The Gods’ Chosen

by LittleCharlie

Summary

A mix of book and show canon, a fixit for season 8.

The Gods, old and new, are choosing names. Death takes and gives back. Time is unwound.

A second chance is given.
“Speak the name,” a low, gravely voice echoed in the darkness. The words were a solemn command, and a long silence held.

The first to be seen in the darkness was a man, tall and broad. His face was bearded and solemn as he stared into the darkness, a heaviness in his gaze. He wore a cloak of white, his eyes and hair red as blood. “I name the one called The White Wolf,” he rumbled, steady as the earth, “who was born to a maiden of House Stark, and a father of House Targaryen.”

“Speak the name,” the low, gravely voice said again.

This time it was a woman who stepped forward, with dark hair and smiling blue eyes. She was plump, and age lined her face. Her dress swirled around her legs. “I name the one called The Dawnbringer,” she gushed, “who was born to a mother of House Tully and a father of House Stark.”

“Speak the name,” the low, gravely voice said again.

A tall, lithe man stepped forward next. He moved with grace, confidence seeping from him with every move. His blonde hair moved in an unfelt wind, while his grey eyes seemed to scan the darkness for any hint of movement. “I name the one called The Kingslayer,” he commanded, a crack of thunder sending the name roaring through the darkness, “who was born to a crone of House Lannister and a smith of House Lannister.”

“Speak the name,” the low, gravely voice said again.

Slowly, a second woman pulled herself from the darkness. Even still, the darkness swirled around her, blurring her hunched form. “I name the one called The NightSlayer,” she whispered hoarsely, voice fading quickly, “who was born to a mother of House Florent and a warrior of House Tarly.”

“Speak the name,” the low, gravely voice said again.

The stout man that stepped out of the shadows next blazed so brightly he was difficult to see. His hair seemed to glow where he kept it cropped tightly to his head. His eyes burned. A belt was strapped to his waist, and his lands were scarred. “I name the one called The Bull, who was born to a smith of the Small Ones and a warrior of House Baratheon.”

“Speak the name,” the low, gravely voice said again.

As the youngest of the group stepped forward, the shadows seemed to pull back. Her hair was golden and warmth seeped from her skin. Her yellow eyes glowed with happiness. “I name the one called The Turncloak, who was born to a mother of House Harlaw and a warrior of House Greyjoy.”

“The names have been spoken.” Death’s voice spoke for the final time, “Are we agreed?”

“We are agreed.” The great forces of the world spoke as one voice, and the world shifted.

Ice broke open under the feet of a man and his wolf as they carried the results of their hunt back to
A woman shoved a dark-haired child into a rowboat as screams of death and the heat of a fire went unheeded at her back.

Stone toppled down as a man did his best to shield a woman with his own body.

Quaking coughs tumbled from a man’s mouth, hands shaking as he struggled to write just a few words more.

Strong shoulders hit a jammed door, hearing the screams for help from the other side as smoke filled his lungs.

A man charged towards a monster with the last of his strength, his once broken dreams fulfilled and his heart full with the forgiveness he’d been granted.

Death came for them all.

But then, for the first time in thousands of years, time unwound. And Death gave them back.

In Winterfell, three bodies shot up from their beds, gasping for breath. In King’s Landing, two men desperately clutched their heads. In Horn Hill, a young boy’s tear-filled eyes filled with wisdom.

And time began to move forward once more.
**Dying**

Chapter Summary

Late 305 AC to 356 AC. The last moments of our heroes.

**Theon - 305 AC**

He managed to get one more with his spear and then suddenly there was no one else left. He bent over gasping for breath and he was alone, except for the boy sitting in the chair behind him. Or so he thought.

When he looked up, the audience of the dead men stared back at him. At the end of the walkway they’d made, a cold, blue figure that could only be the King of the White Walkers stood staring at him, flanked by others like him.

It was hopeless, he knew beyond a doubt. They had all stood and watched the defenders fall. Had stood and watched as he’d fought desperately to defend this boy. They might as well have been laughing at him.

"Theon," Bran’s voice called from behind him. He turned, what did it matter if he turned away from them? He was defeated anyway, wasn’t he? They all knew. He’d failed again.

The sight of Bran in his chair reminded him why he was here, why he was fighting in the first place. Something in Bran shifted, as though he’d seen the choice behind Theon’s eyes.

"You’re a good man," Bran said. Theon nodded to him, acknowledging the goodbye. For it was a goodbye. Theon could not bring himself to regret being here, dying for Bran. For Robb’s brother. For Sansa’s brother. “Thank you,” Bran finished.

And Theon felt his heart soar. Surely, this Bran, who did not indulge in emotion, would not thank him for dying with him. For him, though. To give him time for reinforcements. For Jon, or a dragon, or something.

Perhaps it was dreaming, wishful nonsense, but Theon was sure in that moment that, though he would certainly die, his death would not be in vain. Bran would live. The Walkers would be ended.

As he charged forward, spear pointed straight, he expected the swift movement, expected the blow, expected the pain. He hadn’t really expected to be drowning on dry land, but none of it mattered. He might have failed, but this time, the Stark he should have protected would live.

**Jaime - 306 AC**

He was bleeding badly as he slumped against the pillar. His breath came ragged and shallow. Dust rained from the ceiling as the dragon roared outside. He looked up and there she was. She was here, the same place he’d seen her last. So much had changed since then, and yet, so little had changed.

She was staring at him as though she couldn’t believe her own eyes. It was such a different look from the last time he’d come home to her wounded and filthy after being held by their enemies. A
sob escaped her mouth and he forced his tired body to go to her. She reached for him desperately and he enclosed her in his arms. Holding her was easier than breathing even while the dust rained down on them.

He finally pulled back to look at her, relieved that she didn’t seem injured. She made a sound of distress as she looked back at him, clearly taking in his injuries.

"You’re hurt,” she whimpered.

"It doesn’t matter,” he whispered back, shaking his head. Her hand drew back. They both looked down to find it covered in his blood.

"You’re bleeding,” she whispered, crying. He could see she knew how serious the wound was as she began to cry harder.

Behind her, a large chunk of ceiling fell, and reality came back to him. He had to get them out.

Wrapping his arm around her shoulders, for her as much as himself, he pushed and pulled at her to get her to move, leading the way. Through the halls and into the passageway, he took her by the hand as the way got too tight for them to walk together.

As they came to the large cavern, another chunk fell behind them and Cersei startled worriedly.

“This way,” he gasped, pulling her harder. Past the dragon skull and into the next room, only to find the passage blocked. Rubble filled every crack and crevice except a small opening at the top. Even as they stared at it, more rubble crumbled down, sending a slide of pebbles. He turned back to stare at her, seeing the fear in her face as she stood frozen. Desperately, he stumbled around the room, searching for another way, any other way.

Everywhere he looked was rubble.

"I want our baby to live.” The choked demand echoed behind him. He looked back at her. "I want our baby to live.” The words were a firm resolution now, as though saying it would make it so. "I want our baby to live.” A whimper now as she turned away. “Don’t let me die, Jaime,” she sobbed as he pulled her into his arms, barely aware that he’d been moving until she was against him.

“Cersei,” he breathed against her hair.

“Please, don’t let me die,” she begged, not leaning into him.

“It’s alright,” he whispered.

“Please don’t let me die,” she cried. “I don’t want to die.” Her pleas reminded him of how she’d reacted when their mother had died, how she’d clung to him and begged for him to never let her die as their mother had.

"Listen, look at me,” he whispered urgently. “Look at me!”

"I don’t like this, I don’t like this, I don’t like this,” she whimpered, sounding like a child again.

“Look-look-look me in the eyes,” he whispered gently, guiding her head so her gaze met his. Identical green eyes met his before shying away anxiously. She tried to pull away, but he pulled her back. “Don’t look away, don’t look- Look at me!” He demanded. “Just look at me. Nothing else matters,” he crooned softly over her tears. “Nothing else matters. Only us.” The promise they’d made to each other hundreds of times before soothed her, as he’d known it would, and he
pulled her in tight, wrapping her in his arms, shielding her body with his as best he could while they listened to the sky fall and waited for their end to come.

**Gendry - 313 AC**

“Fire!” He heard the yell and bolted immediately. He heard the guardsmen behind him curse, charging after him, but he didn’t bother to wait. They would help, or they’d spend the evening searching for him to no avail. It’d happened before.

"Fire!" He heard the call again, watching people drop everything and begin to make a bucket line. He ran forward, taking a soaked cloth from a startled woman before charging into one of the houses that were already ablaze. He found the child cowering in the corner of the single bedroom and hoisted the boy up, removing the cloth from his mouth and nose to cover the boy’s instead. He hauled the boy out, depositing him into waiting arms before moving to the next building. A new cloth, a search, getting everyone out, move to the next building, repeat. It was in the fourth building that he ran into trouble.

It was a small shop, with a lockable storeroom in the back. A plank of wood from the roof lay in the center of the floor, having smashed shelves on the way down. Scrambling over it, he could hear desperate screams, and the sound of a crying baby coming from the back room. With his free hand, he tried the door. It didn’t budge, but the sounds of his attempt drew attention and he could hear the people inside calling for help even as they coughed.

He shifted, backing up. Launching himself forward, he threw his shoulder into the door. It creaked. He did it again, losing his grip on the cloth. It fluttered away somewhere, already dry anyway.

He rammed the door again, feeling something give. Again. Again. One last time saw him breaking through, landing on his shoulder as he fell. He felt the coughs overtake him, but no one came to help. Glancing up through watery eyes, he saw three small forms huddled together, eyes closed. His own slipped shut moments later.

**Arya - 314 AC**

She had stood at the railing just hours ago, taking in the first sighting of Storm’s End. She’d sailed her ship down the Straits of Tarth, and been able to see the great castle once she’d gotten past the island itself.

As others had told her, Storm’s End rose up like a fist stuck straight up towards the Gods themselves.

She could barely see it now, perhaps because of the darkness or perhaps because of the fire that flared up around her. More projectiles made their way from a ship that had crept up unseen.

She cursed young Wally, even as she scrambled through the swarming mass of friend and boarded foe alike.

Even as she sped by, she saw Alyn and Jess and Markys fall. She stumbled upon a small body and felt a surge of panic until she spotted Wally’s face attached to it. She kept going. Bells rang out over the ship, and Arya switched directions. A scream came from the bell deck, and she charged forward, sliding her sword into the man from behind.

”Mama!” The girl he’d been approaching breathed, launching herself forward. Arya clutched her close for a moment, but then grabbed her upper arm and pulled her forward sharply.
They ran together, making their way back down, to a small room just below deck, just above where the water rested on a calm day.

Arya swiftly pulled the key from beneath her shirt, unlocking the carefully sealed latch. A shove, and the wood fell away. Immediately, seawater began filling the first inch of the floor. Arya had no doubt it would spill through the door and into the hallway. They wouldn’t have much time.

"Storm’s End is just southwest of here," she began urgently. “Watch for the castle and beach as close to it as you can. The sigil is a crowned black stag on a gold field. Look for the guards wearing it on their armor. Tell them Arya Stark sent you with a message for Lord Gendry.”

"Mama," the girl begged.

"Listen, Arry!" Arya snapped. “Tell them Arya Stark sent you with a message for Lord Gendry. Don’t let them try to take you to someone else. Tell Gendry who you are and what’s happened. He’ll take care of everything from there.”

"But what about you?" Arry whispered. Arya managed a wry smile.

"They’re searching for me; they’ll follow if they don’t find me. I’ll do whatever I can to come back to you, Argella, but you have to go now.” Arry blinked back tears and lifted her chin, nodding fiercely.

Together, they untied the small rowboat from the wall and slid it forward. Arry climbed in and Arya pushed it farther, out of the room and into the sea. With one last heave, the boat was sliding free as Arya took up the paddles and began to row.

Arya could still hear the screams and hear the crackle of the flames. With a breath, she backed away from the opening....and straight into a sword. A thrust sent the blade through her back.

"Got you now, little bitch," a familiar voice growled, withdrawing his sword as she hunched over, a scream from the water telling her Arry had seen. “Don’t worry, we’ll catch that little boat you just sent out and I’ll take real good care of the girl.” He was close now, and Arya spun, sliding her dagger across his throat.

"Not today, Rolly," she growled, falling. As the darkness closed over her vision, the water lapping at her body, she could only hope no one else had heard Arry scream.

*Take care of her, stupid bull,* she thought faintly.

**Jon - 314 AC**

“Don’t be too long, Snow. Storm moving in tonight.”

“Be welcome,” Jon murmured. “Ice’s been getting thinner.”

“Ice’ll freeze up fast enough tonight. Just make sure you get enough for the little ones and then get back here.”

“Aye,” Jon acknowledged, though both he and Tormund knew he’d stay out as long as he could.

It was Ghost that drew Jon back to the camp. As the sun started to set, Ghost nudged Jon’s leg insistently. Jon glanced up at the sky, surprised to see the signs of sunset, and even more surprised that he’d missed the clearly displayed signs of the approaching storm.
He called to Ghost softly, ensuring the old wolf’s help in getting the haul back to camp. Even as they reached the hill just a few miles from camp, Jon knew they wouldn’t make it in time. The wind had already started to gather itself. Too much longer, and they wouldn’t be able to see their own noses.

“Quick and dangerous, or slow and risk it?” Jon murmured to Ghost. The red-eyed direwolf stared up at him, exhaustion laying just inside his eyes. Jon was tired too, more than just physically, but he knew it was different with Ghost. Sixteen years was old for a direwolf.

“Quick it is,” Jon decided. The faster Ghost could rest, the more time Jon would have before he lost Ghost too. Heading north over the Milkwater, rather than further east, allowed them to skirt Bathsheba’s Beak.

Ghost’s nails clicked over the clear ice on the milkwater and Jon breathed a sigh of relief at the color. Clearly, the cold had come fast enough for the ice. He headed farther along the river, Ghost sticking unusually close to his legs, as the wind blew harder and darkness descended.

Without warning, Jon heard a sharp crunch under his feet. Before he could register the danger, his stomach swooped as the ground dropped out from under his feet. Breath exploded from his lungs as the cold hit him like a hammer, water rushing to fill the empty space. He felt a form bump his, Ghost! , and began to thrash desperately. As his movement became more frantic, and the tightness in his chest got worse, he felt darkness close over his vision.

Sam - 356 AC

A horrible cough shook his frame. Sweat poured into his eyes, but Sam brushed it away and tried to keep working. The words fell from his quill without much effort as he tried to document the past few moons.

*The cure for the Great Death was discovered by Nymeria Baratheon (born in 334 AC), who is the eldest daughter of Lady Argella of House Baratheon (born in 306 AC), the legitimimized daughter of the deceased Lord Gendry of House Baratheon (himself legitimimized by Queen Daenerys I Targaryen, with this legitimization confirmed by King Bran I Stark after Queen Daenerys’ death) and the deceased Princess Arya Stark. Lady Nymeria’s cure came too late for many, including her great uncle, King Brandon I of House Stark, or my own person. Fortunately, the cure managed to save many other lives, including that of my two youngest children, and prevent others from catching the Great Death at all.*

A cough shook him again, sending a small spatter of ink splashing. Quickly, he scooped the page up and shifted it away from the mess.

*I have served as Grand Maester for 50 years, since Bran the Broken was crowned. I have survived during Robert’s Rebellion (280 AC to 281 AC), the Ironborn Rebellion (287 AC), the War of the Five Kings (298 AC to 303 AC), the War for the Dawn (280 AC to 305 AC), and the War of the Queens (304 AC to 306 AC). I have done my best to put all of the details I can recall of all of these conflicts to paper, as well as questioning key members of the conflicts for their own recollections. Some information enclosed in the previous pages has never before been known.*

*It is my utmost belief that those who ignore the past are doomed to repeat the mistakes of those who came before. But those who learn from what has been can leave the future a better, brighter place.*

*My life’s work will, I can only hope, allow my children and grandchildren to know who their ancestors were, and why we made the choices that we did.*
Learn from our mistakes, and do better.

Samwell of House Tarly

Grand Maester to Bran the Broken, First of his name, King of the Andals and the First Men, Lord of the Six Kingdoms, and Protector of the Realm.

280 AC to 356 AC

With a tired sigh, Sam places the final page at the bottom of the large stack on his desk, and set the bundle in the center where it was sure to be seen. Another cough wracked him, and this time he found blood. Settling back onto his bed, Sam closed his eyes and slipped away.

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