eyes issued the blood of the dragon.

The courtyard stopped for a minute but Jon ignored them, watching Robb slowly turn back to him with training swords in hand. “We just talked, Targaryen, that is…” Robb started to say.
Jon was pulled from the conversation when Dany snappishly stormed up and took Jon by his hand, yanking him around and Jon gulped in surprise at her fierce beautiful lilac eyes as she nearly shouted at him. “…I told you Jae that I’m alright, now leave him alone.” Dany seethed discretely while pulling his hand back across the yard away from Robb and back to the sheltered chairs, pushing him back in his chair and glaring over him.

“Gods, you are so annoying.” Dany murmured, noticing the way the light caught his unruly curls effortlessly and how his pink pouty lips opened slightly at her in disbelief.

“…Just sit down and shut up.” She huffed with her hands on her hips before sitting down next to him and giving Barristan a look to resume the sparring, and if nothing was the matter.

Jon sat there with his lips parted and brow furrowed and after a tense minute of silence between a seething Daenerys and smiling Arya, who was struggling really hard not to laugh at Jon being told off. Jon slowly built up the courage to turn to his best friend, who was staring intently at Robb and Jory now sparring Arthur, who had them both on the back-foot within seconds.

“What the fuck was that for Dany?” He breathed dramatically, glancing at her what seemed to be a collected expression. “I was only…”

“You were sticking your nose in things that…”

Jon butted in gently, “he asked you to marry him, and he didn’t take it well I assume when you said no?”

Dany was scratching Ghosts dense jaws resting on her lap before she turned to him slowly with a deadly stare. “You knew about this bold move of his?”

Jon matched her challenging glare, “Lord Stark just informed me of it, when we were down in the crypts he told me, amongst other things,” Jon added, matching her narrowed eyes.

“Fine,” Dany said as if letting him off the hook.

“Fine,” Jon retorted in the same childish manner, a little irritated at her deflected her anger on him
when he only tried to help. Dany felt bad now, she didn’t mean to channel her anger at him but when people kept suggesting that she liked… *Back in the Capital, Rhaenys would always tease me on why the reason I missed Jon every-day, Ygritte suggested I wanted to bed him and now Robb thinks I want to marry him…* Dany huffed internally, as she crossed her arms and tried to watch the spar, *the northern fool is only my best friend, nothing more…*

“Dany…” Jon murmured breaking their silence and his husky voice caused her spine to shiver like cold water running down her spine and it made her ears grow even more red.

“I’m sorry but I don’t know what I’ve done?” Jon said softly so no one could hear. Everyone was cheering Robb who had successfully got one semi-decent blow on Arthur’s armour before being most likely lured into another feint.

She tried her best not to smile at his genuine words so she continued to pretend as she turned to him, changing the conversation. “What did Lord Stark say then?”

Jon stared blankly, as if trying to decide something before breathing deeply, “I’ll tell you later.” He promised.

They both turned when Robb approached after giving up on Ser Arthur’s constant ability to land him on the floor, however, Robb did put up a fair fight with Ser Rodrick, his face was now a little sweaty and his training sword pointed at Jon playfully. “Come on then, Targaryen; let’s see what the legendary King beyond the Wall is made of?”

Bran and Rickon cheered, and everyone else had grins on their faces, hoping to finally see Jaenerys Targaryen in action after all the stories of his travels.

Jon didn’t like the attention, “I’m alright where I am Stark, and my hand is still on the mend…”

Dany pursed her lips, cutting him off. “He sounds like a fisherman's wife, doesn’t he Robb?” Dany teased, “…Come on Jon Snowborn, show us what you got…” Her almost a sultry tease making everyone grin at Jon.

Jon rolled his eyes at her, nodding at Robb who grinned and went to the middle of the yard in wait. He slowly stood up and unbuckled Longclaw from his hip, shaking his head at Dany’s pursed lips. “You’re such a pain in the arse.” He muttered.
“You love it.” Dany winked, “good luck,” she said after he gave her Longclaw to hold. He trudged to the middle.

Dany watched him go and she crossed her legs with the beautiful sword of his on her lap to get comfortable, she noticed Lord and Lady Stark on the upper balcony opposite had come to watch and even many of the household and guards were watching. Ser Rodrick stood up, “Remember boys, only till the other falls or yields.”

Barristan sat next to Arthur, and the sword in the Morning was watching Jon closely. The boy had secretly been practising his air bending with Princess Daenerys but this would be the first time Jon picked up a sword since, beyond the Wall, he wanted to see if the boy still had it. Or if he was lacking in anything so he could correct it.

Robb threw him a training sword and got himself in position. Jon did a few wrist swings, getting used to the weight before looking up at a determined Robb.

“I’m sorry for earlier, I didn’t mean too, you know.” Jon said as they started to circle.

“It’s alright brother, it seems Princess Daenerys got you back for me.” Robb laughed, gesturing to how Dany yanked him away.

“Take it easy on me, alright?” Jon smiled, getting into a loose stance.

“Never!” and Robb gripped his sword with two hands as he lunged forward. Jon’s eyes widened as the air around them slowed his perspective, his air bending gave him the kill and speed to outmanoeuvre any offensive strike, the ability to move out the way with ease was now ingrained into him. But, Jon ignored it and allowed steel to clash. He wanted Robb to have a fair chance. Their swords grappled and after a silent struggle of weight, Robb broke free and swung, jabbing and swinging clear-cut shots making Jon parry and falling back to protect himself.

The crowd cheered and the loudest was Sansa and Rickon and Bran cheering for Robb as Arya cheered Jon on. Dany simply watched with amused eyes, stroking Ghosts withers and pretending to not really pay attention.

Robb brought his sword low, meeting Jon’s concrete block before quickly rolling up his sword and carrying on his swings, their swords clashed and met with the ringing of fast metal, each of them ignoring the crowds of cheers as they tried to disarm the other.
Jon was quicker, and he quickly got used to Robb’s fighting style, calculating his attack. Jon parried a hard swing to his shoulder, rolled underneath and with no trouble pushed Robb away on the chest with his other hand, gaining himself some cheers as Robb turned back around a little tired and charged, bringing his sword on Jon’s left flank.

Jon went back on the back foot, parrying and blocking but he purposely put a few good swings in to put on a show but when he saw his moment, he moved forward on the right and Robb saw it, smacking Jon’s training sword right out his hand and holding his own up to his neck.

“I yield.” Jon said clearly with a smile.

The crowd cheered for Robb and they shook hands, and he made to move back to the chairs under the shelter in content but it was Arthur’s hard voice that stopped him. “Jaenerys Targaryen. If you’re going to pretend to lose, at least look unhappy about it.”

“What?” Robb and Jon said in union.

Daenerys could feel the tension in the yard, and she pursued her lips at Jon’s and Arthur’s expression, she knew the truth. She herself found it hard to land a clean fire blast o Jaenerys nowadays; a sword would be the same she’d expect. And it didn’t help when Arya shouted, “Well it was bloody obvious, even I could tell Jon was barely holding his sword.”

Robb shook with head with a laugh, “don’t be stupid Arya, Jon…” Robb trailed off when Jon didn’t say anything but stared at Arthurs challenging gaze.

The young wolf wheeled around on Jon, “Wait, you were holding back..?” he exclaimed but he got no answer. Jon and Arthur were still in some sort of silent battle of eyes.

“Robb beat me, he was the better swordsman,” Jon said clearly to his mentor who then narrowed his bold indigo eyes.

“Yes, he did beat you.” Arthur stated clearly before adding, “…but, you weren’t trying to win, were you, my prince?”
Daenerys realised what Jae did, he purposely lost because he felt sorry for Robb. *Jae is sacrificing his pride so Robb can have some dignity after my refusal to his hand.* And for some reason, it made her angry at Jae, *I can handle the consequences of my own actions on my own,* but unknown to Dany, her anger stemmed from the hot blush that crept into her ears at Jaenerys’ s obvious kind gesture.

Robb stormed up to Jon, “I want a rematch.”

Jon rolled his eyes, walking away. “Don’t listen to Arthur, he doesn’t know what he’s talking about.”

Arthur rolled his eyes as well with a shake of his head, “Don’t think for one moment Jaenerys, that just because you are now a King, I won’t tell you the blunt truth anymore, and your parents didn’t teach you to lie. You’ve been taught better than…”

“I’m not lying to Robb, Arthur,” Jon growled back, making to move back to the chairs under the grey shelters.

“No. You’re not lying to Robb, you’re lying to yourself… and I’ll prove it.” Arthur responded, wanting everyone one to know that his Prince, that he helped raise and protect, was indeed the finest sword he had ever seen. That he was Rhaegar’s son. The entirety of Winterfell was watching after all.

Arthur walked up to Dany, “May I, my Princess.” Arthur bowed, gesturing to Longclaw. Dany nodded without question, knowing it would annoy Jon, “of course, my dear Ser.” Dany responded regally with a smile, passing the sword to their teacher figure.

Jon frowned, “Dany don’t…” He huffed when she merely ignored him with a grin so he turned back to Arthur. “Arthur give it back.” He said flatly.

Arthur went to the middle of the clearing, unsheathing the razor smoky blade, the Valyrian steel glimmering in the light and the white wolf pommel solid in Arthur’s hand, holding it in fighting position behind him. “Come and get it.” He challenged with a knowing smile, “You won’t get it back till you start fighting properly. And remember, you made a promise to Mormont to not lose it again.”

Ned looked down from the balcony ledge, “Careful, I won’t have my nephew use live steel, let
alone face Valya…” But, Ned stopped when Jon walked in the middle and took the challenge.

Jon dropped his glare with Arthur and marched to the rack, dropping his tired training sword and pulling out the scabbard holding Dawn that was resting in the rack. Jon rippled out the milky white sword and walked back in front of Arthur’s resolute face.

“A sword for a sword?” Jon challenged, his purple eyes focused and primal, a wintery fire glowing in his irises.

There was dead silence in the courtyard now. “A sword for a sword,” Arthur repeated to accept the challenge staring at Dawn.

Daenerys then became really interested in the fighting, as did everyone else, all the guards and lads cleared the yard and watched as Arthur and Jaenerys started circling each other. Even little Rickon got so excited, he ran up to Sansa, then Robb, then a spare chair, trying to decide what spot was comfier and had a better view before he decided to run to Dany. And he held out his little arms, wanting to be picked up. Dany pursed her lip at his adorability and happily took him in her lap, letting him snuggle his head of curly hair under her neck as they both watched.

“…Who going to win?” Rickon wiggled out excitedly, whispering to Dany as they watched everyone preparing the yard properly.

Dany watched Jon carefully before whispering back, “Jo... well… Ser Arthur of course,” She breathed with humour.

Rickon looked confused and wiggled around to ask her a serious question, “I thought Jon wife say Jon better?” Rickon asked innocently.

Dany’s ears turned red again, and she would have snapped if it wasn’t for his innocent face. “I’m not Jon’s wife.” She quickly muttered incredulously, glancing around shyly, hoping no one heard or saw how her face heated.

Rickon’s mouth hung open as if he had a million questions, but Dany internally thanked Ser Barristan’s rule speech distracted the little boy, who then got comfy in her lap again and turned to watch.
Jon breathed slowly; circling the ground and watching Arthur’s predatory indigo eyes follow him knowingly. Jon knew Arthur tailored his fighting just like his own, and the Sword in the Mornings fighting style was impenetrable. He had to start drastically and think strategically; he turned his feet and stood in a wildling stance, gripping Dawn with one hand and standing unorthodox.

Arthur shook his head knowingly with a smirk, wrist curling Longclaw to get used to the similar extra length of a bastard sword and pivoting to his left side to counter any attack in wildling attack Jaenerys may throw. They continued circling each other, making everyone else get impatient, but both of them were simply calculating in their head and matching each other’s ideas.

“I haven’t taught you everything, you know.” Arthur goaded after a moment of silent thoughts, trying to get him railed up by reading his mind.

“Yes you have old man.” Jon grinned back but Arthur gave nothing away as he became serious. And they both stiffened up with swords raised at each other, waiting to strike.

“Let’s dance snips.” Arthur said before he stepped forward with impossible speed and shouted, “For Starfall!”

“For Dragonstone!” Jon growled back, brandishing Dawn with all his weight to meet Arthur’s fluid strike.

And mentor and apprentice clashed steel, parrying and striking identical shots at each other with impossible speed and power. The courtyard was filled with unearthly ringing of ancient steel, the Valyrian blade and blade of a red star collided with beautiful brutal cries, that rung more like a gong being struck unlike normal steel castle-forged steel, their strikes echoed the courtyard with cries of wonder and awe.

Jon weaved out the way of a peninsula move and brought his sword up to block Arthur’s long strike that swept and tried to land hard on his sword, but Jon smacked it away but conceded ground, constantly parrying and blocking at Arthur’s fluidity with a sword.

Arthur had the experience and power in his forearms to deliver brutal swings from all directions but Jon had the impossible speed, and both of them had the same agility, mind and patience and stamina.

Arthur decided to let Jon dictate the pace whilst he got used to using Longclaw. Arthur used his
quick footwork to move out the way of Jon’s fluid strikes, that were sharp and precise and Arthur eventually had to concede ground himself, raising Longclaw to meet the brutal snap of Dawn Jon was swinging, keeping himself in good tight formation.

Arthur kept stoic, letting his sword go loose on his upper left between clashing steel to lure Jon in a trap, smiling when he noticed Jon’s eyes start to flicker towards the opening.

Jon saw what could be an opening, and when he saw a chance, he moved his entire weight in one swing, smacking Arthurs sword right down for just a mere moment to allow him to step closer and flutter a packed jab at his left shoulder that was apparently left unguarded, but Arthur weaved at the last second, smiling as he tangled his other arm with Jon’s sword hand, holding Jon in place struggling and allowing him to bring Longclaw down to Jon’s shin to smack him with the flat side of his sword.

Jon grunted in pain and his eyes dilated into maligned focus, realising it was a bait as he got smashed in the shins and tried not to show any pain as Arthur pushed him back without difficulty, earning cheers from the crowd.

Jon stumbled back throwing Dawn behind him and burying the decimating tip into the dirt at an angle to keep himself propped up, still facing Arthur, who ignored all the cheering for him and carried on walking towards Jon to finish the job of making him fall.

Jon yanked Dawn out the ground and shifted his feet, and sunk lower, raking his other hand through his unruly raven hair to keep it out his face. He had let Arthur attack, now it was time to see him defend and show him what he was made of. Jon tensed his calves as he stayed low in his stance and waited for Arthur to strike first, and he did. Arthur threw a feint to the left and went on the right flank, but Jon exploded his sword at the smallest of openings, surprising Arthur who tried to save himself from the surprise attack, but fell into Jon’s trap of stepping into a hard pivoted parry that caused the Knight to stumble out the way drastically in alarm, Arthur clawed an orb of water from the wet ground and flung his wrist in a precise shot, the small water blast pushing Jaenerys back in a desperate manner.

Jon and Arthur both grinned at each other over their swords as they caught their breath and grinned at one another’s tactic’s before they went at it all again.

It was nearly ten long, tense minutes of identical shots and movement until they both grappled steel and met each other’s decimating blow for the eleventh time. Their swords met and both of their faces inches from the other, refusing to yield, as they pushed their swords against each other and pressed the razor edges in a struggle, iron sparks emitting every time their blades scoured an inch.
“Yield,” Jon staggered out with a grin, pushing with all his strength to keep their swords in a collision. Arthur struggled as well but kept strong, pushing his back thigh further back to gain more power into his angled sword on Jon’s sword. “Never Snips,” Arthur grinned.

But, Jon wasn’t listening, he sunk lower on in his stance and tensed his calves, scrapping Dawn out the grapple and twisting around to meet Arthur deflective swing of Longclaw, and Jon took a half-step to the left and threw a solid punch into Arthurs’ lungs, barely doing anything but giving him enough time to roll under Arthur’s other swing, smacking Dawn under Arthurs leg behind his knee and forcing him to fall on one knee.

Jon lifted his foot up at the last second to weave out the way of Arthur’s precise last second swing as he staggered back up desperately before coming behind Arthur and holding Dawn to his neck.

“I got you!” Jon finally breathed, and Jon let out a long breath in relief.

“I got you first,” Arthur smirked also out of breath, talking over his shoulder at Jon. Jon was confused until he felt Longclaw’s tip against his stomach, Arthur was holding Longclaw in reverse position as if it had always been there.

Barristan stepped forward, “it seems it’s a tie.”

The crowd erupted with cheering and Bran and Rickon pounced on Jon in congratulations of tying to the Sword in the Morning. “Well done Jon!” and all the northern lads and even Uncle Ned patted Jon on the back in amazement and Robb came up to him and made him promise to give him a fair rematch next time. Even Lady Catelyn’s jaw had dropped when Jon had persevered against Ser Arthur Dayne and very nearly bested him. Jon couldn’t help but grin as his entire mother’s family nearly tackled him to the ground but his gaze was focusing through the gaps towards the chairs under the shelter at his silver-haired aunt.

Dany saw Jon give her that deep staring thing he did as he was tugged around in congratulations, Jon found her gaze before smiling at her through the crowd. And Dany couldn’t help biting her lower lip to stop herself smiling at his gaze, she squeezed her soft burning loins together unbeknown to her as she looked up and met his plummeting dark look, giving him a small wink as she pursed her lips as if saying ‘well done you northern fool.’

Barristan strolled up to Arthur, after Arthur and Jon shook hands and returned each other’s swords with grins. Barristan came up to his sworn brother and gave him a hard pat on the shoulder, his old amused eyes watching Arthur’s proud ones who looked at Jon who was being bombarded with congratulations, “Well, in all my years, I’ve finally met someone worthy enough to, in the very
near future, best even the Sword in the Morning.”

Arthur rolled his eyes before looking back at Jon being tackled down by a lolling Ghost who started bouncing around just because of all the excitement. “What can I say Barristan, he may be no fire-bender but the kid takes after Rhaegar in patience and discipline but has Lyanna’s wild boldness.”

“He carries himself with honour; he would make a fine Kings Guard to Prince Aegon one day if he wishes,” Barristan suggested, watched Jon closely.

Arthur shook his head stubbornly, “No. Jaenerys Targaryen is meant for greater things than a white cloak. Aegon is like Rhaegar, a fine fire-bender and I suspect one a good King. But, Jon. Jon has something else to fire… He will lead us into the Long Night… He will rain fire and blood to see summer return to us. He carries himself like his mother’s forebears, the old Kings of Winter.”

Arthur said with a notion of sadness, “Do not suggest Jon swear our oath, he is meant for more.” Barristan nodded to his swore-brother and looked back at Jaenerys.

“Jaenerys wields your family sword like he was born too.” Barristan said scratching his head, “You did a good job training the boy and he’s now a fine warrior, maybe the best of us all.”

“I don’t doubt it… I always told you my allocated Targaryen was the best.” Arthur grinned, turning and looking up at Barristan from his chair.

Barristan shook his head, nodding at Daenerys who was still sitting under the shelters, giggling with Sansa about something. “Jaenerys holds a dear place in my heart but I have to disagree with you there Artie,” Barristan stated, nodding at his allocated Targaryen Princess with a smile, “she has the heart of an angel, the ruthlessness of a dragon, the just of a Stark and dare I say, the mind of a true Queen.”

Arthur looked over at Daenerys, watching Jon talking to her, and he smiled at the scene, “Aye, I can’t argue with you there, Ser Barristan the Bold.”

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At first light the next day, the courtyard of Winterfell was full of people and saddled horses. The summer snow drizzling softly in the bleak clouded skies and the several packs of wolves on the moors, waited for their alpha to ride out the castle.
“Goodbye Princess,” Robb said softly, giving her a polite hug.

Dany returned a small smile, leaning out after their embrace. “…Farewell, Robb Stark of the Northern water tribe.”

Jon rubbed the back of neck, looking away at the awkward scene and he pulled in a long breathe when little Bran ran up and jumped into his arms, “you’re getting heavier Bran. I going to miss you… remember to listen to your mother and don’t climb, as much.” Jon laughed but Bran frowned.

“…why do you have to go so soon? It’s not fair Arya and Sansa get to go to the capital.” Bran moaned, his squeaky voice making him chuckle.

“You will stay and look after the North with Robb. He may be acting Lord of Winterfell but you are his right-hand man, a Hand of some sort, and that’s a big responsibility.” Jon nodded impressively.

Bran rolled his eyes, hanging from Jon’s neck as his cousin put him down, scuffing his hair. “…when I get back, we will all head north for the Great War. But, before the walkers come, we can go hunting with the Free-Folk beyond the Wall if you’re not too scared, I promise.”

Bran nodded eagerly but kept tugging on Jon’s sleeve, “I wanted Ser Arthur Dayne to stay as well. I wanted him to teach me to the way of a sword just like he did you. I hate that I can’t water-bend or skin change. I can’t do anything.” Bran huffed, his little arms crossed.

Jon’s face softened, he knelt down and met Bran’s eyes. Holding the back of his neck close, “…listen, Brandon Stark. I know how it feels to be left out, I know how it feels to not have the ability to bend. But, bending water or bending any element for that matter is not what makes you a warrior. Power doesn’t live in bending but in what you chose for it to be, whatever that be… I was once told, the day the power of love overrules the love for power. The world will know peace, as well as inside yourself.”

Bran leaned in, “…who told you that.”

“…My mother.” Jon breathed softly.
Bran then hugged him once again, breathing into his neck, “I love you Jon.”

Jon repeated his words and kissed his forehead, meeting his gaze as he held his small face. “…you’re going to find your own destiny one day, Bran. You don’t need to be a bender, believe me. Just keep practising your sword and soon you’d best Ser Arthur in no time. Send me a raven, I want to hear all about your training.” Jon promised his little cousin, the boy who his brother in all but name, smiled and hugged him once more.

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The Lord of Winterfell walked down the wooden steps from the upper balcony, the mere sound of his boots quieting the yard. He was clad in steel and his great northern furs, his long brown hair tied back with a northern water tribe tie, his sharp grey eyes tired and weary.

All night he had argued with his lady wife. Catelyn had protested heavily about him going South with no protection, no surety he would come back. Rhaegar already was on bad terms with him, ever since Jon disappeared under his watch. His and Rhaegar’s relationship was built entirely their connection to Lyanna. And if Ned was going to help Jon, a boy technically in open-rebellion, to convince Rhaegar the Wight Walkers were real and the fire nation’s plan for conquering the Iron Islands was pointless and a complete waste of time. There was no telling what Rhaegar would do with them.

“Ned, Rhaegar is consumed with his notion to conqueror all. To wipe out any bender that could challenge fire. You heard the rumours” she says in the middle of the night.

“We don’t know that Cat.” He replies.

“Your honour is blinding you, my love. The rumours whisper the King is not taking the captured ironborn water benders as prisoners of war! He’s slaughtering them and refusing them proper burials. He means to wipe out the water tribes. He’s already done it in Westeros with your friend Robert and his earth benders, like his ancestor, Aegon the Conqueror, did with the Air Normand’s!”

“…it’s a war going on, love. Doesn’t mean it will find us,” he says.

“…it’s genocide. You said to me yourself, the ironmen are gathering their forces. Balon and his sons will launch one last big attack soon with their Iron Fleet, they are desperate. The water
benders of the Iron Islands are a dying breed. And now the Fire-Lord is dragging my husband into it.” Catelyn cried.

He sighed, “I have to help Jon convince the realm. I have to protect my nephew if it doesn’t work, I failed him once, I can’t do it again.”

His Lady cried harder on the bed, pleading. “…I understand Ned but that’s why we agreed to keep Daenerys as our guest here, a Targaryen hostage gives us strength.” Cat nodded, gripping his hands.

He shook his head, “…Jaenerys thinks we were foolish to try that. There is no honour and I would be a hypocrite to abduct a man’s sister. I don’t have a choice, I have to go south with both Jon and Daenerys, I have to trust in Lyanna’s family. I don’t have a choice…”

Catelyn sniffled back her tears, coming to cradle his jaw between her soft ageing palms, leaning her forehead against his, “…my love, wake up. You do have a choice. Your connection with Rhaegar rests entirely with both your ties to Lyanna. But, if he’s abusing her if he truly no longer trusts her. If your mysterious letter says Lya and Visenya are in danger, your ties are severed. And the entire Northern Water tribe could be next. Remember what Fire-Lord Aery’s did to your family. Rhaegar is the Mad-King’s son; his blood has grown vile like his fathers. He’d slaughter the Ironborn and then come North, when Aegon’s Comet reigns to kill us all. And you plan to take our daughters and yourself down South, with no surety. Ned, don’t change your mind. Just keep Daenerys in Winterfell. It’s the only way…”

“I’ve made my choice, my lady.” He says gravely, looking away.

Catelyn cried harder, “…You have made your choice as all men do. And you also made your choice to not tell me, whom exactly that letter was from?” Lady Catelyn glared through her wet eyes.

Ned grew cold, his voice stern, “…Nor will I.”

“You don’t have too,” Catelyn spat, “…I know the seal it bared before you burned it. I know the old rumours in my own castle, Ned. I know a thrush bird was once a favour of Ashara Dayne.” Ned’s grey eyes flared and he shouted at her, making her swear not to speak another word of that matter and to hold her tongue.
So, Catelyn simply pleaded with him all night to just keep to their original plan, to hold Daenerys as a guest in Winterfell, a future lady of Winterfell or a simple hostage, any would mean the North would be safe. But, after talking to his nephew, Ned had changed his mind and was going south with the trust that the Fire-Lord would be reasonable. He also told her he would take the girls with him, these were hard time and he would find Sansa an honourable match and teach Arya to be less wild, and the boys would stay with her in Winterfell. He would also take just three hundred northern soldiers with him for their guard, no more. In the early hours of the night, Catelyn finally agreed in tears, not fully agreeing but she understood his foolish honour. She had Ned make love to her and leave her full with his seed before he left their bed that morning.

Now, everyone was saddled in their horses and ready to depart for White Harbour, to board a ship bound for the Capital. After final farewells, Jon mounted his horse as did Daenerys at his side. And the two Targaryen’s with their respective King-guard and Wildlings led the way out the arched gate. Arya and Sansa, after many goodbyes, sat with their Septa in a carriage and soon rattled out the gate.

Ned watched them all start to pour out the gate, and he tightened the wolf pelt on his cloak. In the middle of the yard was now only the boys and Catelyn, her blue gown trailing her feet and her face was tired and cold. Ned said goodbye to the boys, hugging little Rickon and telling Bran to listen to his mother. Robb stood like a man, and held the ancient sword of Ice, handing the wolf pelt Greatsword to his father who then handed it to Jory. Ned then clasped Robb’s shoulder telling him he was too be Lord of Winterfell in his stead, and to remember their words.

“…Winter is coming,” Robb murmured, standing like a man.

Ned nodded and made to move to Catelyn but Robb stopped him, his voice low. “Father, why must you take only three-hundred soldiers?”

“We are not going to War, son. I am going to help your cousin to convince his father of the real threat, three-hundred is the only guard we need for the road…” He gripped his son’s shoulder before saying, “…I’m sorry, Princess Daenerys didn’t accept your hand. But, I will find you a match in the North when I get back. Maybe a southern girl…” He murmured before turning to the Lady of Winterfell, the courtyard went quiet.

His Lady looked strong and her blue Tully eyes fierce, she held his large war shield, made of pure bronze iron and the inside handle made of pure ironwood. She slowly handed it to him, and both shared a look with the pale bleak sunlight on their backs.

Their gaze never left one another’s and slowly Ned gave a small nod and broke their stare. He turned with his great furred cloak on his broad shoulders and great shield in hand and began to walk out. Following the quiet entourage and his three hundred, grey cloaked herculean soldiers,
treading the northern mud.

Catelyn watched her husband begin to leave, leaving her with her northern sons at her side. She raised her hard jaw.

“…Stark.” She said, her voice strong.

Ned stopped and his cold alpha gaze turned back to his love. “…Yes, my Lady?”

Catelyn walked up to him, staring into his grey eyes and brown bearded face before she bowed her head and untied her dark blue pendulum water tribe necklace around her neck. It was the betrothal necklace Ned gave her at Riverrun all those years ago. And she then tied the black stringed necklace around his neck, the small dark water-stone shining in the northern sunlight.

Catelyn met his gaze once it was around his neck, her voice soft but strong. “…come back with your shield, or on it.”

Ned understood, “…Yes, my Lady.”

And he turned and walked out the gates. Goodbye, my love. He doesn’t say it. There is room for selfness, not in the North. No place for weakness. Only the hard and strong may call themselves Starks. Only the hard, only the strong.

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*Princess Visenya Targaryen*

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“You’re sure it’s safe down here?” Gendry asked uncertainly.

Visenya pursed her lips, lowering her black velvet hood finally and letting her silver-blonde hair
blossom out, the firelight she burned in her clawed palm highlighting the humoured crease between her beautiful stormy eyes. “Yes, of course. Why..? Scared?”

“…Yes.” Gendry quickly mumbled, looking around the dark underground tunnel as they walked further and further into the lower stone levels of the Red-Keep. The sun had finally fallen and the moon had risen in its place, the salty blackwater shores swept and rushed into the dark bay peacefully. The low tide allowing them to meet on the secret pebbled outcrop in the shadows of the north tower as planned.

Senya laughed at his honesty and laughed even harder when Meraxes trotted past him in the dark tunnel to lead the way, brushing by his hip and causing him to jump in fright. “…calm down, Gendry the blacksmith.” Senya teased, “…no knows we’re here.”

Gendry shook his head, holding his pouch of tools tightly and his back sweating from the weight of his bull-horned, war-hammer slung over his back. His voice was dry, “…it’s alright for you if was caught, you own the bleeding place. I’m just a bastard of some whore in flea-bottom. Your fire-bending guards above our heads in this castle would love some sport. I being the sport.” He confirmed, shuffling behind the beautiful Princess as he followed her. He tried not to look at her slim figure and the curve of her arse and how it seemed, muscled and plump, well rounded.

Senya snorted, leading the way with Meraxes in the dark tunnel. Her fingertips held high with paring yellow flames shining the way in the darkness.

“Do you want a piece dragon-bone or not, for your Valyrian steel making?” Visenya said, coming out into the open lower levels, the arched red-brick and boulder stone ceiling were immersive and high. The air down here smelled stale and neglected, and eerie feeling chilling their bones.

Gendry and Meraxes climbed out the tunnel behind her, Meraxes trotted somewhere in the darkness and disappeared, leaving the black-haired boy to gaze at everything that only Visenya’s firelight touched. All he could see was dusty tiled floors and just darkness. “…why do I feel like I’m being watched?” Gendry murmured, staring at the darkness around them.

Visenya spun around with a smirk, holding her palm of fire high like a touch. “…because you are.”

And then, she released her clawed palm and let flares of fire gases stream out and the dungeon’s hall of skulls lit up, as Visenya bended fire to the torch brackets closest to them. And Gendry skin crawled and he felt like cold water was running down his spine when the clearing lit up. He blinked his beady brown eyes in shock at the hollow dragon skull that was sat directly in front of him, staring forebodingly into his soul.
Visenya’s smirk grew wider into a giggle as Gendry realised he was surrounded by giant Dragon skulls. Their white yellowed bones were sharp and crusted, structured like ghostly and beastly, steel carriages of death. The wide opening for their eye sockets were large enough for a great bear to curl in, and their broken socketed jaws sat open with razor shards of wasted teeth that were as long as twisted broad swords. Smaller broken bones and layers of rotten ash lay in the dark pits of their lower teeth.

“The Dragons of House Targaryen,” Visenya murmured sadly, looking around at the graveyard of skulls that littered the dusty tenement halls, most nested around the great stone pillars and arches that held up the unbelievably high stone ceilings, which signalled they were deep down in the bowels of the castle.

“Seven hells…” Gendry breathed, looking around at the dead carcasses in wonder and awe. “…if this was a couple of centuries ago, they would have been the most dangerous place in the world.”

Visenya nodded, walking beside him and taking his hand. Gendry had a short jerky movement of nervousness when her skin touched his, and he cleared his throat when she simply took his hand and laid it on the giant sprout like nose of the closest dragon skull in front of them, a smaller one, more brittle. But, the bone felt hard and cold, thick and impenetrable. “Feel how strong they were?”

He slowly nodded but his eyes were fixed on her beautiful face, how her stormy eyes and golden blonde locks shone in the torchlight, as she gazed at the dragon’s hollow eyes. “…they were the first fire-benders. They taught my people how to draw their very breath into the body and into pure energy, they taught the Valyrian’s how to extend that energy past your limbs into fire. But, Kings landing was the beginning and the end for the dragons, my Aunt Dany once told me… Zaldrizes buzdari iksosdaor.”

Gendry furrowed his brow, turning to her.

“A dragon is not a slave.” Visenya translated, smiling thoughtfully, “…Dany is right, they were terrifying, extraordinary, they filled people with wonder and awe. And our family locked them in a pit. They wasted away, the last true fire-benders…” Senya said sadly, “…they grew small and we grew small. We became like every other bender out there…”

Gendry felt a shifting feeling near his heart as he watched her and his feet moved closer, his dark brown garbs over his broad chest, faded and worn. “You’re not like everyone else.”
Visenya pulled in a deep breath, meeting his lovely dark eyes that fell onto her lips. His firm eye contact ignited a burning in her stomach, and her body betrayed her as her teats grew heavy. Senya realised how his face was now only inches from hers and she took a calming breath and closed her stormy lashes.

Gendry’s knee’s felt weak at the site before him, looking down slightly at her pink pouty lips. His lips parted as he leaned in, touching her elbow as he did so. But, at the last second Visenya’s inhibitions came back and she fluttered her eyes open, thinking about what her mother might say if she was to find out she was going to kiss practically a stranger and she dared not to think about her father. Senya gulped with sweaty palms as she leaned back, Gendry opening his eyes in confusion when his nose dipped into her just space and finding the sweet scent of her breath gone.

They both met one another’s gaze, and they both suddenly jumped when Meraxes growled deep in her lungs. Her emerald green eyes came out the darkness and glared indignantly at Gendry, and Visenya stifled a giggle. “…I think Meerie found Balerion.”

And Senya swiftly followed the direction her wolf had come from, lightening up the darkness in the over side-part of the dungeon. Gendry cleared his dry throat, putting his hands up slightly in a surrendering gesture as he shuffled past the glaring green-eyed direwolf and followed the Princess in a professional manner.

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“I thought smiths at Tobo Mott’s shop were the best?” Visenya teased, sitting on the ledge of an old wooden water-well. It looked like it had run dry but it was still a good chair as she waited. Visenya dangled and swung her legs in waiting, watching Gendry at the base of Balerion the Dread’s jaw. Hacking away with a stone mallet, while trying to keep the echoing down, he shoved the lever of his hammer into a clove in the bone. But, nothing would give away. The bone structure was like dense marble.

Gendry rolled his eyes at her, lifting his gaze while on his knees. “…this is the biggest skull in here? Why are you demanding I take from this?”

Visenya narrowed her eyes at his questioning, Meraxes curled up by her dainty feet. “…Balerion’s bones are the strongest. And the biggest, not only will no one notice you taking a small piece but the strongest, most aged bone will give you the better Valyrian steel, won’t it?”

Gendry raised his eye-brows at her logic and continued to try hacking away, his palms getter sorer and more calloused with no reward.
Visenya smiled, “...you never know, you could cut out your master and make it yourself. You could have your own shop on the street of steel and traders all over the world would come to Gendry’s famous shop, and gawk at his Valyrian steel, you’d be the richest man in the Kingdoms...” Visenya winked, “...you won’t have to go to the Wall when winter comes.” She added softly.

Gendry sighed, wiping the sweat off his brow and completely giving up when his stone-mallet cracked in half under the dragon-bone. “...I don’t see that happening at this rate, the only way I see is melting a section to soften the tissue, then...”

Visenya jumped up excitedly, rubbing her palms together with small orange sparks already flickering out. “...sounds like a job for me.”

“You will have to burn the hottest fire you can muster, nothing that will melt the entire skull but a fire that’s precise and clean, that can clove a piece off with a straight cut,” Gendry added, standing up beside her.

“Sounds like a strike of lightning would do it.” Visenya said confidently, pretending like it was the easiest thing in the world. She had never mustered lightening, despite Dany’s teaching. Daenerys was a natural fire-bender unlike her. They would often practise together after a day at the fire-bending school for girls. The main one for boys was at Summerhall, but the one for girls was much closer to home and held in the infamous Dragon-Pit on the north-west side of the city. They had their own private tutors, the best generals and red-witches taught the royal children, along with the elite Kings-Guard, trained with a sword and the art of chi-blocking. Meraxes at the mention of Visenya emitting lightning whined softly, scared, and darted under a different nearby dragon skull.

“Move out the way, Gendry Waters. Let the actual bender take charge.” Visenya teased, Gendry smiled softly, looking away as he gathered his tools to give her space.

When he turned back he saw her unlacing her black velvet cloak to move more freely. It puddled by her feet and revealed a sleeveless white linen shift underneath, pinched around her waist, with tight leather riding breeches that teased her curves and high boots. But, on her bare alabaster arms were a pair of vambraces on her skinny forearms. From the looks of it, made of fine Qohorik steel, black as pitch and adorned with rubies and diamonds snarling into a three-headed dragon on each armbrace.

“Vambraces..? A bit much for a Princess?”
Visenya smiled sheepishly, “…they were a nameday gift from my brother, Jaenerys. He left to be a Ward for my mother’s home in the North, many years ago. And when we thought him dead, I wore this as much as I could to remember him. An old habit now I know he’s alive and actually, finally coming home. And the rubies and diamonds were a gift from my other brother, Aegon. This was before he exiled himself in the East. A going-away present from him, I understood after.”

“That’s black Qohorik steel, alone that’s a fortune, and the rubies on top are a nice touch. Here I thought you were just another rich girl.” Gendry teased.

“…you don’t know any other rich girls.” Senya smirked, “…now move.” And she pushed him playfully out the way, spinning around and concentrating on her bending. Pointing her fingers like Dany showed her, she lowered her stance and slowly move her arms in a clouded motion, deep and strong, moving in a cold-blooded way before pointing her two-pointed fingers in a solid strike at one of Balerion’s long razor dusty teeth.

Nothing happened but a little puff of smoke.

Visenya’s ears burned when she heard Gendry chuckle, throwing an indignant gaze over her shoulder she moved back in position. Lowering her stance again, she moved her pointed fingers in a cloud deep motion again feeling the heat in the air like thunder between clouds. “…complete absence of emotion and peace of mind.” Senya muttered, reencountering what Dany told her. But her mind was still fluttering, filled with thoughts about the dark-haired smith behind her that she very nearly just kissed.

And she thrust her pointed fingers in a fluid strike. There was a pop and then a bang, the recoil of the cold fire backfired on her and she was suddenly thrown back from the thunderous force with a squeal, smacking down on the quaking floor hard. As her uncontrolled orange fire blast hit the ceiling with a tremor. And before she knew it, the ceiling started to quake like a thunderstorm and giant boulders of stone started caving in on them.

Visenya screamed as a boulder crushed the sprout of Balerion’s skull into two cloves, she ducked and fell again. Hiding under her arm as Meraxes loyally leapt over her in protection, ready to take any impact for her mistress. But, no boulders or brinks then fell on them. She just heard a deep groaning.

She peered up from under her arm. Squinting through her dust-filled eye-lids; the room was shrouded by tremors of dust and very small pieces of falling debris. And her mouth hung open, her beautiful stormy eyes grew wider spotting Gendry in the middle of the clearing. His lean arms were high in a solid stance, struggling under the weight and bending the ceiling so it didn’t crash down on them and gravitating the groaning boulders of stone into a motionless manner.
“...you’re... you’re an Earth Bender.”

please comment, please leave any feedback. It's all been really useful. Thank you so so much for reading.
Aegon stirred in his sleep, his silver-gold mane of hair stuck to his muscled back from the heat of the Pentoshi night, the swelter had moulded a crisp layer of sweat between their exhausted bodies, sticking their flesh together. He subconsciously pulled his sister’s slim waist further into his arms, trying to avoid squashing her full ample chest for her comfort; so her dark nipples leaked little milk. The night had been long and now her voluptuous naked body draped further in his warmth with cold seed oozing out both her nether lips and crinkled rosebud, and he held her even tighter when a mumble of distress left his lips again in his slumber. The memory haunting him.

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Tall trees rose out the earth to brush the sky and sun-dappled leaves created flickering shadows on the ground. Dead leaves and pine needles were caught in clumps of moss that winded around each tree all of which created the great redwood forest named, Kings Wood. The summer breeze rustled through the branches and fraying bark, they followed a path meandering through the quiet forest floor that was lined by fallen trees leaning drunkenly against one another.

The foreboding tall trees groaned and creaked as they swayed in the soundless breeze, a distant screech or cry from a pursued animal and the occasional flock of birds in the sky heightened their senses. Every step they took, their feet would fall on a spongy crunch of wet soil and dead twigs.

“...we shouldn’t be out here alone.”
Rhaenys rolled her eyes at her little brother’s protest, stepping carefully over some wild mushrooms and toadstools as she pressed on, her red frock trailing the muddy floor that her father gifted her was her only worry. “…Why not?”

Aegon scrambled behind her, with a straight posture, following his big sister who led the way while trying to act mature and wise in his youth, his small hands hoisting himself over a fallen tree that had wood beetles bumbling across the rotten and peeling bark. “If father was to find out…”

“What? Is father going to ship the Crown Prince off to Winterfell as well?” Rhae asked irately, refusing to turn back as she continued on at a faster pace. Her youngest brother had left no more a year ago to become Lord Eddard Stark’s ward in the Northern water tribe. Rhaenys was very protective over both her little brothers since she was old enough to understand what a sibling meant, especially in her family history. She protected them both but more so, Jaehaerys. He was a royal Targaryen child despite his black hair and steel purple eyes but most lords and ladies still saw him simply as a child of war, a feud between the infamous Earth Bender, Robert Baratheon and her father, the new Fire-Lord Rhaegar over Lyanna Stark of Winterfell. Lyanna was very kind to her and gave her a lot of attention as her new good-mother, so in turn, she was even kinder to Jaehaerys; she decided to love him just as much as Egg.

“Rhaenys…” Egg mumbled, “Jae went to Winterfell because he can’t fire-bend. It’s an embarrassing taint on our family to have him in our midst. House Targaryen must be seen as strong” Egg said confidently, sticking out his small chest in pride and lying to himself how much he missed Jaehaerys already as he simply reiterated his father’s words.

Rhaenys shook her head with a huff, tilting her head up in exasperation before treading on, angry at how their father had seemed to have convinced Aegon it was for the best that Jaehaerys was shipped off. Her and Dany were totally against it, Viserys wasn’t bothered and preferred to mingle with the older boys anyway, and little Visenya was still learning how to walk to notice how her big brother had gone.

“Rhaenys, we should turn back. Our horses are way back there…” Aegon groaned, pointing far back where they came from. “…and Ser Jamie would be looking for us soon.”

“He’ll never know we’re gone.” Rhaenys waved off, treading carefully on the uneven forest ground that was pitted with rocks and roots under the ceiling of sun-dappled leaves.

Aegon sighed, pulling on his fine velvet tunic to keep the creases at away, it was blood-red, emblazoned with the three-headed dragon, lined with black stitching with matching breeches that folded neatly in his high moleskin boots made for fine dining. Over his buttoned tunic, he donned
his lighter leather cloak that had circular steel breast hinges on the shoulder’s, letting the cloak flow like a dragon’s leather wing. His straight silver-gold hair threaded behind his ears, reaching past his shoulders with a small bun atop his head in a gold band. “But, if he found out.”

Rhaenys spun around, causing her dress to flutter around her ankles. Her pretty red frock, patterned with yellow embroiled flames, clung to her flat chest and the arms were sleeveless, allowing her tanned arms to bathe in the summer air. Her dark hair was swept back into a gentle bun so that a few strands danced around her ears. She placed her soft hands on Aegon’s small shoulders, looking down slightly and she knew soon she would be looking up at him after his recent growth spurts. He would make a fine King but right now, he was still her little brother. He was confident in front of all the lord’s and stupid swooning girls. But, he was delicate and naive in her hands. “You don’t need to be afraid of our father, Egg, the Gods were cruel on Jaehaerys fate and made fire a stranger to him. But, not you… No. You will become the future Fire-Lord after father. You are a fire bender and a true dragon. We are both dragons, Egg.”

Aegon nodded quickly, getting lost in his sister’s big imploring, beautiful purple eyes. His small cock hardened in his breeches unknowingly and his ears grew red when Rhaenys grabbed his hand and pulled him onwards.

Rhaenys smiled to herself knowingly and followed the path onward, the wind rustling through the leaves and specks of light on the murky forest floor glittering and getting sparser in the dense forest. The scent of wild mint and herbs was slowly replaced as they walked further. The wind now carried odours of nearby decay, the scent of stagnant ponds of water and the skunk of weeds.

She pulled Egg onwards, holding his hand protectively and she knew this little quest of theirs was a little dangerous. But, she didn’t tell him. She wouldn’t let anything happen to him. She hadn’t told him yet and didn’t want to break his bubble of innocence but she was going to be his Queen in the future. She had planned it all. He was hers. It was a shame, really, to have that much beauty. The Gods could have divided up his thick eyelashes, strong features, striking purple eyes and delicious mouth among three boys, therefore giving more women a chance of happiness. But, she was no mere woman either. She was the firstborn Princess of Dragonstone. But, she still doubted herself and her protectiveness reached higher levels after her dornish cousins visited. She just prayed one day she would grow breasts like her cousin Arianne. When Ari visited the capital for Viserys nameday a few days ago, Aegon couldn’t keep his stupid eyes off her chest. And he practically drooled over the doe-eyed Tyrell girl from the Reach, not to mention their angelic Aunt Daenerys. She was more Targaryen than them all, with her being a fire-being prodigy and looking like a soon to be a silver deity of Valyria. But, Dany spent most her days moaning that she wanted to go to Winterfell as well with Jae, not interested in staying in the Capital to become a High Lady, or even worse, the Queen. It was all too messy in Rhae’s eyes. Her mother told her she would be the most beautiful women in the Kingdoms once she had blossomed, and since she was a child, Rhaenys fantasied her babies would be the Kings. But, after Arianne’s visit and Margaery’s looks. She had to make sure she would be Queen…

Their feet finally stopped as the soiled path ended, their eyes settling on a distant hut made of mud
and cracked bark which lurked in the shadows of two fallen redwoods, broken and rotted, leaning drunkenly against one another. Despite the light fire smoke wafting out, the dark mossy hut had an eerie mist lingering around the tall peaked roof, hiding the darkness within.

“Are you sure?”

Rhaenys smiled, “…Yes.”

“We shouldn’t go in.” Aegon stuttered, remembering he had left his training sword on the saddle of his horse. He knew his basic fire bending forms well but he wasn’t sure he could face whatever was inside.

“Of course we should,” Rhaenys tutted, pushing Egg on the shoulder and making him move so she could lead the way. She flourished her hand and brandished a goblet of fire from her palm, the leaf-like flames licking the tops of her delicate olive-skinned fingers, glowing bright orange in the shroud dark clearing. The sound of croaking frogs and the quiet hum of insects in their ears were replaced by the sound of their beating hearts, thumping quicker and quicker. Rhaenys moved the heavy vines that formed the opening, and they both entered the hut.

A small fire crackled under a black basin pot, the hum of flies lingering around it. The ground was littered with dirty clothes and sheepskins, rotten flesh still stuck to the fluff, the tent ceiling was patchy and frayed, strung with mouldy bones and numerous carton jars hanging down on strings. Some jars held fireflies inside, some held vermin with wiry tails, some had mouldy eyeballs inside,
some vials of potion screaming scarlet inside and one jar was mysteriously empty. A poisonous curse lurking within.

Aegon’s eyes looked everywhere but he quickly settled on a limp figure in the shadows, he clenched his fists in fear. The warmth inside his palms was in stark contrast to the plummeting cold feeling in his stomach. The anticipation of the witch waking up and finding them was like cold water running down his spine. Rhaenys screamed when she walked headfirst in a cob wed as large as a horse’s head.

The witch’s eyes flew open. “…Get out.”

The woman was squat and wart-like, with crusty yellow eyes, no teeth and pale green jowls. “…Get out!” She repeated in her croaking accented voice.

Aegon got in basic fire formation, raising his blazing orange fists and lowering his knees a little, his calves were tense and his whole body for that matter was frozen, he hated how his voice went weak. “Let’s go, Rhaenys.”

“No,” Rhae smirked as if they were both stupid; she stepped in front and placed a calming hand on Aegon’s palm, making him slowly extinguish his flaming wrists.

“Listen to your brother.” The witch murmured, watching Aegon closely before meeting Rhaenys gaze, her beautiful red-scaled dress muddy at the hem and the black tendrils behind her ears kissing her cheeks as she shook her head, maintaining an indignant glare at the witch.

“…They said you were terrifying, with cats teeth and three eyes. You’re not terrifying, you’re boring.” Rhaenys stated, crossing her arms in confrontation. Aegon quirked his eyebrows in disbelief at his sister from behind her shoulder, shocked at her audacity to insult a scary witch without their fire-guard and Kings Guard in toe.

“You don’t know what I am,” Maggie whispered, leaning her bony head forward obtusely from her sitting position.

“I know you’re a witch, a foul-smelling one at that, but you can see the future. Tell me mine.”

The witch’s stern frog-like face turned into an uncomfortable cackle, running her yellow eyes
around the tent before fixating them back on the bold Princess. “You’re not the first pretty girl to come wandering into my home, demanding her future be told. I had to move from the Westerlands all the way into the Kings Wood, to avoid pretty girls like you. Now, years later, another comes to my doorstep and not just any child, but a dragon. Two dragons,” Maggie whispered, tilting her head and licking the outsides and corners of her dry mouth in an obscene way; watching the little prince closely aswel.

“Our father is the Fire-Lord. The King of the Seven Kingdoms. This is his land, our land.” Rhaenys confirmed uncrossing her arms and moving to look down at the dirty witch, “…tell us our future, witch, or I will have you burned alive.” Rhaenys stated lazily.

The witch tried her best to keep a genuine smile plastered on her wrinkled face, “…blood.”

She wrung out a short dagger, black and jagged, spinning it in her palm and thrusting it into Rhaenys’s hands. “…give me a taste.”

Aegon widened his eyes alarmed, swallowing hard as Rhaenys’s eyed the dagger as if actually considering it.

“…Both of us?” She asked.

The witch shook her head, “…you both share the same blood, the same fire and came from the same woman’s womb. Only a drop from one of you…” Aegon immediately stepped forward, he loved his big sister and he wouldn’t allow her beautiful skin to be scarred by some witches blade. Rhaenys smiled softly at her brother’s compromise and nodded, she watched him slowly cut the tip of his thumb, a trickle of blood oozing from his flesh.

The witch immediately moved and latched onto his pale digit, like a babe would a mother’s teat. Aegon grimaced when her sticky tongue lathered his finger, holding her eyes on his before popping off. She closed her eyes, tasting the power in the Kings blood with relish before slowly opening her yellow eyes, “Two question’s, each.”

Rhaenys instantly stepped forward, “…will I be Queen?”

“You will a Queen, for some time at least. Until you become a more, much more. The black power will riddle your bones and you will finish men with only your eyes.”
Rhaenys blinked her dark purple eyes in confusion and knotted her beautiful brow, not completely satisfied with the answer. “So, I will marry my brother and bear his children?”

“…Your brother’s heart will be yours and your husband’s will be the most powerful fire bender. The very salt and air he breathes will bend to his will. Your children will conquer cities and salt fields, but peace, peace will open at the close on the field of prongs and violet dew…”

“…how many children will we have?” Rhaenys asked excitedly, glancing at Aegon who also couldn’t look happier as he threaded his small hand inside her hand.

“Two questions only. That was the agreed price.” Maggie said flatly, turning to the small gallant Prince. “…Speak your wishes, Fire Prince?”

Aegon stumbled on his words, unsure what to ask as his innocent tone lingered in his words, “…will I be a good King?”

“King or not. You will be a great Fire-Lord, and, you will be a soiled man cursed to restore his honour, an honour to be found when the sun rises in the west and sets in the east, when the mountains blow in the wind and the seas run dry with earth. Only then will the red star truly be yours. A King may not be your destiny little boy…”

“What is my destiny?” Aegon mumbled, infuriated.

The witch leaned back, tasting the blood on her tongue again before she raised her crinkled jaw in shock, “… You will be the one to kill the chosen one. The being whose very limbs are water and earth and air and fire. The one they once called the Avatar. The promised wanderer that vanished a thousand years ago in the longest night. The only one that can cast House Targaryen to the depths of the sea and bring balance. Your destiny is to find him. When your name is only a whisper in the East and the green light flashes before your eyes far beyond the Northern Wall, it will signal the returned soul and your course will be set, the chosen will come to you, you need not find him. Banished Prince, you will burn your enemies with the power of a hundred suns. You will lay with the silver storm and you will dance with the worms before the snow falls. You will dine in hell and gold shall be your crown, and when your tears have drowned you. The Háedar and her purple stare shall wrap her hands about your pale white throat and choke the life from you.”

The witch started cackling at him, her bony sharp finger pointing at him in a haunting manner.
Rhaenys stood in front of him protectively, “…This chosen one, this Avatar. That is a mere wet nurse’s tale used to frighten children. Just like the story about the wight walkers, or like the stupid story about the rat cook or the tale of giants that once stood as tall as trees. Don’t listen to her, Egg. We are dragons. We piss on your prophecy, old woman.” Rhae spat, taking her brothers arm and pulling him out into the clean air. Aegon agreed with her. The screams of the witch inside the hunt haunted their ears every day since after a royal fire galleon burned the witch alive at first light the next day, by order of the Crown Prince and his sister.

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Aegon awoke with a start, his purple eyes blotched and his lean muscled chest that was covered in light silver curls glistened with sweat. He inhaled deeply, mindful not to make too much noise as he hoisted himself against the headboard of the grand feathered bed. Looking sideways, he blinked softly at the intruding morning sun that barely peaked over the eastern horizon, the dark morning light wafted through the open terrace and through the dusty linen curtain which draped the open balcony. The dark dawn and dry air of Pentos still felt stale against his mouth, he preferred the humid blackwater shores of the capital or the cool winds on Dragonstone, a visit to the ancient obsidian fortress was a mere dream now in their exile.

Egg glanced down at his sister, her naked body snuggled deep at his side. Rhaenys lay on her back in deep slumber, thoroughly ravished, her voluptuous legs pressed together like a mermaid’s tale and her beautiful feet adorned with gold toe rings encrusted with diamonds. Her olive-skinned body radiated in the pale yellow sunlight that crept into their room. She snored softly, her limp soft hands at her side smoothed over the warm imprint of his body that he left, her long silky black mane reaching past her bone tail and threaded between her plump arse cheeks underneath her.

A sweet scent rose from her parted plump lips and around her gorgeous neck, weaved with the scent of her alluring perfume, she wore a simple Valyrian steel chain that held a flawless white diamond, heavy and portly. It glinted in the light with a slight pink and gold hue. A wondrous stone found in the heart of the volcano on Dragonstone and worth the prince of eight Valyrian steel swords and more. The Iron Bank once offered to buy it from Queen Alysanne, who wore it for her brother on their wedding day, their price was eight hundred million gold dragons but they were easily refused. The stone named, The Jewel of Alysanna, was to be always worn by the current Princess of Dragonstone and now, the jewel sat between Rhaenys’s bosom and her pillowed breasts were fanned out over her chest enticingly, her large dark nipples stained with dry milk that oozed from the erect tips. She was a Goddess. And he knew he made the right decision of leaving his birthright and choosing something that belonged to him more than a birthright. His sister.

As much as he wanted to roll her over and have his way with her, Egg let her sleep, reaching over her to the side table for her chalice, he sipped the arbour gold that had gone warm and dry over the night. He wet his lips as he thought about his reoccurring memory that haunted him from childhood. He remembered every word, every sound and every taint in the wood witch’s yellow hollow eyes.
He sighed deeply, his gaze unfocused as he ran his hand through his hair in thought. Everything the damn witch spoke of was coming true. He was now a banished prince. He wanted nothing more than to return home and restore his honour. But, he couldn’t do that after he neglected his duty and burned half of Kings Landing down in his attempt to flee with the love of his life. They had disappeared from their duties, from their scandalous marriage betrothals and more so, from the realm for over a year now. They had broken everybody’s hearts to save their own. Going from free-city to city, shelter to shelter, inn to inn; not staying too long in case a fire nation loyalist found them or a bounty hunter spotted a reward. His name, Aegon Targaryen, had become *just a whisper in the East*.

And Aegon hadn’t told anyone, not even Rhaenys. That no more than a moon ago, he had witnessed something miraculous. In the dead of night, he was lounging on the terrace while everyone was inside, brooding his sister called it. And while he watched the northern desert, the sand and rock landscape dotted with cacti and wiry brush under the glowering full moon. He saw the *flash of green light* before his eyes. If his geography was right, it came from the northwest horizon over the shimmering sea. The direction was the sea passage to the Northern Wall, in other words, the edge of the world. “…a signal of a returned soul.” Egg murmured, thinking of this so-called chosen one that was prophesied to come to find him. A chance to regain his honour by killing the avatar.

But, his mind weighed heavily on the last part of the witch’s words, it was the part that had confused him all through his childhood growing up. …*you will dine in hell and gold shall be your crown, and when your tears have drowned you. The Háedar and her purple stare, shall wrap her hands about your pale white throat and choke the life from you.*

“…little sister.” He murmured to himself in deep thought, his gaze unfocused. That was the common tongue translation to the Valyrian word, *Háedar,* it meant little sister, but why would his little sister choke the life from him? How could his little sister, choke the life from him, was the better question? Visenya was a sweet soul, a naïve one and loving to all life and laughter. She would never hurt him nor him her. He loved little Senya. And the fact was, she was half a world away and no threat to him. And even if she was, he was the best fire bender in the family. Apart from his father of course and the fire bending prodigy of the family, his beautiful Aunt.

No, the prophecy couldn’t refer to Visenya, his little sister didn’t have a purple stare. His little sister’s eyes were the colour of stormy skies, pure grey steel faring after her mother’s side. The Stark Skin changer’s or more known as, the ancient Northern water tribe of Winterfell. And the only sister he had, with purple eyes, was laying right next to him but she was his big sister? Her beautiful neck baring his teeth marks and the deep valley of heaven between her legs leaking his seed.

Aegon slowly turned his head to rest on Rhaenys beautiful form. Even though, she was older than him, many lords and ladies thought Aegon was the older sibling for his mature nature and gallant
form, and she was the younger one despite her controlling nature. She would never betray me, he thought. All he needed was to clear his head, the reoccurring night terror reminding him he must train. Train hard for the coming chance to kill the chosen one, the one kill that would restore his honour and take them all home. That will restore his birthright with his true Queen by his side.

Aegon leaned down and tilted Rhaenys chin towards him to kiss her sweet lips, tender and possessive, he pressed his lips to hers softly. Her tongue softened and she hummed sleepily as her brother’s tongue tasted her saliva and caressed her cheek. After a moment, Rhaenys blinked her alluring eyes open and found nothing but an empty room, seeing nothing but the dry air and flecks of dust wafting lazily in the golden rays while the morning sky slowly started to brighten.

Rhaenys heard a whimper and then the shrill crying coming from the bassinet from the adjoining room. She groaned internally and she slowly swivelled her supple thick thighs onto the edge of the bed and rubbed a hand across her face to get rid of the last remnants of sleep. She gave herself two more seconds before pushing herself up, the priceless chained jewel bouncing on her bosom and shining beautifully against her skin.

“…Mama’s coming, Daeron.”

_The Sword in the Morning_

“Do you ever think what would have happened that day?”

Arthur leaned back in his chair, resting his warm jasmine tea on his arm-rest before raising his brow. “…What day?”

Ned smirked over the brim of his horn of northern ale, slowly sitting it back down on the oval table in the common room they were both still in, resting the captain’s quarters after supper. Everyone had left for their beds and the dark skies were kind under the ship’s stern, the dark waters and gentle sway pushing the great water-tribe galley further south under the night summer skies. The air was getting warmer every day they journeyed to King-Landing and they would finally enter the blackwater at dawn.

 “…the day I found Lyanna on her birthing bed in Dorne. At the gates of the Tower of Joy where I thought for certain I would have to fight the Sword in the Morning to the death, the infamous Targaryen King-guard from House Dayne.”
Arthur chuckled, his strong jaw prickly with grey stubble and his bold indigo eyes tired. “…You mean the day I decided to stand aside and let the young skin-changer of Winterfell pass? Yes, I remember.” Arthur smiled softly, gazing absently at the clutter of wax candles in the middle of the messy table between them that lit the large dark room with a yellow hue.

Ned smirked sadly at the memory, “No water for either of us to bend, remember. The dornish desert was a scorching graveyard for any northerner. My question is why? Why did you put your sword down and let me pass that day? You are sworn to protect a Targaryen new-born babe from any threat and at the time, I would have been seen as a threat to any southerner. I played a part in the rebellion just as much as Robert and his earth benders?”

Arthur sipped on his jasmine tea, humming delightfully as he swirled the tealeaf with the tops of his fingers.

Ned watched Arthur fail to reply and grew impatient, “…I don’t think Catelyn would have suited being a widow. Answer my question Arthur, why did you do it?”

The middle-aged Knight slowly replied, “…I did it for her, she said you were a desperate good man and no threat to anyone but to yourself.” He said simply.

“…Lyanna.” Ned breathed thankfully, not shocked at all his sister had probably saved his life against Ser Arthur Dayne.

“Ashara…” The Knight corrected, glancing up and meeting Ned’s now shocked gaze. “…I know your affair with my sister, Stark. I know the stillborn she bled out nine moons after the Harrenhal tourney was your daughter.”

Ned swallowed hard and narrowing his eyes at the dornish knight, that acted more northern now since his short time living beyond the Wall with Jaehaerys. Accept for his unbelievable tolerance and need for fine tea. “How did you..?”

Arthur leaned forward, pushing the clutter of bowls and plates that were used earlier for the evening meal for all their family and company, away from him. He placed his finished basin cup down, meeting Ned’s cold eyes. “My sister told me. I wanted to cut you down and show no mercy even-though my Queen begged me not to kill her brother if he came. But, it was a letter from Ashara that squished my anger, she told me she was in love with you and not been taken advantage of. But, when you married at Riverrun. Ashara was alone, neglected by Westeros’s supposedly
most honourable man? Lyanna and I were there for her on our journey back to King Landing, and Lya told her to come to the Capital to be surrounded by family and she did, Ash has served as the Queen’s first lady in waiting ever since. She’s happy now. But, after all these years…she didn’t blame you, for some reason she loved you and kept her affair a secret from the realm.”

Ned slowly nodded in his chair, looking distantly at the embers in the hearth on the other side of the room with heavy arms and his shoulders pulled low.

Arthur watched him closely with his eyebrows raised, “My sister also told me she sent you raven after she lost the babe at Starfall. She wrote to you about the babe, she wrote to you how she lost it and that she needed you. She then told me, if Ned Stark of the Northern Water Tribe didn’t have the decency to even reply and say, no, she would swear to herself she would never speak to you again. You didn’t reply.” Arthur growled with his bold indigo eyes fierce in question and when Ned failed to answer, Arthur sighed heavily.

“…I’m glad, you don’t deserve her love and despite my sister’s refusal to every bleeding lord’s hand in the realm, I believe she has moved on. She’s never talked to you since.” Arthur pointed out, finishing his cup and standing up with an exaggerated groan, moving towards the door for bed.

Ned grimaced, the words tumbling out his mouth, “…Ash sent me a letter a week ago before we left Winterfell.”

Arthur blinked his eyes, dumb folded, turning around and crossing his arms as he squared up to Ned on his chair. “First, it’s Lady Ashara Dayne to you. Now, speak Lord Stark, why would my own sister send a letter to Winterfell addressed to you and not me?”

“Ashara wrote to me, warning me about the happenings in the Targaryen Capital. She says Rhaegar has changed.”

Arthur spoke with a slight head shake, “If my sister wrote to you for help? This is…”

“…Serious.” Ned agreed, standing up, “She says the courteous Fire-Lord has now grown bold and mad like his father Aery’s. Ashara said Rhaegar keeps his family locked in Maegor’s holdfast, he started this conquest over the iron-islands for nothing but greed and now, he struck his Queen. He hit my sister for trying to keep Visenya in the capital away from a wasted alliance for his conquest over the water benders of Pyke. Rhaegar thinks people see him as weak because he can’t control his kingdoms let alone his own children who fled east in exile. He sent assassins to find them alive or dead because people think him weak. And this weakness makes him dangerous, his mind is sick with the thought of traitors. And now…”
“Jon is in danger.” Arthur stated.

“Aye, my nephew has returned but is in open rebellion as a King. And if Rhaegar is already hunting two of his own children in the east, what will he do with one that has the title of King? What will he do if Jon doesn’t bend the knee when Rhaegar doesn’t believe in the Army of the Dead? Because you know as well as I do, he won’t.”

Arthur shook his head, raising his jaw loyally. “My King is a good man. He will listen to his son, he will believe in Jaehaerys.”

“…Like he believed in him when he found out Jaehaerys couldn’t fire-bend like a normal Targaryen when he shipped his own boy to me in the North all those years ago to hide his shame?”

Arthur swallowed hard, meeting Ned’s gaze in realisation at the severity the situation could become. He opened and closed his mouth before stuttering out, “I am sworn to my King, Ned. You know I can’t defend Jaehaerys if Rhaegar tries to execute him.” Arthur said, wringing his hands in fear.

“…why do you think I’m coming South,” Ned said softly, “My three hundred and I, will defend the boy if it comes to that.”

Arthur swallowed hard with a nod, hoping it won’t come to any of that.

“…I should have killed you that day outside the tower, then, Prince Jaehaerys may have never gone to ward in Winterfell and never gone north of the Wall to become a King of the Free-folk. It would have made things easier.” Arthur laughed softly, “…now he carries the burden.”

Ned nodded sadly, “…and now winter is coming.”

_The Reckless Silver Princess_

- The night skies clouded overseas, the day had been a long journey and they were less than a day
from the capital. Bolts of lightning and claps of thunder flashed above the blanket of misty clouds as if ice dragons fought above them with a silent summer rain showering down. Daenerys had been on the top deck while everyone was eating supper. She was practising some of her own new fire bending form’s, she had just made up, Ser Barristan and Brienn helping her with Samwell drawing the new moves into her diary. However, the session was quickly cut short when they were caught in a thunderous downpour of rain.

“Urrrhh” Dany moaned wanting to give up, wringing her damp silver hair free from the rainwater. Dany was now in her wooden room upbraiding her silver damp tresses and feeling miserable in her sodded snowy coat and red-scaled cape, she could hear the distant sound of the cabins around her, sailors and crew below drinking and eating. And because of the bad weather, it annoyed her even more.

“You look miserable,” Jon said with humour, peering in before closing the heavy door behind him and carrying two trays of piping hot stew and bread to her table. “Do you mind if I hide in here and eat with you? I really don’t fancy having Ygritte constantly eyeing me over the table in the common room.” He muttered more to himself.

Dany merely hummed, barely listening before she groaned again as the water kept dripping from her hair and she hung her head up in resign, “urrrhh!” She turned slowly from the old clucky looking mirror in the corner to him and glared at him. “I feel like a wet goat.” She tried to say angrily before giggling in annoyance at his laugh at her, turning back around to carry on focusing on untangling her hair.

“Well at least we’re not far now, one more day at most before we enter that snake-pit again,” Jon said, putting her tray of food down on the table and walking to the other side holding his own while trying to stop Ghost nipping at his bowl.

“You mean our dear home,” Dany replied pursing her lips at his husky expression and roll of eyes, a hairpin in her mouth as she fixed another pin into her hair, creating a messy but cute silver bun on top of her head in defeat before focusing on unclasping her snowy furred dress.

Jon went over to her fireplace, noticing the flames going low and pulling dry logs onto it carefully and allowing the flames to breathe. “Why are Brienn and Barristan not guarding your door,” he asked while turning the logs over.

“...I had to order Lady Brienn to get some rest and I had to order Ser Barristan to get something to eat before he goes on guard duty. I know there my sworn shields but they act like children thinking they don’t need food and rest like the rest of us.”
“I know what you mean, when me and Arthur were beyond the Wall at the beginning. We got stuck in a storm and found shelter in a cave. Arthur insisted he stand guard and when I woke, he had nearly frozen to death. I had to lie to him and say I’d eaten, so I could give him my share so he’d make a full recovery…” He stood up and turned back to her, his throat catching when he saw her. She had taken off her snowy furred cloak, leaving her in a fitted white linen shift that was pinched elegantly around her waist, and that fell all the way down to her adorable tiny knees. But, because of the rain, the white linen had almost gone see-through and he saw the petite womanly outline of her curves and he swore he saw her perfect creamy breasts shape out beautifully and her dusty pink nipples almost poking through the fabric.

“Dany!” he exclaimed after a long moment of staring, scrunching his eyes up and wheeling around to not look.

“What?” she squeaked in confusion, turning around quickly fearing something was wrong to only see him covering his eyes with his hands, “What?” She repeated with her hands now on her hips.

“Gods,” Jon breathed, peaking through and seeing she still hadn’t fixed herself, “Dany please put on some more clothes, your under-dress has…it has… I can see…” And he trailed off too embarrassed.

Dany looked down and indeed saw the wet white linen she wore now created a faint outline of her body beneath and she stumbled on her words. “Gods… I… Seven… hells.” She breathed, snatching up one of Jon’s parchment tunics that had, weirdly to him, found itself in her trunk; she pulled the baggy tunic over her head and it flowed down past her bum and to her adorable knees.

Dany smirked at his scrunched up eyes, it made him look like a scared wolf pup. “Alright, you can look at me now Jae.” And she turned back to the looking mirror to smooth out the baggy shirt, speaking over her shoulder, “and Gods, am I that hard to look at?” She grumbled with humour.

Jon gulped almost dropping his tray as he opened his eyes and looked at her womanly shape and the cute messy bun she made and wisps of silver hair that framed her gorgeous face and kissed her cheeks. “I… no… I mean yes…no, I don’t… O, shut up.” He eventually grumbled, plonking down on a chair to start eating his stew at their small table, his ears burning red.

Dany giggled at his boyish expression and felt a little shy at the same time, but she turned around and placed her hands on her hips as she watched him eat his stew, “well, Jon Snowborn. You saw me nearly naked. I think it’s only fair if I… if I… see you now.” Dany muttered out half shy and half emboldened.
And she pursed her lips when he nearly choked on his spoon and slurped a bit of broth on himself, snapping his head at her. “Huh?” He breathed with an open mouth, his unruly raven curls that sat just above his ears, effortlessly catching the yellow glow of the candles around the room.

“Yes,” she nodded seriously as if it was a business transaction, “You saw me half-naked…”

“Not my fault,” Jon corrected.

“Yes, but you did, and now I think we should call it even and you show me and Ghost, your… pee-pee…” Dany said in a sing-song tone, trying to keep serious with her hands on her hips, “don’t you think Ghosty, my love.” Dany added, talking to the snowy mammoth beside her before looking back at Jon seriously. And Ghost blinked his red ruby eyes at her contently before turning to Jon with a low growl, his husky face slightly snarled.

“O seven hells, you have him wrapped completely around your little finger, don’t you,” Jon grumbled shaking his head at Ghost’s deadly scarlet gaze and carrying on with his stew, ignoring her statement with red ears and ignoring Ghost’s faint growl which faded away after a few seconds into a soft whine.

Dany smirked and knelt by Ghost, who was lolling his tongue at her, “Ghosty is my dearest love. Aren’t you, my big furry bunny?” She purred to the white wolf that tilted his head and blinked contently for her scratches.

Jon huffed, “what happened to the fiercen direwolf that fought legions of dead men beyond the wall with me, this is your fault you know.” He said watching Ghost only roll on the floor purring for Dany, and he turned back to Dany, “you spoil him way too much.”

“Don’t change the subject, King beyond the Wall,” Dany said sternly with a smile, crossing her arms and gesturing him to remove at least one item of clothing to get even.

Jon tried not to notice how his parchment tunic failed to hide how her perfect plump breasts lifted up slightly underneath when she crossed her adorable arms, *she’s my best friend and for that matter, my Aunt, what are you doing?* He scolded himself internally.

“Jae?” Dany murmured, regaining his attention with a confused face.
“Is that my tunic?” he blurted out, changing the subject.

Dany was caught off guard and she was glad the room was relatively dim-lit because her cheeks burned. “I… no… Yes. And it’s mine now. I like it, it’s warm. Is that tomato stew…?” She murmured absently.

And she plonked herself on the chair opposite him on the small table and avoided his gaze as she took a spoon, dipping it in her stew and her lips gently blowing the heat away as she began to eat. It was quiet for a moment before she changed the subject again, glancing up “So are you finally going to tell me what Lyanna’s brother said to you in the crypts?”

Jon was glad for the change of conversation and things went back to normal as he began to tell her what happened, and he wasn’t shocked at her reaction to the end. “…and then, my Uncle proposed… that, we keep you in Winterfell as a guest. To give the North reassurance that…”

“He hoped to keep me a hostage?” Dany glared, her nostrils flared.

“Uncle Ned is only trying to keep his family safe, keep his own sister safe. He is an honourable man and…”

“Yes, an honourable fool.” Dany stated, “if and when Rhaegar found out that I was kept by the Northern water tribe in Winterfell…”

“That’s what I said, and Uncle Ned listened. I also told him you are no dainty bird that can be kept inside a cage, you’re a dragon. And he listened again and has trusted us to keep our family and the Stark family safe, he trusts me to convince my father of the real threat, the Night King.” Jon said simply dipping his bread in the soup and scoffing it in his mouth like a wolf. Dany was still angry but she didn’t know whether to laugh or cringe at his bad manners he developed in the North.

Jon glanced at saw Dany settle down thinking it all over and Jon was surprised at her next words, “I said no to Robb’s hand in marriage because I would have betrayed the King and betrayed my own feelings since I don’t like him like that. But, I should have said yes.”

“What?” Jon growled suddenly, a little too loud with his hands clenching the table unknowingly to him.
Dany watched his expression curiously, “what’s wrong with you?” Trying to calm him.

Jon collected himself, “I mean, my father would punish my mother’s family if you became Lady of Winterfell. You’re betrothed too…”

“I know, I know… it’s just, it was a way out. A way out from Viserys.” Dany said softly, leaning her cheek against her propped up palm as she stirred her soupy stew absent-mindedly.

Jon took her hand, giving her soft fingers a reassuring squeeze. “Dany, I know Viserys is annoying and you know… Viserys.” He said bluntly causing her to laugh a little before he continued, “But, you know he would never hurt you, right?”

Dany tried to put on a brave face, “That’s not the point Jon… I heard rumours from my dear friend Tyrion in Court. The whole capital has heard rumours for that matter, rumours that whisper Viserys has fathered a number of bastards. He has already made a fool out of me Jae, he doesn’t love me he just wants a trophy wife to hide away all his mishaps, he thinks himself a true-blooded Targaryen and thinks I complete him. Which I certainly don’t,” She mumbled, lacing her small fingers with Jon’s bigger hand before finding his dark purple gaze that watched her closely. He unnerved her in a way she didn’t know what to think and she relaxed a bit.

“How about we play a game?”

She pursed her lips at his consideration to distract her from those thoughts. “Alright, what do you have in mind, Jon Snowborn?”

He rolled his eyes at her tease, “what about…”

“Marry, Bed, kill!” Dany said automatically, wiggling in her seat excitedly to get more comfortable having habitually decided the game for them like they were children again.

“What?” He grunted.

“It’s a game Rhaenys showed me about in our visit to Dorne a few years ago. We invented it in the water gardens. I speak three names and you tell me which one you would rather, marry, bed or kill.”
“Of course Rhae invented such a game.” Jon breathed with humour drinking from his horn of ale.


“I don’t want to play.” Jon grunted.

“Come on,” Dany snorted, taking his horn of ale and raising her eyebrows, “Or do you prefer boys?” She giggled sipping his ale.

Jon laughed and he shook his head. “Ashara is like our Aunt. I can’t…”

“Don’t lie,” Dany quirked, “Rhaenys informed me when we were children, you and Egg had the biggest crush on her.”

Jon narrowed his eyes with a small smile. “Fine… I’d marry Ashara…”

“Of course,” Dany smirked, looking at him encouragingly to keep going while trying not to smile at how uncomfortable she had got the honourable fool.

“I’d bed Gwyneth and kill Myrcella.” He finished playfully.

“Aww… Myrcella is cute.”

“Aye, but her mother is Cersei, you would have her lording over you.” He added with a laugh, relaxing a little over the candle lit table, enjoying the moment with his best friend as she giggled and nodded with a laugh, her cute dimples and full lips making him cough out the heated thoughts he was having.

“Your turn… Arthur, Barristan or Jamie?” He laughed out, a little uncertain at his boldness.
“Ooh…” Dany giggled. “I would have to say, I’d marry my dear knight Ser Barristan of course, and buy him lemon cakes every day, it’s his favourite.” She informed him seriously and Jon smiled at her confidence, *she has played this game with Rhaenys a dozen times, that I know.*

“I would…” And she blushed at her thoughts with the kind of smile that consumed her face, crinkling the corners of her eyes. “Ooh… I would kill Ser Arthur just so I could boast I bested the Sword in the Morning.” She giggled out, making Jon hum in playful agreement as Dany tutted, “… and I would have to bed Ser Jamie I suppose.” She added, trying her best to make it out as if it was a horrible chore, even though it certainly wasn’t in her mind.

Dany gave a mischievous look, “Margaery Tyrell, Wyalla or the one and only Ellaria Sand?”

Jon gave a dumb look, a little uncomfortable, “Wyalla was my wet nurse Dany. Yours’s too.” He reminded.

“Stop being a prude.” Dany demanded with humour, mimicking something Rhaenys would say.

“Fine… I’d kill Margaery, marry Wyalla and bed… Ellaria Sa…” But he stopped when Dany started giggling at the thought, “Why are you laughing at me, this game is just for your amusement.” He concluded, giving up as he snatched his horn of ale from her and gulped the rest down.

Dany tried not to laugh as she petted Ghost’s big head on her lap, “I’m only kidding Jae, and I promise I will stop laughing. It’s just I knew you’d bed Ellaria, dornish women are the most beautiful. And if you think Ellaria is beautiful, wait until you meet your betrothed.” Dany winked.

Jon shook his head and after a few seconds he said, “I know a few girls that make Dornish women look like crones.” He replied huskily, bringing his gaze slowly from the table to her face.

Dany slowly felt a little hot as she watched him look at her deeply, and it was when the embers in hearth popped a little, they broke their gaze hurriedly and it became a little awkward. “Your go.” Dany muttered, wiping her sweaty palms on her thighs.

“Alright… Sam, Joffrey Baratheon or Quentyn Martell,” He laughed as Dany went from hopeful expression to cringing.
“Well, I’d definitely marry Samwell and we could read books together all day,” She thought innocently making him snort as she carried on rather bluntly, “I’d kill that spoiled brat Joffrey and… and bed Quentyn I suppose. He’s always trying to court me like a soppy fool so that would put him out his misery, I just wish he would wipe the saliva from the corners of his beaky mouth before he enters my chambers though.”

Jon cringed for her and Dany gave him a look that said- ‘I know!’

“Your turn… mmm… Ygritte, Darcey Mormont or… Eli…”

But Dany was cut off from a rapid knock on the door neighbouring her room, presumably Jon’s empty one.

And it was confirmed when they both heard a rough half-shout, “open up Jon Snowborn, I’m finally going to give you what you want. It could be our last chance before we reach your family and maybe I can meet them properly and tell them about us” Ygritte said happily from the corridor and they heard Ygritte knock again impatiently on the empty door opposite the one they were actually in.

Jon hung his head down and groaned to himself, “Speaking of the devil. How many times do I have to tell that girl?”

Dany glanced up quite shyly at Jon, “She seems eager to have you” She muttered, stirring her soup absently waiting for his response as she looked at her spoon.

“I’d rather Hodor.” He growled softly, making her snort with laughter and Dany gained some confidence as she met his deep gaze on her. “Then why don’t you just tell her to leave your pretty hair alone.” She teased.

Jon tried not to smile at her sardonic grin, “Firstly, I don’t have pretty hair and secondly, I’m kinda afraid she’ll shoot me full of arrows again if I break her delusion.”

“What!” Dany demanded, her cute button nose flared, “she shot you with arrows?”

“Aye, after I captured her, she automatically assumed I stole her and she stole me for some ridiculous Free-Folk reason. But, I told her I wasn’t interested and then, a few moons after, she
found me coming out the tent belonging the Wildling Princess, I got an earful and three arrows it so happened.” He muttered a little embarrassed as he took their shared horn of ale and took a swing.

“What can I say, I prefer blondes.” He tried to say playfully, trying to diffuse the situation that he admitted he bedded someone to a family member, “…hey, don’t judge me.”

Dany gave him a stern stare. She wasn’t judging him, she was no maid either after the time she spent in Dorne with Rhaenys but she wouldn’t tell him about that. “Still, her jealousy doesn’t give her the right to shoot you.”

“I feel sorry for her. She’s a jealous scary person, but she’s now one of my people. So I suppose she’s my jealous scary person.”

Dany hummed in agreement, slightly angry at the arrow story but angrier that Jon did lay with a Wildling Princess. What if he had a Targaryen Princess…?

Dany was pulled out her thought when Ygritte kept banging on Jon’s empty door, probably waking the entire ship.

“I have… We have to put a stop to this,” Dany said sternly again, standing up abruptly and walking to her trunk of clothes by the window. She plucked out a dark red silk robe, and tied it around her, her silver platinum hair blossomed over it and the red silk clung to her alluring petite body and Jon gulped.

“Where did you…” Jon started.

“A present from Elia,” She responded acutely, “Now get up and pick me up.” She said simply.

“What?” He grunted in confusion, with his northern accent.

Dany looked at him fiercely, “I’m helping you. Now get up and pick me up.” She repeated as if it was the simplest thing ever.

Jon burrowed his brow in a husky way, unsure what was happening as Dany stepped closer and ran
her soft hands around his neck and he hoisted her in his arms, her adorable supple legs dangling. He held her in under her arms and knees and she held his neck, “now take me to your room.” She said simply, looking at only the door and trying to ignore his musky scent.

Jon still didn’t know what was going on until they both helped each other pull open her door, finding Ygritte wheeling around to see him holding Dany all cute, in his arms.

“Excuse us, Jaehaerys and I wish to get reacquainted.” Daenerys said confidently while in his arms, gesturing to his doorway.

Jon swallowed hard when he realised the implications and the scene he had got himself into and he tried not to smell Dany’s gorgeous perfume that filled his nose. “You heard her Ygritte, excuse us.” Jon repeated for her, trying his best to not act surprised when Dany nestled her face in his neck.

Ygritte slowly stepped aside, glaring obtusely as she went her back to her guard post on the landing of the ship corridor with another Wildling sentry, holding her fuming tongue.

When the door to his room closed behind them, Dany immediately hopped out his arms and sat on his bed with Ghost who had followed silently, and she barely looked at Jon, too embarrassed. “You’re welcome,” she muttered in their awkward silence.

Jon looked at her and couldn’t help snorting, making her break out in laughter as well with that smile that consumed her face and crinkled the edges of her purple eyes.

“What would I do without you,” he smiled knowing Ygritte wasn’t a problem now.

“Not much my dear nephew.” Dany quipped back, feeling better when nothing seemed awkward as he put logs on the small hearth, the fire started to crackle. Dany was relaxing and heard familiar footsteps outside the door, which she knew it was Ser Barristan now he had eaten his supper. And she widened her eyes and sat up quickly in thought, “Jon, Ser Barristan is on guard on our doors now. What if he finds out I’m in here with..?” she whispered.

Jon cut her off, “Don’t worry Dany. You just sleep in my bed and I’ll sleep on the floor for a bit, at night when Ser Arthur changes shifts with Barristan, you can sneak back into your room, Ghost can sniff them out and tell us, won’t you boy.” And the Wolf blinked his ruby eyes in understanding, going to lay by the door.
A few hours had passed and they had given up waiting for Barristan to change shifts.

“You're being a fool,” Dany whispered, staring at the ceiling in the dark while lying on the single feathered bed, the moonlight sweeping through the curtains of the small room. The seas had calmed and it was way past midnight.

“What now?” He merely grunted sleepily on the floor by the fire with his back aching from the hard floorboards, his head resting on Ghost’s sleeping belly.

“Just get in the bed with me. I know your back in hurting.” She whispered in the dark.

“I’m fine.” He grunted, trying not to groan from the ache he had.

“You are not, so get your northern ass up here and share the bed. I don’t bite. Just come on Jae, I feel bad taking your bed and since you’re too stubborn to take it…”

“I’m the stubborn one?” He questioned with sleepy humour.

“Yes,” She confirmed stubbornly. “Now hurry up before I change my mind. We always used to share together when we were children?”

“We’re not children anymore Dany.” He muttered, now fully awake as he considered the thought of sleeping in the same bed as her and his breeches unknowingly tightened at the thought.

“You are.” She countered in the same childish manner.

It went quiet for a minute in the darkroom until he heard.

“Are you coming or not.” She whispered, breaking the uncomfortable silence.

“Fine,” He countered and he pushed himself up, and trudged carefully in the dark before he
swivelled himself into the bed and got under the scratchy covers with her, trying not to touch her as they lay in the single bed a little cramped. “Happy?”

Dany pursed her lips, one eye peeking at him as the other side of her beautiful face lay scrunched in their shared pillow. “Happy.” She confirmed, closing her eyes and going to sleep contently.

Jon rolled his eyes when he felt her tiny feet wrap around his own to keep her own feet warm. It was a thing she used to do when they were children and it always annoyed him. *The only reason she wants me to share the bed with her is so I can keep her feet warm.*

“You’re staring is rather distracting,” Dany hummed out sleepily, her angelic face not giving anything away as snuggled further in the pillow with her eyes still shut.

Jon glanced up at the dark ceiling quickly, “Sorry.” He murmured not knowing what to say.

Dany smiled in their pillow, “You need to be focused for tomorrow in the Throne Room since there will be a lot of people you have to convince. So, you definitely need your beauty sleep.” She teased sleepily.

“Well, don’t wear that perfume tomorrow. It’s distracting...” He said before he could stop himself and his ears burned red when he realised what he said and when he felt her finally open her eyes in surprise, her rosy lips pursed.

“But he trailed off when she hummed sleepily over him, apparently now not bothered. He turned his head back to her slowly, their faces only inches away and he felt her delicate sweet-scented breath on his nose as he looked at her sleepy closed eyes.

“You’ll help me, won’t you?” Jon softly said, his voice vulnerable at the thought of returning to the capital.
Dany snuggled further into the pillow and more closer to him, not opening her eyes as she whispered softly, “Always.”

And Jon couldn’t will himself to move his feet away or his eyes away from her; he just stared at her sleeping face for the rest of the night and watched her chest breathe up and down under the panels of moonlight.

*I can’t believe how I forgot, how much I actually love you Dany...*

**The Banished Crown Prince**

The sandstone streets of Pentos were busy with trade and dancing with rhythms of different dialects and languages. The streets were so vibrant they looked like ribbons of colours and the continuous stampede of feet in the maze of streets created a perfect place for tribes and people around the eastern continent to make a living. The eastern sun radiated and wafted the specs of dust in the dry air, giving a sandy, gritty feeling the sweltering heat. The heat exposing waves of powder that misted around the pointed tops of the square bricked towers littered around the immense city which was surrounded by massive high walls.

In the outskirts of Pentos, far from most eyes, sat a colossal manse ingrained into the city wall, the biggest in the city with a clear view of the bay of Pentos. The manse had yellow brick walls twelve feet high with only three heavily guarded gates with iron spokes atop. At the tops of the silver grated gate, that was adorned with a maze of golden metal knobs, stood two plump unsullied sentries, clad in parchment leather armour and dusty helms. Their thin spears were virgins to blood and stood lazily by their sides but the eunuchs hadn’t forgotten their thirst in the claws of death. The Unsullied were known for their precision in the battle-field, from the moment they were stripped from their mother’s breast they were trained in the art of killing and knew how to butcher any man, bender or not.

The stronghold itself, despite being a mammoth’s lair, had very little unsullied stationed around each corner and was quite vulnerable with the tall gate open to any fine wine merchant or lysene whore seeking an honest payment. The entire place for that matter was naive in their protection choosing to rely on their wealth to maintain prosperity and avoid conflict with approaching Khalassar’s or any other host. In other words, the city of Pentos was known for its inability to protect themselves, relying on sell-sword companies and their wealth.

Aegon could feel the beads of sweat running down his bareback, his long silver mane tied loosely behind his sharp ears and his purple eyes narrowed, watching the two unsullied point their rattan spears at him, approaching with discipline. One quickly charged and the other threw his glinting
He swivelled his shoulder and ducked the spear and leapt on one leg in a sideways manner between them, flourishing a direct fire blast at the charging soldier, it dissipated before contact, and he span his legs and landed on his feet on the opposite side. Holding his slightly tanned forearms at them like sabres, his fists clenched and face snarled and every breath he took tightened his defined bare abdominals.

“No.” Connington breathed, “…power in fire-bending comes from the breath, not the muscles, the breath becomes energy in the body and the energy extends past your limbs and becomes fire!” Jon declared, jabbing a strong blast from his own hands in demonstration. “…fire is alive, Prince Aegon, remember what happened in Westeros and channel that anger.”

Aegon rolled his eyes and ignored the queer fool, wheeling around and watching the two unsullied approaching again, he spoke over his shoulder. “…they don’t call me the Dragon’s Jaws for nothing, Connington.” Egg spat and got back into a fighting stance, watching the eunuchs do the same. Both soldiers charged and he simply breathed deeply before he brought his arms down in a striking motion, opening his jaw and a tornado Gulf Stream of fire erupted between his lips, causing one soldier to roll out the way behind his shield but the other leapt too late, and crumpled in agony from the melting heat.

Aegon relaxed his forearms, his lightly muscled chest calming as he extinguished the fire blast, standing straight and wiping the sweat from his brow. The unsullied solider opposite had fallen, clutching his side in agony and as his dusty parchment-coloured leather armour pared away into mere shreds and tatters from the heat of the prince’s fire. The sobs of pain from the soldier that was foreign to his ears slowly quietening to whimpers of death.

Illyrio clapped his sticky palms from the upper balcony. His overhanging belly chuckled under the orange linen tunic adorned with myrish lace that matched the gold bangles on his fat wrists. The spice magister watched the prince extinguish his flames after a brutal attack from afar. “Fine work, Prince Aegon. You certainly proved me wrong! I have never seen an unsullied warrior acknowledge pain. This one, was one of my finest eunuchs.” Illyrio stated with a boisterous laugh, scratching his long brittle nails on the back of his plump neck as he watched the limp slave be carried away.

Aegon remained unimpressed and started stringing his loose tunic back over his sweated chest. “…Every man knows pain.” He muttered.

His friend and advisor, the also exiled, Ser Jon Connington walked slowly around Aegon in the lower courtyard, ignoring the small victory of his student and inspecting his form, “…again.”
Aegon wheeled around at his master infuriated, pointing at Jon’s lined leathery face, whose hair and beard was a fiery red and stood in contrast to his grey cloak and shawl around his shoulders. Egg pointed at him accusingly, “…Enough! I’ve been drilling this sequence all day, teach me the next set. I’m more than ready!”

Egg shouted, remembering the time he visited the girl’s Fire Academy in the Dragon-Pit in Kings Landing a few months before they left year ago. He remembered the shock around the entire city when he saw his Aunt Daenerys conjure the cold-blooded fire at such a young age. His pure blooded Targaryen Aunt was a fire bending prodigy. Egg remembered how he placed a false smile of envy on his face when their entire family, apart from the King who wasn’t present and his lost younger brother of course, hugged Dany in congratulations. Aegon remembered how he didn’t know whether he wanted more to hate his beautiful aunt or if he wished to fuck her senseless, and call her his fire queen. The future Dragon-Queen. His elder sister quickly settled that notion that night in their chambers by soothing his balls and riding him to bliss like a dornish stallion. He came out of the bitter memory when Connington spoke.

“…No, you are impatient. You think your mighty breath of fire makes you a master.” Connington’s blue eyes were fierce as he placed his hands behind his back in a straight posture. “You still have to master your basic forms.”

Egg narrowed his striking purple eyes at the fool, “…I burned down half the City-watch when my sister and I escaped Westeros. So, watch your tongue or I will cut it out!”

Jon was clever enough to not roll his eyes as he simply bowed his head and Illyrio nodded solemnly in agreeance as he walked down the steps to meet them. “Well said, Prince Aegon. Now, I hoped to have a private word with my honoured guest, Lord Connington. I bring news from Westeros, shall we my Prince?” The spice Magister gestured with his hand extended towards the handsome path towards the outer gardens and he ignored the spiteful look from the Griffin of being dismissed.

Aegon dismissed his fire bending teacher and followed the Magister. Connington was a loyal friend of his but not a fire bending master. He needed to learn more advanced moves, he needed to learn how to conjure the cold blooded fire to grow powerful enough to return home, and he couldn’t learn how to do this from Jon Connington. The griffin was the former Commander of the City Watch before he helped him flee the city. He gave the Crown-Prince the scheduled rotas of her gold-cloaks to launch a precise attack to make sure they could escape the capital. Aegon knew why the Griffin helped him, the queer fool was in love with his father and knew how the Red-Witches controlled him. Connington decided the best way to help Rhaegar was to help his heir escape and not become a pawn, to help him grow powerful enough to cleanse the West of the red Priestesses and if Rhaegar was truly lost, remove the King himself. Despite Connington’s aid and help, he was only useful to an extent. Aegon needed a real fire bending master willing to teach him. There was only a handful of fire bending masters in the realm. Rhaegar, Kinvara, Lady Melisandre
and a few other red witches, Ser Gerold Hightower and Ser Beric Dondarrion were also. And his grandmother was also one and his beautiful Aunt was probably one now as well.

Aegon walked out to the inner courtyard and under the pointed flower arches towards the outer tiled courtyard that led to the more extensive garden, littered with vines of cherry trees. Aegon walked to the marble pool fountain in the middle with a statue of a naked boy in its centre, and he sat on the edge and cupped water onto the back of his pale neck that glistened under the Pentoshi sun. Aegon felt the magister also sit on the edge of the white marble fountain and he tried not to roll his eyes at the lingering of Illyrio’s presence. “…I want to thank you for all you’ve done for us, magister.”

Illyrio chuckled softly, “…it’s the least I could do for a Targaryen Prince of the west. Anyone who shares my hate and mistrust for the Red-Priestesses of Asshai are welcome in my home. Especially the rightful heir to the Iron-Throne I dare say.” Illyrio said with twinkling eyes.

Egg swallowed the bitter taste in his mouth, his nose twitching a little before he met the Magister’s eyes. “…when I come to my Throne, I swear I will cleanse the realm from the red witches and their lies and deceit, with fire and blood. Hear me when I say this.” Aegon emphasised, remembering how the head priest, Kinvara, stood behind his father in the Throne room whispering in his ear. He remembered when his father then refused his hand to Rhaenys, calling her a whore for luring his first born into her maiden bed. Despite Aegon’s refutes that he loved his sister and would not marry anyone but her, his father insisted he marry the Tyrell girl for an alliance with the Reach. To supply to grain and harvests for his armies for his future wars of conquest.

Aegon knew his duty as crown-prince and at first accepted it, Margaery Tyrell was a cunning witch according to Rhae and he partially agreed with her even though the doe-eyed beauty was certainly not hard to look at. He remembered how he held a crying Rhaenys in his arms in those sleepless nights. At that time they felt their time together was ephemeral and soon to be short-lived. She swore to him she would never forgive their father, that she would only carry his bastards if need be and not be some broodmare for the sickly Lannister cunt, Joffrey. Rhaenys was a hot-blooded dornish women and not just a dragon, she was not scared to voice her opinion. The thought of that cunt touching Rhaenys had been a constant ache in his chest but the thought of not waking up to his sister’s face in the morning, not calling her his Queen, hurt just as much. And when his mother found him in the middle of the night in a desperate manner, telling him Varys informed her, that rumour has it that Rhaenys was to be sent to the Silent sister’s if she didn’t keep her ending relationship with him discrete. Aegon than had enough, promising his mother they would return for her one day before he and his sister fled the capital, fled to Essos to be together. Their escape being far from discrete.

“…Good. But, you and your sister are in exile, Prince Aegon? As much as I adore your company and presence in my home, when will you return? When will you take your Throne?”
Aegon narrowed his eyes at the spice magister, “I will try my best not challenge my father! He is just weak in his trust… The witches that whisper in his ears and sway his counsel are to blame for the treachery!” Aegon growled, calming his tone before adding, “…I left my duty as Crown Prince to protect my sister, now we’re both in exile. So, to return home I will have to restore my honour. I have to give my father something more important than my head. Like the avatar…”

The magister sighed, having heard this dream on a daily basis now, signalling a nearby slave clad in a parchment robe and the servant bowed and offered the basket of fruit she held. Illyrio plucked a red grape from a bunch, waving the servant away as the juices trickled down his fat lips. He turned back to the glowering Prince, “…forgive me, Prince Aegon. But, the avatar is a mere myth in Essos. One of many tales crones and whores tell, like the ludicrous tale of Wight-Walkers that once shrouded the realm in darkness or the story of krakens that pillaged the devil’s sea. In the East, the myth of the chosen one that can master all four elements is nothing but a child’s…”

“…it is the same belief in the West, magister. The legend of the avatar is only a story wet-nurses tell their children to fall asleep. But, when I was a boy, I was told a prophecy, a vision that I was to find the avatar, that it was my destiny to find the chosen one who is the bridge to our realm and the Gods. I had a prophecy that I was to kill him in the name of House Targaryen. Targaryen’s answer to no man nor Gods. ”

“You shouldn’t believe in those Red Priestesses and their fire visions…” Illyrio bored on.

Aegon stood up in anger, towering over the hairy man clad in fine orange linens. “This was by no servant of Rhollor or damn warlock! The prophecy spoke of many things, things that have already come true! My destiny is to kill the Avatar for my father, and I will return home with open arms. I will restore my honour with my sister at my side and we will be accepted, I will ascend my Throne after making my father proud.”

“…what if that is not enough, my Prince? What if the Red-Witches have truly blinded him to see the Avatar’s head is more valuable than his banished son?”

Aegon’s nose twitched and his protruding purple yes glared at the glowering sun, now high in the skies, he closed his eyes in the heat. “…if my father is still blinded to what I will give. I will still return to the shores of my homeland one day. I will train harder than any fire bender in my time in Essos, and when I’m ready. I will defeat my father in trial by combat, an Agni Kai my Valyrian forefather’s called it and I will defeat him and take my Throne by force. I’ll do it to save the realm from the claws of the red priestesses, to protect Rhaenys and our babe, to protect our family. We will never be safe in exile with the name, Targaryen. The family name itself breathes fire and blood.”

“…It seems your family is growing bigger every day.”
Aegon stopped his lingering brood to actually pay attention to the fat magister.

“The news from Westeros, Prince Aegon. My spies say your brother, Jaehaerys Targaryen, has returned from the dead. Your lost brother whom many believed dead has now been confirmed as alive and well, bringing a white wolf beast with him.”

Aegon broke into a genuine smile of relief, laughing heartily as he leaned back on the fountain ledge and he sighed deeply with happiness. “…Jaehaerys. Tell me more Magister, please…”

Aegon’s smile faltered when Illyrio added, “…Your brother has returned as the King beyond the Wall it seems, bringing an army of Wildlings and savages on his back my little birds say. The black dragon is currently in open rebellion with such title. I’m sure he will be forced to bend the knee.”

Aegon swallowed hard for a second, “…that’s not what’s important, what’s important is that my brother’s alive and going home where he belongs.”

Illyrio didn’t share the Prince’s enthusiasm, “…my Prince. Jaehaerys is the second son of the Crown. You, on the other hand, are banished. He is now next in line for the Iron-Throne. I know you are prepared to confront your father in conflict if your quest for the Avatar doesn’t go as planned, but are you prepared to face your brother as well in combat?”

“…I love my brother and he loves me. I will never have to face Jae, he will be loyal to me when the time comes. Anyway, you realise Jaehaerys can’t fire bend. He can never assume the seat as Fire-Lord and ascend the Iron-Throne. He is too weak and Viserys is the next option, but my Uncle is no better than a simple fire-guard when it comes to ruling. My father will have to accept me back with the blood of the Avatar on my hands, or his blood will also be on my hands.” Aegon stated coldly.

A servant quickly approached, clad in simple robes and calloused bare feet, holding a sealed scroll and news that the afternoon theatre stands had arrived. Illyrio took the sandy scroll and shooed the servant away, opening it. Every word the old man started to read, his face became even paler until he had a sickly complexion.

“Is everything alright, magister?”

“Of course, of course, Prince Aegon… Just… just, another trade issue, nothing to worry about.”
He managed out calmly but he avoided the prince’s gaze, trying to look untroubled.

Egg narrowed his eyes, “very well, magister. My sister and I planned to take a trip into the City today, to buy some things for my son and supplies needed for our journey for the avatar. We will leave in a few moons when Daeron is on normal food. Don’t worry. We will be very discrete today and we’ll be back before nightfall, no one will notice…”

“Of course,”” Illyrio boomed, poncing on the situation with an eager nod and he abruptly stood up, “…I suggest you take little guard with you, don’t want to draw attention to yourselves. Now, excuse me, Prince Aegon. My theatre awaits me in the manse.”

“Enjoy your theatre, Magister.” Aegon murmured, standing up and going to find his sister to tell her the good news.

_The Targaryen Temptress_

“…Daeron.”
“Sweetie, come to Mama. You need to be fed.” Rhaenys cooed.

Daeron was sat in the middle of the floor surrounded by cushions and blankets, a pinned diaper on his smooth bottom and his chubby fingers wavering around her hairbrush as he chewed on the handle. He drooled and blew bubbled from his mouth but at the sound of his mother’s voice, he turned to her and giggled. He squeezed on his concentrating face and rolled on his tummy before he pushed himself up on his little hands to crawl to her, his tufts of silver hair falling over his small dark purple eyes and causing him to blink in interest at the wisps over his eyes. But, his big eyes focused back on his mother and he continued crawling to her while he made jumbled sounds of “…mama”.

Rhaenys smirked, glancing back in the looking-glass at her reflection, looking at the lysene handmaid behind her who smiled as well while combing her hair. “…you see, Doreah, my baby boy is just like his father when it comes to his feeding time,” Rhaenys tutted with a smirk, picking up her baby under his chubby arms when he reached her and sitting him in her lap.

“You can’t get enough of mama’s breasts, can you?” Rhae cooed, untying her loose silk black robe and freeing her right breast. Her baby snuggled against her warmth and latched on to her dark nipple within seconds, his eyes drifting shut in content.

Doreah walked around to the wardrobe, holding up a long yellow dress-gown, buttery and silky, that was lined with black myrish lace on the hem and middle, small velvet buttons on the sandy silk. “If you plan to take a trip into the city today, Princess, I suggest this new dress gifted by Magister Illyrio. And I can get a matching head wrap for Daeron to cover his silver hair like Prince Aegon does. It will fit nicely.” Doreah hinted with a smile, laying the clothes on the fresh linens on the bed that warmed from the protruding sun. Rhaenys was for once glad she wasn’t born with the famous Targaryen silver hair, it drew too much attention and Aegon hated to hide his hair away in public. It amused her every time to see her brother with a silly headwrap over his gorgeous hair.

Rhaenys was about to thank the almond-eyed beauty but her brother stormed into the room, his loose parchment tunic exposing a plunging v down his sweaty abdominals and his straight silver gold mane, tied behind his ears and it ran down to his tailbone.

“My love, I have good news.”

Aegon said softly, resting his beautiful eyes onto his sister who was nursing their son and he looked down at the babe in her lap proudly, he walked over and caressed his son’s delicate head. Daeron’s bright purple eyes and button nose perked up and gazed at his father momentarily, and he laughed, unlatching and thinking it was playtime now his father was here. Rhaenys tutted and turned slightly to block Aegon out of view, encouraging her baby to finish drinking and Daeron’s eyes slowly drifted shut again. Doreah busied herself at the copper bathtub in the corner,
sprinkling fine salts and lavender spices into it while making sure the water was scalding hot like the Princess liked it for later; trying not to overhear their conversation.

Aegon watched his son being nursed by his sister and his worries faded away. Daeron was their unexpected miracle of happiness. When they fled Westeros, they had nothing but the clothes on their back. The journey out the western continent was ruthless, their discretion constantly being compromised by their father’s men, Targaryen loyalists, passing sailors and even shepherds on the shores of islands on the narrow sea. It got even worse when they docked on the shores in the free city of Bravos. Sellswords, bounty hunters and soon hired Westerosi assassins started combing the eastern continent for any trail of them. They had to fight tooth and nail, every man that would come across them tried to capture them, alive at first but soon it didn’t matter, alive or dead was the bounty now. They turned from a royal prince and princess to wanderers and beggars on the streets, clad in common garbs and smelling of labour and sweat from any work they could find. They had traded all their expensive possessions for food and water, they gave everything away, everything but the priceless Jewel of Alysanna which remained tucked and hidden away between Rhaenys’s breasts.

They didn’t have the grace to leave it simply to scorn their father and after a long day’s work or a hard day escaping another bounty. Rhaenys would often lure Aegon into their bed that night or a dark alley wearing nothing but the jewel, and have him make love to her under the stars or simply fuck her senseless in the shadows of a street. A reminder of how they would never fall into the oppression of their blinded father. And soon things got more difficult when Rhaenys found herself pregnant a few months into their exile. They didn’t have moonteas to control their love and lust for each other on the journey. Things got serious for them with a babe on the way, it was then they befriended the Sealord of Bravos in their short time in the Titan’s lost city. Befriended was the word used after they got captured and miraculously found common ground with the Sealord. Who also distasted their Fire-Lord father and the tyranny of the Red Witches and offered help, giving them new identities and a small ship bound directly to an old friend of his, Illyrio. Ever since, they had taken refuge with the wealthy spice magister, hidden in plain sight in the largest manse in Pentos.

Aegon sighed at the long journey they had and knelt down by them to place a kiss on his son’s head before looking up at his sister’s gaze. “…Rhaenys, Illyrio brought news from the west, he says…”

Rhaenys held up her delicate finger in-front of his face to abruptly quieten him, her face contorted with playful anger. “…Don’t presume to speak to me brother. It was not I that left you alone in bed this morning. It was not I who wandered off leaving his Queen cold and alone in her bed. Didn’t I tell you a long time ago, the day you went celibate.” Rhaenys finished sharply, her beautiful amethyst eyes narrowed.

Aegon stumbled onto his feet when his sister abruptly stood up from her dresser chair, dodging his hands while still nursing Daeron before sashaying to the grand bed and plonking down by the cushions, ignoring him and murmuring down to her baby, “…you will be the only one touching
Mama, now, won’t you darling.” She cooed warmly before lifting her gaze to Aegon, and instilling a cold fiery look at him. Egg could have sworn he saw the faintest smile tease her lips, he knew her game, he knew what she wanted.

Walking past Doreah who was folding clothes, who he also could have sworn was smiling at the situation, he reached the end of the bed where only Rhaenys’s feet lay, her tanned feet preening beautifully in the sun’s glow and her middle toes adorned with diamond toe rings, gold chained ruby bracelets around her ankles. More gifts from their host.

“…I’m sorry, I left you alone in bed this morning, sister.”

She squirmed away when he tried to touch her foot, lifting her eyes from feeding Daeron and fixating on him with a cold expression that could eat through any man or finish one into bliss, “…Don’t, touch me.”

Aegon returned the challenging look. He then grabbed her left foot and ignored her half-hearted squirming. And Rhaenys stilled once her brother’s lips kissed the tops of her foot near her ankle, leaving a wet trail of kisses down towards her big toe before he encased his mouth over it, sucking gently and slathering it with spit before moving onto the next digit, and then the next. “…my beautiful Queen… my sister… my whore…” he breathed between each toe.

A smile touched her lips when Aegon then licked the sole of her foot, worshipping her in every way. He moved to her other foot, lifting it to his mouth and suckling her other big toe and her body betrayed her when she moaned softly as his teeth grazed the tip, a hunger in his eyes as he planted his tongue flat on her sole and lathered her small right foot from top to bottom in his spit, worship and possessiveness churning in his expression. Rhae clenched her burning loins but didn’t show it. She watched him closely like a predator would a prey, before tugging her moist feet away from him coldly and swinging to the edge of the bed, standing up on the other side but finding her brother already there.

He looked down between them and saw Daeron had finished feeding and was falling into his afternoon nap, his sister’s ample and pillowy left breast still hanging out her dark silk gown. “It seems he’s finished. Any left for me?”

As much as her brother’s confident smirk irritated her, her body betrayed her as her teats grew heavy and her pussy fluttered with desire under his warm breath on her forehead. She could see the bulge in plain linen breeches and she knew his balls were tight with need for her. Rhaenys lifted her dangerous eyes, batting them alluringly as her soft voice croaked with desire. “Is your cock hard for me…?”
Aegon growled, pulling her closer by the waist and his hand threaded into her hair, pulling softly to tilt her head up so he could breathe into her neck, smelling her alluring perfume that drove him crazy. His sister’s sultry voice made his knees weak.

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Doreah smiled shyly when Aegon turned around to her. “The bath water is ready, your Grace.”

The Lysene maid was pretty, her long brown hair framed her pretty face and the tight brown garb
that was held up by a string loop around her neck, teased her slim figure and perky chest. Aegon
sighed and slowly removed his shirt. His lightly muscled torso, slightly tanned and barely a
blemish, came into view and then he unlaced his linen breeches. Aegon’s eyes captured her own
when he dropped his pants. His thighs and calves were powerfully built, with all the muscularity
she thought a Prince of the western fire nation should possess, a son and warrior, bred in fire. His
long cock dangled between his legs, red and throbbing and smeared with desire. She knew it was
erect for his sister but when it twitched, she knew it was for aswell.

He walked past her like a King would and slid into the cloudy water inside the copper tub, resting
his arms on the curved edges and the sun resting on his shoulders, creating a shadow on the bed
side of the extravagant room opposite the balcony. His eyes then fixated onto her preparing a wet
sponge, he spoke clearly, “Take off your clothes.”

His smile emboldened her. Doreah bit her lower lip and put the sponge down momentarily, she
 tilted her neck to unlace the knot holding up her simple dress. The garb shimmied down her smooth
back and her pink nipples stiffened under Prince’s Aegon’s gaze. His eyes rested momentarily on
the brown tuft of her downy hair between her soft supple thighs before he met her eyes again, “…
come, get in.”

She carefully stepped out from the fabric pooled around her ankles and Aegon was not shy in
appreciating her slender form as she walked towards him. The bathwater steamed from the cloudy
surface and Doreah moved to the edge and she got the message when the prince didn’t shuffle over,
she dipped her feet in and glided her body inside with his. Her silky nether lips split when his
manhood poked the cleft of her arse, she straddled him and blushed under his unflinching gaze.

Aegon watched her closely as she wrung a soapy in her small hands, meeting her seductive eyes
when she lathered it along his chest, pushing her groin down slightly when his cock twitched. The
warm sunlight from the balcony also bathed their bodies above the cloudy water as she worked,
running the sponge along his arms.

“…Your Grace.” Doreah asked innocently.

“Yes, my dear.”
“They call your family, the last dragons.”

Aegon slowly smiled, the water rippling slightly as she leaned forward to pour water down his silver-gold mane behind his ears, pressing her perky breasts against his chest. “…They do.”

Doreah smiled, lifting her brown eyes onto his and her breath was warm against his lips, “you have dragons blood? …in your veins?” She asked.

He smirked when she ran her finger down his chest in a tantalizing way, Rhaenys taught her well.

“Well, it’s entirely possible, it’s almost…” His breath hitched when her small porcelain hands circled his cock, lathering it with soap and slowly pumping it down so the fat tip peaked out. She smirked this time, her soft hands edging him as she smeared her thumbs over the slit.

“…what happened to the dragons? I was told they were the most powerful fire benders of them all, their power scaring even the gods? How can beasts so powerful perish in the wind?” She asked, working his cock as her wet brown hair started sticking to her soft skin, teasing the sight of her erect pink spuds.

He lifted her delicate chin to meet his eyes, “…they didn’t perish. My family killed them. After my ancestor’s conquest, the dragons were our winged beasts and loyal to us. But, somewhere along the way, after the notorious dance with the Blackfyre’s, the dragons we had left, fled the west and flew back to Valyria. At the time, Fire Lord Maegor the Cruel began the tradition of hunting dragons as the ultimate sport. Anyone who managed to slay a dragon earned the honorary title of ‘dragon’ and their talents as a fire bender would become legendary. My great-uncle Aemon Targaryen became the last, Dragon of the West, when he killed the final one in the ruins of Valyria and brought back its skull as proof. The dragons are completely gone now.”

Doreah looked sad after the story but she continued to clean his long cock, the soap had smeared off but her small hands still pumped slowly him. “I have always wanted to see a dragon. There’s nothing in the world that I would rather see…”

Aegon closed his eyes for a second, controlling himself from tipping over the edge from the motion of her hands, he gripped the edges of the tub before meeting her eyes, glancing his eyes over her shoulder to see if the true beauty had returned yet, frustrated, he turned back and asked, “…really, why dragons?”
Doreah pursed her spongy lips with a slight roll of her eye, squeezing the base of his cock with one hand while her other grazed his chest with her sharp nails, “they can fly. And wherever they are, just a few flaps of their wings and they’re somewhere else, far away, and they can kill.” The sound of her lips saying the word, enticed his hands to move onto her hips under the cloudy water, clawing into her flesh slightly.

“…anyone or anything that tries to hurt them. Get burned away to nothing. Melted. Yes... seeing a dragon would make me very happy.” She breathed over his lips and his eyelids grew heavy, he pulled her delicate neck and kissed her lips, mewling softly as her tongue softened.

He gasped when got a good taste of her little pink tongue, “well, after fifteen years in a pleasure house, I imagine seeing the sky makes you happy.”

Doreah giggled, “…I wasn’t locked in, I have seen things.” She stated.

“What have you seen?” Aegon challenged, matching her mirth.

Her voice croaked beautifully, “I’ve… seen a man of Asshai wielding an axe of real dragon glass to fire-bend, I’ve seen a man who can change his face the way that other men change their clothes, and I’ve seen a pirate who wore his weight in Valyrian steel, the rarest and shiniest metal on the earth, his ship’s sails cried in the wind like a ghost… Have you seen one.” Doreah asked playfully, biting her lower lip when his big hands rested underneath her apple breasts, grazing the small peaks softly.

“…a pirate ship?”

“A dragon.” Doreah giggled, leaning her nose against his and resting her palms along his neck.

“No… as I told you before you silly whore, the last one died many years before I was born. I tell you what I have seen, their skulls. All the fallen Targaryen dragons and the killed ones are kept in the lowest dungeon in the Red Keep. Treasures to us. When I was very young, just three or four, my father used to walk me down the rows. And I would recite their names for him and when I got them all right, he’d give me a sweet. The first Targaryen skulls were the largest and the youngest were skunk and wrong, no bigger than dog skulls. That was when we started hunting the Dragons in the East, bringing their skulls back…”

Doreah leaned forward and he propped her body up, her eyes closing slightly and her sweet breathe
hitched as she sank down onto his cock. “…And every time the great fire benders brought one back, they would get… bigger and bigger and bigger.” Doreah rolled her hips, her small arse planted firmly on his groin as she clenched her pussy around Prince Aegon’s cock, imagining him filling her with a dragon-lord bastard, every whore’s dream.

Egg held her hips as she moved, his voice turning into a possessive growl, “…there was Giscar and Valrion, Vermithrax, Vesovius, Arkena…” The soapy bathwater slurped on the copper edges as the handmaid rode his cock quicker, looking down slightly with heavy lidded brown eyes and breathing against his mouth, that spoke enticing words of power. “…Ran and Shaw the blue and red, and the first three…Meraxes… Vhagar…” Doreah’s mouth formed an o shape of pleasure, her toes curling against their entangled limbs under the water, his cock stretching the delicate folds of her pussy as he thrusted upwards and she down, her delicate moans filling the room with the wet splash of skin. They were just about to cum together.

But, the patterned mahogany door from the adjoining room opened and a sultry voice finished his sentence. “…And Balerion the Dread, whose fire forged the Seven kingdoms into one.”

They both turned against each other’s lips. Rhaenys stood in the doorway completely nude apart from the priceless jewel of Alysanna, heavy and flawless, glowing between her pillow breasts. Her olive skin and long dark tresses reached past her curved tailbone on her high legs, smooth as silk like her skin. Her breasts were perfect, firm and glowing, capped with dark nipples. Her slim muscled belly bore only the faintest stretch marks from Daeron’s birth. She was tall and voluptuous with long beautiful legs that every man wished could sup between. Her bare folds glistened under the sunlight protruding through the balcony and the crinkled dark pink clit that peeped out her
golden entrance looked succulent and oozed moist nectar. Doreah’s spine shivered with orgasm.

Rhaenys sashayed back into the room, the sway of her hips enticing both their eyes. “I leave for a few minutes to put our babe to sleep and I find you balls deep inside my handmaid?” Rhaenys smirked at the twitch of guilt on Aegon’s lips before she turned her gaze to the autumn coloured lysene. “…come here you naughty whore.”

The water slurped the copper tub and Aegon couldn’t stop his groan as she slid off his cock. Doreah shyly climbed out, her white soft legs printed with red hand marks of Aegon’s large hands and her brown silky hair stuck to her wet body. “I’m sorry, your Grace, I…”

Rhaenys stepped towards her, the peaks of breasts pressing gently against Doreah’s spuds, she placed her finger over Doreah’s swollen lips, “…the only reason you should be sorry, my friend, is for nearly letting my brother cum. He isn’t allowed to reach his peak after the insolence he pulled this morning. Now kiss me, Doreah.”

Rhaenys tilted her chin up, tender and possessive, and pressed their lips together, their tongues softening into an aggressive duel on Rhaenys side. They clung to one another’s bodies, golden brown and alabaster white peeled together into beauty. And the herculean Targaryen prince rose out the bathwater, his long cock throbbing, feeling left out and begging with lust.

He stepped towards them but Rhaenys unperturbed eyes stopped him from touching her skin, “what do you think you’re doing? Presuming to touch us? Sit on the bed and stroke your beautiful cock brother, think yourself lucky.” Rhaenys smirked, turning back to Doreah and wrapping her tongue back with hers, and the dornish huntress hummed when her lysene handmaid pressed her thumb against her clit, the tops of her porcelain fingers rubbing her pussy.

Aegon knew Rhaenys wished to punish him and dominant him, and he didn’t mind, he actually craved it and wanted it but he needed her attention to do so; not being left out. And he had the perfect way, the prefect news to throw her off and forgive him, the message from the west. “Rhaenys, the news I was to tell you. It was about our little brother. Jaehaerys has returned from the North, he is not dead.”

Doreah leaned back, blank and blinking with shock, Rhaenys had turned to Aegon, her huntress persona faded within seconds and replaced by a confused smile touching her lips. “…what?”

Aegon moved between them, taking his sister’s hands and intertwining them, leaning his brow down against hers as his cock prodded into her stomach smearing her belly button. “…Illyrio just confirmed it. Jae was simply beyond the northern Wall. He is back in the borders of our kingdoms.
He’s apparently King Beyond the Wall now. But, he is leaving the North. He’s going home. I hope father doesn’t punish him for our actions, especially now our little brother is King of savages and wild creatures.”

Rhaenys shook her head, tendrils of hair kissing her cheeks next her pursed lips of happiness, “…He will be safe, you know our brother, the honourable fool will bend the knee to our poisonous father.” Then, a squeal of happiness suddenly left her lips as the news sank in that Jaehaerys was actually alive and she launched her arms around Aegon, her feet lifting off the ground as they hugged. “…I knew he was alive. I would have felt it if he died. I’m his big sister.” Rhaenys laughed, tears touching her eyes.

“Fire bender or not, Jaehaerys is a strong kid.” Egg agreed.

“…Our little brother would be a man now,” Rhaenys smiled proudly, her tits bouncing a little as she lounged her arms around Aegon’s neck. “…maybe we should tell him where we are.” She added with a wink.

Doreah suddenly spoke, still beautifully nude like them and her was voice laced with wonder, “…I’m happy for you, your grace. Is this the brother you said, you wished you could have been the one to take his innocence before he disappeared?”

“What?” Aegon growled, slowly pulling Rhaenys waist and tilting his sister’s chin so he could see her mischievous gaze. She sighed at his possessiveness, “don’t worry, Aegon. All I said, was I wished it was I that took both my brother’s virginities. I am big sister to both of you.” Rhaenys pouted innocently.

“Your mine,” Aegon murmured, pulling her voluptuous body further into his arms.

Rhaenys pursed her lips at the possessive jealousy that coursed through his herculean body, his long horse cock drooping along her pussy lips, opening her folds even at this angle. Rhaenys smiled and her pussy clenched with wetness, leaning on her tip-toes to reach his lips, her breath was warm and seductive, “Then show me… taste what’s yours, little brother. This is a happy occasion is it not..?”

Suddenly the spark became a flame and his mouth was on hers, her words swallowed as his hands pushed her waist. Her feet stumbled, her smooth calves hitting the bed rest and she fell onto her back straight onto the bed, her hair and breasts fanned out enticingly, the jewel around her neck glimmering. Aegon dipped down after her, his shoulder blades flexing as took her lips, she tasted of sweet fucking rebellion, her hot tongue softening, accepting his dominance with zealous passion.
Then, both of her soft tanned hands were on his chest, and her leg came up to swivel them around.

Rhaenys straddled his chest, sweeping the hair from her face and smiling seductively over him, she dipped down to press her juiced lips on the corner of his mouth, on his jaw, inside his ear. And when she came to breathe, he latched onto her nipple and sucked greedily as ribbons of warm milk trickled down his throat. Rhae hummed in pleasure, a grin on her face as she twisted her neck to look at Doreah “…suckle my brother’s big balls, Doreah. Only his sack,” She instructed as she then climbed over Aegon’s face, “..don’t let him cum. If he does, you will be spanked raw my pretty whore…”

Rhaenys whimpered with pleasure and caressed her hair, riddling and moaning in pleasure when Egg’s warm nose dipped into her folds first and his hands planted around her thighs, holding her down as his lips teased her folds. Her sighs slowly became breathless moans when his mouth latched on her dark clit, drinking the oozing juiced and kissing and wriggling his tongue deep inside her pussy. Rhaenys warm tight walls convulsing around his tongue.

Aegon groaned when he then felt Doreah’s breath between his legs, her porcelain hands cupped his swollen sack before popping one of the stones inside her little mouth, suckling and flooding his manhood with her spit. The sensation engorging when her tongue teased his arsehole, the lysene whore breathing hotly as she leaned out, before moving back in to continue slavering his balls with her little pink tongue.

The dornish beauty rolled her hips over his mouth, moaning wantonly as Aegon’s experienced tongue, “Yesss. Brother, don’t fucking stop… fuck me more, I’m going to…”

She squeezed her sensitive areola, droplets of milk oozing out as she rolled and moved over his gifted tongue. The room filled with wet salivating noises and the rustle of silk and satin sheets, and she gushed with a whimper when he concentrated on her clt, kissing and licking hard on the fleshy peep. Rhaenys back arched, her skin glistening with beautiful sweat as she came. And she didn’t waste time to taste herself, her silk hair curtaining her and her brother as she kissed him wantonly.

“…it’s your lucky day, Doreah, you get to taste a Princess’s arse. Make my rosebud nice and clean, there might be some dragon seed left that Egg squirted into me last night.” Rhaenys winked at her, moving down her brother body, settling her olive globes over his wet throbbing length.

She quickly mounted him and began rolling her hips, the familiar sensation of being filled by her brother causing her to smirk between her moans. “Fucking hell, Rhae… sister, you're so hot and tight…” Aegon’s hands alternated from gripping his sister’s hips to caressing her glistening back or spreading her olive globes. Their mouths ever left one another’s, zealous kisses dissolved into love bits and nibbles before their tongues danced again. Rhaenys moaned like a bitch when she felt the double penetration, Doreah’s tongue worming into her arse with no hesitation and her soft palms
pushing her olive apart so the crinkled succulent flesh between opened more.

“…I love you, sweet sister.”

Rhaenys grinned into their kiss, “I love you more…”

Aegon’s hips lifted, driving his cock deeper into his sister and her moan was encouraged when Doreah’s mouth slobbered over her stretched pussy, convulsing around Egg’s cock. He repeated the motion, while Rhaenys thighs flexed as she raised and lowered herself onto his thickness.

“Aegon Targaryen,” she growled and then a more possessive change riddled inside her and the muscles on her slender arms flexed as she placed her palms flat against Egg’s pecks, Doreah’s nose and tongue practically inside her arse. Rhaenys lifted her legs, so her feet were flat against the bed and then there was a sharp clap as her arse met his hips over and over again. With her legs spread, Doreah could see how tight the Princesses pussy gripped her brother’s cock, tender and possessiveness coursing through both of them, their souls and bodies moulded for each other. Wet as a river, Rhaenys milked his shaft as Doreah began guiding her hips.

“Fuck…” he growled.

Doreah quickly crawled around to the front and dipped her perky tits so the Prince had something to distract him from cumming to quickly and he did, sucking hard on her left spud with a pop. Doreah tried to capture Rhaenys tits, that were bouncing beautifully but the huntress smirked at her attempts, balancing with one hand while groping her own left breast and squeezing hard to let a ribbon of warm milk squirt on Doreah forehead and eyelash, causing both girls to giggle breathlessly.

“I’m going to cummm againnn…” And Rhaenys screamed like a bitch in heat, her pussy clenched and shuddered, and her amethyst eyes dilated darkly when she felt her brother’s cock deep within begin to twitch. She sprung off immediately and fell into his neck with a wide grin, his cock popping out of her and straining against his abdominals, refused a realise.

“Rhaenys I haven’t…”

Rhaenys pursed her lips, sweat covering her gorgeous face and sticking tendrils hair to her forehead, the flawless jewel pressed between them. She silenced him with a searing kiss, her eyes playful, “…You will go out with your face and lips smelling of your sister’s cunt. We’ll all go to
the streets of Pentos after lunch for a little shopping. We can treat our baby boy and you can pick out any Meerenesse dress to your liking, Aegon, one that’s tight around my hips and arse how you like and make every man envy you on our way back here. Then, I will wear it for you when we dine under the eastern skies. We will take a bottle of dornish red, and I will feed you grapes licked from my pussy. And when the King has had his fill, then he can fuck me and fill his sister’s every hole with hot seed” Rhaenys breathed over his lips, her huntress eyes on as she licked his lower lip before moving away to bathe; leaving him throbbing.

The Banished Crown Prince

Aegon pulled on his breeches, he was still hard and his balls still blue. They walked through the cobbled street in the middle of the free city, all people around the world passing them and riddling through the stampede of customers, traders and labourers. Aegon walked along with Doreah, both of them carrying bundles for new silks brought by Rhaenys and baskets of toys and clothes for little Daeron that she insisted she needed. Rhaenys walked in front, holding Daeron tightly in her arms and pointing out interesting stuff to his babbling eyes.

The crowd bused around them and a momentary gap in the people was like a long breath of fresh air. Rhaenys noticed his discomfort as he discretely tugged on his breeches again to try and wade off his hardness. She swivelled around, grinning at him, “…is daddy hot and bothered because mommy didn’t let him finish his business?” Rhaenys pouted innocently at him, holding Daeron in one arm while she swept back her clipped back hair, that was tied into a delicate bun, the rest falling down like a dark silk waterfall.

The yellow silken dress she wore clung to her golden body like a fine mould, a fine brown moleskin belt with a gold buckle strung tightly around her thin alluring waist, and draping her pillowy breasts further out. The perspiration that oozed from her alluring body was making her dark erect nipples quite transparent in the buttery yellow silk, since the nimble buttons on her front were threatening to pop free from her voluptuous chest.

“…you’re distracting me, mommy, wearing such a dress,” Aegon grumbled with a fake exaggerated smile.

“Well, maybe you prefer the view from behind.” She teased, turning back around and arching her back a little to emphasise the shaped bubble globes through the silken dress. He groaned internally. A strong breeze would flutter and could expose her arse any second. Aegon growled as passing men walked past and double looked his sister, many whistling and some bold enough to look longer than needed. Rhaenys was oblivious to all the stares but his own and she threw him back wink before rushing herself and Daeron to a nearby stall merchant selling wooden water tribe necklaces and hair ties. Looking for a nice hair tie for her baby boy’s growing hair, she would
never cut his beautiful hair.

Aegon stood on guard, clad in simple parchment robes with a black belt strung around his lean waist. He had his silver-gold hair tucked away inside a folded wrap, it was brown and lumpy but it had to do, his baby boy had a matching one to hide his Targaryen hair; whereas Rhaenys could roam free with her dark hair uncovered. He also had two double-edged broad swords, akimbo in his back in a cross-leather sheath. To avoid attention and mayhem, he couldn’t use his fire bending but he still would protect his family with swordcraft if needed.

They made their way down the street of pendal’s, doing so rather quickly since Rhaenys saw fit to cover her baby’s ears. They could hear faint moans coming from the brothels that gave the street its name. Aegon under his sister’s stern glances, avoided the tempting looks of whores, slaughtered on doorsteps of inns. He desperately avoided eye contact with a woman with silver hair, trying not to imagine his beautiful aunt. They continued to weave through the shining streets. Aegon took a quick glance into the bricked windows of the narrow-tall street. Women of all types could be found on the balconies trying to attract customers: pale skin, golden eyes, brown skin with hair kissed by fire, blue eyes and green; all slaves. Despite the fact, slavery was abolished since Bravos had waged several wars on Pentos through the ages. It was not true on a closer eye. These bed-warmers were paid little next to nothing, their real money coming from when they sold their bastards squirted in their bellies, bastards that were found to be a bender of some sort. Air bending was extinct but forms and antiques were rare and highly collectable. Earth bender and fire bender slaves were low pay, people paying most for a water bender since they were sparse. Only the free city of Bravos and North of Westeros were known for their surplus of Water tribes. The non-bending children, which were a much larger population, were sent to the bearded priests of Norvos or the wise masters, further east, to be bred for mere soldiers or the strongest, simply kidnapped to become eunuchs in the unsullied auctions in Yunki.

The street twisted into a court and Aegon smelt it before he saw it. The court of baubles may have once been a simple trading yard, rag and bone, but now it was a maze of makeshift walls and shacks of timber. Spread across what must have been an acre of land made of mud and sand, divided into a maze of stalls, a whirling labyrinth of auctions and negotiations. It reminded Aegon of Flea bottom but much larger and much more hygienic if that was possible. The only thing he could smell was the fume of spices and perfumes.

But there was more to the court than just stench. He walked past Tyroshis with their blue hair and golden beard’s, wine sellers showcasing their casks of exotic arbours, mysterious figures floating about, a small group of pirates groping nearby whores, a hooded figure with a bear Sigel on his breastplates, an old crone wheeling a wagon of oysters and crabs while mumbling to herself.

Aegon took in the sights, looking all around for any threat while his sister and son, and her handmaids did their shopping. They heard a dozen things. The first was that a great Dothraki hoard was supposedly heading near the city. The son of the mighty Earth bender Khal Bharbo had just waged war on another hoard and taken it as his own in the Dosh Khaleen of Vaes Dothrak, the sacred place outside the great sand caverns built by the Bagermoles of Old inside the lonely
mountain, named after the mother of mountains. Their common friend, the current Sealord of Bravos was dealing with some fire bender rebels that tried to burn down the great titan. The Yunkish had raised taxes on slaves from Volantis, and the Meerenesse had raised tariffs on all their slaves in return. A Qohorik insisted the golden company was brought out by Myr, the Stormcrows and Second Suns losing a huge deal and having to reside near to headlands of the River Rhoyne to await a new one.

“…two mercenary companies up for grabs?” Rhaenys pointed out, dropping another basket of fabric into Aegon’s overloaded arms. Daeron was falling asleep and they decided to start to head back to Illyrio’s manse.

“We don’t have the capital for such a thing, we’re in exile, remember. The fortunes under Dragonstone aren’t ours to…”

“Alright, alright. Don’t remind me… I just thought it nice to have a few thousand men watching our backs, I know we haven’t had an encounter with any bounty hunter or assassin since Daeron was born but I’ve got a feeling, a feeling we will need soldiers when we pick back up, your ridiculous quest for the avatar…” Rhaenys stated, walking and fussing over her baby boy’s hair, sweeping it out his face as he slept.

Aegon knew she still didn’t fully believe in the prophecy given when they were children. She accepted that a lot of the prophecy had already come true but also dismissed it as coincidence in her mind. Her biggest objection to it was the bit about the, Hãedar and her purple stare, shall wrap her hands about your pale white throat and choke the life from you. She kept reminding him, he didn’t have a little sister with purple eyes. Visenya had stormy steel-grey eyes and the prophecy couldn’t be talking about herself because she was his big sister. In her words, the witch was not a reliable source of information and was simply taking out her saggy arse.

Aegon chose not to have an argument about his belief the avatar would come across their path soon, his balls were still blue and he wanted Rhaenys to sate him tonight and an argument with her wouldn’t satisfy his needs. “…Don’t worry about hiring Sellswords. We are safe in Illyrio’s manse, for now. As long as his hate for red-witches coincides with ours, he will house us and we have nothing to worry about until we leave. He knows he will gain my trust and favour when I come of the Throne.”

Rhaenys watched him closely, “…You’re the strong and boldest of our House, Aegon, but you really are the stupidest Targaryen. Illyrio Mopatis wants something more than your favour for the future. He wants something else, why else would he bring us in and accept the risks of housing a banished prince and princess of the Western Fire Nation?”

“What do you think he wants then?” He murmured, weaving through the busy street and conscious
of a wagon trader heading across his path in the opposite direction.

Rhaenys raised her eyebrows, “…my guess is, now he has gained our favour, he wants secrets about our Fire-Lord father, maybe about the security on Dragonstone that houses the family wealth. Or maybe, this…” Rhaenys said, touching the jewel hidden underneath her silken buttery blouse, “…that why I never take Alysanne’s jewel off.” She added quietly.

“You really think that? He’s been good to us. There has to be another explanation.”

“…I just know that the magister wants something from us… maybe, he wants to fuck me. He did mention on our first night here he was looking for a new wife.” Rhaenys smirked, teasing him and knowing she was now really winding him up and making him more hot and bothered.

“Over my dead body,” Aegon growled.

“I know… the fool would have to get in line, I believe I have a long lost brother to get reacquainted with first.” Rhaenys winked, her lips pursed as he clenched his fists and looked at her like he wanted nothing more than to pull her over his lap, and spank her silly.

“Stop doing that. You know what…” He grabbed her wrist to stop her walking for a second, breathing softly into her ear, “…Don’t talk to me until we get back to the Manse, I don’t care if you like to take control in bed, I’m going to fuck your brains out. I won’t stop until my mouth is imprinted on your mind and your taste is my fucking name.” And with that, he let her wrist loose and started walking forward.

“…Aegon.” Rhaenys breathed, tightening her grip on Daeron and her eyes became alarmed.

“No. Don’t, Aegon me, I had enough of…”

“Aegon,” Rhaenys breathed again, lowering her voice to a whisper and fear instilling into her spine, she tried not to look over her shoulder as beads of sweat started rolling down her temple. “…we are being followed.”

He came closer to her, encasing Daeron between them. They were in the middle of a crossroads, the street packed with people of all colours, trades and voices. Aegon kept calm but his legs muscles tightened when he saw she was right. Behind them, on the side of the street they had just
walked down was a sandy figure leaning under an archway. The bounty hunter was clad in russet brown leathers, his bony hands and nails sharp wriggled around a ball made of what looked like pure stone. An Earth Bender. His face was dark and unseen under the shade of a large circular rice hat. The glint the bounty hunters eyes fixated on them.

Aegon felt a shiver on his spine when Rhaenys eyes pointed out another one, glancing over his shoulder by a food stand, was another hunter. He wore a white and black robe, a long ponytail and he had a heavy greatsword on his waist, his face was partially covered by a straw hat but he could see the dark circles around his eyes and the flaked stubble on his jaw. He also caught the glow of fire in his palm. A fire bender.

Rhaenys held her baby tightly, cold sweats running between her breasts and her elbows pressed into her sides, capsuling Daeron protectively. “…how did they find us? They have no reason to look for us in Pentos? Someone must of…”

“…sold us out,” Aegon finished, agreeing with her conclusion.

“Aegon,” Rhaenys breathed fearfully, gripping Daeron, “…our baby.”

Aegon straightened his spine as he turned back to her and held her waist, the buttery yellow silk around her hips making him want nothing more than to kiss every inch of her body before he slaughtered everyone that wished to take his sister from him. He had quickly calculated the best
route for their escape, the cobbled cross-roads were pushed with people and the manse was only a quarter of a mile north from them. If he could bring about a distraction and lure the bounty hunters away, he could give them enough time to get to the manse with little distraction. “...we need to split up.”

He gripped her arms to quieten her natural protest, “…listen to me Rhae. I will distract them and I will take them back east of the city to kill them, word can’t reach Westeros that we are in Pentos. Or even worse will come for us. Now, you will take Daeron and your handmaids, head north, back to the manse. Don’t stop, don’t talk to anyone, don’t look back. I will meet you there in one hour, pack what we need, we leave Pentos at nightfall. Do you understand?” He said, dropping the baskets of fabric and silk he had on his back onto the floor, leaving them.

Rhaenys quickly nodded, her free hand smoothing around his neck to pull her brother in for a searing kiss, their lips sealed in promise. She gasped softly, “…do not be too long, my love.”

He kissed the top of Daeron’s head, meeting her eyes again. “…don’t trust anyone now. No one…” He implored and they counted silently in their head for the right moment, “…on my mark, you run like all seven hells.” He kissed her one last time, savouring the taste of her sweet full lips before he wheeled around. A horse carriage wheeled past and he pushed Rhae to walk alongside it, allowing her to walk out unseen up the north way street. He strode forward in the opposite direction out of the bustling crowds and made himself visible to all, pushing shoulders and weaving past wagons to get to the middle of the square. The people flowed like rivers, never stopping for obstacles but swirling around them. A chatter between sellers and buyers, old friends catching up and new friends made but the banished prince’s expression was anything but friendly.

He spotted the first bounty hunter moving towards him, clad in his russet leathers and large round rice-hat and he spotted the other, the fire bender, looking around for Rhaenys. The bounty hunter turned and followed him instead. But, she had already disappeared within the crowds heading up the ascending north street in the rivers of faces and people. Aegon stopped at the end of the eastern street that broke off the crossroad, the crowd thinning off and he slowly turned around, reaching for the broad swords on his back.

Suddenly, a clove of stone hurdled towards him and hit him square in the chest and he flew onto his back and trailed the dirt. The sound of silence and ringing drummed his ears, clutching his chest and wheezing for breath. He made out a figure approaching and his senses dilated, he took a deep breath and scrambled to his feet trying to find balance. The broad swords he meant to reach for had cluttered a few metres away from him but it didn’t matter.

Standing up, he leapt out the way of other assault of rocks and earth being hurled towards him. He ducked and rolled, blasting a coil of fire at the hunter who swept behind a wall of earth that erupted between them but it didn’t come from him, another earth bender had appeared behind him, clad in the same russet brown dirty leather. He fired an onslaught of stone bullets at him and Aegon span
on his legs, whipping his arms around and brandishing a current of fire out his clawed palms.

He thought the stone bullets melted from his rain of fire but over three made it through and grazed his shoulder, ripping into his shoulder blade and blood trickled out. He tried not to cry in pain as he desperately blazed flames out his wrists, blasting it somewhere where the bounty hunter once stood, remaining strong. The street started screaming and the stampede of people scrambled for cover away from the turmoil on the crossroads, the push and pull plunging past his shoulders made him lose his footing again. Aegon was about to send multiple pinwheel fire attacks at the approaching earth benders. But, he then noticed the fire bender bounty hunter had disappeared; maybe he picked up Rhaenys trail?

He immediately found power in his legs and roared, a gulf of fire erupted from his jaws and exploded a cascade of fire at the first hunter, the explosion throwing the russet figure far back and charred to a crisp. He was about to throw a flurried furnace of fire at all that moved before him. But he stopped when he noticed shadows scrambling above the rooftops. And before he knew it, dusty helms of hired unsullied clad in parchment leathers were pointing arrows at him. He now stood in the middle of the street alone, with the remaining earth bending bounty hunter in front of him, hovering two small boulders of earth by his arms; with more than fifteen soldiers in the skies pointing arrows at him.

Aegon narrowed his striking eyes, calculating an attack as he slowly raised his arms in surrender but he was trapped when the arrows fired.

**The Targaryen Temptress**

The desire to turn back was eating her alive but the little bundle of warmth sleeping in her arms stopped her. She pressed on, she had to protect her baby and she tucked her elbows further in as she cradled Daeron closer to her chest. It was like a maze of people, wading through them like fleas and she tried her best not to catch her slipper heels on the cobbled dips in the street.

Herds of people walked in the opposite direction and she bumped into a wrinkly man with an eye patch, his face contorted with anger but his eyes swelled with lust when he saw her face under the parchment scarf she wrapped over her head. She didn’t stop to argue, she simply plunged past with an angry sigh, walking fast through a crowd around a wine-seller shouting deal after deal for his new wine casks and his new barrel of authentic northern brew in supposedly stirred.

“Princess,” Doreah quickly murmured the crowds around them chattering and flowing like waves, stray dogs scrounging for scraps from stalls and some dying on the paths in thirst, the stench of rubbish and mountains of flies over the garbage piles issuing a disgusting stench; bred of dead...
matter. Doreah came to walk fast with her and the handmaid had a terrified look on her face, glancing over her shoulder, “... someone is following us, Prince Aegon distraction didn’t work.”

She looked over her shoulder and through the turmoil of people, Rhaenys could make out a bold figure following. The fire bender bounty hunter, clad in his haunting black robe lined with white lines. The dark rings around his eyes under his straw hat, fixated on them, his oily skin and black teeth making her shudder with fear. She was the blood of the Dragon. She wasn’t afraid. She was a dragon.

Rhaenys pulled her Doreah by the wrist behind a shack, built of makeshift timber walls on the side of the street. “Listen to me carefully, Doreah. I will lead the bounty hunter away, you take my baby. Take him and run straight back to the manse, protect my baby with your life, Doreah. Do you understand?” Rhaenys said desperately and Daeron started crying when she passed him to her lysene maid. She kissed her baby’s lips softly, “I love you, my son.”

Her heart clenched with pain when Daeron’s chubby little fingers started wailing for her but she swallowed her emotions and ushered them forward, “Go!”

Rhaenys wheeled out from behind the shack, her yellow buttery silk robe pinched around her alluring body like a fine mould and teasing every inch and curve of her beauty. But her persona was not radiating her usual huntress persona but only a snarling dragon, fire glowing in the cracks of her delicate clenched fingers.

“You picked the wrong woman to follow, you bastard.” Her breath was a mere whisper as she moved her legs gracefully in a strong footed stance, she brought her hands up from her waist and flung her clawed hands out in a brute pressing motion, the muscles on her slender tanned arms flexed. A double-helical spiral of fire spread out her palms, the blanket of fire turreted directly at the bounty hunter, burning many others in the process. She didn’t care, she was a dragon.

The hunter leapt into the air, blasting a jet population of light orange fire on the dirt to elevate him and landing on a long slanted canopy of fishmonger stall. He ran along with it, jabbing fire blast after fire blast at her.

Rhaenys heart was beating out her chest, her dress fluttering and rippling as she sprinted out the way, pointing two fingers on her hand and lacerating a whip of fire that coiled in the air like a giant elephant’s trunk, wriggling and dispelling a flurry of fire. But, she was already running down a side alley, hoping to find cover when the hunter used an advanced fire moved she didn’t recognise and used her fire against her, turning it into a beacon of fire rain, which dropped like a maze of weights of the ground. Scorching the markets and people screamed in fear.
Rhaenys found herself in the middle of a narrow dark alley, breathing deeply and running her palms along the narrow walls to steady her feet that ached in her heeled shoes. The bricked sand coloured building shadowing her on both sides. And she stopped when the bounty hunter suddenly appeared out of nowhere, only ten metres in front of her, his palms caskets of light orange fire that liked fiercely in his tarped hands. “…No, where to run you, western fire whore!” The man spat, his black teeth grinning as he approached.

She looked behind her, breathing deeply, and saw a small group of unsullied soldiers approached, clad in the small parchment leathers the soldiers back at the manse wore. What was happening? The dark soldier approached with longbows and rattan arrows hoisted at her. She was trapped.

“…Before I deliver you for the reward money, I’ve always wanted to fuck a Targaryen Princess. Now come here, dragon whore, come to your master…” He cackled, licking his dirty tongue at her.

Rhaenys held her confident form, her nose twitching and she spat at him as he approached her. “I am the blood of old Valyria and the Daughter of the Dragon. I spit on you scum!” She breathed, extending her arms and flourishing a snake-like fire that spiralled from her hands and snaked up her arms, paring away her silk sleeves and glowing a foreboding dark orange fire.

“Take her, but don’t touch her face, I like them pretty…” The bounty hunter spat, grinning darkly. The bounty hunter approached with the unsullied doing the same before her and even though Rhaenys alluring eyes remained unflinching, her thoughts lay on her baby boy and her love. She was scared, images of what-could-be flashing through her mind and her stomach felt rock hard and the bristles of fire along her arms glowed darker in her fear.

Rhaenys was about to make her move when she saw a hooded figure appear behind the bounty hunter. The middle-aged figure was clad in grey steel with a bear Sigel on his vambraces and grieves. He lowered his hood and he was swarthy and hairy, lightly bearded and balding, strong but not large. The wool and leather tunic he wore over his armour was dark green, displaying the standing black bear of his House long ago.

“…who the fuck are you?” The fire bending bounty hunter shouted, his neck twisted as he looked at the mysterious figure, Rhaenys bated her breath as well, confused and her mind adrenaline spiked for anything.

“…don't matter. An exile, just like her,” The man muttered, unsheathing his blade before simply dropping his long sword on the floor with a clatter.

They all looked at him confused but their faces turned into shock. When the dark light reflected
around him on the alley walls turned into a beastly shadow, twisting and engorging into brute power and fur, a gnawing sound and a deep roar filled the dark alley. The great bear charged…

Chapter End Notes

'Hãedar'- translates to 'little sister'

Really long chapter and I'm really proud of it. if you liked it or have any constructive criticism, please comment.
Please answer these questions for me:
1. Who do you think is the Hãedar? Visenya is younger but hasn't got purple eyes.
RHaneys is older but has purple eyes. Which sister will kill Egg as foretold. And who do you think will be the avatar or who should be?

2. Do you like my Rhaenys and Aegon? I've never written them characters before and I loved writing for them, any characterisation pointers are much appreciated.

3. Do you want more smut with Rhae and Egg?

4. Do you like the avatar version of the dragons going extinct added to the Targaryen history? Of hunting dragons. Aemon is the last Dragon of the West.

5. did you like the little marry, bed, kill game between Jon and Dany.

6. BIG QUESTION= I need help figuring out what the lannisters will do in this story. I've already established they are a non-bending family but have unchallenged wealth. A great army made of chi-blockers. But, I've deliberately left out what Jamie, Cersei, Tyrion will do in this story. I have a few cool ideas floating about, but no set idea, therefore ideas on Lannister motives are welcome!!

7. I've changed Jon's Targaryen name from 'jaenerys' to the proper spelling, 'jaehaerys'. I will fix the name in the past chapters at a later date with my other spelling errors. ; )

8. You probably would have guessed, who's the exiled man that turned up? Thank you for reading this long-ass chapter. Kudos, comment and bookmark. Love you all.
Crossroads of Destiny

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 7

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Crossroads of Destiny

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Queen Elia Targaryen

The Godswood lay on the south-west quarter of the Red-Keep overlooking the distant blackwater rush that meandered through the meadows outside the great city. The sacred woods lay rooted on the banks of the castle. It was a gated acre of elm, alder and black cottonwood with small rose bushes littered around the enclosure, favours of those small numbers in the South that still worshipped the Old Gods. Unlike the great Weirwoods of the old gods of the forest in the North, the heart tree in the Red-Keep was a great oak covered in smokeberry vines, the height of the wide branches touching the sky. The soil around the heart tree was fertile with red dragon’s breath, exotic dark red flowers with yellow fiery thorns which grew around the oak’s trunk and melded with the light from the sun-dappled leaves; all of which created the ceiling of spiralling branches above. The day had been long and dusk was finally settling around the great Targaryen city.
“…Visenya,” Elia murmured, she leaned closer to her good-daughter and hugged her around her shoulder’s tighter. Elia swept a tendril of her silver hair behind her ear and her thumb softly smeared the dry tears away from her daughter’s cheeks.

Visenya didn’t move she was just numb and still. Many days had passed and dark rings had formed around her beautiful stormy eyes and her soft cold hands lay lifeless in her lap, her fingers laid over the cover of a thick book she brought with her but forgot to actually read; her mind elsewhere. The black direwolf by her feet propped her mammoth hairy head up, Meerie’s elastic emerald eyes glowered and she let out a long whine, stretching her skinny hind legs behind her before nipping at the hem of Visenya’s dark purple dress, simple and patterned with small spirals around the flared skirt, the wolf pulled on it to try and get her attention.

Meraxes softly tugged, a low growl fading into a whine when she failed to get the attention of her mistress. The dusky wolf let out a soft howl and sank back into her furred paws to rest. Elia knew the wolf was mirroring her good daughter’s emotions and stroked its hairy warm ears gently, turning back to the distressed teen. “Visenya I’m so sorry, baby. Your mother tried… she really did.” Elia breathed softly, kissing her temple to try and comfort her daughter.

A tear left Visenya’s eye, the pearl impossibly warm. She tried not to remember the bruise under her mother’s eye because it made her sadder, angrier. Her mother told her, shortly after the dornish guests had arrived a week ago, that her father had found out about her first moon-blood. That he had punished her mother for trying to keep it a secret and holding their daughter back from her duty as a Princess of the Realm. Therefore, she was soon to wed Robyn Arryn of the Vale, two moons after when he arrived for Jaehaerys wedding to Princess Arianne Martell.

Visenya was also supposed to meet her future sister in law earlier in the day for lunch with the other ladies in the main hall of the Keep and maybe a little hawking after suggested by Elia. However, that didn’t happen when Visenya simply refused to get up this morning and had Meraxes guard her door. Every time one of her handmaids approached to try and get her up, and even Septa Meredyth tried, Meraxes bared her fangs and no more was said.

It was until late afternoon her mother found out and managed to get out of meeting after meeting, she had lunch with some Northern Lords of Houses Cerywn and Manderly who came to deliver the taxes from the North to the Master of Coin, Petyr Baelish. Then, Lya had court in the Throne room; apparently, the Brotherhood without Banners had ambushed a returning fire platoon carrying expensive cargo from Driftmark. Three newly invented Hot Aired-War Balloons that cost the Crown a fortune to try and make. The Fire Captain in command returned to the Capital empty-handed with half the men he had, injured and covered in soot and blood. And Fire-Lord Rhaegar was less than merciful, commissioning the Hand of the King to remove the captain’s head before he could ask a second chance. Lyanna quickly left after and finally she was able to find Visenya herself and get past her fierce wolf, who bowed respectfully when she reached the swarmed corridor of scared maids, her mere glare making the wolf by the bedchamber door move and stand aside to the Stark Queen of Winterfell.
Visenya spent the next few hours in her mother’s arms, sobbing and shouting. She felt so scared, felt so little and powerless, she had never left the Red-Keep, never left her home. The situation was even worse since Aegon’s and Rhaenys betrayal to the Crown and how they brought shame to House Targaryen after they fled the Capital from their alliance betrothals. Now, Jaehaerys, Dany and she had to make sure their own marriage alliances were secured without any mishaps or there will be consequences. Her mother promised her she wouldn’t leave the Capital until a year after the wedding ceremony and then she would visit her often in the Eerie.

But, Visenya was no longer naive enough to believe any of her promises anymore. No one could protect her. She would be shipped off to the Vale and be forgotten about. She wanted to fight and rebel, she wanted to be like her namesake, Visenya I Targaryen, but she was no warrior. She didn’t have a great dragon nor was she even able to progress to advanced fire bending forms until she disciplined her basic formations. And lately, she had not practised any sets or forms. She didn’t even have a body hardened for battle but only a body meant for breeding she now knew. Her thighs were thick and her hips had widened over the months, her bottom pleasantly firm and rounded. Even her collarbone and waist had become defined and thin like Daenerys body. Even her cheekbones had lost their puppy-fat and she knew all the boys now wished to taste her pouty pink lips. Her body had betrayed her. So, when her mother came to comfort her and gave her even more false promises, she couldn’t hold it in anymore and she screamed the south east-wing down, told her she hated her and fled to the only place where people wouldn’t talk to her.

A soft breeze now wafted the Godswood, the occasional flock and croak of a crow or the sound of a fire-guard patrol were the only things that brought her mind back to the world. She stilled when Elia tried again, sitting next to her on the wooden bench by the Oak Heart Tree and placing her arms around Senya’s waist in a half-hug since Visenya didn’t reciprocate.

Elia was robed in a maroon silk gown meant for sleeping, pinched under her thin bosom and her ringlets of dark hair swept back into a delicate bun under a net and a pelt of brown flecked Mink around her shoulders to keep the breeze away. Elia hugged her tighter and leaned her nose against her good-daughters temple but Visenya was only loose and numb in her arms.

“…Senya, I know I’m not your real mother. But, please talk to me. Lya is so upset, and she knew you need space and forbid me from disturbing you in your prayers to the Old Gods. But, you are just like your mother and I know, in times like this, you need someone to talk too. Please talk to me, honey.”

Visenya blinked a tear from her stormy eyes and swallowed hard before continuing to look away from Elia.

“…Visenya Targaryen. Your mother fought for you, she has the mark to prove it, and she is still
fighting for you.” Elia declared softly, rubbing her back soothingly.

“I hate my mother.” Visenya murmured.

Elia straightened her posture, now a little angry herself. “Lya has done nothing but fight for you.”

“Like she fought for Jae..?” Visenya blurted out and her eyes pooled with fresh tears, “…When father found out my brother couldn’t fire-bend, he was shipped off to the North without a second thought, for nearly five years Aunt Ellie I lost my big brother. Now, father found out I’ve bled into a woman and I’m to be shipped off to the Vale. A broodmare for Lord Arryun’s sickly son!” Visenya added angrily, her delicate voice breaking into a whine.

Elia tried not to cry and she offered a weak smile, her tone was gentle, “I know it may be difficult. But, Lord Arryun is an honourable and just man. He would have raised his son the same and you may learn to love…”

“Rape…” Visenya croaked, her tear-filled eyes thinking of what-would-happen once she made the vows and forced to say the words of the light of the seven. In front of everyone in the Great Sept of Fire-Lord Baelor. “That’s the term that father uses when he executes a man who forces himself upon a woman, is it not? I ask, why will it be so different between my Lord Husband and me? That’s what will happen to me when I refuse to open my legs to that sickening boy, he may be my age but every Lord and Lady in our court whisper he is spoilt and weak. But, Robyn Arryun won’t be executed, he will be congratulated and will likely boast he bedded a Targaryen Princess and forced a babe inside my belly. So, if my sole duty is to be sent off for some fruitless alliance to scorn no one but me. So be it. I will be raped.” Visenya said softly, her hands cold and lifeless in her little lap.

Elia really started crying now, a sob leaving her throat when her good-daughter spoke words to haunt them forever. The Dornish Queen swept off her heavy mink cloak from her back, lined with the finest lace from Myr and hugged it around her daughter’s shoulders protectively, fussing over the lace to tie in securely around her body, “That will not happen, Visenya. Do you hear me? It won’t.”

Visenya smiled weakly, “It will. Maybe I should run away from my betrothal as the famous Lyanna Stark did. My mother would be proud wouldn’t she, to have me follow in her footsteps? Maybe I should find a pretty boy who sings and plays the harp, maybe I should birth him a babe in the Tower of Joy and let thousands die for it. What do you think good-mother..?”

“You know a pretty boy who sings and plays strings for you is not a solution, Visenya. Don’t be
“Good… I don’t want anyone like my father,” she spat.

Elia leaned back and frowned at the tone Visenya was talking, this wasn’t Visenya. “Visenya, things were different in your mother’s youth. Now the realm is in peace and every word you speak is breaking that peace, its treason. Your brother Jaehaerys will finally return to us tomorrow. Don’t make his return a miserable occasion for yourself. Now come inside, please honey. Perhaps you and I can share a guest room together, away from everyone on the north side of the Castle and we can talk about this properly. Just us girls…” Elia said with a weak smile, trying to lighten the situation, “…prayers in the Godswood are said to be good, yes, but a glass of dornish red does wonders especially with the right dornish woman to…”

Visenya abruptly stood up and wriggled out of Elia’s arms. “Forgive me, my Queen. I came to the Godwood not to pray. It’s was just the only place where people don’t try and talk to me. But now I have to go and find somewhere else…” maybe the depths of the seven seas… I wish I was a stupid boy, then, I could swear the black and disappear to the edge of the world.

Visenya ignored Elia’s calls after her and hurried out with Meraxes loyally trotting behind her on the earthy soil, quickly down the handsome stone path and followed her out the smokeberry vined gate. It was the Kings Guard that stopped her in her tracks, Ser Allister Thorne and Ser Jamie Lannister posted by the gate in their white helms and armour, pure white cloaks rippled down their steel-clad backs and trailing their steel-clad grieves and boots.

“Princess, it’s getting dark. Shall I escort you back to the Keep?” Ser Jamie said gently, he lifted off his white steel helm and rested it under his arm. His golden locks falling in waves around her strong jaw, his beautiful green eyes were soft and understanding.

Ser Allister stepped forward next to Jamie, “Ser Jamie. The King, Fire-Lord Rhaegar, instructed us to make sure the royal family stays in Maegor’s Holdfast, especially after dark. Come Princess, I will make sure you’re safe.” Allister said in his grizzly voice, gesturing for them to follow to path back into the castle.

Meraxes dusky ears twitched and Visenya could feel through their connection that Elia was also quickly approaching behind. She had to make her move now, she had a good-mother behind her who cared for her too much and two King-Guard in front of her that would lay on their swords if she commanded. Visenya needed a friend. She wished Meraxes could talk. She needed a friend, someone who understood what it felt like to be alone.
“…Inform my mother, Ser Jamie, I will be back before dawn.”

He was perplexed at first but an understanding smile quickly touched the corners of Jamie’s mouth, the young Targaryen girl was finally talking like a Princess of the Great Western Fire Nation and it reminded him of something Princess Daenerys would probably do. However, Ser Allister frowned in confusion at her statement. His white armour glimmered under the last rays of the dying sun and his boots slowly moved towards her, unsure what she was going to do.

Visenya glanced and met the knight’s small wrinkled eyes, commanding him to stop from just a glance while she stepped back and threaded her soft fingers in Meerie’s dusky furs behind her pointed ears. The direwolf’s mammoth body tensed as it flexed on its skinny legs from her mistresses touch. She spoke in clear Valyrian. “…Ivestragī’s sōvegon, Meraxes. Ivestragī’s sōvegon…”

And the wolf snapped, darting into a prowling slither as if it would attack, its great dark face, piercing emerald eyes and jaws snarled at the Kings Guard. Ser Allister jumped back and started shouting curses in terror as he gripped the hilt of his sword while Jamie simply moved aside with a small smile of his lips.

Visenya swung her leg over Meraxes withers and ignored Elia’s shouts behind her that were getter louder and quicker and more emotional. Senya got comfortable on Meraxes’ saddle as she leaned down, and whispered a Valyrian breath into her wolf’s ear. “…Show me the meaning of haste, Meraxes.”

Her silver-gold hair danced behind her when the wolf shot off like an arrow wisped from a dragon bone bow. Visenya scrunched her fingers into Meraxes wither’s, careful not to pull any out as her surrounding became blurred and the summer air howled in her ears. The pair disappeared down the descending path, past under the bricked archways with flaming goblets atop and when they made it around the corner of the red sandstone road, made for servant passes and horse wagons under the shadow of the great red towers. They leapt over the chained bridge gate, leaping over the spiked trench before disappearing past the walls and into the gulf of the city. Into the dusk.

Elia caught up to Ser Jamie, both of them watching Ser Allister run after her like the Kings fool would try, his armour rattling and his brittle old legs thinking they could keep up with a direwolf. They watched him down the long path in the distance, finally stopping and giving up with roar as he kicked a stone off the road in frustration.

Ser Jamie chuckled, the street lanterns on the inner courtyard of the Keep being lit by servants as the dyeing beams of the dark orange sun barely dipped over the horizon. Elia raised her eyebrows, turning to the famous young knight. “This is no laughing matter, Ser Jamie.”
Jamie quietened and nodded respectfully, his broad white armour and golden-lion hilted sword glimmering under the street light. “…Apologises, my Queen. It’s just, Princess Visenya, she starting to mirror the likes of her Aunt. Princess Daenerys is always one to do a thing like this.”

Elia tried to maintain a stern face but a smile touched her lips, “…gods forbid Visenya follows in the footsteps of my young and beautiful good-sister. The Fire Bending Prodigy of the royal family will return by tomorrow with Jaehaerys himself, are you ready for more Targaryen children to run after? Or will you finally take off your woman’s gown and step out the shadows of the likes of Lord Commander Hightower or the returning Ser Arthur Dayne?” Elia teased.

Jamie smirked and leaned a little closer so only she could hear, “I believe it was you my Queen, who took off the gown the last time you told me off…”

Elia’s mature face was tranquil but her cheeks reddened a little as she bit her lower lip, her perky chest rose deeply in her breathing and the dark silk that rested on her shoulders like a shawl teased the sight of her defined collarbone. She met his bold green eyes and couldn’t stop her own smirk from growing as she pursed her sweet lips, she pushed his jaw away playfully with her delicate fingertips. “Hush, my lion. Now, be a good boy and go after my good-daughter.”

Jamie watched the enticing sway of her small round bottom that creased out the dark silk of her garb. He tore his gaze off her and followed the other path into the city. He heard her voice in the distance when she reached Ser Allister, who saw nothing in his frustration in looking for which direction the Princess went, “…Ser Allister, be a good man and escort me back inside.”

Princess Visenya Targaryen

The crunch of wet pebbles and the ripple from the ponds of water whispered in the night. She pulled the dark brown-furred mink cloak tighter around her shoulders, her silver-gold hair was now loose from her spur-of-the-moment escape and now her hair cascaded down in silky ripples over her chest. She knew she was in deep trouble when she returned to the Keep. Her mother would go mad and she might even get summoned by her horrid father to be disciplined. But, it all didn’t matter right now. She steadied herself along the cliff rock face, climbing over the saturated settlements in the blackwater shallows, she stepped through, careful not to get wet and entered the hidden crack in the shadows on the north tower.
“…The earth bender.”

He toppled over when he heard her voice and he quickly turned around when the massive dusky direwolf padded up to him, its jaws and wet nose sniffing into his neck. He tried not to lose his balls and run like the wind, he sat patiently and waited for the wolf to sniff his scent. He lifted his head slowly and a bone-chilling fear arose when the wolf’s bottle-green eyes glared into his soul but suddenly, a wet lick slathered his face, followed by another and then one more.

“It seems Meraxes approves.”

Gendry let out a sigh of relief and turned to the direction of her voice, she was standing behind him next to the crushed bones of Balerion the Dread. The underground hall was no longer a broken cascade of rocks and bones filled with layers of debris and dust. He had been coming down here for days, using his earth bending to clear up and make it look like nothing had happened when they were both last down here. A small makeshift fire sat in the middle and his tools lay scattered around cotton workers sheets on the floor he laid down, over the last day he had been trying to glue back together the crushed dragon skull with wet concrete and earth bending. More than half of it was still intact but the jaw had socketed and was still cracked from the avalanche of boulders from the encrusted and jagged rock ceiling.

“…You came back.” Gendry said in relief, his jet black hair was no longer spiky but flattened and soft. He wore a patchy worn blue tunic over his lightly-muscled torso, thin with broken laces at the collar and his breeches and boots were brown and threadbare. He was just as lean and comely as she remembered.

Visenya crossed her arms and narrowed her tired eyes, the elegant mink cloak with brown furs resting over her shoulders was in stark contrast to his shabby attire, Elia’s cloak was too long but it kept her warm, trailing down hips and legs like two elegant drapes on either side. She simply watched him, curious and wary of him and his particular set of earth bending skills she wanted answers for.

“You… you look good… beautiful.” He stuttered and blurted, frowning at himself stupidly before muttering an apology. He waited for her to say something, anything.

He slowly stood up and rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly, “…umm.” He moved towards her to close some of the distance between them but quickly stopped when she suddenly moved her feet gracefully and brandished her soft delicate hands out her expensive attire, clawing one hand and circling her other, and Gendry yelped when a blazing ring of fire twisted from the campfire on the ground, slithering up and coiling around him, twisting and spitting embers at him. Visenya watched him closely as he span around looking at the thin fire ring winding around him, his clumsy feet stumbled from the lack of space.
“You should know, earth bending is forbidden in the Seven Kingdoms. Ever since the usurper tried to take my father’s throne, the practise of earth bending is punishable by death. Anyone… man, woman or boy found bending earth should have their head on a spike by the Kings justice.” Visenya said softly, almost tiredly.

“Visenya…” Gendry murmured in terror, turning his shoulders hurriedly in circles when the blazing fire ring spat and licked sparks at him, coiling and screaming with acidity. He quickly turned back towards her, his hands raised in a surrendering gesture. “…I had too,” he broke off when the circle of fire drew in closer, inching closer and making his heart thump harder and harder.

“…I had to save you!” He exclaimed when his feet stopped shuffling since there was not an inch to spare.

“…Why?” Visenya loosened her clawed fingers and the fire around him went out with not a hint of smoke, she wanted to place her hands on her hips but refrained since she didn’t want to mirror something her mother would do but her stormy eyes, exhausted and dry, did slowly narrow.

“…Why did you save me?”

“...because.” Gendry murmured and he trailed off, looking at her with his dark beady eyes and his deep gaze for some reason tightened her stomach, and she then knew why he saved her. His soft beady eyes told her everything. Gendry looked at her like she had just tumbled into his dreams like every girl wished to be looked at.

Visenya swallowed hard and her beautiful stormy eyes flickered elsewhere, anywhere from his and she gripped the book in her hands tighter. She looked at her hands as she spoke, “…so you can earth bend. Are there any other mysterious gifts you have? Do you, do you assassinate fire benders in secret at dusk in revenge for the botched rebellion and then play the harp and sing in the streets of the city at dawn to jest of it?”

A smile crept onto his lips and he laughed weakly, “I can’t sing, and I don’t even know what a harp is? I’ve just learned how to read about a year ago and I’m still rubbish at it, and I still don’t know the right end of a fork. Senya… Princess, please believe me. I am not a threat to you. I’m just a bleeding smith.” He pleaded nervously, his voice hardened at the end. He watched her blank expression, the wait chilling his bones and the wait prolonged. Suddenly, he caught the book she flung at him. Confused, he ran his calloused fingers along the broad spine of the leatherback and he looked up and he swore he saw the faintest smile touch her lips.
“...read the top.” She instructed.

He looked down, mouthing the words out slowly. *The Earth Kingdoms of Westeros, by Archmaester Pylos*. He opened it and turned the faded page and a small smile graced his lips.

“So, you weren’t going to burn me alive? You brought me a book about earth bending.” Gendry concluded, closing it with a thud and glancing up at her.

“In particular, the history of Earth Bending,” Senya pointed out with a tired smile, “I brought it because you pretty much cried after you saved me, begging me you didn’t know how to control it and how you wanted to keep it a secret. At least this book will give you some insight into your people’s history…”

Gendry flushed red as she teased him and he butted in, “…forgive me, Princess, but you ran off before I could explain and I didn’t know if I would find a fire patrol torching my master’s shop when I got back, I didn’t know if I would see daybreak let alone you again.”

“Don’t call me that,” Visenya muttered, unlacing her good-mother’s cloak and laying it by the fire within the circle of fallen rock and bones and dragons skulls they found themselves in.

“…Don’t call me, Princess, I mean. I’m tired of being that. I’m tired of my mother and my father. I’m tired of all the lies of being a princess of the great western fire nation.”

“Well, it’s better than being a damn bastard of some whore in flea-bottom,” Gendry grumbled, plopping himself down next to her on the cloak she laid out. He crossed his legs and held the tops of his knees under his elbows, sitting next to her in the fire-lit clearing and watching Meraxes sniffle through the eroding bones scattered around them.

Visenya’s face softened and she couldn’t help but place her hand over his, “you don’t remember your mother?”

He had a wide-eyed look that dissolved into a soft chuckle, “I remember a woman. Red hair and always wearing this long blue dress, she had a nice voice, she sang to me when I slept. She was there for a time and then she wasn’t. She probably died in a brothel with her legs open, underneath some drunken lord trying to forget his miserable and proper lady wife.” Gendry said bitterly, “she wasn’t there when I needed her...”
“I know how you feel,” Visenya muttered, even though she knew her situation was far less horrible, it warmed her to know Gendry knew how she felt. She grew up inside a castle, surrounded by lots of family. But, she still felt alone, neglected. Now, more than ever. Visenya didn’t realise she had drifted off in thought until he heard him start to read, well his horrible attempt to read as he sat the book in the middle of them, both of them comfortable in how their thighs touched slightly.

“…earth is the element of substance. The people of the lost earth kingdoms are diverse and strong. They are per… persistent and en…en…”

“Enduring,” Visenya nodded encouragingly, trying not to smile too much. She had to cough a little when his beady eyes rested on her mouth sounding the word for him. He turned the faded page and concentrated even harder to not look like a complete fool. She helped him on the hard bits.

“…the first earth benders were the Bagermoles of Old. Like the Dragons taught the Valyrian’s how to harness fire. The Bagermoles foraged and burrowed tunnels in the mountains across the narrow sea, deep in the vast eastern plains now more commonly known as the Red Sea. The nomadic horse-mounted warriors named the Dothraki, soon were taught the ways of Earth by the moles. Legend says it was within the lone mountain in Vaes Dothrak, later named the sacred Mother of Mountains, they were taught how to combine earth bending to survive in the vast plains. This was all quite miraculous until after many disputes to find the strongest Earth Khal, the first Khalassar was broken and split into many hoards to go on plunging new pasture lands along the free-cities and beyond. The very sand and every grain under their hooves became a weapon for them. The Bagermoles are still worshipped in their culture, known as the Great Stallion…”

Senya smiled when she finished reading the last bit. She turned to see his reaction and suddenly found their cheeks almost glued together, reading from the little candlelight they had. She held her breath when his fingers touched hers, turning the page over. “You finish this passage.” She swallowed out, concentrating back on the next page while her mind tried to remember if she saw the tops of his ears were actually red or not like her own. He read on.

“…the tale of how earth bending arrived on the shores of Westeros is still unknown. However, many maesters of the Citadel have found evidence that the Stormlands was the birthplace of western earth bending. The region is so-named for the savage and frequent autumn storms that batter the coasts after beginning in the Summer Sea. Old myth says the thunderous sounds on the black shores were actually Stone-Giants created by a lost bagermole. In recent centuries, after Aegon’s Conquest, these mythical stone giants that were given life in the Stormlands are described by old fishermen, who have allegedly sighted them, as hurding rocks at one another for sport during violent thunderstorms over the Red Mountains. The last Storm Kings of House Durrandon of Storms End supposedly gained the knowledge of earth bending from the Stone-Giants and their line continued to do so and they flourished in all manners, as but one. Aegon’s arrival on the shores of Westeros. Orys Baratheon, a fire-bending master, slew Argilac the Arrogant in the bloody battle known as the Last Storm. The Earth Kingdom of Storms End was lost to the feet of Orys, the Dragon of the East. The land, titles, Sigel, daughter and House were claimed by Orys Baratheon by
Aegon’s blessing. He married the earth kingdom’s daughter, Argella, and Orys’ line soon liquefied into one of Earth Benders not fire. Only their second born, Davos Baratheon, was known for lava bending but soon, House Baratheon became one true of Earth. Now in recent day, Fire-Lord Rhaegar has forbidden any practice of Earth Bending in Westeros after the traitor Robert Baratheon opposed the King in a failed rebellion, 282AC…”

“Some story,” Gendry muttered, continuing to read on quietly as Visenya stopped reading the tricky parts. Visenya merely hummed responses to the right parts of his questions of pronunciation, her mind filled with how his lips moved. How his dark hair was not curly but flat but seemed so crunchable at the same time. For years she had lost one sibling after another. First Jaehaerys, then Aegon and Rhaenys. Then she lost Dany nearly a month ago. All because of her father’s ambition and his distrust, his need for power and conquest over everyone including his own kin. Did she feel guilt at what she wanted? No, not anymore, I’ve bled into a Targaryen and I take what I want. But, she still gulped with fear when she felt her breath hitch with the thought of freedom, rebellion. She then imagined Robyn Arryun standing at the other side next to the sept.

“Kiss me,” Visenya told Gendry. She wanted to feel a revolution. Everyone played her for an innocent maiden fool, why couldn’t she do the same?

“What?”

“Kiss me.” and before she could comprehend what she was actually asking, what she was actually doing and more importantly risking. He gently grabbed her shoulders and pulled her lips to his, the book falling off their laps. Their lips touched and it was as if the entire weeks of worry since her first moon blood disappeared like a congealed fire blast in the air.

Gendry flipped them around, laying her down on the ground a little too quickly and he pressed the hard panels of his torso on top of her soft chest, hovering and taking in the sight beneath, her stormy eyes partially open from the daze and it made his breeches even harder. “You’re so beautiful,” he breathed against her neck, his finger coming up to trace the plump nature of her pink pouty lip. The dusky direwolf propped it’s head up, staring intently if her mistress was in any danger. The wolf curled up with a soft whine, blinking her eyes shut contently.

He was the old black ram tupping the white ewe. And Visenya loved it… she loved the rebellion of giving herself to a bastard from flea-bottom, a much older boy than her, an earth bender whose lineage and power nearly killed her family. She looked up at his handsome eyes that were pitch and vehement, the mere look tingled her toes and caused a smile graced her lips. She had reached a cross-road, and she had taken her road.

“Touch me.” She found herself saying.
His large hand scrunched into her silver hair while the other slipped the fabric off her shoulder, and her dress was dragged down by her feet a moment later, his other hand pushing her legs apart. The warm touch of his flesh stiffened her nipples. Her tongue softened and he tasted of sweet fucking rebellion.

_The Banished Crown Prince_

“Eye’s on me, Andal.”

Aegon murmured, noticing the knight’s middle-aged eyes lingering on his sister’s breast momentarily. They had just staggered through the gates of Illyrio’s manse, the yellow oaken doors closing and bolted behind them and he was quickly reunited with Rhaenys who flung her arms around him, he hugged both his babe and his sister, kissing them back with relief. He would have sent a silent prayer to the old gods and the new in thanks but they ever did anything good for him.

He thought he was going to die at the hands of bounty hunter scum on the streets. The arrows had fired at him and he flourished a vortex of fire to swallow the arrowheads but two made it through and grazed his abdomen, while one pierced his back. It wasn’t until a giant bear skin-changer entered the fray did he think he would survive the ambush. The distraction proved effective and he fire-blasted their way out, killing most of those that tried to kill him and barely making it back to the manse through the side entrance on the south quarter of the gated gardens. The skin-changer had saved Rhaenys as well from certain capture, which he was grateful for but he still didn’t trust this Northman. Now, they were sitting around a grand dining table deep in the middle of the manse. Jon Connington sat in the corner with his eyes closed, seemingly meditating, after having heard about their ambush. Doreah was on her knees by Egg’s chair, tying fresh linens around his abdomen after cleaning his wounds with rum and cotton. While Rhaenys sat beside him feeding Daeron from her breast, cooing over him and also fussing over Doreah’s bandage work to make sure her brother would be alright.

Rhaenys pursed her lips at Egg’s possessiveness, she would remind him tonight how they belonged to each other. But right now, she couldn’t help but smile when Jorah swiftly looked away as she fed Daeron, whose chubby fingers tugged and played with her silky hair as he drank contently at being back in his mother’s arms.
“…you say you are from our home country? Where?”

Jorah raised his jaw slightly and met the prince’s distrustful eyes, “Far in the North past the northern water tribes, my Prince. On the seat of Bear Island, home to the bear skin-changers, my father’s name is Jeor Mormont. The Lord-Comm…”

“Mormont,” Aegon half-spat, “I know of you, you are the fool was exiled for selling poachers to a passing slaver's ship, the coward who fled Ned Stark’s sword who sought justice in the name of my father. You’re Ser Jorah Mormont, now a simple exile of Essos.”

“We have that in common, your Grace.” Jorah nodded carefully, resting the tip of his longsword on the ground as he sat on the chair opposite them. Aegon’s nose twitched with anger, he was no exile. He chose to leave that godforsaken continent. He wanted to exclaim this but Rhaenys hand on his lap stopped him.

“It seems we are in your debt, Ser Jorah. You saved my baby from becoming an orphan.” Rhaenys said diplomatically, hoping to quell Aegon’s anger as well as she stopped feeding Daeron, popping her dark nipple back inside her buttery silken dress. She set her baby boy on the floor to crawl around as she smoothed her silk blouse back over her bosom, keeping one eye on Daeron while listening to the mysterious knight.

“You are most welcome, Princess. Times have changed, especially in Westeros it happens, it seems blood means nothing to most anymore, let alone loyalty. To be a fire bender in the East and carry the name Targaryen is a burden of many, the name itself just summons blood and conquest. You are not safe in Pentos anymore, they may know of Prince Daeron now, they will come for you with half of the royal fire armies. King Rhaegar wants his heir back and he wants the realm to know that even his children can’t make a fool of him.”

Aegon rolled his eyes, having heard these words from Connington many times, “…then what do you suggest we do, Jorah the Andal?”

Jorah leaned forward slightly; the brown bear engraved breastplates and grieves groaning slightly as he eyed him closely. “You were named after the Conqueror, Aegon Targaryen. I urge you to march upon Dragonstone, to rally an army on your back and take back your homeland. Your son will never be safe if your father chooses a new heir, since you chose to forsaken your duty for love of your sister. You need to destroy your father and bring the realm into an era of peace and hope. Rhaegar has already started a revolt in the Iron Islands. He declares it’s a conquest to bring that kingdom back into the fold but it’s more like genocide on the Ironborn. An Agni Kai with your father is the only way, fire flows through your veins and you are the only man powerful enough to defeat the Fire-lord. Take the Iron-Throne for yourself.”
Aegon wanted to point out the Avatar was the prophesied one to bring balance but he knew that was like suggesting the Wight Walkers were real, or krakens and giants are lodging in a nearby village. It was Connington that spoke.

“This is no chance meeting, is it Ser Jorah?”

Rhaenys, who had been listening the entire time, leaned back in her chair and took a sip of her cold mead. Her amethyst lashes trained on the knight in question.

Jorah looked weary, “no, it is not. I wish to return home one day and restore my honour.” Aegon sat up straighter now, his breath quickening a little from the rawness in Jorah’s voice. “…serving the rightful heir of the Iron-Throne and his Queen may restore my honour one day… I ran into some unsavoury characters whilst travelling through the free-cities, some sand raiders spotted me in bear form, they mistook me for a mythological bagermole…”

Rhaenys smirked, “I imagine they regretted that.”

“One of them was carrying a message,” Jorah informed them, unrolling a dirty rag with black marks sprawled over it. Aegon and Connington brought it in-front of them, examining it while Rhaenys continued to focus on Jorah’s face.

“It is Dothraki.” Jorah declared.

Aegon and Connington suddenly drew faint lines of worry on their faces and leaned back from the scripture, even Rhaenys swallowed hard, quickly glancing to see if Daeron was still alright in his crawling around.

“Promise of payment,” Jorah said, eyeing the gnarly marks on the rag.

“For what..?” Aegon breathed.

“The Princess. Unharmed and unspoiled.” Jorah said and there was a chorus of ‘what’ from them all.
“You can’t be serious?” Rhaenys stuttered, standing up and her yellow buttery dress, silk and taut, was like a fine mould and teased every inch of her flesh, her dark nipples almost transparent under her oozing perspiration. She ignored them all and quickly went to pick her baby up, holding him close as she looked at Jorah for an explanation.

Jorah sighed under Aegon’s inflamed eyes, “I’m afraid not. The message is one of many copies that originally bared the seal of the three-headed dragon. Rumours has it, the Red-Witch Kinvara, has promised a Dothraki Khalassar a hefty prize to find you. And this is no ordinary Khalassar. This is Khal Drogo, son of Bharbo. They call him the Earth Khal. He wears the longest braid and plunders everything under the hooves of his mighty horse. He now commands a horde of nearly a hundred thousand. He will pillage every city and village in the east to find you. He has never seen defeat.”

Aegon slammed his fist on the table and smoke sizzled out her clenched fingers. “I will slay this Earth Khal! He will wonder the red sea with no eyes or tongue, dragged by his damn horse and the world will know, there goes the fool who thought he could take Aegon’s sister! She is mine!” Aegon seethed.

Rhaenys felt less nervous then as she held Daeron in her arms behind Aegon. She placed her palm on his broad shoulder, feeling him take her hand over his shoulder to place a kiss along her fingers.

“…Patience Prince Aegon. You are wounded and in no state to take on even ten men, let alone, one hundred thousand.” Connington pointed out, caressing his short fiery beard in thought, staring at the gnarly marks on the rag before looking back at Jorah, pointing, “What do the other runes say?”

Jorah traced the words with his fingers, “the Iron-Throne is prepared to give Drogo, ten thousand horses, ninety thousand gold dragons and one royal bride. Rhaenys Targaryen, to do as they please with. In return, they want the Crown-Prince, Aegon VI Targaryen, returned in a crate to them across the narrow sea. Any company with them, killed and their heads brought forth. That is the price.”

“What of Alysanna’s jewel?” Rhaenys murmured, touching the stone bump between her clothed breasts.

“There was no mention of such jewel?” Jorah responded.
Aegon smiled weakly, “Father must think the Jewel still resides on Dragonstone in the vaults. Grandmother hasn’t informed him that we took it, it seems she is on our side.”

Connington shook his head, ignoring the side-track, “will this Earth Khal accept Rhaegar’s offer?”

Jorah sighed, “I don’t know but now Drogo has already turned his Khalassar south, and is riding to Pentos. He is coming either way.”

Rhaenys all but growled angrily, threading her hand through her silken hair in frustration and holding Daeron tighter. “So, my dear father has given up hiring bounty hunters to slaughter us! He now just plans to capture my brother and sell me off like a brood-mare to some Dothraki Earth Khal! He is a sick and twisted old man and a power-hungry fool! He plans to have me bred and waste away by Dothraki scum and Aegon gets to return home and live happily ever after? Why? He won’t get anywhere near our family I swear to all the gods, but what I don’t understand is, why in the world does he want Aegon alive and not me?”

Egg stood up and took her into his arms and held her close. “I don’t know. But I won’t let anyone touch you, sister.” He murmured, kissing her lips softly.

It was Jorah that broke the silence, “a dornish whore I met in Bravos carried a piece of information that may be relevant. She spent a night with a trader that worked the trade points in the Reach, he ported Highgarden. He told her, Lord Tyrell’s daughter had a miscarriage just over a year ago. This is not common knowledge but some believe the person that put the bastard inside her, was of royal blood. The Crown-Prince, on her visit to the capital, a little over a year ago. This is just a rumour.” Jorah added, avoiding Aegon’s gaze.

“That rumour was a lie.” Aegon declared, crossing his arms and he quickly turned to Rhaenys who had leaned out their embrace. Her beautiful eyes were inflamed with acidity. She looked like she might murder him where he stood.

“…It didn’t happen, my love. I never touched that doe-eyed bitch.” Aegon mumbled.

Rhaenys slowly softened her gaze and had a desire to be still, and let the relief sink in, she spoke with shaky laughter. “That is why Rhaegar what’s you alive, because of this rumour about Margaery being tainted and spoiled out of wedlock by you. It’s clearly a plot by that old bat, Olenna Tyrell, to make sure her grand-daughter becomes Queen. And father believes it. He wants to believe it because it gets rid of me. He still believes I seduced you in fleeing Westeros, or that’s what he wants the realm to think. He just wants his heir back, his legacy. Viserys is too weak and Jaehaerys can’t fire-bend. Without you, he has no male heir to the Iron-Throne. That doe-eyed
lying bitch will never be Queen.” Rhaenys smirked evilly.

Aegon smiled weakly and rubbed her back in comfort but his mind was elsewhere.

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The hale boulder stone of the Red-Keep was over a year younger and the sun was bright over the blackwater shores. The sun shone and weaved between the labyrinth of tall pillars that encircled the south-east quarter courtyard like a serpent of satin fire. The shadow of Maegor’s holdfast above them a blessing of shade in the humid heat of the long summer, from the highest tower a ship flying green and yellow sails would have been seen hours before. Now, the sun had risen far past noon, court had finished and the distant chant of the faith militant came from near Rhaenys Hill, the sept of Fire-Lord Baelor overflowing with afternoon prayers and the ravens chirped along the skies, gliding like ribbons but fluttering wearily when they reached the south-west quarter. Private fire bending training for the Princes was underway.

Viserys swept his leg high and kicked out a flurry of fire blasts, his golden hooped earrings glimmering in the sun’s glare. His skinny posture was effective for once since he had a good distance between them he could avoid heavy-duty rain, and this meant every time a fire blast would come his way, he would simply step out the way.

“You can’t blast your way out of everything, mighty nephew!” Viserys cackled, spinning his long spidery fingers and conjuring an orange fire pinwheel that nearly knocked Aegon off his feet.

Aegon laughed at the jest, wiping the sweat off his forehead and standing tall, nude from waist up. He was ripped and the hard panels of his torso were now scorched from his uncle’s cunning and sneaky attacks. Viserys’ fire was far from hot though, that victory fell upon his sister. The heat and power of Daenerys’ fire was like her beauty, unearthly. He would never tell her that though.

“You talk too much, Uncle. I hope you fuck better than you can fight!” Aegon roared, flexing the muscles along his arms and clawing his fingers, he brought his hands together hard and a cage of fire weaved around Viserys and trapped him. Viserys was indeed too slow to move, his sleeveless armour was heavy and designed for show rather than actual warfare. He wore a gold gorget clasped with a fine sapphire that glittered like sparkling water on his long neck. The steel-clad over his thin stomach and skinny shoulders was blackened and spiked with dragon heads, wrought with fine gold and the pauldrons were engraved with the snarling three-headed dragon. A tight bun atop his head encased most his silver hair but the rest trailed behind his ears. His sword belt was fine dornish leather sewn with silver filigree and clasped with glittering rubies but the longsword itself was a virgin to the summer air.
Aegon grinned as he took in the dull look of his Uncle in the face of defeat, he walked towards him and every breath he took tightened his bare abdominals, “Do you yield?”

Viserys grinned, “You’re lucky nephew, this time I happen to yield. Next time, it will be you tasting defeat, as per usual.” He teased, wringing his wrists to ease the tension of his fire-bending as he stepped out of Aegon’s dissolving fire cage.

They slumped down on the steps of the courtyard, grinning stupidly at how today's training went. The sun sat on their shoulders and the castle was quiet. “I’d hate if I was like those peasants down in the gutters of the city. How could you survive without fire bending? We’re lucky we didn’t turn out to be a stain like Jaehaerys. He is a stranger to fire and now he’s probably rotting in that wasteland they call a northern water tribe. A ward…” Viserys scoffed with a chuckle.

Aegon glanced at Viserys in disgust but he couldn’t help but agree with him, Jae was weak. It was part of life that he had to go.

“…A rather large Tyrell ship was spotted on the blackwater no more than three hours ago. It seems the blubbering fool, Mace Tyrell, has also brought his children for the week, while he pays his taxes to the Crown. Everyone knows my brother wants their harvest, not their peasant taxes.” Viserys spat, unlacing his leather grieves, that were pitch and wrought with obsidian glaze.

Aegon merely hummed, rubbing oil over the burn mark that reddened his forearm.

“When do you depart for Dragonstone? I hear father has finally put you in command in the construction of the royal fleet. You deserve it, Vis.” Aegon lied, plastering a weak smile over his mouth. In truth, he wanted nothing more than to leave the duty of Crown-Prince for a couple of days. All his day was made of was court, small-talk with potential trade companies, more court, small-council meetings if he was allowed, and training and maybe some time with the family after supper. That was his typical day. The night was a different story, they were his and Rhaenys. But, his sister and aunt had left the capital on a visit to Dorne, to visit his mother’s family and the Watergardens. For the first time, Dany went with Rhaenys. They would return soon, hopefully. He craved his sister, he craved to be inside her and hear her lips moan his name. He would wait for her as promised. The capital was quieter now, little Visenya usually had her nose in a new book or played with her damn wolf. And now Viserys was leaving.

Viserys almost puffed his chest out in proudness, “I leave at first light on the morrow. I will be there to oversee every galleon and warship, every new recruit, head plans with the other fire generals. Maybe a year or two, I’ll be stationed there. But, it will be good seeing my mother again.”
“Grandmother will be pleased.” Aegon nodded.

“Anyway, don’t change the subject, little Egg.” Viserys smirked, “the Tyrell girl is here with her family for at least a few days I expect. They say she’s very beautiful and I saw her this morning with my man, Bronn, in court. She looks delightful as Lord Varys would say.”

Egg shook his head, “I’ve met a lot of delightful women, and I don’t think some Reach girl will sway my heart.” Aegon murmured quietly, imploring he was talking his secret relationship with Rhaenys. He had confided with his uncle, only since Viserys always talked about how he would one day have his own sister. They kept their fantasies far from Rhaegar’s ears though. Marriage was one of alliances according to Rhaegar, they had a duty and when their betrothals were announced, they would do as told. Aegon just had to pray his dornish sister would be the one waiting on the steps of the sept.

“No Egg, you should have seen this girl, this one is different from the other swoons. I’d fuck her until she couldn’t walk, if I didn’t love you so much.” Viserys snorted.

Aegon smiled with mirth and he was about to answer when he heard his mother’s voice coming down the sun-soaked steps, the beautifully carved beige stairway to the training courtyard had three summer gowns and three sets of feet trailing its steps. Elia led the way, her brown skin almost golden in the sun. She walked with elegance and was adorned in a lace deep plump gown that highlighted her slim figure. Her dress hugged her shoulders and teased the sight of her defined collarbone. Her long dark hair was swept back into a delicate bun, loose tendrils kissing her high cheekbones. Lyanna walked behind in an immaculate silken gown, which was deep blue and framed with pitch myrish lace, bringing out her snow-like skin. Her stormy eyes looked heavenly and her brown locks sat comfortably on her plump chest. Another figure walked by the Stark Queen, slightly smaller and purposely hidden by Elia for a surprise.

“Here they are, typical boys, like to play war rather than act like princes.” Elia smiled.

Aegon stood up with Viserys and he quickly pulled his modest maroon tunic over his head to make himself more presentable. “Mother, we haven’t played war since we were children. This is what fire bending looks like.”

Viserys chuckled muttering something along the lines of ‘if you call that fire bending’ to Aegon, making them all laugh. “My Queen’s, you both could drown an army of fire benders with your beauty. My brother is one lucky King to have you both by his side.” Viserys informed, pecking both their cheeks dutifully. Lyanna smiled weakly but Elia embraced it, she had known Viserys since he was a babe.
“Always the gentleman, Viserys, we will find you a fine wife.” Elia winked with pursed lips and
she introduced the girl behind her to Viserys, who curtseyed ever so properly. Aegon leaned over to
Lyanna so only she could hear, “that’s Olenna Tyrell’s mule I take it..?”

Lyanna nearly swatted his arm, trying not to smile as she whispered, “…Behave, my son.”

Viserys said his farewells speaking about visiting the rookery, to send a letter to his dear sister.
Elia and Lyanna turned to him and his mother spoke. “Aegon, this is Lady Margaery of
Highgarden. She is on a spur of the moment visit to the capital while her Lord father pays his taxes
to the Crown.”

Aegon finally took her in and his mouth became a little moist. The rose of Highgarden was not a
desperate whore that Rhaenys gossiped about, she was far from it. Wide doe brown eyes stared up
at him, a picture of innocence but the smile that teased her thin lips suggested otherwise. Her
flowing brown waves of hair framed her face and her soft fingers lay over the linen autumn shawl
that finished under her perky chest. She wore a green, gold patterned and sleeveless gown, that
exposed a lot of her doe-like skin and the plunging neckline that looped her neck pushed out the
small mounds of her breasts slightly. She had wide hips and her body was slender and softer than
Rhaenys’.

“Prince Aegon, it’s wonderful to finally meet you.”

There was an awkward silence while Aegon digested the pictures running though his mind, the
only picture he had was this doe-eyed beauty naked as her name day on her knees with those lips
teasing the tip of his cock. He couldn’t believe the picture Rhaenys gave him about Margaery; he
thought the Tyrell girl was a crone after power from Rhaenys vivid description. He certainly
wasn’t prepared for this.

“Does it speak?” Margaery asked with a giggle, glancing at the Queen’s. Who were both trying not
to smile, Lyanna responded, “Apologies Lady Margaery, my good-son is not known for being the
timid one. He must simply be tired from his training.” Lyanna said, discretely nudging Aegon
forward to jostle him back to reality.

“Yes… yes,” Aegon started with a cough, “Forgive me, my lady. The pleasure is all mine,” he
stated, taking her hand to place a kiss along her fingers. They were soft, really soft and he didn’t
want to let go when he did.

Elia smirked as she took Lyanna’s hand, both walking away, “we’ll let you too young doves talk a
while, we’ll be waiting on the other side of the terrace. Take Lady Margaery to see the view of the
blackwater from up here, Aegon, it’s beautiful.” Elia added, walking away down the opposite path with Lyanna, walking along the canopy of berry trees that lined the other side of the courtyard.

“This way my Lady,” Aegon gestured, offering his arm which she accepted with both her palms on his forearm and a wide smile. They walked towards the ledge of the courtyard, quietly content on her part but he was nervous. Not of her, but of what his sister would think if she saw who was on his arm. He took his pipe out his sword-belt, lighting it with a little fire-bending and he took a puff, drawing a smoke ring in the air and quickly noticing it had wafted near her face.

“…Do you mind me smoking, my lady? It’s only a quarter-pipe.” He added quickly.

Margaery, who had been enjoying the view, turned towards him. “…pardon?” She took a step closer and he could smell the perfume on her neck, enticing the hardness in his breeches, and it drew his eyes towards the softness of her skin.

Aegon touched and held his quarter-pipe close, trying to concentrate on anything but her. “…it holds the same amount of brandy-leaf but the smoke is more baring. Yes, watch.” He added quickly, inhaling quickly and puffing out a flurry of smoke rings to show her.

Margaery doe-eyes now held a firm contact with his, stepping closer as she moved a tendril of hair blowing by her lips. “That’s somewhat disappointing.”

Aegon raised his brow and looked at the horizon for a second before meeting her gaze with an uncertain grin, “Would you rather have me not smoking at all?”

“I would rather you be a man who did exactly as he pleased,” Margaery replied, the innocent expression replaced by a seductive glaze.

Aegon parted his lips when she stepped even closer, her small soft mounds under her taut gown pressed slightly against the hard panels of his chest. “How is your visit to the capital so far, my Lady?” Aegon stuttered, desperate to change the subject as his thoughts went back on his sister. He would imagine Rhaenys would burn him alive right now.

“I’m not just a visitor, your grace, rumour has it. I’m to be your bride.”

Aegon was drawn to the sweet scent of breath from her thin rosy lips but he cleared his throat
loudly, trying his best to not think with his cock as Rhaenys warned. He turned to look at the distant bay, his mind rambling, “I know visits to foreign places are a little uncomfortable. Right now, my sister and aunt are visiting Sunspear. They tell me they like it there but they also tell me the Martell’s are a little overbearing, in secret of course. You should know, my lady, my sister and I. We don’t keep many secrets, and I don’t…”

Margaery reached up and tilted his jaw towards her with her soft ewe-like fingers, he met her gaze and she leaned up slightly on her slipper heels to emphasise her whispering words, “If we are to be man and wife, we’ll have a few secrets from them I hope.”

Aegon’s eyes fell down into her touch and rested on the golden rose clasp, snarled in the middle of her autumn leafed gown and holding the fabric together, the plunging neckline barely covering her soft skin he now desperately wished to taste.

He glanced back up the sound of her voice, “So, my prince.”

“…Yes.”

Margaery tilted her head slowly, her brown waves of hair framing her doe face as she looked innocently at him. “…tell me a secret.”

The day had been long and court had gone on even longer. The guests from the Reach dined with the few members of the royal that were in the Capital. Mace Tyrell was granted a short audience with Fire-Lord Rhaegar before he quickly left his study, heaving, with a thick mould of sweat under his green stitched garbs, his flowing cape suck to the shine of secretion down his back. Supper had been wonderful and a roasted boar had been killed from the Kings Wood for the occasion, apple sauce and platters of fresh vegetables and meats salted and glazed in dornish wine were served. A jester was let loose and then a modest ball was held in the Queen’s ball room, the Lords and ladies residing in the Red-Keep were welcomed and even the Hand of the King, Tywin Lannister graced them to dance with the Queen of Thornes before he disappeared. Aegon enjoyed himself too, sharing a dance with Visenya and his mothers. But throughout the entire evening, his eyes were resting on the doe-eyed beauty watching him from the corner.

Aegon curled his arm behind his head, resting along the satin and silk pillows that cluttered his four-poster bed. The night had fallen but it had just started. His other hand traced circles along the soft warmth of her skin, holding her slender body against his chest as her pink nipples adorned atop her small mounds, stuck to his sweated chest. Every time he breathed, it tightened his abdominals in a way that caused her pussy to flutter.
“If I had known what I was getting into, your Grace,” Margaery giggled breathlessly against his chest, holding his long semi-hard cock in her palm, stroking him lazily, as she lay nude along his side like a mermaid washed up after a storm at sea.

“What?” Aegon smirked, smoothing his hand along the nape of her back and relishing how her slender body felt like freshly baked dough under his fingers, he palmed her arse, the globe barely fitting in his hand before he smacked it hard, a happy squeal leaving her lips. “…you would not have let me fuck you.”

Margaery leaned up on her elbows, hovering over his mouth with her pursed lips and a playful look of refute. “I am a high-born Lady, your Grace,” Margaery blinked seductively, trying not to smile, “what would the Gods think? Now you’ve fucked me.” She said innocently and the way she said it was like cold water running down his spine.

He clasped his fingers around the back of her neck, her brown waves of hair covering them both as he pulled her in the kiss her soft lips, less plump and warm than his sisters, but more sticky and just as thrilling. Her tongue softened against his own, as he plundered her mouth and flipped her into the sheets, their tongue duelled and warmth spread down their throats like hot honey. They gasped apart and he breathed into her neck, “Do you regret it, my Lady, coming to my chambers, seducing me…”

Margaery’s stilled momentarily before flipping them over, she flexed the muscles on her slender arms and placed her buttery palms on his chest to hold the prince down, he broke free and suckled her swollen pink spuds, squashing her small mounds under his licks and kisses, biting softly her chewy erect buds. She sighed and mewed, the thought of having the future Fire-Lord of Westeros suckling her breasts, made her feel like the most powerful woman alive.

“…You are a Dragon, your grace, why would I regret that.” Margaery moaned.

Aegon leaned back with a pop, looking up at the doe-eyed beauty with a crooked smile that she thought adorable. “You are no stranger to the art of pleasure, are you my Lady?”

Margaery stilled and bit back a grin, swatting his arm playfully as she swivelled off him and sat on the side of the bed. Leaving his long cock glistening in her juices and cum. “I was a maid less than an hour ago than a dragon spoiled me. The dragon squirted his seed inside me, what are you going to do, my prince?”

Aegon narrowed his eyes and watched her swivel off the bed, her brown locks waving and her plump bottom jiggling in her footsteps towards the wine canter beside the great stained window.
He had tricked him into releasing inside her, or most like lured him as a beast would prey. He was the prey. That soft slim belly of hers could be making his child right now. Her slender body was oozing and glistening in a fine mould of sweat. Her hips swayed and he saw white ropes of his cum that netted in the brown downy hair over her folds, that were glistening and sopping wet, her pink clt peeping out her slit.

Margaery smiled when she felt his eyes glued on her-self. This was easier than she thought. She spun around on her toes after she finished pouring herself a chalice of wine, sipping carefully as she watched him lounge nude on the bed like a beautiful silver beast. “What are you going to do, your grace?” She pouted innocently.

Aegon thought of Rhaenys momentarily and how every second he was betraying her, but his eyes became fixated on the autumn doe-eyed beauty once again. “I could kill you. Innocent maids fall off their horses all the time.”

Margaery stilled for a second until she saw a smile tease his lips, and he spoke with mirth. “But, I could never. That would be an insult to the Goddess of love, and anyway, I only have a few more days to finish my courting before you go back to Highgarden.” Aegon added with a grin, swivelling off the bed and standing up. His silver-gold mane lined behind his ears and reached past the curve of his bottom, his calves were toned and muscled, his long kingly cock dangling between and glistening with her cum. A shiver of arousal tingled her burning loins at the sight, how she marked him, and now his pretty purple eyes were fixated on her nipples.

“A poet it seems. That’s a relief because you know what happens when we marry?”

Aegon looked up at her then, “Tell me.” He goaded.

Margaery smiled as he approached, “When we marry, I become yours. Forever…”

She smiled when he cradled her face softly and kissed her effortlessly; her tongue softened and tasted what could be. Queen Margaery. The hunger in his irises were inflamed and she squealed in surprise as he spun her around and pushed her down on the bed. He quickly straddled her, pushing her thick thighs together as her supple legs dangled off the edge of the bed. Aegon palmed her arse and pushed the white globes apart, breathing quicker when he saw the crinkled flesh in between. The pink flesh was smothered with her wetness and white ribbons of his cold cum oozed out her pussy from earlier.

Margaery turned her head so her cheek rested against the sheets, “Make me yours, my King.”
Aegon held her down by her dainty shoulder, pushing his manhood inside her tight heat again. And her back arched in bliss…

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Aegon snapped back into the moment in hand, when the door opened and Illyrio walked in. Aegon glanced at his sister in fear that she could read any of his thoughts but her eyes were focused on the magister who had entered. Illyrio stopped abruptly and his belly swayed under his gold-laced orange gown, his eyes went wide at the sight of them, his sausage fingers wringing his fat wrists in confusion. “Prince Aegon, Princess Rhaenys. I didn’t expect you back so soon, I would have come sooner…”

Aegon sighed, waving him down and thinking nothing of it, “we were attacked by a bounty…” He was cut off when Rhaenys placed a hand on his chest, silencing him as she turned to the magister. Her gaze was unsettling, “It seems we have to leave, magister.”


“We cannot…” Aegon started.

Rhaenys cut him off again, “you seem awfully worried about our departure, magister?”

Illyrio swept back his grey wavy hair, a bead of sweat trailing the bridge of his porky nose. “I just thought…”

“You thought the bounty hunters you hired and the unsullied you ordered after us would have dealt with us already?” Rhaenys asked innocently, her song-like voice juxtaposed the fire in her eyes. “I recognised the uniforms of your unsullied. And the only person that knew our exact whereabouts would be you. You betrayed us. Do you deny it?”

Illyrio’s face paled when Aegon finally came up to terms, the Fire Prince suddenly erupted caskets of fire in his clenched fists. “Do you deny it, Magister?” Aegon repeated.
“Of… of course I den…” Illyrio glanced at everyone in the room and he broke, “…I received word that Khal Drogo is heading to Pentos, he will be here any day now, he will destroy all I love if he doesn’t get his prize. I only tried to make things easier and keep Princess Rhaenys safe for him. I would never hurt little Prince Daeron. The Earth Khal…”

Aegon jabbed his fists in quick succession, there was a laceration of fire, a crack, a thud and then a drop of dead weight. The spice magister lay slumped along the skirt of the wall with glossy eyes, blood gushing from the crisp holes in his stomach and soaking his drapes.

Connington walked up to the magister and spat on his corpse, turning to them. “We have lost our safe place. We stayed here to raise Prince Daeron until he is strong enough to carry on our quest for the Avatar. He may still be too weak but he has to learn to be strong now. It seems we have reached a cross-road.”

Aegon slammed the table in frustration and it caused Rhaenys to start shushing Daeron who started crying.

“We’re not taking any more chances with father’s motives, if the avatar doesn’t show himself before winter is here, I will go home and take the Iron-Throne myself, only then will we be safe.”

Rhaenys swallowed hard in fear at the thought of Aegon challenging father, he was not ready yet. “We should concentrate on finding help, help to find the avatar, we need breathing space if Drogo is upon us, an army to protect us. We could buy sellswords with the spoils in this manse itself.” Rhaenys said hopefully.

“But where are we going to go first? We’re enemies of the Earth Khal in the East, and fugitives from the Fire Nation in the West.” Aegon pointed out.

Rhaenys had an ache in the back of her throat, “If we go further east, the Earth Khal may discover us and we will be worse than killed.” She said bitterly.

“But if we head too far West, the Fire Nation may discover us and we’ll be turned over to father,” Aegon added and they both looked at each other before nodding in decision.

“Further east it is,” Rhaenys said weakly.
Suddenly, a crumpling quake issued the city. The manse shook and the distant cries around the city licked their ears, Rhaenys shrieked and held Daeron righter, Jorah steadied himself on the table ledge and met Aegon’s gaze. “Earthquake,” he concluded simply.

Aegon’s striking purple gaze gleamed, his reply with rapturous. “No, Jorah the Andal, battle formations.”

They all turned to the open balcony overlooking the city walls, distant screams and hooting haunting their souls. The Dothraki.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this chapter, cut it short but kinda had to.

Questions-

1. what do you think of Visenya's newfound relationship and how will she react when Gendry's actual father is revealed? the notorious Robert Baratheon. Robert never got Lyanna but his son may have got her daughter. Hell will break when the family finds out.

2. thoughts on Elia? Do you want smut from her?

3. Earth Khal? ;) That will be interesting, any cool ideas?

4. Do you like Aegon? He did cheat on Rhaenys but he does love her? or is he just an idiot trying to find the avatar?
Next chapter I will defo get out sooner, I went on a spur-of-the-moment vacation. Next one is the long-awaited return of Jaehaerys to the Capital. Air Bender reunites with his Fire-Lord father!! please leave any feedback, it really appreciated for the monster of an au this is.
A haze of smoke wafted over the blackwater bay, flakes of ash and dust from the pollution of the capital put out a mosaic glaze over the waters that sparked that fine oils under the western sun. A smouldering mist from the fiery depths led all the way through the red stone ramparts of the bay, standing high, erupted from deep in the water.

Fire sentries stood atop each with obsidian swords and spears slew with the banner of the three-headed dragon flying proud. The waters were so warm no life lived within twenty leagues of Aegon’s Hill and the very ripple of disruption was like oaken branches snapping from the heat of impact, the effervescence rose like serpent’s snarl and burnt anything that dared to wander into the jaws of the Fire Nation. The hot gates approached.

Only the iron hull of a water-bending ship now pieced the shores of King Landing under the sun’s-tired glare, the morning was young and old as the sea. The galleon flying the growling grey direwolf trundled along, leaving a soft ripple gliding along the vacant bay in its trail. The vessel was granted passage when a red flare was suddenly bended into the air from behind the red walls and curdled in the skies, a signal to open the gates to the home of fire-benders.
Daenerys stood alone at the bow of the Stark galleon and faced the city of walls and secrets, her home. Brienn of Tarth stood only a few paces away, a loyal sentry as always. The rest of their company seemed to be still asleep or on the upper deck with Lord Stark and Jaehaerys, who seemed to be discussing something very heated and important. Dany didn’t want to get involved, especially since the Starks nearly conspired to keep her hostage in Winterfell. She saw the reason, but it still made her angry. She chose to plunder at her small virtue of forgiveness despite the rage she felt.

But, right now her mind was elsewhere as they entered the hot gates, blurred sounds of soldiers and oar-men were distant echoes to her, and the scarlet velvet cape adorned over her right shoulder flowed elegantly behind her in the breeze. She touched the beautiful silver chain over her chest that glimmered like sparkling water, resting over her leather dress-gown as she inhaled the salty smoulder of the sea. Her mind was elsewhere until a squeal and moan accidently barrelled into her.

“…Ha. Sansa tulip lips. You won’t do nothing now Princess Daenerys is protecting me!” Arya challenged, clearly out of breath and clutching Dany’s waist suddenly as she hid behind her. The little girl’s hair loopies were flapping as she flummoxed to a halt behind the fire princess.

Lady Brienn stepped forth, “Does the Princess require assistance?” Brienn asked with concern now that Dany stood in between two fuming water-bending adolescent children.

Dany pursed her lips from amusement when she looked down from Arya before turning to her ever-so-proper sister, Sansa, who stood only a few steps away. Clearly out of breath as well in a fitting blue gown, brandishing a slipper in hand that was clearly meant to be Arya’s fate.

Lady Brienn stepped forth, “Does the Princess require assistance?” Brienn asked with concern now that Dany stood in between two fuming water-bending adolescent children.

Dany promptly shook her head, “That’s quite alright, Lady Brienn, a misunderstanding between two she-wolves is only playful I expect. You should have seen the mayhem caused when Princess Rhaenys and I used to argue.” Dany winked with her hands now on her hips, watching the two
Starks suddenly turn their attention to her instantly.

Sansa gulped in confusion, “Apologises, Princess Daenerys, but you used to struggle with Princess Rhaenys too?”

Dany smiled, “More like a playful duel…”

“Fire-bending!” Arya concluded in excitement, screwing her face in concertation and jabbing her hands in quick succession before moving her hands in more a fluid motion to bend the water droplets in her hand instead when no fire erupted.

Sansa placed her hand over her mouth in horror, “Arya! Northern ladies from our tribe only bend water to heal. I’m so sorry for my sister, Princess Daenerys.” Sansa mumbled like a rose plum. Arya grumbled and stormed off as Nymeria and Lady found them. Lady settled at Sansa’s feet.

“Your sister reminds me of Visenya. Another wild one.” Dany said gently, watching Arya start to annoy Jon in the distance in amusement, tugging on his cloak. Ghost was having none of it and snapped at Nymeria.

“I expect you will understand when you meet your cousin in an hour or so, she also has the typical Targaryen trait.” Dany grinned, twirling her silver hair with an expressionless face.

Sansa looked embarrassed at the scene, “I believe it’s the warm weather that has my sister all wild.” Sansa tried naively.

Dany smirked, “You should have visited Dorne with Rhaenys and I. The dornish heat does something else to you.” Dany suggested before realising Sansa was too young to understand her meaning.

“What do you mean? When did you go to Dorne? Are the water gardens truly as beautiful as they say? Are the dornish as freeing as they say?” Sansa lit up with excitement and Dany pursed her lips, “you have no idea sweet Sansa…”
Pale pink marble cobbles paved the courtyard which led into the labyrinth of pools and fountains that founded the Water Gardens. The beating orange glower of the sun was shaded by the sun-dappled blood orange trees and stickle plum saplings that littered the fertile soil pots around the courtyard.

The salt breeze blowing in from the summer sea carried fine grains of sand from the thirsty dunes in the curved horizon. While fevered ribbons of sunlight exposed the fine flecks of dust wafting in the parched air in a Brownian motion.

And the day was clear with only a few wisps of clouds in the sky.

“...I believe Daenerys is growing to like the dornish heat.” Arianne teased, lounging her slender brown arms along the curved sandstone of the fountain pool.

Arianne’s shiny black tresses were soaked and weaved behind her ears, falling tantalizingly down her nude back and splaying over the pool surface. The sweet-scented water made her hair glisten like honey and balm under the sun’s face, the golden ringlets and chains within her hair bringing out the glow in her amused amber eyes. She looked like a Gharsian goddess as she rubbed oil along her defined collarbone, watching Daenerys closely.

Tyene grinned as well and bit her lower lip, her small pink teats sitting high on her chest and dipping just above the water surface as she lazed. Her golden hair was tied back in a delicate bun with tendrils of curly hair kissing the water surface and her deep blue eyes lit up from her cousin’s suggestion.

“Never mind Dorne being hot and sticky, her body looks in heat...” Tyene giggled in a sing-song way.

Rhaenys tutted them, “Don’t be ridiculous, leave her alone.” But Rhaenys grin only encouraged their laughter further and made Dany’s angelic face turn a deeper shade.

Rhaenys saw her aunts’ discomfort and splashed Ari and Tyene with water, making the girls laugh harder.

“... you are hardly a water-bender Rhae,” Tyene laughed, splashing her back.

Arianne smirked, her bare melon breasts heaving in amusement with droplets of milk oozing from the erect brown spuds and causing Rhaenys to subtly squirm her thighs together in frustration under the water. It had been too long since she had her brother inside her. Ari caught her eye knowingly, “see something you like, cousin.”

Rhaenys lifted her gaze and returned her bold smirk, straightening her own back and showcased her own round globes, “hardly. I was just thinking what Darkstar said yesterday, after he stopped staring at your chest...”

It was Rhaenys and Tyene now laughing, Dany pursed her lips politely.

“Seriously...?” Dany asked in amusement between their laughter, glad the subject had turned away from her.

“Yes, I know.” Rhaenys replied, encouraging Dany to tease on Ari now.

Ari merely grinned with a shrug of her shoulders, “Let him look, men always look at me with their
pretty cocks all hard and mind all ravenous, only looking though.” She confirmed, popping a red grape into her mouth.

Tyene quietly pushed in, “but he is a really cute older man.” She reasoned with a chorus of “Ew” following.

“Ew, I don’t see it.” Arianne grimaced.

“He’s married.” Rhaenys prompted, repulsed as well.

Tyene genuinely looked hurt with her voice rising in pitch, “Okay. Well. I’m not married.”

“Well, are you a House wrecker.” Arianne pointed out, looking back at Tyne after noticing something in the distance over Dany’s shoulder.

Tyene bit her bottom lip, “Um…Not yet.”

“Ew!”

Daenerys pursed her lips and leaned closer to the three, “speaking of House wrecking. Did you hear who arrived at home in the capital in our absence, Olanna’s mule, Margaery Tyrell. My friend Tyrion…”

Rhaenys coughed out something about why on earth she was friend’s with that Lannister dwarf boy “…he’s always drunk and practically lives in little finger’s brothel…”

Dany carried on, “… his little birds say she was dancing a little too closely with Egg at the Ball that my brother hosted for them. I think they… I don’t know if it’s true though,” Dany quickly said, catching Rhaenys hard glare.

Tyene didn’t see the tension as she groaned with exaggeration, “Oh, my gosh, in seven hells, she is so pretty…”

Rhaenys now looked like she would fire-bend Tyene’s tongue right out as she put on muddled eyes, “she’s a whore.”

Dany tried to hide her smile behind her small porcelain hands as she curled a loose silver tendril behind her ear.

“I thought the rose of High Garden, was being courted by that Hightower boy? Or has the Queen of Thorns given her a longer leash? That’s saying if the poxy bitch could even handle a longer leash.” Arianne smirked, sitting proudly with her alluring body oozing desire.

“Exactly.” Rhaenys almost confirmed. Her beautiful indigo lashes then followed Ari’s distracted gaze over Dany’s shoulder and quickly drew up a conclusion. Rhae lowered her eyes to be more discrete as she giggled breathlessly at Daenerys.

“Oh, my gosh, Dany, he’s, like, so staring at you right now.”

Dany swallowed hard and felt all their eyes train onto her, she slowly turned to the direction her niece kept glancing at. By the stone pillar’s that opened into the gardens, a lone guard stood, watching her, intensely. He was tall and dark, his jaw sat strong under his lovely sky-blue eyes and the way he held the dark hilted spear laced with silver and gold filigree by his side, made it clear he was no virgin to blood. And in her opinion, his light sandy brown hair made him even more handsome.
“He’s such a fox.” Ari smirked with her spicy accent.

“Ew.” Tyene muttered.

Rhaenys turned to Ari discretely, “Isn’t he the Bastard of Godsgrace?”

“Mmm.” Arianne hummed while popping another grape between her lips while she stared at the bastard, completely unashamed, as if wondering what he tasted like.

Dany kept her face neutral, her beautiful lilac eyes in thought as she met his gaze over her shoulder. The two studied each other. She turned back to their smirking faces with a blank expression, “Um... no.”

“Come on Dany, it looks fun.” Rhaenys said suggestively with a wide smile, fanning her hand over her own face to get her meaning. Dany shook her head again in amusement, focusing on the salted cream bowl and strawberries by the pool’s stone ledge.

“Interesting,” Ari said leaning over and taking a strawberry for herself after dipping it in the cream. The white froth lingered on the corners of her lips before she licked it away.


“Yuck,” Dany nearly growled, snatching the goblet of whipped cream back and seemingly concentrating on that.

“Someone’s excited.” Arianne went on, nodding to Dany’s chest. The petite silver-haired princess was the only one not fully nude. The three others were stripped completely bare aside from their jewellery. Unashamed and giggling at only her being prude, Rhaenys was used to the dornish customs but Dany was far from it.

The beige silk she wore ran down her front and up between her legs like a fine golden mould clinging to her skin clasped by the bronze collar around her delicate throat with matching arm dragon bangles. From the way it sat on her chest and the sticky perspiration of the water, the outline of her dusty pink nipples could nearly be seen through the silk; erect and stiff. Rhaenys gulped down her laugh while Tyene all but cackled.
Dany breathed hotly and sank down in the water, the water hissing from her anger and she was about to retort but. She stopped as the Bastard of Godsgrace started to approach, stroking back his sandy hair in confidence.

The girls straightened up and fixed their hair, looking even more alluring and unashamed of their nudity. Dany tensed like a statue despite being the only one being partially covered.

He sat on the sandstone ledge of the pool, his mysterious eyes focused on her, her alone.

Dany lifted her eyes to meet his, despite her stomach creeping up her throat, her lilac lashes were bold. “...I’m betrothed.”

Daemon narrowed his eyes, “No, you’re not.”

Dany wanted to kick Rhaenys under the water for her discrete smirk when the bastard added, “and if it’s not too bold, Princess, if you don’t stop being so damn cute, you will be soon.”

Ari shot Tyene the eyebrows.

“...You don’t know the first thing about me,” Dany replied, hating how her voice turned weaker by the letter. Her silver-gold hair shimmering under the sunlight. She distracted the situation by dipping a berry into the salted cream and eating it.

The bastard slowly smirked, “…I know you like berries.”
Dany met his eyes as she swallowed.

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An ivory horn blowing over the river dock brought her back to the smoking blackwater.

“Then what happened?” Sansa asked with wide eyes, her red loopies that dangled by her cheeks, still as stone.

Dany looked away, concentrating on their surrounding as the bow of the ship trundled past the winch towers in the shadow of the Red-Keep. The river docks approached.

“Then… I, we, spent a few more months in Dorne and came back.” She finished resolutely, turning back to the girl with pursed lips.

Sansa’s mouth hung open, “but, what happened with the… the boy.” Sansa whispered.

“What boy?” Jon said huskily, his dark purple eyes burrowed with curiosity as he approached them.

Sansa turned bright red and muttered something about needing to see her septa before scurrying off.

“…what boy?” Jon repeated slowly, eyeing his little cousin scurrying off like a fang-rabbit caught in the crosshairs of the ice-river clans and a hungry Thenn. Dany snorted at his overprotective northern accent he had acquired. She swallowed her laugh.

“How’s your arm?”

Jon let on a broody look before relenting, “My wounds are much better, hardly feel them anymore, but I fear the stench of this city isn’t helping Dany. How could my father let all this ruin and poverty fester his own city?” Jon whispered back confused, noticing many of the common folk dressed in rags as their ship sailed pass the river docks. Most of them looked like they hadn’t eaten in days, their bones preening out there skin as they murmured and begged for gold or food from passing fire-guards on patrol.

“This isn’t even flea-bottom.” Dany said sadly as the boat boarded the dock with a groan, “you should see the orphanage’s Senya and I visit… it’s awful and cruel but the Fire-Lord insists it isn’t a priority, simply hard times he says and that the Grey-Joy Rebellion is more in need of the Crowns gold. I learnt not to ask again when his red-priests and sages started burning people for sacrifices to their Lord of Light.” She finished with disgust.

“My father surely hasn’t forgotten his way. He is an honourable man who fights for justice.” Jon stuttered out in a confused tone as the crew prepared to lay anchor, “How can he sanction death by fire on the words of a witch?” he asked.

Dany sighed for the last time, “Jaehaerys, you must believe Rhaegar has changed. A lot has changed in the Capital, but one thing hasn’t…”
“What’s that?” Jon said with his northern growl, coming back to reality and looking at his best friend.

Dany smiled sadly into his honourable dark eyes. “This city is a monster of deceit and lies… don’t be surprised if Rhaegar rejects your terms.” They both stared gravely into each other’s eyes and he gave in with a nod, still not fully believing her words. *He’s my father...* And he walked away, to the boarding plank with Lord Stark and the rest of their company.

“Princess? Are you ready to depart?” Brienn asked, coming by her side while buckling her sword and her beady eyes looked down at Dany’s pale expression. “Princess?”

“My nephew is a fool.” Dany murmured.

“He is too honourable to hear my words of warning.”

Brienn sighed thoughtfully, “If I may, your grace, but Jaehaerys was also raised by the Starks of Winterfell not just the Fire Nation. It’s in his blood to see, honour and strength, according to Ser Arthur.”

Dany closed her eyes and summoned her thoughts, “honour and strength is nothing compared to fire and blood…”

“I don’t understand, your grace?”

She sighed looking away, “The Starks should have kept me hostage in Winterfell. Robb Stark was right. The northern water tribe is in danger. My brother is already wiping out the water tribes in the Iron islands over a rebellion he provoked. How long till the North burns? The Fire-Lord will think his non-bending son not only as a mad man with tales of dead men and Wight walkers. But…” what happens when he finds out Jaehaerys is the last airbender, the prophecy.

“But what, your grace?” Brienn asked.

“When Lord Stark backs his nephew. Rhaegar’s sickness of the mind will see another traitor in his midst. I should have stayed in the North as leverage.”
Brienn studied her, “What will you do, Princess?”

Dany sighed looking at Arya and Sansa listening to Lord Stark obediently before following Jory and the wildlings down the plank. Arthur and Barristan followed with Jaehaerys and Tyrion in toe, “I don’t know. I do know Jaehaerys doesn’t truly understand the extend of the problems he faces. But now you do…” Dany turned to Brienn.

“Give me an order.” Brienn said, straightening her posture.

Dany lowered her voice, “Brienn, swear to me, whatever happens in that Throne Room. You will protect the innocent. Lady Sansa and little Arya are nothing but children. I’m sure you’ve heard the stories what my brother did to the earth bender Baratheon children after that rebellion failed. What the soldiers did was no rumour.”

Brienn’s eyes widened, “I will protect you and them.”

“You will protect only them, Lady Brienn, if plans don’t go as we hope, take them back to the Northern water tribe. I will be fine. That’s an order.” Dany said sternly.

Brienn slowly nodded, her face solemn, “I swear it, by the old gods and the new.”

“Good.”

*The Dwarf of Casterlyrock*

“...war is easier than daughters,” Ned sighed, overlooking Arya and Sansa fussing in the linen fitted wagon behind them with their septa. The streets were lined with fireguards, their golden helms and cloaks lining a pathway through the Hook that lead to Aegon hill. Arthur and Barristan lead to way. The wolves couldn’t stand the heat and went to hunt in the Kings wood. Ghost however, stayed by Dany.

Tormund grunted, “Aye. I have two wild ones of my own back at Castle-Black.”
Ned nodded, “they cause you trouble like mine, friend?”

Tormund hummed, going off on one, “…my youngest once killed a huff-goat one night and ate the lot by herself, greedy mare, balls an all! She didn’t tell the rest of us until I found the fucking horns around her neck. I had to eat one of my own toes that night to keep the hunger from mi belly!” He roared with laughter, clapping an annoyed Ygritte on the back who simply pushed him back.

Jon shook the laughter away when he saw Lord Stark’s look of astonishment.

Tormund turned to Dany, knowing it would annoy Ygritte, “have I told you about Sheila, Dragon girl?”

Dany was distracted by Ghost nipping on her saddled foot before she raised her eyebrows politely on the horse to Tormund’s left, “I don’t think I’ve had the pleasure, Tormund, who is she?” Jon inwardly groaned but before he could speak, Ygritte had enough and twisted around with her hand grasped on her bow.

Tormund’s face turned longing, “Aye, an old flame of mine, you could say…”

“NO, one, cares about how you fooked a bear! No one believes you fooked a bear!” Ygritte suddenly growled and tugged on her sweaty furs, turning back around, “Gods its bleeding hot in this shit hole!”

Jon shook his head and ignored them as they continued to argue, falling back along the road and riding next to Lord Tyrion on his willow pony, he had been really quiet lately, come to think of it, this entire journey he barely uttered a word to anyone apart from Dany which was unusual for this dwarf’s reputation. Whenever Jon saw him, he was either nose deep in an earthenware tankard with Tormund or within the bowels of a book, either which carrying an old staff with him with faded webbing tattered from the inside grooves.

“Why do you read so much?” Jon blurted, never properly speaking to Dany’s mysterious friend.

Tyrion lifted his nose from the spine of the book, his green eyes meeting steel indigo. “Why do you hide your secret, airbender?” Tyrion smiled before continuing reading.

“What, I, I’m not…”
“Princess Daenerys is right, you really are a terrible liar.” Tyrion smiled acutely, “so tell me, Jaehaerys Targaryen with the silent direwolf, how come you were banished from the Fire Nation for being a stranger to fire, then return with the lost art of air bending?”

“I wasn’t, banished,” Jon grunted, brow burrowed.

“O, but you were. You just don’t know the difference between being a ward or a father’s stain. I on the other hand, know lots about being a stain and a disappointment. You could say I have a tender heart for cripples, bastards and broken things.”

Jon looked away, concentrating on the reins of his mount, “I’m not any of them.”

“…O, I thought the Air Normand’s were a broken race. Gone for a thousand years by your very ancestor, Aegon the conqueror? It’s quite ironic that his descendant is the last airbender. But the irony isn’t in question, the question is how? I’ve been watching you, closely, Jaehaerys. Dany didn’t have to tell me to work out your secret training sessions with Ser Arthur and her wasn’t sword play since there was no sound of a sword. That and you moving things on their own accord on the ship when you thought no one was watching gave it away. Everyone else may be a little incompetent but not little old me. So, I repeat, how?”

Jon’s mouth hung open a little from the onslaught of observations from the little man, he quickly found his voice, “so, you’ve been watching me, that’s why you’re so quiet?”

Tyrion smiled, “No I’ve also been preparing myself for my dear father. You aren’t the only one with daddy issues, the mighty Tywin Lannister is most likely waiting to find out why I ran off to the edge of the world, he will probably send me back to Castle-Black before the day is old.” The dwarf laughed turning back to his book, “are you going to answer me?”

Jon looked away, “No.” His northern accent a growl.

Tyrion sighed looking back up, “May I offer you a deal, banished prince, there is more to the name Lannister than you know. Did you know, Casterly Rock, many, many years ago, was the Western Air Temple.”

Jon turned back to him, interested.
“…I acquired some information about the form of air-bending, scrolls that made it through the book burnings and pillages. I could get you said scrolls. I studied them. And I hid them. They are now up here,” Tyrion tapped his temple, “I will teach you, in return, I want you to tell me exactly how you became the last airbender and how I could learn this. One stain to another.”

“You want to air bend?” You can’t just learn, I don’t even know how I can do it.

Tyrion smiled, “Lannister’s are known as gold-benders you know. And frankly, gold is all we have, a weapon for my father but simply expensive shackles for me. The element of air on the other hand, is a symbol of freedom. That is desire I could use. Think about it, one stain to another. We could help each other. Remember, Jaehaerys Targaryen, we are all but stomachs and they all but food, in this city of walls and secrets.”

Jon slowly grinned, concentrating on the road ahead as they approached the steps of the Red-Keep. “Now, I see why Dany likes you.”

The dwarf lifted his chin in curiosity.

“You speak in riddles.” And she also feels chained.

Tyrion’s laugh slowly shrunk as they came to a halt, “I expect a good riddle won’t save me today.” The dwarf murmured, staring at the entourage before them, led by none other than Lord Tywin Lannister.

*The King Beyond the Wall*
“Lord Tywin, it’s been a long time.” Ned greeted, his steel grey eyes observing the abundant amount of guards and fireguards sentried around the square courtyard that lay before the stone gates of the Red towers.

“Indeed, Lord Stark of the Northern Water tribe. I hope the seas were kind.”

Ned nodded, his northern furs hiding his tense fingers underneath that twitched in diffidence.

Tywin sat upon a white mare, his balding wisps of gold hair oiled over his scalp and a crimson drape weaved over his lion encrusted armour. Behind him stood Gregor Clegane, an infamous chi-blocker and head of the thirty or so Lannister sentries that surrounded them. “I came to inform you, the King wishes to see only his son and sister first. This is a reunion after all. While Queen Lyanna has asked you Lord Stark and your northern company, to join her in Maegor’s holdfast on the north side of the Keep while the King speaks to the Prince and Princess.

Ned tried not to narrow his eyes, but he was exhausted. “Right now? Shouldn’t I also present myself to my King?”

Tywin smiled pleasantly, “There is also a small council meeting first before you see your sister, concerning the North’s aid needed for the war against the iron born. We would like your council.”

Ned reluctantly nodded, turning to Jory, “get the girls settled, I will join you for supper after I tend the council. We will greet Lyanna together.”
Jory nodded and called out orders, the northern wagons set off down the east pathway with the girls, Ned then was escorted in the other direction by two squires, he spared a glance back at Jon who nodded back. Dany barely nodded and watched Brienn follow the northern wagons.

It was only him, Dany, Tyrion and his wildling company left with Ser Arthur and Barristan guarding their flanks. “Prince Jaehaerys. It seems the rumours are true. You have indeed returned. You are a man now, with your father’s stature and mother’s bearings it seems.”

Tywin said cryptically with a crooked smile.

Jon merely looked at him, *why had he sent Uncle Ned away and why wasn’t his mother waiting in the Throne Room with father?* It was Dany that broke the awkward silence, “Lord Lannister, you are Hand of the King. Why have you come to greet us, I would have thought you had more pressing matters, like running the city.”

If Tywin had a sour face, he hid it well, “You are right, Princess Daenerys, as always. However, there is a simple explanation. I have matters to discuss with my son, Tyrion.” Tywin bellowed, causing the Dwarf to shuffle out his hiding from behind Tormund and stand at the spot his father pointed down at by his side.

Tywin looked back up, “Now, before I leave you. The King asks you all hand over your weapons.” He looked intently at the wildlings.

Dany opened her mouth with an incredulous look on her face, but Jon stopped her by taking her hand, his husky voice was calm. “Of course.”

And he had to raise his eyebrows and glare at Tormund and Ygritte’s protest before they fell in line. Ser Barristan was permitted to keep his of course. Jon unbuckled Longclaw and placed it in Clegane’s mammoth hand, they were stripped of their steel and still Tywin waited. “The Sword in the morning, is not excused either, only Kings Guard may bare steel in court. And you have been replaced by my nephew. Ser Lancel Lannister.”

Arthur gritted his jaw and handed over Dawn.
The marble doors of the famous room erupted open with a heavy groan. There at the other far end sat the Iron-Throne on the raised black granite platform, it had the same shivering feeling that it forever possessed, its ancient iron spokes gleaming a faded dusk, holding the silent screams of countless victims within. The mere height of Aegon’s thousand swords blocked out the light of the scarlet stained window behind it and thus cast a foreboding shadow across the hall. The Fire-Lord’s seat was an massive asymmetrical monstrosity of spikes and jagged edges and twisted metal, the seat itself could only be reached by climbing steep iron steps ascending to the top, all of which beaten and forged into a pure symbol of conquest.

Jaehaerys held his head high, the trail of his kingly northern furs trailing his boots and his giant white wolf padded beside him as he walked towards the Throne. He wondered how many lords and families lingered to see if his return from the dead was true. Shock and whispers of incredulity of the wildling that followed him marked their faces, some ladies even raised a hanky to their noses from the smell.

The first Fire-Lord had commissioned a hall fitting for blood for true fire benders, dragon riders, where over a thousand could comfortably stand. The path between the court stands were lined with goblets of fire, the heat making the white wolf itch with unease. Jon scanned the crowd with a stoic expression.

He spotted Cersei Lannister and her children near the front with a feeble man, that had to be Renly. He remembered how he and Viserys would tease him for being a non-bender. The colours of the dornish host quickly drew his attention. He spied the red viper quickly, his sandy robes and glinting eyes trying to catch his own. His eyes did double-take when he passed a short sultry woman by his side that could only be his betrothed, Arianne Martell. He avoided her bewitching amber eyes that looked anything but daring. He glimpsed Dany by his side, her mouth twitched in amusement, Arianne was certainly not fat, but she certainly was a handful for any man.

He scanned the upper balconies and the steps of the front, no sign of his mother, Elia or Visenya. Only the Maester and a Red Witch stood near the Throne. They stepped forth into the space between the courts and the Throne.
Rhaegar laced his fingers around the hilt of an iron spoke adorned on the armrest, his gaze meeting the eyes of his lost son. The same purple eyes of his seed but the boy’s eyes were darker, and, in the light, they had the steel glint of his northern forebears. It had been five long years since he last saw his second-born son, his skin was fare and the shade of snow like Lyanna’s, his unruly hair ruffled and tied in a small bun behind his head. Not tied on top, like a true prince of the Fire Nation would wear. But the boy had gained a few scars along the way. He then looked at his sister who walked by him. Daenerys was a real Targaryen, adorned in red and black leather that teased her curves and a scaled scarlet cape over one shoulder hung by a glimmering chain, a flame headpiece weaved in her silver hair that was swept back into a delicate burn, curled tendrils kissing her cheeks.

“…wildings.” He murmured under his breath. The Fire-lord’s face twitched in disgust for a second when he saw a regiment of wildling scum behind, looking around at the hall like they were newborn babes with dirty fur and bone steel, most of their hair kissed by fire. But his attention quickly turned to the men next to Ser Barristan, another lost tale, Ser Arthur Dayne. His faded white cloak was worn as his tired face. He turned his attention to the leader of the company that finally approached, his son.

“You stand in the presence of Fire-Lord Rhaegar, first of his name, of House Targaryen. King of the andals and the first men, the father of Dragonstone, the Lord of the seven kingdoms and the protector of the realm.” The grand-maester bellowed, his links tinkling around his frail neck.

The room fell silent and the sun glowered a golden bask through the gargantuan stained windows with the same silence. Rhaegar slowly opened his mouth to speak but one of the wildling men suddenly stepped forward next to Jaehaerys.
Tormund voice rang the hall, gesturing to Jon with a heavy slap on his back. “…This is Jon Snowborn, the King beyond the Wall!”

Jon nearly winced when Tormund stepped forward and announced him. He saw the silent fire behind his father’s fierce eyes and wasn’t surprised when his father ignored Tormund and rested his gaze on him, almost daring him to go by that title.

“My son…” Rhaegar started, his voice like a hiss that filled the room and silenced the murmuring courts, “…my son has returned.”

Jon stepped forward and was surprised when the Kings Guard surrounding the platform of the Iron-Throne stepped forward in warning into a tighter formation. Jon could feel the air get hotter as the fireguards stationed around the throne room gripped their spears tighter, the dragon glass arrowhead, used to conduct their fire-bending at the end of the spur burned brighter.

“Father, it has been too long. It’s good to be home.”

A Red-Witch who had been standing by the steps of the Iron-Throne along with the maester and fire sages stepped forward. The red velvet drapes of her gown trailed the floor and the red choker clasped around her white throat gleamed malignance. “It’s courteous to kneel when addressing the King of the seven kingdoms. You would do well to bend the knee, Prince Jaehaerys.” Kinvara said pleasantly, her red eyes fixated on him in an acute manner.

Rhaegar raised his hand to silence her and fixated his eyes on Jon, “My son has merely forgot the disciple of the Fire-Nation, what can you expect? My son is a stranger of fire.” Rhaegar smirked, some of the lords and ladies in the court crowds laughed at the Kings jest but abruptly quietened under his juxtaposing stern gaze of them.

He turned back to his unruly son, “no matter, he will learn. I’m sure he didn’t sail all this way to practise child’s play. I assume he is here to bend the knee and put to bed this nonsense of King beyond the Wall?” His tone turned from pleasant to impatient.

Jon had to raise his hand when Ygritte and Tormund growled and twitched their hands. Jon looked back at his father and spoke clearly, “I have come to warn you father, a greater threat is coming. One that won’t be settled with fealty or steel, I need your help, and you need mine.”
The Fire-lord slowly grinned with a small nod, “Is that right? I need his help?” He looked at his advisors with humour, “Well that is unfortunate. My son came all the way home to break faith with me.”

“Break faith? Father, I went beyond the Wall and found the truth, an army of dead men are gathering!” Jon blurted out and he trailed off when a flurry of confusion whispered the hall, “… winter is coming.”

Rhaegar’s cold voice was humoured, “The army of the dead?”

“Father, the army of the dead is real, the wight walkers are real. Maester Aemon’s warning were true. I’ve seen them, I fought them, first at the fist of the first men and then at Hardhome. Over a hundred thousand wights. I lost, both times. I need your help, I urge you to gather the armies of the Seven Kingdoms and all the benders of all the elements, and march north. If we don’t, we will all be meat in the Night Kings army before winter. You need to believe me.” Jon added breathlessly.

Daenerys stepped forth next to Jon and backed him up, “It’s true brother, the wight walkers are no tale…”

Rhaegar raised his hands, now actually interested to speak too somebody that wasn’t weak. “First our great-uncle Aemon Targaryen became infested with these stories. Now my own son. Now my sister? You’ve seen these ghouls and snarks, sister? With your own eyes?”

“No, but…” Dany mumbled.

He shook his head and raised his hand again to quieten her. “First, I shall deal with you, my dear sister, and the consequences of your actions before I see to the song of children tales my son has brought back with him.” Jon opened his mouth to refute it but Rhaegar carried on.

“…Princess Daenerys went North without my consent along with Ser Barristan, the very bold, it seems. Step forward bold knight and bring my sweet sister.”

Ser Barristan stepped forward and immediately knelt. Daenerys also stepped forward with him, her petite confident form insinuating the same fiery gleam of her king brother.

She slowly knelt on one knee before him as well while her eyes bore into his own, no sign of
shame or scarce. “My apologies, great Fire-Lord, I chose to not give up on my nephew, Jon is my blood just as much as Aegon is my blood. I would defend House Targaryen with every breath in my breast but I couldn’t do that wearing a gown in the capital. I searched for the rumoured man with the white direwolf. I found him. I brought him home to the Fire Nation, where he belongs.”

Rhaegar hummed, “You may have returned him, but your recklessness will not go unnoticed. However, a raven from Dowager Queen Rhaella, our dear mother, arrived on your behalf from Dragonstone today. She begged for your punishment to be seen as a reward.”

Rhaegar slowly murmured and he then flared his tainted purple eyes, raising his voice. “I agreed. Your fruitful reward will now to marry Viserys immediately, on his return from governing the royal fleet on Dragonstone and he will be given a place on the Small Council while you bear his children in the capital. Now, join my side and think yourself lucky, sweet sister. Bring the white cloak.” Rhaegar gestured to Barristan who was still kneeling.

Dany held a passive expression, but Jon knew under her fare skin was molten dragon hide that wanted to unleash fire. She walked forward and stood next to Kinvara, turning and looking down on them.

Jon was sure he saw a look of defiance in her lilac eyes when their eyes met, it was brief and telling, Rhaegar had changed, Jon, he is no longer the same man, now you see it, a sickness of the mind like my own father, the mad king, but she held her tongue. Ser Barristan also joined the ranks, but it was when Ser Arthur stepped forward aswel, the Fire-Lord turned to him.

“...the Sword in the Morning.” Rhaegar hissed, stopping the knight in his tracks from following Barristan.

“My King,” Arthur bowed his head and dropped to one knee in front of all.

Rhaegar narrowed his eyes and the caskets of fire bracketed onto the walls snarled a spitting cerulean-blue. “Arthur Dayne. Ser Barristan may have forgot his place when accompanying my sister North. But you, you flee the world from your duties, abducting my son from his place in Winterfell and filling his head with lies about Wight Walkers and dead people roaming the northern wastelands. For over a year, my Lyanna, bled tears.”

Jon raised his jaw slightly and his voice a husky growl, “Arthur did no such thing Father. He protected me on my journey to find my Uncle Benjen. We did not find Ben Stark, but we found the Walkers. They massacre everything in their path, and they drain out all power of all benders, to stop their bending and make them only sacks of meat and blood. Only the royal fire-army and all of
Westeros have a chance, only together and we need every living soldier. Lord Commander Mormont and I agreed, the Free folk did not deserve the wrath of them monsters and leaving them to slaughter would lessen everyone else’s chances of survival. I came here to ask you, allow the remaining Free folk beyond the Wall and make them citizens of the Realm. There is good land in the Gift for them to farm and they will join us in the Great War. Do this, and I will bend the knee. I will resume my duty as your son…”

Rhaegar clenched the iron spoke arm-rest, “You think I would make them savages’ part of my Kingdoms when all they do raid my Kingdoms? All for some child’s story of Wight walkers…?

Kinvara voiced her concern, “Prince Jaehaerys, you speak of these wight walkers? But, if their existence and power was true, how did you survive? You said it yourself, only a true fire-bending army have a chance?

“(…) I was lucky to survive.” Jon mumbled.

“You’re lucky that I’m still listening to this nonsense after all the trouble you caused me, disappearing of the edge of the world.” Rhaegar hissed, “There is a war on the western shores of my Kingdoms, a year ago the Ironborn were on the verge of defeat and then I hear my son went gallivanting off the maps. I searched the North and scattered my armies for you and now, a year later, I’m still at War with Pyke and you finally return with stories of snarks and ghouls…”

Arthur stepped forth, “Your grace, blame me for Jaehaerys disappearance. I stood by his side and protected him, but I still let him leave Winterfell, I helped him and broke my oath to you. Punish me but at the very least, hear what your son has to say…”

Jon stepped forward to stop Arthur but one look from his mentor, told him to hold his tongue.

Kinvara touched the choker on her neck and the Fire-Lord’s eyes atop the Throne, for a split second, gleamed in manipulation. Rhaegar voice was now an elegant hiss, “Very well, Arthur Dayne, you were my trusted sword under my father’s, Fire-lord Aerys, reign. Then I pledged you to guard my son in my reign, and you failed me. For his disappearance you will be stripped from your titles and cloak of the Kings Guard…”

Arthur didn’t realise the punishment would be that severe, he knitted his brow, “My King? The Kings Guard is a brotherhood for life? The only path out, is death.”
“You have been replaced by Ser Lancel Lannister.” Rhaegar answered, gesturing to the young knight third from in the row the seven glorified knights, “But, your path will not be death, you are my old friend after all. I will allow you to find another that will take you in their service, but who will take a disgraced knight? Especially one punished by their King. If you fail to find another to pledge your service too by Aegon’s Day in less than two moons, you will be sent to the Nights Watch to turn your cloak black. Do you understand?”

Jon watched helplessly as Arthur bowed and was escorted out the room. Only Ghost, Tormund and Ygritte stood behind him now.

“Now, my son, bend the knee and resume your duty as Prince. I will make you a fire-general in this war and I have already given you a fine betrothal.”

Jon clenched his fist in desperation, “Father. I have thousands of families and good men beyond the Wall waiting for salvation from what lies out there. They were born on the wrong side of the wall, doesn’t make them monster. Order the Lord Commander to raise the gate and allow the Free-Folk…”

Kinvara laughed and so did lots of the court, “Free-folk? The prince now talks like a wildling now…”

“AYE I TALK LIKE A WILDLING! I ATE WITH THE WILDLINGS, I FOUGHT WITH THEM! I…”fell in love with a wildling, I lost a babe with a wildling woman...

Dany broke his roar, her voice suddenly weak as she broke her stoic expression and stepped out of line from the advisors and sages on the platform. “Jon! Please. Don’t, do this. Bend the knee.” She practically hissed. Rhaegar won’t listen, live to speak another day you honourable fool. She wanted to say.

His chest was fuming, and he looked in disbelief at her. How could you stand with him? You promised you would help? …You’ve chosen your side Dany. And I’ve chosen mine.

He looked back at his King father on the Throne, whose glare gleamed fire. “You would be wise to listen to my sister. She was never a stain like you, she understands her place. Bend the knee and I will be merciful.” Rhaegar asked one last time, the hall quiet like a tomb.

Jon’s expression became stoic again, his voice was a growl, “No.”
The hall was silent as falling snow, sweat running down everyone’s face. It was Tormund stiff nod of delight and Ygritte’s smug face that made Rhaegar’s nose twitch in anger. “Seize them.”

Jon suddenly reached for Longclaw’s hilt, but his hand grasped thin air and he was shocked when a fire blast from the upper balcony pieced Ygritte’s back, when she brandished a concealed bone-dagger from within her furs.

She was dead in his arms before he caught her, only Tormund’s roars of desperation distantly rang his ears as the Kings Guard closed in on them. Ghost curling around him and snarling, keeping the guards at bay.

The King simply adjusted his flowing sleeves atop the Throne, ignoring the commotion and speaking to Kinvara in a bored tone, “…have Ser Janos move Lord Stark and his daughters into the black cells, he should already be in chains. Kill the rest of the northern company. And find my son a chamber in the holdfast, fit for a cell until he sees reason, make sure the guard…”

Jon distantly heard Dany’s screams of protest from the platform. He barely heard Ghost’s snarls or the gossiping courts throughout the hall made for dragonlords. All he felt was Ygritte’s corpse singed with warm blood in his lap.

*When we hit our lowest point, we are open to greatest change.*

His hand opened.

Everyone’s head turned when Jaehaerys stood back up, his eyes now a cerulean glow and his voice resounding the entire hall, “YOU IMPRISONED LORD STARK! YOU CONDEMNED THOUSANDS TO DIE! WE ARE THE SHEILDS THAT GUARD THE REALMS OF MEN! AND I’VE LOST EVERYTHING! EVERYTHING! I LOST MY BABY TO THEM MONSTERS! I LOST HER!”

The hall panicked when currents of air billowed the hall, circulating in punishing gusts that roared, the Targaryen drapes adorning the walls, howled, shaking the windows with a labyrinth of shadows of past forms creeping from Jaehaerys feet.

Jon raised his luminous eyes and brandished his left hand in a fluid motion, his finger sharply clawing as he motioned to push down, and the room watched as a twisting circle of fire slithered
around him, dancing in the shields of air movements also resounding from him. Two elements.

The Fire-Lord met his gaze, astonishment and malignant awe within his irises as he witnessed his son levitate slightly off the marble. Surrounding guards and sages awaiting his order to shoot him down as the room panicked. The Fire-lords voice was a whisper, “…it cannot be.”

It was when the gilded doors of the Throne room smashed open and a metallic ring resounded the room, Jaehaerys was now grasping a short-handled hammer that luminated with him and gleamed destruction. The room quaked dust and screams as lightening split over the skies.

But, it suddenly all stopped. When Lyanna Stark appeared along the walkway.

“Jaehaerys!”

Chapter End Notes

Tell me what you think. All ideas are appreciated.
1. Do you want more of Dany's time in Dorne?
2. What did you think of Tyrion and his offer?
3. More Arianne? and her meeting Jon next?
4. Would you like to see past avatars?
5. Who's service should Arthur swear too?
6. What do you think of Dany submitting to Rhaegar and not helping jon?
7. O and, any particular smut you would like to see?

Next chapter is called:

The Avatar Returns
“Giantsbane.”

“Giantsbane,” Ned murmured louder, the gash over his eye making him squint through the darkness and the blood.

Tormund jolted awake with a grunt and it was only a few seconds before he panicked, “Fucks sake. I’m blind, no, no, I’m fucking blind! My bleeding eyes have been gouged out, I can’t see…”

Ned sighed and the wildling didn’t see the Lord of Winterfell shaking his head, “We’re in the black cells under the Red-Keep. Of course, you can’t see.”

“O,” and it went silent before the grizzly man spoke, his ginger hair tangled, and mouth parched dry, “what the fuck happened. Where’s Jon, I saw him, he… gods, my fucking head hurts.”

“Tormund, what happened in the throne room?” Ned coughed out blood, slumping back on the shackled stone wall in defeat and looking up again for the wildling’s voice in the darkness.

“… the Fire-Lord, he, he, wait!” Tormund’s shuffled panic and the ring of shackles being wrenched with no heel sounded, “What happened to the big woman?”

Ned tried to control his impatience, *Arya and Sansa were taken as far he could remember, he needed to know what happened, “Giantsbane, answer me, what happened to my nephew?”*

Tormund grunted louder, “Tell me what happened to big woman. Tell me, and I’ll tell you, but you
The air smelled foul and too dry for any northerner and Ned grimaced in anger, coughing out more blood, “No, you tell me.”

“Fuck you.” Tormund groaned, “the big woman, first.”

Ned’s nose twitched in anger as he nursed the puddle of blood that spilled from the gash over his thigh, he let out a desperate breath as he looked up in the darkness, “fine, who in seven hells is the big woman…?”

**Four hours earlier**

**The King beyond the Wall**

“Jaehaerys!”

Lyanna shrieked, rushing forward through the hall, her gown fluttering and rippling from the airstreams. Her slipper-heels clappered the crowded marble floors and she nearly lost them in her haste, passing wide-eye lords whose eyes reflected the gusts of air and fire lashing and flaring from the dark-haired prince within the growing air sphere. She ignored the ladies of court calling out to her between the punishing howls. The sound of thunder out of nowhere sounded over the clear skies like oaken branches breaking.

Lya shrieked louder when she finally got to the front and Ser Barristan Selmy suddenly appeared before her, hurriedly hosting her away from the turmoil. Barristan’s voice was weak as he tried to keep her from harm’s way, “Your, grace, please.”

“That’s my baby boy,” Lya struggled within the old knights’ protective arms, her brown locks whipping in his face.

The hall quavered like a wheel of bones and the red-cloaked fire sages and witches lined on the throne platform were shouting orders to the fire guards, orders to protect the King. Daenerys stood near them also in shock next to Kinvara. The witch who was simply murmuring under her breath, touching the gleaming choker clasped around her neck and her mouth parted when the air bending became even stronger.
“Jon, snap out of it.” Dany moaned under her own breath, using her wrists to shield herself from the punishing airstreams now gravitating out of him like iron curtains. But her words trailed when he clenched his fist and gripped Mjolnir tighter, rising higher in the air sphere, fire flurries now splashing out the air bubble that orbèd him. Scaring the Kings guard even further back to the throne.

“He’s, bending fire.” Dany stuttered.

She quickly turned when she suddenly heard Ghost’s snapping snarls through the pining, snarling his jaws when Ser Allister and Ser Beric Dondorrian dropped their swords and inflamed their hands in formation instead, inching closer but unaware what to do.

“Ghost,” Dany breathed again in disbelief when she quickly noticed the white wolf’s red ruby eyes were also glowing cerulean blue like Jon’s.

Kinvara glinting eyes focused on the airbender as she came back to herself, pointing her shaking ringed finger at him, “shoot the airbender down!”

Lyanna’s screams echoed their ears when the guards on the balconies jabbed fire blast after fire blast. But, before they could make contact, Jon’s air sphere dissipated them into mere flurries, their flames gasping and clawing into nothing. It was no use.

Ser Gerold Hightower manoeuvred gracefully in his steel-clad armour, drawing his silver hilted longsword from over his shoulder and his white brothers followed suit in a reluctant manner unsure how to proceed. They had all watched Jaehaerys grow as a boy, but this, was now no boy.

“Kings guard!” Hightower roared.

The white cloaks immediately drew their swords, closing formation around the issuing air sphere with only Jaehaerys’ glowing eyes now visible from within. Their pure cloaks sparkling like water in the waves of airstreams and their steel-gorged boots clawing the ground for friction.

Tormund charged at them, his orange-palmed hands stretched, ducking Ser Allister’s sword maneuverer beforeragging on Allister’s short hair, grasping it like pubes and causing the knight to yelp and stumble when punched hard on the chin. But Ser Jamie then shoulder barged the wildling. Swiftly chi-blocking the bear man with numerous coordinated hits before finally hitting him hard
over the head with the flat side of his sword, knocking Tormund out cold.

Hightower wielded his sword in acute position.

“Confine the prince! Protect the King! Protect Jaehaerys from the power that holds him!”

Ser Jamie knitted his brow in humiliation when Lancel Lannister charged past him, yelling with his virgin tourney sword raised. The moment the green knight with golden locks and nary a blemish of battle pierced the sphere. Jaehaerys’ cerulean eyes immediately turned on him and twisted his shoulder before flummoxing a fierce current. The Lannister with something to prove instantly lost his sword and dignity when he rumpled into a crowd of cowering lords before clashing against a red pillar, unconscious.

Rhaegar’s legs on the throne were planted wide and his flinted purple eyes, riddled with yellow taint, looked down on his airbending dark-haired boy as he raised his jaw. His demeanour was silent, like flakes of ash falling under his watch as his hall panicked under the plunging winds effervescing from Jaehaerys’ movements.

A hard smile crossed the Fire-lords mouth when his Kings-guard were thrown across the hall, he glanced at Kinvara who offered only a hopeless look, and it made his nose twitch in wrath. He looked down to his other side, his sister, shielding herself as she bellowed out to her nephew, begging him to snap out of it.

“Daenerys.”

Dany froze, her neck stiff, and she slowly turned and vulnerably looked up to her King brother; her eyes already pained at what he might ask of her.

“…put an end to this, or I will, do it now, sweet sister.” Rhaegar ordered, his voice a hiss between in the quaking turmoil.

Daenerys’ velvet cape bellowed behind her, the blood drape a veil of death that clashed beautifully with her creased but taut leather dress-gown that was black as pitch. Her dragon chain glimmered like novoshi oils over her perky chest and accentuated the supple curves of her hips. But nothing was bewitching than the pearls now falling from her lilac eyes.
The hall fit for dragonlords tremored again and everyone gasped, lords and ladies trying to keep their footing when the air dome consumed more and more.

“Daenerys!” Rhaegar hissed again, her stomach tightened, the order was like being hit by a broad sword.

Dany’ gritted her teeth and her eyebrows pulled in when her honeyed voice struggled to find to right words, “I’m, so, sorry Jon.”

Her feet moved gracefully, and she pointed her sharp nails into two fingers, sweeping the cold-blooded fire from her lungs and the azure lightening cackled before her. The bolt she awoken surged towards Jaehaerys and impaled the dome into nothing but sudden whining gusts when Jae fell to the ground on one knee, clutching his chest in agony. The only sound Dany heard in the hall was the thumping of her own heartbeat as she extinguished her flames and wept silent tears.

The hall went quiet and still as the dark-haired prince heaved on the floor and coughed out blood.

His trusted direwolf whining for his master under the iron nets that had managed to constrain him, five fire guards holding the pegs down with all their might.

Rhaegar finally stood up from the Throne, staring down at his son before lifting his jaw to the hall, “apologises my Lords and Ladies on behalf of my second born, if I had known he returned an airbender. A form of bending that should be impossible. I would have...”

The hall gasped when the dark-haired prince slowly staggered back up, his eyes glowing a cerulean-blue again. He stepped forward on uneven steps, the guards closing around him. He raised the hammer at his father to emphasis his words, “If you don’t raise the Wall’s gate before winter comes, send me to swear the black or just kill me, for I will not bend the knee to a man who can’t see reason, nor, honour.”

Rhaegar laughed and his voice sneered like a hiss, the stained red veins along his black drapes which adorned his hard-panelled body showcased his valour and supreme power. “I am no mere man, boy! I am the Fire-Lord and the rightful King of...”

Jon let out a guttural roar and suddenly through down the hammer with all the strength he had, the mere impact of his rage breaking into the hard marble and lodging the great weapon into the black steps of the throne’s platform. Rubble split like butter under a hot knife and Jon raised his jaw and
met the Fire-lords gaze.

His growl resounded the hall, “you’ll be ruling over a graveyard.”

He managed out before his eyes rolled back to dark indigo and his knees gave out in exhaustion.

“Jaehaerys!” His mother cried.

Lyanna pushed Barristan away with all her strength and the hundreds in the great hall watched their Queen run, falling to her knees by her son. The silver silk of her taut dress glimmered around her viciously alluring waist as her hips creased it. Her stormy eyes grew damp and overly bright, searching for her son’s gaze as she thumbed his bearded cheek, his head in her lap. The ancient hammer stood alone, beside them, left deeply encrusted within the pitch steps.

“…Jaehaerys, my baby,” she pleaded, barely recognising the young man laid on her lap unconscious, her porcelain fingers threaded into his unruly dark hair and it was how his hair curled, she knew, it was her boy and not just some mysterious airbender from the dead. She smoothed away the cold sweat from his brow.

“…baby, please,” Lyanna whimpered, she threaded her hand through her own brown tresses, sweeping it out her stormy eyes as she looked over her shoulder with tremors in her voice. “GET A MAESTER! NOW!”

Many lords and ladies turned around to obey, looking for the Grand-Maester who had cowered and fled, the guards glanced to the foreboding eyes looking from atop the Throne. But it was Daenerys who scurried down the steps immediately, and she ran as much as her dress would allow, “I’ll find a Maester and a water healer.” Dany croaked before she disappeared out the doors like a ghost through the wall.

Lyanna nodded numbly, looking back down, thumbing his cheek and she nearly screamed when Jae’s hand suddenly grabbed her wrist, his eyes opened again, “mother…”

Lya let out a huge breath and pressed her hand to her stomach, she bowed lower so she could hear his delicate husky breathes, “mother, I’m, not what they think, I, didn’t know I could, bend, air. Aegon the conqueror’s prophecy… its, I… I won’t be the downfall, of our house, I promise” he coughed.
“I know baby.” Lyanna wept, leaning down with closed eyes and pressing a gentle kiss to the corner of his lips, she stoked an unruly curl out his eyes with a laugh, “I missed you Jaehaerys Targaryen.”

Jon’s eyes were closed when his lips curved upwards, “I missed you too.”

He didn’t hear the bellowing voices across the hall, he didn’t hear his father ordering the guards to find a room on the south quarter of the castle to keep the airbender in, he didn’t hear his wounded direwolf coming to lick his face, he only felt his mother’s arms and he fell in a deep sleep.

A Light in the Dark

“You worry about your daughters, Stark, mmm?” Giantsbane questioned.

The Lord of the Northern water tribe gritted his jaw, his steel glinted eyes were hollow, dark circles had formed around his eyes over the endless hours that had passed. The black cells were stale with prayers and dried blood, the blanket of darkness was a young maid compared to the withering heat from the hot air flues and gases within the stone.

A bead of sweat rolled down the crook of his nose as he his gaze flitted in the darkness, not settling to long before moving, searching for a trick of light or a hope in the dark.

“Aye… I fear for my daughters. Arya is nothing but a child, they won’t hurt her. Sansa though, my wife told me she bled before we left Winterfell. I fear… I fear for my daughter,” Ned raised his voice in anger, pulling mercilessly against to shackles again with no heel, his wrists almost fully bruised from his pained thoughts.

The silence became deafening.

“…you know, they call me Giantsbane. Want to know why?”

Ned could almost hear the wildling’s toothy smile and bushy beard curling in the blackness, “I killed a giant when I was ten, then I climbed right into bed with his wife. Then she woke up, you know what she did, suckled me at her teat, for three months, that’s how I got so strong, Giants milk.”
Ned sighed and struggled to control his anger at being stuck in a cell with this fool, “why, in seven hells, are you telling me this?” Ned roared, fighting with his chains again.

Tormund grunted, “I’m so strong but even I can’t get out these chains. No man can. But you, Stark. You are Benjen Starks brother, the wolf killer. The skin-changer. That fucker cut us down like animals. So, your skinny wolf paws can slide right out these chains, like butter on a nice juicy chicken.”

Ned sighed, “I can only do that when the moon is fullest. Starks of the northern water tribe are either born with water bending or skin changing, some with neither. My brother and sister were skin changers by birth, I was the only bender. But, since I became the Lord of Winterfell, I can now skin change, on full moon.” Ned said dully, “the next moon is two months away and I can only bend water like everyone else in my tribe. Do you see any water in this stew pot they call a cell!” Ned grumbled again, struggling with the chains.

Tormund cocked his head, speaking back in the darkness in totally the wrong direction, “So, we’re fucked.”

“Aye, if you’re not going to call your Giants wife, we’re fucked,” Ned growled, “we’re never getting out this…”

The sound the cold-rod bolts snapping open issued the cavities and before they could squint, ribbons of light filtered inside the cell held up by a slender arm from a draping lilac gown and deftly porcelain fingers holding up the grated lantern.

The sound of shackles sounded when Ned raised his hands from the light to shield his eyes. And when he slowly lowered them, he became unnaturally still, and his grey pupils dilated, “…Ashara.”

“Lady Ashara…” Ned quickly corrected himself.
The noblewoman in spite of nearing forty years, hadn’t aged over a year since he saw her, her face was still fair with nary a blemish. Her long dark hair tumbled down her shoulders like he remembered and framed her angelic cheekbones. Her thin supple figure did nothing to hide the curve of her breasts under the taut velvet of her gown, her waist and hips now slightly thicker but still viciously alluring but it was her haunting purple eyes framed by her dark hair that pierced into his soul.

“Ned Stark of the northern water tribe,” Ashara whispered, her lungs contracting and making it hard to breath, she narrowed her eyes and met his grey eyes that also struggled to meet hers, “…or is it Lord Stark now.”

They simply stared at one another. Scared at what the other might say after all these years.

Ned opened his mouth and closed it again before he opened it again, “I thought you told me if you saw me again, you would drive a sword into me. That would be mercy in this cell.” Ned smiled helplessly.

‘From what I remember, Eddard Stark, flattery and a smile won’t help you with me. Not anymore.” Ashara stated coldly, she changed her direction and raised the lantern, looking elsewhere from what the light exposed.
Ned lifted his eyebrows, “Then, what are…?”

“I’m here for my brother.” Ashara stated again, and her small lantern guided her elegant heels over the straw on the floor, that smelled of faces and urine, stepping carefully towards a bundle of rags on the ground. The mound in the shadows was curled in a corner, something Ned or Tormund hadn’t saw before the candlelight honoured them.

Ashara Dayne gracefully kneeled and shook the contents until it stirred, then non-other than the Sword in the Morning appeared. His face bruised and cut.

“…Is this a dream or have the gods given me sight of my fair sister?”

“Artie,” Ashara squealed in laughter when Arthur grabbed her by the shoulders and brought her in protectively, reuniting with his sister after five long years.

“How?” Arthur asked, releasing the black cells were heavily guarded. Fire-Lord Maegor himself commissioned four levels of dungeons under the Red-Keep. The third being the black cells, reserved for the most dangerous benders and vile criminals.

Ashara leaned back and her bold eyes fluttered as she pursed her lips, “The fire-guard outside, Rugen, he’s had a passion for me since I came to the Red-Keep. He would give me his weekly silver wage if I simply looked his way.” She giggled.

Ned wanted to groan like Arthur did but he forced it in, and Tormund simply sat still confused where Arthur came bleeding came from.

Tormund broke the silence, “Dayne, I thought you were only stripped of your fancy white drape and your fucking stupid vows to that silver-haired mad man, weren’t you to find another man to swear you fancy steel to? You look like my shit by the way” The wildling confirmed seriously, looking at the flies on his own faces beside him.

Ashara ignored the other two and tightly held her brother again like a life line after believing him dead for so many years, Arthur grinned over her shoulder, “a week in the cells, punishment for taking back my sword and showing Tywin Lannister’s dog the taste of blood, only left a little cut on his leg. The mountain was never one for jokes.”
Ashara leaned back and met his smile before her eyes turned fierce, hitting repeatedly on the chest, “this was a blessing you were freed from that tyrant, now, you land yourself in the black cells for petty crime. What are you now, a wildling!”

Tormund blinked with a low grunt, looking positively hurt.

Ashara realised what she said and squatted her brother for smirking, “I didn’t mean, I mean…”

The wildling grunted back, shouldering away as much as his chains would allow.

The Lord of Winterfell finally brewed up enough courage, “Ashara, I…”

He broke off when her hauntingly beautiful eyes glanced up and rested on him. He immediately looked down, ashamed. But, after a deafening silence, he heard a sigh leave her soft lips.

“You may ask, Lord Eddard. I am not a plague.” Ashara said, despite trying not to look at him in fear of lashing out at him again, she busied herself with handing over a water flask she brought for Artie before beginning to stitch his cuts with a pin from her hair and some cotton she brought.

Ned swallowed his shame and asked, “what of my daughters?”

Ashara pressed her lips together momentarily and drew a breath for herself before answering him, her voice soft in understanding, “the younger one seems to have escaped the castle. Even Varys little birds cannot find her.”

“And Sansa?” Ned asked.

“The Red-Witch, Kinvara, is keeping her close. But, Lyanna is fighting to be by her side but it is proving hard. I believe once your Queen sister gets approval by the King, she will care for little Sansa like she does her own daughter. Until she has persuaded the King to release you and allow you back to Winterfell for all our good. The rest of your guard and company though, I’m sorry, they are all dead…” Ashara mumbled, concentrating on sewing Arthur’s cut over his temple.

Arthur and Tormund glanced in remorse at the north man’s sickly complexion.
“Rhaegar is a mad man who would use his greed as a cloak.” Ned voiced, his nose twitching in anger.

Ashara sighed and stopped dabbing at Arthur’s wound, she turned to him, “Ned… what madness did you do to get your yourself arrested by Lannister guards. I saw the Manderley sons, hung on the traitor’s block in Fire-Lord Baelor’s square. Everyone has. What did you do?”

Ned looked at her in anger, “…You wrote to me, you told me Rhaegar had changed, that he has a sickness of the mind like his father before. So, I did what I must as a father and Lord. I conspired to have an escape route for my family if it were true, the Manderley’s are a loyal house, they would have smuggled my children to safety. Then, I was going to make Jon, the King in the North, and have the North united behind him in the Great War if the great Fire-Lord didn’t prove to be the protector of the realm no longer. I even suggested to keep Princess Daenerys in Winterfell for safe-keeping.”

Ashara pulled her eyebrows in, “You really are a northern fool.”

Ned shook his head, “Jaehaerys persuaded me against your warning and my scheme. However, it seems Varys has spies in my own household so putting a stop to it didn’t matter. I walked into a dragon’s den like a northern fool. So, if you must know, it was the madness of mercy that I might save Jaehaerys from his father.”

Ashara caused Arthur to squirm in agony when she held the soaked rag of rum onto his shoulder for too long, distracted, she looked at Ned with her voice tremoring in anger also, “So it was my warning to you that caused all this? My fault? Should I have kept my mouth shut and not risk my life for you again? Should I have disobeyed Lyanna who begged me to write it? Should I have left the man who betrayed me, who I… should I have left you to the cruel twist of fate from the Fire-Nation?”

Ned crumpled and pulled in his brow, “I didn’t say that Ash.”

Ashara continued to angrily sew Arthur’s cut, “Well, it sounded like you were.” She said indignantly.

Ned looked at the lantern on the floor, the spark inside that lit the fire, the smallest of hope. He swallowed hard and broke the deafening silence, “Ashara.”
“Ashara, please look at me.” The north man pleaded.

Arthur sighed angrily when his sister gave in and met his gaze, her haunting purple eyes under her dark hair that framed her beautiful face, vulnerable.

“Ashara, I have no right to ask this of you, and you have every right to defy this of me. But I beg you. Protect my daughter if my sister can’t. Keep Sansa safe and teach her how to survive. She will follow you; I know she will.”

Ashara pressed her lips together and looked away, closing her eyes in hurt. The curve of her throat swallowed before she reopened her alluring eyes at him, “when the snow falls and the white winds blow, the lone wolf dies but the pack survives.”

“Ashara?” Ned found himself saying, bewildered.

She sighed and gracefully stood up, “Yes, I remember your mother’s words. You told me them.” She smiled softly.

The noble woman then knelt by his side, “she’s beautiful you know, your daughter.” I wish she was ours Ned, but every time I look at her, it hurts. But she doesn’t say that, “Your very fortunate to have them. I will do what I can.”

Grey and Purple stared in one another’s eyes and after a moment of searching, the spark was still there, the beat of their hearts slow and true. Their lips parted in shock and their eyes lingered on the scent they dreamt about.

And Ashara’s taut velvet dress creased and accentuated her viciously alluring body as she bunched her porcelain fingers onto his shirt, pulling, closing the distance between their lips.

The sound of Arthur groaning in annoyance at the display sounded.

But, Ashara didn’t care, her tongue softened, and throat hummed when he tasted her lips and the hesitation fell, he kissed her back like it was his last breath.
But, too suddenly, he pushed her back, his creased steel eyes looked young and bright for a moment before fading again. He looked down, ashamed, glad the shackles bonded him.

She swallowed breathlessly, looking down, hurt. Ashara slowly reached out and touched the water-bending betrothal necklace that rested between his jerkin against his bare chest, “…does she really care for you like I did?”

He didn’t, he couldn’t answer, and he continued to look away. She had her answer. She rose gracefully and swept her hair back, blinking rapidly, and she too turned away.

“I’ll bring some water for you on the morrow, ” The noble woman said to her brother who gave his irritated thanks, sliding the cell door open, she stopped when Arthur raised the last issue. “Sister, what happened in the Throne room? What have you heard?”

Ashara posture was rigid as she crossed her arms, purposing only looking at Arthur, “It seems Aegon the conqueror’s prophecy has been fulfilled, brother, an air bender has returned. Jaehaerys Targaryen has returned beyond the edge of the world as the last airbender. And people are whispering he may be more, a myth, a wet-nurses tale… the avatar.”

The moment the door closed, and the room was consumed with an all-consuming shroud of darkness. Ned lifted his eyes to where she left in shock.

He didn’t even hear Tormund’s serious nod, “if she was more, hairier, I’d have her slick as a baby seal.”

The King Beyond the Wall

A layer of mist lingered over the dark land. Tall trees rose out the ground to brush the sky, naked and deprived of earth and water, the pebbles and stone beneath his feet, felt cold and made his footing unclear.

The moon was not present, but a glare that matched was, the mysterious pale light slithered though the spines and brush of wildlife, the labyrinth of thin trees of what seemed like a forest, felt haunting and chilling, the light breeze carrying the scent of wood rot.
“Where am I?”

Once the words left his mouth they were already lost to the bowels of the forest’s floor, an echo that only obscured the mist for a second.

The crunch of twigs and nettle pines splinted under his feet, Jon turned and turned, his purple eyes looking for something or someone he knew. It was the ash, broadleaf, soldier pin and ironwood that made the hairs on his arms stand. There was no snow, no white winds nor sweat of muscle to make the journey all the way here, but he had no doubt. The ground was clean but dark, slightly warm but misty.

“I’m in the haunted forest? How in seven hells…?”

He turned and looked up into the horizon. And between the twigs and branches of the dappled trees above him, he saw the Wall. The ice glimmered and it looked smoke-like and even fiercer, an imposing wave of salt and magic.

He jumped out his skin when he heard a dull groan behind him, spinning around again, his eyes widened, and his pupils dilated. The reflection that bore within his eyes was what he thought completely mad.
In the depths of the forest in the distance was a glowing beast gliding out from the blackness, circulating the trunks in a peaceful oasis movement. Its face and fins were as wide as a dragon’s skull and the length of its leathery body could swallow a small boulder. The round eyes glowed like twin halo’s, the beams of light making it apparent, the moon was certainly not what lit the depths of the forest.

The spirit fish simply circled a certain tree, a weirwood it seemed but the ancient etched face was gone. Lost. The spirit was alone. Something was not right.

It turned to his direction and Jon stilled, his bearded jaw tense and his nostrils flared. He suddenly pushed his palms over his ears, the resounded hiss of the spirit eating into his own ears like a deafening kiss.

“The avatar is no longer welcome here! Not after what you did! Not after what you did to us!”

Jon scrambled over a shrew branch behind his heel, the spirit was getting closer, its whale movement moving faster and faster, the moss and leaves beneath its gliding-form instantly crinkled and decayed in a festering way.

“The avatar is no longer welcome here. Not after what you did! Not after what you did to us!” It repeated.

He immediately crossed his forearms like he practised, shielding his face and bending an air sphere but to his surprise, no air dispersed out. “What is happening?”

“I can’t bend?”

He tried again, flourishing his arms into a shield motion, his breathing became rugged when he looked at his clammy hands in disbelief. He sweated profusely and tensed his defined jaw when he spun around and made to sprint.

The moment he turned and began to run, he suddenly fell on cold marble.

He groaned inwardly, his unruly raven hair curled over his eyes until he found his feet, he stood, completely confused. He span around. The forest was gone and so was the beast. Now lay dark grey stone beneath his feet.
The temple hall was wide and as great as the hall of the Red-Keep that Aegon the Conqueror commissioned for a thousand to stand. But this hall had no windows and was glided with a black tile roof, haunting and empty. The symmetrical columns holding up the hall were wide-birthed, cylindrical with porches catacombed all around them, dusty shelves cloved into them, housing. He looked closer. Faces.

His breathing quickened from seeing such a sight.

He turned and suddenly found himself in front of a woman he did not recognise.

Her face was heart-shaped with long silver-gold hair that cascaded in thick ringlets down her wide hips, framing her high-cheekbones and framing the clothes she wore. The snug silver-cloth clung to her body like a fine mould, ivory and lysene lace with not a hint of gold, nothing was vulgar about her beauty.

The smile that crept in the corners of her pouty lips could possess a sea monster in the shivering sea to the bones of a fire-breathing dragon in the depths of the old peninsula. The silver cloth of her dress revealed her collarbone, frayed, so even her smooth shoulders were exposed, a strong pull on the hem of the cloth, would allow the tight material to glide down to her bare feet. And the heavy silver necklace preening around her neck, of alternating sapphires and emeralds, were not as bewitching as her two mismatched eyes- one blue, the other bright green.
“Are you the one they call, airbender?” She asked.

Jon pulled in his eyebrows in confusion, “What is this, a dream? A trick?” He growled at the situation, “…or has my Fire-Lord father poisoned me?”

Her sheer ivory gown trailed her bare feet as she followed a circular path around him, the seductress smiled and her voice was like silk, “Do I look like a Fire-Lord?”

“Who are you? What are you?” Jon whispered, keeping his eyes on her, he spun around when she reached the corner of his eye, but she was gone. His throat went coarsely dry when he span around desperately, the air feeling copious and thick, “Show yourself!”

The woman was now right behind him and it made his bones chill, like her voice did, “such a strong man you are. With the strength of a King. The King you will one day become.”

Jon raised his jaw and lowered his dark indigo eyes to her slightly shorter height, glaring at the temptress. His broad shoulders and dense forearms could easily close around her neck and end her life, but he felt he knew her. And he parted his lips, his eyes narrowing when she lay her soft long fingers along his bearded jaw, “to answer your first question, airbender, this is no trick, or dream.”

He felt the warmth of her skin, she was real. She smiled that smile and continued to circle him. He watched her closely. He kept his face fierce but the way her hips moved enticed his eyes and tightened his breeches.

“My name was once spoken in your home, it was given to me by my father, the Star of the Sea, he called me.”

Jon’s eyes widened in dawning and turned fully to her, “Shiera Seastar. Bastard daughter of Fire-Lord Aegon, fourth of his name?”

Shiera smiled and stopped her circling, her bewitching mis-matched eye’s turning to him. “…It’s good to meet you, Avatar Jaehaerys.”

He swallowed and took a slight step-back, “That’s a wet-nurses tale, nothing more. I’m no Avatar.”
Shiera smiled, “Nor was I supposed to be. But I was.”

Jon couldn’t help but laugh now, “I now know this a mere dream. But I’ll humour you, my lady. The Avatar is said to been gone for a thousand years, before the Long Night. Vanished. There has been no account of him again in any history book. And I know my own family history, my lady. You are no supreme being.”

Shiera looked at him in amusement and shrugged her nude smooth shoulders that crept up from her silver-cloth gown.

“Unlike you, my lord, I never showcased my abilities, look where that got you. I kept it quiet, I never married, I never left my home and only practised in secret. But I never mastered all four elements, my love.”

Her shrug was delicate and simple, “I had no one to teach me Air-bending, our ancestor the conqueror dealt with that. So, I couldn’t fulfil my destiny of Avatar. I can’t truly call myself an Avatar despite the power being in my grasp. If only I found Joramun’s hammer like you did.” She amusingly smiled.

Shiera laughed to herself, “I only crossed the bridge to the spirit world on my death. The realm never knew of my gift. But, you are different…”

“I am no real Air-bender, let alone, a Master.”

Shiera smiled again, “you became one the moment you touched Joramun’s hammer. The secrets bestowed within became yours to wield, you were worthy. You are now the Air Normand’s living legacy. Now, the path of Avatar is something you can’t resist. The ink is now dry.”

“I’m no Avatar” He repeated.

Shiera stepped closer and he saw her beauty even closer was no lie. “You must accept your path, Jaehaerys. Only when you master all four elements will you be able to defeat the Night King. Only when you learn to control the Avatar state will you be able to resist the way the walkers render benders useless in their presence, how they suck the warmth out of life. And only you, will be able to restore balance after the Long Night, by striking down the Fire-Lord. Or the sickness of the mind like your father has and his father before had, will consume you too, the way it does every
He stepped back, turning from her and inhaled the stagnant air, “If what you speak is true. My father will kill me. If this is not already death... I will be fulfilling the Conqueror’s prophecy. An airbender will be the fall of House Targaryen. I won’t do that, it’s not right.”

He felt Shiera step closer behind him and when he felt the firm swell of her chest press against the muscle of his back and her chin settle by his shoulder, he stilled. Her hands smoothed around his waist and her sharp fingers spread over his covered abdominals, her voice like silk.

“...I know underneath your honour, you’re as much as a monster as the conqueror.” She whispered into his ear, her hands crept lower.

Jon nearly sank in her claws before stepped out and made an appropriate distance. He eyed her closely, “Targaryen’s truly play with fire.”

Shiera Seastar smiled wider, a humour to her words, “We do.”

Her face suddenly became serious as she lifted her chin, “You need to be careful now. The world knows you’re the last airbender. And you have less than a year before Aegon’s comet rains the sky and the Fire-Lord will have the power of a hundred suns. You have only a little more time before winter falls months later, then the Night King will gather his armies and march south. Both, war and winter, is coming. Fulfil what I could not.”

“I have duties to my people! The free-folk named me their King! I can’t abandon them.” His voice a guttural roar.

Her movement was quick and he found her finger pressed over his lips to silence him, her bewitching mis-matched eyes staring intensely at him by his jaw, “This anger you feel, this need to protect the ones you love, this allowed you into the Avatar state. A power of our past lives, supreme power and knowledge to protect yourself. But you are in danger when you do it, be killed, the Avatar will not be reborn again and the Long Night will eventually descend on all corners of the world.”

Jon grabbed her deftly wrist and pulled her even closer, his growl menacing, “Answer me this, demon, who does the Hammer belong to? Who is Joramun? Why is Bran the Builder’s mark on his hammer? Why did the Avatar before me vanish when the world needed him most? Why did the
spirit I saw in the forest say I was not welcome, that I betrayed them? What happened in my past life? Our past life?”

Shiera merely stared at him before wriggling her wrist free like he was grasping water, before he knew it, the seductress was behind him again. Her neck stiff with a fixed stare.

“…The past will be a burden to you. You must concentrate on the future, you must go east. And find an earth bending teacher willing to teach you, you will find non on the shores of this continent. Then the element of water, then fire. Do this, and become what you were born to be, the Avatar. Now, you must go…”

Jon stepped back, the cords along his neck standing out, “I don’t want it, I never did. I will try again to convince the Fire-Lord, I will bring proof this time, and once he marches north. I will bend the knee and we will defeat the dead together. No ploy, no avatar…” Jon broke off when the hall suddenly shook and a stampede-like-scurrying sound from a lone doorway resounded, orange shadows flickering from within. “What’s happening?” He bellowed.

Shiera didn’t respond to anything he said, merely looking around the deserted grey stone hall before a false smile crept over her lips. “this place you brought me, is home to Koh, the face stealer. In your world, some people know him as Him of Many Faces or more commonly, the Many-Faced God. And the face stealer doesn’t like intruders in his home especially in the spirit world. I suggest you go. The spirit world is like an ocean. It is beautiful under the water, but if you stay to long, you’ll drown. Remember…”

Jon’s face turned ashen and white, pale, his calves tensing as the scuttling sounds of a centipede-like-creature coming closer and closer quivered the hall like lice over the walls.

Shiera continued even quicker, “remember, the tempest will be your saviour. The mother. A black sun will reveal all, find an earth-bender teacher, Avatar Jaehaerys…”

His legs and knees became weaker when the hall rumbled, the candlelight’s diminishing by the second. “I’m not the Avatar!” He roared, trying to gain balance.

Shiera Seastar shook her head in a slow disbelieving way. her viciously alluring waist chuckling, “You know nothing, Jon Snowborn.”

His eyes widened at her fading away like mist before he felt something behind him opposite the
rumbling stone door, turning was like cold water running down his spine when he found piercing blue eyes staring at him. The frost crown upon its head was not as bewitching as the tip of the ice-spear that pushed and coursed straight through his heart.

Jaehaerys fell to his knees in front of the Night King, he didn’t feel blood spluttering from his mouth nor from his gut, all he felt was cold…

His breath shuddered when he opened his eyes, warm blood coursed through his veins and a cold sweat clung like a fine layer to the hard panels of his bare skin from the nightmare. He groaned from the ache he felt in his bones.

The feather bed he found himself in was more comfortable than any other he had for a long time, blood red drapes clung to the four-poster frame and the moment he turned his jaw from the warmth of the pillow, he stilled.

Bold emerald eyes stared down at him.

Jon breathed slowly through his nose and stayed immobile, “you’re, not Ghost?”

The dusky wolf blinked and cocked her wide hairy head at him, the weight of the direwolf made the mahogany bed groan, the stiff intricate boards of the bed almost shuddering when the wolf dipped her head and licked his face, repeatedly.

“Meraxes,” Visenya nearly shouted from the side-lounger, the dusky wolf immediately hopped off the bed and trotted over to her, nipping at her fingers as her mammoth weight obtruded the girl from walking momentarily.

Jon bolted up, looking around the room. The sun was slowly sinking over the horizon from the crescent-shaped open balcony of the chamber. A peaceful breeze over the Fire-Nation. It left his - the room with a pleasant orange afterglow, the luscious carpets preening under the light as little dust wafted in the ribbons of the few hours of sunlight left. He had been a while it seemed since morning; hours had passed from what happened in the Throne room.

“Jaehaerys?” A soft voice asked, full of uncertainty and excitement.

Jon squinted one-eye open and the other quickly followed when he saw his little sister. He became
suddenly still. There stood his baby sister by the lounger, her face had matured a lot since he last saw her as a toddler. She stood taller now, more leg than anything, like their aunt under her taut sky-blue dress. He could tell his sister had filled out in all the places women desired but the dark knitted-lace sweater thrown-over her dress thankfully made her look more innocent. Her parted hair was honey-blonde without a trace of silver in the light, and she had stormy grey eyes just like their mother. He sat on the edge of the bed and opened his arms to receive her, “…look at you.”

She pressed her palms to her cheeks, her eyes bright and damp before she ran and wrapped her arms around his torso.

“I missed you, big brother.” She breathed into his neck.

Jon couldn’t help but sway themselves in happiness, his eyes squeezed shut to stop himself from crying before he shuffled her to sit beside him and squeezed her hand, “look at you, you’re a woman.” He gasped out.

Visenya immediately pulled a brooding face that he recognised on himself, “it had to happen eventually, I suppose.” She added uncertainly.

Jon curled a loose tendril behind her ear before he sagged his body, “I’m just sorry I wasn’t here to see you grow up.”

“You used to be taller?”

His stomach wanted to laugh, he retorted with his husky voice, “how did you sneak up on me?”

Visenya’s lips pressed together in slight grimace and her eyebrows pulled in, leaning in, “how did you become the last airbender?”

“I didn’t.” It just happened.

The smile creeping from the corners of her lips couldn’t be contained and she threw herself into his arms again, it was then he felt the vambraces on her skinny forearms under her dress sleeves. A gift he gave her before he left for Winterfell, a pair, made of fine Qohorik steel as black as pitch and perfect for fire-bending duels. Not that he knew what fire-bending was like until a few hours ago. He pulled back and held her wrists, “you still have them. Have you ever used them?”
“Once or twice,” she avoided his gaze.

He gently guided by her elbows to stand with him, placing a hand on her shoulder, “you’re direwolf, nearly killed me.” He growled, the corners of his mouth twitching.

Visenya glanced at Meerie in the corner of the room now curled up over the warm carpet, a wide yawn from her jaws as she watched the north man. Senya turned back to Jon with a smile, “where’s yours? I haven’t even met the white wolf with red eyes?” she brimmed with excitement.

“Jealous.” Jon grinned.

Visenya’s face dropped into a hard-sarcastic stare, “Hardly. You should be the jealous one, the wolf was last seen on the north quarter of the castle going into Dany’s chambers, hasn’t come out since, according to Ser Beric. She’s almost half-stark now and… Jon?”

Jon strode away to pour himself a chalice of water on the sideboard, his voice unusually quiet, “Don’t talk to me about our aunt, Senya.”

His little sister groaned, “Jon. I heard what happened in the Throne-Room. Dany had no choice, father ordered her to attain you because the Lords and Ladies were panicking. I truly believe she didn’t want to do it. You know her…”

“Visenya! Just, don’t.” He nearly shouted, he gulped down the liquid and winced from the pain he felt from the hit he took to the chest, his ribs felt broken again. And he had to steady himself on the sideboard. The thin parchment tunic he wore concealed the soreness of his chest, no real injuries, for some reason he was fortunate not to be dead from the direct hit of cold-blooded fire.

“…where’s mother?” He stuttered over the brim of his goblet.

The moment he said that, the oaken glided door opened and in strode their mother. She had changed her attire since he last saw her. Her gown was more simple and thicker, a sweeping navy-cloth lined with myrish lace. Her stormy eyes shone in the dim light and the way her brown locks flowed down her chest and framed her waist; he knew why his father fought a war for her.
“Those are words I feared you’d forgotten.” Lyanna said, a hand on her chest to contain her breathless feeling. She held a pile of warm-pressed clothes in her other arm, the dark colours he knew it was for him.

“I brought some of Aegon’s clothes for you, he had plenty to spare. You’ve grown.” Lya added, her eyes pondering over the man before her. Her boy had grown more handsome. Beautiful even. She flushed at the thought. His unruly raven curls nestled behind his ears and a light beard had graced his defined jawline. Her son’s face was like his fathers with his noble features and plummeting dark purple eyes. Yet, there was a gauntness to his face that suggested he lacked sleep, the dark circles under his eyes gave him an almost a haunted look.

They simply stared at one another, now lost what to say. There was too much.

Lyanna swallowed her longing, turning to her daughter who watched in anticipation, “Visenya, go do what I asked you before he woke.” They watched when Visenya nodded and she left with Meraxes in toe.

Jon grunted, clearing his throat, “Where is she…?”

“Daenerys.” Lyanna stated, busying herself with laying the clothes out on the bed, “she’s gone to tell your aunt that your alright, my good-sister has returned as stubborn as you it seemed and won’t leave her chambers. You need to go and see…”

“No,” he immediately growled, he tried to maintain a smile when his mother walked towards him. Her keen stormy eyes softened.

“What happened to your eye?” Lyanna questioned, her breath soft and she tilted his jaw so she could see the small scar crossing his eye in the light.

Jon found himself mumbling, looking anywhere but at her knowing eyes that knew his pain, “O, it’s. I. When I was beyond the Wall, a wildling warg attacked me with a scouting eagle, it’s nothing.” He added, leaning away from her hand and looking down, he found himself wringing his wrists in unease. He had forgotten how his mother made him feel like she could see right through him.

It went quiet, the crackle of flames from the hearth the only sound.

Lyanna reached out and lifted his bearded jaw to meet her eyes, she saw the dark circles under his
eyes, she shook her head with a small smile, “You’re not the Jaehaerys I know at all, are you?”

He put on a brave face and his voice hardened, “yes I am.”

Lya softened her face before smoothing a hand over his chest, “the north hasn’t been kind to you, has it?”

Jon lowered his brow, confused and he mumbled something.

Lya stepped even closer and laid a finger along his collarbone to quieten him, “I’ve spent half my life in this city of walls and secrets, boy, I see with more than eyes. You know that.”

Jon’s stoic face began to crumple, his head fell down and slowly his watery eyes looked up at her. The beautiful, unruly man breathed louder, breaking into sobs, “The north, was unforgiving. I, I really need to talk to you.”

Lyanna rubbed his back and leaned in, her tone soothing, “we can talk.” She smiled, pulling him into a warm embrace.

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The night had fallen, candles were lit and the heat from the hearth bathed their faces as they sat together on the intricate myrish rug.

“…He raised his hands. And they all stood up at once. Tens of thousands of them, the biggest army in the world.”

Jon sniggered at himself before his eyes watered further, “huh, what was the point, I was too late. I had lost her and my babe. I was just standing there on the boat, some idiot with a hammer.”

Lyanna pulled him into a side-hug as she sat by his side on the floor, her eyes turned fierce through her own tears, “No, you are no idiot.”
She nudged him teasingly, lifting his chin, “You’re here aren’t you. Seeking council from the wisest person in Kings Landing?”

He grunted with a small smile, “Aye.”


He cleared his throat, brooding, “That’s a little bit harsh…”

“And you know what that makes you?” Lyanna interrupted softly, threading a unruly curl behind his ear. She breathed softly into his ear, “just like everyone else.”

His laugh was self-deprecating, “I’m not like everyone else, am I? I’m a bleeding airbender. Why couldn’t I be a normal Targaryen like Aegon, a fire-bender.” The conflict and hurt in his voice were evident.

She thumbed his jawline gently, “Everyone’s path is different Jaehaerys.”

“She measure of a person is how well they succeed in being in who they are. You remind me of Ned, pure honour and strength. But there is also more, the things you’ve seen and now the raw power in you. All you have to do is show your father you are also the man he raised.”

A banished prince. He doesn’t say that. He simply looks up and smiles, “I missed you, mother.”

Lyanna looked at him sadly, guiding the warmth of his forehead to lean against her own. “I missed you too, baby.”

The door was suddenly ranced open, the dornish Queen bursting inside. Her elegant bronze gown teased her brown shoulders and her seductive lashes. But her stoic face was not beautiful.

Lyanna’s face became sickly as she looked up from in-front of the hearth, “What did she say?”
Elia caught her breath, offering a smile that quickly faded, “Ashara was able to speak with him. She says Ned Stark did conspire to keep Daenerys in Winterfell. That the Manderley sons were here on his order to smuggle his family out if Rhaegar rejected his terms. Varys birds spoke true. There will be. A trial for your brother unless your nephew leaves Winterfell to swear loyalty in front of the Fire-Lord. Your niece, Sansa, right now the little dove is writing to Robb under Kinvara’s watch.”

Lya turned to Jaehaerys and saw the truth within his eyes. She closed her eyes. This was her fault, she asked Ashara to send that letter of warning to Ned. She put this in motion and now her brother was in the black cells and there nothing she could do but await his trial. *Curse Varys. Curse the Red-witches and curse the sickness holding her husband.*

It went silent. Elia opened her arms and Jaehaerys smiled, rising, he hugged her back tightly. “I missed you, good-mother.”

She giggled like a girl when her slipper-heels left the ground momentarily.

“Jaehaerys Targaryen, my northern boy. A man now I see. I know what happened today, but I suppose your tired from explaining it.” Elia concluded softly, fussing over him.

“Let’s talk about my niece, your betrothed.” Elia winked, settling on the lounger with him.

Lyanna immediately pulled Jaehaerys away, “Maybe in a few days, Elia, he needs sleep. Go to sleep.” She suddenly ordered him.

Elia raised her eyebrows in amusement.

*The Red Priest of Asshai*
Robb, I write to you with a heavy heart. Father has been charged with treason. He conspired with Prince Jaehaerys to hold Princess Daenerys in Winterfell before we departed. Even though that didn’t go through, he still refused to bend the knee and held his loyalty to the tale of Wight walkers over the Iron-Throne. The Targaryen’s are treating me well and provide me with every comfort. I beg you: come to Kings Landing, swear fealty to the Fire-Lord on behalf of the Northern Water Tribes and prevent any strife between the great houses of Stark and Targaryen. Your faithful sister, Sansa.

Kinvara smiled, she nodded and passed the scroll to the Maester who scurried off out the great hall. The dusky gleam of the Iron-Throne and the malignant spokes preened in the fire-goblet that lined the hall.

“The Stark girl writes well. I had Baelish stow her away in the maidens vault, away from the northern Queen. Ned’s Stark trail will commence when his heir arrives. Unless Robb Stark is foolish enough to bring an army.”

Rhaegar merely hummed, “Robb Stark is nothing but a boy. He will come with his tail between his knees like the mongrel his father is…”

The Fire-Lord sat atop the throne with his sharp yellowed nail, pressed against his temple in thought. His jaw seemed tensed and his eyes fixated on one thing. He glared at the hammer, deeply lodged, encrusted, into the pitch granite steps of the platform that rose.
Rhaegar raised his jaw, “my second-boy returns an airbender, with a hammer that can’t be lifted by the strongest of my men.”

Kinvara raised her eyebrows, the blood velvet drapes of her robe trailed her bare feet as she rounded to the short handle. She slithered her pale hands around the handle and pulled.

Not a single movement, her fingers warmed, and she raised her other palm before erupting a fume of flames to aid her pulling of the other hand. No shift, nudge or shunt. The hammer lay asleep.

Her fingers traced the trefoil knot on its side, reading the ancient Valyrian ingrained within the faint lines, she read the ruins out loud, “whosoever holds this hammer, if he be worthy, shall possess the power of Jonothor.”

Kinvara raised her eyes to the Fire-Lord, “this hammer is cursed.”

Rhaegar’s fingers were restless against the arm handle-spoke of the iron seat. His pale neck was cored but his irises inflamed, “Tell me, Kinvara. Why should I keep him in my home? The airbender is prophesied to be my fate, my houses downfall. You saw what that boy did, air and fire were within his grasp. The Avatar has returned. The gods laugh at me!” He spat.

Kinvara matched his close gaze, her velvety voice rising, “Prophecies can be difficult, my King. For instance, he is your blood. You would lose another son. You would be seen as a kin slayer.”

Rhaegar laughed, “My ancestor, Fire-Lord Aegon, the second. He fed his half-sister, Rhaenyra, to his dragon, Sunfyre. He was seen as a saviour, she but the whore of Dragonstone or the Realms Delight. Whichever you prefer. Why would this be so different?”

“You are at War.” Kinvara said simply.

“Go on, Witch, speak not in riddles.” Rhaegar hissed with a small smile.

“Prince Jaehaerys cannot be killed. You saw it yourself, the cold-blooded fire concurred by your sister didn’t harm the airbender…”
Rhaegar narrowed his eyes, “Daenerys may have not struck true? She is weak for her nephew.”

Kinvara started pacing, “Perhaps. But we cannot be sure, her flames are blue, a raw power, like your own. I suggest we keep Jaehaerys, the Avatar is in your family. This is a gift. Promise him what he wishes, a fruitless task we know in the North but he think’s these snarks and ghouls are real. Swear to him you will regard it a real issue but make him swear to lead to vanguard of your own launch for the Iron-Born in your conquest. He will be our secret weapon. He will win the war on the western shores or die trying. Both of which avoids you becoming a kin slayer and makes him bend the knee. Then, if you are sure he is indeed the airbender prophesied, nay the fall of your House. Delay going North until Aegon’s comet falls. With the power of a hundred suns, the boy will burn.”

Rhaegar smirked and his stance became wide, “I will think on it. I need to talk with my sister first, she proved her loyalty to me today. What of the hammer?”

Kinvara looked back at the ancient weapon, it’s dark gleam almost alive, “I will concur with my order. We will find a way to destroy it.”

Rhaegar nodded, standing up and descending his throne, “Leave me, Kinvara. I expect you in my bed tonight.” He stepped towards her and slithered his arm around her slender waist, he pulled, kissing her with passion and caressing her navel in possession. Her enticing red eyes gleamed, her thin lips pursed as stepped back, she curtsied, and her voluptuous body left the hall.

He stared at the hammer.

“Whosoever be worthy, shall possess the power…”

His sharp fingers clasped the hilt, his nose twitched in anticipation and he pulled. Not a shunt, not a movement of shadow. The hammer spat in his face. Waiting to be awoken by its true master. He smiled wide in anger.

“Your Grace,” Varys bowed respectfully from behind, the side-door closing behind him.

“WHAT YOU DO YOU WHAT EUNCH!” The Fire-Lord roared, turning to the stoic bald face of his spymaster. His roar rang the hall, the goblets of fire spiralling acidic azure-blue momentarily.
“Apologises, your grace. But I have urgent news.”

Rhaegar closed his eyes in ire, when he opened his eyes, his voice was unnaturally elegant again, “speak, spider.”

Varys head remained bowed in fear, “News from Norvos, my King. Your children have been found entering the city. Prince Aegon. And your daughter Rhaenys. They also, have a child with them, a child of silver hair.”

The Fire-Lord’s nose flared, and his hands clenched, he gradually turned and stepped down to meet the spider. “Based on whose information?”

Varys slowly looked up, “Ser Jorah Mormont, your grace.”

Chapter End Notes

Please comment and kudos, all the little things help :) 
What do you think of these:

1. Do you want more of Tormund being Tormund
2. Why do you think Dany did what she did?
3. AND What will Rhaegar discuss with her?
4. Rhaegar knows about Aegon and Rhaenys child, what do you think his response should be?
5. What more Ashara and Ned?
6. new tags
7. Do you want more of the spirit world?
8. BIG QUESTION: Shiera Seastar? thoughts? more depth/past flashback, more shiera and Jon? Why did the fish spirit not welcome Jon? What happened all those years ago? Hammer origin ideas? Who do you think the last true avatar was/should be? All fun and games :)

Next chapter - what happened to Dany, more on Lannisters in this world, Arianne and Jon meet, and someone returns to the city with grave news - things kick off:

'City of Walls and Secrets'
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!