Waking The Dragons

by ArgonTheConqueror

Summary

Three centuries ago, the visions of Daenys the Dreamer saved House Targaryen from the Doom of Valyria. Now, in the midst of Robert's Rebellion, Lyanna Stark finds herself bombarded with these visions too. Is it because of the child she carries? Soon enough, the She-Wolf of House Stark decides to take action.

Notes

Hello everybody! Just to let you know, the premise of this fic is not mine, it belongs to DragonsKing83 from FanFiction.net. You can find them here at https://fanfiction.net/u/6660871/. The work has a great premise, and DragonsKing83 has done an exceptional writing, though it has not yet been completed, and since it has not been updated since August 2015, I don’t believe it will be completed. If it does, I do believe that you should read that one first. The first two or three chapters will mostly be identical to the original. All comments and reviews are welcome. Thus, without further ado, this is my rewrite and continuation of Waking the Dragons. As the story progresses, I will ask for a vote to change the title of the fic, or not. Thank you!

Note: The multitude of strange-named Targaryens in this story is probably made up to spin the story along, but since the Targaryen family tree is already screwed up beyond recognition, I think it should be fine to read.
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Disclaimer: I do not own anything in this story. All characters in the story are property of George R. R. Martin and HBO. The premise belongs to FanFiction.net’s DragonsKing83.

The Red Keep, 283 AC, During the Sack of King’s Landing

Elia Martell screamed as the door to the nursery she was in burst open. She knew that whoever came through that door was not an ally. If not worse. The one at the door was the latter. Gregor Clegane, known as “The Mountain Who Rides”, and “The Mad Dog of Tywin Lannister”, was standing there, in full heavy plate armour, towering over her. Elia held little Aegon even closer to her.

“Please!” begged the frail Dornish woman, “Have mercy! Do anything with me, but leave my son alone! Please, I beg you! Do what you will with me, but leave the children! They are innocent!” The woman begged to the beast before her.

The demon in human skin before her spoke, “You are alone now, whore! No one can save you now. Your husband, Rhaegar, is dead. Ser Jaime Lannister has slain the Mad King. Now, it is time for you to die.” The armoured beast roared out.

Elia knew she was going to die. She knew with all her heart that even a miracle could not stop it. What she did not, and could not accept was the fact that her children, little Rhaenys, no older than three name days, and Aegon, barely a few moons’ turns old, would die with her.

In a flash, the Mad Dog of Tywin Lannister was upon her. With his unmatched strength and cruelty, the beast ripped the infant Aegon from her arms, and before she could react, the mad dog smashed the now-crying babe’s small head against the wall with all his might. All that was left of poor Aegon was no more than a caved in skull, and strands of silver hair dyed in blood and brain matter.

The Mountain, still with Prince Aegon’s blood and brains on his hands, stalked over to the Princess, who was unable to move, still trying to reel at least one bit from what she just saw. “Don’t worry, Princess.” The Mountain said leeringly to the frail woman, “Ser Amory should be done with your daughter by now. Then, you could join them all your dragonspawn in the seven hells.” The scene that followed was, and most likely is still one of the most horrific sights imaginable. The vile beast proceeded to rip Princess Elia’s gown off, and then, he savagely violated her. By the time the monster was finished, princess Elia was barely alive. Then, the vile monster unsheathed his greatsword, in a massive show of strength, cleaved Elia Nymeros Martell, Princess of Dorne, in two. The dream shifted suddenly, to another part of Maegor’s Holdfast. This time, it showed a pig-like man, looking for his prey in one of the many rooms. The man was Ser Amory Lorch, the other primary hunting dog of Tywin Lannister. And this dog has found its prey, in the now-dead Crown Prince Rhaegar’s room. It was little Princess Rhaenys, who was hiding in one of the few places she knew to be the safest. Under her father’s bed. She was no older that three name-days. Ser Amory Lorch pulled the Princess from under the bed, as she kicked and squirmed with all her power. The dreamer was filled with pure, mute horror as the Princess was repeatedly stabbed by the disgrace of an anointed knight. As that was happening, the only thing the Princess could scream was the name of
her father, now lying beneath the ground at the Trident, and no longer able to heed the calls of mortals.

“Please,” pleaded the Dreamer, silently. She could not bear watching as so many were slaughtered in Tywin Lannister’s idea of a token of fealty.

The dream swirled in to a vortex of colours, which gave way to a view of the castle of Dragonstone, overshadowing the island. The ancient, and foreign keep was adorned with statues of Old Valyria, and its gargoyles, constantly keeping watch for all that approach. In the surroundings, a storm continues churning. Ships bearing the stag of House Baratheon, of the Usurper Robert Baratheon approached the massive castle. They were here to exterminate the remaining dragon lords from their ancestral stronghold.

The dreamer saw the still-beautiful Queen Rhaella, heavy with child and in pain, bearing her last child in to the world. At her side, was her son, the Prince Viserys, and a young maid, with no birthing experience, or healing to aid her.

As the child was let out, the dying queen let out some utters. “Daenerys.” The Queen uttered with her dying breath. “Let her be called Daenerys Stormborn.”

And so, another member of House Targaryen died, as soldiers of the enemy began preparations for boarding.

“Enough!” The Dreamer screamed in an agony, of what was to come. “Let it end!”

Colour and light swirled again, one last time, as the vision shifted. The dream soon was illuminated by the signature green light of the volatile substance known as wildfire. This time, the unlucky object that was lit by wildfire, was the castle of Dragonstone itself. The Dreamer saw as men and ships alike were burned in the never-ending heat of wildfire. She saw as the flames bathed her vision of the island.

From the heart of the flames, however, a new hope was discovered. As the Dreamer approached, she saw baby dragons emerging from the fire. There were seven, as she counted. These dragons, fire made flesh, are the sigils of the once-proud House Targaryen, and the only dragon lords that survived the Doom of Valyria. However, without the members of the only people that could take them, these would grow in time, to terrorize Westeros unchallenged, for there never was a way to stop one dragon, much less seven fully grown dragons, each capable of massacring thousands.

As the Dreamer watched the sight of the island, still lit by wildfire, an intangible voice whispered to her. “You must succeed.” It spoke, almost as if its sound came from every place.

“Save the dragons,” it continued, “and you will save yourself, and that which you hold most dear.”

“You know what you must do.” The voice whispered, “Yours is the blood of the First Men, and of the icy North. Save the dragons and raise the Prince that was Promised. You are strong. Show the world that you are no man’s tool. Save them, and you will save yourself, your child, and the world itself.”

“I will do it.” The Dreamer said, “On my own blood and my honour, they will be saved.”

She now knew what to do.

Author’s Note: Waking the Dragons is back! I’ve managed to begin tweaking the story in some places, and turn the story in a very different direction!
The Tower of Joy

Chapter Summary

Lyanna gets to work.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Her eyes snapped open as Lyanna Stark woke up, in the Tower of Joy. Her hands immediately went to her stomach, now very much swollen with her child, the unborn prince and son of Rhaegar Targaryen. She knew that these dreams are prophetic, knowing that they are too vivid to be a figment of her imagination. The She-Wolf of the Starks, and wife to now-dead Crown Prince Rhaegar Targaryen, was resolved to save her own life, the life of her son, and his family’s lives, from certain death. She knew that it would have to wait, but she was sure the child in her womb is a son.

The visions that Lyanna had happened all throughout her pregnancy. She accepted that they were real, since all that she had seen before the most recent dream, had come to pass. She knew, that if she were to make a move, it had to be now. Tywin Lannister becomes more ready to march to King’s Landing with every moment, and more importantly, the child within her will come out in less than a moon’s turn. If she wanted to act, it has to be now, for her, her child, and his family’s safety.

Not waiting any longer, she immediately got out of her bed, and rushed, as much as a large pregnant woman nearing the end of her pregnancy can to the large meeting hall below her floor. She knew that once she convinced the Kingsguard knights that were there to defend her, she would be able to reach the capital and rescue the royal family in time. She wondered about Aegon, however, as Aerys always had the infant under guard. She laughed at what she imagined the old man’s reaction would be if he found out who the infant was. As she was striding to the hall, she made herself presentable. Part of her is happy to finally get out of the thrice-damned tower. Wolves do not do well in confined spaces, much less direwolves.

The Kingsguard knights stood at attention when the now Dowager Princess entered the hall. She hated that title, but it seems just to be a title bestowed upon her by ever so fickle chance. She had gained the one man that truly loved her, but was left a pregnant widow. One carrying a child that created an entire war, that is.

“Ser Arthur,” She said to the famed Sword of the Morning, standing vigilantly. “Might you join me for a moment? I have some issues I need to attend to with you.”

The man behind the legend followed her in to a separate room, always carrying his sword Dawn, said to be forged from a star that fell from the sky. He was a good friend of Rhaegar, and as such, was trusted by the Prince to guard Lyanna, Rhaegar’s love. He followed Lyanna’s orders, and gave her good advice and counsel when she was in need.

Once they reached the room, they settled in to the comfortable chairs arranged in front of the hearth. Lyanna, during her time guarded by the Kingsguard, became acquainted with all the knights. However, Arthur is her favourite. Over time, they developed a true friendship with each other, and Lyanna held the knight in the highest of regards. In private, they had grown to become quite informal, like friends who had known each other for all of their lives.

“How are you feeling, Lyanna?” Ser Arthur asked the Princess.

“The baby and I are both in excellent health,” Lyanna told Ser Arthur, “despite recent events. But I need you to listen very carefully. Many lives will depend upon this.”

The knight was taken aback by the serious tone. The Lyanna he usually heard was a brave, and calm woman. She kept her composition even as she heard the news of her beloved husband Rhaegar’s
death. For her to act like this, was strange, if not a bad omen of things to come. Whatever she was about to say, it must be very urgent, and very awful to scare the She-Wolf into this.

“Whatever you ask of me,” the knight replied, “I swear to do it as best as I can, and to help the most. What is it, Lyanna?”

“You know of the visions I have had all this time, right?” the Princess asked, “I think it has something to do with my son. The visions, all the ones I’ve had, have come true. Rhaegar’s death, Robert’s Rebellion, it’s all too eerily true to have been simple figments of my imagination. Do you know why this started after I became with child?”

“Well, I think I may know the answer.” Arthur Dayne replied, with a hint of uncertainty in his voice. “My grandmother, is a Targaryen. She is the aunt to your grandmother, Princess Vaella, wife to Edwyle Stark. She was known to have a touch of the sight. Now, with that in mind, I do truly believe your dreams to be prophetic. You are the grand-daughter of a dragon princess, and you carry the blood of the very same bloodline, with known members with prophetic dreams. With all that, the dreams must definitely be true. Now, what did you see that was so dire?” The knight asked.

“It was terrible, Arthur.” Lyanna said, sounding more sombre as she went. “Tywin Lannister’s going to kill them all. The city… It was sacked. The family killed, and Aerys, slayed by Jaime Lannister.”

Arthur Dayne had a look of shock in his face. He knew that Tywin Lannister was no longer a friend of Aerys, but for his son, Jaime, a sworn knight of the Kingsguard, to slay his own king, was more than out of character. He held the young knight in the highest of regards, and saw him as one of great potential. For him to slay the King out right, was by far, the strangest and most troubling news he had heard.


“I do not know why.” Lyanna replied. “Aerys had it coming. But the others, Elia, the Queen, the children, they must be saved. We must get to them in time to save them.”

“Well, as I promised, we will go.” Arthur said as he got up.

“What about the others?” Lyanna questioned, “You know that they are very stubborn, especially with my… condition.”

“Do not worry.” Arthur reassured his friend. “We ride at first light.”

Chapter End Notes

The chapters will get longer as the story progresses. Reviews are welcome.
Starfall

Chapter Summary

Lyanna meets an unexpected relative. Or two.

As usual, Ser Arthur kept to his word. As the sun rose, the party of three knights and a lady rode. The ride was fast, long, and arduous, especially with the Dornish sun constantly roasting them like pigs on a spit. Lyanna’s pregnant form did not help the situation. On the journey, Lyanna could not stop herself from reminiscing about all that had transpired. When she left with her beloved Silver Prince, she knew she had left messages. The one for her lord father even had the seal and missive from Queen Rhaella herself! How these messages and letters got lost, she would not dare to think. Right now, “what-ifs” were things she did not dare to venture to. Her sole priority was her safety, and that of her unborn child.

Lyanna pushed on with the ride. She was known to be a great horse rider, and some even jape, both mockingly and admiringly, that her blood was part horse. After a long night of riding with little to no rest, the group reached Starfall, at the morning, the ancestral home of the Daynes, and the residence of Arthur Dayne’s sister, the famously scandalous Lady Ashara Dayne. Lyanna thought the castle as a beautiful, with its pale stone towers, and commanding views of the sea. Receiving them was Lady Ashara. Lyanna had been acquainted with the woman who stole her brother’s heart. She knew Brandon had all intention to break off his betrothal to Hoster Tully’s daughter Catelyn Tully to marry his lady love. The evidence of that love, was visible to all, as the lady Ashara held a small babe in her arms, no more than three moons old. Inside the swaddling clothes lay a baby girl, with the signature dark hair of the Starks, and violet eyes, no doubt from the old Princess Rhae Targaryen Dayne.

The fact that there even was a child, was superseded by the fact that her name was Elaena Stark, only child, and true-born daughter of Brandon Stark. Apparently, Brandon, the wild wolf that he was, had quite a sense of honour. He married Ashara as soon as he learned she was with child. His child. And now, the memory of him is no longer tales told by Ned, Ben, and the Winterfell host, but also complimented by Brandon’s own child. The announcement to the Tullys of the annulment of the betrothal was supposed to be before Brandon and his company rode to King’s Landing.

Lady Ashara escorted them in to the solar, and introduced them to the eighty-four year old Princess Rhae Targaryen. Even at such an advanced age, the old woman had the wit, and the will of a youth.

“My lady,” Lyanna greeted the Princess, “it is an honour to meet you.”

“Rather opposite, my dear.” The old but young princess replied. “It is mine, for you carry Targaryen blood, and the blood of all our futures. I may not have as strong a gift of foresight as some of our ancestors did, but I have seen enough to know what needs to be done.”

“What exactly do you mean?” Lyanna asked, a slight hint of confusion in her voice.

“I know that you have seen dreams and visions too.” The old Princess stated, with a commanding voice. “And I know, that they are much more accurate than mine. If so, then you must do as you deem necessary to save our family. And we are now family, are we not? You, the children, and the child you carry, are the future of our house. Your son will be the greatest of them all, and the one to bring peace, and prosperity to Westeros.”

Lyanna nodded. She wasn’t one to ask where or what made the Princess think a soon to be born child would be the miraculous knight in shining armour that saves the world. She knew, however, that child would still be destined for greatness.

“Perhaps, princess, you should come with us too.” Lyanna requested to the old woman. “From what
I have seen, Robert Baratheon’s wrath against House Targaryen will not end until all of us are missing, dead, or worse. He’ll hunt down all of us until the only remnant of us are the dragon skulls of Old Valyria. Who knows? Maybe he’ll even destroy them, to make an example.”

“Let the idiot come.” The Princess Rhae said, ever so straightforwardly. “The man’s own grandmother, the Princess Rhaelle, and my niece, would be rolling in her grave. He’d be hunting down members of his own blood. If only some of these remaining loyalists could even try to name him a kinslayer. But I suppose they will all fear the bloody warhammer of his than keep to their fealty to a dead house.”

Lyanna heard the Princess Rhae’s statements, and spoke no more. She knew herself how difficult it was to leave her home, especially one that she had lived in for the majority of her life. She attempted a curtsy, even with her heavily pregnant body, and left the solar to prepare for the long journey ahead.

Much to her discomfort, the journey was done by ship, and the fact that the baby constantly kicked and squirmed did not help. She had more than a fortnight before the baby was to arrive, but she feared he may arrive much earlier.

As the Lady Ashara came above the deck of the ship to watch the sunrise, Lyanna almost had to waddle over to her due to her state. Throughout the previous eight months, she had been able to walk around with relative ease. In the recent weeks, something changed.

“Direwolves and water do not mix.” She said to Lady Ashara.

“You’ll get over it soon enough.” Lady Ashara said, all while cooing at her lovely child. “If you do get too sick, aim it at someone other than me and Elaena. How about Arthur? I’d love to see him flinch at the sight.”

Lyanna giggled at the prospect of seeing the famed and battle-hardened knight flinch at the simple sight of her vomit on his silver-white armor. Ashara’s jape did lighten the tension, and the gloomy prospect of reaching King’s Landing too late, or for her child to arrive too early.

They reached King’s Landing earlier than expected, but to no objection from the party. The faster they reached the capital, the more time they had to rescue the royal family. As soon as they docked at the Red Keep, Lyanna, and the three knights, Sers Arthur Dayne, Gerold Hightower, and Oswell Whent, went straight to Maegor’s Holdfast, where, in less than a day, Gregor Clegane and Amory Lorch will do a travesty that will shock the Seven Kingdoms.

The Queen, Rhaella Targaryen greeted them. Lyanna immediately told her of the vision, leaving out the vision of dragon hatchlings, which she saw as too strange.

“I understand the risks that have come with Rhaegar’s defeat at the Trident.” The Queen said. Her tone saddened at her own mention of her dead son’s name. “And I am more than willing to flee this city to Dragonstone. This nest of fleas, rats and snakes is full of spies, working for who knows what. But I do believe that I know one person that can be trusted.”

“And who may this gallant and trusted person be?” Lyanna asked.
Queen Rhaella and Lyanna prepare for the journey ahead.

“The Spider.” Queen Rhaella said. Even her voice itself was in doubt. “Varys may seem a bit mysterious, but in all this time, he has done more than great work, and his loyalty is to the continuing wellbeing of the realm, and right now, the best option is with our house.”

Lyanna shuddered at the mention of the name Varys. Also known as “The Eunuch”, he was known to have bribed multitudes of people to get his way. The man also has a spy network of what he calls his “little birds”, even knowing where one may arrive before their journey, and, well, the name, “The Spider” was enough to make a bad reputation.

They had summoned Lord Varys to the solar, without the knowledge of King Aerys. The King was too paranoid to be informed of Rhaella and Lyanna’s plans.

“Your Grace. Lady Lyanna.” The bald man asked, in a voice soft and smelling of lavender. “What services do you require?”

“Lord Varys. We trust you with our lives and that of Elia’s, and her children.” Queen Rhaella spoke, commandingly. “Can we trust you to bring all of us, Viserys, Elia, Rhaenys, with us, to safety in Dragonstone?”

“Yes, your Grace.” The eunuch replied. “My services are at your command.”

“Make sure to bring a healer.” Queen Rhaella continued. “Princess Lyanna tells me she is due within no more than a fortnight. I am also expecting, but not for some time. Make sure the healer is one you know and trust with your own life.”

“Yes, your Grace.” Varys continued. “I already have a ship waiting at the harbour, one much larger than the one you have, prepared to sail for Dragonstone. Perhaps we should use that one to carry Aerys’s treasury? It will be a great boon during your exile. And as a bonus, it will make the Usurper Robert Baratheon inherit a bankrupt crown. And trust me when I say, the healer I know makes miracles seem like a trifle to him.”

“Thank you, Lord Varys.” the Queen said. “Make it fast.”

The Master of Whispers left the room, leaving a trail of lavender scent.

Queen Rhaella and Lyanna both sighed a heavy sigh of relief. With Lyanna’s child due so soon, it was a relief for them to have a healer ready at all time. And the fact that Varys had prepared for such a plan, means that there will be little to no problems.

As the servants of Lord Varys loaded the larger ship with the crown treasury, baskets by baskets, the Queen and Lyanna looked in awe at the sheer amount of gold and other treasures within the coffers. Rhaella knew that Aerys had begun hoarding the treasury, never spending more than what he needed, but to finally see all that he had saved, she was in awe. Some things she never thought to even be in the crown’s treasury were there. Heirloom swords, golden goblets, chalices, crowns. Almost as if Aerys magically created them and stored them here. It also comforted her to know that Robert Baratheon would inherit a crown without the gold, and that it would take him quite some time to even have part of it.

Night fell when the last of the treasury was emptied in to the ship. The party was already done preparing for the journey. Viserys, who was only seven at the time, asked, naively to his mother, not knowing what was to come. “Mama? Why is Father not going?”

The Queen stood silently. She knew that Viserys simply was too young to understand all that is happening.
“Sweetling, I will explain in time.” She comforted him. “But now, just do what I say. Can you do that, sweetling?”

Viserys nodded, with all the naiveté of any seven-year old child. He was a sweet child, but Rhaella feared that if she were to explain the complicated story to him, he may go down the same path Aerys did.

Elia and Lyanna were reunited as they boarded the Daynes’ ship. Elia went and gave Lyanna a massive embrace that even Lyanna’s round belly did not impede. She knew of the fact that Rhaegar wanted more children. After Rhaenys, the maesters feared she could not handle another babe, and she knew this could enrage Aerys. Therefore, Aegon, was an infant Blackfyre, the last of the Blackfyres, and great-nephew to Maelys the Monstrous, through his mother’s line. It took some time to find him, but Varys had his ways. He procured the infant, and Elia faked a pregnancy in front of Westeros. She went into “labour” on Dragonstone, and the infant was shown to Aerys without anyone’s doubt. As Rhaegar fiercely believed in the prophecy of the Prince that was Promised, he wanted another child. “The dragon must have three heads.” Elia did not object. She even wanted that to happen. As Rhaegar found Lyanna, married her and planted his seed in her, Elia arranged for Lyanna to be in Dorne, to be safe from the snake den that is King’s Landing. And now, her sister-wife was in front of her, heavy with child, and bearing news of her prophetic visions.

“I cannot say in words how happy I am to see you alive and well, sister.” Elia said, with Rhaenys holding her hand.

Lyanna, while rubbing her large belly, said, “I can say the same for you, sister. All this time, I had visions of your demise. Now, I am content that I have changed that.”

Elia couldn’t help but grasp Rhaenys’s hand hard. Even though she was assured that she is safe, the mere thought of her child dying, was chilling. She held “prince” Aegon as she continued to reacquaint with her sister.

“I see that the babe seems healthy.” Elia said, rubbing Lyanna’s large belly. “How was your stay in Dorne?”

Before she could answer, Varys boarded the ship, as Queen Rhaella, Lyanna, Elia, all looked at him. “Your Grace, Lady Lyanna, Princess Elia.” Varys said, of course, in the soft, if not effeminate voice he is known for. “May I present Master Aelix Valoris, a master healer from Volantis. I assure you, that his methods may seem unorthodox, but he can best any maester of the Citadel, in healing, of course.”

The Queen was relieved. To have someone that Varys himself trusts, to serve as Lyanna’s healer, and herself in several moons’ time, was comforting. She already was comforted when Varys said that the man he knew could perform miracles like a simple mummer’s farce, but to see the man herself, was the way for her to be sure.

“Your Grace.” Varys spoke, “My little birds report that a large Lannister host is approaching the city, and will arrive in no more than several hours. Shall I tell the captains of the ships to weigh anchor and make sail?”

“Yes, Lord Varys.” The Queen replied. “And make it urgent. We do not want to be spotted by some lucky Lannister scout.”

Varys promptly exited, as Aelix Valoris approached Lyanna to examine her. His skill with the Westerosi tongue was exceptional for a foreigner, with the accent, of course. He says, that the babe should arrive in a fortnight, and that he seems to be very healthy. Lyanna’s confirmation of it constantly kicking her seems to be enough for everybody else.

As the ships exited the harbour, Rhaella could not help but feel melancholic. She knew that she was saving the future of their house, but still, to have to leave her ancestral home, to leave her husband, simply was a feeling that did not sit well. She was right to be afraid. In no more than a few hours, Aerys would die, and with him, the centuries-long reign of House Targaryen in Westeros. But hope, was not lost. Not yet.
The Prince That was Promised

Chapter Summary

Dragonstone, and planning.

Less than a fortnight later, the ships arrived at Dragonstone. It was like her vision. Walls adorned with Valyrian features, gargoyles, and high walls said to be protected by Valyrian spells, and their amazing engineering. It was said to have survived as many storms as Storm’s End, also said to have had spells interwoven in to the architecture. The child within her kicked, as Lyanna immediately rubbed the spot that it kicked.

“Soon, my dear.” She knew she had only days left before her child enters the world. Luckily the ships made the journey fairly quickly. If not, she would have risked giving birth to the child at sea, something that made her stomach churn. She has had enough time on the water, and the sight of dry, solid land made her heart tingle. She was on dry land again, and the She-Wolf was ready to plan her revenge against those that had killed her Silver Prince, and his family.

The Kingsguard knights disembarked first, as Arthur Dayne helped Lyanna off. In the final days of her pregnancy, she was most definitely waddling. She gladly accepted the help, as did Queen Rhaella, who is beginning to show the signs of a child within her. Then came the servants Lord Varys put on the larger ship. They began unloading the possessions of the family, mostly clothes and trinkets of jewellery. That night, Lyanna slept well for the first time in a long time, thinking of all the ways that she would kill Tywin Lannister, or Robert Baratheon, or Jaime Lannister. She slept in peace.

The next day, Lyanna woke up, rejuvenated from her long and comfortable sleep. Gods, it has been forever since she slept on a nice bed with furs on dry, solid land. She got off, as she took her night gown off, revealing her nude body. Lyanna couldn’t help but stare at her form in the mirror. Her belly was large and swollen with child. She absent-mindedly put her hands to it, running her hands through, rubbing the spots that her child had been kicking. The kicks seemed to come more frequently for the last few days. It seems the little prince was more than ready to come out. She noticed that her belly seemed lower than it was the last time she had bothered to look.

Her hands then moved to her exposed breast, and to the little pink, rosy nipple that adorned it. Her breast had become more sensitive and larger as the pregnancy progressed, to allow her child to receive the best of nourishment. Her hand then trailed her body, down to the pink spot between her thighs. It was a small, and delicate womanhood. Lyanna wondered to herself if she even could bear such a large baby. It certainly seemed to be a daunting task, one for which she has never been prepared for.

She left from looking at her heavily pregnant form, to putting on a gown Elia had given her. It was a loose-fitting gown, with ample space for her belly, and made of fabrics thin enough to allow her some coolness in the heat of summer. She left her chamber rubbing her belly, hoping to sooth the ever-more impatient prince. Elia had invited her to join in the solar to catch up upon recent events.

Lyanna, was delighted. Anything would be a great distraction from the task ahead.

When she reached the solar Elia was waiting, holding a drink in her hands. She sat down opposite to her sister-wife, and took a sip of the relaxing jasmine tea.

“Well,” Elia began, “How are you and the baby?”

“We are fine.” Lyanna replied. “Although, I could do without the constant kicking. It seems, he wants out. And I’m not sure if I can do that.”

“Well, the first child’s always the hardest, they say.” Elia continued. “But you’ll be fine. I did this
and survived, remember?"
Lyanna was partly comforted, and let out a nervous chuckle. Before she could continue speaking, a
sharp pain seized her in her lower belly. It felt as if she had just been stabbed, this time, from the
inside. A gush of water soon spilled from her, forming a puddle beneath her. She bent over, moaning
in pain while doing so.
“What’s wrong?” Elia asked, concernedly. “Is it the baby?”
Lyanna could only nod, still reeling from the contraction. “I’ll get Master Valoris. Stay here.” Elia
said, before rushing to find the Queen, and the Volantene healer.
Soon enough, Queen Rhaella, Princess Elia, and Master Valoris helped Lyanna to her bedchambers.
Once they got in, the Queen eyed the healer, wordlessly pleading for him to make sure Lyanna was
to live. The healer caught the plead, and silently nodded.
Hours later, Lyanna was in great pain in her chambers. The Queen, Elia, and Master Valoris were by
her side. The pains were coming by minutes now, and Master Valoris had begun preparations for her
to push.
“I can’t do it.” Lyanna uttered out in pain. “It’s too much.”
“You’ll be fine, my dear.” Said the Queen. “I did it several times, remember? Just focus. Keep
breathing, and in no time, a springing, healthy baby will be in your arms, and you’ll see how much
the pain was worth.”
Elia was there too, constantly holding Lyanna’s hand. This comfort did little to quash Lyanna’s pain,
but she appreciated all the help she could get. As the hour passed, more and more pains wreaked
havoc on Lyanna. She was in great pain, for all in the chamber to see. Elia went from holding her
sister’s hand, to dabbing her forehead to clean sweat of her brow. As Master Valoris instructed
Lyanna to push, she did.
Soon enough, the distinctive cry of a baby was heard in the halls of Dragonstone. A baby had been
born. One destined to be the saviour of the world, bringing light back from the darkness, and
bringing peace to a war-torn continent.
But Lyanna’s ordeal was not finished yet. After birthing the baby, she began to bleed, a little too
much. This was an uncomfortable sight for Queen Rhaella, knowing her good-daughter may die.
Lyanna also felt that she was dying. She grew weaker as the bleed continued. The women in the
room flinched at the possibility. But Master Valoris did not. He took out his medicines, one by one,
applying who knows what on Lyanna. It was a sight for Queen Rhaella and Elia, seeing the master
at work. He worked with precision and attention to every little detail of what happened to Lyanna.
Soon enough, the hard work of the master healer paid off. Lyanna’s bleed stopped, and the princess
was conscious. It would take no less than a day or two for her to recover. Both Queen Rhaella and
Elia rushed to give the master healer a large embrace, knowing that one of their own is now safe and
recovering.
“So, what is his name?” Queen Rhaella asked.
“His name is Jaehaerys.” Lyanna uttered, tired from her herculean effort. “Like his father’s
grandfather.”
Eventually, a disheveled Queen Rhaella emerged from Lyanna’s bedchambers, holding little Jaehaerys. Outside waiting was Rhaenys and the Kingsguard.

“Your Grace?” Ser Gerold asked, with a look of anticipation.

The Dowager Queen looked tired, but beautiful holding the babe. The knights present could see the fire burning in her amethyst eyes. It was not one that they saw in Aerys, filled with terror, and malice, and cruelty, but one filled of care, of love, and above all, hope.

“Gentlemen. Princess Rhaenys.” The Queen spoke regally, in a voice fueled by the fire in her eyes. “It is my great pleasure, and honor, to present to you, His Grace, Prince Jaehaerys of House Targaryen, Third of His Name.”

Rhaella’s voice boomed across the hallways of Dragonstone.

“Lyanna insists that his nickname be Jon,” She added. “with his half-northern blood and all.”

“Lyanna, how is she?” Ser Arthur inquired, concerned for his dear friend. “Is she all right?”

“She is fine.” The Queen continued. “She did lose great amounts of blood. Without Master Valoris’s medicines, she would most certainly have died. She should recover in a day or so.”

As the Queen finished, Lyanna walked out of her bedchamber, assisted by Master Valoris and Elia. She was weak, but the product of her ordeal, was worth so much more than the pain. She smiled as she saw the Kingsguard, and Rhaenys all looked at Prince Jon lovingly. She picked up her son as she held him to her breast for the first time. He latched on immediately, and soon was sucking.

The people present in the hall all headed for the balcony. After a long day, they all needed a breath of fresh air. Lyanna held on as she looked to Blackwater Bay. It was calm, but she knew it was not for long. The Usurper Robert Baratheon would be sending his men to Dragonstone soon.

“Look!” Elia cried out, gesturing to the sky. “It’s a comet. A red one, with the color of blood.”

“Born beneath a bleeding star.” Queen Rhaella said, remembering the prophecy. “Amidst salt and smoke.”

“Yes. The Prince That Was Promised, is here.” Ser Arthur noted. He too knew of the prophecy. “It has begun.”

“Yes, it has.” The Queen said, as the group looked out, now with a new purpose. The future for them will be bright.

The next day, a raven of Varys arrived from King’s Landing. The queen had gathered the Kingsguard, Lyanna, Elia, and Rhaenys to the meeting hall, home of the famed Painted Table, to read the message.

Your Grace Queen Rhaella, Princess Lyanna, Princess Elia,
I regret to inform you that King Aerys has died. He was slain by Jaime Lannister in the throne room. But what troubles me more was what happened to the city. The army of Tywin Lannister arrived at the city, but was barred from entering. The Small Council was summoned to deliberate as to opening the gates or not. All the members, including me, had opposed opening the gates.
We understood there no longer was a friendship between the former Hand and the King. The only one that did support the opening of the gates, was Pycelle. The Grand Maester appears to be a toady, a Lannister one at that. He rambled about how the former Hand supported the King, how the army would serve to defend the city, and what not.
The King foolishly trusted the old maester, and ordered for the gates to be opened. Once in the city,
the Lannister host began sacking the city. They raped, pillaged, and burned everywhere. I myself had to hide in order to live. Even worse, were the atrocities that had happened to the decoys of Princess Elia and the children. Gregor Clegane, the Mad Dog of Tywin Lannister, and Amory Lorch, Tywin’s hunting hounds, scaled the walls of Maegor’s Holdfast.

Lorch headed for Rhaegar’s room, and found the decoy Rhaenys. She was stabbed half a hundred times. Some might say she got lucky with what had happened to decoy Elia and Aegon. They were faced with Gregor Clegane himself. Aegon’s replacement, was smashed into the wall, with little but a caved in skull remaining. Elia’s replacement was raped by the beast, and then cleaved in to two.

After, Robert had arrived, and he had a shabby coronation made for him. He walked on the dead bodies of “Rhaenys and Aegon” to his throne. In his new Kingsguard was Ser Barristan Selmy, who was given a choice to serve him, or die. I suppose the man saw life as his choice, for now. The Usurper will be in King’s Landing for a while, consolidating his realm and rule. He will eventually send for your deaths, most likely in the form of his brother Stannis. I recommend that preparations for leaving the island be made for as soon as possible. Perhaps after the Queen gives birth?

The Spider.

The queen finished reading. It was silent as the information had to be made sense in their heads. It did soon enough.

Except for Lyanna and Ser Arthur, people in the room were shocked. They knew that Tywin would take the city, but did not expect his own son, a Kingsguard knight to break his sacred oath and kill the king. They felt betrayed by the young man who they held with such potential. Elia, when hearing of the news of her decoy, Rhaenys, and Aegon’s decoys’ deaths, shivered. She held Rhaenys’s hand tighter as she did. The thought of her children dying was something she did not dare venture in to.

Rhaella, when she heard that Aerys died, almost lit up. She was free from him. Her tormentor for all of these years was dead. Gone was the madman who burned his folk. Gone was the one who could only bed her if he had burned someone just moments before. Now, she was free. The fire within her raged once again, as if it just found new coals to burn. From the ashes of the old Targaryen Dynasty, a true She-Dragon was born, one willful, strong, and true.

Rhaella then had to explain to little Rhaenys and Viserys how the bad men killed their king. Viserys was not fazed, as the man that had tormented his mother was now gone. Rhaenys faced Prince Jon, and said, “Don’t worry little brother. I will make sure the bad men will not get to you.”

Lyanna also flinched at the news. The violence and cruelty in Amory Lorch and Gregor Clegane was too much. They will feel the retribution of House Targaryen one day. All the houses that had supported the rebellion will.

“Well, should we now declare Prince Aegon the King?” Ser Willem Darry, a Kingsguard member, asked the queen.

“Most definitely not. Now that King Aerys has died, we must tell the truth of Aegon’s identity.” The Queen spoke, channeling her newfound youth. “He never was a Targaryen. He is a Blackfyre.”

The people in the room were shocked. How this could have happened right under their noses, they would not have known.

“After Elia gave birth to Rhaenys, the maesters concluded that she would not be able to conceive a child again, unless if she were to risk the life of her and the child.” Queen Rhaella continued. “We knew that if Aerys were to find out, it would be a matter of time before an unfortunate “accident” would have befallen the Princess. We decided to fake one final pregnancy for Elia for Aerys to not suspect anything of her. We had Uncle Daeron, the Old Dragon of the Stepstones go to Essos to seek out the last of the Blackfyres. Soon enough, he found Maelys the Monstrous’s great-niece in Lys. She was poor, and we had Prince Daeron pay the girl to get pregnant, and once she did so, to follow him to Dragonstone. When she got to Dragonstone, she was no more than a moon’s turn pregnant, but we knew, with the help of a Volantene healer brought back on the voyage to ensure of the girl’s safety, and the child within her. Elia was brought to Dragonstone at that time too, and the court believed it to have stemmed from her dislike of Pycelle. And now, we know that was for good reason. As the Blackfyre girl went in to labor, so did Elia, so that any fool who decided to look in to the “Prince’s” age and birth would get confused. The babe was presented to Aerys, and no one
suspected a thing.”
The Kingsguard nodded to each other in agreement. “Well, then.” Ser Gerold spoke. “We will now crown Prince Jon. Shall we?”

Once all the preparations were made, Queen Rhaella began the proclamation. “I now proclaim Jaehaerys of the House Targaryen, Third of His Name, King of the Andals, the Rhoynar, and the First Men. Lord of the Seven Kingdoms, and Protector of the Realm.”

She did so with a revitalized voice, strong and regal.

One by one, the Kingsguard knights bowed at their newborn king, swearing their oaths of perpetual fealty, to him, and his heirs. Rhaenys and Viserys did so too. The Queen was so proud of them, saying such a long and bring statement, which to them did not seem to have any meaning, without stutters, or pauses, was a sight to behold. The newly-crowned king was returned to his mother’s arms.

After the coronation, King Jon was put to sleep. It was time for the adults to plan their future in earnest. Queen Rhaella sat at the top of the famed Painted Table, seeing the entirety of Westeros all painted and varnished in three hundred years’ worth of lacquer. The rest sat by her side at the chairs.

“Ladies, Gentlemen.” Queen Rhaella asked. “As according to Lord Varys, Stannis Baratheon will sail here in several months. Therefore, we need plans as to where we shall flee to next. The island of Dragonstone will be vacated. So would the royal fleet.”

“Perhaps we can flee to Dorne.” Ser Arthur Dayne spoke. He knew his homeland would be a good place, with Elia’s brothers, and plenty of castles for the family. “Princes Oberyn and Doran are staunch supporters of House Targaryen, and as the brothers of Elia, even more so.”

The Queen thought for a moment. Dorne would be a good place. The Martells would be good allies for the future re-conquest of the Seven Kingdoms.

“I do not think so.” She responded, after weighing the facts. “Because of the Martells support us, it is a risky location. The Lannisters would have planted spies there to seek out any remaining Targaryens that Dorne may be sheltering. Even with the protection of Prince Doran, I would not risk my chances on the ability of some Lannister scum and their spies.”

Ser Arthur nodded.

“Perhaps we can go to the Stepstones?” Elia suggested. “Like you said previously, your Grace, Prince Daeron is there. Perhaps he can help us in our exile?”

“Yes, he most definitely can help us.” The Queen replied. “He practically rules the islands from his keep, with his own pirate fleet that practically worships him, trading with Essos. He could be of use.”

“That does seem to match with the vision I had the night before Jon was born.” Lyanna entered the discussion. “What I saw, was us, on a ship some distance away from Dragonstone. We blew it up.”

“Blew what up?” Ser Gerold Hightower asked.

“Dragonstone.” Lyanna continued. “We appear to have used wildfire, as the flames were green, and showed no signs of stopping. A storm was raging. We were in the middle of the fleet, fleeing, with the fleet commanded by a man who sounds like he was Prince Daeron. It looks like the Usurper’s men, among them Stannis, had been led on to the island, only to have been blown up.”

The group nodded. Queen Rhaella understood the destruction of the castle as a way to make her known to the rest of Westeros as dead.

“What I did not understand, was what happened after.” Lyanna spoke, with confusion clear in her tone. “We went back to the island, and seven hatchling dragons emerged from the rubble.”

“Dragons? Actual, real live dragons?” The queen’s eyes lit up like a child who heard mentions of candy.

“Yes, your Grace.” Lyanna spoke. “I counted exactly seven.”

“If that were true, they must have been from eggs stored here.” Elia spoke. “Are there any left?”

“Yes, a clutch of seven.” The Queen replied. “Rumored to have been from Balerion and Meraxes before Aegon’s Conquest.”

“Rhaegar told me there was a cache of wildfire in the castle.” Lyanna continued. “Should we use that to enact the plan? Wait for Stannis and his men to enter the castle, and then blow them to the Seven Hells?”
“Under normal circumstances, I would deem this plan mad.” The Queen replied. “But, considering that your visions have all been true to their details, I have no reason not to believe that dragons can be hatched. If there were even the slightest chance of House Targaryen’s sigil to come back to this world, I would take it. The children will grow up to be like dragon riders of old. The dragons of Old Valyria will be born again, to re-conquer the lands that was taken wrongfully from the rightful lords. Us.”

“Well, without any further discussion, I believe I should write a message for Prince Daeron to come to Dragonstone.” Ser Gerold announced.

With that, the council dismissed and everyone retired to their chambers. It will be a busy several months to come.
During the months that followed, Prince Daeron arrived from the Stepstones. He immediately went to inspect the state of all the royal fleet’s ships, along with his companion and counsel, Ser Jeremy Norridge. They had been all over them, checking for leaks, rots, and what not, preparing them to be sea-worthy once again, after being docked in place for some time. Any repairs needed were made, and soon enough, the fleet was ready to sail.

Queen Rhaella’s pregnancy had advanced, and she had less than a month left. Master Valoris constantly kept an eye on her, as she was still moving around, being the willful mind that she is. The master made sure to examine her every month, and every two weeks the last month. He also advised the queen that Stannis’s blood, now technically royal blood, would be instrumental in the hatching of the dragons. Therefore, the decoys of Queen Rhaella would be in a dungeon hall, with a table set above a trapdoor for their escape. The eggs would be placed in the hall, so that once Stannis and his men enter, a flame arrow shot from the fleet far away would light the wildfire, and Stannis would be blown in to oblivion. The wildfire had been strategically placed to be easy to light, but sparse enough for the entire castle to be engulfed. Now, they only had to wait.

Queen Rhaella went in to labor right after Lord Varys sent them the news of Stannis’s departure for Dragonstone. That coincided with a storm which raged and churned Blackwater Bay. She spent two full days in excruciating pain trying to bring her last child in to the world. With Master Valoris’s help, Princess Daenerys Stormborn was born in to the world, right as the storm began to fade. Both mother and child were happy, and healthy. The Princess was presented to all, and the group had retired to prepare for the next day, and the commencement of their plans.

They all awoke early of the sound of bells. Prince Daeron had Ser Norridge sound them to prepare the fleet. The Kingsguard, the Queen, Princesses Elia and Lyanna, along with the children awoke, preparing to board the ships. Stannis and his fleet were spotted by scouting boats several dozen leagues away, and would make landfall at night. Therefore, they had little time to finish the remaining details. The eggs were planted, the decoys disguised, the ships sailed to safety some distance away, but enough for an archer to shoot the flaming arrow. Soon enough, it was nightfall. The party was all either on deck of the flagship, currently captained by Prince Daeron, or they were below deck.

“Are you afraid?” The Queen asked Lyanna, holding Daenerys in her arms, with Viserys in tow. Lyanna, who held the now nine moons’ old King Jon, replied, “Yes, mother. I can only hope that this vision is true. The future of our House depends upon it.”

Before Rhaella could reply, a scout approached the flagship, telling the Queen that Stannis’s men have begun boarding the island. She gave the scout the order to tell Prince Daeron’s men, waiting on a ship near the location of Stannis’s fleet to prepare to fire the flaming arrow once all the men are ensured to be inside.

As Rhaella and the others watched and waited from the flagship, they saw a small light dash towards the castle, which could only be the arrow.

It has begun.

A massive flash of green light, followed by an ear-splitting blast, and a wave of immense heat. The
wildfire has ignited. Dragonstone became engulfed in the verdant flames. Stannis Baratheon and his men were roasted alive. No one in the castle could have survived. As the flames continued, the Prince Daeron’s men that had been waiting near the ships of Stannis pounced. They took the ships, and sailed away. There were no men on those ships. Stannis, expecting the castle’s resistance to have no more than a few maids, had brought almost all the men he had, leaving the ships unguarded. Of course, no one would expect such a defense, and the fact that those supposedly inside would have had rescuers and allies at such a time. But now, Stannis and his men were just burnt bodies. On the flagship, those on the deck looked at Dragonstone in awe. They knew how volatile wildfire may be, but no one expected such a spectacular blast. Now, at least one of the three remaining Baratheons was dead. Robert will be mad, but he won’t have anyone, or anything to rage upon, or so he thinks. Rhaella saw the flames as they lit up her spirit. The plan had worked. Once Stannis’s death becomes known to the Seven Kingdoms, no one would think to look for Queen Rhaella, at least. It took two days for the fire to finally run out. They returned to Dragonstone, expecting no more than Harrenhal was. Melted towers, smoldering walls, and any adorning features gone. They were wrong. Dragonstone still stood proud. Its walls were covered in ash and soot, but the structure stood proud and firm, a testament to its builders. Legend had it that the castle was interwoven with spells of Old Valyria. Perhaps, they were. The party went to the dungeon hall where Stannis was, but more importantly, the eggs.

To the amazement of all, in the place of the dragon eggs were seven dragon hatchlings, picking on the charred remains of Stannis and his men. Although, they weren’t sure which was which. Master Valoris’s idea of Stannis’s blood being useful, probably was true. The Targaryens in the hall were amazed. For the first time in a century, the world became populated with the shrieks of dragons. One day, they will save the world from certain doom.

The dragons were brought back to the ship as they sailed to Prince Daeron’s keep in the Stepstones. They immediately bonded with a member of the party. Rhaenys had bonded with a red and orange dragon. The newborn Daenerys had a purple dragon, with shimmering silver scales bond with her. Little Jon was bonded with the largest dragon, a black and red dragon, the color of his house. Viserys bonded with a shimmering blue dragon, which followed the prince’s every move. A green and gold-colored dragon took a liking to Queen Rhaella, and she treated it like her own firstborn son. Prince Daeron was surprised when a gold one followed him. The biggest surprise, however, was when Lyanna was accepted by a dragon. It was silver and white. She thought one would bond to Aegon Blackfyre, since he at least looked Valyrian. It seems that the dragons choose their bonds with other ways instead of looks. The largest of the dragons, and alpha of the pack, was Jon’s dragon, who was already protective of the king.

Without any trouble, the group landed safely in the harbour overlooked by Prince Daeron’s keep. It was a small, but deep harbour, enough for even the largest of ships. The castle was isolated, but gave a far view to the surrounding seas to allow defences against the best of sieges. But the castle’s best defences are the seven dragons, soon to grow to massive sizes.

Here, the Targaryens sent out word to their most loyal retainer house, house Velaryon. Lord Monford Velaryon went himself to the keep, eager to help his cousin house. They were assembled in the great hall, for planning to be done.

“Your Grace.” Lord Monford greeted the Queen. “It was a relief to have heard that you and the family are alive and well. With nine new additions, I might add.”

“Thank you for your concern, Lord Velaryon.” The Queen replied. “I do most definitely believe that I and the known royal family, except for Prince Viserys, are perceived by the Usurper Robert Baratheon, to be dead. However, that being said, we do not know of any way for Viserys.”

“Well, there may be a way.” Ser Arthur Dayne spoke up. “Since Prince Viserys is still seen as missing by the Barathens and the Lannisters, why not show it to them? If possible, we can even have a distraction in the Free Cities somewhere, as we continue planning here, or wherever is next.”

“Are you mad?” Ser Gerold spoke out. “Separating the Prince would undoubtedly do harm on both us, and him! And what of his safety?”

“No, Gerold, you miss my point.” Arthur replied. “We will not blatantly and foolishly risk the
Prince’s life like that. Instead, we could have a boy or two who looks like Viserys enough, travel the Free Cities and serve as a false target for the Usurper, and a source of hope for all the remaining loyal houses.”

“Your Grace, if I may.” Lord Monford spoke again. “I have a pair of bastard twins of mine, who have the classical Valyrian features, named Aurane, and Aerion. Both are smart and are very capable of this task. Should I send for them?”

“No, Lord Monford.” The Queen spoke, silencing everybody else. “I believe that your testimony is enough. However, see to yourself the boys are safe. I would not want another drop of blood spilled in our plans.”

“At once, Your Grace.” And with that, Lord Monford stepped out.

“And now, to more pressing matters.” The Queen continued. “Lyanna, how shall your death be faked for you?”

Lyanna visibly gulped, with Jon in her arms. She knew that no matter what, it would involve her brother Ned. He had been looking in Dorne for her ever since he was informed by Varys. Now, she needs to act.

“Perhaps, your Grace,” Lyanna finally spoke. “it would be best if I were to discuss with him. It would be in the best of interests to fashion out a good ruse. What about a meeting in Starfall? Ned would be delighted to meet his nephew and niece.”

“Very well, then. Send a message to Varys. Tell him to bring Lord Stark to Starfall.” Rhaella commanded. She then addressed Lyanna. “Will you be bringing King Jon? I fear that even in Starfall, he may be in danger.”

“Yes, your Grace.” Lyanna answered. “But, if you truly do fear it, we can have Ser Arthur Dayne be our guard.”

“That will be for the best.” The queen responded. “Take care of them, Ser Arthur. That shall be all for today. I suggest everybody get some rest.”

And with that, Lyanna went to prepare for the journey ahead, and everybody else got to their chambers.

Chapter End Notes

Lyanna and Ned's reunion fast approaches...
That's it for a week or two, guys... Don't worry. I'll be uploading several chapters, depending upon how my schedule fits.
The Reunion

Chapter Summary

Ned and Lyanna's reunion.

Eddard Stark sat in the solar of Starfall, where he was informed by the Spider, Lord Varys, that his sister had been here. He knew like most did to never trust the man, but if there was any chance of finding his beloved sister, who he hasn’t seen in over a year, and the one who had been the trigger of a massive rebellion and war, he would take it.

Now with his father, Lord Rickard and his brother Brandon dead, both from the Mad King’s reign of terror, he was the Warden of the North and Lord of Winterfell. The only Starks remaining are him, hopefully Lyanna, and Benjen. He now is entrusted with the safety of the North, and the continuing legacy of House Stark. And in times like this, safety is in short supply.

Soon enough, a beautiful woman with purple eyes holding a babe entered the solar. Ned assumed this was Lady Ashara Dayne, the famously scandalous woman said to have been Brandon Stark’s lover. What he did focus on more was the person that followed. With her dark brown hair, and comely face, he knew it was his beloved Lyanna, the sister he had been looking for. She was just as he remembered her, a fire burning in her eyes, one of passion and willpower.

“Lyanna?” Ned asked, astonished at the person before him. Can it be her? After all this time? “Is it truly you?”

“Yes, Ned.” Lyanna answered, tears welling up in her eyes. “It is me.”

Ned threw himself at his sister, his eyes also welling with tears. All this time he had been looking for her, was over. Once the embrace stopped, Ned began examining his sister, looking for injuries anywhere. He still feared that she may have been hurt while she was away.

“Are you all right?” Ned concernedly asked his sister.

“I’m fine, Ned.” Lyanna answered. “Though, I hardly know where to begin explaining. But first, I want you to meet some people.”

Lyanna gestured to Elaena, now over a year old. “This is Elaena. Stark. She’s Brandon’s daughter.”

Ned was shocked. Apparently he did not know his brother, the Wild Wolf enough to know how true the rumours for his love of Ashara Dayne were.

“Brandon married her as soon as she told him she was having his child.” Lyanna spoke again. “He too had a sense of honour, contrary to what I had known.”

Ned put quite some effort in to removing his look of shock. He failed to do so.

Lyanna then exited, returning with another babe in her arms. This one looked to Ned as not being over a year old.

“Ned, it is my honor to present my son, His Grace King Jaehaerys of House Targaryen.” Lyanna spoke. “You already know the titles that come after, so I won’t bother mentioning them. But for simplicity’s sake, we’ll call him Jon. Perhaps after Jon Arryn?”

The shocked look Ned had before returned to his face, with double the amount of shock. He knew that kidnapping or not, Rhaegar Targaryen escaped with his sister. And now his nephew’s king. This was a twist in the highest of orders.

“He’s Rhaegar’s son.” Lyanna continued. “I know that he will be a great king one day.”

“Did he love you?” Ned asked Lyanna, knowing of how willful and strong his sister is and would not be so easily “kidnapped”. “Did Rhaegar Targaryen love you?”

“Of course, Ned.” Lyanna replied, without any uncertainty in his voice. “I never thought I would fall in love with a man, seeing as how Brandon, you and Ben grew up to be. But Rhaegar caught my
“Do you remember the Knight of the Laughing Tree?” Lyanna continued. “The mysterious knight who defeated those squires that assaulted your friend Howland?”

“Of course.” Ned answered, unsure of what his sister would achieve with this question. “Why is this important?”

“It’s important because the Knight of the Laughing Tree, was me.” Lyanna spoke. “After I took care of Howland, I decided to take action. I bought myself some armour, a lance, and a shield I painted myself. Then I entered my name. It was that simple.”

Ned nodded in understanding. He had wondered who that mysterious knight was, and now he knew. His sister kept up her reputation of being a woman of action, not words.

“I defeated those disgraces of squires and brought Howland some justice.” Lyanna continued, fire burning in her eyes. “After that, I went back to the tourney. I was then crowned by Rhaegar as the Queen of Love and Beauty. It was a nice gesture, from a very handsome man and prince. That was when he got me interested in him. After the tourney, King Aerys feared that the Knight of the Laughing Tree was a threat to his reign, so he had Rhaegar find him. He found me in Riverrun instead. He had been smitten with me when he crowned me Queen, and now, I loved him. He was good, he was kind, and gentle. Unlike most suitors I had.”

Ned had a look of relief in his eyes. The love between them was true, something not easily found with the Great Houses of Westeros in the recent years.

“We were married twice, in the ways of the old gods and the new.” Lyanna further spoke. “Once under the weirwoods of the Isle of Faces, and the other, in the Sept of Dragonstone. Elia knew all about it, and she accepted it. Her husband, who she liked, and with the feeling mutual, had known of his desire for more children. Once she found out I carried Rhaegar and I’s child, she arranged for me to be held in the Tower of Joy, guarded by three Kingsguard Knights.”

“Then, I had moved to Dragonstone, and now, the Stepstones, after what happened to the royal family in the capital.” Lyanna continued.

Ned remembered what had transpired in King’s Landing. He saw as Robert had accepted the bodies of Rhaenys and Aegon Targaryen from Tywin Lannister as a token of fealty. He had watched in horror as he saw his friend step on those corpses to the Iron Throne, how he saw his childhood fellow and brother beginning to be corrupted by the power the throne bestowed. His friend was now gone. What that came in his place was a demon.

“I am sorry that you had to hear of such things, Lyanna.” Ned spoke after his flashback.

“No, Ned, don’t worry.” Lyanna responded. “The only Targaryens that had died in the Rebellion, were Rhaegar and Aerys. We saved everyone else. Queen Rhaella, Elia, the children, all of them.”

“No?” Ned responded. Practically everyone was saved from Tywin’s cruelty, and Robert’s wrath.

“My one question is,” Ned began speaking again. “Why didn’t you tell anybody you were leaving? No notes, ravens, anything?”

“I did, Ned.” Lyanna spoke, shock clear in her tone as the light of day. “I was staying in Riverrun, as you know, and left one letter with Petyr Baelish, Catelyn’s friend. He swore to me on his honour that it would reach Father. The other, had Queen Rhaella’s own seal, was left with Lord Hoster. They and Father were friends and were in correspondence.”

“Well, somehow, these letters never came, and look what came after.” Ned replied. “Although I do believe Baelish had something to do with it, since he may have been the one to tell Brandon of your supposed kidnapping.”

“Was he not the one who was smitten with Catelyn?” Lyanna asked.

“Yes, in fact he was.” Ned responded. “Challenged a duel with him and lost two fingers. Are you thinking Baelish and Lord Hoster could have been working together?”

Lyanna just nodded, letting the information sink in to her.

“From what I know, Hoster Tully is a powerful, pridelul, and grasping man.” Ned spoke. “He would not have taken Brandon’s marriage to Ashara lightly. He was already promised to Catelyn, and the slight would be tremendous on his daughter. The result is me marrying Catelyn. And now, with the
news of Brandon’s marriage to Ashara, no doubt from spies of his, or of his friends, he would be 
taking revenge. He had Baelish lie to Brandon, and now, Brandon’s dead.”
“Don’t worry. Brandon will be avenged.” Lyanna replied, with an angry tone in her voice. “Meet 
Jon’s dragon.”
Lyanna opened a small cage nearby, revealing Jon’s black and red dragon. 
Ned was plunged into further shock and wonder. His nephew is King, and has dragons?
“We have six more of them.” Lyanna continued. “In time, they will be spreading their wings, and 
fire upon our enemies. The retaking of the crown, has begun.”
“Yes, it has.” Ned said, after taking time to let the information sinking in.
“Ned, I know this is too much to take in now, but I need you to do this.” Lyanna requested. “Will 
you swear fealty to your nephew and King?”
“Anything for my sister.” Ned responded. “If you support him, I will also.”
After that, Ned knelt down before his nephew, and swore his everlasting fealty. He now had much 
more of a duty than just for the North. He had one for his nephew’s kingdom. One he would protect 
to the end of his days.
Lyanna woke up, relaxed from the long sail she had previously. Baby Jon was still snugly asleep in his crib, something that is luckily becoming more common in the recent weeks. For a woman who’s won jousts, rode horses with better skill than most, and ridden off with the most desirable bachelor in all of Westeros, a baby would be harder than all of them.

She exited her bedchamber to see Ned has already gotten ready. Ever the silent, brooding wolf that he is.

“How was your sleep?” Lyanna asked.

“It was well.” Ned answered. “Compared to having to sleep in tents under the Dornish sun’s heat, it’s even better.”

“After I’m dressed properly, can you come to the solar?” Lyanna continued. “We have much to discuss about my status.”

“Anything for you, Lyanna.” Ned spoke.

Lyanna got dressed as quickly as she could, without waking Jon. She then strolled to the solar, seeing Ned already seated. She too got comfortable, before she began speaking seriously.

“Ned, as you know, most of the royal family is thought by the Seven Kingdoms as dead, except for Prince Viserys, who is believed to be in Braavos.” Lyanna spoke, business on her mind. “Now, the question is, what about me? I need to be seen as dead by Robert the Usurper, to allow any and all planning to go in secrecy. Do you have any idea for an elaborate ruse?”

“Well, I understand the need to be seen as dead, but I cannot think of a way.” Ned replied.

“Mayhaps something involving my visit to Dorne?”

“That may work.” Lyanna continued. “Considering that I was in the Tower of Joy, you could say that you found me there, lying in, possibly a bed of blood, for even better effect, and I was dying. This will make any and all people to believe that I am dead. If you need to, I can have someone procure a new set of bones to bring back as mine, and no one will not believe you.”

“By the gods, Lyanna. You are brilliant.” Ned exclaimed.

“Tell me something I do not know, Ned.” Lyanna japed. “Try not to do that again.”

“Another request, though, Ned.” Lyanna spoke. “With the dragons all growing, we will need a new place to use as the platform for the conquest. Where would you suggest?”

“Has your council suggested any places?” Ned replied.

“Well, Ser Arthur Dayne suggested Dorne, with the Martells’ support and all.” Lyanna continued. “But, Queen Rhaella rejected it, with the Lannisters planting spies there by now.”

“Yes, I can see why.” Ned responded. “How about Bear Island? It’s safe, out of the way, little to no contact with the North itself, let alone the Seven Kingdoms.”

“Isn’t it Jorah who is ruling as Lord Mormont right now?” Lyanna replied. “I do not know much about him, but Lady Maege and her daughters do like me. However, we may also need to build a keep instead of the old one.”

“Build a keep?” Ned asked again, shock in his tone. “Where would you even get coin? You are exiles, remember?”

“Have you not heard about Robert’s anger in King’s Landing?” Lyanna responded to her brother’s question. “We had emptied Aerys’s treasury, which is now on a ship safely docked at the Stepstones. When Robert and Tywin got to the treasury, there was not even a single coin to be found.”
"You never cease to amaze me, Lyanna." Ned admiringly replied to his sister. "Was it your idea?"
"Well, not exactly." Lyanna spoke. "It was Varys’s idea. Queen Rhaella approved of it. I did nothing."
"Well, then, tell the Spider I send my congratulations." Ned quipped.
Lyanna just looked at him disappointingly. But she loved the moment. Her brother at his truest and closest to the one she knew, before the war had begun.
"Well, then. Once I go to King’s Landing with your “bones”, I'll be bound for Riverrun to take Catelyn.” Ned spoke. “She sent me a raven a few moons ago. She has given birth to my child. A boy. She wants him to be called Robb. I think that is fine. Then, I’ll be going home.”
“Well well well, the famously silent wolf Ned Stark is a father.” Lyanna mockingly spoke. “Never thought you’d actually have a woman to love, much less a child with her.”
“I think it was Hoster Tully’s desire that made me a father.” Ned spoke, with contempt at his good-father. “He wanted his grand-children to be Wardens of the North using Brandon, and he got me instead. And some revenge-plotting Starks too, it appears.”
“And have you heard?” Ned spoke out. “Tywin is already forcing upon Robert his daughter Cersei. It appears the Old Lion wants the Throne. From what you are doing, though, I don’t believe his grand-children will have it.”
Lyanna let out a chuckle. She knew that soon, Ned will leave, and that she would not see him for a very long time.
“Once I leave,” Lyanna spoke. “I’ll tell Queen Rhaella about the She-Bears of Bear Island. I think she’ll be delighted.”

After several days of rehearsal and procuration of the bones of a woman of Lyanna’s height who had recently died, Ned left for King’s Landing, and then back to his wife at Riverrun, and finally, his home, Winterfell. Lyanna was there when he bade his farewells. This was the last time they would meet for a long time.
“Are the bones safely secured?” Lyanna asked. “You wouldn’t want me to be brought in to the crypts just crumbled bone, would you?”
“Yes, they are secure.” Ned answered. “I will be well. You go on and leave.”
“Be safe, Ned.” Lyanna spoke again. “Fare well.”

And thus, Ned Stark left Starfall, with his sister’s “bones”, and an entirely new directive. Lyanna returned to her bedchamber to find baby Jon awake. He was not crying, luckily, as he had grown. He has not taken his first steps, but it would be no more than several moons before that would happen. Her baby boy is destined to become the savior of the world. But for now, he still sticks everything in his mouth. It’s a long way to go.
She began preparing for the sail back to the Stepstones immediately. She knew ravens would not do, for fear of them being shot down. She had to go herself.

When she returned to the Stepstones, life was still as it was before she left. Queen Rhaella spent her time training her dragon, who she now named Rhaegal, after her beloved son. Viserys had named his dragon Aeragon, after his father, and after Aegon the Conqueror, who he idolized. Rhaenys, now four name days old, named her dragon Nymeria, after the Rhoynish warrior queen of the same name, and because her dragon sported the colors of House Martell. The other dragons were to be named. Queen Rhaella was adamant the children could only name their dragons once they were at least three name-days old. Therefore, they had nicknames. Jon’s dragon, is known by all as “The Beast”, a fitting name for the largest of the hatchlings.

Lyanna immediately went to speak with the Queen Regent. She knew that time is of the essence.
“So, Lyanna. How was your meeting with your brother?” The Queen asked.
“It went well. We fashioned out a ruse to cover my death.” Lyanna spoke. “He also told me that Tywin Lannister is already forcing his daughter upon Robert. The Old Lion is quick, I can say that. But what is most important, is that we found a location for us once we move from the Stepstones.”
“Where is that?” The Queen replied. “Tell me all about it.”
“It’s Bear Island, in the North.” Lyanna responded. “It’s ruled by House Mormont, whose members are fiercely loyal to House Stark. More importantly, it’s remote, out of the way, and the She-Bears,
Lady Maege and her daughters like me. If you want to not disturb them, we can build a new castle there, one larger, to accommodate the dragons. Perhaps a keep like Dragonstone, in Valyrian style?"
“Yes, that would be perfect.” The Queen spoke. “It would be closer to your brother, the North, and your home. It would also be a place for the fleet to be disguised as the new Northern fleet. I can ask of Varys to find architects in Essos who know of Valyrian design. The coin needed can be shipped.”
“That was what I thought too, mother.” Lyanna replied. “Soon, it will be where the dragons make their mark upon the world, again.”
Chapter Summary

The plans for the new Bear Island castle are announced.

Elia sat in her bedchamber, pondering about her future. Her good-sister Lyanna had returned with more plans for the future. She knew that Bear Island would be a great center for the future war to come, but she could not help but shiver at the fact that it was very far north. Too far from Dorne, her home.

She had received a raven from her brothers several days before, who had received word just weeks ago of her status. Now, they are coming to the Stepstones. Well, Oberyn, at least. She remembered how Doran had a terrible gout that only allowed him to barely even walk the Water Gardens. But Oberyn was enough. He’d at least have a letter from Doran.

“Princess Elia?” A maid asked Elia from the door. “Your brother is here. He’s just docked at the harbor.”

And with that, the Princess Elia Nymeros Martell sprung up with glee. She hasn’t seen Oberyn since she was in King’s Landing. Now, he’s here. It felt almost unreal to her.

She went and got Rhaenys, and rushed to the docks. She couldn’t wait to see Oberyn, and so did Rhaenys.

Once she reached the docks, a figure in gold and brown tunic approached her, and gave her a massive embrace. It was truly him.

“Elia. Doran and I thought you dead, when we heard of King’s Landing.” Oberyn spoke. “How did this dream come to be?”

“A bit of magic and planning, Oberyn.” Elia spoke, joy clear in her tone as the light of day. “How’s Doran?”

“Oh, you know, the usual.” Oberyn responded. “He exiled me.”

“What?” Elia exclaimed. That was uncharacteristic for her brother, who was very close with the both of them. “Why? How?”

“It’s nothing but a ruse.” Oberyn replied. “A month ago, I fought in a trial by combat against some lord. We both took small wounds, but his festered, and the man died. Mine didn’t. The people suspected some poison that I would have used, which I did not.

“Doran had no intention to exile me, but once we heard of you, he announced my exile, to serve as a distraction.” Oberyn continued. “The whole of Westeros believes that I am drinking and whoring myself away somewhere in Essos. Then, we were free to send me here, without any suspicion.”

“I expected my dark, brooding brother to so something like that.” Elia chuckled, seeing the strange method in Doran’s seeming junk and madness. “But, I think you forgot to say hello to a certain other princess.”

“Ah, right.” Oberyn stumbled. He then faced little Rhaenys. “How could I forget you? Hello, my sweet niece. Have you been good to your mother?”

“Yes, uncle Oberyn.” Rhaenys spoke. “Would you like to see my dragon?”

“A dragon?” Oberyn asked confusedly. He faced Elia again. “She has a dragon? It’s a toy, right?”

“No, in fact it’s not just one.” Elia replied, hoping to quell her brother’s confusion. “There’s seven of them. Want to see?”

“Well, they always said, ‘seeing is believing’, so here goes nothing.” Oberyn nervously quipped.

Elia held Rhaenys’s hand as they went to the other side of the keep, where the dragons were kept, for the castle and their own safety. She opened the cage marked with the name ‘Nymeria’, and the
dragon crawled out. She was now the size of a large goat, but in no more than several years would she become a giant to rain fire upon her enemies. And food.

Elia saw as her brother, the newly named ‘Red Viper’, drop his jaw as he saw the dragon. Of course, no one can see a dragon and not feel in awe of the power it holds, or may hold. If they did not, they could question Harren the Black.

“They… They’re… They’re real!” Oberyn stuttered, unable to keep in the shock. “How? When?”

“We got them when Dragonstone blew up.” Elia spoke. “Our healer, a man from Volantis, had suggested the use of Stannis Baratheon’s blood in the explosion to hatch them. It worked. And now, we have seven dragons.”

“You always manage to amaze me, Elia.” Oberyn responded.

“Now, follow me.” Elia gestured to Oberyn. “The Queen’s about to make an announcement to everyone.”

And with that, Elia, Rhaenys and Oberyn headed to the great hall.

Everyone was assembled. The Kingsguard knights, Prince Daeron, with his dragon perched atop his shoulder, and everyone else. Lyanna and Elia were at the Queen’s side. The children sat elsewhere, being taken care of by a wet nurse.

“Ladies and gentlemen of the court.” The queen began. “I have summoned this meeting to announce a new step in our re-conquest of the Seven Kingdoms. With Princess Lyanna’s help, we have found a new location for a castle, which will be our new base of operations once it is completed. We will build the new castle near Bear Island, in the North.”

The court was silent for a moment. Everyone knew the North was just a frozen wasteland. Or so it may seem.

“Preparations have begun to ship coin there, to allow supplies be bought easily. We will call the new castle Winterfyre.” The Queen continued. “House Mormont has been notified, both by a raven from here, with my seal, and a message from Lord Eddard Stark. They have said yes, and will readily accept us.”

“We will, however, stay here until Winterfyre is finished.” The Queen said. “Once it is finished, we will move the household there, and Prince Daeron will have his keep back. We have a Volantene architect already surveying the site, where he will then design it after Dragonstone, and Valyrian architecture. That is all.”

And with that, everyone left the great hall, going back to whatever they were doing.

Elia left for her bedchamber, hoping to catch up with her brother. She brought along Rhaenys, and Aegon Blackfyre. With Aegon, she decided to reveal his secret to Oberyn.

She told him of his Blackfyre heritage, who his mother was, how her pregnancy was faked, and why. Oberyn understood it. He too would have done the same thing for his dear sister.

“We intend to legitimize him as Jon, Daenaerys and Rhaenys’s cousin.” Elia continued. “No child has to suffer because of its legacy.”

“And there’s the sister I have.” Oberyn quipped. “The kind, and loving one.”

Elia warmed from that. All the layers of formality and political correctness are gone, from both of them. What’s left behind, is their true and kind hearts, no matter what the world says.

The talking continued for some time, as Oberyn talked of Arianne, now three name days old, and Lady Mellario, expecting again. Then, the two retired to their bedchambers after the long day, and slept, as did everyone else. The future will be glorious for all to see. And the enemies of Houses Stark, Targaryen, and Martell will be quashed and quelled.
Four Years On

Chapter Summary

Four years skipped.

It has been four years since Lyanna last saw her brother Ned. In that time, so much has changed in her life. The new castle Winterfyre was finally being finished in Bear Island. Very soon, she, Jon, the family will move to their new keep. This time, it is large enough to hold the dragons, which are now the size of a small house.
The children have all named their dragons. Jon named his Torraxes, heralding his northern heritage, and the dragon Meraxes. Ironically, it is named after the King in the North who bent the knee to Aegon the Conqueror.
Daenerys named hers Valyria, since she had been receiving lessons from a maester of the Citadel that had been requested by the Queen to educate the children and supplant Master Valoris in his healing. Valyria was purple, with some scales shimmering white when she moved. This reminded Daenerys of the Old Valyrian traits, silver hair and violet eyes. She was adamant on her choice and would not budge on taking more time.
Word had been flying from the Stepstones to Sunspear, and to Winterfell, and from there back. The three castles would be the three pillars from which the next war shall begin.
Lyanna’s dragon was named Silverwing, a name taken from the dragon’s color. By now, Viserys, Rhaenys, Lyanna and Queen Rhaella were able to ride the dragons. They were preparing them in flight manoeuvres to fly to Bear Island and not have to rely on ships too much, even with the Royal fleet coming with them.
Lyanna had discovered that she had the ability to warg, or skinchange in to her dragon. She had dreams that felt all too realistic for her, but not like the visions she had with Jon. These were when she was flying, and she was seeing through Silverwing’s eyes. She also discovered that the children had the gift of skinchanging too. And now, she was going to tell Queen Rhaella. She arranged for them to have a private conversation in the solar.
“What did you call me here for, Lyanna?” The Queen asked. “I know it must be important to warrant a personal meeting.”
“Mother, have you heard of the skill known as skinchanging, or warging?” Lyanna asked.
“I have.” The Queen answered. “But those are but old wives’ tales to scare children into believing the Northerners are a bunch of savage barbarians.”
“Well, I think that may not be true.” Lyanna replied. “In fact, I think I have it, and all the children do. I know it may seem like I have taken a leave of my senses, but it’s true.”
“How can that be?” The Queen said, confused. “Of course, you could just be having strange dreams.”
“No, mother, it’s true.” Lyanna continued. “For the last year, I have had dreams at night of flying, diving in to the sea, and catching a fish, then roasting it with my own fire. That sounds like a warging dream to me. It is so very vivid, with the taste and all. I think I saw it through Silverwing’s eyes.”
“I asked the children too.” Lyanna further spoke. “They too had those dreams. They talked of flying, diving in to the ocean, catching prey. All things we have seen our dragons do. And, from what I remember of my Old Nan’s tales, it means the one with the skill has to have a strong bond with the creature. That explains why the dragons took to the children so quickly.”
“Well, then, I believe you.” Queen Rhaella replied. “How can we use this to our cause?”
“With the bond, we can have the children ride with the dragons without Valyrian commands.” Lyanna spoke. “With that, comes easier and smoother flying, and much less speaking required, if at all.”

“You can tell the children now.” Queen Rhaella said, after letting what she had just heard process even more. “I trust that you will train them amazingly.”

“I will, mother.” Lyanna said. She then darted to get the children to the beach outside the keep, where the dragons were kept. The dragons had special saddles to allow the children, with the exception of Daenerys and Jon, being too small, to ride the dragons safely. They all had bonded with the dragons effortlessly, and soon were flying without the need of Valyrian commands. They just needed to think it, and the dragons do. In less than a week, Lyanna, Viserys, and Rhaenys were riding their dragons smoothly. But that was not the only thing she was excited for. Ned had written her that Benjen was to arrive in no more than a day, and she was anxious to see her baby brother. As she always thought he was.

Soon after Benjen was born, their mother Lyarra died. Ned and Brandon were sent to be fostered, Ned in the Eyrie, and Brandon in Barrowton. This meant Lyanna had to fill the role of sister and a mother-like figure for Ben. She and he always knew everything about each other. She knew Ben would be distraught if her were to hear of his dear sister’s death. But now, since he’s visiting, she has no reason to worry.

She went to the docks immediately after a maid had informed her of Benjen’s arrival. There, she saw an older, but still very much immature boy, who she had known all these years.

“Lyanna!” Benjen screamed as he ran towards his sister. They wove each other in a tight embrace, letting go after a very long time.

“It’s good to see you, Baby Ben.” Lyanna spoke. “How have you been?”

“I am fine, Lyanna.” Benjen replied. “But don’t call me that. It makes me feel like a child.”

“I will always see you as that, Benjen.” Lyanna continued. “How’s Ned and Catelyn? Are they well?”

“Yes, they are.” Benjen spoke. “Lady Catelyn’s expecting again. Can you believe that there is a sept in Winterfell now?”

“What?!” Lyanna screamed out. “Did she manage to turn Ned away from the Old Gods? That’s impossible!”

“She did not.” Benjen continued. “However, she did insist that the children be educated in both faiths. That is why there is a septa there, for all the future she-wolves to despise.”

“I can feel sorry for them already.” Lyanna japed. “How is Ned? Is he still the silent, brooding wolf I know?”

“Of course.” Benjen responded. “What else would he be?”

Lyanna then showed Benjen her dragon, where her baby brother’s reaction was comical, more than any other person’s reaction. He almost fainted when he saw the size of Silverwing. She truly was enormous, not as large as Torraxes, but second or third.

Benjen stayed for several days, where he was shown by Lyanna the rest of the dragons, King Jon, now four years old, and the rest of the royal family. He then left for Winterfell, with a newfound hope after seeing Lyanna again. Lyanna felt happy, seeing what is left of her family filled with joy. Just then, a raven arrived. Word from the builders at Winterfyre. It has been completed.
Rhaella woke up, more excited for this day than she ever could be. Today was the day that she and her family was to begin their journey north, towards the newly finished castle of Winterfyre. She had been periodically visiting on Rhaegal, and had seen the progress, but she could not help but be excited. She had been in her Uncle Prince Daeron’s keep for too long, and she longed to get out. The servants had packed the belongings of everyone on to the flagship of the fleet, which was sailing with them. Ned had made preparations to have them disguised as the North’s new fleet, under secret loan from his nephew. It would help for them, with the Ironborn being right next to them. She went out to the beach, where Rhaegal was ready for the journey. The dragon is now a full adult, and can fly wherever he wants, given food. He would also grow even more. Give a dragon food and freedom, and it will grow. She, Lyanna, Rhaenys, Viserys, boarded their dragons. The smaller children, Daenerys, Jon and Aegon Blackfyre, went on the ships. Elia also stayed, with her frail state and all. Soon enough, they took to the skies, as the fleet below set sail. It was a sight for all to see, as seven fully grown dragons flew up, leaving all that were on the ground swept away by the wind made by the dragons’ flaps. Rhaella had ridden on Rhaegal dozens, if not hundreds of times, but she still enjoyed it. Seeing the fleet disappear in to small dots, she felt the wind blow through her hair. She enjoyed the moment, as the seven dragons soared above the clouds, to not be seen by anyone under. The fleet itself had to sail closer to Essos than Westeros as a precaution, to not be spotted by any castle, keep, or scout, or their fleets patrolling the waters, if any. This meant they would arrive several weeks later, compared to the dragons, which would arrive in a little more than a week. Rhaella felt that these precautions were necessary. Any chance of even just one vessel in the fleet, even just a small dinghy being spotted, was something not to be accepted. She wanted her grandson’s future to be safe, and its planning to not be under suspicion. They had made camp for the night, landing in a remote part of the Reach, where any scouts, if at all, would not reach. And if they did, the seven dragons would burn them to the seven hells. It saddened her to have to spill blood, especially blood of a loyal house. Using Silverwing’s flames, they built a fire, letting the dragons free to catch fish, and other prey. They had taken out the supplies of cured meats, and ate a ration each. “I cannot wait to get to the new castle.” Rhaenys, now seven name days old, spoke. “I don’t like this food. Castle food is always better.” “Of course, my dear.” Rhaella spoke. “You will have to wait, though. We have almost a fortnight left to fly.” Rhaenys quieted as she heard the news. “What about you, Viserys?” Lyanna asked. “Are you excited to get to Winterfyre?” “Of course, as anyone should be.” Viserys answered. “I want to get there, and just fly Aeragon as much as I want. You did say that no one will see me, right?” “Of course, sweetling.” Queen Rhaella spoke. “Once we get there, you can fly as much as you want. As long as you do not tire Aeragon out too much.” “Yes, mother.” Viserys spoke. “I just want to revisit Lady Maege and her daughters.” Lyanna spoke. “I heard that her eldest
daughter Dacey’s already swinging axes and swords to her heart’s content. She’s also your age, Viserys."
“What do you mean?” Viserys asked confusedly. “Does it matter?”
“Well, if you and she were to get along really well, we could…” Lyanna spoke.
“No. Just no.” Viserys interrupted Lyanna. “I know where this conversation will lead, and no. I will not be given away like that.”
“But if you really need me to, then I will do it.” Viserys bravely spoke, blushing as he did so. For a boy eleven name-days old, the statement rang more and more in Lyanna and Rhaella’s minds.
After they slept, they flew again, this time flying lower, seeing the sights of the Reach. Its reputation of being lush and growing did not disappoint. For all their eyes to see, there were green fields to the horizon. Patches of flowers and winding rivers were dispersed sporadically across the landscape.
It was a beautiful sight for Rhaella. She had been in the Reach before, but never had seen it from the skies. It was breath-taking as she saw a herd of cows or oxen, small as a grain of sand beneath her. It was the same for everyone else. The beauty of the Reach is unparalleled, with only select sights in Dorne, and in the Westerlands. The Reach, however, was beautiful all around.
It took them less than a fortnight to reach Bear Island. They descended, mostly due to the Northern sky being colder than the rest. They saw the ancestral keep of the Mormonts, ever standing strong, watching over the rest of the island.
They then passed it, and came in to the sight of a massive, much larger castle. It was like Dragonstone. The walls were very thick, with the tops comfortably fitting three horses and more. Gargoyles and Valyrian grotesques adorned the walls, making the castle even more commanding and a sight to behold. They landed outside the castle, in the lands that remained on the island. Perhaps not as large as Bear Island, but still large.
They entered Winterfyre to see it already populated. It seems the She-Bears got busy, and most probably, so did Ned. Rhaella and everyone else immediately went to their chambers, mostly to unpack, and the children, to sleep. No child would ever be able to make it through a long day of flying without sleeping at the end.
They had prepared for the next few weeks for the fleet’s arrival. Ned himself even arrived. He was here to see to the new Northern fleet. Well, more correctly, loan of the Targaryen Royal Fleet.
The fleet arrived as expected, with no casualties. On the journey, they had reported sightings of what appear to be pirate ships, but they seemed to have brains, and fled at the sight of the massive fleet.
Rhaella was relieved to see Elia and the children safe and sound. Again, like the knights they were, the Kingsguard knights disembarked first, helping Elia and the children get off. Then came the servants with the belongings of the remaining family. Lyanna ran to give Jon a hug. Being without her son for more than three fortights has stored up all her love for him, and now, it was released, in a massive, injury-inducing embrace.
The fleet’s sails would be re-painted, to remove the obvious Targaryen banners. Then, they would periodically be put in to service as the Northern fleet, to avoid arousing any suspicions. That would also defend against any Ironborn raids.
The household got settled in, breathing new life in to Winterfyre. Here, the foundation upon which the next great war of Westeros will be built. And this time, it will be for the better.
The Failed Rebellion

Chapter Summary

Balon Greyjoy's rebellion and all that fun stuff

A year has passed since the royals had settled in to Winterfyre. And with that, life settled for them. Both Jon and Daenerys began riding the dragons, using their warging to their advantage. And like Viserys and Rhaenys, they too soon did not need verbal instructions to fly their dragons. The Targaryen fleet has been fully incorporated in to the new Northern fleet. They were used in patrols of the coast, watching for any Ironborn raiding ships.

Soon enough, the Ironborn began their series of assaults. Balon Greyjoy had taken up the driftwood crown again. He erroneously thought the Usurper’s tenuous hold on the realm would not be enough to muster a defence against his fast ships. What he did not account for was his outdated sources. None of the ships he sent out ever came back. Thanks to the new Northern fleet, all the Ironborn that had headed for the North, sailed to their deaths. They were defeated before any word could even get out to the rest of Westeros.

Ned had word of the Ironborn’s plans to attack Lannisport but did not bother to tell the Lannisters. Any attack, no matter how small, would weaken the lions. Once the city was sacked, Robert declared war. He called his vassals, in a speed contrary to Balon Greyjoy’s ideas.

With Stannis gone, it was up to Ned to muster the fleets. He did not like Robert any more, seeing as the man was less of an Aegon the Conqueror, more of an Aegon the Unworthy. But, as he had sworn to his nephew, he would have to keep up appearances.

Little to no one had heard of the North’s new fleet, but now they did. Most lords were amazed, including Tywin, and Robert himself. The North was known only to have a small trading fleet owned by House Manderly of White Harbour. But in this case, the North had more than a hundred. No one questioned it, though. They only cared about the ships’ ability, not the origin. The battles to come would be won or lost with them.

Everyone in Winterfyre was kept up to date by Ned as to the happenings of the newly-dubbed Greyjoy’s Rebellion. They heard of how Jorah had been the first man to enter the breach in the castle of Pyke during its siege. He had earned a knighthood from the Usurper himself. They had to admit, he is quite a courageous man, and Jorah’s knighthood, may be the only good thing the usurper had done in his reign.

Thanks to the fleet, the war was won with minor casualties. Jorah came back a knight, and most of the fleet came back, with varying levels of damage. Ned came back with one more ward, courtesy of Balon Greyjoy.

The entire royal family was assembled to herald the return of the newly minted Ser Jorah Mormont. He disembarked from his ship, wearing the exact tunic that he had always worn.

“Welcome back, Ser Jorah.” The Queen spoke. “It is my understanding that you were the first man to enter the breach in Pyke’s walls?”

“Yes, your Grace.” Ser Jorah replied. “I was knighted by the Usurper Robert Baratheon. He saw it as an act of immense bravery.”

“And we see it too.” Queen Rhaella continued. “Since the Usurper has no right for such acts, we shall formally recognise you as a knight. It was King Jon’s suggestion.”

Jon stepped up, now a boy of six, and already wilful.

The ceremony was done rather quickly, as the King knighted Jorah Mormont as a true and brave knight. After the ceremony, left for Bear Island.
“Have the Kingsguard meet with me in the solar.” Queen Rhaella spoke. “We have much to discuss.”

Soon enough, everyone in the smaller council was assembled. Ned included, since he already arrived in Winterfyre to greet Ser Jorah.

“Gentlemen, and ladies.” The Queen began. “I have summoned this meeting to discuss our possibilities of the re-conquest beginning now.”

The people in the room were almost plunged into a state of confusion.

“As you know, the recent Greyjoy Rebellion has the Seven Kingdoms in disarray.” The Queen continued. “We know that the Usurper is weakened, as is his Lannister whore of a wife, and her devious father.”

“You’re not actually suggesting that we…” Ser Gerold Hightower spoke. “We start the re-conquest now?”

“Yes, I am.” Queen Rhaella confirmed. “The sooner we can get back the Iron Throne, the better.”

Ser Gerold stepped back, pausing to think for a moment.

“With all due respect, Your Grace,” Ser Arthur Dayne spoke. “You are suggesting that we call the banners for a King. A good one, but a child nonetheless. Even with a regent, the lords that support us would snigger behind our backs, and the ones against, be even more empowered. This war will be won in the minds of the men, not on the battlefields.”

“You are right, Ser Arthur.” Queen Rhaella spoke. “Perhaps we can wait until the King comes of age. If anyone else has thoughts or requests, speak up. If not, council adjourned.”

No one said anything. Rhaella took it as the ubiquitous call for adjourning.

“Well, then.” Rhaella stated. “Since no one appears to be saying anything, council adjourned. Lord Stark, may I have a word with you, in private?”

“Yes, if it pleases you, Your Grace.” Ned replied.

They waited until the solar was vacated, as they sat down on some comfortable chairs.

“As you know, King Jon is growing up quite well.” Rhaella spoke. “He is now adept at riding his dragon, and is receiving lessons. But what I wanted to talk to you about, is the fact that he needs a friend and companion.”

“What are you suggesting?” Ned asked.

“What I am suggesting, is that you should send your son Robb here as a ward.” Rhaella continued.

“Do you ever wonder how you became such a good man? I believe, that it is because of your friends. The Usurper, even. I heard that in the Eyrie you were inseparable. Never seen laughing or drinking without one another.”

Ned reminisced about his former friend turned Aegon the Unworthy. He remembered the tall, muscular, and strong man who was the dream of all maidens. Now, he was a monster, grown fat and sedentary.

“Yes, in fact, I think that would be well.” Ned replied. “Robb has no friends. I had tried sending sons of other lords, but he never developed such a friendship as mine and what Robert used to be. Robb got along well with Daryn Hornwood and Domeric Bolton, but Domeric’s bastard brother Ramsay is some demon from the seven hells. Even I was suspecting of him.”

“If Robb were to come here, I simply hope he will have a friendship that never degrades through time immemorial.” Ned further spoke. “For him to have a companion to have support, and to support, would be a great idea. I accept your request. I am not sure how to tell Catelyn, though.”

“You are smart!” Rhaella quipped. “Figure it out with your lady wife. Any woman has her secrets and weaknesses.”

“Yes, Your Grace.” Ned replied, and with that, he exited the solar.

Ned left Winterfyre several days after, headed home to Winterfell. He now had the job of convincing his wife.
The Tourney of Lannisport

Chapter Summary

Tourney of Lannisport.

“What do you mean Robb will be brought to Bear Island as a ward!?” Catelyn Stark née Tully roared at her husband.
“It would be a great chance for him to have companions like I did with Robert.” Ned replied, in a softer tone than that of his fuming lady wife. She had been ranting on and on for some time now.
“He needs someone for support, and to support. He can study anywhere, but friendship is something harder than many think.”
“I will not have my only son be given to those savages you call Mormonts!” Catelyn again roared, with even greater intensity. And Ned was at the center of such a blast of pure, concentrated rage.
“You know what they think of me! How many times do you think I have heard them call me a southron and a woman who had no business in the North?”
“By the times you have told me, at least twelve.” Ned japed. “I kept counting.”
“This is not the time for japes and quips, Ned!” Catelyn continued her rage-fueled roars. “Our only son is in question and all you do is mock the situation!”
“Cat, just listen to me. For our son.” Ned spoke. Catelyn fumed down a bit. “Like I said, Robb needs to learn how to be a good friend. Or he will grow in to an arrogant and sometimes dictatorial man, with no knowledge of how to make friends, or how to keep them.”
“Fine. He can go as a ward for the She-Bears.” Catelyn spoke. “But do not expect to be bedding me tonight, Lord Stark.”
Ned nodded, disappointedly. But he knew his son would have a better future than most lords and lordlings.
Ned immediately had Maester Luwin send a raven to Bear Island. Or, more correctly, the royals. Robb would be coming in the following months.
Rhaella saw the raven’s contents, and was delighted, knowing her grandson would have a friend his age to be of his counsel and support.
The other thing in the letter, was that the Lannisters decided to host a tourney in Lannisport, with its repairs done and all.
‘Pretentious little usurpers. We shall see how well you can cope with dragon fire.’ She thought.
Jorah had announced his intention to go. After all, he was knighted in the war Lannisport had started.
Rhaella readily accepted, since any way they could use to spy on the Lannisters’ dealings must be taken.
And as such, Jorah sailed to the Westerlands, hoping to win a tourney. He would have much more than that coming home. But he didn’t know that, did he?
Jorah saw at the tourney a beautiful woman, who he saw to be at least twenty name-days old. He had asked her of her identity, which she revealed. Lynesse. Lady Lynesse Hightower. He was immediately smitten with her. She was playful, and that was all that he saw in her. Her hair was golden, and in curls. Her curvaceous figure was augmented by her tight-fitting gown, which embraced her curves. She truly was a sight to behold.
He had asked for her favor and blessing in the tourney, which she accepted. In the tourney itself, he quickly unhorsed his way up the top. He almost thought that he was wearing Lady Lynesse’s favor as his armor and as his lance. He unhorsed Ser Barristan Selmy to become the winner, and, of course, crowned her the Queen of Love and Beauty.
For a lady of the Reach, the homeland of chivalry and knights, it was for Lady Lynesse like something taken out of the songs. Jorah, after the tourney, had asked Lord Leyton Hightower for her hand in marriage. Since he was from a small house, but more importantly, from the frozen wasteland the people south of the Neck called the North, he did not expect the Lord to accept.

Once he did so, the two got married in Lannisport, and began returning to Bear Island. And so, Ser Jorah Mormont returned home with much more than he had when he left. Now, he had a new wife, who he loved dearly.

When Jorah returned, Queen Rhaella made sure to ready Winterfyre for his new wife. Lady Lynesse’s house was a staunch retainer to the end, and she would be too. The dragons were readied, the family gathered.

Soon enough, Lady Lynesse and Jorah were led in to the gates of Winterfyre.

“Lady Lynesse, I welcome you to Winterfyre, the new castle of House Targa…” The Queen spoke, before being cut off.

Lady Lynesse had fainted at the sight of the six dragons.

Jorah had to carry her to the solar, laying her down on a bench.

“Lady Lynesse?” Queen Rhaella spoke at the unconscious woman. “I am Queen Rhaella Targaryen. Can you hear me?”

“Yes.” Lynesse replied. “How are you all alive? I had heard you died on Dragonstone, your Grace, killing Stannis as you did. And you, Princess Elia, you should have been killed by Gregor Clegane. How? By the Seven, how did you escape?”

“It’s a very long story.” Rhaella kindly replied. “I could explain it in several volumes of a book, if you want.”

“I would rather not.” Lynesse responded. “What I saw… They were dragons! Six, six, dragons!”

“That is true.” Rhaella spoke. “You can look outside the walls and see them.”

Lynesse nervously stepped out to the window, hoping none of the dragons were near.

Six dragons playing in the seas was what she saw. Six, large and still growing dragons.

“We are planning to use them to take the Seven Kingdoms.” Rhaella continued. “What do you think of the plan?”

“Well, Your Grace,” Lynesse spoke. “It seems sound to have them. The Usurper, as my family calls Robert Baratheon in secret, has misruled long enough.”

Shocked at this display of loyalty, Queen Rhaella took some time to speak again.

“He has, my dear.” The Queen responded. “He will pay dearly soon enough.”

And with that, Lynesse of the House Hightower was cheered up, much more than expected for a flower of the Reach planted in the hardy soils of the North.

Under normal circumstances, the marriage between Ser Jorah and Lady Lynesse would have been disastrous. But with the addition of the royals, all of whom welcomed her, she brought a warm, southern feel to the North. This pleased all, and Ser Jorah above the rest. He did not dare to think what would have happened if she were to have been brought to Bear Island and the royals were not there.

Lynesse liked the Valyrian castle much better than Bear Island. Rhaella knew this, and had announced that Winterfyre would be given to Jorah and Lady Lynesse to rule, once they had retaken the Iron Throne.

Of course, Lady Maege and her daughters, along with Jorah and Lady Lynesse were both delighted. Lady Maege wants her home, the Northern style keep, and Lynesse wanted the joys of a southern castle. Soon, both will get that.

Note: The Jon and Robb meeting is next.
Robb Stark stood on the deck of his ship, watching as the waves go by. His father was standing ever so solemnly behind him. He had been told that he would be fostered at Bear Island, by both his mother, and by his father. He had seen as his mother weep as he left, holding his baby sister Sansa. He missed her too. Father had told him once he got to Bear Island, he would get new friends and companions. He looked forward to this, considering his friends in Winterfell were not very good. Daryn Hornwood was the first, his Father having brought him to Winterfell as a ward. He was fine, but they had nothing in common to even be friends. The next was Domeric Bolton, who was a bit shy and reserved. Compared to his father, he was much better. Roose Bolton made Robb’s skin crawl. The man was always too shadowy to be considered normal. Roose’s bastard Ramsay was some monster from the Seven Hells. Even his father was disgusted at the boy. Most recently, there was Theon. He seemed normal, but all he had talked about was capturing ‘salt-wives’, whatever those were. He was arrogant too, something Robb never liked.

“Are we there yet, Father?” Robb asked. “I want to meet my new friends.”

“Soon, Robb.” Ned replied. He knew his son was not a patient boy, something he would have to fix, or he would have another arrogant squid in his halls. Speaking of squids, Ned flinched at his own memory of Theon. He did not want any krakens or squids influencing his children, including those to come.

“Who is at Bear Island anyway?” Robb asked again, ever more impatient. “Are there any boys? I heard that Bear Island only has girls.”

“You will see, Robb.” Ned responded. He most definitely will see. After another hour or so of sailing through the Northern seas, they arrived at Bear Island. But they did not stop. Ned had the captain change course, from there, to Winterfyre.

“Where are we going?” Robb continued his barrage of questions. “I thought we were supposed to go to Bear Island.”

“Well, we are making a change in destination.” Ned spoke. “We are going to a different castle.” Robb quieted at the new knowledge of a new castle near Bear Island. He was too tired to ask, and so he decided to trust his father. He knew best, right?

When Winterfyre came in to view, Robb’s jaws dropped. In all the visits he has had to tourneys, and castles of the South, he had never seen such a magnificent castle. This one was massive, and Robb thought it may even be larger than Winterfell. Something, which is known by most of the Seven Kingdoms to be false.

Robb and his father got off of the ship, to be greeted by a woman, who he thought would be over twenty name-days old, and a boy, looking his age.

“Hello, brother.” The woman spoke. “It’s good to see you here, Ned.”

Robb was confused. He had been told that the only sister that his father had was Aunt Lyanna. She was said by him and many others to have died. He wondered how she could have lived. But for the moment, he was more interested in the boy next to her.

“Hello, Robb.” The boy spoke. “My name’s Jon. That’s my mother Lyanna. She’s your aunt, I think. That means we are cousins!”

“Hello, Jon.” Robb nervously spoke. His trip to Bear Island now got much more interesting. “So, we are cousins. That seems nice.”
Robb was still trying to process the information.
“Also, I am the King of Westeros!” Jon proclaimed, in a very much prideful voice.
“That’s not possible!” Robb refuted quickly, with the only King he knows being Robert Baratheon.
“What House do you belong to? The current King is King Robert!”
“Well, Robb, we shall correct that in time, cousin.” Jon replied to his cousin’s remark. “I am His Grace Jaehaerys of the House Targaryen, Third of His Name, and what not. I cannot remember. But what I do know, is that I am the rightful King. The Usurper took that right when he slew my father, and had his cronies kill my Grandfather.”
“You are a Targaryen?” Robb replied in shock and awe. “That means… your father must be Prince Rhaegar. Am I right?”
“Yes, you are.” Jon responded. “Now, I have someone I want you to see.”
With that, Robb and Jon were off. Ned and Lyanna had watched the boys, happy at their success in bringing the two together.
Robb and Jon exited the castle, to the area outside. It was large and flat, perfect for playing and things, Robb thought.
“So, who did you want me to meet?” Robb asked. “Are they here?”
“Oh, they will be here.” Jon replied. “You will be amazed.”
“Who are they, anyw-“ Robb asked again, before a massive roar overwhelmed him, forcing him to cover his ears. He had to muster all of his strength to stand as a gust of wind shook him.
When he looked up, he was rubbing his eyes. Before him stood a massive, red and black dragon, as large as a mansion of Pentos, as he had heard from Maester Luwin’s lessons. Dragons are supposed to be dead, aren’t they? But somehow, be it magic or a strange dream, one very massive dragon was before him.
“His name’s Torraxes.” Jon spoke, patting his dragon as he did so. “Would you like to touch him?”
Robb stood there in silence, his jaws dropping to the floor. His cousin, had a dragon. Just like Aegon the Conqueror, as he had learned from his history.
“Well, my grandmother told me it took some fire and blood.” Jon replied. “I can ride him easily. Would you like to see?”
“You can?” Robb spoke, regaining some of his wits. “Tha-that’s amazing!”
And with that, Robb saw Jon mount the dragon. The massive beast spread its wings, as it prepared to take off. Robb sat down this time, hoping the wind the dragon makes when it flies would not blow him away like a man flicking away an ant.
Torraxes soared up towards the sky, with Jon aboard. Robb was plunged in to a never-ending state of amazement as he saw his cousin fly on the magnificent creature. It soared higher and higher in to the Northern sky, looking ever so smaller.
Jon saw as his cousin shrunk. But what his cousin was exuding, was a look of amazement. From this, Jon decided to show off something that he had loved. He commanded Torraxes using their bond to shoot flames, and the dragon did so. A large jet of fire spewed out from the dragon’s mouth.
Robb saw as Torraxes breathed the flames. He had heard of dragons’ abilities, but he had never seen such a display of pure strength and domination. For this very moment, he forgot about Winterfell. His mother, who he missed dearly, his baby sister, everyone. His view of the dragon blinded everything else.
But that did not last. Jon had Torraxes descend and land, since he wanted to talk to Robb more. He got off, and told his dragon to behave himself, and the dragon flew away. No doubt to catch fish or the like.
Jon led Robb to the great hall. Supper would be in an hour or so, since there was no more than two hours of sunlight left. The only thing left would be torches, which were not very bright. And also, he wanted to tell all the things Robb had not known, or were lied to about.
“You know how Tywin Lannister had sacked King’s Landing and killed the royal family?” Jon asked Robb.
“Yes, my father told me all about it.” Robb replied. “I had nightmares of the Mountain that night,
coming in to my room.”
“Well, the royals did not die.” Jon responded. “The ones killed were decoys. The royal family is safe and sound here. The dragons were born when we did.”
“Really?” Robb asked, exasperated. “So what do you plan to do?”
“Well, we would use Winterfyre as a base to begin retaking the Seven Kingdoms.” Jon replied. “The Usurper has misruled enough. So has his Lannister cronies.”
“Ahh.” That was the only thing Robb could reply. He saw Jon as a boy much more experienced in learning than he was. Of course, he was the King. And the King needed to know his realm.
“So how many dragons are there?” Robb continued the questioning barrage. “Are they as big as your Torraxes?”
“We have five more at Winterfyre, and one in the Stepstones.” Jon replied. “The Stepstones are in-“
“The Arm of Dorne. Yes, I know my geography.” Robb responded, now slightly humbled by his cousin’s patronisation.
“The rest are not as big, but only by a small difference.” Jon continued. “It is like Balerion, Vhagar and Meraxes. Balerion was the largest, and the rest were smaller, but no less deadly.”
“Ahh. Now I understand.” Robb proclaimed. “What are their names?”
“Well, you know mine, Torraxes.” Jon replied. “My mother, your aunt Lyanna, has one that she named Silverwing. My grandmother Queen Rhaella named hers Rhaegal. My uncle, Viserys, named his Aeragon, my sister Rhaenys had hers named Nymeria, and my aunt Daenerys had hers named Valyria.”
“They sound like beasts to be feared.” Robb responded.
“They are.” Jon continued. “We all can ride them easily.”
“I wish I could ride one.” Robb exclaimed. “It would be so fun. Like riding a horse, in the sky.”
“It is much more than that, Robb.” Jon spoke. “If you want, I can have Torraxes give you a flight.”
“Uh, yes.” Robb stammered. “That would be amazing.”
Robb did not pause to even say ‘thank you’ to Jon. He had forgotten the septa’s instructions by now. And for good reason too. He always disliked her. He immediately took to munching at his chicken. Jon did so too, amused by his cousin’s raucousness when at supper. By the time they finished supper, both boys were full to the brim.
Robb said his goodbyes to his father, who was returning to Winterfell. He would not see him for a long time. Then, he settled in to his chamber, which was, frankly, much larger than his in Winterfell. It felt different, too. The walls were made of a different stone, and there was no hot spring coursing through the walls like in Winterfell. He slept peacefully that night, dreaming of all the adventures him and his new best friend would have.
Jon and Robb, now grown men, have fun South of the Neck

It has been fourteen years since Ned and Lyanna’s reunion. In that time, Jon and Robb had grown at a massive rate. Both boys were now fifteen, and at a glance, both would look like men grown, now at the height of the Kingsguard knights. But they were not. Not yet. They still had summer in their hearts. Only when winter comes shall it freeze them, solidifying them in to true, Northern men. And in all that time, Robb had developed his feelings, for a certain Targaryen princess named Dany. Daenerys had also grown, now being a young woman, with the will of her mother, and aunt. The rumours spread like wildfire among the servants, even reaching Danys ears. Of course, she dismissed them. She only saw him as a friend and brother.

Jon, on the other hand, had never shown any desires toward any women. Unfortunately for him, his mother and grandmother had begun to tutor him on the benefits of a marriage to a high-born lady. He hated that. If Mother and Father married through love, why can’t I?

He was excited for the coming weeks, though. They had received word from the South. The Reach, to be exact. Lord Mace Tyrell, the ‘Fat Flower’, had announced that he would have a tourney in honour of his daughter Margaery, who had come of age recently. More correctly, he had subtly tried to announce his daughter’s availability.

The Tyrells were always flamboyant in their actions. They flaunt their riches, both in gold and in crops, without being outright braggarts, which is something the Lannisters often did. It must be related to the appearance of the family themselves. Jon had heard of the great beauty of the Rose of Highgarden, and her cunning wit, no doubt the product of her grandmother’s training, Lady Olenna Tyrell, the Queen of Thorns.

“Well, Jon, my father and I have a way for you to travel to the tourney.” Robb said. “You will like it once you hear it.”

“Well, go on.” Jon replied.

“You are a Stark now!” Robb exclaimed.

Well, that’s not too far away from the truth. Jon held back a snicker as he heard the idea.

“I’m sorry, what?” Jon asked.

“You are Jon Stark, my cousin, of course.” Robb replied. “Your story goes, you are the twin brother of Elaena Stark, and son of Brandon Stark. Your father, Uncle Brandon had given the Wardenship to Ned before he left, and now, you are Lord of Moat Cailin.”

“So, you are saying that I am to be disguised as Lord of Moat Cailin?” Jon continued. “I do suppose that would work. What if they ask questions of who would be next in the Wardenship’s succession?”

“Well, my father thought of that too. He’s a clever man.” Robb responded. “The line goes, that after Lord Eddard passes away, and then the Wardenship comes to me. But if I die before my father does, you receive the Wardenship.”

“Very clever.” Jon replied, pausing to connect the dots of the invariably large Grand Plan his uncle had for this journey. “How shall we get there?”

“Well, since you cannot just barge in to Highgarden on Torraxes, you will travel by horse through the Riverlands, then to the Reach.” Robb spoke. “We will be avoiding the Crownlands at all costs. You know why.”

“If only we could use dragons.” Jon replied. “Who else is on this journey?”

“We have Rhaenys, who we also disguised, this time, as Elaena herself.” Robb spoke. “We figured
she too would want a break from confinement in this castle. My father would also travel, as will Ser
Arthur.”
“So, when are you confessing your desires for Daenerys?” Jon broke in to the silence. “I know that
you have them.”
“What? No! NO!” Robb stammered back at his cousin. “I do not have desires for your aunt! I
consider her as a close friend.”
“Right…” Jon replied, knowing this time for sure, he had riled up his friend. “But are you excited to
go to the Reach? They say it’s the heart of chivalry itself. Want to enter our names in to the lists and
joust our way to the top?”
“You know what I am thinking.” Robb responded. “Of course I will. If I win, you have to be silent
about any and all rumours of me and Dany.”
“So, it is true…” Jon spoke. “What if you lose, and I win?”
“Then you get to rant all about it to everyone.” Robb said. “Do we have an agreement?”
“Yes, Robb.” Jon replied. “I will make sure to have a scribe write down my speech so that I will not
forget it.”
Whatever the outcome of the bet, Jon knew the tourney was going to be life-changing. For better or
worse.
On the day they bade Winterfyre farewell, Queen Rhaella and Princesses Lyanna and Elia went to
the courtyard to bid their children farewell, for several weeks.
“Goodbye, Jon. Take care of everyone for me, will you?” Lyanna spoke.
“Yes, mother.” Jon replied. “Robb’s coming too, remember?”
“Of course.” Lyanna said. “Your life is important too, so don’t risk it.”
“Yes, mother.” Jon continued his repetitive ‘Yes, mother’ routine.
He could see the Queen also speaking, to Rhaenys, Robb and Ser Arthur. He was relieved to have
them all, to rely on in many times of need.
His uncle had sent word that he would be meeting them in the mainland, where they would travel on
towards the scenes of the Seven Kingdoms.
They bade their final farewells, and boarded a ship bound for where Lord Stark had listed for a
meeting.
The journey was long and arduous on the ever-colder seas. Even Robb, a Stark of Winterfell had to
go below deck at times. But Jon did not. Somehow, his will and his clothes kept him warm. Perhaps
it was dragon blood that flowed within him. But whatever it was, it would decide the times to come.
By nightfall of the next day, they reached the mainland. Ned Stark was waiting for them. He had
arranged for them to be housed in a nearby town’s inn. It was not much but was enough for meetings
and talks to be done.
The next day, after a long sleep, the party began their journey south. Ned had a wheelhouse brought
just for Rhaenys’s comfort, but she rejected it, opting for a horse instead. And thus, they rode all on
horse, with their belongings in tow by a small wagon.
For two weeks, they traversed the North and the Riverlands, towards the Reach. In the vast
Riverlands, they had seen great scenery, with vast fields, and massive rivers. On their journey, they
passed through the Twins safely, albeit with a hefty price, no doubt the request of the Late Walder
Frey. They had sighted Riverrun on their way, noting of the castle’s well-built nature.
After Riverrun, they passed through the Trident, as the three forks of the river converged in to one.
Jon saw with his own eyes, the vastness of the area. This is where my father died, slain by the
Usurper. Jon was amazed by all that his mother and grandmother had told him of his father, a great
man, who would never know him.
We will have our revenge against the Usurper soon, father. Jon thought as he imagined his father in
the heavens, looking down upon him. He could already imagine the shock of Tywin Lannister and
the Usurper when they see the six dragons in the distance.
Once they passed through the Trident, they made their way to the Riverlands’ border with the Reach,
sighting Harrenhal along the way. The group noted of its massive size, albeit now melted and ruined
in most places. They saw a testimony to the power of dragons, seeing as to how Harren the Black
was roasted alive by Balerion.

They crossed in to the Reach after a week in the Riverlands, and were immediately enchanted after
the first hour or so. The Reach was unparalleled in its beauty, with vast green and growing fields. In
the riverlands, they had seen such things, but poverty with it too. The Reach had none of that.
For another week, they traversed the fertile lands of the Reach, headed for Highgarden. When they
approached it, the party was amazed. Jon in particular. He had seen many keeps and castles from the
Age of Heroes, with Winterfell something he saw while flying on Torraxes, and many others.
Highgarden did not seem to him like such. It was lush, green, like the land it commands. The
structures here and there were obviously old, but there was no reason that at a glance, it would not
seem young.

They were ushered in to the great hall as a herald began speaking the names of those present. Jon
was third, after his uncle and Robb. ‘Elaena’ and Ser Arthur were behind him.

“Presenting, Lord Eddard Stark of Winterfell, Warden of the North.” The herald spoke.

Ned entered the hall, walking briskly, and then sat down nearby.

“Presenting, Robb Stark of Winterfell, heir to the North, and the Wardenship of the North.” The
herald continued. This is going to be a long introduction ceremony. Jon thought as he looked at the
line behind him, and at the herald’s lists.

Robb entered the hall much like his father, with great dignity, but reserve as well.

“Presenting, Lord Jon Stark of Moat Cailin, son of Brandon Stark and Lady Ashara Dayne.” The
herald introduced Jon.

He entered as he saw the court slowly quiet, with some ladies gossiping to each other of the rumours.
His eyes then trailed to a very much beautiful woman, with her slim but shapely figure, her almond
hair, and her comely face. He knew that this would be no other than the Rose of Highgarden herself,
Margaery Tyrell.

He saw as she blushed when she caught his eye, and he felt something within him he had never
thought existed. That feeling was quickly quashed as his eyes saw Lady Olenna Tyrell watching
him, measuring him out. Even as a nearly grown man of six feet and of the greatest house in
Westeros, Jon could not help but be unnerved by the old lady’s steely gaze.

He sat down next to Robb. Both were anticipating the next person. Rhaenys Targaryen. Well, in this
case, she would be his twin, Elaena Stark.

“Presenting, Lady Elaena Stark, twin sister of Lord Jon Stark, daughter of Brandon Stark and Lady
Ashara Dayne.” The herald spoke.

Rhaenys sat down next to Jon, ever smiling in her new identity. Jon decided to ignore her, and focus
more on the court’s reactions with the next person, Ser Arthur.

“Presenting, Ser Arthur Dayne, Sword of the Morning, former Kingsguard to King Aerys II, and
brother to the Lord of Starfall.” The herald announced.

Jon saw as the court silenced, not knowing how to react, with many of them former Targaryen
supporters quelled by the Usurper.

Ser Arthur sat down, as the court’s eyes focused on him. Jon could only imagine the emotions the
knight must have been feeling, with the ever so judgmental eyes gazing upon him like a pack of
vultures on a carcass.

After all the lords, lordlings and ladies were introduced, Lady Olenna stood up to speak.

“Lords, Ladies of the court.” She began. “I welcome you all to Highgarden, hoping that the beauty
of the Reach has filled your hearts. Especially you, Lord Eddard Stark, since you belong to the
barren wasteland we call the North.”

The court snickered at Lady Olenna’s remark. Jon decided that it would be he who would defend his
honourable uncle.

“With all respect, Lady Olenna,” Jon replied. “I do believe that we have been enchanted, with all the
wonders of the Reach. Perhaps you can do the same with the North?”

Jon saw as Margaery looked at him and smiled. She truly was beautiful. And with what he is
experiencing of the Lady Olenna’s shrewd determination and honesty, he hoped that Margaery
would be too, with all the training she was rumoured to have had with Lady Olenna.
The reception by the Tyrells was elaborate and flamboyant, with Arbor wine being served, with copious amounts of food, spiced with exotic peppers and the like from Dorne and Essos. The Tyrells sure knew how to put on a show, and when to do it.

Jon had been eating for a while, when Lady Olenna approached him with Margaery. “Lord Stark, may my granddaughter and I have a word with you?” She asked him.

“Yes, of course, my lady.” He replied.

Thankfully, he still had his wits with him, having drunk no more than a goblet of the amazing wine the Reach is famous for.

They quickly exited the great hall, and away from all the commotion of the feast. Lady Olenna led him to a veranda overlooking a small flower garden, and the Reach’s plains beyond. It was quite a sight, seeing the sun setting over the plains, but not as much as the young woman near him.

He took out a chair to assist the seemingly frail old woman, then sat himself down. Margaery sat several feet away, looking ever beautiful in a blue and green gown she wore, with cuts here and there that accentuated her curves, and hinted at her breasts.

“So, Lord Jon, how exactly did you become Lord of Moat Cailin, if your father was the heir to Winterfell?” Lady Olenna immediately asked him.

“Well, it is a long story to tell, but I can try to simplify it, if you would like.” Jon replied.

“Do please continue.” The famed Queen of Thorns spoke. “I always love hearing about you northerners and your ways.”

“Well, if it pleases you, it began with the lady Ashara Dayne.” Jon spoke. “My father, Brandon, was enamoured with her. They were very much in love. When he found out she was carrying his child, or children, he married her, not wanting to shame his and her name, with any bastards.”

“He married her, and planned to break off his betrothal with Lady Catelyn Tully.” Jon continued. “He never had time to, since when he got to Riverrun, he received word that his sister, my aunt, had been kidnapped by Prince Rhaegar Targaryen. But before he did, he managed to forfeit his claim to the Wardenship, giving it to his brother Ned, and then, he rode for King’s Landing, and then, the rebellion was started.”

Jon had to flinch at having to lie about his own father. He wished he could just blatantly announce that he was the son of Rhaegar, and that his father loved his mother Lyanna, unlike the populace’s idea of her being kidnapped by Rhaegar.

“And then the rest was history.” Jon spoke. “Then, my sister and I were born to Lady Ashara, and were taken care of by her and her brother, Ser Arthur, who my uncle forgave to allow him to retire and return to Starfall.”

“Well, then, Lord Jon.” Lady Olenna replied to Jon’s story. “How did you become Lord of Moat Cailin?”

“He saw fit to grant me the ruined castle to rebuild and fortify,” Jon responded. “to allow the North be better protected in any wars to come.”

“I would assume the ever so honourable Ned Stark would do something like that for his family.” Lady Olenna spoke. “What of Lady Elaena? What titles does she have?”

“As you have heard in the introduction, she does not hold any as of yet.” Jon replied. “Do you have any requests or further questions?”

“No, Lord Jon. Perhaps I will retire.” Lady Olenna responded. “I think they can hear these bones creaking all the way to Oldtown by now. But do this for me, Lord Jon. Do not let any Lannister or Frey abscond with my dear granddaughter, will you?”

Jon was excited at the fact that he got time to spend with Margaery. And plus, he did not like neither house, with the latter being described as the ‘ever-growing plague of the riverlands’ by none other than Lady Olenna herself.

“I will guard her with my life, Lady Olenna.” Jon replied. “I will grant that as an acceptance of my request.” Lady Olenna spoke, before standing up, and leaving, walking slowly with her cane.

Once she left, Margaery asked him many questions of the North, and of his views on Highgarden.

“Do you like it here?” Margaery asked Jon, who was almost blinded by the Rose of Highgarden’s
beauty.
“I am very much enchanted, both by its land, and by its people.” Jon replied. “But no one was more
enchanting than you, Lady Tyrell.”
Jon saw Margaery blush at his comment.
“Please, call me Margaery.” She responded, giggling as she did. “And perhaps, I can call you Jon?”
“Of course, Margaery.” Jon spoke. “Is that Martyn Lannister over there? Perhaps we can go
somewhere else, without his presence.”
“Yes, let’s avoid the Lannister cub.” Margaery replied. “And I know just where to go.”
And with that, Jon followed Margaery as she darted off, looking ever more beautiful as she did. He
now had fallen under her spell. He just hopes she had fallen under his. In all his time in Winterfyre,
riding dragons and sparring with Robb, Jon had never encountered such a challenge.
He was charismatic, as was his father, as he had heard from the tales, but he never thought that
charisma could be so challenged and encouraged by someone.
He followed Margaery to a small door. She then quickly went through, leaving him there. She was
playing him! And all he did was follow like a little girl too obsessed with her songs of knights and
ladies.
He followed suit, entering as quick as he could, only to be stopped by his own mind, which was
gazing at the sight before him.
It was a garden, much larger than the one he, Margaery and Lady Olenna had been sitting moments
ago, and also much more fascinating. This had its own small little streams, coursing through the
flower garden like the actual rivers of the Reach. But what captured him fully, was the sight of
Margaery standing on the other side of the garden sedately, taking a flower in to her almond hair,
which was expertly braided by her handmaidens, most probably.
Jon stood there, mesmerised by the beauty before him, not noticing that she had noticed his gaze. But
he would not care either way. Just several moments with the southern beauty and his heart already
was trying to jump out of him, attracted to her like a butterfly to a flower.
Jon had to muster all of his will to leave the trance, where he saw Margaery right beside him, sitting
down in a chair. He quickly took his own, and sat down, his eyes focused on her.
“We used this garden as a place of secret meetings, with me and my brothers.” Margaery spoke.
“What do you think of it?”
“I think it is even more beautiful, with you.” Jon replied. She was playing her game, and he was
intent on winning it. “I never knew of such beauty, until now.”
“I am certain I feel the same with you, Jon.” Margaery replied. “But I can show you even more.”
And with that, she leant in towards Jon, as their lips met. Jon at first hesitated, but gave in to the
feeling. They quickly withdrew, but this time, they met again, with much more passion. They
withdrew only for their breaths.
“That was amazing, Jon.” Margaery spoke. “Was it the same for you?”
“Yes, my dear Margaery.” Jon replied. “Can I have a request for you?”
“Of course.” Margaery responded. “What is it?”
“I would like to ask for your favour in tomorrow’s tourney.” Jon spoke.
“Oh of course, my love.” She replied.
“Then it is settled. Robb will be so mad.” Jon responded.
He still wondered what blunders and follies his cousin and his sister would be up to. But for now, he
would be focusing on his new lover, Lady Margaery.
Rhaenys sat in the great hall, feasting among Robb and everyone else, when she noticed that Jon was missing. She ignored that, assuming her brother had found a lady that he liked. Perhaps not, but she did not care. What she did care about, was the fact that Willas Tyrell was staring at her. He most likely has been drawn to her beauty. She blushed at him, seeing as to his notice of her reaction. She continued eating when a man approached her. She looked back to see the Tyrell heir standing, as much as he could with his crippled leg and all.

“My lady, would you accept my proposition of a dance?” He asked.

Rhaenys was delighted at the fact that a man had asked her to a dance. She cared for him, too, fearing for his leg.

“I would be delighted, Lord Willas.” She replied. “But are you sure you are in the right shape, with your leg and all?”

“I will be fine, Lady Stark.” Willas replied. “It will be a very short dance, though.”

“I accept, Lord Willas.” Rhaenys responded. “Where are your brothers?”

“I think Loras has tired of all the commotion and retired to his room.” Willas spoke. “I cannot say the same for Garlan, though. I think he’s gone to prepare his lance and armor for the tourney. Ever the gallant knight, I suppose.”

Rhaenys nodded, although she thought more of Loras. He was handsome, but he did not seem to like any of the women that were introduced. Instead, she saw as he stared at Jon and Robb. Perhaps the rumours of him are true.

She got up with Willas, as he led them to the centre of the hall, where other lords and ladies were already dancing to the music. She began to dance along with Lord Willas, making sure never to be too fast, not wanting to get off on a bad step, especially when that could be literal for the partially crippled man.

After some dancing, she observed Willas as he slowed down, no doubt from his leg. She felt sorry for the man, who she thought of as a good man, with great wit, and a bad leg.

“Would you like to retire to somewhere else, Lord Willas?” Rhaenys asked. “For your sake, and most importantly, your leg.”

“I will do, if it pleases you, my lady.” Willas replied. “Perhaps to the stables? I have been breeding horses for some time now, and have some prize breeds that you will like.”

“That would be wonderful, Lord Willas.” Rhaenys responded. “And please, call me Elaena.”

“Only if you call me as ‘Willas’, and not ‘Lord Willas’.” He spoke. “I do not like that title, and it’s not going to be mine for a long time.”

She followed Willas as they exited the great hall, and descended upon the stables, to look at Willas’s horses. She was an avid rider herself, when she was not riding Nymeria. But the one she focused on more, was Willas himself. She thought of him as a comely man, and most likely would have been a great knight, if it were not for his leg.

The pair reached the stables, and Rhaenys was introduced to them. Some were bred by him to be fast, others strong, and some enduring.

“How is your life in Moat Cailin, Elaena?” Willas asked. “Is it as bad as the barren wasteland my grandmother calls the North?”

“No, of course not, Willas.” She replied. “I receive visits from my family and friends now and then.
Uncle Oberyn visits quite often, in fact.”
“I beg your pardon, my lady, but are you referring to Prince Oberyn Martell?” Willas responded.
“I’m sorry, Willas, I did not mean to…” Rhaenys stammered, since she knew Willas was crippled when he was unhorsed by Oberyn.
“It is perfectly fine, Elaena.” Willas assured her. “Prince Oberyn and I have become great acquaintances with each other. He even convinced me to study as much as I could, since I could no longer be the knight my father wanted. But why do you call him Uncle?”
Rhaenys was shocked at what she had just done. Earlier in the afternoon, she had berated her brother Jon so that he would not reveal any secrets. It turns out, it was her. But she did not allow this to repel her.
“He is my uncle in heart, because my mother, Lady Ashara and he were close as children.” Rhaenys spoke. “My brother and I called him Uncle as children, and the name stuck ever since.”
Wallas nodded in understanding.
“Will your horses be in the tourney tomorrow?” Rhaenys asked. “From what you say about them, I think that they would be great in the tourney.”
“Yes, of course they will.” Willas replied. “This one will be ridden by my brother Loras, and the other, for Garlan.”
Before Rhaenys could reply, she was tapped on her shoulder. She turned around to see Ser Arthur standing there.
“I take this is my leave.” Willas spoke as he left.
Ser Arthur immediately took Rhaenys to a corner, before speaking.
“Have you seen Jon anywhere?” He spoke, in a tone mixed with urgency and fear. “We need him, now.”
“Calm down, Ser Arthur.” Rhaenys replied. “What is so urgent that me and my brother have to be gathered?”
“We have a problem.” Ser Arthur continued. “The Hand of the King is here. Lord Jon Arryn arrived with his wife, child, and his host some time ago. They did not arrive for the introduction, thankfully, so we should be safe, for now.”
“Is there something wrong with that?” Rhaenys responded. “Just let him be. We are disguised, remember?”
“Yes, but that works only at unknowing lords’ glances.” Ser Arthur said. “Lord Jon has seen at least two generations of Starks, and he can know if one is a Stark or not. If he suspects you and Jon are in any way not Stark-related, he will most definitely report his suspicions to the Usurper.”
“If what you are saying is right, then I would be in danger, not Jon.” Rhaenys replied. “Princess Lyanna is a Stark, remember?”
“No matter what, you should tell Jon of the news.” Ser Arthur spoke. “Find him, and tell him.”
“Of course, Ser Arthur.” Rhaenys spoke.
Rhaenys darted off to find Jon, as fast as she could in her gown. She found him chatting with Margaery in a garden, and pulled him out of there.
“What is it?” Jon spoke. “What’s so urgent?”
“Ser Arthur says Lord Jon Arryn is here at Highgarden with his host.” Rhaenys spoke. “He says he would be careful around him and his wife, and so should you and me.”
“I will, Rhaenys.” Jon replied. “What do you think I am?”
“My brother, Jon.” Rhaenys responded. “You will always be my brother. Nothing more, nothing less.”
She then immediately went to find Willas, to continue her conversation cut short by Ser Arthur.
---WAKING THE DRAGONS---
Jon Arryn sat in the great hall of Highgarden as he was served with food. It had been a long day of riding, and any time to rest was good. He had been sitting for an hour or so at the table, with his wife Lysa, his son Robert, and Lysa’s friend Petyr Baelish. He did not like the small man, but anything that soothed his wife and protected him from her rants and arguments was welcome. Even if that came in the form of a man that seemed too secretive to be Master of Coin.
He listened to the hall’s movements, as he saw Ned Stark, his son, and his nephew Jon Stark at the table. He had heard of Ned having greatly improved the North, and wondered why. After the Sack of King’s Landing and Robert’s coronation, Ned had left for Dorne, with an ever growing rift between him and Robert. Robert was angry, but most likely did not know there ever was a rift. Only Ned changed for the better after the war. He had revitalised the North, quashed a rebellion with a fleet no one had ever thought the North could build, even had his nephew rebuild Moat Cailin!

What Ned was up to next was out of Jon Arryn’s tired mind. He smiled as he saw his foster son the reserved and cold man he always was, but with an air of responsibility, something Robert lacked. Ned would have made a better king. Jon was tired, both from the journey, and from the fact that in a week or so, he would be returning, having to fix more and more of Robert’s failure. He was no Aegon the Conqueror. Instead, Robert became an Aegon the Unworthy. If it were not for Jon being his Hand, the Lannisters would have controlled all of Westeros by now. And with the fact that he had ample suspicion of Robert’s children being instead fathered by a rumoured incest between Ser Jaime and the Queen, he knew the Lannisters were going to be controlling the Kingdoms soon enough.

With the boy Joffrey, he had thought that his blonde hair was a gift of luck from the gods, since Cersei always said she hated black hair. Now, he was not so sure. But more importantly, the boy was cruel, and mad. He had no empathy, nor compassion, just cruelty, madness, and malice. More like Aerys than anyone. Even Robert would have been better. He planned to tell the King of his suspicion once he returned.

Jon began thinking of all the people that could have made Ned change for the better ever since he came back from Dorne with his sister’s bones. Could it have been Lady Ashara? Jon knew of the Lady Ashara’s ability to help many, but in this scale, was something only a select few could have done.

He stopped thinking when he heard the voice of his wife, beginning another rant of hers. “As I said to the Stark bastard, he had no place being a lord.” She spoke. “He and his sister are a slight to my father! Brandon Stark was violent, and dishonourable. He even slighted my family, with the children. And now, Ned Stark named his bastard nephew Lord of Moat Cailin! What’s a bastard going to do with a few boulders and a hut?”

Jon sighed at his wife’s continuing tantrum. The snake Baelish was right beside her, always consoling her. He seemed to be too consoling for just a friend.

“And then, you know what happened?” Lysa Tully continued. “His cousin, my nephew Robb, stepped in, and insulted me outright! He said that as an Andal, and a southerner, I had no right to meddle about in the dealings of a dynasty over eight thousand years old! He even said that my dear Sweetrobin’s behaviour was inappropriate for his age!”

Jon liked Robb more and more as he heard. A man that defends his family, like his father, and his uncle.


“And believe me when I say there will be more than one raven to my sister telling of her son’s appalling behaviour.” Lysa ended her rant.

Jon was relieved, as he decided to ask a question himself.

“By the way, what was Robb referring to about Robert’s behaviour?” Jon asked.

“Well, Sweetrobin was hungry, so I decided to-“ Lysa spoke.

“By the gods, woman, have you taken a complete leave of your senses?” Jon shouted. “You breast fed the boy in public? At this age? I am beginning to admire Robb Stark and Jon Stark now, thank you.”

Lysa quickly converted in to a creature that wailed worse than babes when born, or of the cries of hounds and wolves at night.

Jon saw as Baelish comforted his wife, as things began to become blurry for him. He decided to retire, feeling very much tired, and wanting for sleep. He had hoped a journey to Highgarden would improve his health, which it did, for some time. Why his health was bad near Baelish and Lysa, he
did not bother to know. The matters of the kingdom were more important, and even then, he was too tired for that.
Robb v. Jon

Chapter Summary

Jon and Robb go against each other in the Tourney.

Robb was excited when he woke up after the feast. Today was the tourney’s first day, and he and Jon would be entering their names in to the lists. They say the knights of the Reach are the best, and since that was said, they would be testing the statement.

Robb exited his bedchamber finding Jon also awake. Perhaps the excitement was in him as well. They broke their fasts quickly, as they immediately went to the tourney grounds and entered their names. Robb and Jon have been trained in both sword and lance by the Kingsguard knights themselves, and certainly would unhorse some men.

Robb looked at the crowd, seeing who he thinks to be Lord Jon Arryn, who was surveying the crowd himself. He had heard of the Hand’s relation with his father, and from what he had heard, he respected the man.

There were dozens of lords and ladies at the tourney, with the Tyrell family seated in the separate booth. And with those lords’ hosts, results in several hundred attending, either at the seats, or standing near.

Robb received his armour, something his father had made for him. It was light plate armor, with a coat of mail beneath. His newly-made sword was castle-forged, not as good as Valyrian steel, but still exceptional in its sharpness and its light weight.

Jon too was in his armour, which was carefully crafted by the orders of Queen Rhaella. There were two versions, one plain suit for Jon’s use in the tourney made from simple castle steel, and one with the Targaryen banner emblazoned across the chest, proudly bearing the banner. The armour with the dragon was made from pure Valyrian steel, something that was hard to come by.

Queen Rhaella had procured the Valyrian steel from all over Essos, mostly from the ruins of Valyria. She had scouts and knights sent there, her bravest ones, to retrieve any treasures that were there.

What they found, was a treasure-trove of Valyrian steel, both armours and swords.

She had a blacksmith from Essos come to Winterfyre to repair a suit of armour, and a sword that she had chosen, and to add a new addition. The sword she chose was a bastard sword, which she saw fit to have a direwolf and a dragon on its pommel. The blade was repaired with minimal adjustments. Somehow, Valyrian steel itself survived the Doom, but not its makers themselves.

Jon used a normal sword, and the normal armour, since his obvious Targaryen banner on the other, and the fact that it was made purely of Valyrian steel would set off more than just doubts.

He was given a horse, a courtesy that according to his sister Rhaenys and Lord Willas Tyrell, was among the best of his breeds. He liked Lord Willas the more Rhaenys went on about him.

Jon was the first to joust, going against some Redwyne squire. He focused on his lance, holding it as straight and firm as his dragon’s grip, and thought of his lover, Lady Margaery. She had given him her favour, and now, he would use it. He had his horse charge, the animal staying true to Lord Willas’s assertions of its speed.

His opponent sped too, but his lance was not firm, and Jon quickly unhorsed him, moving up the ranks.

Robb jousted too, moving up the lists as quickly as Jon did. They both unhooded man after man, making their way to the top. And then, they were in for the qualifications of the final joust. Jon and Robb were pitted against Ser Garlan and Prince Oberyn, respectively.

Jon did the same things he had done to everyone else, against Garlan. His lover’s brother, Ser Garlan
the Gallant, was charging towards him, and he was charging too. With his grip firm, his horse straight, Jon Stark unhorsed Garlan Tyrell in one fell swoop. Jon heard as Margaery cheered for him, as did Robb, Rhaenys, his uncle, and Willas. He also saw Jon Arryn nodding at him with approval. Even Garlan smiled at him, with the humility only found in some men.

“That was some brilliant jousting, Lord Stark.” Garlan spoke to Jon. “Who did you learn it from?”

“If I tell you, you would not believe me.” Jon replied, chuckling as he left the jousting grounds, and back to the seats. It was Robb’s turn.

Robb had been watching the crowd for some time, as some of them cheered for him, and others, for Prince Oberyn. He had met the ‘Red Viper’ many times in Winterfyre, and he respected the Dornishman very much. A brave, and true man, who would do anything to defend his family.

And with the same technique he had trained with Ser Arthur and Ser Gerold, he unhorsed the Prince of Dorne to a mix of cheers and boos. Prince Oberyn did not mind, since seeing the boy he had trained at times to exceed him was something he always wanted.

And with Prince Oberyn’s unhorsing, Jon and Robb were slated to joust each other in the afternoon. The crowd broke to luncheon, and the two boys put away their armour before getting to a table. Jon was showered with admirations from lords and ladies alike at his table, especially from Lord Willas and Ser Garlan. But no one gave more than Margaery. She was always by his side at the table, as she chatted with the group. Garlan and Willas also joined.

“So, who did teach you jousting?” Willas asked Jon and Robb. “From what I have seen today, they must really be a legend.”

“Trust me when I do dare say they are.” Jon replied. “They were brilliant themselves.”

“Who are they, then?” Garlan asked, still gobbling on his leg of chicken.

“It’s my uncle, Ser Arthur Dayne.” Jon spoke.

“Really?” Margaery asked. “You were trained by the Sword of the Morning himself?”

“He’s over there if you want to talk to him.” Jon said, gesturing to Ser Arthur, who was eating nearby.

Garlan and Willas immediately darted to the famed knight, no doubt to give the poor man a barrage of questions.

“So, are you two going to stay friends after one of you lose?” Margaery asked.

“Well, we always will be friends, no matter what.” Jon spoke. “Well, at least I will try to befriend him after I win the tourney’s joust.”


“I always do, Robb.” Jon responded, winking at Margaery. “Therefore, we can agree that I have won it.”

“We shall see, Jon.” Robb spoke. “We shall see.”

In the afternoon, after a long two hours of lunch, the crowd assembled at the jousting grounds for the final joust, of Jon against Robb. Jon knew what he would do once he had won. He would crown Margaery the Queen of Love and Beauty. It would be a true act of his love for her, and as a way to gain the Fat Flower’s respect and favors. He even wanted to marry her straight away, revealing his true identity, but he did not want to risk it at such a time. But soon, he would be doing so, after he has a discussion with his mother and grandmother.

Robb, on the other hand, had no intention to crown anyone. If Daenerys were here, he’d readily crown her, but since she was not, he plans to just throw the crown and let the crowd do the rest of the fighting.

The two got on their horses and prepared themselves. Both were already clad in their armour, and ready to joust.

For the first joust, Jon had the upper hand on Robb, with his faster horse. He leaned in, to prevent any falling. But Robb was not bested so easily. He was stockier than the more thinly-built, but faster Jon. Either way, the first joust was even, with both their lances breaking, and not a single budge for both.
The second joust was much the same, but for the third, something changed. It was as if something had awoken in Jon, or Robb was just too tired. He charges against his cousin, and this time, fell. Jon had won, and the crowd exploded in a roar of cheers. He received the crown of flowers from Mace Tyrell himself, and in an act that almost silenced the crowd, he gave it to Margaery. The cheers diminished, then re-started with even greater magnitude. Apparently even the crowd knows that their choice would have been the Rose of Highgarden herself, if they had the ability to.

Jon was cheered as he went all the way to his tent. And even then, someone would at least go by and cheer him. Robb was there in the tent to take off his armour, a smile on his face.

“Congratulations, Jon.” Robb spoke. “And now, I will have to deal with the results. Have you written down your speech yet?”

“Of course, Robb.” Jon replied. “I can already imagine Dany’s face when she hears of it.”

Robb went a shade of dark red when he heard Jon speak. He did not want to have to deal with an angry Dany, much less one with a large dragon.

“You realise that compared to you crowning Lady Margaery, my atrocity is much smaller?” Robb responded. “What do you think the Queen of Thorns would do to you when she hears of it?”

“I would be speaking to you, Lord Robb.” A voice came from behind Robb. Speak of the devils, it was Olenna Tyrell herself, accompanied by Margaery. “I came to congratulate Lord Jon. It appears he is a great and gallant jouster. Good enough to beat the oafs I call my grandsons Loras and Garlan.”

“Grandmother!” Margaery spurted out. “What will Jon think of us?”

“He’d think that we have some wit, unlike my son, the Lord Oaf of Highgarden.” Lady Olenna spoke. “But my favourite grandson, Willas seems to getting along rather well with your sister, Lord Jon. As with you and my granddaughter.”

Jon became tinted with a shade of purple on his face.

“Yes, my lady.” Jon replied, taking all of his will with him, and winking at Margaery. “We do appear to like each other.”

“Well, that is it for today, my lords.” Lady Olenna responded. “I bid you a safe return to the North, Lord Jon. And for you, Lord Robb.”

And with that, she left the tent, with her granddaughter in tow.

Jon was happy. It seems the Queen of Thorns has approved of him. He knew it would help when he proposes to Margaery, but that was not for this time. Once he returns to Winterfyre, he will have the blessings of both his mother, and grandmother.
When they returned, the group was met with great reception. The entire royal family was gathered, except for Dany and Viserys. Dany was off flying Valyria, while Viserys was rumoured to be spending great amounts of time with Dacey Mormont.

Jon was immediately grasped in a rib-crushing embrace from his mother, and Rhaenys, the same with Elia. Robb was left there, beside his father, who came on the journey back to Winterfyre. Ned had news to report, and Jon had his stories and requests to tell. Jon had called for the family to be in the solar for his announcement. Ned took this as time for his news to be delivered, after Jon speaks. “Well, everyone, seeing as we are all assembled, I will speak.” Jon began. “For those that do not know, my mother and grandmother have been speaking of how, as king, I will need to marry in to one of the Great Houses. And I believe I have found someone that has my affections, and her me.”

“She is Margaery Tyrell.” Jon announced.

Everyone nodded in understanding, knowing how her house was a supporter.

“In the brief time I was in Highgarden, we developed feelings for each other.” Jon continued. “She is a good match for me, and the Tyrells are great allies to have in the war to come. Lady Olenna appears to have approved me too.”

“In addition, I have seen another one of ours who is taking a liking to a Tyrell.” Jon spoke. “A liking for Willas Tyrell, in fact. Rhaenys seems to like him very much, and if she wants, a double match can happen between our families.”

Everyone trained their gazes upon Rhaenys, who now was blushing in to a deep shade of purple.

“I think that would be great, Jon.” Rhaenys responded. “I like Lord Willas, a lot. He’s a kind man, a smart one too. His grandmother seems to approve of him.”

“Well, Jon. This is quite the development.” Queen Rhaella spoke. “We should begin preparations to raven the Tyrells. Does anyone have any other news?”

“I do, your Grace.” Ned spoke. “During the journey back to the North, I received a message from Lord Varys. He says that my foster father, the Hand of the King, Jon Arryn has died of a mysterious illness. He also says that the Usurper is going northwards, probably to name me his hand. I only ask of your counsel to see if I should accept.”

“Well, first of all, Ned, I am sorry for your loss.” Queen Rhaella replied. “All that I have heard of Jon Arryn was from you, and what I do seem to understand was that he was a good, honourable second father for you. And as to the Usurper’s upcoming naming of you as his Hand, I say you should accept. There you can report to us of his dealings.”

“Thank you, your Grace.” Ned replied. “If I may, I would like to bring Robb back to Winterfell, to train him as castellan of Winterfell.”

“You have my permission, Lord Stark.” Queen Rhaella replied. “Robb, do you agree?”

“Yes, your Grace.” Robb responded.

“If no one else has an announcement, that will be all for today.” Rhaella spoke.

The group retired, coming back to whatever task they were doing before.

It has been a week since the plans to raven the Tyrells were announced. They had Ned send a raven, urging for Lord Mace, Lady Olenna, Lord Willas, and Lady Margaery to come north to Bear Island, telling them that it is of great importance. The Lord Oaf of Highgarden was reluctant, since his southerner mind with pudding for brains did not even consider the possibilities of the meeting. His
mother, thankfully, along with Willas and Margaery had sense in them, though. They knew whatever way to strengthen alliances should be done. They sent back a raven to announce of their plans to travel north, to arrive in more than a week by ship, to be safe from any dangers by road. Ned immediately relayed the raven’s contents to Winterfyre for their knowledge.

Jon read the contents and was delighted. He was going to finally reveal himself and his family to Margaery and her family. His family began to prepare for the big reveal. The next week, the Tyrells’ ship made landfall on the far side of Bear Island, away from the castles. Ned was already there to greet them. He was by himself, waiting. Once Lady Olenna got off and reached him, she immediately asked.

“Well, Lord Stark, why did you ask us to meet here?” She began. “If this is some elaborate ruse or something of the sort, you are not funny.”

“You will all see, my lady.” Ned spoke. “Welcome to Bear Island, Lord Mace.”

The Lord Oaf of Highgarden nodded at Ned as a sign of approval. It appears his pudding brain held pride above all else.

“Where is Lord Jon?” Margaery asked. “You said in the raven that he would be here, along with Lady Elaena.”

“They will be here soon enough.” Ned replied. “You will just need to wait and see.”

Margaery shivered in her gown. She had put on her thickest gowns, but that did not protect her against the cold autumn winds of the North.

“Where are they, anyw-“ Margaery continued, before a massive gust of wind and a loud shriek made her, Willas, her father, and her grandmother cover their ears.

In front of her, a massive, red and black dragon stood. Margaery thought that was an illusion. What she saw after, denied her that thought. It was Jon, who was mounted on the dragon. He got off, as another shriek filled the sky. This time, it was an orange and red dragon. The one on it, was harder to recognise. She looked like Lady Elaena, but with the silver hair of the Targaryens. That rider got off her dragon once it landed, and followed Jon towards the amazed and terrified Tyrells.

“What is this?” Mace Tyrell stammered, not being able to process the sight of the dragon before him.

“Who are they?”

“Everyone, it is my honour and privilege to present His Grace, King Jaehaerys of House Targaryen, Third of His Name, King of the Andals, the Rhoynar, and the First Men. Lord of the Seven Kingdoms, and Protector of the Realm. We call him Jon, for short.” Ned spoke. “He is the son of Prince Rhaegar Targaryen, and my sister, Lyanna.”

“The lady beside him is Princess Rhaenys, daughter of Prince Rhaegar and Princess Elia Martell.”

Ned continued. “She was disguised at the tourney as Elaena Stark, who is still in Starfall with her mother Ashara.”

“Jon?” Margaery spoke. “Is it you?”

“Yes, Margaery, it is me.” Jon replied. “You don’t need to call me ‘Your Grace’ or anything.”

“I would never call you anything different.” Margaery responded.

“Willas?” Rhaenys spoke. “It is me. Do you remember?”

Willas was still staring at the dragons in awe.

“Of course, El-I mean, Rhaenys.” He stammered.

“We are here to announce our plans to retake the Seven Kingdoms.” Jon spoke. “It would be good if you were to swear fealty to our House, right here.”

Before her son could foolishly speak, Lady Olenna wedged herself in the middle of the conversation.

“What compels you to say that we would?” She spoke. “Aside from the dragons, you have no army. How would you reward us if we were to swear fealty?”

“I have thought of that.” Jon replied. “The best way to unite two houses, is with marriage. That being said, I have two possible unions for our Great Houses.”

“My dearest Margaery, in all my time with you, I have found you to be the most beautiful, the smartest, and fullest of wit lady any man can ever dream to have.” Jon spoke. “Will you marry me,
my love?”
The Tyrells were all shocked, signifying that with all four gasping. Margaery herself blushed to a shade of dark red.
“Jon, after all that time?” Margaery replied.
Jon was afraid of what she would say next. Every fibre of his body was trembling, even if no one saw it.
“I always was waiting for you to ask, so I could accept, my love.” Margaery spoke.
Now, the amount of shock in the group increased tenfold.
The two lovers then broke in to a passionate kiss, with all remaining to see. Ned was happy to see his nephew had succeeded in marrying through love, something he had not achieved, and was rarer and rarer.
Once the two finished, Willas spoke up.
“I think I too would have a proposition to make.” He spoke. “Rhaenys, will you marry me?”
This time, it was Rhaenys who blushed, with everyone else looking at her.
“Yes, of course I will, Willas.” She replied, as she leant in to him and kissed him too.
“When shall the weddings happen?” Mace Tyrell broke the silence that followed. “Once they are married, I shall swear fealty to House Targaryen.”
“Perhaps before the Usurper reaches Winterfell?” Jon spoke, holding his fiancée’s hand. “Our scouts report that he is several weeks away, which is ample time for the families to prepare. And please, follow us, we have a great location.”
“Where are we going?” Margaery asked her new fiancée.
“To House Targaryen’s new castle.” Jon replied. “We call it Winterfyre.”
The Tyrells were amazed by Winterfyre. More correctly, they were amazed by the fact that it has four other equally large dragons.
Queen Rhaella received them.
“Your Grace, here are the Tyrells.” Ned told Queen Rhaella.
“Ah. Welcome to Winterfyre, Lord Tyrell.” She spoke to the still-gawking Tyrells. “I am Queen Rhaella, Queen Dowager to the late King Aerys.”
Mace Tyrell was surprised to see another supposedly dead person. So was his mother.
“Would you care to join me in the solar?” Rhaella continued. “We have much to discuss.”
“Actually, I think I will stay and see the dragons.” The Fat Flower spoke. “I think my mother and my children are enough.”
“Very well.” Rhaella replied. “Do not get too close to them.”
Lady Olenna, Margaery and Willas followed Queen Rhaella, Rhaenys and Jon to the solar. The meeting will be very eventful, no matter what.
Lady Olenna sat down, assisted by her grandson Willas, on to a chair in the solar of Winterfyre. She saw as her granddaughter held the King’s hand. She was happy, and in love, something Olenna always wanted her granddaughter to have.

“So, what is it that you wanted to discuss?” She spoke.

“I called this meeting to remove all doubts of the fact that we are imposters, even with the dragons as proof.” Queen Rhaella replied. “Most of us are known to be dead, with Prince Viserys the only known Targaryen alive.”

“Yes, do continue.” Olenna responded, the explanation having piqued her interests. “How did you survive? The realm knows you as the woman who died, killing Stannis Baratheon with you.”

“Perhaps we should start at the beginning of the War of the Usurper.” Rhaella spoke, ringing a bell as she did. “It all started with my son, Rhaegar, at the Tourney of Harrenhal.”

“Ah, yes, the crowning and kidnap of Lyanna Stark.” Olenna replied. “Now, she’s dead and the realm’s all gone to tatters, right?”

“It was not a kidnapping.” A voice came from the door, as a woman walked in. Olenna saw her as a woman of at least thirty name-days, who had the Starks’ looks. “I am Lyanna Stark. Mother to the King, and wife of Crown Prince Rhaegar.”

Olenna was surprised even more. It was as if this meeting introduced more and more dead people. “Rhaegar loved me, with all of his heart.” Lyanna continued, as she sat down next to Jon. “We married at the Isle of Faces, and at Dragonstone. It was his idea to properly marry in both faiths.”

“Then, I became with child, and he and Elia learned of it.” Lyanna spoke. “Elia had known of it and accepted it. She arranged for me to be guarded at the Tower of Joy by three Kingsguard knights. During the time I was with child, I had prophetic visions of the future, if the family were not saved from their death at King’s Landing.”

“She came to King’s Landing first, to take us away, along with all the treasures Aerys had hoarded.” Rhaella spoke. “We made sure to have Robert and Tywin inherit a bankrupt crown. We then went for Dragonstone, where Lyanna gave birth to King Jon.”

“We then prepared for evacuation and my death.” Rhaella continued. “I gave birth to a daughter, Princess Daenerys, before the plans were put in to action. We had a clutch of dragon eggs placed in the castle, along with wildfire, which was easy to light, even from far away.”

“And then you blew the castle up.” Lady Olenna spoke. “What of the dragon eggs?”

“We used the staging as a makeshift blood sacrifice to awaken the dragons.” Rhaella replied. “We have a healer from Volantis, who suggested that the blood of Stannis and his men would work as a trigger for their awakening. He was right.”

“And now you’re here.” Lady Olenna responded. “It’s a hefty story to believe, Your Grace, but I accept. Considering that I have seen three supposedly dead people and six dragons today.”

“Thank you, Lady Olenna.” Rhaella replied. “Perhaps you would like to assist me in the royal weddings’ preparations?”

“I suppose I can, even with these useless bones.” The Queen of Thorns spoke. “We have agreed to the wedding being two weeks from now. In that time, I will have Margaery’s handmaiden here, to prepare her, and if you want, Princess Rhaenys too.”

---WAKING THE DRAGONS--- “That would be wonderful, my lady.” Rhaella responded.
Today’s my wedding. Margaery thought as she woke up. For the last two weeks, her grandmother and her soon to be good-mother had been preparing her for the big moment. And now, she was more nervous than ever.

She got dressed in her smallclothes, before taking another look at what is to be her wedding gown. It was beautiful, with its mostly white composition, but with golden threads laced in between. It also had the Targaryen dragon superimposed on the Tyrell rose on her chest, which was her suggestion, a sign of the two Great Houses’ unity. The gown was very tight-fitting, which she wanted, since she loved to accentuate her curves. She knew Jon would love it. And she would love him, king or not. She took a normal gown of hers, to find that her handmaidens had been waiting outside to bathe her for the wedding. She then took off her gown, and went with her handmaidens towards the bath they had ready.

Her handmaidens did a great job of scrubbing her, giving her scented oils and perfumes. She knew Jon would like it very much. He did love her enough to marry her, after all. And she knew he would always love her.

After her bath, she broke her fast in the hall, and then, came back to be dressed and groomed for her wedding. They braided her hair and dressed her in the gown. She looked in the mirror, seeing herself in the gown for the very first time. She was beautiful, but her face showed the obvious fear and nervousness.

She was led out into the courtyard, with the entire royal family watching. Her father was ever the proud man, knowing his granddaughter will one day sit on the Iron Throne. Her grandmother always was smiling, knowing her granddaughter was in good hands.

Rhaenys and her brother Willas Tyrell were already there, along with the septon. They both looked happy, as did Jon when he saw her. He was filled with joy when he saw his soon to be wife approach, with her handmaidens in tow.

He saw her white gown, a sign of her purity and her virtue, which made him tingle with even more joy. Her gown had the Targaryen dragon on the Tyrell rose, signifying the union of the houses. I expected her to do something as flamboyant as her house was famed for. Jon was filled with pure love and admiration for the Rose of Highgarden.

Willas Tyrell was amazed with his bride, and lover Rhaenys Targaryen, who was in front of him, smiling. Her silver hair blew with the northern breeze, and her violet eyes were even more accented by her pale skin. She was beautiful, even though the woman he fell in love with was in disguise, she had the very same kind heart. He knows that even with any colour of hair or eyes, but she were to retain her heart, he would love her.

They were married by the septon, who was an incredibly dour and humourless man, judging by the way he spoke slowly, and with so little compassion one would wonder why he became a septon in the first place. The couples then were given permission to kiss, which they did, passionately.

Margaery enjoyed every single moment of her kiss, as did Jon. The crowd could see that Willas and Rhaenys were enjoying it too. The wedding was fervently cheered by Loras and Garlan the most, supporting their siblings in this never before seen wedding and union of houses Targaryen and Tyrell.

The newlyweds enjoyed the gifts they were showered in. For Willas, he received a massive pile of books no doubt procured by his brothers somehow. He was delighted, since books were his favourite to do, second to his breeding of horses, hounds, and hawks. Jon and Margaery received each a crown made of gold and Valyrian steel, like Aegon the Conqueror and his sisters’.

Jon’s was larger, and adorned with the banners of each of the Great Houses, except the Baratheons and the Lannisters. They were deemed as good as dead in the Great Game. Margaery’s crown had a rose at its centre, adorning her forehead with her house’s banner. On the sides of the beautifully crafted crown, was the three-headed dragon of House Targaryen. She saw fit to wear the item proudly, thanking Queen Rhaella, who had the crowns made from the store of Valyrian steel they had.

Rhaenys received a new saddle for her dragon Nymeria, which still had her old saddle, now small and unable to fit the large dragon. She immediately thanked Lord Mace, who had it procured for his
good-daughter. She then darted to Nymeria, who was outside the grounds. She put the saddle on, as Willas got on too.
Not to be bested, Jon and Margaery got on to Torraxes, who had grown to accept Margaery as one of the Targaryens. The couple flew off on their dragons, observed by the royal family, and the Tyrell family below. This union will be one to remember.

The sounds that came from Rhaenys and Jon’s bedchambers proved that the marriages was being consummated. If anyone dared to even question that, they would be answered by dozens of handmaidens and servants which heard them.
One thing was for sure. House Tyrell and House Targaryen will be having a surplus of heirs very, very soon…
Chapter Summary

The family hears of Ned and Robb in Winterfell

Jon woke up, with his wife naked beside him. The previous night and the feast before that had left him tired and aching everywhere. It was the first time he had ever made love to a woman. He quickly rose, putting on his clothes, and left his bedchamber, leaving Margaery sleeping there. He saw Willas in the great hall, breaking his fast. From what he sees of the heir to Highgarden, he had his fair share of fun with Jon’s sister. Willas looked as if he had just run from Sunspear to Castle Black. But he smiled, and therefore, Jon did not worry. He broke his fast on some leftovers of the feast, since he did not want to bother the servants. He was about to finish his food, when a messenger tapped on his shoulder.

“Your Grace?” He spoke. “There’s been word of Lord Stark in Winterfell.” Willas heard it, and immediately looked at Jon.

“Willas, have your family assemble in the solar.” Jon said. “I will get my mother and grandmother.”

“Of course, Jon.” Willas replied.

In the time they had been in Winterfyre, Jon came to like the man. He had a good heart, one that his sister Rhaenys truly deserved.

“Should I get Margaery?” Jon asked his good-brother for advice. “Does she like things like this?”

“Of course she does.” Willas responded. “What about Rhaenys?”

“Yes, she does too.” Jon spoke.

They each got their wives and their families, to assemble in the solar. They were prepared. Lord Stark had not messaged them in a few weeks, most likely to be from his preparations for the false royal family. And much more, Robb was with them.

The message was read to the group.

‘Your Graces, King Jon, Dowager Queens Lyanna and Rhaella, and the family.

The Usurper had arrived with his family at Winterfell. He has offered me the position of Hand, and the offer of marrying off his son, Joffrey, to my daughter Sansa. I have accepted both, the latter, I intend to end as soon as possible.

Robb is well, and I am sure he is capable as the Castellan of Winterfell. I will be bringing my daughters to King’s Landing, to keep up appearances. But there is much worse that Robert’s visit had brought.

My son, Bran fell from a tower the previous day. He is known for his climbing, and most assert that he simply fell. I knew him to be the most careful boy when he climbs, and suspect that he was pushed by someone. Who that person is, and why they did so to my boy, is unknown, but all I hope for now is his recovery, in any and all forms. I will be traveling to King’s Landing in a few days. The Usurper himself had organised a tourney in my honour. No doubt putting the realm in even more debt, I believe.

Eddard Stark, Lord of Winterfell, and Warden of the North.’

The solar was filled with an eerie silence. They all felt sorry for Lord Stark’s second son. They did not know much of him, but from what Ned has said, the boy dreamt of being a Kingsguard knight, among the likes of Ser Arthur Dayne. And now, he was in a coma, possibly never waking up again. If he did, he would not be what he was before.

“What do we do now?” Mace Tyrell broke the silence. “Should we invade? What?”

“We shall have to wait, Lord Mace.” Jon replied. “Lord Stark’s new position as Hand should give us
great insight in to the Usurper’s dealings.”
“Of course, your Grace.” Mace Tyrell replied. “But we really shoul-“
He was cut off by his mother, whose steely gaze was enough to shut any man up.
“What of the rest of the Seven Kingdoms?” Jon asked the messenger. “We cannot just subsist on just
news of the Baratheons’ follies.”
“Well, your Grace, we have received word of them.” The messenger replied. “Lord Varys says that
the Lady of the Eyrie, Lysa Arryn, has fled to the Vale of Arryn, along with her son, Robert.”
“This could mean she fears the Lannisters had killed her husband, and that she was next.” Jon
responded. “Does anyone have any opinion on the matter?”
“Your Grace, I do believe in the fact that Lord Jon Arryn could have been poisoned by the
Lannisters.” Willas spoke up. “In the recent years, the Lannisters continued their ever-expanding
grasp on the Seven Kingdoms. The only thing that stops them from achieving total control of all the
lands south of the Neck was Lord Jon Arryn. And now, his death opens an easy door for the lions.”
“I certainly agree, Lord Willas.” Jon replied. “Send a message to Lord Stark. Tell him to be vigilant
against the Lannisters. Also, tell him to investigate Jon Arryn’s death.”
“Yes, Your Grace.” The messenger spoke before leaving the solar.
“Lord Stark’s new position as Hand would benefit us greatly.” Jon continued. “He can give us
insight to plan our attacks in the future. For now, we shall wait.”
“Very well, Your Grace.” Mace Tyrell spoke. “If I may, my wife, my mother, and my remaining
sons will return to Highgarden. We should see to it the army is ready for the future.”
“Of course, Lord Mace.” Jon replied. “We shall continue having messages sent for you to allow all
events relating to Lord Stark in King’s Landing be known in the group. Make sure that your plans
are not found by the Usurper.”
“Of course, Your Grace.” Mace Tyrell responded, and left with Garlan, Loras, his wife, and Lady
Olenna.
“Until there is more word of Lord Stark, the council is dismissed.” Jon spoke. “In the meantime, train
your dragons and be vigilant. The Usurper may or may not be as smart as we think he is.”
The council left the solar, the members retiring to their bedchambers. Jon and Margaery went to
theirs hand in hand.
“Are you ready for this grand re-conquest of yours?” Margaery asked. “From what I see of Torraxes
and the rest, you seem ready.”
“Of course, I am.” Jon replied. “So are the rest of my family. What I need to worry about, is your
family.”
“My family?” Margaery responded. “Is it because my father and my other two brothers are called
oafs by my grandmother?”
“Yes, that is why.” Jon spoke. “The three of them are very willing to get some glory in war.”
“Willas, on the other hand, is quite balanced.” Margaery replied. “He is approved by my
grandmother, which is something you do not see every day. Do you like him?”
“He’s my good-brother now.” Jon responded. “Of course I have to like him. But he is a good man,
with a good heart. Like you, and your family.”
“That’s very nice of you to say.” Margaery spoke. “What exactly are you going to do with the
Usurper and the Lannisters?”
“I have not actually thought of that.” Jon replied. “What do you think I should do?”
“Make sure that boy Joffrey suffers.” Margaery said. “I hated him once he deemed himself too good
for a former traitor.”
“I will, for you, Margaery.” Jon responded. “Any other death requests?”
“No, for today.” Margaery replied. “But there will be more. Trust me.”
“Of course, dear.” Jon spoke.
They then went for a ride on Torraxes, to show Margaery the sights of Bear Island and the
surrounding Northern seas. Jon was surprised to see that she was enjoying such a prospect. For most,
they would seem to like their boots on the ground. For Jon, it was different. The feel of the wind in
his hair, or the sight of his wife enjoying it behind him was amazing.
It had been several months since they had heard from Ned, and Lyanna was worried. She knew that her brother would make it his only mission to keep her and her son’s family informed, since safe was already provided by six massive dragons.

She was breaking her fast when she received word of a message from Winterfell. She immediately called for everyone to assemble for the message. And from what she suspects, this one would not be a message of good news.

Jon was one of the first to arrive in the solar, followed by Margaery. Then came Rhaenys and Willas, and the Kingsguard knights. Viserys, as always, was elsewhere with Dacey Mormont. Dany was there, eager to hear of the rest of the Seven Kingdoms.

The message was read by King Jon.

‘My father, Lord Ned Stark has been arrested by the new false King, Joffrey Baratheon, on charges of treason after the Usurper Robert had died. He is currently held in the Black Cells. The Lannisters have sent a message calling for the North’s fealty. I will not accept this, and request for King Jon to come to Winterfell with his dragon, for a plan to be made to rescue my sisters, and my father. Robb Stark, Castellan of Winterfell.’

Shock was the only emotion present in the chamber. Everyone was overwhelmed, trying to process what they’d just heard.

“Jon, are you going?” Lyanna spoke, her usually calm voice replaced with a small sob.

“Yes, mother. I shall go immediately.” Jon replied. “In my absence, I name Willas Tyrell the castellan of Winterfyre. He is very capable for such a task, and should do well. Mother, Grandmother, help him do it. He needs all the help he can get.”

Queen Rhaella nodded.

“I am honoured, Your Grace.” Willas replied.

“I will leave as soon as I can on Torraxes.” Jon spoke. “Begin war plans even in my absence. Time is of the essence.”

“Of course, Jon.” Lyanna spoke. “The council is dismissed for the day.”

Most of the group left the solar, except for Jon, Margaery, and Lyanna.

Lyanna was afraid of what was to happen to her brother. She knew that he could be killed any moment.

“Mother, Jon, can I speak to you both?” Margaery asked.

“Of course, dear.” Lyanna replied. “What is it?”

“Is it important?” Jon spoke, impatiently, pacing around the room with anxiousness. “I have to go, now.”

“Well, Jon, I’ve never known how to say things like this.” Margaery replied. “Jon, I’m carrying your child.”

Jon’s face froze. It looked as if he was stabbed.

“Are you certain?” Lyanna asked. “How can you be certain?”

“The healer, Master Valoris.” Margaery spoke. “He says I have been for at least three months now.”

Lyanna’s face also froze, with an impeccable similarity to Jon’s. They both were shocked.

“That’s wonderful!” Jon stammered.

He then kissed his wife passionately, with boundless optimism of his future. He would guard her, and their child with his life. He then began his preparations for the journey ahead, bidding his farewells to Margaery, his mother, everyone. It would be some time before he sees them again.
Robb stood in the plain outside Winterfell, along with his mother and several guardsmen, including Ser Rodrik Cassel. He had received word that Jon was on his way, which was great, since he needed help to rescue his father. And he knew Jon wanted to do that too.

“Robb, why are we here?” Catelyn asked her son. “Shouldn’t we be in Winterfell planning instead? Certainly if you need to tell me something, it could have been at least within Winterfell’s grounds.”

“We just need to wait, Mother.” Robb replied. “He’ll be here any moment now.”

“Who?” Catelyn responded. “Who would be here?”

“A good friend of mine.” Robb answered.

They waited for another hour, when Catelyn decided it was time to stop.

“Robb, this is no time for your gibes.” She spoke. “Whatever it is you wanted to say, say it no—“

Catelyn was cut off by a massive roar. All the members of the group, except Robb, covered their ears, and unsheathed their swords. Robb knew the sound very well. It heralded his good friend’s return.

Torraxes flew a few circles around the party, making Catelyn faint, and the guardsmen, even the courageous Ser Rodrik to tremble. Of course, seeing a dragon is quite a sight for anyone.

Robb smiled briefly as he saw the rider on Torraxes get off of the massive dragon. It had been a few months since he saw him, and the man seemed more regal than ever. But for now, he had his father and his sisters to worry about.

Jon approached the group, as the still-trembling guardsmen managed to get enough courage to even raise their swords.

“Who are you?” Ser Rodrik asked.

“He is His Grace, King Jaehaerys of House Targaryen, Third of His Name, King of the Andals, the Rhoynar and the First Men, Lord of the Seven Kingdoms, and Protector of the Realm.” Robb introduced his friend. “But you can call him Jon. He has been and always will be my friend.”

“Robb, under normal circumstances, I would be taking this for a cruel jape.” Ser Rodrik replied, still in shock. “But since he has the dragon, I will believe in his dragon blood. Why have you brought him here?”

“Well, I will tell all that once my mother comes to.” Robb replied. “Better not have her left out of the fun.”

“Of course, Robb.” Ser Rodrik responded. “Welcome to Winterfell, King Jon.”

“Thank you, Ser—“ Jon replied. “May I have your name?”


“It is an honor to finally meet you.” Jon responded. “I have heard much about you from Robb.”

“Really?” The man spoke, stroking his whiskers. “What have you told him about me, Robb?”

Robb turned to a shade of red, embarrassed of not wanting to have to be a puppet in Jon’s idea of a reunion gift.

He then went silent.

“I understand now.” Ser Rodrik spoke. “So, in all this time supposedly on Bear Island, you have been with even another King, and you did not even bother to speak of me?”

Robb glanced at Jon, who was silently snickering.

“Perhaps we should get somewhere warm for Lady Catelyn.” Jon spoke. “Robb called me here to help him, and I intend to do so.”

“Well, as you can see, Jon, there is a massive castle just over there. Perhaps we should bring my mother there?” Robb asked sarcastically. “We can talk once she wakes.”

“That would be wonderful.” Jon replied. “I’ve always wanted to see the castle myself.”

“And you will, Jon.” Robb responded.

Jon then commanded his dragon to behave himself and leave, which the dragon did.

When Lady Catelyn woke up, she was in the solar, with her son, and a strange man who was sitting...
in a nearby chair. She immediately got up, preparing a barrage of questions for the both of them.

“Who are you?” She asked. “Robb, who is he?”

“He’s my good friend and companion of mine for all these years.” Robb spoke. “Mother, meet His Grace, King Jaehaerys of House Targaryen, Third of His Name. King of the Andals, the Rhoynar, and the First Men. Lord of the Seven Kingdoms, and Protector of the Realm. But you can call him Jon. He’s my cousin too. And now, he’s here to help save Father.”

“Targaryen?” Catelyn replied, unable to believe her son’s words. “There are no more Targaryens, Robb! This is certainly a cruel gibe for even you, Robb.”

“Well, my lady, how do you explain my dragon, which you just saw?” Jon asked, a bit frustrated in his aunt’s inability to accept. “I suppose you are going to say mirrors and smoke?”

She went silent for a moment. She was still trying to process the massive amounts of information she was just given.

“Your House is dead!” She replied. “The Mad King and his son, Rhaegar, had sealed your own fate with my husband’s sister’s kidnapping, and her death. And you should not be coming back, with your family’s madness!”

Jon’s composition was tense, courtesy of the madness accusation. Angry at how the Usurper and Tywin Lannister’s lies had corrupted the woman, and by her father, and Petyr Baelish.

“My lady, you are completely wrong.” Jon replied in an angrier tone. “I know of the one who had done this. It’s your father, Lord Hoster, and Petyr Baelish that had sent my uncle, Brandon Stark to his death!”

“No, no no!” Catelyn responded, shocked at what the supposed King was accusing her lord father of doing. “And Petyr’s a friend, he would not want to hurt anyone I care for!”

“No, Lady Stark, you are wrong.” Jon replied, fire in his eyes. “Hoster Tully, through his spies, learned of my Uncle Brandon’s marriage to Lady Ashara Dayne, and his intention to break off his betrothal to you. He had his crony, your ‘friend’ Petyr lie to Brandon about my mother’s elopement with my father Rhaegar. And from what I have heard of Petyr from my mother Lyanna, who is perfectly alive and well, mind you, Baelish was deeply in love with you.”

Catelyn shook her head, not wanting to believe what Jon was saying.

“The man wanted your hand, Lady Stark.” Jon continued. “He even challenged Brandon to a duel for you. He hated Brandon, and with Lord Hoster’s support, had sent my uncle to his death, and my father to his grave in the Trident! Lady Lyanna’s messages, which she left with your father, and Baelish, for Lord Rickard himself, were lost, and now, Rhaegar and Brandon are dead.”

Catelyn continued to be silent, before realizing that he was right. All these years she had thought of Petyr as an admirer of hers, who was loved by Lysa, and did not love anyone else. Now, with this information, she was even more shocked.

“You’re Rhaegar and Lyanna’s son?” Catelyn stammered. “So she eloped with him?”

Jon nodded.

“Who else is with you, wherever it is that you have been all this time?” Catelyn continued.

“We have the rest of the royal family in our castle on Bear Island.” Jon replied. “Queen Rhaella, Princess Elia, everyone. And my wife, Lady Margaery Tyrell, and Lord Willas Tyrell.”

“What are you doing here?” She asked. “Why did Robb call you here?”

“I am here to help Robb rescue Lord Stark.” Jon responded. “He is my uncle, who I care for deeply. He is like a second father to me.”

“Thank you, King Jon.” Catelyn replied. “You should pack immediately. My husband is being kept in King’s Landing, and we think they will execute him.”

“I will not let that happen, Lady Stark.” Jon spoke. “Robb? Is everything ready?”

“Yes, of course.” Robb responded. “We can go immediately, if you like.”

“We will.” Jon replied. “I’ll get Torraxes, you get the supplies.”

They went off to do their respective tasks, before flying off, with Catelyn watching. Jon had Torraxes fly at his fastest, rushing their way to the Crownlands, through the Riverlands. They did not even bother to stop for the night, and only stopped to allow the dragon to feast on prey, before flying again.
“So, you married Lady Margaery?” Robb asked, hoping to strike up a conversation.
“Congratulations, Jon! I always thought you’d be a man-maiden for the rest of your life.”
“Yes, Robb.” Jon replied. “But what I am concerned with, is you and Dany. Remember our deal? Once we get back with your father, I will announce it to all. I can already picture the two of you blushing to purple.”
“Perhaps you should focus on flying Torraxes.” Robb responded, turning to the very shade of purple Jon had imagined. “And can the dragon hurry up?”
“With this speed, we’ll be there in two days.” Jon answered. “Don’t worry, Uncle Ned is safe. Lord Varys himself said so.”
“Are you entirely sure?” Robb spoke. “I know for a fact that Cersei Lannister and her family is not to be trusted. Even the Imp, Tyrion sent a catspaw to kill my brother Bran, while he is asleep!”
“What?” Jon responded, shocked at the level of barbarity the Lannisters could breed. “Only a monster would do that against a harmless boy. Where is he now?”
“He is supposed to be in the Vale, after my mother had him arrested.” Robb spoke. “She had him prepared for a trial, and if it not were for me messaging her of your arrival, she’d still be there.
“If he is not, you can kill him yourself.” Jon spoke. “But for now, we shall rescue your father first.”
“That’s fine with me.” Robb exclaimed.
They flew for another day at great speed, with Robb actually becoming sick of the motion. Jon just hoped that no one had been hurt by a small rain of vomit.
They reached King’s Landing by nightfall.
“We’re here, Robb.” Jon spoke. “I’ll land in the outskirts, just to be safe.”
Jon had Torraxes land some distance away from the walls, which allowed none of them to be spotted. His dragon was a black mass that blended in with the darkness.
“Right.” Robb spoke. “Where to now?”
“That way.” Jon pointed to the Red Keep. “Lord Stark should be in the Black Cells. I hope he is all right. And your sisters should be in the Maidenvault. I think they would be fine too.”
“I hope so too.” Robb responded. “Do you know the way?”
“Of course I do.” Jon replied. “I have been reading the maps of all the hallways, the chambers, dungeons, secret passages in this castle since I was a boy. Some of which only I and Lord Varys know.”
“You have quite the credentials for this, Jon.” Robb spoke. “Now, let’s hurry.”
The two immediately began strolling towards the walls. In this case, they were stealthy. Jon, at least. Robb was always the very heavily built man, while Jon was lithe but fast. This meant they were always equals in their sparring. Where Robb was strong, Jon was fast.
They had been going for a while when they reached the walls. It was quite the sight to see the city’s large defenders, built by Aegon the Conqueror himself.
“Now what?” Robb spoke. “Tell me we’re not scaling the walls.”
“We’re scaling the wall.” Jon replied.
Robb let out a massive sigh, which almost made Jon think the Gold Cloaks could just hear them from the other side of the city.
“Well, then. Can we just find another gate that we can enter?” Robb exasperatedly asked. “The guardsmen should be easy to dispatch.”
“Of course.” Jon responded. “We can enter through the Old Gate, and pass our way through the city to the Red Keep from there. Just watch for the smell in Flea Bottom.”
“From what I have smelled of your dragon’s droppings, I think I can handle it.” Robb spoke.
They entered with ease, since they were cloaked, head to toe. Robb had wanted to test his steel on a Gold Cloak, but was stopped by Jon.
They passed through the slums of Flea Bottom, which made both their stomachs churn. Apparently the waste of thousands of people was worse than that of six dragons.
“I admit it.” Robb spoke. “Dragon shit is not as bad as this, whatever this is.”
“I told you.” Jon replied. “We’ll be out in a few moments, don’t faint on me.”
“I won’t.” Robb responded. “But if we ever go through this place again, I’ll be flinging myself off of
“You are free to do that once we get your father.” Jon spoke. “But for now, we must focus.”
“How are we going to get inside?” Robb asked. “It’s not like we can just waltz in and expect the Gold Cloaks to present my father to us.”
“Lord Varys reports that their training is far less than what we have now.” Jon replied. “Shouldn’t be too easy to knock out some, take their armour as a disguise and make our way to Uncle Ned.”
Robb nodded. Soon enough, a pair of drunk Goldcloaks stumbled across the two, and were quickly knocked out.
Jon and Robb took on the armor the guards had, and made their way towards the gatehouse of the Red Keep.
They slipped past the gold cloaks stationed there with ease, and immediately made their way to the dungeon.
“Uncle Ned should be in the Black Cells.” Jon spoke. “They are for the most dangerous of thieves and criminals.”
“We should hurry.” Robb replied.
The two ran as fast as they could without making too much noise, as to not alert any gaolers. They reached the Black Cells, and immediately took to finding Ned. They did, seeing as to his cell is the only one locked. They were surprised to find Lord Varys there, talking to Ned.
“What are you doing here?” Jon spoke. “Lord Varys, why are you talking to my uncle?”
“Your Grace?” The Eunuch spoke in an effeminate voice, smelling of lilacs. “Is there anything I can do?”
“Find my cousins, Sansa and Arya, and bring them outside the Old Gate.” Jon replied. “Preferably disguised and under some kind of protection. And make sure to tell them, their brother is here.”
“Of course, Your Grace.” Varys responded. “Although my little birds have had difficulty locating Lady Arya. We have not found her yet, and if she is here, then she is most likely lost in Flea Bottom.”
“Father?” Robb spoke, this time looking within the cell to see his father, or at least, a starved, and injured husk that remained. “Where have you left Arya?”
“I do not know.” Ned replied. “The last thing I remember doing with her, was sending her to her water dancing lessons. Braavosi water dancing. It’s a form of fighting she likes.”
“But I know that the man who taught her, would have protected her.” Ned continued. “I concur with Lord Varys, knowing that she would have had time to escape.”
“Well, we should have his little birds find her there.” Robb spoke. “Are there any Northmen, or Night’s Watchmen leaving the city soon?”
“In fact there are, Lord Robb.” The Eunuch replied. “One such group, in fact, led by a man named Yoren. He has a bunch of criminals he has that have to be sent to the Wall.”
“Arya may have been able to follow him.” Robb responded. “Go now and find my sisters.”
“At once, Lord Robb.” Varys spoke before leaving.
“Father, come with us.” Robb spoke. “We need you. Me, Mother, Bran, who’s awake, Rickon, everyone. We need you to be Eddard Stark and help us.”
“I cannot leave.” Ned replied. “If Cersei Lannister finds out about my escape, she will raze the North, if not the Seven Kingdoms to the ground to prevent her worst secret from leaving this city.”
“What secret?” Jon asked.
“The fact is, Joffrey, Tommen, and Myrcella are not Robert’s children.” Ned spoke. “They were fathered by Jaime Lannister, her brother, in an incestuous relationship. That’s what Jon Arryn found out, and that was why he was poisoned. Now, I must stay here, for the realm.”
“No, Father, come with us!” Robb almost cried. “In Winterfyre, you, the family will be safe from her.”
“Is that assured?” Ned replied. “I must stay here. Varys says they plan on sending me to the Wall. You can intercept me there.”
“They’ll execute you, father!” Robb cried out. “They will never let you live!”
“Then take this.” Ned handed a small book to Robb. “You will need it to prove that Joffrey is indeed
a bastard."
“What is it?” Jon asked.
“Jon Arryn’s secret journal.” Ned replied. “Varys found it in the Tower of the Hand, and gave it to me. It details of how the Hand found out of the incest, and that he planned to tell Robert before he was poisoned. Take it, and go. Now! Tell Sansa and Arya I love them.”
“Father, if you cannot do it for yourself, do it for my mother.” Robb implored. “She may be strong, but your death will strain her to her limit.”
“Uncle, do it for your sister.” Jon himself was pleading. “My mother cannot bear the thought of her dear brother’s death. I fear she will never be the same if I were to bear the news of our failure.”
Ned was silent.
“The realm will never believe the word of a dead man, Father!” Robb beseeched. “They will only believe words coming from your own mouth.”
Ned weighed his options. He knew his chances of escaping the city are slim, especially in his state, and with the leg wound. But he had to do what he must.
“Very well, then.” He grumbled. “Robb, help me up. We need to get out of here, and fast.”
Robb grabbed his father’s hand, and slowly helped the elder Stark up. His father ambled out of his cell slowly, limping on one leg. Robb hoped the leg won’t be their downfall.
Just as they left the cell, the sound of footsteps echoed into the cells. And not just one man’s. Several pairs of feet were headed their way.
“Give me a sword.” The Lord of Winterfell commanded. “I can still fight.”
Jon handed his uncle a sword taken from the goldcloaks he and Robb had knocked out earlier.
“Lord Stark,” A man’s voice came from the cells’ entrance. “It’s good to see that you’ve made some friends in your time here. Once you’re dead, I’ll see to it that they are too.”
A torch’s flame illuminated the unknown man’s face. It bore the smug smile of a Lannister, and the golden hair to boot. The Kingslayer himself was here.
“Ser Jaime.” Ned replied. “I don’t think you’ve had the pleasure of meeting my son, Robb. Don’t worry, though. You will meet his sword soon enough.”
The pride of Tywin Lannister charged at Ned with his sword, but was parried by Jon. The fight had begun.
The three goldcloaks lunged for the two Starks, swords ready. Robb was quick enough to block their strikes. He fought two of them, holding them at sword length, thanks to his tutelage under the Sword of the Morning. His father was left duelling with the other, keeping him at bay, impaired only by his leg.
Jon was in the thick of it, barely defending against the Kingslayer’s strikes and blows. The lion was good, awfully good at his swordsmanship. His footing, too, was stable, not unlike Ser Arthur’s. The man’s defences were nigh-impervious. That is, to all those not trained under the Kingsguard, of course.
Jaime Lannister denied Jon chances to strike, blow after blow, while dealing those of his own. To Jon, this was the first enemy he’d ever faced who could truly kill him. But that didn’t matter now. He needed to fight. For his uncle. For Robb, his brother in all but blood. His mother. His wife, and their unborn child. He had to win this fight for them. He fought on, tiring the Kingslayer, slowly but surely, and began noticing the gaps in his opponent’s defence.
Robb himself wasn’t doing too badly either, holding off two men at once. They were strong indeed, but he was better. He exploiting their mistakes, one by one, throwing them off balance. His sword cleaved through one man’s arm and plunged through the other in the stomach. He had won. The remaining goldcloak was unfazed by his comrades’ demise. He fought on valiantly against Ned Stark. However, the Warden of the North was not to be bested. Ned’s defence was as impervious as the walls of Winterfell, and his offence was steady. It didn’t take long for his opponent to falter, and for his sword to pierce through the man’s chest.
Robb quickly turned to his father, thanking the gods for watching over them.
Jon’s fight against the Lannister now began turning in his favour. The small gaps in his enemy’s defence became large breaches. Jon fought on and swung one last time at the Kingslayer. His sword
cut the man’s right hand off like a knife through butter. The golden lion recoiled in pain and terror as he realises what had happened. He roared out in pain as Jon, Robb, and Ned quickly left the Black Cells and headed for the Old Gate. If the city wasn’t awake before, they soon will be.

This time around, the smell of Flea Bottom didn’t bother any of them. Jon was elated, almost, having won a victory against one of the best swords in the Seven Kingdoms. Robb was cheerful for saving his father. Ned was proud of his son’s prowess, and his courage. The three tried their best to blend in, making their way through the slums.

When they made it to the gate, they were met by the effeminate visage of Lord Varys. Next to them stood two young girls, one with a head of red hair, the other, the brown hair characteristic of a Stark. Robb ran towards his sisters, and his father followed suit. Their reunion was sweeter than any pastry or wine the Seven Kingdoms could offer.

“My Lords,” Varys interjected. “I hate to interrupt your reunion, but it is best for you to leave now. I have a carriage ready for Lord Stark and the ladies Stark, headed for the North.”

“Of course, Lord Varys.” Ned responded, elated to see his daughters alive and well. “What about you, Robb?”

“I think I’ll go with Jon instead, on his dragon.” Robb replied. “Aunt Lyanna deserves to know of your survival with the greatest haste.”

“I will see both of you in Winterfell.” Ned spoke. “Thank you, Jon. You and Robb saved my life.”

Jon nodded silently, happy to see his uncle proud.

Ned and his daughters embarked on the carriage, waved off by Jon and Robb. Then, the two friends left the city on the back of Torraxeses, headed straight for Winterfyre.

Author’s Note: I told you that this story was going in a different direction now, didn’t I? Hope you liked it!
Hello everyone, it's Argon here.

I sincerely apologise for almost-abandoning this story for the last year and a half. I'm not going to make any excuses, or any reasons at all. This is my fault, and I am sorry to have left you hanging, if you managed to wade through my work to this point. Don't worry, the work continues. Which is why this is here. I am now beginning the process of writing a new chapter to this, along with re-working and possibly re-writing some chapters that I feel are necessary. The general structure and path of the story will stay somewhat the same, depending upon how I go along. I hope that you will bear with me, and since I'm starting with a blank slate, almost, feel free to suggest any ideas you might have for the story!

Thanks,
ArgonTheConqueror

P. S.: I'm already 5-6 chapters into tweaking the story, fixing any mistakes I have seen.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!