Emme vielä tiedä, missä olemme, mutta se on kunnossa! Olemme tottuneet siihen nyt.

by Worffan101

Summary

The continued adventures of three elite badass real-world soldiers in Westeros, as Joffrey is a piece of shit (per his idiom), Audie Murphy kicks ass, Robert begins getting back into shape, and the White Death meets his match!

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Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Darry, near the Kingsroad. 298 AC

Robert was sweating rivers, naked above the waist, his seventy-odd pounds of pale hairy excess flab exposed for all the world to see--except the parts covered by the fifty-pound sack of rocks on his back, of course. His lungs were on fire, his legs burning, his mouth dry as a bone as he gasped and wheezed for breath. He heard the animated calls of smallfolk from the walls above, betting on whether or not he'd finish the thirty laps around the walls of Darry that Juutilainen had demanded. Juutilainen himself had been howling rather close to Robert's ear while keeping an easy, loping pace beside the King in light armor; the smaller man was damnably fit, his unimposing frame supported by iron muscles that carried him with easy grace where Robert panted and wheezed.

Robert hadn't felt this alive in years.
"Come on, you drunken cocksucker!" roared Juutilainen in his best drill sergeant voice, honed over five years in the foreign legion and those freezing, bitter weeks at the Kollaa. "Show me your will! Show me your sisu*! Show me your determination! You say that you're a man, now prove it to me, soldier! Prove your love meidän suomalainen isänmaan! Prove your love for the fatherland!"

"I'm Robert Baratheon!" Robert wheezed, passing over the line that Juutilainen had scratched in the dirt earlier for the 27th time. "I'm the godsdamned Demon of the Trident! I can do this, by all seven hells!"

"Show me, soldier! Keep fucking moving and don't you fucking dare stop! MOVE YOUR ASS, SOLDIER!"

On the walls above, Audie Murphy and Simo Häyhä watched the king and the Finnish soldier pass. The White Death nodded sagely. "King man is strong. Fat, but strong. I wager, ten silvers he makes it."

"Put me in for the same," said Murphy to the Westerosi man who was taking bets.

"'E's as fat as Aegon th' Unworthy." objected another man, a laborer of some sort in a straw hat and simple clothes. "'Ow you think 'e'll make it, then?"

"He has courage, will, fire," shrugged the White Death. "Fire small, dampened and almost gone, but getting stronger now. Marokon kauhu will see to that. See, he is still on his feet. Still strong man, beneath fat. King man will finish the course, wait and see."

The man in the straw hat snorted and shook his head. "'Ow you git so sure o' you'sself readin' men, eh? Courtly games loik noble folk?"

The White Death shook his head with a chuckle. "No. I was a sniper, killing men in the war. See enough men die, you learn men. Learn which ones have fire in the soul, and which ones do not. King man has fire in his soul. Harmittaa kakara Prince, he has no fire in his soul. Plus, Prince is ärsyytävä--annoying. Would not last three days in asevoimat. Kersantti would eat him alive, make soft and spoiled little brat eat bark and run through the snow without an afternoon sauna to toughen him up, little brat would give up in three days, maybe two. King man, king man would last two, maybe three weeks as he is now. If he lost the fat, would be a fine soldier." Häyhä nodded sagely as Robert managed to jump over one of Juutilainen's obstacles below. "See? King man still has fire. He will make it."

Audie Murphy nodded in agreement. The King had a long way to go, but he wasn't a hopeless case.

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Sansa woke up to a throbbing pain in her head.

"Ohhh...Father? Mother?"

"Your father's out at a moment, ma'am," said an earnest male voice. Sansa turned with a moan, and a smallish but strong hand grabbed her. "Easy, Lady Sansa, let's sit you up and get you some water. You've had a bad day."

There was a happy bark and a heavy, furry mass jumped up next to Sansa and licked her.

"L...Lady? Down, girl, you'll make Prince Joffrey angry!"

"Don't you worry about the royal brat, Lady Sansa, I decked him a good one." Sansa looked over,
blinking her eyes open now. It was Father's new guardsman, the one with all the shiny metal things, Audie Murphy. "There you are," he announced with a smile, producing a cup of water. "Drink up, I'll call someone to get your father."

"What...What happened?"

"The royal brat got you drunk--how much do you remember?"

"I...Prince Joffrey and I were out for a walk, and I was complaining that Father doesn't let us drink very much wine at feasts, but Prince Joffrey had given a lot. He said I should have more, that Father's an uncouth Northern dog who should allow me to drink more...and I wanted to tell him that Father's noble and good, but that would have upset Prince Joffrey...and then there was you and Arya, and I don't remember much after that."

"Right," growled Audie Murphy, and his jaw was set firmly. "So he's one of those types, then, the kind that likes to hurt ladies for the filthy little taste of power. Lady Sansa, I really think you should stay away from that boy, he's not a good sort. After you fell over, I tried to come and help you, but Joffrey held his sword out and refused to let me see to you, so I had to disarm him and knock him out."

Sansa's head spun. "But...Joffrey's my handsome prince! My betrothed! He'd never...he'd never try to hurt me..."

"And I once helped out a woman who said the same thing about her no-good husband, at first. Are you feeling alright? Sore anywhere? Sick to your stomach?"

"N...no, I...I don't feel sick...my head hurts a little, but that's going away. But Joffrey...he'd never hurt me!"

"He fed you three whole skins of what tasted to me like wine mixed with moonshine, Lady Sansa. Alright, I need you to stay here with your dog while I go send for your father, OK? Will you be alright for just a moment?"

Sansa nodded, and Audie stood and moved for the door of the tent. Then he turned, just as he raised the flap. "And...Lady Sansa, your sister's been really worried about you. She even offered to beat up Joffrey for you, though your father made her promise not to. She'll want to see you, too." And then he ducked out of the tent and was gone, leaving Sansa with a happy direwolf and many confused thoughts.

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King Robert Baratheon, fresh from his morning exercise on this first full day of being trained by the Finn, as well as from a quick bath, sat heavily in his chair with a sigh, reaching for the waiting pitcher. Juutilainen, waiting by Ned with the other guards, raised one finger. Robert grumbled and poured himself a single cup of watered, chilled ale. "Alright. Boy, you've dishonored me and my name greatly with your actions."

"The Northern slut started it!" Joffrey whined. "And that filthy commoner HIT me!" The Winterfell men rumbled angrily. Audie Murphy's fists flexed, and Robert suppressed a shiver as the little man stared unblinkingingly straight ahead. If looks could set fires, Audie Murphy's eyes would have been the epicenter of a continent-wide inferno.

"Seven hells, be quiet and listen for once in your life, boy," Robert growled. "And if you call Ned's daughter a whore one more time I'm showing you what being hit really means."
Cersei, who had been sullenly silent up until now, started up like a shrieking jackdaw. "I still can't believe that you're taking the Northern bitch's words over his, you useless lump!"

"I wasn't talking to you, woman! The little brat got Ned's older daughter so drunk the Maester had to make her spew her guts out so she wouldn't die, tried to stab one of Ned's men when he tried to help her, and you're complaining about whose side is being taken?"

"The little bitch hates Joff, she has from the start! Why would you listen to the little monster over your heir!?"

"Because I'm the damned King and by all the gods I drink enough to know when someone's had too much strongwine, woman! Now shut the hells up and let the brat tell me why he thought that feeding his betrothed three whole flasks of strongwine was a good idea? JOFFREY?"

"I'm the Prince," Joffrey snorted loftily. "If I want to give her strongwine, I will! It wasn't my fault the stupid bitch kept drinking it."

Robert sputtered and felt himself going purple. Ned's face was cold enough to freeze air. "It wasn't your fault?? Boy, you...you have no idea how damned stupid you were, do you? I want you to apologize, before witnesses, to Ned's daughter Sansa, for putting her life in danger, to Ned, for putting his daughter's life in danger and insulting his children, to Arya Stark, for insulting her, and to Ned's man Audie Murphy, for trying to attack him when he did his duty. You will do this before we leave Darry, and I will hear confirmation of this from both you and Ned, do I make myself clear?"

Joffrey's face turned into an ugly scowl. Gods, how had it come to this? When had his son become such a stuck-up little brat? "I don't need to apologize to some filthy commoner and a half-wilding horse-faced little..."

"YOU WILL APOLOGIZE, OR I WILL HOLD YOU BY THE BACK OF YOUR NECK AND MAKE YOU DO IT MY VERY OWN DAMN SELF!" roared Robert, sick and tired of this mess. Cersei immediately squawked like an angry toad, protesting that her son's blood was too high to be expected to fulfill such onerous obligations based on the clearly biased word of Northerners and commoners. Out of the corner of his eye, Robert saw the Kingslayer for once not immediately take his sister's side, and instead raise one gauntleted hand to his face.

"ENOUGH!" roared Robert after a moment. "I'M THE BLOODY KING HERE, AREN'T I?? Gods, I'm done here; Boy, you heard my judgement, obey or else. Cersei, shut the seven hells up and accept for once that Joffrey's a spoiled godsdarned brat. Ned, I'm taking your man Juutilainen and going to train again, if you want to come you're welcome; it'll be just like old times." He rose from his throne and strode out of the makeshift court, Joffrey whining and Cersei yelling angrily behind him. Gods, but it felt good to exercise his power for once!

"You pissed off kelju kuningatar," noted Juutilainen. "You're not getting any sex for a while."

Robert grunted in response. "I sure as the seven hells wasn't getting much from her anyway. What'll it be today?"

"Oh, you will see! We will be torturing your body so that it can withstand the worst of Soviet torments today! It will be fun!" He smiled, or rather bared his teeth. Robert remembered yesterday's long workout, and resigned himself to a few hours of pain.
This time good old Ned showed up about an hour in, and Robert was able to (narrowly, far more narrowly than he’d have been able to before) beat him in carrying a log back and forth on his back as the Finn howled in his ear, so it wasn't just mindless work with Juutilainen yelling. Robert could definitely get used to this, he felt more alive already!

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"It is impossible," the Kingslayer had growled.

"I have seen it myself," Jory Cassel had shot back. "He is Death come to life with that weapon."

"It's impossible! No archer or crossbowman in the world can make that level of speed and accuracy!" Lannister had been insistent. Jory had just grinned.

"When Lord Stark and His Grace are finished, and we get off guard duty, I'll find Häyhä and we can show you why they called him White Death."

So they were now standing on the Kingsroad a quarter-mile ahead of the royal procession, with one of the Lannister men another quarter-mile down the road, and Häyhä lying belly-down on the road, silent as a ghost. Lannister had his arms crossed with a scowl. "I don't fucking believe this!"

"Just wait, ser," Jory replied with a grin. "AHoy! Throw 'em up!"

Down the road, the redcloak flipped three coins into the air in rapid succession.

*Valkoinen Kuolema* shot three times, levering his gun's action like lightning.

Lannister kept his disbelieving scowl until the redcloak ran panting up, holding the three copper coins. "Ser...Ser...he...he..." Jaime took the coins from the man's shaking hand. His scowl dropped, as did his jaw. He looked at the coins, then at the White Death, then back at the coins.

"H...how??"

Simo Häyhä shrugged, smiling as usual despite his maimed face. "Practice."

Jaime Lannister looked down at the coins again...each one of which had a single, neat hole almost precisely through the middle. He felt the little man pat him on the back. "It is nothing special, really. I am just a local prize-winning hunter, really. There are better snipers, I was merely lucky. Come! I have money saved, I will pay for drinks!"

How in the Seven Hells did that man *do* that...and why in all seven hells did he treat his feat like such an unimportant thing?

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*King's Landing. Several days later.*

The Hound belched and grumbled as he and Audie Murphy slowly made their way through the lower city. "I got to tell you, Murphy. You ain't half bad, at fighting or drinking."

"Thank you?" offered Audie Murphy, walking easily by the larger man's side. Clegane had drunk what seemed like half of the bar's cellars, though he held it well; Audie had restrained himself to a few mugs of ale. "I'm sorry that you have to deal with the Prince every day."

"Ain't your fault. Little shit's bitch mother pays me a shit-shovel-full of gold to watch his sorry
ass." He took a swig from his wineskin, belched again, and swore. "This shit is fucking horse piss. I oughta get some real fucking beer, then you can really get a taste of Westeros."

"I...will pass, but thank you for the offer," Audie replied. Clegane grunted, took another swig, and swore.

As they were passing an alley, Audie heard a muffled shriek, followed by a muted curse and a sound like a punch. Clegane uttered a surprised sound from behind Audie as he turned down the alley, sliding into a resolute stride. The soldier saw four or five big men, someone struggling against one of them as the others snickered quietly.

Audie would give the goons the honorable chance.

"HEY!"

This warning, coming a quarter-second before he struck, was an honorable enough warning for Audie Murphy's tastes.

The first thug was grabbed bodily and slammed into a wall head-first with all of Audie Murphy's iron strength. The second turned with a startled grunt, took Audie Murphy's fist under his chin, shattering his teeth and knocking him out. The third was physically pulled off of a battered commoner woman and had precisely one second of confusion before a small, powerful fist rammed his nose flat.

The fourth thug tried to stab Audie Murphy in the back as the third was punched again, shattering his jaw. This unfortunate's arm fell off in a shower of blood.

"Nice try, but I like that little asshole too much to let 'im die," growled the Hound. The next slice neatly decapitated the maimed thug.

Thug number five tried to run, then realized that the alley was a dead end. He turned, swearing, just in time to be grabbed by the shoulders as Audie Murphy's knee rammed his testes into his abdominal cavity, followed shortly by a vicious jerk of the arm that snapped his elbow like a dry twig. The man collapsed in a moaning heap.

The Hound half-whistled. "That wasn't half bad. Where the fuck'd you learn that?"

"U.S. Army," Audie panted. "Ma'am? Ma'am, are you alright? Did those bastards hurt you?"

"You...you killed them...for me? Why?" She was still clothed, at least, the thugs hadn't gotten far before the little soldier had happened to them.

"American way, Ma'am," said Audie Murphy. "I'm a US soldier, ma'am, I couldn't just stand by."

The woman looked at him like he was insane, with a healthy dose of fear.

"And seriously, how fucking stupid were those assholes?" spat the Hound. "Must've been drunk." He stepped on one of the moaning thugs' throats and casually crushed it. "We'd better get moving, Murphy, now that the trouble's finished the Watch might come around."

"Right. Ma'am, where do you live? Should we walk you home?"

The woman's face was a mix of terror and dear gods please keep this lunatic away from me. "No,
"ser, there's no need, please, ser..."

The Hound coughed. "Uh, Murphy? People don't do that here."

Audie Murphy now looked at Clegane as if it were the larger man who was insane. "What? What happened to chivalry and all that stuff?"

Sandor spat. "It's been dead as a fucking doornail since a long time before the Conquest, that's what."

"This isn't right," insisted Audie Murphy. "Women getting mugged in alleys? People would rather risk that then walk home with a soldier? This shouldn't happen!"

The Hound shrugged. "It's a fact of life, Murphy. The goldcloaks don't care. What're you going to do?"

Murphy gritted his teeth. "I'm working for the King's lieutenant. There has to be something I can do to fix this place. Because damn it, this is no way for people to live!"

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Petyr Baelish tried very hard not to salivate as Cat, his Catelyn, went into the private room with the wolf lord and closed the door. He wondered if the bumps and moans he heard were his imagination, coming from the delicious fantasy playing out in his head...She would be his, soon--all was going according to plan, not perfectly but that was to be expected--and then he would indulge his every fantasy...

"I do not trust you, kärrppään man."

Baelish looked up. The man with the maimed face, Simo Häyhä, was calmly cleaning his strange staff weapon across the room. "Pardon me?"

"The way you look at her, at Lady Stark. I have seen it before." The man's eyes were as cold as the Wall, unblinking and emotionless. "So. I am wondering, kärrppään man. Why do you desire the Lady Stark? And what does that make you to me?"

Baelish put forth his most (unintentionally) oily smirk. "I assure you, good ser, that I have no intentions towards C--Lady Stark, or her lord husband. She is merely a very beautiful woman, and I was appreciating her beauty. Perhaps there is something that I can do to put you more at ease?"

"Perhaps," replied the White Death, beginning to reassemble his weapon without needing to look. His stare wasn't quite as pants-shittingly terrifying as that of an enraged Audie Murphy, but the unblinking gaze of a man whose job and life depend on having sharper eyesight and fewer visible movements than everyone else is a force of nature.

Baelish smiled again, still oilier than a barrel of tar. "Perhaps I could give you a small...gratuity, to assuage your concerns? And of course further gratuities would be forthcoming if you were willing to perform some minuscule favors for me in the future."

"Take your money and shove it missä aurinko ei paista," replied the Finn calmly. "I do not move against the one to whom I have sworn service."

Baelish resisted the urge to grind his teeth. Damn all honorable men! "Of course, I would never do such a thing! But I know that the salary of a guardsman can be so meager, and I merely suggested a
few mutually beneficial activities..."

If Baelish hadn't been so distracted by thoughts of Catelyn Stark, he might have caught the slight
twitch of Simo's maimed side. Simple farm lad the White Death might have been; stupid and
unperceptive he was not. And even farmers are capable of a certain degree of cunning. "Alright,
then. I am open to suggestions."

Baelish's oily smile widened. It was won. Sooner of later, Stark's bodyguard would be his man.

Before he could make an offer, though, the doors opened, and Lord Stark emerged, followed by a
regretfully fully-clothed Catelyn. Baelish managed to contain his instinct to drool.

"Häyhä, take my lady wife back to the docks," ordered the Northerner. "I must return to the Red
Keep. There is business that I must deal with."

"Sir," replied the Finn with a crisp salute. "Come, Ladyship. Lord Baelish," and he bowed politely,
"Lord Stark."

Petyr Baelish allowed himself a secret smile as he made his way back to the Red Keep. There were
limits to some men's honor...and he was in the business of *broadening* those limits.

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*The Riverlands. Several weeks later.*

Lyudmila Pavlichenko spat to her side. The big man's muscles rippled as he growled with rage.
Lyudmila was unfazed.

"Take one step closer, and I will shoot you, right in your monarchist pig eye," the Ukrainian
growled. "You don't touch me. Lannister pays me, so that I can feed myself, I work with you for
his money, I kill for his money, but I do not tolerate your touch for his money." She kicked the
corpse of one of Clegane's men, whose face had been blown off by a Soviet-made pistol. "He tried
to touch me. You want to be next?"

Clegane growled something, but the other knight, Lorch, grabbed him carefully and tugged gently
at his arm. "Come on, Gregor, the sellsword slut ain't worth it! An' Old Man Lannister said he
wouldn't pay us proper if she got hurt, you know he did! You wanna get paid, right, Gregor?"

The Mountain growled and jerked himself free, then turned and stomped off without another word.
Lyudmila relaxed almost imperceptibly and hefted her rifle. "Good that you understand, then.
Come, Comrades! There are battles to fight."

Four hours later, their scout ran into the scout of an enemy party, and Clegane ordered her to "do
yer thing, bitch" as he led his men into battle. Lyudmila decided to take her sweet time setting up
her position. If Clegane or Lorch or one of the other sadistic little Fascist pig fuckers died, so be it.

Just as she lowered her rifle towards the man with the lightning-bolt tunic, the Mountain's head
jerked back and he fell off of his horse like a puppet whose strings had been suddenly cut.
Lyudmila stayed her finger and looked...and another man fell, then another. Oh, shit.

Sniper.

The other sniper was *fast*, close to her own speed, maybe enough to match her, and as she looked
for the man in the brush and trees the Mountain's Men fell like clockwork. Bastard had to be close,
to be that pinpoint accurate, nobody but perhaps Lyudmila herself could make shots like that from any reasonable range...

It was too late to salvage the battle anyway, not that she particularly cared about the vicious brutes she'd been paid to work with. But she had to take out the enemy sniper, or she was a dead woman walking. Or lying, rather. Damned semantics. Where the hell was that bastard?

There! A flash of movement...impossible, that was nearly a mile off! Lyudmila could make a shot like that, maybe, but this little man, with the misshapen face? Shit. It was one of those Wermacht fuckers--no, worse, she realized, getting a closer look at the non-maimed half of the distinctly non-German face, one of the legendary Finns--the Белая смерть, perhaps, if that soldiers' tale had actually existed. Privately, Lyudmila had her doubts.

She centered on his unarmored chest and pulled the trigger.

Fortunately for the White Death, the wind gusted just as the bullet left the barrel, and the shot intended for Simo Häyhä's chest right where it met the neck instead nicked his ear.

"Сучий син!" Lyudmila swore in her native Ukrainian, reloading her rifle. The man moved like greased lightning, dropping to the ground and scrambling sideways into a dip in the ground. Fuck!

She might be able to take the soldiers...but they were pulling back now, fast, the sniper must've called to them. Fuck, she wouldn't do any real damage, they were all facing away and had their heads down.

Well, this was going to be a fun three days of lying on her belly waiting for the other sniper to fuck up.

End Notes

For those of you who don't think that Audie Murphy can pull that off...look at what he did OTL in 1970, at the age of like 47. He put a 6'3" brute who bred German Shepards guard dogs for a living in the hospital so hard that Audie Murphy himself was charged with attempted murder until it became clear at the trial that it was just a fight that got out of hand since the big guy didn't realize that he was picking on the avatar of Kratos. (The dispute had arisen because the dog breeder had mistreated a dog belonging to a friend of Murphy's, and insulted and groped her when she tried to call the breeder out on it. Murphy came into the picture to demand an apology from the 6'3" muscle-man for his friend, and the big guy refused, which led eventually to the almost-50-year-old Audie Murphy putting the guy in the hospital)

Audie Murphy in his prime, with the Hound as backup, can definitely handle 5 distracted thugs in the dark in a surprise attack. Also, that's 2 survivors--if you include the guy who the Hound stepped on, so it's really 1.

And yeah. Lady Death on Tywin Lannister's payroll. Quite possibly the only sniper in human history who can match Simo Häyhä. Hope you guys enjoy!
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