**Taken Down**

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**Taken Down**

by [Nanners (nanjcsy)](http://archiveofourown.org/users/nanners)

**Summary**

A Part Two for Taking Over.
Waif huddled with her latest protege while they waited in tense silence. She counted backwards in her head, measured soft numbers then spoke into the mike.

"Stefan? Do you see your target yet? Give me a full description when you see him. We need to get the right twin, do you hear me? I need to make sure about hair color."

"I remember. They are coming out of the church now in a group. I will confirm when I have a good visual. All these hippy fruitcakes are dressed alike and are wearing straw hats. It's going to be difficult."

She suppressed a small moment of humor as her stern protegee frowned and rolled her eyes. Waif gave a small smirk and gave the girl a pat on the shoulder.

"I wonder if you are too stern, Deb or if I am getting too soft. Or perhaps I am just gaining more patience over the years. After all, if I ever thought my somewhat stoic attitude could be broken it would have by Gregor by now. And he rarely manages to do more than mildly rattle me these days."

As if karma were a speeding train the tent doors were exploded as a shiny bald bear attacked the vinyl sheets. Deb screamed as Gregor's head then bulk came crashing in.

As Deb tried to calm her pounding heart she saw a sight that took her very breath out of her already deprived lungs. She watched her stoic, quiet boss utterly lose her shit.

"What the fuck? Gregor, how dare-Get the fuck-I AM WORKING!" Waif threw her earphones at Gregor as hard as she could and he blankly watched them hit his chest and fall to the ground.

"I want you to marry me."

"NOW? You want me to answer that NOW? Get out of here!"

Waif could hear Stefan over the mike.

"Is that Waif screaming? Is something going on? Is it a bear attack? Oh gods, Deb answer me!"

"No, it's just Gregor. Don't worry about it. Concentrate on the men in the crowd. You know his picture in your sleep, find him, Stefan."

"Marry me."

"Fuck off."

"Marry me."

Waif shoved the mike at Deb then turned to glare at the looming menace.

"This is the way you ask me to marry you? Huh? By destroying a job and harassing me? You know I rarely get to go anymore on the hits as it is! Get out, go away before I hurt you!"

"We love each other. Marry me."

Waif snorted and growled dangerously.
"Not right now I don't love you. I'm a little closer to burying you then accepting a proposal so go away, Gregor. Right now. I mean it."

Anyone else would have fled, hell, Deb was looking like she was trying to find an ejection button. Waif grabbed back the mike but before she could speak into it Gregor's voice thundered through the tent.

"Marry me."

"I think I have the right guy, Waif. Want to confirm this with me?"

"MARRY ME!"

Waif looked about ready to froth at the mouth and Gregor might have taken offense to the gun she pointed at him if it weren't for her words shouted back.

"FINE, GET OUT RIGHT NOW AND I'LL MARRY YOU! BUT IF YOU ARE HERE IN THREE SECONDS YOU'LL BE HAVING SURGERY BEFORE THE WEDDING!"

Waif watched him leave with a huge mean smile on his face and she seethed. The distant crack of Stefan's gun was heard and Deb offered cool praise. Dammit, she missed it anyways.

The next day Waif's lawyer dropped off a startlingly large amount of paperwork to Gregor's lawyer. The novel's worth of paper was a prenuptial agreement for Gregor to sign. Gregor laughed the whole time his lawyer bitched about it on the phone to him. He laughed even harder as the lawyer read to him the highlights.

The lawyer stammered as Gregor agreed to all of it and told the man to send his own agreement to Waif. Of course the lawyer wanted to now amend the contract fifty new ways but Gregor stifled him on it. Gregor smiled and then his eyes on fell on a picture of Brat.

The smile went into a comfortable frown. She used the name Arya again, feeling too old for it to be a public name.

Gregor didn't like the fact that Brat, no, Arya, has picked this new husband of hers without his consent or even knowledge. To elope with Oberyn Martell of all the men in the world!

Gregor couldn't believe she could be that stupid, nor that the man could be that smooth or that good in bed. It made his blood grow cold when she told him that she spent months staying in the enemy's vacation home in secret!

Then to tell her father that she had eloped with Oberyn because of the hatred between families. The two idiots were going to heal the breach by this somehow. Both families informed them not to hold their breath.

Gregor couldn't have his wedding without his daughter in attendance. It would look like shit. It would let the Martells feel justified in their own stubbornness.

And Gregor has missed seeing his foul mouthed, steely eyed daughter. But that was a voice acknowledged in it's silence but never really thought in words. The same voice that has made Gregor finally decide to push into marriage with Waif. He had built an empire, things were going well, he was becoming tired, bored.
If he and Waif marry, they will probably suck every drop of happiness out of the newness until it is dull. Then they will probably kill each other. Gregor doesn't know how long that would take to happen but he wants to enjoy it fully. He also wants to be sure that his daughter is ready to sit on his throne before he retires or dies.

Gregor was reasonably sure she was but this new husband worries him greatly.

Gregor's wedding will be his first time to make the man's full measure. He would have Polliver and Raff there to also study the man. They know everything about him that can be found by spies. But a true worth of him, that must come from meeting him personally.

At the same time, Gregor despised allowing a snake to enter his protected sanctuary. Never good to let a reptile inside. However, he is pretty sure that Arya won't show if he doesn't extend the invitation to her new husband.

At least the girl was married. That first man he chose, Gregor had even chosen a man close to the girls own age! She murdered him in cold blood within the first year of marriage. Since she chose this one, there was a good chance Arya might stay married and give Gregor grandchildren before he died.

With a sigh, Gregor got a hold of one of the few folks that Arya would never deny. Jaq was on his way to inform and pick up Arya within the hour.

He was as charming as Oberyn who seemed to enjoy what he saw. It wasn't very long until Jaq discovered just how much the girl had changed. Later, as the three were easing tired, sated skin into bathrobes, Brat's trademark sneer came forth.

"Did it take your sister very long to convince my father to allow my husband an invite?"

Jaq accepted a whiskey glass from Oberyn.

"My sister isn't speaking to Gregor at present. She hasn't since he proposed to her in the middle of an important job. All wedding plans are created by myself and Gregor. I am hoping that my sister speaks with him at least before their first year wedding anniversary will show up. Waif does tend to hold grudges on occasion. No, your father sent me to get you personally...and your husband. Gregor wishes to meet the man who has captured your...heart."

Jaq licked the bottom of his lip and when Oberyn smiled at him, he lost track of his conversation. Arya rolled her eyes.

"Stop fucking around, he isn't that good."

Oberyn gave a look of over dramatic hurt to Arya while Jaq chuckled and headed towards the shower.

"Perhaps not, but he is certainly quite good and something very different. I'm showering and retiring for the night. We shall head home in the morning. Goodnight."

"Does he always speak as if the person isn't even there? I feel used and judged all at once. I mean, it's a favorable judgement sexually at least..."

Arya giggled and crawled atop her husband, pressing him into the bed.

"I have slept with him at least seven times in my life and he NEVER lost composure the way he did when you used your tongue. Damn, watching you fuck him was one of the hottest things I've ever
seen. Joining you was the best thing I've ever done. But that isn't the reason we are getting married. I hope that Gregor will see you like I do. I really hate fighting with my father, he is such a stubborn asshole when he's irritated."

"That is an understatement. And I hope to hell your father NEVER sees me the way you do! I mean most of your friends are quite fuck-able but..I do have some limitations."

They laughed and drank a bit more wine before Arya was able to relax. Oberyn curled around her and both of them stared into the darkness. Each silently already locked in arguments that end in battle with Gregor.
Finding The Truffles

Piggy has not had many healthy sexual connections.

Before or after meeting Polliver. A year after he became Polliver's slave, the man took him to a brothel for Piggy's birthday. Another brothel visit happened during Polliver's own birthday. It became a tradition.

Two years after Piggy was upgraded to the title of Personal Assistant in public, he met Carrie. It was not a healthy sexual connection.

She was a slave in Polliver's household. Mostly unnoticed, quiet, compliant and plain features but for a sunny smile. Piggy would receive the smiles but no one else seemed to. The girl would continually get herself in trouble by trying to be near Piggy rather than get her work done.

Piggy was aware of her crush as was everyone else. The teasing from the slaves just brought forth red cheeks and a clever retort from Piggy. From Polliver and his men, it was crushing. He tried to make it very clear to Carrie that they were not destined to have a relationship.

He tried being gentle, then firm. The girl seemed saddened but certainly not defeated. Her smile would shine upon him.

"It's okay. I know you are scared, Piggy. Scared of having a relationship but you don't need to be. Yeah, everyone knows I like you and even the Master knows. He only teases you because you run from it instead of enjoying the bit of freedom we can have. Polliver doesn't care if we date or have sex, Piggy. Hell, half the staff is boning the other half. Polliver himself allowed two couples to marry last year."

Piggy was so tempted to whack her, just to try and make her see sense. Sure, he wanted to have sex with her, to date her. Of course he did, he knew she could see it. But Carrie didn't see the danger and that was the real issue here. He was plagued with nightmares of a certain woman and little girl busily digging through graveyard dirt to reach him.

"When I get close to someone, they tend to get very hurt. They tend to die, Carrie. Do you get that at all? Doesn't that sink in just a little bit? You see it, don't you? I mean, just last week those men were brought here, you saw what Polliver and Raff did to them? At the very least, I am sure you heard it. Would you want to be in that position? You might find yourself in it if you dated me."

Carrie looked at Piggy as if he had a fever.

"No. That wouldn't happen. I have seen what they do to enemies. I am not the enemy. I have seen what happens to slaves that get in trouble, Piggy. I have felt the lash and have the same scars you do. You aren't important enough as a slave for Polliver to do such things to either of us. And why would he? We aren't rebelling, we aren't planning to run away, just date. You are paranoid and a fucking ego maniac, you know that? And you are a fucking coward. You are so far up our Master's ass, you think you matter now. You are so scared of our Master that you can't even bring yourself to take the small freedoms he offers. Just in case they are a trick? Fuck you, Piggy."

He had watched the girl storm off with a mixture of relief, disappointment and shame.

But then Polliver allowed the entire staff to have a fall party. It was decorated and served by Samara's own staff. The woman herself had to continually pull Piggy away from trying to take over. She forced him into a dance in the large ballroom. Raff and Polliver drank while playing pool against
Raff's head gardener and Polliver's mechanic.

The food was the best quality they have ever eaten as slaves. The music was by a current popular DJ and an expansive amount of liquors were freely flowing for all. It was things like this that keeps Polliver in favor with his slaves, regardless of the things he might subject them to daily. When Polliver was in the mood for it, his generosity could be almost crazily lavished.

Their Master was certainly all about the carrot and the stick. Right now the carrot was large and sweet. All the rabbits were hungry for it and partied as if they were teenagers without parental limits. Samara forced Piggy to dance for some time before she went back to supervise her staff. Polliver yanked Piggy to the bar. He shoved drink after drink at the young man until he was giggling at a stupid joke the bartender told.

"There we go, a happy buzzy little Piggy. A much better look for the party."

To Piggy's drunken horror, a very tipsy Carrie was coming towards them. Judging by her face, she had come to apologize for her mean attitude and try again. He was too drunk for escape, for any defense, for any way to warn the poor girl off. Polliver received a drunken version of Carrie's smile and he gave a wider one back. Piggy moaned underneath his hands at that fucking smile.

"Come here to us, sweet girl. Carrie, Piggy here is a relaxed man tonight. All ready to party. He doesn't need to hear your little drunken sorry, it is boring and awkward. He understands you didn't mean what you said. He knows you still crush hard on him, don't you? I am going to help you guys, make it easy on you. Let's just get all the tension right out of the way. Carrie, as your Master I am ordering you to take my Piggy to his room. You will make sure that he spouts nothing but dust before you leave that room. Get it out of your system, boy. You'll feel better for it."

"But...but...Master...I...I probably can't. The alcohol..."

Polliver rolled his eyes at Piggy's pathetic attempt at a rebuttal or escape. With a grin he handed Piggy a blue pill and a shot.

"Here you go. That should take care of your little problem, Piggy. Now, tonight is no night for shovels being picked up. So keep your mouth shut and take Carrie to your room. Now. And remember, it's an order for you girl. If I find out that Piggy hid under the bed while you watched tv or that you just recited fucking poetry to each other, your back will feel my displeasure, Carrie."

If anything could kill a good feeling, Polliver's speech was it.

Yet, twenty minutes later Piggy found himself groaning against the girl. He tried to tell her that she could just pretend. But they were drunk, she had a crush on him, the edge of danger involved it got to them both. Piggy gave up trying to tell Carrie to stop when she took his cock in her mouth. He used every lesson he has learned from the high class birthday whores on Carrie until she squealed with delight.

The next morning Piggy was awake and dressed before Carrie woke up. He left two aspirin and a glass of water along with a note for her to get dressed and head to her room. He was going to ask Polliver to allow her the day off. And it thanked her for a fun night. Piggy thought it was quite kind of him to have done this. Carrie didn't see it the same way and a fight ensued.

Polliver had a headache and the girl was screeching while Piggy kept trying to get her to leave the main house.

"You have to shut up before Master hears you! We can't date, I told you that before last night. I told
you that during what we did last night. I'm as clear as I can be, Carrie. It's dangerous to date me, it could be deadly. Just remember last night? What Master said? We fucked because we were ordered to. If you had changed your mind, if I did, then he would have been whipping your back right now. Do you see yet how dangerous it would be for us to try to date? How can you not see it? I'm sorry you feel misled, I am. But we are not going to be anything to each other."

A passing servant ducked as Carrie threw her shoe with deadly accuracy at Piggy's head.

Polliver watched as a female shoe went whizzing inches past his face as he entered the kitchen. With a thud the shoe hit it's curly large target and Piggy grabbed his head with a cry.

Polliver sighed and shook his head as Piggy quickly picked up the shoe. He clutched it to his chest, lowering his eyes, worried for himself and the girl now. Carrie kept her eyes low but her body thrummed with repressed hurt and outrage.

"It looks like a night of amazing sex didn't do any good for you two. Was there any sex at all?"

Before Piggy could begin a word, Carrie's venom filled hiss attacked the room.

"Oh, we had sex. Amazing sex all night long until we passed out. But then he left me there with a damned note. I was fine to fuck all night but to date me is still out. His excuses are all cowardly shit! Says he can't get close to slaves but his best friend is a damned slave! He says anyone he gets close to dies! Yet, Samara looks pretty alive to me, Piggy! Is it her? Do you have some crush on her that I just can't get through?"

Polliver's headache was growing worse and he was done with the girl's loud anger. The humor of this girl's crush upon Piggy was fun but this part was boring and loud. It was irritating as hell.

"What Piggy is too polite to add to his statement is "Your kind." I'll give you a better example, dear girl. He doesn't date your kind of slave or get close to your kind of slave."

Carrie was too upset to hear the warning in Polliver's voice and she didn't even see how his eyes have gone so cold, locked upon her. The others do and cower away. Piggy whimpers and stays still, keeping his head down, biting his lips to not dare beg for Carrie's life.

"My kind, Master? What kind of slave am I that Piggy can't date me?"

The bullet crashed into the girl's skull making her silence grow permanent and Polliver answers as he stands over her.

"The surviving kind. Piggy, get someone to clean this up."

Piggy stuck to his twice a year whore sessions after that.

Then he found himself breaking everyone of his own rules. Raff has brought in a new group into his home. He has started to have some problems with his children, challenging hellions just like their parents. They have a tendency to burn out staff quickly. Raff ends up selling them and refreshing his staff pool every few years.

Piggy was visiting with Polliver for Charlie's birthday party when he saw her.

Piggy was helping set up cupcakes so when the kids finished the zombie paintball session they would be ready to eat. A harassed looking young woman was trying to help fill Charlie's paint cartridges and taking friendly fire. Finally, Charlie's gun was fixed and the woman was able to run to the relative safety of the food station.
Grinning at her colorful shirt and hair, Piggy handed her some napkins.

"My name is Lucky. As you can see...I'm anything but. And I heard someone say your name is Piggy. You look nothing like a pig and I haven't seen you act like one either. Proving that even some with the exalted titles of Master can be idiots, at least about naming their slaves."

Piggy stared at her for a moment then burst into laughter along with her. He fell hard and he fell fast.
The Duel of Dragons

Chapter Summary

Three little Targaryens kids, their bridges good as new/
A Robin killed one and then there were two/
Two little Targaryen kids cooking folks medium-well done/
One burned himself and then there was one/
One little Targaryen kid playing with a gun/
She thought she was tough and now there are none...

Written by MalcolmXavier

Age and time have softened towards past offenses and the Targaryen family slowly heals itself. ‘For the sake of the children’ was the truce banner waved by all of them.

It took a few years of pictures, phone calls, emails and texting.

Dany and Viserys met first then together they met their father. It didn't go well. It took all the children to guilt their mother into giving them their aunt's contact information. Dany was guilted by the children into contacting her brother. That went better.

The kids guilted their mother into giving them their grandfather's information. Same thing and that went well.

Now for the very first time Aerys and Dany will be visiting Raff's home. For the first time they will meet the children.

Aerys wanted so badly to walk up the driveway but the cold air was playing hell with his arthritis and he was confined to a wheelchair. He had glared the whole way through Gregor's impressive fucking empire. Let the gorilla be the Wizard of Ice and Pollen, he could have it.

They were late because they had to stop at a pharmacy clinic.

His men started to sneeze, Aerys couldn't stop coughing and everyone was rubbing their eyes. So much for colorful leaves, who could see them with teary red eyes? And the fucking things kept getting caught in the spokes of the wheelchair.

Aerys hated this place with a passion. That must be the reason why Viserys wants to live here. At least Dany hasn't lost her own genetic code enough to cast off the need for heat.

The long shallow bridges and rivers were driving Aerys crazy as they headed into his son's territories. When he saw the atrocity that he was told Polliver resided in, he moaned. My gods, what has the boy done? Is it meant to look like a prison, is it maybe a prison? Why would he want to live
in a prison?

He gave an audible sigh of relief upon seeing Raff’s mansion at the top of a winding driveway.

Aerys was wheeled to a ramp he was sure was added in a hurry yesterday and smoothly brought up it. The door opened and there was Raff’s damned slave and brood mare. Aerys had to admit the woman looked quite lovely and sane. Her hair was in a stylish bun and was in a casual but expensive dress that was modest.

With a charming smile and a soft melodic voice, Samara welcomed Aerys and his entourage to her home. Aerys had sworn to a peaceful truce but this slave was looking at his eyes, at all of the group of them. And she said it was her home? Is that what he heard? He was pretty sure of it and then decided to take the higher road.

"Thank you, slave. The welcome would be better if you were kneeling. I understand you must be careful in public, it can wait until we enter the foyer and shut the door, dear."

Aerys, his favorite slave, his personal assistant and his body guards all watched in somber fascination as Samara very slowly leaned over Aerys and spoke. Her smile remained solidly in place and her voice was polite, warm and cheerful.

"I won't be kneeling for you, Mr. Targaryen. No one here will be kneeling to you but your own staff. Your son is the Master here and we only kneel to him. And if you hurt my children in any way I will see to it that you never receive another chance to be near them."

As Samara stood back up, Aerys sputtered slightly in shock.

"Does your master know you speak this way to me? Does he know what you are really like?"

Aerys watched in disgust as Viserys came up from behind Samara, cupping her shoulders. He had a cruel smirk upon his features. That expression grew upon his face at fifteen and never left.

"Yes, I support my dear wife's words. No one here that is mine will kneel to anyone but me. And it is her home, I gave her control of it years ago when the children were born. You didn't exactly teach me how to be around babies and piles of laundry. So this home and everything in it was due to Samara. As for the threat? Well, she is a fierce mama bear for her kids, Dad. I would be careful how you treat our children. Around both of us."

Aeyrs bristled but the cold was seeping into the blankets and the stand off on the porch was more than he could bear.

"Fine, fine. Point made. Now either let me in or pay for my way back home. I don't want to meet my grandchildren while suffering hypothermia."

Raff rolled his eyes as he moved aside for Aeyrs to be rolled inside. Aerys silently prayed that by tomorrow his legs will be warm enough to support him. The thought of spending time here stuck at leg level was torture.

Then he met his grandchildren and discovered that the frigid hellscape might have something interesting to offer after all.

Dany looked at the city, the village and enjoy the unusual cold air and lovely leaves. It was a place that was both beautiful and sad which sort of described the western slave cities. Instead of sand and
heat, it was grass and cold but the slave cities were there.

The clothing, culture and grooming of slaves might be different, but it was still slavery.

It was hard to explain to her people that she was reconciling with her slaver family and meeting them inside her brother's home. Viserys was as notorious as their own father now. Not only as Gregor's right hand man but as their senatorial voice, the man was well known in the media.

But Dany's group knows him in a different light. As the person who not only integrated human trafficking into the North and Riverlands but has made it a million dollar business. She explained that her niece and nephews need to be educated so they do not carry on this tradition. Then she added a bit of a half lie.

"I'm also going to look for weaknesses. I'm going to try and educate as many slaves as I can. I will try and reach Raff's wife, a slave herself who must want better for her children. I also need to face my father, I need to face my demons, can you all understand that?"

They did because they loved her and so Dany took a deep breath and stepped out of her car. Mr. Grey steadied her. They insisted she take at least one bodyguard with her. She thanked him and headed for the door, her features settling into their usual political smile.

Missy, her best friend and P.R. manager made a clicking sound in her mouth.

"You are not going before the press or a crowd. This is family and it is a reconciliation. It is meeting the children and sharing a meal while reconnecting. If you act like you are campaigning at a reunion it will be seen as a hostile act."

This caused Dany to give her real warm smile and that is what Samara saw when she opened the door. It was returned and Dany felt slight hope for this visit. Viserys was polite but cold.

Aerys was critical of everything about his daughter's look. Also with her lack of entourage. The hope was draining away under the men until the children emerged to be greeted.

It was certainly the most invigorating and interesting meal Aerys and Dany have ever had together in their lives.
Raff had let Samara go out the door to torment his father as he finished fixing his diamond cuffs. He took extra care with his clothing today. For the first time in quite a while, Raff had fully dressed and made up Samara. Long back, he had taught Samara how to achieve the looks he wanted from her.

But with the arrival of his father, it felt too important. If he could have dressed the kids himself he would have. But the kids themselves each stopped allowing him to do that around the age of three or four. After that they only would surrender to their father's fashion will on holidays or public events.

Raff gave when last critical glance at himself then swept down the stairs.

The three kids were standing exactly were they were told to. Narrowing his eyes, Raff examined the three and as he walked past them each he took the time to look them over head to heels.

He stood over his youngest, the boy that looked almost exactly like him. Except Raff never had glasses nor did he ever wear a hoodie from the Walking Dead with dirty jeans and socks with holes to meet his relatives. Twelve year old Shane gave his father a look of such shining innocence that it made Raff's teeth hurt.

"Your mother set out the outfit I chose for you to wear today. I told you to put the suit on then stand here to meet your grandfather and aunt. Was the order that difficult for you, son?"

"I couldn't figure out the bow tie. The pants were too tight, the shirt popped a button and I lost one of the new shoes."

Raff gritted his teeth and stared down at the boy.

"You received the clothing just yesterday. I find it hard to believe that...never mind. The study. After your grandfather retires for the night."

He looked with satisfaction at Shane as the boy turned slightly pale.

Next in line was Charlie, Raff's fifteen year old daughter. Samara had bought their daughter very pretty, modest dress that Raff had approved for this visit. It was pink with red roses and would have looked lovely against Charlie's pale, pinkish skin. It would have brought out her large brown eyes. Samara had also bought the girl some lovely hand crafted silver hair decorations. It would have looked lovely in all that thick nearly white hair.

Raff's daughter had the best features of both her parents. She had her mother's large chocolate doe eyes and her flexibility, all the same creepy double joints too. Charlie also had her father's blonde hair, his height and bone structure.

Raff couldn't comprehend how someone so lovely could work so hard to hide it.

He stared at the blonde hair pulled back into a messy ponytail and Charlie looked very comfortable in her olive green sweatsuit.

"Sorry, had to get a last work out in. Had no time to shower or put on a fancy dress, Dad."

Raff didn't even bother with parrying words, he could hear Samara greeting his father.

"Woodshed, as soon as your aunt goes to bed."
He didn't bother to watch Charlie try and hide her flinch, he looked straight at his oldest. At seventeen, Malcolm was already as tall as his father. The boy looked back at his father with the same exact ice blue eyes.

They peered at him out of what Raff knew was his own bone structure but Samara's dark hair was obscuring the boy's face. Strong white teeth menaced from a half smile, half snarl that was the boy's trademark look these days.

Malcolm was wearing a black Disturbed t-shirt, his jeans looked dirtier than Shane's and it was evident he hadn't bothered to brush his shoulder length hair.

"Best that our grandfather and aunt see the real us right off. Pointless to wear fancy clothes and act all rehearsed then have it all fall apart later on. Better that they know what we are all really like from the start. I know honesty isn't a strong suit in our family lines but maybe we can change that."

Raff patted Malcolm's cheek and gave him a loving smile.

"Woodshed. As soon as I finish with your sister. And if this rebellion continues through this visit, I can promise the three of you will have a very uncomfortable month. Am I understood? Excellent."

Aerys took note that along with many framed pictures on the walls of the children, gilded frames full of a perfect family. There were shelves of awards, plaques hanging, shining dully.

Gymnastics, wrestling, archery, karate, field hockey. Three awards in marksmanship from a local gun club and a Youth Hunter Of The Year award. Those were all for Charlie. Malcolm's achievements were for academics and there were none at all for Shane.

As he allowed himself to sit in the living room with the family while they waited for Dany to arrive, Aerys had trouble not smiling. At some time in every parents life, they turn from all knowing deities into idiots that stumbled upon how to have kids, at least according to every teenager ever.

Aerys was fortunate enough to have shown in Raff's life again, in time for it. As a parent who suffered famously rebellious children, Aerys was nearly in tears of delight to be able to watch his son's worth crumble in his children's eyes.

He got settled and accepted the carefully prepared tea and treats. They were utterly delicious and when Aerys gave his girl a small piece of it she softly moaned. Samara smiled.

"Piggy was kind enough to offer to do all the cooking as well as preparing beverages. Polliver was happy to allow it, he will come by either later tonight or tomorrow."

"I do remember that boy. I hope that Polliver has been able to get control of that fat, cruel boy. I do believe that most of the terrible crimes you both committed, I do believe you were only following his lead. His knowledge of food and drink is exceptional however. I can see why regardless of his sly ways, why Polliver would keep him alive."

Raff cleared his throat at his bristling wife and Samara instantly lowered her eyes and head. She sat on the edge of the armchair that Raff was sitting in. The teens all leaned forward and Malcolm had to ask.

"Wait, what? One minute, hold on. Were you talking about our Piggy? I mean, Polliver's personal assistant, Piggy? And did you say something about our mother committing criminal acts? Sir, could you expand upon this for us?"
Samara flushed, Raff growled and Aerys seemed overjoyed to explain in full detail.

"I don't think this is a story to be told right now. Why don't you children tell your grandfather more about yourselves?"

The smoldering glare from Raff to the children might have been daunting, but Aerys could see the determination in three pairs of young eyes. As Aerys started to tell the story of Gregor's defeat and a story that could just have been called "Slave Slaughterhouse". Raff had to put a hand on his wife's knee to keep her sitting still.

"That is all wildly inaccurate. You may all ask Piggy and your mother about their true version of the story later if you wish, children."

Charlie beamed at her mother and gave her a thumbs up that made Samara blush.

"I believe it. Piggy can get hardcore if he needed to, I have seen mom in action...so yeah. I think grandfather sees it right...just from his point of view. But yeah, I could see them going on a mad killing spree to rescue themselves. Cool story, gramps."

Raff and Samara both laughed at Aerys's disconcerted look at his granddaughter. Difference was, Raff laughed directly into Aerys's face while Samara hid her humor behind a graceful hand. They were all saved by the arrival of Dany.

Dany and Charlie not only looked nearly alike but they were fascinated with each other. Two different generations, both females that broke out of their misogynistic slaver oppressors to become warrior feminists. At least that was what Charlie called it. Dany tried to respond to that but Piggy announced it was suppertime in five minutes.

The long dining room table that was only ever used during formal occasions was literally covered in gold. Even the plates and silverware was gold. These are the plates that are for display, only used when Gregor Clegane came to dinner. Piggy had made food from their usual regional fare as well as dishes from the Dragonlands.

Samara sat on one end of the table, Raff on the other. Malcolm was at his mother's right and Charlie at her left. Shane sat at his father's right and Aerys was at Raff's left. Dany sat between her father and Charlie. Silent and graceful, Raff's household slaves served them. Two girls remained in the dining room, standing with hands behind their backs, eyes down.

As wonderful as Piggy's food is, eventually the talking begins as they eat. Light at first, about the food, about the weather. Then a simple question, an innocent normal question offered to most children. The most common, boring, impersonal question every child has had the disgust of having to answer.

"So how is school going?"

It was asked by their aunt, in general, to any and all of them. Samara simply shut her eyes and prayed for a tsunami. Raff tried to give the children a look of warning, but he knew it was useless. The wide feral smiles grew and the eyes of the little jackals grew wide with wonder and hope.

"Thank you, Auntie, for asking that question. Thank you for opening Pandora's box."

Dany looked around in bewilderment and Aerys leaned in more, not wanting to miss a moment of this, whatever it was.

Shane sweetly folded his hands under his chin and piped up in a clear voice.
"School sucks. It sucks hard, Uncle Danford, I have to tell you, it truly sucks a cold witches tit. All of us are having a little trouble at the fake private stagnant mudpool they call a school. I am working off forty eight detentions. Forty eight of them. Are you catching that, Danford? Forty eight. I will be in college before I finish these damned detentions. I say, if a teacher doesn't want to be told to fuck off, they shouldn't bother teaching middle school. Sorry, private middle school. Fancy shit, that word private, huh?"

"His nickname is Shitmouth."

Malcolm cheerfully offered to the startled Dany and the breathless Aerys. He drank deeply of his soda then crumpled the can fast in his fist and tossing it onto the table.

"Yeah, enough with the formalities. We get enough of that crap all the time. You are family, you should know how fucked up we are from the start. We all go to a private school instead of the lovely public school that father and Gregor have kindly provided throughout our North. You see...we are...different."

Aerys nodded and cut in.

"Yes well, of course you are. The children of someone like your father must go to a better school than the commoners. Its perfectly normal, I was the same with your father. Of course, my children rebelled in order to go to public school around your ages as well."

All three kids burst out laughing and Samara nudged Malcolm's arm to try and whisper frantically at him to cease and desist. Raff narrowed his eyes at the laughing kids.

"That is enough. You are all being terribly rude."

"Dad is still just sore because I was suspended last week for blowing up a sink in the lavatory. I had borrowed some chemicals and wanted to try a theory out for a science project. Whoops."

Malcolm would have said more but his father looked ready to explode worse than the sink. Raff pursed his lips then snapped at his wife.

"Samara, go check on the kitchen. Make sure Piggy has enough cake and coffee."

With lowered eyes, Samara nodded and gracefully stood up, leaving the room. The kids rolled their eyes in unison and Shane confided chummily to Aeyrs and Dany in a stage whisper,

"Dad likes to send mom out of the room if he is planning to either discipline us or tell us where to meet him later for discipline. Mom gets real upset when our father beats on us. So Dad got smart about it. He not only sends her out of the room for it, but he will tell us different places to meet him later on for the beatings. Sometimes he gets busy and forgets or just plain forgets how many of us he is punishing and where. One time I fell asleep all night in the woodshed because he forgot me. Another time Charlie and Malcolm got to spend half the night playing poker with the maid because dad forgot he wanted to whip them in the library."

"I promise you I will not forget any of you tonight."

Raff's glare was dire and so was the threat. This didn't seem to faze the children any, except to cause them to push a little further. Dany was mortified and embarrassed where Aerys couldn't remember the last time he had so much fun at a dinner.

Malcolm smirked.
"Of course, the few times that Dad went a little too far...Mom always finds a way to get him back. Like when he accidentally broke my arm. You should have seen Mom's face when he brought me home from the clinic. That night Dad's favorite antique car exploded, also destroying two other cars in our garage. Another time Shane got some bad bruising from a punch. Might have passed as a school fight except for the imprint of dad's ring. Mom grabbed Dad's two dogs and just with a jerk, snapped their necks! It was amazing to watch. The dragon is dangerous but the mama bear can be pretty bad too."

Dany and Aerys both laughed for different reasons while Raff stared down his eldest son.

"Another word and I will take a bat to every gaming system you own. Then we'll visit the woodshed all as a group."

That seemed to be a threat that had effect as the boy frowned and slumped back into his seat. Aerys wondered what games could be so bad to lose? A game that the fear of losing outweighs the fear of a beating?

Samara came back in followed by coffee and cake. The conversation went dead until all were served. Both Dany and Samara tried to start polite adult conversation but it fell apart quick enough. As Samara was explaining to Dany about different types of farming, a boring but safe subject, the kids started a new game. This one was rattling the adults by whispering or blurting out small things to their grandfather in fast bursts.

Both ladies tried to ignore this to the best of their ability. When Malcolm blurted out he had sex with one of Polliver's slaves, it took an enormous amount of effort for the ladies to keeps speaking. Raff was clutching his fork and bending the expensive gold in half while his nostrils flared. Charlie confided to her grinning grandfather that she was bisexual.

Dany stumbled on her words but Samara knew this game well and smoothly told Dany about a recipe for apple cider. Raff pointed at his daughter then slid his finger slowly across his throat. Aerys twisted his napkin in suppressed triumph as he watched the firecracker of a girl flipped her dad the finger lightening fast while fixing her hair.

Shane was the youngest and Aerys predicts that he will be the one to say the most inappropriate thing to cause the game to explode. Aerys almost crowed in triumph that he was right when Shane spoke. But Shane's words and what followed was more than Aerys could have even expected.

"Dad has a mistress. Well, actually it's his third one that I know of. First one died accidentally on purpose cause she tried to leave Dad. Mom got her and got her good. Second one Dad just left and the girl gets to live because she keeps her mouth shut. Latest one is like, eighteen. She doesn't even have a collar, he doesn't even own her, she is with him on purpose. Sometimes he takes her on his long trips."

There was a moment of dread, a moment to be aware of the danger about to hit. Then they all reacted as a group.

Malcolm spit out, "Go on, beat a twelve year old in front of witnesses. In front of Mom."

Charlie yanked her little brother out of her father's immediate reach, hollering.

"It's true! He only said the truth! We are all open and honest about slavery, about so many other cruel fucking things...but your sick affair is what we can't talk about?"

Samara was already on her feet, an imploring look given to her husband to stay calm, to please stay
calm. Raff's eyes were glowing, the dragon was released. He pinned his wife with blue fire as she started to go around the table towards him.

"No. Go in the kitchen."

She flinched at his tone but hesitated, looking nervously at the children then at Raff. A soft tiny sentence, one that in their years before children Samara would have never dared.

"Please don't do this."

Raff's eyes seemed to actually give off light and his voice was very clipped, so cold it caused them all to flinch inwardly. Only Samara flinched on the outside, her entire small body reacted as if whipped.

"One. More. Word. And you can pick the thread color. Go."

Samara paled and dropped her eyes, fleeing the room. Dany and Aerys had no idea why thread was so scary but the way Raff's children all glared at him, they understood perfectly.

"It was black thread last time, asshole. And if you remember correctly, Polliver had to be called over to stop us from attempting to kill you."

Malcolm and Raff glared at each other, both standing with the same stance and same sneer. Aerys was fascinated but concerned for the safety of his grandson. The two younger children were half out of their seats, as if waiting and Dany was trying to make Raff sit down with no success. When the dragon moved, it was so sudden that Dany screamed along with Shane.

Aerys gasped and Malcolm didn't move fast enough. Raff caught the boy with his fist on the rather pointed chin and Malcolm fell half onto the table. When the boy tried to raise his face from the plate of rice he landed in, the plate and his face were smeared with blood. Raff punched a fist into the boy's back.

"Stay down. Or it will get worse and you fucking know it."

The boy gave a roar of rage but he stayed on the table, panting in sheer frustration. Raff grabbed Charlie by her ponytail and threw her next to her brother. However, she managed to twist out of his grasp and he backhanded her before slamming her down again. She cried out at the impact then grabbed Malcolm's hand. Shane tried to hit his father with a chair but it only got tossed aside.

"You! Oh, you are my special attention boy tonight, aren't you, Shane? You couldn't manage one hour, could you? Fine. Maybe you need to get that energy out. You need to let every fucking vocal sound you can emit all the time! Let's see if we can't get all that mindless fucking noise out at once. Then I can have a night of peace from you. You guys wanted to be pricks? You wanted to see if you could win your game? Well, you won! You won the dragon prize."

Shane was thrown onto the table right next to his siblings. They looked like sacrifices or maybe part of a cannibal dinner, laying in a row on the food, on the table. Sobbing and squirming but seeming used to this treatment enough to know better than to escape it.

Dany was near to hysterical now. Raff shook her hand off as he went past her and grabbed a long flexible cane that was hidden in an umbrella rack.

Aerys was having fun but enough was enough now.

"Son, as much as I admire how you kept my tradition of leaving careful disguised discipline items
about...this is too much. Why don't you wait until their appointed woodshed times? Don't do it now while you are this angry. This is when you make mistakes...like the ones that the kids say cause your wife to destroy things you like?"

Raff's response was to stand directly behind his daughter so he was able to easily reach all three kids. He ripped down Malcolm's pants just past his buttocks then did the same to the other two. Ignoring both his protesting father and sister, Raff gave a harsh strike across each set of exposed buttocks.

The hit was hard enough to instantly cause the stripe to turn purple, red dots and smears where the cane broke through skin. Each teen screamed with the harsh strike. Aerys was struggling to his swollen feet, Dany was launching herself at Raff as he raised the cane for another strike.

None of them even saw Samara enter the room but all had eyes on her when she sliced straight into the table with an axe. She yanked it back out of the wood, uncaring of the destroyed table and the shattering of two crystal glasses. The tiny girl twirled the axe fast around her as if it were a light baton. She held it at the ready and her eyes clashed unrelenting into Raff's.

Aerys sat back in his chair and thought again to himself how fortunate it was that he was able to be here for this difficult time in his son's life. Oh, how hard it was not to laugh out loud.
"I always told you that someday the woman would rise against you. That she would go from slave to killer in a heartbeat and make herself a rich widow. I just didn't think I'd be here when she finally snapped."

Raff winced at his father's voice, more light and cheerful than he has ever heard it before. The old reptile was enjoying the hell out of his son's failure to control his family. Dany looks like she is ten minutes from fleeing and here is his wife holding a fucking axe. The dragon roared in frustration deep in his brain but the fire had nowhere to go.

Taking measured deep breaths, Raff forced himself to get a hold of this situation. It will be brutal but effective to all, a Gregor move to be sure. Not losing eye contact with his slave for a single second, Raff moved away from the children. As he walked slowly towards Samara, his words came out softly, gently almost.

"Get off the table, pull up your pants. Get back into your seats. All of you, please, while Samara and I speak."

He heard the kids sniffling and the cries of pain when their buttocks touched the polished wood. Samara had lovely eyes, Raff always took care to use the correct shadows on them. It was her best feature and hers always showed him everything. Large orbs, deep brown that turns to amber that shimmers briefly to gold then black.

The longer he stared at her, the longer he stood over her saying nothing, the more Samara trembled. However, she held her ground, her eyes shined with tears and relief as Raff had commanded the children to sit down. Raff gave a charming crooked smile to his wife and spoke with true warm affection. The sudden extreme terror blooming in her eyes made Raff’s true affection for his wife swell up.

"Give me the axe."

With a small sob and a shudder of defeat that seemed to roll through her, Samara surrendered. Raff smirked at the shameful swirl in those orbs, she was ashamed that part of her was thrilled to give in. He enjoyed seeing the brief bitter anger that the eyes drew back into the blackness. It has been a few years, but Raff thinks it might be time for a basement visit with the chains. It would be fun for both of them in the end.

But first this.

Samara handed Raff the axe as she lowered her eyes and relaxed into a regular standing position. Raff held the axe easily in his right hand then held out his left, palm up.

"Give me your hand."

Dany gasped and the kids all made sounds of protest but Samara just offered her hand. He yanked her forward to the table and slammed her hand down upon it. He slid her arm until her armpit hit the edge causing her to cry out.

"Stay."

Raff moved back but Samara stayed down, arm fully extended, hand flat against the table. Even when he moved the axe just above her skin, trying to find the best area to cut, Samara did not move.
The kids were all too scared to leave their seats but this was their beloved mother. They all were begging their father to stop, apologizing frantically for their behavior. Dany was pleading and best of all, his father was trying to calm him down.

He hovered the axe over Samara's wrist.

"Dad, please! I'm so sorry! Don't cut off mom's hand!"

"I was being a dick, okay? Please, mom didn't hurt anyone, just a table!"

"Daddy, no, don't! Please, I'm truly sorry and I take back everything I said! Mom needs her hands, don't cut off her hand because of us! It was our fault she got so upset! Punish us, not her!"

"Son, calm down. No need for the dragon, no need for amputations. That is too far for such a small rebellion. The girl was just protecting her young, any animal does that! Even killer slaves have that instinct, Viserys. Put down the axe, son. Don't scare your children this way, look at your poor sister. Stop this now."

"Viserys, please! Look how scared their little faces are! Look at how sorry they are for upsetting you! Please, brother, Samara loves you, she worships you! After all these years together, you must feel something for her?"

Raff nods quickly as if thinking it over then he put the axe down. Samara shuddered in relief as all sitting at the table slumped in the same bliss of relief.

"You are right. The children feel sorry for their actions and for causing their mother to misbehave. I know Samara deeply regrets threatening her Master with an axe. She feels terrible about the destruction of a very expensive table and glass. And my family is ashamed of the way they have acted in front of relatives invited here for a peaceful reunion. But not quite sorry enough."

He had the carving knife from the roast in his hand and second later it thumped through Samara's right little finger. Samara screamed but still didn't move, not without permission. Dany threw herself out of her seat to wrap a linen napkin around the spouting stump.

The kids were on their feet as well, all screaming in horror at their father.

Aerys was too stunned to move and he tried to shut his gaping jaw. As Raff approached his children, the pack changed formation quickly. Charlie and Malcolm stood their ground. They put Shane between them in a way they could shove him behind their backs ad shield him if need be.

"How could you? How the fuck could you just do that to her?"

All three were crying and Malcolm spoke with gritted teeth but in a subdued voice. Raff smiled gently and put his wife's finger against Malcolm's lips. The boy shuddered and Charlie gagged.

"Shhh. Hush. I have heard enough from all of you tonight. Take this with you and bury it, burn it or make it into a fucking beacon of a reminder. A reminder of what happens when you push the dragon too far. Get out of my sight. Don't worry about the woodshed tonight, children. I'll catch up with each of you later. Get out, you have until I count to three."

Raff watched with satisfaction as the kids ran out of the room, Malcolm gingerly holding his mother's discarded finger. He turned back to see his father staring and Dany trying to make Samara move.

"Please, you need to get up! We need to take you to the hospital, Samara, get up! Please, don't make us have to drag you."
Mr. Grey and Missy who had been there, silent and stunned for the chopping of the finger came forward.

"Do not touch my wife."

Both Mr. Grey and Missy leaped back as if the table were on fire. They wanted no tangle with a man holding an axe chopping pieces off his wife at a family reunion. What they wanted was to grab their leader and get the fuck out of there before worse happens.

The violence might not be contained to meals or Raff's wife and children.

Dany simply glared at her brother and continued to apply pressure to the finger while wrapping more napkins around the hand. Raff grinned at his stubborn little sister and then gave his attention to his obedient, injured wife. He was feeling much better, lighter and darkly amused at all of it now.

"Samara. Come here and apologize."

The woman struggled out of Dany's grip and went to all fours, crying out when her injured hand hit the floor. Dany gasped and her companions couldn't have looked more shocked or disapproving. Samara crawled to Raff's feet, leaving a trail of blood behind her.

She kissed the shoes that she personally waxed just that morning. Waif's wax recipe. They tasted like human jerky to her. Raff leaned down and stroked her hair.

"I forgive you. I'm going to take you to the clinic to get that stump fixed up. Then we are going to the basement. I think we need to play with the chains. Don't sob like that, you enjoy those games, you know it helps. It's been a while, hasn't it?"

As Raff cooed to his cringing wife, he lifted her up effortlessly and she curled into his chest. He gave only the briefest glance to the two silent slaves that never moved since serving.

"Take our guests to their rooms, please. Make sure they have anything they need, including an escort if they wish to leave the grounds."

Without sparing a look or word for his traumatized sister or his astonished father, Raff took his wife to the clinic.
Yanking Your Chain

Samara was floating on the icy drops that Raff put on her tongue. She remained silent as Raff carried her downstairs into the basement. He undressed her slowly, sniffing her hair, biting at her skin, just breaking here and there under his sharp teeth.

His voice was sweet, cajoling but the sting was in there, words used to entice and anger all at once.

Listening, the buzzing of her anger slowly sapped out the hazy joy of the drug. A growl began to grow deep within her as Raff left her naked and began to unbutton his own shirt. The chains hanging from the ceiling clinked as Raff’s elbows hit into them.

"How very angry Jeynie sounds. You should have told me you needed a session down here not waited until it cost you a whole finger. We haven't been down here in a few years except to deal with enemies or train. Listen to that growl, poor baby is pissed. Go on, speak, fight, do what you need to, Jeynie."

The condescending voice, the patronizing smirk as Raff wrapped the chains around his wrists because he knew he was truly safe, it was all too much.

"Fight me, Raff."

Cocking his head, Raff narrowed his eyes. This was different.

"Excuse me?"

Samara grabbed two staffs from the wall and threw one at her Master.

"If I yell at you while I just beat my fists on you, it just makes you feel good, you aren't LISTENING to me. I want you to HEAR my actual words, so fight me. That way maybe you'll hear me. It will make me feel better than just hitting you. You always said this...our time down here with the chains was for me, right? For my benefit, Master. I think this will help that. Fight me while I talk then I'll use the chains afterwards."

Raff growled back but he knew she had him there. Either he had to admit that it was almost much more for his own enjoyment than her mental health or he had to agree with her. He hated it when she talked her way around him. Just another thing that has changed since they had children. Somewhere along the way the ground seemed to slip under Raff.

Grabbing the staff, Raff circled his angry wife and sneered.

"Fine. Let's have it your way. I was trying to go easy on you since you are wounded. Since we still have guests to attend to tomorrow but if you insist, by all means! Just remember what you say and do now...comes back later."

Within moments, Raff found himself being driven backwards, able to not do much more then defend himself. The thwacking of sticks and grunts were all that was heard for a bit then Samara had plenty to say.

"What if I hadn't stopped you? Would that have been one of the children's fingers? I tried to make a good reunion for you, I try to make every damn fucking day good for you and for our kids! You couldn't stop yourself! You can't control yourself! You want everything to be perfect and when it doesn't live up to your expectations, blood has to flow! Was this the presentation you wanted for
your father and sister? You can't control everything, Raff! And how dare you go so far in front of our children! Think on that for a moment, please! You cut off their mother's FINGER on the dining room table!"

Raff began to push back, causing Samara to skid momentarily.

"After their mother put a fucking AXE into the table while glaring at their father. Who's fault is that?"

Gritting her teeth, Samara found herself on the defensive, trying not to land into the swinging chains.

"I put an axe into your damned fancy fucking table because you were about to tear through my children with a CANE! You had them laid out bare before strange relatives like they were the damned MEAL!"

"Oh, how I fucking hate your mouth sometimes. Don't push me too far, girl. Don't say anything you don't want to pay for."

"Fuck you. Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you! I love you, I worship you like a damned deity and never complain for the shit you put me through. I have never once said a word about your damned women! Of course the kids know about them all, how could they not? What are you beating them for? For knowing and acknowledging something that even the Western media makes jokes about?"

Raff's eyes began to narrow and he swung wildly at her but got caught in the chains. Samara grinned with a definite look of sadistic malice and nailed him three times fast in the kidneys. His reflexes were to try and twist out of range which caught him further in the chains. A low chuckle grew as Raff hung swaying, truly entangled and caught.

"Clever little bitch. I thought the years passed might have made you a little rusty at our game. You just got better with time instead, didn't you? Too bad it's not true when it comes to your behavior and loyalty to me."

Samara dropped her jaw and stared at him dumbfounded.

"You prick! You...you asshole! You fucking...YOU ACTUALLY QUESTION MY BEHAVIOR AND LOYALTY? ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME, YOU POMPOUS JACKOFF?"

Raff looked astounded at the insults before he managed to continue.

"What did you call me? Never mind..yes, I question it! You question me! I am your MASTER! If I tell you I am dealing with our children in any way, you question it! You always get in the fucking way, no wonder why they stopped bonding with me. How could they with you in the fucking way! Why the hell are we discussing the kids? What the hell! Even our fucking private time, no more. Don't say another word about them. Hear me?"

Samara dropped her stick and smirked. She went and got brass knuckles from a plastic container then approached Raff.

"No more talking, Master. It's useless and we both know it. Let's just move to my favorite part. You are right, we should do this more often."

He was unable to squirm out of the flurry of kicks and punches. Twice Raff had to yell a reminder not to mark his face or break any bones. Raff doesn't remember it hurting this much last time and even though it's making him hard as a rock, it was crossing into agony. Samara saw the look on his face and saw his mouth open to speak.
Faster than Raff could see, a chain looped around his neck and Samara was choking him. Raff could only take tiny gasps of air and he felt her lips touch his ear.

"The only thing I will ever defy you for, is the children. My flesh and blood. You are my Master, my husband and my God. But they are MY CHILDREN and even you will not survive me if you maim or kill one of them. How does it feel to know the very weapon you created might be used against you?"

Raff made a low moan and his hips twitched in lust, anticipation, anger, lust. He hasn't felt this way in so long and it seemed to be energizing them both. He sneered then managed to grit out, "Enough."

Samara stepped back and released the chain from his neck. She came around to face him but didn't release any of the other chains that held her Master. Instead the woman dropped to her knees and began to graze her sharp teeth along the hard flesh. Throwing his head back, Raff shuddered. Samara flirted with his tender flesh using both teeth and tongue, her eyes glittering with danger still.

She began to rise, leaving bite marks, some deep enough to create scarlet tracks down his body. Raff said nothing but his jagged breathing let Samara know it was exciting him. Licking, flicking like a snake at his nipples, then darting in to bite hard until he swayed, guttural moans tearing from his throat.

"Ride me."

Ignoring the command, Samara began to lick and sniff at the sides of Raff's neck. He stiffened and his words were in a very low snarl.

"Don't you dare. Remember what I said about things you cannot pay the price for."

Giving a low laugh that made Raff start to sweat a little, Samara grazed and tickled her nails along his balls. Her sharp teeth began to nip at a very visible part of Raff's neck. Even though he is still graced with a full lovely head of blonde hair it can't hide his entire neck.

"I was willing to lose a finger."

Her breathe ghosted along the lovely, graceful neck and she hummed happily.

"Samara, don't ruin this, we are having so much fun. Don't make me angry, sweet girl."

Laughing through the coo that has always melted her and still does, Samara kept her voice steady. She had to win. Had to just once.

"I want to negotiate, Master. Can we do that, please?"

Raff smirked as he saw the game and sighed. He relaxed into the chains and decided to go with it, what the hell. This was the most thrilling time they have had together in a long time. If letting Samara feel like she got a victory, it will continue the fun and sweeten her mood for some time hopefully.

"Alright, pet. Let's negotiate. What must I do for you not to leave a bite mark on my neck?"

"I want anything I have said or done up to this very moment down here to be forgiven. Without any retaliation beyond the sexual kind. I know it breaks our traditions but this whole night has broken our traditions. I have already lost a finger and was humiliated in front of your family. Please...I just want...it's been so long since we've had time like this. Please, can I be given a redemption...this
As her teeth grazed his neck, her breath tickled his flesh. Bold as it was, Raff was warmed by how Samara's voice was desperate and full of need. Smirking, Raff nodded. It made him feel much steadier to know that Samara had missed this type of closeness, of fun, of pleasure as much as he did. He would have to make sure this happened at least once a month for now on.

"This once, yes. I can consider losing a limb punishment enough for your words. But that mercy only extends to the words and actions already done. So that means from this very second forward, if you are naughty, you'll feel my wrath."

Samara began to kiss where she had threatened to bite and began to climb her master like a monkey. Raff growled as she began to tease, rubbing herself along his length. She clung to Raff and finally obeyed his order. He allowed Samara control of their pace for a breathtaking time then he harshly ordered her to untangle him.

Without ever breaking her pace, Samara expertly untwisted the chains, freeing Raff's limb and the staff. The staff clattered to the floor as Raff flung Samara's body into the chains. Raff showed her some new ways to use the chains as he took her brutally. Samara begged for more, she begged Raff to own her in every way possible. It was the only time that Raff was truly happy to oblige his wife's needs.
"PIGGY!"

Polliver listened to his voice rebound back to him and growled.

He finished getting dressed fast and made sure to wear his thickest belt. The one he favors to use on his favorite slave. He is kind enough to allow Piggy a nice title, his very own room and an actual paycheck, fuck he takes him to the best places! No slave has ever been more spoiled then perhaps Samara.

When Polliver started to figure out that Piggy was in love, he was amused.

He beat the boy for daydreaming, for being late and making stupid mistakes that idiots thinking only of love make.

But it was funny as hell and Polliver never mentioned it. He enjoyed watching Piggy try and hide his relationship. Of course, Polliver truly had no idea who it was, he didn't really care that much. That wasn't the fun part, the fun part was watching Piggy try and hide something.

But it was going too far. Recently Piggy has spent more time at Raff's than at home doing his own work. He showed up to an important conference without any of the files he was to bring for Polliver. Piggy has served meals late and the quality was not the same.

Now it's breakfast and there is no Piggy. The maids served Polliver and he glared at the food.

"Was any of this made by Piggy?"

One of the maids quickly shook her head and spoke in a quick burst. They all hated drawing Polliver's attention. He might lavish his slaves when his moods strike him, but Polliver is still a bully and rapist at heart. Every female that serves him has felt both in abundance.

"It was prepared when I came into the kitchen, Master. Piggy left directions for reheating it."

Polliver stared at his food then he sullenly began to eat. He bit into a croissant then froze. Gave another chew and spit it onto his plate. Exploding out of his chair, he nearly ran down one of the girls as he stormed into the kitchen. He ripped the freezer door open and began to paw through bags.

Crowing in triumph, Polliver lifted out the hidden bag of frozen croissants.

"I knew it! The little sneaky shit!"

Sticking his head into the freezer, Polliver dropped the bag onto the floor and continued his search. He found frozen waffles stuffed pastas, and other items that Piggy had always made by hand before. Tossing every bit of it out of the fridge, Polliver felt his anger build. How dare the Piggy pretend to serve his Master fresh food?

Omission, very sneaky and clever but a lie still. A deceit and that is just a bare inch of a step over the line.

Polliver glared at the cringing girls trying to become part of the wall.

"Throw that all away now! I want you to find every ingredient needed to make every one of those items! If there is something we don't have you better fucking FLY to the store and get it. Piggy is
going to have an awful lot of cooking to do later on. Get those items here before I get back or you can all share in his discipline."

The maids rushed about the kitchen like panicked chickens as Polliver threw on his jacket and left.

He used the pathway created between his property and Raff's. It was a dirt path that became a stone bridge, that became a cobblestone path. A lovely fall walk but Polliver did not appreciate the view in the least. His anger carried him past Raff's men and straight into his best friend's house.

If Aerys or Dany hoped the morning would set things to rights, their wishes were granted. However, as everyone knows, be careful what you wish for.

Aerys came downstairs luxuriating in the use of his cane rather than the damned wheelchair. He was fully dressed and was looking down to check for lint on his sweater when he heard a startled scream. His entourage has been sent to the servants quarters to get their breakfast but the scream was short lived. It didn't sound like danger.

He walked into the kitchen just as Dany was taking a seat at the family's regular table. Aerys was about to ask why his daughter had screamed when the nightmare came to greet him.

"Hiya, Grampy! We are really kind of not so dressed up in the morning, but we had a photo shoot this morning. Me, Malc and Charlie, not mom and dad. They are on their way down though. Have a seat, Sarah will bring you some coffee and bagels if you want. She makes really good bagel sandwiches too."

"Good morning, uh...Shane. Do you always wear an undertakers suit with platform black shoes and an oversized pink rabbit head with bloodstained fangs for pictures?"

Dany helped her father into his seat and gave him a teasing smile like she used to. Aerys smiled back and congratulated himself for creating a peaceful bond with his daughter. The terrifying rabbit boy sat across from them with his pink gloved hands attempting to lift a bagel.

Aerys took the coffee cup and sipped, wincing.

"What is this? It's awful!"

The servant rushed over and spoke in a low respectable tone.

"It is Pumpkin Spice Latte. The Master has it served along with hot cider during the fall season, Sir. Would you rather I make you some regular coffee?"

Aerys nodded and thrust the offending mug towards the slave. Some of the hot liquid sloshed out onto the girl's arm and she winced slightly. The rabbit leaned across the table.

"Sarah, are you okay? Go put your arm under cold water for a minute! That's what mom always says."

Rolling his eyes, Aerys snapped out that the slave could tend her arm after she brought him the correct drink. Dany glared at her father, gripping the table in her anger. Dammit, he wasn't trying to start a debate or a fight.

"She isn't yours to command, father. Sarah should most certainly care for her arm before getting the coffee. I don't approve of Raff's ways, but at least here these poor owned souls have medical rights!"
"If it was a serious injury, then of course, that is different and you know it! I have never denied a slave of mine the services of a doctor when they needed it. They are well fed, cared for and you should remember that!"

Snorting, Dany muttered into her own latte, that she enjoyed.

"Only the ones you liked, that you favored. The ones that lived within your sight and the sight of the media."

As the two began to quibble, while a rabbit watched with great interest, more came stumbling into the room. Samara came in wearing an old pair of brown sweatpants and an orange sweatshirt that sported a grinning pumpkin. Her hair was thrown into a messy bun that bounced along her head. She went to speak with the maid and checked her arm.

To Aerys surprise, she gave the woman a brief squeeze on her uninjured arm then moved towards the table.

"Shane, you can't eat with an extra head. Put the rabbit down and eat your breakfast, please."

"Rough night, my dear? I assume you will change after breakfast? Or are you ill? Is another taking the children to school today? One of your countless servants and nannies?"

Dany gave her father another death stare but Samara just gave a slight smile. She awkwardly lifted her tea cup and drank. The bandage on her left hand reminded them of her lost finger.

"I dress the way I need to for each occasion, Mr. Targaryen. Right now, I am dressed to get my children off to school and then help the staff. I will be getting dirty so I dress for it."

Raff wandered into the room and kissed his sister's head as he walked by her. As they all began to fill their plates, Harley Quinn and Deadpool entered and sat down. Without even looking up, Raff spoke.

"Charlene Targaryen, you can change before leaving this house."

With a heavy sigh, Charlie looked about for assistance. Aerys frowned in distaste at the bright skimpy outfit stretched across the muscular girl and in his mind, it was far too slutty, especially for someone the girl's age.

Dany tried to be diplomatic.

"It is a little revealing for school, maybe you can modify it a bit? Like add some hot pants over the shiny blue underwear part?"

"Really, Uncle Danford? Those are shorts, my fine fellow! I warned her, I did. I offered her my Grim Reaper or my Killer Klown costume but Charles declined. Always does, snooty young lords always do, Uncle Danford."

Dany had no idea what to respond to that and wisely started filling her mouth with food. Samara reminded Malcolm to take his mask off in order to eat. Aerys wanted to just enjoy the show but this outfit of his granddaughter's has distressed him.

"Viserys, why are they dressed like this? This cannot be a normal breakfast, even for this strange season you Northerners have!"

Raff looked over at his father and smirked.
"The kids have a costume party at their school today. Normally they are wearing regular outfits, well, regular clothing for them, at least. Don't you want to try anything new? Not even a taste of the cider or an apple doughnut?"

Aerys frowned and began a litany of why he doesn't like the tastes and scents of fall. Charlie was now openly begging her mother for assistance.

"Mom! There is nothing wrong with this outfit! Half the girls there will be wearing it."

Samara turned to look at her daughter.

"If half the girls will be wearing it then wouldn't you rather wear something different? Why be one of the fifty Harley's when you can be the one who stands out? You have a ton of costume choices upstairs, pick one."

Charlie started to stab at her pancakes as if to kill them when they heard a commotion coming.

"Why, it sounds as if Aunt Polly has come to visit! Oh, Uncle Danford, wait until you meet my Aunt Polly!"

Polliver stomped into the kitchen with petulant thunder on his broad face. Shane crowed in delight for being correct.

"Where is he? Where is that little sneaking brat? Where the hell is my Piggy? I'm gonna whip his ass so hard he can't sit for a damned month! I want to know who the little cunt is that keeps him here instead of at home. He served me FROZEN food, Raff! Piggy isn't doing his work and he isn't worshiping me, he's worshiping some little bitch on your estate!"

Samara and the children shared a quick look that they then all conveyed to the two serving girls. One of them ran off silently and they began to distract Polliver.

"Aunt Polly! Please meet Uncle Danforth!"

Polliver tousled Shane's hair then looked over at Dany. He began to leer and he took the extra chair the maid brought, to sit next to Dany. It was clear that Polliver's entrance has already disgusted her.

"Nice to meet you, Aunt Polly. I'm Uncle Danforth apparently and you can stop the leering now. It's very unsettling."

"Aww, don't judge me so quickly, Danforth. I'm a great guy, the best kind you could ever party with. Don't worry, your Raff's sister, I respect that line, sweet Danforth. But you are where all the looks really went. I can see why you and your brother get so many to follow you around, no matter what nonsense you spout."

Aerys cleared his throat.

"Do not molest my daughter with your eyes, Polliver. I was right, I said to my son yesterday about how terrible your slave boy was. Now here is only more proof to it. You brought it on yourself the way you treat him. Boy doesn't know his place, you can't treat him like he's your equal. The boy needs strict proper training, Polliver! I have always told you that. Now he will probably run off with this whore and both of you lose property."

"And someday you think that my wild slave mother will kill my golden god father." Shane added sweetly.
Polliver looked over at Shane and smiled.

"Hey Shitmouth, stop trying to cause trouble, would ya? You can tell me about how your mom ended up with that huge bandage on her hand. Every gory detail but only if you can make it through breakfast. Can you do that for me, buddy?"

The boy grinned widely then nodded and concentrated on devouring his breakfast. Raff gave a look of thanks and Polliver set his eyes upon Charlie. An eyebrow went up and Polliver smiled meanly.

"Hey, who's the hot little piece of ass across the table? Not my Charlie girl, because my girl would never be caught dead wearing such shit. Because if someone took her picture and that picture got to Brat..."

Charlie's eyes widened and she stared at Polliver. He slowly started to raise his cell phone.

"Now do you want full frontal or a side view? Want to make a real sexy pose for Arya Stark? How soon do you think she'd respond? I'm sure that this is exactly the type of female she wants applying to her teen boot camp this summer. Oh, don't forget, I'll have to send it to Waif too."

The girl stood up and fled the room, muttering about unfairness and changing clothes. Malcom looked up from his meal at Polliver.

"After school I am borrowing your left field. I want to try out a project, but there is a slight chance that it might explode."

"Again? You are still paying me off for setting a barn on fire. You set one of my cows on fire, dude. My cow. On. Fire. It better not just be you and some kids. If you have no adult, you won't be doing it. And if you damage anything or anyone, this time I might take it out of your flesh. You think your daddy gives a beating? Ask Piggy..in fact, where the fuck is he? And..who is he banging? Huh?"

Polliver watched both Malcolm and Shane stuff their mouths with food, eyes shining with innocence. He sighed and looked at Samara, who looked away, sipping her tea.

"Raff, come on. Who is it? I won't even hurt her, I promise. I can just talk to them both, set some boundaries. Or better yet, I'll buy the bitch from you and then Piggy has her right there. I can control both of them much easier that way. Yeah, it's probably some low level girl who works in your fields or something."

The kids both almost choked and Samara's lips twitched briefly. Raff looked over at his friend and shrugged.

"I truly, honestly have no idea who Piggy is seeing. I do not concern myself with the daily drama of my slaves. I don't care. Samara oversees the daily routines and most issues concerning them. If there is a big issue then Samara will bring it to me. Sorry, wish I could help you."

Polliver glared at Raff then he switched back to staring hard at Samara.

"Who. Is. She?"

Looking directly at Polliver's mean glittering eyes, she calmly replied.

"I do not have to tell you anything about our slaves."

Shane was bouncing in his seat, it was too much for him, he needed to leave the room. He jumped up and put the rabbit head firmly on. Charlie came back in as a rotting zombie. She was in the way
of Shane leaving, Polliver was arguing that he had a right to know, Shane went bam.

He yelled from under the rabbit mask even as Charlie caught on to what was happening. She tried to grab him but she couldn't reach under the mask to muffle him quick enough.

"Piggy and Lucky sitting in a tree! Unlucky Lucky finally got lucky and so did Piggy! Now they will be unlucky again. Oh shit, I really didn't mean to say that."

Raff dropped his muffin, Samara stood up, awaiting the storm. Malcolm gave his brother a nasty look while Charlie whacked the rabbit mask.

"Nice going, asshole. I swear you need a fucking muzzle."

Polliver sat there staring at Shane, blinking. Raff turned to stare at Samara and his hand covered her bandaged one before she could get away.

"You knew that Piggy was dating my former mistress? You didn't think THAT was something to tell me?"

Samara looked down at Raff.

"Why would I tell you? You aren't interested in her anymore. Why can't she have a little peace and joy in her life? Piggy and Lucky are happy, just leave them be. They aren't bothering anyone, Master."

Raff and Polliver both began to lecture Samara at the same time. It was fortunate for Samara, but not for Piggy, that he came into the room at that very moment.
A Bit Of Luck

Her mother named her Lucky, hoping it would be a talisman for her girl. It only seemed to make the unlucky moments bigger and more bitter.

But Lucky smiled, gritted her teeth and did what she had to do for survival.

Lucky was born in the DragonLands to a rich fat merchant and his slave. The Lord never once acknowledged her, he did not notice any of his "little bastards" as he called him. As soon as they were old enough, they were given a brand. A small symbol on the left thigh to let all know who the small cattle belonged to.

Aerys himself came to see the merchant and his slaves when Lucky was five. He saw the terrible conditions the slaves were kept in. Half starved, beaten and wearing rags, plus a good amount of dirt. The merchant didn't waste baths on his slaves unless he wished to have sex with one of them.

The Targaryen was terrifying and Lucky had hid behind her mother as the man spoke to her Master. Lucky herself had never spoken to her Master as he never spoke to her.

She was taught by her mother to be very quiet and compliant to survive here. She learned how to sneak food, how to stay out of the eye of the stern Master and his men. Even the other slave children barely saw her, the task givers never remembered her. Being so young the jobs were scarce and there were almost too many children running about for any real counting of chores.

Aerys told her Master that he was receiving complaints about the smell and look of the slaves. The children being maltreated. He told the merchant he must sell some of his slaves. He was too irresponsible to be allowed so many slaves, mostly the young ones. To Lucky's horror, she was sold the next day. Her mother was beaten as Lucky was ripped from her mother's desperate arms.

A long boat ride with her hands tied since Lucky wouldn't stop trying to fight them. It was the first time that Lucky has ever rebelled. But she wanted her mother, not these strangers taking her away. She found herself in the South when she was finally compliant enough for the men to release her bonds. Lucky found the green area quite agreeable but was terrified as to her new future.

Lucky found herself standing in front of a very imposing old woman. The cold eyes stabbing into tearful ones and then they looked with mild distaste at the whole of the scrawny, pitiful girl.

"Well, this won't do at all. When Dany told Varys there would be a shipment of children I told them I would do what I could. I cannot run an orphanage for slave children. However, I did say I would do the proper thing and help at least one young child. So here you are. And here we are, so what are we to do with you? Too young for any effective work to be done from you. My grandchildren adore receiving new servants and there is nothing more they love then a little one. So here is what we shall do. You shall receive a room of your own, clothing and regular meals. Also, regular baths before my nose falls off and my roses wilt to the ground! You will learn how to read, to do math and whatever other talents my grandchildren want to teach you. You will be grateful for everything we offer you."

Lucky felt lucky for the first time. A lovely set of twins fluttered over her, stuffed her full of food she has never seen before. They dressed her like a doll, taught her how to act and speak. Both involved themselves in her education, she was such a good student, they taught her more than basic skills. She learned history, geography, science, anything she could.

Loras took her out to a shooting range then took her on a few hunting trips. Margeary had Lucky
attend her at parties whenever she could, to show off her little project. Lucky learned much more than Olenna Tyrell had intended her to but they all were fond of the smart little girl. Then the twins left and never came back.

Lucky wasn't even given warning when it was all over. Olenna simply called the girl before her and spoke in her brutally honest way.

"My granddaughter is dead. My grandson is a hostage and a very sick boy that will need much help when he is finally released to me. I can no longer care for you or any of the other younger children here. Kevan Lannister is offering school and board to any child of need. Regardless of your status, aren't you lucky? Oh, well, of course you are anyway, aren't you? So you shall go with this young man that smiles far too much. I am truly sorry, dear. Out of all the children I have helped, you are truly the favorite."

Lucky had cried but she didn't put up a fuss like she did when she was ripped from her mother. She simply packed her items and left with the smiling young man. She was taken North. The new school was cold, it was damp and cramped. All the kids were terrified, the counselors were truly just bullies in disguise. She discovered quickly she knew more than the teachers but kept her mouth shut. Lucky never complained or spoke a word unless spoken to.

Some kids were molested or beaten. Some were starved and tormented. Others still just disappeared never to be spoken of again. Lucky was rarely noticed, having gone back to survival mode as her mother taught her to do. She deliberately cut her hair into an unflattering look and bound her breasts as she grew into a teenager. Lucky took chores and work that kept her away from all others. She assisted the elder teachers and she worked on the sewage lines with other unlucky students.

When the North started to blow up like the apocalypse, Lucky was out on a sewage run with a few others. She was stinking, covered in muck, inside a tunnel when the world above went crazy. One of the boys ran towards the tunnel ladder and it began to collapse. Lucky and the others tried to help him but he was crushed. Lucky started to run down a different tunnel and then another. The boys followed her but more collapses came.

Seven teenagers had entered the tunnel that ran under the chapels and schools of Kevan Lannister. Three days later two teenagers stumbled out of a pipe to find themselves in the Riverlands. Instantly they were held at gunpoint by men that were wrinkling their noses at the smell of the two teens. They were taken to Polliver who immediately told his men to hose them down, give them clean clothing and send them to Raff.

Raff looked the teens over and ran his fingers over Lucky's leg and asked about the small chunk that seemed to be missing.

"Mr. Lannister had his men cut out the brand from my former Master in the Dragonlands. I was happy for it, I was grateful, Sir."

Raff had the teen boy sent to work in one of his farms within the area but he decided to make Lucky one of his daughter's nannies. He sent Lucky to see Samara and get settled in. For some time things went well mostly. Charlie was a very energetic and challenging child as were her brothers. But Lucky was too and she was seventeen, a perfect age to run about with kids but have just enough authority to maneuver them about.

Another section of her life that Lucky was grateful for. It was not fancy like the Tyrells, it wasn't horrific like the Lannister school. But it felt safe and Lucky felt treated well and cared for to an extent. Samara was kind to her staff when they were obedient. Even if they weren't, which was rare, Samara usually handled it without violence.
The children had some behavioral and emotional issues, therefore were in a special needs program. Lucky was able to deal with these issues without any problem. They liked the girl well enough and Lucky rarely saw the man who bought her at all. She cared for the children and was allowed to take care of herself.

She had time off and to her surprise, Samara informed her she could go anywhere she chose. Anywhere in the village, the fields, the woods, rivers, libraries, stores. She could join activities, groups or even take classes if she wished at the local trade schools. Lucky had a clean, furnished bedroom. Full meals and snacks in the servants kitchen. She could use the television or the computers in the servants common rooms.

Lucky felt lucky for the first time again. She wasn't one to be social, she spoke with the others, but never really made friends. She knew things changed too fast for that. Instead, Lucky would smile, make some jokes and then dart away. The library, the rivers and bridges, jumping across rocks, enjoying this strange but amazing new home.

It was out of nowhere when Lucky turned to unlucky again. She had a tough day with the children. Both she and Samara were at the end of their rope. Malcolm had to be sedated because he couldn't stop counting the time of everything around him until he was crying. Counting mindlessly, he began to use markers on the walls to try and write it down.

The doctor was summoned to deal with Malcolm while Lucky was trying to restrain Shane who just took a bat to Raff's new fancy plasma screen wall. Samara was ready to explode, Charlie had gotten a hold on the BB gun that she had requested Raff to carefully put away. She was screaming that no one was taking her brothers away for being crazy. That she would launch an attack against the doctor.

Raff came in as the doctor came out to announce that he has sedated Malcolm. At the sight of the doctor, Charlene darted past her mother and began to shoot him. Samara leaped upon her daughter to take the gun away then shoved her towards the staircase.

"Lucky, take the children to their rooms, please. Now."

Raff saw his screen, he saw the doctor holding his bloody arm and cursing. In the corner of his eye he saw Lucky.

Since living with the Targaryens, Lucky felt safe enough to unbind her breasts and use a regular bra. She felt safe enough to allow her hair to grow down to her shoulders. Using the small paycheck each slave receives once a week, Lucky had recently had a hairdresser give her a sort of neat shaggy look to her dark blonde hair.

She ran upstairs with the children and tended them throughout the hell they heard downstairs. It was normal here for the dragon to appear on someone. Lucky despises the way Raff treats his wife and children but he is her Master. There is nothing she can do to help them and it bothers her.

That night Lucky was told at dinner in the servants quarters that the Master requested her upstairs in the living room.

Lucky was not only terrified of Raff himself but Samara was sitting there, quietly. She was then mortified to have Raff use her to torment his wife. He felt he did not have enough attention or affection from his wife and therefore he would get it elsewhere and force her to watch it. Raff smiled at Lucky's tears and red face as he made her undress for him.

"It's kind of cliche to make a nanny into my mistress, but why not? So pretty, truly did you tell me
you are a virgin? Oh goodness, I am afraid your first time might not be typical. You aren't very lucky after all, are you?"

To Lucky's surprise, Samara spoke in Lucky's defense.

"If you abuse her, if you traumatize that girl, you will regret it, Master. She is the only one able to deal with the children. None of the others you hired were able to work with them. Then you picked this girl, this special one, she is Lucky because she has a talent to help troubled children. Our kids need her, please think of that. Please, don't break her. I need her, the children need her. Please, Master."

Samara was on her knees now, clinging to Raff's legs, looking up at him imploringly. Lucky stood nearby, naked, silent and sobbing, trying to use her hands to cover herself. Raff smirked down at his wife. He wanted reactions and recently his favorite pet has been so busy with the house and kids, she forgets. Samara twice has drifted off in concentration while Raff spoke to her. Now he has her attention fully.

Raff never did break Lucky, nor did he really try to. He agreed with Samara about needing Lucky for the children, even if he wouldn't admit it. Lucky lost her virginity to rape by a golden god that cried out his wife's name when he shuddered to an end. She threw herself before Samara the first time she saw her afterwards. Begged forgiveness and cried harder when Samara gave it.

"Its not your fault. You have done nothing wrong, nothing to deserve what happened to you. I'm sorry for what you'll have to go through but I cannot stop him. Do you remember Master's threat? That in order for you not to be broken by him, we must make sure he is satisfied enough not to? As distasteful as it is, I'm going to teach you how to keep him happy."

So Lucky found herself in the strangest of positions. Samara taught her to use her humor on the Master to make him laugh and relax. Lucky was taught how to give massages and how to do other things as well. Things that made Lucky blush or cringe, but she learned them. In between still taking care of the children. It wasn't long before everyone, including the children knew that Lucky had become Raff's new mistress.

Both Samara and Lucky explained to the children the best they could that it was fine. That it didn't change Lucky's relationship with anyone else. It took several explosions before the kids accepted it with their usual sarcastic dark grace. Raff enjoyed being the first man the girl ever had, he liked to leave marks that would last forever. So any man that ever slept with Lucky would see the teeth marks, the small scars everywhere and know she was already explored and conquered.

However, the limits were irritating, knowing his wife and mistress weren't overly distressed was irritating. Samara had no jealousy towards this woman and Lucky was too humble to ever try and use her new position for any power. Usually the ones Raff chose would make that mistake, which made it sweeter when he dumped them. He then allows Samara to finish them off however she chooses. He cannot kill the children's nanny, nor would Samara want to.

Raff abruptly told Lucky one night that he would no longer require her services except as a nanny. Lucky was lucky again and she quietly celebrated that night. After the children and Raff were asleep, Samara brought Lucky to the roof and they drank an entire bottle of Raff's best wine. Lucky was happy to never look at another man again. Until Charlie's birthday part.

She met Piggy and her whole world filled with sun.

And when Piggy smiled back at her she knew just how lucky she really was.
Arya stormed past the men posted at the large wall, she strode through the gate hurriedly opened by a guard that she did not acknowledge.

She never saw the servants fly to open each set of doors, never looked at the cameras or the armed bodyguards. Her hair flew around her like dark brown thick tentacles. The grim look on her face coupled with the wind blown hair made at least two different staff members recall the story of Medusa.

She stomped up the stairs until she reached her father's solar. Ripping the door open, Arya strode over to the large man sitting in a rather unusual leather armchair, having a cigar. Gregor said nothing, just puffed on his cigar as the agitated woman walked over to him.

"What the living fuck, father? You know I am married to a Martell. Is this a fucking punishment? Raff Targaryen is one thing, but Aerysty? Not to mention Dany, who has caused some significant damage to the Martell slave trade? What the fuck? If my husband cannot show to the wedding then I won't be there either. You hear me?"

"Well, this just proves it. When children stray too far, they start to forget who they are. Who the FUCK do you think you are speaking to, girlie? You need to change that attitude right now. You think I can't still get up and beat your ass? We can find out if that's the kind of visit you want. Now why don't you use your little brain? Oh wait, you can't. Your body is so full of snake cum that it's swirling around your brain. Must be for you to think you can act like this."

Gritting her teeth and clenching her fists, Arya tried to control her raging anger. She turned to sit down but Gregor's voice interrupted her.

"Oh, ho. No, no. You don't get to sit down after that little presentation. No, you can stand a little longer first. Hands behind your back, you remember the stance, don't you? Course you do. There, much better."

A servant peeked into the doorway and Gregor gruffly told the woman to bring chamomile tea for his daughter.

"You'll need it. It's obvious you need to calm down and since I don't see your husband to climax you into submission...we have to resort to a relaxing herbal tea."

Gregor smiled cheerfully at Arya's rage filled visage as she stood there, trying to not move or react. He recalled the days of Tywin doing the same to him and the way he used it himself now. That old buzzard had a point with that game. He loved to use it on his own business associates and underlings. It also works on impertinent, temper challenged daughters apparently.

"Where is your husband, darling? I am dying to meet him. Is he hiding behind your back or in the hallway corner? Is he slithering about my maids looking for a pretty one to impregnate while you visit your dearest papa? Hmm?"

With measured words, stone cold and fire hot all at once, Arya answered, eyes flashing dangerously.

"Oberyn is at the hotel with Jaq, settling in. He will meet you tomorrow during the day. Oberyn is not afraid of you, nor is he slinking around sleeping with anyone else. And for your information, every child he has ever birthed has been cared for if not actually raised by him."
"Well, that's a relief then. However, I suggest getting tips from Raff's little wife on how to handle very large holidays. I hear your husband has at least nine known children. Not that it matters to you, I am sure. You are welcome to your usual rooms. They have always been kept the same for you. Of course, its only proper you and your husband stay here. Whether I like the gigolo or not, you married him. While the man is here as my guest, he is under my protection, in the hotel, I cannot say the same."

"At least in the hotel, no one will call my husband a gigolo. And I want to discuss this wedding invitation bullshit. How could you invite them? You know the bad blood."

Gregor decided she needed more time to calm down. He stopped speaking until he finished his cigar while the girl squirmed. When the tea came he finally told Arya she could sit down. The maid made Gregor a drink then silently left the room. Only then did he speak again.

"I expect you to stop sniffing and wrinkling your nose and drink the damned tea. You live on red bull, five hour energy drinks and those monster things. You eat nothing but fast food and that western crap that Martell offers you. Your doctor hasn't reported seeing you for a physical in over a year. I have received exactly fourteen texts within six months from you. All either a sentence long or longer if it was work related. No phone calls. No notice of your engagement, hell, not even of the wedding. No, why bother telling old, senile, creaky father who must be sitting in his hot piss, saggy depends, sucking on his fucking thumb, right?"

Now Arya blushes and looks down, sipping the tea. Gregor stares at her while he enjoys his own distilled brew.

Gregor had some very creative folks in the North and he loves that about this place. A group of young men and women looking to gain permission to open a brewery created drinks for him to try. The creations were all named after Gregor and he was tickled by it even if only one drink was palatable to him. The brewery and bar looks like a total alter to Gregor and his views for the North.

He only stops in rarely, but they keep his home and guests fully stocked at all times. That started a trend and half the places in the North seem to have something honoring their leader to gain favor. Arya and Oberyn had a blast laughing their asses off over it in the car with Jaq as they passed these places. Even a strip club was called the Lady Clegane, which set off Arya laughing for a half a mile.

Yet, here she was feeling like a kid again in front of her father. This was the real reason Arya didn't want Oberyn to meet her father yet. She had to do it alone first. Let the feeling of being a teen before a demigod pass first.

"I'm sorry for my attitude. I was very upset. This tea tastes awful. Why the hell were you having me watched? This is exactly why I didn't talk to you, didn't tell you about my wedding. You can't control me anyway, I am an adult. You would have tried to control who I was marrying and my wedding itself. I want you to meet my husband civilly. And I want us both to be at your wedding. But then you turn around and invite my husbands enemies? What am I to think of that?"

Gregor shook his head and sighed.

"To this day, I still control Polliver and Raff. You are my daughter and they are grown ass men. I will always keep tabs and control what I can of your world. Get over it. Won't change until I am senile or killed. I heard that Raff's father and sister tried again for that pointless reunion, healing family bonds shit. Politically it would look bad if I didn't invite someone of Aerys stature. Not to mention he helped us all those years ago if you recall. As for Dany, also a huge figure in the media. I had to invite them. They are used to dealing with distasteful situations in public. They might all quietly bitch at each other over wine but that's all. They can all get over it too. Now I expect you and
your husband to move in here during your stay. It can wait until morning if you prefer, but I expect it. I also expect to meet your husband first thing tomorrow. Now, finish your tea and go help Jaq soothe your elderly husband. This cold must be playing hell on his joints."

Arya spluttered and glared at Gregor.

"You. You want to talk about age and bad joints?"

Gregor narrowed his eyes as he lit another cigar and blew the foul smoke at his daughter to make her cough.

"I would be very careful in choosing your next words, Brat. Or would you like to explain to your shiny new husband that you can't play any ass stuff tonight because your father had to paddle you? Finish your tea and bring your husband and your luggage in the morning."

Arya ran into Waif on the staircase. The taste of the awful tea she drank was making her queasy and she was dying to leave. Waif smiled and hugged her.

"He was an ass, wasn't he? And I can tell by your face that he forgot how you react to herbal teas. Oh dear. Go to your husband and let him soothe you. We shall meet him tomorrow. I must go murder your father now, love. Have a good evening. I am so happy to hear you have found a husband you love. Congratulations, Arya."

As her soon to be step-daughter hurried out to the clean bracing fall air, Waif continued to head upstairs.

"A small wedding. A small one with only our relatives and friends. No church, just a quick Justice and then a casual reception. Isn't that what you said to Jaq to tell me? To assure me? Now I find out it's the media event of the season? You invited a former king to our wedding. You invited the most dangerous political rebellion leader in the West as well. Both enemies of your daughter's husband, of course. Not that you knew that, right? You are having us say our vows in the largest chapel in the North. We don't even worship there!"

"It got you to speak to me again, so I guess, yeah. Mission accomplished."

"I came to tell you to have a wonderful wedding. I won't be attending it however. Good luck finding another bride. I know, go see what Raff has for his latest haul of humans. Maybe you'll be in luck and find another girl there you'll like enough not to destroy. Good night."

Gregor was out of the chair and lifting Waif in a speed that defied his bulk and age.

"Uh.uh. I finally have you here and talking to me, even if it's all just plain mean and unfair. You know my status, Waif. Of course the wedding itself has to be big. The reception won't be as large, I already figured that part out. On our wedding night, every bar, every restaurant and club that has my endorsement will offer their wares for free for the three hours of the reception. Also, I have hired vendors, actors, clowns, and a traveling carnival to turn the whole damned city into a fair for the afternoon and evening for the kiddies as well. See how generous and nice I am? Half the guests will want to leave the formal affair to party in the city. Those with kids will want to take their children to the carnival rides. Now shut up and let's go to my room. We can talk more after I make you scream for a little while."

Waif had plenty more to say but it was hard to do with Gregor's hand on her mouth. Soon enough, he had her screaming and later, when Waif was recovered enough to speak, the infuriating bastard
was asleep.
Piggy was in emotional agony as he headed into Raff’s breakfast room.

He has been managing to successfully date Lucky without Polliver catching him for a year. Samara, the kids and other slaves from both houses have all tried to help Piggy and Lucky keep the secret.

Everyone already knows that Lucky had been one of Raff’s mistresses and the only one to survive it. She is a legend.

They all also have heard the rumors of Piggy. That he is a cannibal that cooks humans that displease his Master. In spite of everyone seeing how he runs after his Master like a dog with his tail between his legs. In spite of seeing how Piggy cowers and accepts bullying from any authority figure, the slaves all respect him.

All have heard of how Piggy and Samara held off crazed Northerners, how they actively helped in the war. They have heard how Piggy and Samara fought their way nearly out of the DragonLands.

Of course the stories are wildly exaggerated but no one was inclined to offer the truth.

So Piggy and Lucky have had a year of enjoying their romance Master-free. They knew it would end, that their Masters would eventually discover who Piggy was dating.

But it wasn't just dating, it was love and Polliver will just have to accept that. At least that is what Piggy kept telling himself. He took a deep breath, glad that he told Lucky to go hide when the maid came to get him, then he went in to defend his love to his Master.

Polliver saw his nervous, sweaty Piggy scurry into the room, trying to look like he wasn't about to shit himself. He pointed at the pathetic sight.

"YOU. GET OVER HERE, RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME. I WANT TO SEE YOUR LITTLE LYING EYES WHEN YOU SPEAK TO ME, PIGGY. YOU BEEN SNIFFING TRUFFLES THAT I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT? HUH? YOU GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE AND TELL ME WHO YOU ARE FUCKING? TO MY FACE. RIGHT NOW."

There was a brief moment where Piggy actual almost bolted for the first time. He had a mad vision of just sprinting for the back door where he came from. Grabbing Lucky and running for it. Which would instantly cause them extreme punishment if not death and would certainly end any possibility of a relationship. He swallowed hard but walked on shaky legs and cement feet towards the towering, angry Polliver.

When he stood as close as he dared, Piggy stood still and stared at his Master's boots.

"Uh,uh. That isn't where I said for you to be looking, is it? I don't want to look at your big fucking head, asshole. I want to see those shifty, sneaky eyes. Look up at me."

Samara was sitting again and giving Raff an imploring look. He rolled his eyes but cleared his throat.

"Polliver, in case you haven't noticed I have my father and sister here. Why don't you discuss this with him at home? I'll deal with Lucky myself."

Nothing could have brought Piggy's head up faster, not even Polliver's threats. He shared a look with
Samara then looked at Raff.

"Please, she didn't do anything wrong. You never said she couldn't see another person after you! I'm another slave, it's not like she is dating an equal to you!"

Polliver swatted his impudent pet with an open but heavy hand.

"Don't you fucking talk to him about his own property! You had best put down that fucking shovel and start worrying about me, not her!"

Samara was openly beseeching Raff.

"Why would you ever punish Lucky for something she has permission to do, Master?"

Raff lightly squeezed Samara's bandage causing her to pale and wince.

"Because I am her Master and can do what the fuck I'd like with her. If she wanted to see someone, she could have asked me. And you better not be questioning me."

Samara got off her chair and onto her knees, her hand still in his grip on the table. She looked up at Raff and spoke softly, reasonably. Charlie rolled her eyes in disgust and hatred at it. The boys were too interested in the drama to do more than just shoot a dirty look towards their father.

"You put me in charge of the other slaves, she is not your mistress, just the nanny. She asked me and I gave permission, Master. There was no reason in the world not to. I am sorry that Polliver is displeased but we have no reason to hurt Lucky or tell her she can't date."

Aerys was back to that gentle smile with shining eyes avidly going back and forth between each Master and slave argument. Dany looked as if she wished to be as far away as possible from all of them. Shane and the other two ran off as soon as Piggy came in. Aerys would have bet anything they had gone to hide their nanny from their father and Polliver.

Raff stared at Samara then gave her a sadistic smirk. He let go of her injured hand and leaned back in his chair.

"Fine. You are right, she is no longer my mistress. You are in charge of their little romances around here, so by all means then. I shall let your rule stand. I will not offer any sort of discipline or restriction on her relationship with Piggy. Lucky just has to come before Polliver and get his permission to date his Piggy. Go get her. No time like the present to solve this little issue."

Piggy paled while Polliver smiled.

"Master, please! Let's just go home, I'll take my punishment! Please! Don't-"

The backhand sent Piggy flying, he crashed onto the floor, causing the picture frames of the perfect family on the walls to rattle. Polliver followed after him and when Piggy tried to get up, he put a heavy boot on the heaving chest. He growled down at the terrified but stupid slave.

"Don't? You DON'T ever tell me what to do or DON'T do. I will fucking bury you for two days if that is what it takes to put your fucking head back on straight, boy. If this little fucking romance is causing you to talk back to your betters, you can fucking bet it's over right now. Bad enough you haven't been doing YOUR FUCKING JOB! Now, you think you can tell me what the fuck to do? You think you can manipulate-get the FUCK off my leg, right now!"

Polliver tried with little success to get Piggy off his leg. Samara had no choice but to leave to find
Lucky and Piggy was desperate to protect his girlfriend, his love.

"Please, Master! I am sorry, please, I am sorry! I will do better, I swear it! Please, I will apologize to Raff for speaking to him that way, I will bring you any whip for my back that you want! Just don't hurt her! Don't tell me I can't see her anymore, please!"

Polliver rolled his eyes and sneered down at Piggy. It always calmed him when his boy flattered him, cowered for him but this girl, it concerned him. He remembered the frozen foods and kicked the boy off his leg. Piggy got to his knees and Polliver kicked him over to the ground again.

"Shut the fuck up and stand up like a man. Pretend you are a man, it's alright I want to see what your version of a man is. After all, your girl is on her way in. I am dying to see how you manage. Oh, look here is Samara and Lucky! Geez, Piggy, should you introduce her to me as Raff's leftovers or your first real girlfriend? Go on, get your girlfriend and first I want you to walk right past Raff doing it. Yep, go get her and bring her before your Master."

Samara was standing next to the frozen Lucky who was feeling unlucky for sure. She didn't know the two relatives except from what the kids have told her. However, she knew Polliver, has seen him and his brutality upon others many times since she has lived here. And of course, from Piggy himself.

It bothered Lucky mightily that the children were in the room but she couldn't dare say anything about the kids leaving the room.

When Piggy took her hand they shared a terrified look with Samara who wished she could help. With a determined look in her eyes, Samara bravely tried to lead the two forward. She could at least try to shield them past Raff if not Polliver himself.

Raff was on his feet, however, knowing his wife would try to do that very thing. He stared Samara down until she moved away from Piggy and Lucky to stand next to her husband. Then his glare turned upon Lucky.

"Were you that desperate after I dumped you that you had to date the most cowardly person you could find? I mean, it's Polliver's fucking Piggy! How much lower could you sink? I would have rather you fucked every male slave I had on the estate. No to mention, my best friend's personal damned slave. My friend. Didn't you see there might be complications in that, dear? Did you really fall in love with him? You really are unlucky then, aren't you?"

Lucky didn't dare allow her Master to see her anger at his words. Instead she kept her eyes lowered and her voice submissive but she did dare to try and speak in hers and Piggy's defense.

"Master, I did not go behind your back. If you had asked me if I was seeing him, I would have told you. Samara was who you commanded we see for our daily issues. So I did and as permitted by you, Samara gave me permission. I haven't missed a single bit of my duties to the children, I only see him on my time off. Please, allow me to continue seeing him. Piggy is kind and loving and-

Polliver gagged and Raff sighed.

"Oh spare us, please. I already am bored with your love life, as bored as I was with fucking you. It's not me you need permission from, I could care, slave. It's Polliver's permission you need to date his boy, not mine. I believe Piggy wants to introduce you to his Master, so go on."

Raff gave a nasty grin to Lucky and Piggy then waved them away from him towards Polliver.
Piggy held Lucky's hand so tightly she was in agony but didn't care. He was shaking as badly as she was as they walked or inched towards Polliver.

"Ugh, this is just painful to see. I'm going to my room, I'm not watching you rip apart the only good healthy relationship I've ever gotten to see."

Charlie shoved her chair back and started to storm out and Raff snapped at her.

"You weren't excused from the table. And I want to talk to you later about that little snarky comment of yours."

Samara had enough. She went right past her husband and walked towards Polliver past the trembling couple as she spoke.

"Charlie is right. This is the only true healthy good relationship that our children have witnessed. What is wrong with two adults finding love in the most stressful situations? Two slaves that have survived against all odds and found love, a real good trustworthy strong one they had to work for. Polliver, it doesn't mean Piggy isn't yours just because he found someone. Please, just let them have their relationship. Piggy ended up making his frozen store run because he had to hide his relationship. If it is in the open, he can adjust his schedule so that he never messes up like that again."

Samara was now in front of Polliver, imploring up at him with a respectful, reasonable smile. Polliver stared down at her then lifted her up to stare at her.

"Are you the one in love with him? Is your name Lucky? No? Then I don't want to talk to you. Go back to your Master."

He set her down and Samara still stubbornly looked up at him, not moving.

"No, I'm not Lucky but I am in charge of her. So your issues with her can be handled by me."

Polliver shook his head and looked over at Raff.

"You wanna do something about her or should I?"

Laughing, Raff sat in his chair, already back to eating his breakfast.

"No. Not really, I'm hungry. She's right, she is in charge of Lucky's well being, not me. You cause any injury to Samara, I'll break at least two of your bones though."

All the kids were watching him, Charlie standing behind her chair, but Polliver knew her stance. He taught it to her, she will launch at him if he hurts her mother. Shane and Malcolm would probably set half his barns on fire throughout the estate.

Not worth it, plus Raff meant what he said. Raff might torture and beat his little killer slave-wife, but he hated anyone else hurting his pet.

With a deep impatient sigh, Polliver stared back down at Samara.

"I am not going to injure your nanny. I am only going to speak to her. You want to stand here and watch, I don't give a fuck. But move out of the way so I can speak to her. They are right the fuck behind you, like I can't see them over your head? Yeah Piggy, you are such a man hiding behind
Samara, who barely can reach my belt!"

Piggy swallowed and he and Lucky slid past Samara to stand before Polliver.

Lucky had never been this close to the atrocious man before. She always avoids him, his loud voice, his bullying, his brutality. Now here he is standing, looming over her like an angry ape.

At least it wasn't a dragon, think of that, the thought bolstered her slightly and she managed to peer up at his angry, red visage.

"I...I am Lucky, Sir. I apologize for hiding my relationship with Piggy. I am sorry if I caused you any trouble."

Polliver looked the girl up and down then his grin went very wide and his eyes glittered with malice and cheer. He stretched his face into a face that usually was reserved for his best bullying.

Piggy had to bite back a moan, he knew the very worst thing to ever do during times like this was to interrupt his Master. It only made things twenty times worse. The man leaned over Lucky and stared into her eyes, hands resting on his bent knees, speaking as if he were confused as hell over something.

"Well, hey there, Lucky! So I have a real good, very honest question for you, girl. I want to know one thing more than anything the fuck else. I look over at Raff. I mean I wouldn't fuck him unless I was blind drunk but from what I hear, he is so fucking handsome and fuckable, Samara has to kill off the girls all the time. You are the only slave he ever made mistress because there isn't a woman who doesn't want to be his mistress. So here is my question sweetheart. How do you go from the most handsome man in the North to falling in love with Piggy?"

Raff, Aerys and Polliver both cackled over that, while Charlie, Samara and Dany all bristled over it. Malcolm and Shane watched with silent avid interest but it was obvious they rooted for the doomed couple.

"I mean, don't get me wrong. Piggy is better looking than Tickler was! Better looking than Brat no matter how much plastic surgery she pretends not to have since she went Western. But compared to Raff? So I want to know what it is you thought you could get from him? Hmm? The game is up, girl. Might as well come clean and your punishment will go to Samara. We all know she has a tender heart to both you and Piggy, her punishment will be fair. Why did you lead on my snuffling curious Piggy? Did you think he would help you escape or get you some drugs from me? What were you angling for? Tell me so I can console my heart broken stupid fool after I beat him for being so fucking stupid. Come on, what is it, girl? Why did you choose Piggy after Raff? Just come clean, it's better and easier that way. I won't touch you and hey, you didn't technically do anything really bad yet. So just tell me and it can be over. You'll get a whipping or a hand slap and you go back to your little nanny job. Come on, girlie, you can tell good old Polliver anything. I'm a gossip girl too."

He gave a chummy wink and nudge to the girl. The endless barrage of words finally stopped and Lucky had her mouth open, so did Piggy. He tried to grab her hand to pull her away a little but she pulled him behind her.

Lucky wished upon herself, the stars, her mother and spoke.

"I truly love Piggy, there was never an ulterior motive. We both approached each other at the same time. My Master is someone I worship, but he is above me. He was kind enough to choose me for a time but I was aware every moment that it was a one sided joy."
Piggy was amazed to hear her speak so smoothly and earnestly. Though the brilliant lie of it being a joy to be Raff's mistress was an art form that the whole room admired. It was only a little ruined by the boys burst of laughter at the lie.

"With Piggy it was an equal shared relationship. He makes me laugh, he is clever, kind and gentle and I do think he is good looking. I love him regardless that he is a slave or if he must cower to survive. I admire and love him but I am still loyal and obedient to my Master, that will never change. And it wouldn't with Piggy either, Sir. He is devoted to you, he talks of you as if you were a war hero...no, more as if you were his king or a deity! Allowing our relationship can only make us even more grateful to our Masters."

Polliver glared down grumpily at the girl with huge starry Disney eyes. She was pretty in a common way and she shined with hope at him like a sickening beacon. Piggy was next to her again, holding onto her hand. He spoke so carefully, so respectfully but so heartfelt that Polliver wanted to puke on their lovesick heads.

"Master, I will never again be shoddy with my work, I won't be late or cook you anything but homemade foods! Please, allow us to continue seeing each other? It never has to interfere with our dedication to our Masters or interfere with out work. Master, I rarely ask you for anything, I have spent my life seeing to anything you wished. Doing anything and everything you need me to, I am loyal, you know that!"

"Oh god, I'm getting fucking diabetes from this sickening lovebird, Romeo and Juliet shit. Tell you what, I'll consider this. One solution is simple enough. I can buy her from Raff."

"NO!"

Polliver was mildly disconcerted that so many screamed the word all at once, staring at him appalled. He felt insulted and glared at all of them.

"She is our nanny, Polliver. We need her, she is the only one able to work with them in stressful situations."

Raff went back to his breakfast after making that announcement.

Polliver watched everyone sag with relief and growled. He started to grin again, an ugly one that alerted all to danger. He looked down upon the lovers with his ugly smile and mean eyes that clashed with his suddenly smooth, kind tone.

"Alright, I am convinced that you are in love with each other. I understand now. I will allow this relationship. Just remember, Piggy one thing. As my slave, what is yours I can use to. After all, you are mine, you would share anything you had with your beloved Master, correct?"

He watched in pure satisfaction as the color faded completely from both their faces. Polliver saw their Disney dreams go up in flames in their eyes. The children all gave hostile faces to him and that uppity Danforth actually looked like she might vomit at the mere thought of Polliver fucking anyone. This only made him more determined to stick with his idea to make Piggy give up this idea.

"So what's it gonna be? Tell you what, I'm going to finish eating with the family, then head home. You have that time to talk with your little girlfriend. I am sure you two need to go celebrate your win."

Polliver beamed down upon the miserable couple before he walked over to sit back down at the table. All three kids got up in unison to leave and this time Raff let them. Shane turned to stare at
Polliver.

"Not cool, Aunt Polly. Way not cool. I mean, dude. Wow. See you later on for Mischief Night."

Aerys gave a small dry laugh as he remembered the custom they had here of dressing to prank and get candy. Polliver started to holler at the children but they already were leaving the room.

"YOU’D BETTER NOT DARE MESS UP ANYTHING OR SET ANY FIRES TONIGHT OR I SWEAR I’LL REDDEN YOUR ASSES FOR YOU! HEAR ME?"

Polliver looked nervous and that made at least Dany and Samara feel a bit of satisfaction.

But Lucky and Piggy didn't smile at all, they were both crying silently, still hand and hand. It was a very silent breakup but Dany and Samara both felt awful for them.

Raff ignored the drama but he did take the time to tease Polliver about the damage he might recieve from the kids. They do love their pranks.

Dammit, Polliver would have to post extra patrols now near the barns and fields full of crops.
As predicted by everyone at the breakfast table, Piggy and Lucky went their separate ways. Lucky to help herd the children off to school, Piggy to head home and get his ass beat for his shoddy frozen foods.

Samara felt terribly bad for both of them but there was nothing she could do. She had a busy day ahead of her with no time to console her best friend or the nanny. Raff took the minor holiday off to assist Samara, which really meant he took his father and sister off her hands while she worked.

Raff took them on a hayride, he took them to unique shops, places of interest throughout the lands he ruled for Gregor. He bought them lunch at a fancy restaurant run by the Freys. The ladies had found their way into food trucks, pubs and restaurants. It was traditional Northern food with a modern flare.

Aerys and Dany managed to almost finish an entire delicious lunch without having an argument with Raff.

"The staff in here...they are amazingly talented, Raff. Are they...?"

Aerys and Raff both rolled their eyes.

"No, dearest sis. The restaurant is owned by the uppity biddies of the area, the Freys. Their daughters and granddaughters along with most of their servants actually run and work the different places. They own food trucks that go to the different warehouse districts, the factories, the mine and even up on the farms. Mostly on farms or as house staff for the rich elderly, like the Manderly or Karstark ladies. For the teenagers, they have a sub shop, for the college age they have a pub. All run by free folks. Most slaves work on the estate of their owners. It's not like before, dear, only the exclusive can afford one of my slaves. No one treats them as well, trains them as well or expects such strict rules over them as I do. Be as pissed as you want, Dany. I am proud of all I have accomplished and become. Go on and laugh, both you and father, but I am proud of myself."

Aerys shook his head and sighed.

"Of course I am proud of all you have become, even if it isn't the way I would have chose for you. You are my son and there was never a doubt that you wouldn't be successful."

The elder man's eyes fell sternly upon his daughter then softened slightly.

"And though I utterly despise what you do, I love you and am proud to see that you have become a powerful and beloved leader. Even if it's for a cause I don't understand or agree with, still...again, no doubt that my fiery daughter would become something huge one way or another."

Dany smiled back and then looked at Raff and slightly touched his hand.

"I am proud of you, Vis. Always have been and I don't agree with slavery but everything else you have done is admirable to me. You have a lovely home, you are second only to the Governor, you have a lovely, caring wife and three incredible kids. I am really proud of you."

Vis gave a sharp nod then took a deep breath and smirked.

"I love you too and am proud of my crazy rebel sister. I may not agree with it but I'll tell you the one
time a man dared to complain of you colorfully within my hearing, I made sure he wasn't able to talk until the doctor fixed his jaw for him. Because I'll always defend you personally even if we are at opposite ends of the war."

Aerys gruffly cleared his throat and began to complain of the taste of Northern coffee.

When they returned the driveway was tastefully decorated in glowing pumpkins with carved smiles. Garlands of orange and black leaves, spooky spiders dangled from the trees. The house was a different story.

The windows have been turned into desolate landscapes filled with tormented ghosts. Doors had zombies that looked as if they were reaching out at any passerby.

The lawn has become a graveyard and Aerys grinned at his son's stone visage as he looked about. As they walked a huge werewolf menaced them and gruesome hands looked like they were digging out of the bushes. Aerys cackled and had to prod a little.

"Let me guess. These aren't the types of decorations you wished for your wife to put out?"

Dany nodded as she looked about at the rather gruesome displays.

"Yes, you are right, Dad. Every year when Samara sends the seasonal cards out, her ones of this season is always haystacks, scarecrows, pumpkins and the kids in cute costumes. This is more like those haunted house decorations we saw, oh and some of those houses had these types of decorations too. It's certainly an interesting custom."

Raff ignored the two, thinking to go murder his wife or at least strap the shit out of her but then it hit him. He groaned out loud as he caught sight of a blueberry Corvette in his driveway.

"Ah fuck...it's revenge. Oh god, I hope she isn't hanging my mistress as a fucking decoration, I wouldn't put it past Samara. Dammit."

Aerys almost clapped out of excitement as he tried to rush after his son. Dany followed her father and her two companions that popped up from the hallway silently followed her.

"Dany, your brother's mistress is here and Samara ignored her, she started having staff set fire to all the boxes of decorations. Then she left and came back with all this stuff. The decorations are still tasteful here but watch out as you head towards the kitchen. That other woman started ordering others around as soon as Samara ignored her. Then Samara just kept decorating right around this atrocious bitch. We just sort of hid, didn't know what to do. I know if that was my husband's mistress, I would shove all the decorations right up her ass then shove her up his ass."

Mr. Grey gasped and gave a very disturbed look to his girlfriend. Missy looked at him and patted his shoulder.

"I'm sorry dear, but I am very riled by this place. The North seems to bring out my inner beast."

That made Mr. Grey give a more considering smile that made the young woman blush. Dany just shook her head at the strange, proper couple. Aerys saw quickly what the two were talking about concerning decorations. Hanging cobwebs had half eaten corpses in the stairwells and a huge ball of floating eyeballs sat upon a side table.

The kitchen was the darkest room by far.
This is where the mistress has chosen to stay, knowing it was Samara's favorite place to be. Often Samara will help cook as she finds it soothing. It's also where she visits with her staff, with Piggy and her children after school.

Now the room was blood slicked, fake limbs hung from fake chains and hooks. A huge cauldron burned green and black dyed apples beckoned from within.

Sitting at a crimson covered table with fake bugs and rats crawling about it, sat a curvaceous woman dressed in a tight vinyl cat suit. Cat ears sat upon thick, sassy curls that shined with bottled honey blonde.

It was quite evident that this was a woman who was quite young. She was sipping hot spiked cider she harassed the staff into making for her.

"Hey there, sweetie. Where have you been, I have missed you. Oh, you have company? Hi, I'm Carla."

Raff clenched his teeth and stiffly introduced her to her father and sister as a friend.

"Well, at least someone is here to greet you in this sudden house of horrors. I do believe old Sammy has finally snapped, poor thing. Three kids and a huge house, it can be a lot for someone of her age."

Raff's eyes narrowed but before he could say anything, Dany herself surged forward her voice as sweet as an acid filled sugar cookie.

"I must say this is the first time I have been introduced to a mistress. That is the right term, isn't it? I do get confused with your Northern rituals. I have also heard it called "homewrecker", isn't that interesting? I would hope that when I am Samara's age I have managed to raise three lovely children and keep such an interesting home. I mean, she has so much to do. And with so many mistresses to chase down and slaughter after her husband is done with them...yet she still manages to look so good...for her age, of course."

Carla paled but spit out,

"I am not a whore and if the home gets wrecked, that is her fault, not mine. And that nanny is still alive, Samara doesn't bother to hunt us anymore, I guess. She gave up. Besides, I love Raff but I am not getting in the way of his family. I never attempt to take over Samara's work and I never try to parent her kids. See?"

She refused to budge on her position and why should she?

Carla has never been given a free hand, she has clawed and climbed in life. She receives no favors and offers none. The few friends she has are exactly like her which is why she never trusts them and always has a good cutting insult at the ready for them.

As they do to her. It isn't friendship as much as a pack of hyenas roaming on the edge of society, hoping for an opening.

Carla was born to parents that she despised for their weakness and lack of ambition. Her mother was a brood mare even though they couldn't afford to feed the mouths they already had. The woman always had a baby nursing, a toddler on her lap, screaming at the other kids and slinging barely edible food on the table.

Carla's father was only home to eat, sleep and fuck a new baby into his wife. Otherwise he was always at work in a factory that was slowly killing him.
She ran away from home at fifteen. Carla had heard of the Lannisters coming to live in Winterfell. Taking all of the money she stole from her father's wallet, Carla took a train out of the Riverlands. She has worshiped Cersei Lannister for as long as she could remember. Always devouring every media story, hanging up every picture of the woman.

When she got to Winterfell, Carla went into an upscale clothing boutique and bought an outfit and makeup.

The last of her money was used to take a bus to the Lannister's new mansion. She had dressed herself, applied make up and fixed her hair in a fast food restaurant waiting for the bus. Her stomach rumbled but she was out of money.

When Carla presented herself to interview for a lady's assistant, they made her wait three hours. Cersei gave the girl tea and cookies. It took all of Carla's will not to chug the tea and devour the cookies. She moved slowly, carefully, daintily, following Cersei's lead.

In a miracle of moments, Cersei chose her for the job.

The girl was worked half to death and treated like complete shit. It never mattered, Carla adored her cruel lady and was loyal to her. She spied for her, said or did terrible things to others to please Cersei. The day that her mentor ran away and died, Carla ran away again.

She visited the South with the money and stolen jewelry that Cersei had abandoned. Carla watched the fall of the Lannisters and the rise of the Cleganes from a hotel spa on a television. When the money started to run out, she thought of being an assistant again but there were no strong ladies like Cersei.

That is when Carla started using the other gifts she had. Soon enough, she had cars, a luxury apartment and a banking account that never emptied. All for the price of some rich old fool feel young again. Then the man selfishly had a heart attack and left his poor twenty year old mistress with nothing.

The icy wife and children took away everything she had. She was given a check that gave her enough to leave the South which is what they ordered her to do. The assholes even had their own driver dump her at a train station.

Carla found a few Northern men that pampered her but not to the level she needed. And not one of them were single, not a single rich Northern man wanted to marry her. Fine then, she will take what she can get from each man until the right one comes along.

Raff was impulse, greed and he was handsome. Carla enjoyed that he knew how to make her scream and moan, he also was generous with her. The best was knowing his wife was a slave. Surely that isn't a loving relationship. How easy would it be to destroy that? Raff can easily just toss Samara aside without even a messy divorce.

After all, a slave has no rights and cannot complain, right? How easy for Carla to just insert herself. Which is why after three days of Raff not responding to her calls, Carla came over. No one stopped her from waiting, since Carla has started with Raff, this is her habit.

If he doesn't see her within a reasonable time, Carla will come to the door.

This was the first time she was bold enough to actually stay in the kitchen all day to wait. But seeing Samara's reaction of ignoring her and putting up scary shit on the walls, it bolstered her. She began to order the staff about a bit, delighting in the power of it.
Of course, Raff looked angry but she is sure she can fix that. However, that creepy old man and that bitch are trying to cockblock her. Carla walked over to Raff with a tiny playful pout.

"I'm sorry but I really missed you and you haven't responded to any of calls to see you. I just wanted to spend a little time with you. We could even just take a walk, show me that barn we visited before."

"Let's go talk, right now."

Raff grasped her by the arms and steered her towards the back door. He wished for a moment that he did own this bitch if only so he could take her to the barn and strap her for audacity. As he wrenched the door open to shove her out, the children were there waiting to come in.

Shane was holding a blood soaked pumpkin which went sailing into Carla, knocking her back into Raff. Malcom and Charlie grabbed Shane and they all ran off.

Carla started to shriek about the blood and how the costume was a rental. Raff shoved past her and tried to call the kids back but they were gone. Just then he saw Samara in jeans and flannel shirt go by with a pitchfork and a four foot glowing demon and he called to her.

"Hey! Kids just ran off towards the...Samara! I am talking to you! Don't you DARE ignore me!"

"I'm not ignoring you, I'm busy. You'll have to deal with the kids yourself."

Raff fumed as Samara kept walking off. He debated between going after her or the kids or just stay and calm down Carla. At least with the kids and his wife he could thrash them. But when he searched he couldn't find any of his family.

The demon was set up but Samara was nowhere to be found.

After he returned to the house and started to shove a bitching Carla out of it, he figured out where his wife had gone.

The smashing of metal and glass, the shrieking of a tortured horn gave them direction. Dany and Aeris weren't but moments behind Raff and his mistress as they all headed towards the driveway.

The steel bat that Charlie owned was being wielded by a madwoman standing on top of a Corvette. Aeris smiled as Carla screamed and ran towards her utterly destroyed car. Raff covered his face with his hands and sat on the steps.

He hoped that Samara wouldn't bash Carla's head in with the bat so publicly.

Cheering and clapping told Raff where his kids were too. Oh yes, this was going to be a wonderful Halloween night.
Snakes Shed Their Skins

Arya sipped her pumpkin spice latte and giggled as Oberyn gagged on his. He raised his eyebrows as he handed it back to his servant.

"Ugh. Tell that barnacle that she got my coffee wrong. I want regular black coffee. Make sure she gets it right this time or I'll make you and the rest of the staff drink nothing but these seasonal drinks until we return home."

The young man paled as if he were threatened with a whipping, flying to correct the order. He had shot Arya an wary look. When they all had arrived, Arya wanted Oberyn to herself for a while. She had sent the staff on private bus to have a day of what she had assumed would be relaxation.

All of the staff was treated to a tour of farms where they were invited to pick apples. Then they were given hot cider, apple donuts, spiced pumpkin lattes and fried dough. It took Oberyn an hour that evening to explain to his sickened and sullen slaves that it wasn't a punishment from him.

It took another hour to then have Arya explain that she didn't mean to make them labor in fruit fields nor poison them with food and drink.

"They will never forgive me for that first day here, will they?"

Oberyn smirked and put his arm around her.

"Probably not. Perhaps in a few years. However, I am fairly certain when we return home our first few meals will be difficult for you."

"Will they actually poison my food on me?"

"No, of course not! They aren't Targaryen slaves, you know. Mine are loyal, highly trained and educated tame creatures. But they will probably make some of the older, more traditional delicacies for you to sample when we get home. Goat head. And quite a few insect dishes, I'm afraid."

"Wonderful. I'm going to have to kill Polliver so I can have Piggy come and cook all my food now."

They laughed and Oberyn finally received his correct coffee. It was still an awful brew compared to back home, but it was tolerable. Since the coffee shop was only a block away from Gregor's home, the two chose to walk from there. The servants were sent ahead with the luggage and the couple walked while sipping their coffee.

Arya loved the fall air and the colors around her. Even here in the city, there were trees exploding into yellow, red and orange everywhere. She kicked at small piles of crunchy leaves on the pavement as they walked. Oberyn huddled further into his leather coat and Arya laughed at him.

"Old man."

"Cold young bitch."

"You are the cold one, old man. Guess I'm more thick skinned."

"Thick skinned? Are you sure? Because when I was just lightly touching you last night you melted like butter and you moaned like a whore."

They bantered the entire way to the house and then it faltered. Arya was biting her lower lip and
Oberyn pulled her closer.

"Stop that. You are being silly over this meeting. Your father and I are adults. We are business men. It's not like we are old warriors about to battle to the death. You and I are married and nothing will change that. I am sure we can manage a modicum of civility straight through the wedding and beyond. Even if the man despises me, even if I cannot stand him, it won't change my feelings for you. And nothing you do will ever cause that man true harm, he loves and forgive you at every turn. Always has from what you yourself have told me. So if he grumbles at me, I'll try and brush it off. No matter what, I love you. Nothing will ever change that. There is nothing in the world that would ever make me cause you or your father harm. Well, there might be one thing."

Arya stared up at Oberyn with love and anxiety.

"What? What's the one thing?"

"If that man offers me or my staff any of that pumpkin drink....that might be the deal breaker."

Arya laughed as she punched Oberyn in the shoulder. He complained of spousal abuse as they entered the Mountain's lair.

Gregor was standing next to Waif in the formal living room waiting for the couple to enter. Waif has already threatened Gregor and was here to ensure that there would be no bloodshed. Once that part is established she will drag Arya away to let the men talk without being hovered over.

As soon as the two walked in, Waif saw the potential for the men to bond. Without expression, she leaned into Gregor and spoke softly.

"A sharp dresser, looks like you share the same tailors and traders, Gregor. Look at those buttons on his suit coat."

The two men did indeed have to spend a good ten minutes upon each others apparel after they were introduced. Waif quietly got the men cigars and brandy. They began to chat of shared business associates and boring trade gossip.

Arya wasn't buying it but Waif knew it was time for them to leave. It took three tries for Waif to pull Arya out of the room.

"Are you going to really buy that? They aren't just all fine and good. It was an act, once we leave the real bullshit comes out."

"I know, dear. That is why we need to leave. Hearing it will only upset you. Nothing will come of it, Arya but let them have their moment. You can't hide your husband from your father all your life, can you? No, of course not. Let them come to terms with each other. Besides, I can use your help. I'm trying to make everything ready for when Raff and Polliver arrive tomorrow. I wanted to make them all stay here the whole time to punish Gregor a little. He loves the kids and the boys themselves but the noise and chaos will drive him mad. Of course Dany and Aerys will stay here as well. Lucky that Gregor has so much space, right?"

"He's going to kill you. I bet he thinks they are all staying at the hotel, huh?"

Waif smiled.
"Your fiance is a lovely woman."

"Thank you. Waif has only been enhanced by age. Your wife is also a lovely woman, a lovely young woman. You have a few daughters the same age as my daughter, don't you?"

Oberyn raised his glass slightly at the opening shot and smoothly replied.

"Not quite. My eldest daughter is actually a bit older. Also a lovely young woman but unmarried as of yet."

"Ah. And how do your children feel about their new step-mother? I imagine it must be awkward for your eldest daughter the most. On the other hand, perhaps it was more awkward to try and remember all the children to send notice of your nuptials to."

"My children are all aware of my marriage. Some are fine with it, some don't care and a few are awkward about it, to use your word. Would you like to hear something rather interesting? My four closest daughters, they were the most...awkward. Yet, it wasn't Arya's age that seemed to concern them, not that she was a foreigner, even her personality didn't bother them overly. No, it wasn't really Arya herself that troubled them. It was her last name, it was her connections. Your history seems to upset them, Gregor. I think it is your very close connection to all of our enemies. First the Lannisters, then the Targaryens. Of course I assured my daughters that my marriage to your daughter was healing not harming the Cleganes and Martells. I hope I am not wrong about that."

"If I ever harm you or yours, Oberyn, it will be because you hurt my daughter, not because of the past. Not because of our names or any enemies. As long as my daughter is happy and healthy, then we have no problem. However, if you feel it is too awkward after all, I am perfectly willing to give you a check, an estate, a trade, whatever it takes to make the divorce go smoothly."

"How generous of you. Luckily, Arya and I don't mind dealing with awkwardness on occasion. I can assure you that my children are getting used to our marriage. Hopefully, you and yours will be able to accept our relationship without too much awkwardness of your own. I will admit it was quite awkward to hear I will be sharing space as well as a public wedding with Targaryens."

"It is not a problem for you, is it? You could always excuse yourself to return home and Arya can meet you there afterwards?"

Oberyn smirked and stood up to stretch and wander towards the picture window to look down upon the expansive colorful city.

"I can endure your strange fall weather and Targaryens for a short time. Or as long as my wife needs me to."

Gregor thought of Raff's wife and children, Polliver and Piggy all descending in their chaos upon Oberyn, on top of Dany and Aerys. He smiled widely. Perhaps he should make sure that after they are settled in the hotel that they all come over for a long private visit before the wedding day.
Polliver anticipated Piggy would be tearful, fearful and would whine excuses all the way home.

Instead he received sullen silence and it was as if he wasn't even there. That wasn't going to fucking stand, no goddamn way on Polliver's green earth was that going to stand.

"You little shit, you actually dare to pull the silent act on me? After what you've done? Hiding, sneaking out of chores to go read poetry and fuck Raff's fucking nanny? His leftover whore?"

To the bully's complete and utter shock, Piggy didn't just pick up the proverbial shovel this time. It was as if he picked up the shovel and whacked his Master in the head with it.

Piggy had spun around, glaring up at his Master, hands curled into fists at his sides and sweet mother of mercy, did he just yell? Yes, yes he did and oh was there a certain little Piggy who will have a shovel planted up his ass? Why yes, oh yes, there was and is Piggy actually challenging him?

"LUCKY IS NOT A WHORE! SHE WAS FORCED TO BE RAFF'S MISTRESS! JUST LIKE ME, NO CHOICES! AND NO MATTER HOW GOOD OR LOYAL WE ARE, NO MATTER WHAT WE DO FOR OUR MASTERS, IT'S NEVER ENOUGH! NOT EVEN ENOUGH TO BE ALLOWED TO HAVE A NORMAL FUCKING RELATIONSHIP!"

Tears of anger and emotional angst poured down Piggy's face but he was not giving in. Polliver turned red and began to remove his belt as fast as he could. His voice got louder as he advanced upon the stupid idiot who didn't cower or beg like he should be.

"I want you to understand that if we didn't have to leave for Gregor's wedding tomorrow, I would be making you dig a grave in the yard. You would stay down there for fucking DAYS IF THAT IS WHAT IT TAKES FOR YOU TO REMEMBER WHO THE FUCK YOU ARE! DON'T YOU EVER FUCKING RAISE YOUR VOICE TO ME, YOU LITTLE INSOLENT PRICK! DID YOU FUCKING FORGET WHO YOU ARE SPEAKING TO? HUH? ARE YOU FUCKING RETARDED NOW? YOU THINK BECAUSE YOU LIKE A GIRL YOU CAN SUDDENLY FEEL YOUR TESTICLES DROP AND YOUR GONNA GET TOUGH? I DON'T GIVE A FUCK WHO YOU'VE HURT, KILLED AND EATEN! YOU WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO TAKE ON ME, WANNA FIND OUT? WHAT'S WRONG? WHY ARE YOU SOBBING, PIGGY?"

Polliver beat Piggy until the boy started to run and he kept pace the belt never missing the flesh it sought out. He strapped Piggy the whole way home until the boy was sobbing and begging Polliver to stop.

Polliver nearly threw the boy into the kitchen, watching with cold eyes as the slave skidded on the tile. Everything that Polliver had asked the maids to find was neatly stacked on the table and counters.

The slaves themselves were all were hiding from Polliver's angry eye but close enough that if they were hailed they could respond. Most of them felt bad for Piggy. It had been nice to see someone get something over on their Master. It was also nice to see the one servant who was so kind to all others have a romance.

Others were jealous of Piggy's status and were thrilled to see him beaten up the hill. To know that the best thing Piggy was getting away with was ruined. Regardless, none of them dared to let their
Master see their opinions or emotions on the matter and hid away, eavesdropping.

"You will make every single fucking item that you tried to pass off as homemade. Every. fucking. one. I don't care if it takes you all night, hear me, little bitch?"

"Yes, Master."

Polliver stared at Piggy then punched him in the stomach. The boy sunk down and Polliver gave a few kicks.

"What am I waiting for?"

"I'm sorry for not making homemade food. Sorry for being tardy, missing chores and sneaking around, Master. I'm sorry that I yelled and was rude."

Snorting, Polliver noticed the time and gave a last kick to the boy in disgust.

"I have to work and you should be very fucking grateful for that too. I'm going to check in through the night and so help me, if you aren't working your little bruised ass off..."

"I will not stop until I have finished every item, Master."

"You better fix your tone and adjust your fucking attitude by the time I come back or I swear, wedding or not, your sleeping in the ground overnight. Hear me?"

Piggy nodded and lowered his eyes, snifffing and flinching when Polliver smacked his head. Polliver stormed off to shower and change.

Tonight the children of the North will be trick or treating and the teenagers will be out to cause mischief. The college age will either party until someone gets hurt or will wander around drunk or high.

Every officer is on shift or on call tonight and Polliver can't set a good example by not showing up. He is a hard boss to work for in some ways, but he never asks them to do something he hasn't or wouldn't.

So as much as Polliver wanted to focus on his misbehaving Piggy, he had to leave soon. He started to shave and hoped like hell that those little miscreants down the hill don't destroy his fields and cattle.

Polliver envisioned his sullen lovesick slave just wandering the barren blown up estate by dawn.

Samara tired of beating on the car and jumped down to stalk the shrieking mistress.

The twit was too stupid to run or attack, just kept cursing and telling Samara that she would have to pay for the car. Smiling, nodding as if interested in anything coming out of that pretty mouth, Samara wound up like a batter ready to head for home base.

"Hey, wait! What the fuck, Raff? Raff! Stop her! Samara, wait! THE KIDS! DAMN IT, YOUR KIDS ARE WATCHING!"

Dany's holler cut through the red haze and Samara froze her arc while staring at the startled mistress. The woman finally seemed to be catching on to her dangerous situation.
"Children, please go inside and explain to your relatives how to greet the trick or treaters later."

Aerys grinned at Samara's tone and Dany's shocked expression, he was even more tickled at the pouts on the kids faces. They dragged their feet as they were literally yanked indoors by their horrified aunt. Raff groaned and shook his head.

"I didn't want her to die anytime soon but it'll be hell to live with Samara if I don't let her get it out of her system."

"Wow, son. And you thought I was always a heartless man? Isn't that what you accused me of? Oh, and I was a terrible husband, a worse father...I must say, you have truly surpassed me."

Carla backed up slowly while trying to try and see Raff past Samara.

"Don't bother. Raff won't stop me, he won't help you. If he was going to do that, I'd have been called off when I first jumped off the car. You fucked up, you pushed too hard and you came into my territory without permission. Go on and run, tell you what, if you can get off my land before I reach you, I'll let you go. You'll have until I return from this wedding to hide away. Then I will hunt for you. Run."

Oh gods, she has misjudged things badly and Carla now blurted what she wanted to tell Raff in private. In such a different way but this was a matter of survival now.

"Wait! I'm pregnant! Samara, please! I'm pregnant with Raff's child!"

The laughter from everywhere was quite disconcerting to Carla. Kids crowding the doorway laughed, Aerys cackled, Raff even cracked a grin along with Dany at that. Samara laughed hardest of all.

"Good try, whore. Raff has never had unprotected sex with anyone but me. Do you think you are the first to try that line? Every one of them proved to be lying. As you are. Enough, run before I get bored and just beat you to death right next to your busted car."

Carla shook her head wildly and gestured to the car.

"No! I'm NOT lying! I have PROOF! I have an ultrasound picture, I have DNA papers from a signed Northern doctor! In my car, I left it under my jacket in a manila envelope, go look! I wanted to tell Raff myself...I wanted to show him in private. I swear it! Go look, please! At least see that I'm not lying!"

The laughter was gone and Raff was narrowing his eyes as Samara walked over to the car. She leaned in and tossed aside a jacket then pulled out an envelope. Raff stood up and started to walk off the porch towards his wife.

Samara pulled out an ultrasound picture and gave it a quick assessment. Then she read the lab papers and doctor note. The papers all fell from her numb fingers as she looked up at Raff.

Raff enjoys tormenting his pet, he finds her jealousy amusing and her rage upon his whores exciting. On rare occasion Raff has felt regret or guilt towards causing his wife physical or emotional injury. This was one of those rare times and the worst one to date.

Her face was the color of old milk, the lovely brown eyes looked like black holes punched into place. Samara said nothing, just looked at him then dropped her bat and went inside the house. Raff almost went after her, but he wasn't sure what he would say or do and he has never approached Samara feeling uncertainty before.
The door opened and she was back, this time holding a bottle of Raff's best wine. It was open and Samara took a healthy swig as she walked past her stunned children and sister in law. Samara walked past Aerys then past Raff and Carla who was standing still, hugging herself. She started to head up the hill towards Polliver's.

Aerys blinked.

"You know, out of that woman's many faults, I would never have pegged her as someone with a drinking problem."

"She doesn't have a drinking problem. Just an asshole for a husband problem. Nice going, Dad."

Raff growled over his shoulder at his daughter.

"If you kids aren't gone by the time I turn my head, there will be no going out at all except to the basement."

As expected, he turned and found only his father and sister still there. To his shame, his sister and father both looked away and went inside. Even his father who despised Samara was pitying her and Raff never felt so low in his life. He turned to the only person left to take the blame for that feeling.

Polliver was giving one last scathing lecture to Piggy as he gulped his coffee and preparing to leave. Then he glanced out the window at the dusky yard and then looked closer.

"What the fuck is that? Holy shit, is that Samara? Wow, girl you don't look very good. Is that Raff's best wine?"

Piggy skirted past the laughing Polliver to pull his buzzed friend into the warm kitchen. Samara was sweaty, flushed, tear stained, her hair was flying about. She seemed to be trailing bits of metal and glass with every movement.

She sat down and stared around the kitchen.

"Are you having a fucking cook off and not invite me?"

Polliver blinked at the girl's cavalier, buzzed attitude and watched in growing awe as the woman actually put her dirty shoes on the table. Piggy gasped and shoved her feet down.

"What's wrong with you? Can't you keep it together at least while Polliver is still here?" He hissed but Samara just laughed at him then lollled her head back to stare at her husband's best friend. Her own best friend's tormentor.

"I'm hanging here tonight. I am going to drink my wine, console my best friend in his time of need. Then I'm going to pass out somewhere until morning."

"What about watching your damned kids so they don't explode the entire fucking North? Does Raff know you're here on a drinking binge?"

"My kids are only going after your shit, I think, so no worries there. And I don't think it matters much to Raff where I am, but yes, he saw me leave. He has bigger worries right now. You should go congratulate him, Polliver! He's going to be a proud Papa one more time!"

Piggy shrieked, grabbing at the woman's shoulders.
"You are pregnant and drinking! Are you nuts?"

Samara laughed and shook her head, holding the bottle away from her friend. Polliver was also coming closer as if to take away her bottle.

"No, stupid! I'm not having a baby, Carla is! She is having Raff's baby, she had proof. DNA proof and so I figured he can clean up his own mess this time. I am going to drink this wine, make you feel better and everyone else can go to hell."

Polliver glared at Piggy.

"You don't get to drink or stop working! Hear me? I don't care what she does, but you better clean up any mess she makes."

Grumbling about the dangers of lovesick slaves, Polliver slammed out of the house, truly grateful now to leave.

He hoped Raff will have killed his troublesome mistress and picked up his drunken, distraught wife before Polliver gets home. With any luck, those kids will be too busy with all the family drama to exact their revenge on Polliver's land.
"Okay...okay....listen, I'm all for this guys, but just listen one second."

Lucky might has well have gone to speak with drunk Samara or dragon Raff as the overexcited, way too stimulated teenagers. Malcolm giggled into her face as she tried to shove a least a portion of his meds down his laughing maw. He spit them back at her as Lucky became sidetracked by seeing Charlie grab her crossbow.

"Hey! No...no weapons! It's not a hunt, it's mischief, right? Ugh, my hair is full of your damned medicine, that's gross. Really. Just take the...where is your brother? Shane! NO! Your father catches you with a rifle he's gonna make you live in the woodshed and he'll bury me right under it! What the hell is wrong with you guys? Just take your medication, get your stuff to blow up Polliver's fields and lets go!"

Charlie took the rifle away from her little brother then grinned at Lucky.

"Calm down. The only one with weapons tonight is me. I'm just bringing the crossbow in case we need it. Malcolm doesn't need his meds, not tonight. We need his deranged madman brain to come up with the best ideas! I mean, Shane comes up with the sadism, I have the agility and muscle but we need Malcolm for the big boom, you know that. He thinks better without all that sludge in his mind. This isn't about just mischief night now. This is revenge, plain flat out revenge upon two very deserving creeps!"

Lucky sighed and kept a grip upon Malcom's chin while using her other hand to swipe the rifle away.

"Guys, we've been over this. You can't fight your mom's battles and you can't fight mine or Piggy's. Your mother is a very tough lady and she will get back at your father all on her own. As for me and Piggy, we are going to still see each other in private when we can. When no one suspects anymore but not right now. So why waste all your focus on doing something that could get yourselves in actual trouble?"

It was a great reasonable lecture if anyone heard it but the kids trampled her and went down the back stairs. Lucky managed to keep the rifle from them. She had to run to catch up with them as they were heading towards a hidden trapdoor they used to stash their things. On the air, a small breeze came carrying faint screams. Lucky shuddered and hurried after the kids rather than contemplate what it must be like to be murdered by the Dragon.

This was the first time she managed to get the kids to not lose her. Usually they set some trap that she gets caught in but this year they had sworn her in because they felt bad for her. It was a pity move, but Lucky will take what she can get. Every year she ends up staring at Raff's boots while she explains that she lost them. Each time Samara swears to Raff that she will whip her and never does. This year she will get whipped because she was with the kids but hell, Lucky is pissed and reckless.

By the time they managed to drag most of the canisters, bags and things Lucky didn't understand up the hill between the two properties the moon was high and bloated orange. Shane ripped off his mask and stared up with large eyes at the moon then threw his head back and howled. The other two kids joined in and Lucky muttered that they should have dressed as werewolves.

Just as Lucky's eye caught upon something extra in the large wagon that held explosive devices, Shane saw something underneath his beloved moon.
"Hey, is that Uncle Danforth and company? Oh shit, think they are running away under the cover of night? Think that our mummy and dearest of tender daddy's perhaps scared them away? How rude! They didn't even sign our guestbook! Well, we shan't invite them to tea anymore, Alice, no, we shan't. They must have stationed Grandpappy before the door to give obesity to our young masked masses while they run. Oh dear, do you think they stole Gregor's gold plates? One could only hope."

Lucky was more interested in grabbing the small handgun and concealing it in her pants but the kids were all looking down the hill now.

"No...they are on foot. If they were going to run away, they'd take their car. Besides, they aren't prisoners. Who would tell Dany she couldn't go if she wanted to leave? And she knows her own brother. Dany would know that when our dad goes Dragon that he won't notice anything else until he calms down. Not a soul here including our mother would dare to approach him when he's like that. Hell, Auntie could launch an entire rebellion along his land before he would notice."

Malcolm grinned as he joked but Charlie's eyes grew more serious and she frowned.

"I'm going to see where they are going to. Why cut through the woods if they wanted to take a walk through town, right? They aren't from here, they know deserts not woods. Why would they walk through the woods at night like that? I'll be back, carry on without me. Light my way back, boys!"

"No! Charlie, wait! Fuck, fuck! Young lady, don't you dare just go off at night! Wait...no! Boys! Stay right here while I get your sister! Right here!"

The boys both nodded, wide eyed with innocence and Lucky knew they took off the moment she crashed down the hill towards the rapidly disappearing girl. Lucky tracked Charlie who tracked the strangers, feeling like she was an unwilling actor in a bad comedy. They followed them to the closest village to a small toddler park.

Lucky didn't know who the three ladies were that they met but judging by Charlie's stance, she certainly did. Charlie was staying very still and was paying attention to what was said. Lucky crept closer and noticed the ladies were armed and instead of going to Charlie, she went closer to them.

Malcolm and Shane stood with near reverence staring at Polliver's bull.

Leaving out Pickles was Polliver's greatest challenge to the boys and so many others before them. To any child or adult, slave or free person, all were welcome to the Pickles challenge. Polliver was an equal opportunity bully at all times and this was no exception.

Polliver has been known to drop many a treasure within reach of Pickles and has offered to give it to anyone who can get it. Pickles can make it across the field in ten seconds. Every now and then folks get drunk, brave or just plain desperate enough to be that stupid. After a few too many tries and Raff shut it down.

"Can't keep letting folks get gored for your own amusement, Polliver. Think that won't get back to Gregor eventually?"

So with a heavy heart Polliver stopped making the offers, well with a few exceptions. He used it as punishment towards petty criminals and to force confessions on occasion. And of course, the bull was a form of guard dog.

"So for three years we have gone through Polliver's swamp and his alligators love us now. No challenge in that and I don't want to get all stinky, plus it's a bitch to float all this shit. So no fish, two
fish, blue fish-

"No counting. Finish the thought, my fine gentleman."

"Right, tight, might. No counting. No rhyming or miming or-"

Shane's small hand left a red print upon Malcolm's pale cheek but the older boy focused.

"Thanks, buddy. That fucking hurt though. Shit. Okay. So...no swamp. Did it. Did the zip line last year."

"No, I did the zip line and you hired that drunk to stagger around Pickles in that shark cage thing. Gave you enough time to roll everything past while Charlie went back and saved the guy just in time."

"Fine, whatever. All my idea and it worked so fuck you. This is the year though. We are ready for this, we have trained all year for it. Father almost died when he found out you were in track. Remember, he had you drug tested, forced the doctors to all reexamine your head and their own? It was the first time I ever saw Dad ground someone for joining a sport! He accused the school of doing something to bully you into it! Then he accused the track team of playing a prank upon you! When he was assured it was your own personal choice to join the team, he was too confused to be proud of you over it! He was so sure that you had some ulterior motive and here is your chance to prove him correct! You even beat Charlie's time. Recall how angry she was to lose out to you! Charlie has gone up against Pickles twice and lost. Poor girl had broken bones both times. First time was when Pickles got her in the leg. Second time was when our parents got her just just before Pickles did. So don't fuck up this glorious moment by getting gored. I don't think Dad will even get to kill me before Mom sends me to visit you in hell. So do not get killed! Remember to breathe, to focus. You can do this. You have got this. Just focus. Hocus. Pocus."

"Now? You want to fucking rhyme right now? I am going to risk my life with Pickles while you just stand there rhyming and counting? I want you to know something, you motherfucking dingle berry off the acne of some teen pizza delivery boy's dick. I want you to know that you are the worst babysitter and role model big brother ever. I love you for that but if you get me killed I will haunt you."

"Love you too, Shitmouth. Even if the only reason you get away with everything is because you are the youngest and cutest of us...Charlie and I know the truth. You were the one they just gave up on. Yes, its true. The only reason you are alive is because of me and your sister. It's true, mom and dad didn't even notice the pregnancy. Mom didn't even push, you just strolled out when you were done and they thought you were a pup. They threw you into the kennel but we rescued you. They just shrugged and raised you. Thought you should know that, chief."

"You are the shining example of our mother's madness but in a mad scientists mind. Charlie is the son that our father never wanted. I am the handsome one. I am the highest of inbred charming sociopaths in our grand line. Of course I am the favorite even if it means I receive the most sadistic of attentions. The man cannot decide if he loves or hates me on a daily basis. My life with him can be summed up in a strangling hug followed by a fist to the face then another hug. My only regret if the bull gores me is being denied the sight of father going between holding my corpse while sobbing to kicking it around the pen while screaming at how stupid I was. Father would continue doing this until the beast descended upon him."

"Uh...I think Polliver would have penned Pickles by then."

"By the beast I didn't mean Pickles. I meant Mother."
"Oh. Good point. Are you ready? Want me to countdown for you? OW! Don't hit me! "
Taking Chances

The three women melted away as if they never were, with evidence that Dany felt on her hands like blood. Her hands still felt vile and slick no matter how much she rubbed them against her jacket. She took a deep sobbing breath and felt Missy touch her elbow.

"You had to do the right thing. You had to. Someone has to stop them, to stop this. Remember that. You saw with your own eyes what it's like here, how much worse it will become? You can't let something like that grow if you have the choice. You had no way to stop what you were born into, it grew and even with our progress...we have so much more to do. Can you allow the North to go through all that? If you have a way to stop it? At any cost, that is what you preach. Isn't it? Isn't that what you told me and Mr. Grey?"

Dany nodded and wiped at her tears.

"Yes, but it hurts. I am allowed to grieve for family. I might be the perfect fucking martyr for you all, but I am still human! So let me grieve, would you?"

She shrugged off Missy's hand and then they all heard the click at once. Dany had taken a step away from her friends and was staring at a loaded crossbow. Charlie's face was tear streaked but she looked deadly and way too familiar with her weapon.

"Traitor."

"Oh God, sweetie, please, it's not like that. Not what you think, let me explain. Please, just let me talk to you."

Charlie shook her head, frowning.

"I heard it all. My ears and eyes work really well, have to in order to hunt as well as I do. And I saw you hand proof to Sandsnakes about who killed their aunt. It's not news to us, Dany. Don't look at me like that, I'm not shocked, should I be? I don't care who Gregor killed. What I care about is you just gave them the one thing Arya's husband would kill over. You just gave them a reason to kill them all. Oberyn loves Arya but he will kill her over this, you know that. You just murdered everyone. That isn't one or two that you have just have killed."

Dany put her hands out pleadingly.

"This is bigger than just that, Charlie. I really did come here to try and make amends, I did. But Charlie it's not right. Your family, you kids shouldn't ever live that way. But the ladies, they contacted me. I have tried for years to get the Martells to come to any agreements with me to free their slaves. Finally, this was the chance. They wanted, needed closure on their pasts and they needed to have that peace for their father too. I had the proof they needed, I had intended to try and use it myself for leverage here with Raff if not Gregor himself. But...listen, Oberyn loves Arya and he wouldn't hurt her for what her father has done. They want Gregor."

Charlie gave a laugh.

"You stupid bitch. Do you really think it ends with just killing Gregor? And if this is to kill off the slave trade here then you have to kill my father. How many slaves are being freed on Martell land in exchange for the slaughter of your family? Aerys is here too and you can't tell me they will pass that sweet chance up. And if they are going to kill the males, they best get all of them. And that means getting past my mother then past me for my brothers. So you've effectively murdered your entire
family line. This is how you free people? Without a single shred of mercy or honor? Don’t you fucking move or I'll kill you myself. I'm calling Polliver."

Mr. Grey had his gun out and pointed but before he could shoot he heard a click next to his ear.

"Drop it or I'll drop you."

Lucky was shaking but the safety was off and she was ready to kill if she had to. The man lowered his arm and carefully dropped the gun to the pavement. Kicking it away, Lucky kept her aim but spoke fast to Charlie.

"Charlie, call really fast, okay? Then we are leaving. I just hope your brothers aren't getting themselves into any worse danger than this. Really, how could they at this point?"

Shane took several deep breaths as did Malcolm. Pickles was on the far side of the field as if having no interest in the boys. The boys knew better, Pickles was going to be ready. He always was.

"I'm gonna press the button."

"Not yet, I need to be ready."

"Gonna. Pressing. Pressing the button. Yup. Gonna."

"Don't. give me a three count!"

Malcolm gave a large vacant smile and dreamily sing songed at his brother.

"No counting a certain little boy said to me! No counting a little boy rapped upon my cheek! No rhyming, no counting, little red button gonna get the finger now. Bye bye, pressing the button, my lovey dovey!"

"Shitmotherfuckernaziballskittensohfuckfuckfuckme!"

Malcolm jabbed a finger upon the red button on the black remote control in his hand and giggled as his brother took off swearing. The buzzing black bot carrying a streaming red helium filled wavy guy that zipped past Shane. Pickles bellowed and was after the thing as Shane flew past him. A magnificent pop that caused Pickles extreme agitation made the bull see the boy at the last second.

Pickles bore down upon the speeding boy and Malcolm jumped and screamed. Then he recalled himself and jabbed the blue button. A drone came whizzing past Shane's head so close it cut his scalp a bit and took a chunk of hair. It had whipping red crops that attacked the bull and Malcolm screamed for his brother to keep going.

With a cloud of lucrative curses, the boy kept running and Malcolm eased his way into the field. He started to run in the other direction towards a larger gate. He made sure to oil the wheels of his cart and he got there just as Pickles managed to destroy the drone. Bellowing in rage, Pickles got to Malcolm's gate just as he shut it.

A screech drew Pickles back towards the smaller boy who saw that Malcolm didn't have time to lock the gate behind him. Malcolm fumbled the gate locked while he saw the large bull bear down upon his little brother.

"Fuck! Run! Fuck! Shane, go, go!"
Pickles smashed his entire head into the bars hard enough to knock himself out as Shane dove under it. Shane laid there face down trying to determine if he's shit himself while Malcolm cackled as he rolled the explosives towards Polliver's barns.

Raff finished his shower and debated if he would put on pajamas or jeans. He took some of his wife's painkillers for his sore muscles. It has been quite some time since Raff has been able to fully release the dragon that way. Like being in the basement with Samara, it was something he had forgotten the joy of.

It took a few hours before Clara expired and Raff had left the clean up with two slaves. As always, Raff always felt much better, high almost and very calm after the dragon has battled. He threw on his clothes and decided to go after his wife. Visions of a drunken Samara accidentally getting blown up by their children as she traveled home using Polliver's fields made him decide to brave her hurt face. A few years back Raff and Samara came to terms with the violent side of their children.

He hoped by now she was either passed out or perhaps just angry. Raff wasn't upset anymore, he would calm his girl, he always manages to wipe the hurt away. Raff cut up the hill then veered off towards the front entrance to avoid both Pickles and whatever his children might be doing up there. It was easier for him pay Polliver damages then explain to Gregor why half the Riverlands are on fire. His boss understands Raff's peculiar children, is even fond of them. But Raff and Samara have been lucky enough to keep the children contained so far. Raff wondered how far Lucky made it before the children lost her this time. Last season his men found her stuck in a tree above four alligators in Polliver's swamp.

Raff entered the house and he followed the sounds of laughter to the kitchen. He saw Piggy miserably rolling dough on another countless meal and Samara was laying on a counter half covered in flour. An empty wine bottle sat next to her then he saw a second one mostly empty near Piggy. He grinned. There is no way Polliver told Piggy he could drown his sorrows along with Samara.

"Let's face it. We've always been fucked. Raff will never love you. Polliver will never let me be in love with Lucky. I mean, they didn't exactly kidnap and enslave us because they loved us so much, you know? I was a permanent punching bag, a groveling little amusing jester cook! And you! You were given to Raff as revenge for the bar fight. And to piss in the face of the Bolton boys. We were just lucky enough to survive them. We got stupid and let our defenses down again. Fucking asshole Masters always ruining shit."

Samara giggled and nearly fell off the counter to sit up and shriek back to Piggy. Raff winced at the angry, hurt slurred voice and kept himself hidden while she raged.

"We are fucking idiots! That is what we are! So many fucking times I could have killed him...so many fucking escape routes we had and we always grovel to them instead. I have three children with him, three! It's not like I could just leave even if I was free, Piggy. I love Raff and I can't imagine a world without him. And I want to beat him to death. It's complicated. How dare he? How dare he let that...that...he got her pregnant! Raff might do shitty things but he has never lied to me. I held that as my proof that he loved me deep down and that just ended. Raff lied to me, he swore to me to never breed with another woman. He broke the last bit of trust. He broke my fucking heart one too many times, Piggy. For now on I'm only giving my love to my children. Raff can have my loyalty, obedience and respect as my Master. As a husband, he can go fuck himself. I won't keep trying to love someone who can't even keep a single promise. A dirty liar."

Piggy saluted her and chugged the wine before finishing his dough face in the shape of Polliver.
Then he gave a war cry and used his rolling pin to crush Polliver's doughy head.

"You controlling fucking bullying miserable prick! All I wanted is to have a little love in my life! I wasn't running away or rebelling! But you can't fucking STAND to see me happy! You can't stand the attention on anything but you! Fucking narcissist asshole!"

Samara slid off the counter to stagger over.

"Oooh, make Raff's head for me next. I want to pound it into the counter."

Raff sighed and shook his head entering the kitchen. It took the drunken pets a moment to notice him and even then they didn't drop to their knees, no they grinned at him rudely.

"Alright, naughty pets, playtime is over. Stop smashing our heads and pull yourselves together. Sweetheart, you are going to have one hell of a headache in the morning. You aren't used to drinking so much. I'll carry you home so you don't either fall into a ravine or get blown up by our overzealous offspring. Piggy, you best sober yourself before Polliver gets back or he's going to lose his last nerve with you."

Samara gave Raff her most dignified look which was weaving with hurt shining in her red, blurry eyes.

"No thank you, Master. I am staying over tonight, I told Polliver that I was sleeping over. I don't want to speak with you tonight. You should go home and discuss plans with your new baby mama."

Raff grinned and raised an eyebrow as Samara tried to wave him away then tilt herself into the dough. Piggy snorted and finished the wine.

"We don't care! Not tonight! Fuck both of you! It's a one night rebellion and we deserve it! You have ripped our hearts and souls to bits and don't even give a shit! So leave us alone and let us have our one night of angst, would you!"

Grabbing Piggy's throat with one hand, Raff lifted the boy up the wall until he was at eye level.

"I'm sorry, I had trouble understanding your slurred words, boy. Would you mind repeating that a little louder and clearer? Did you just tell Polliver and I to go fuck ourselves? That you were having a rebellion? Is that what you said? Go on, repeat what you said, please."

Piggy stared into Raff's eyes and saw amusement but with an edge that could slide into danger. Even drunk Piggy wasn't stupid enough to repeat what he had said.

"I...I'm sorry, Raff. I got drunk and my mouth just ran. Please, we just want to drown our misery for one night."

Raff dropped the boy and instead scooped up his little drunk pet that was already scowling openly at him.

"You don't want to come home with me, love? Hmmm? Listen, the stupid whore had gone through her wastebasket to use the sperm in our used condom. She has paid for it, she is dead and I tried to make sure it lasted a long time for you. I'm truly sorry that one got out of hand, Samara. I never would lie to you. I would never allow another woman to have my children. Only my most loyal, loving sweet pet gets that privilege. You want to come home and have Master cuddle with you?"

That silky smooth cooing voice and the nuzzling into her neck always melts Raff's good girl. He smirked as he stroked Samara's cheek then her words dropped him, stunned him.
"No. I don't want to be anywhere with you. I want to be away from you, to think without your thoughts in my head for once."

Raff stared down at his mutinous wife and growled lightly.

"Careful dear, drunk or not, I don't like your attitude."

Polliver dug his ringing phone out and frowned, seeing it was Charlie. He put the phone to his ear but before he could hear anything, the world blew up. He had finally had a chance to stop home to see if his Piggy was working and if the brats had set fires yet. Halfway up his front drive he heard his phone ring and then his car was sitting upon cracked pavement.

His ears were ringing and he couldn't find his phone. Grabbing his car radio Polliver call in frantically for rescue teams and fire assistance. Running into his home, Polliver found Piggy, Raff and Samara all in the kitchen. All on their asses, stunned, staring at the hole where Polliver's kitchen wall used to be.

Polliver watched in building agony as his bull stormed by the wall. Pickles was bellowing and on fire. They all ran out of the hole to stare about at the damage. The entire estate was either on fire or scorched.

"Oh my god, the kids! Raff! Where are the kids?"

Raff came to life at Samara's shriek and they all began to run about screaming for the children. All except Polliver who was chasing after Pickles who was now smoldering and quite upset.
"WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH ALL OF YOU! HOW CAN THREE GROWN ASS ADULTS MISS THREE KIDS CAUSING A FUCKING APOCALYPSE? GUESS WHO'S FUCKING CALLING US, RAFF? GREGOR SAW IT FROM HIS HOUSE, RAFF! HIS FUCKING HOUSE! THEY DIDN'T JUST LEVEL MY LAND, THEY DESTROYED YOURS, THEY DESTROYED THE FREY FARMS TOO! HALF THE FUCKING VILLAGE WOODS ARE ON FIRE AND YOUR KIDS STOLE MY GODDAMN FAVORITE WHORE'S CAR THAT I'M STILL MAKING PAYMENTS ON! WHEREVER THEY ARE, I'M GOING TO FIND AND KILL THEM! I SWEAR TO GOD, I WANT TO KILL ALL THREE OF YOU RIGHT ALONG WITH THEM! DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH IT COSTS TO FIND A VET TO HELP POOR LITTLE PICKLES? THOSE AREN'T KIDS, THOSE ARE DEMONS, BEASTS AND THEY HAVE GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME! HALF OF MY SLAVES JUST GOT TAKEN TO THE CLINIC AND MOST OF YOURS JUST LOST THEIR HOMES! YOU ARE THE WORST FUCKING PARENTS IN THE WORLD AND WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU DOING, PIGGY? NOT ONE OF YOU IDIOTS BOTHERED TO CHECK ON THE BRATS? NOT A SINGLE THOUGHT IN THE HEAD OF THE MOTHER, FATHER OR THE PERSON WHO SHOULD BE WATCHING OUT FOR HIS MASTER'S PROPERTY?"

"I swear to God, if you yell at me or put that fucking finger in my face once more, I'm going to shove it up your ass. I don't think the kids would have caused this much damage on purpose. They wouldn't have put their own people in danger on purpose. They fucked up, they got spooked and stole a car. This isn't the first time Malcolm has stolen a car nor is it the first time Charlie or Shane ran away to get out of trouble. Just before you started to scream at us I was about to tell you I was tracking their phones. They are halfway to Gregor's already. They must figure to get there early in hopes that it will stop a dragon attack. Wait until they get there, I already have informed Gregor that he can punish them himself for it or keep them captive until I arrive."

Polliver didn't look any calmer and in fact his hands seemed to be opening and closing as if feeling Raff's neck underneath his hands.

"Besides, I was starting to collect my family when it all happened. I came to get Samara first but was sidetracked by Piggy smashing a dough version of your head in. Then Piggy told me that both you and I could fuck off, but he only said that because he was as drunk as my own wife."

Raff smiled angelically as Polliver's furious eyes switched targets and Piggy visibly paled and started to back away. Samara tried to text each of the kids again but no replies.

"It's probably for the best that they don't see you until you have calmed down, husband. Even if Gregor does punish them, he won't do it in anger and he always remembers his own strength."

Samara was unable to keep her tone civil but she was worried for the children. Something was wrong, something didn't feel right about it all. The explosions, sure, but to not hear from at least one of the kids? Out of the three of them at least Charlie would have kept a clear enough head to text or call someone. Even if it was Brat or Waif but when she texted both woman neither had received any word. Both then tried to call and text Charlie and the boys with no results.

"This attitude of yours is going to get you in trouble, sweetheart."

Raff had started forward to give his wife a scathing lecture but nearly was crushed first by Piggy, then by Polliver.
Piggy was just drunk enough to think outside of his norm, just enough to actually bolt. Polliver stood there for a second with his eyes blinking before bellowing and leaping after the drunken fleeing slave.

"ARE YOU ACTUALLY RUNNING FROM ME? I'LL BREAK YOUR FUCKING LEGS, YOU WORTHLESS PIECE OF SHIT! GET YOUR ASS BACK HERE BEFORE I-YOU ARE SUCH A FUCKING IDIOT! I SHOULD LEAVE YOU THAT WAY! FACE DOWN IN THE FUCKING MUD JUST LIKE A REAL PIGGY! IN FACT, YEAH, STAY THE FUCK THERE FOR THE NIGHT! I HOPE YOU CHOKE TO DEATH, I HOPE YOU DROWN IN THAT FILTH-GET YOUR FUCKING HEAD UP AND BREATHE, MORON!"

Polliver went between trying to save and murder Piggy at the same time while Samara dared to shake her head at Raff.

"Listen to me! Something isn't right with all of this! One of them should have at least responded once. Charlie should have-"

The ring left a bloody mark upon Samara's cheek and she fell down before Raff but didn't apologize even as he snarled at her.

"You don't ever yell at me, little girl! I don't give a fuck how hurt your feelings are, I don't care how drunk you are or freaked out by the explosion. Keep this mouth of yours going and I'll sew your mouth until we arrive at Gregor's! Do you hear me? What do I expect to hear, Samara?"

"Master, please...something is wrong with the kids. I know something is wrong, please! I'll apologize afterwards, but the kids, you have to."

"I have to? You are telling me what I should do? Didn't get enough of the dragon yesterday, dear? That's fine with me, little bitch. Polliver, where is your fucking thread?"

Before Raff or Polliver could accidentally murder their pets, one of Polliver's newest men came stumbling in.

The emergency services have become overwhelmed and not only has all been called in but Gregor had to send his own emergency services to assist. Therefore the most disturbing possible kidnapping and homicide fell to the rookie.

"Sir! SIR! I'm sorry but it's the Mayor's daughter! We found her blood, weapons and coat, plus someone beat the shit out that nanny that was banging your slave! She is in the hospital and should I question her as soon as she wakes up?"

Polliver was almost at the hospital room door when he swung around upon the three behind him.

"No, you two are way too emotional! I need to question her calmly. Go sit down and Samara, keep trying to reach the kids. Raff, get Gregor to get someone to meet the boys."

He glared at Piggy and pointed at him.

"You are the last person that will get to go into that room! You get control of that nurses station and make some decent fucking coffee! I want you and Samara sober by the time I come back out. Still pissed at you, Piggy, you do not want to fuck with me right now, hear me? I want to beat you so badly that my actual fucking teeth hurt! My teeth hurt over it, boy."
"Yes, Master. I'll go get the coffee."

Piggy ran off for the second time this night and Polliver gave serious consideration to break the boy's ankle later on. Polliver waited until Raff finished his blustering and sat his ass down next to his shaking, tearful wife. Then he entered the dimly lit room and found Lucky nearly absorbed by the large bed.

Polliver sat down and looked at the slave girl who has recently caused him so much trouble with Piggy. He winced at how badly she looked, someone had beaten the living hell out of her. As soon as Lucky saw who was sitting next to her she turned white and began to stutter and scream. He saw how dilated her eyes were and knew the medication as well as her injuries were causing her to panic.

"OH MY GOD! THEY SENT YOU TO KILL ME! I TRIED TO SAVE HER, I DID! OH GOD! NO WAIT! YOU HAVE AT LEAST TRY TO SAVE CHARLIE! IS IT TOO LATE ALREADY? HAVE I BEEN OUT COLD THAT LONG! BEFORE I DIE I HAVE TO TELL YOU ABOUT CHARLIE! THEY SHOT HER! THAT CUNT SHOT HER! WOULD HAVE KILLED CHARLIE IF DANY DIDN'T STOP THEM! THEY TOOK HER AND I COULDN'T STOP THEM! I TRIED! I TRIED TO SHOOT HIM! I TRIED TO FIGHT HIM AND I TRIED TO STAY AWAKE TO CRAWL AFTER THEM!"

Sighing, Polliver stood up and waited at the door, counting to three. Raff burst into the door, Samara so close behind him that when Polliver stopped Raff, Samara slammed into his back.

"Nope. Out. Get the fuck out of here. I know what you thought you heard. Don't give a fuck about your upset right now. I want to save your daughter and I want your boys found. So get out and let me do my fucking job."

Raff's eyes were gleaming with terror and anger as he stared down his best friend.

"I heard that someone shot and stole my daughter. I heard my sister's name invoked. We are talking about MY child and MY slave, MY property should be able to tell her MASTER herself. Now let me past. Polliver, I'm not fucking around. Someone has hurt and taken my Charlie, my little girl!"

Polliver grabbed Raff by the face and hissed into it.

"Trust me to do my fucking job. Huh? You have known me for how long? I was there when your daughter was born, you fucking idiot. I love that girl as if she were my real niece. Hell, the boys too and I will never stop doing everything I can to keep them all safe. So. let. me. do. my. job. Please, go sit down and I promise to be there in a minute. I'll tell you everything but you have to let me do this, you have to trust me. You trust me, don't you?"

"Yeah, I trust you. Sorry...it's Charlie. You need to find out...oh God, she was shot..."

Polliver shot Piggy a look and the boy rushed forward to help the distraught Raff to his seat. Then he grabbed Samara and dragged her to sit next to Raff.

"Here, have some coffee. Take a sip, Samara, you need to clear your head, okay? Raff? Hey, uh...here is your coffee. Master is going to do everything he can, he loves Charlie like we all do."

Raff glared up at Piggy and the boy recoiled a bit.

"If you try to comfort me, Piggy, I swear you won't have to worry about Polliver's beating as much. I can easily take out my worries upon you. Polliver is so mad at you, he won't care if I half murder you. Hell, he might just finish off the job afterwards."
"He is just trying to be helpful, Raff. And you cannot simply beat the hell out of anyone here in the public hospital. It's not the clinic. We are in public and you always tell us to act normal in public. You pride yourself on our appearances. Well, even in this traumatic situation, eyes will be watching. We need to keep a semblance of calmness."

Raff thought he showed extraordinary acting skills by not turning and beating his insolent slave senseless. By not simply grabbing her, throwing her onto a surgical table in an empty room and stitching her lips shut, it was showing amazing restraint. He took a very deep breath then while staring at the cringing Piggy still, he spoke in a soft, gentle but clear voice.

"I want you to hear me very clearly. You are never again allowed to drink more than two glasses of anything with alcohol in it. For your sake, for our children's sake, I am going to assume the wine is speaking for you. I will assume that gluttony of wine was something Jeyne would have done and it confused you. Because if I assume for a single second that you are deliberately choosing to become rude and defiant, you are going to have serious problems, dearest. Do not think I would hesitate to retrain and re-break you in the harshest of ways, regardless of being my wife and mother of my children. Am I clear enough for you, even in your alcohol soaked brain, sweet Samara?"

His words have indeed pierced straight through Samara's brain, they always do, slicing away at any sense of self or personal safety. Samara did love Raff, twisted or not but it was always tinged by fear. Raff has never allowed Samara to forget who and what she was, he enjoyed hurting her, tormenting her. Samara felt vulnerable, terrified for the safety of her children, her Charlie was shot? She broke down and began to sob, clutching at Raff.

"Please...I'm sorry. Why would Dany let someone shoot Charlie? I just want my children safe and with me...I won't drink anymore, Master. Just get our children back, please?"

Raff wanted to remain cold and stiff but instead he hugged Samara tightly. But he did manage to deliver a hard, nearly bloody bite to the back of her neck.

"Be a good girl for me, pet? Hmmm? Master will take care of things."

Samara snuggled closer and whimpered in quiet surrender.

"I love you, Master. I'm very sorry, I'll be a good girl."

Polliver sat next to Lucky and gave her what he felt was a reassuring smile as he squeezed her hand.

"Now...I want you to remain calm and not yell this time. I'm not here to kill you, no one is going to kill you, Lucky. I just want to hear what happened and find Charlie. So I want you to take a deep breath and start at the beginning. Nice and slow, take your time and just tell me exactly what happened."

Foggy with pain, medication and everything happened so fast like a blur, Lucky tried to remember it in order.

"The kids felt bad about my break up so they allowed me to go with them. But we saw Dany and her two followers heading into the woods, so Charlie followed. I went after her and lost the boys. Charlie followed them to a park, they talked with three ladies that looked dangerous. They were armed. Dany handed them something and they left. Next thing I know Charlie is holding her crossbow at the ready at Dany and calling her a traitor. That Grey man had a gun, but...I...the boys had stolen one and I took it from them. So I held my gun to Mr. Grey's head while Dany and Charlie
yelled at each other. Charlie said...something about Gregor's past getting everyone killed. That... the... sand snakes! That is what she called them! Sand Snakes would not pass up the chance to kill off the whole family and the Cleganes! Then there was this explosion, it was bright and it was like an earthquake. We all fell and I lost the gun. That Grey asshole started to go into some sort of battle mode and I thought he would beat me to death! He didn't stop until Dany told him to. Then I saw that her friend had shot Charlie. I couldn't see where, just blood on the left side of her jacket. Dany wouldn't let her friend kill Charlie but then I tried to crawl and that is when Mr. Grey gave me that last kick to the head. When I woke up I was on a stretcher. They must have taken Charlie!
Malcolm and Shane had watched the blasts triggered by the remote in Malcolm's slender dirty hand from the village chapel tower. When the smoke cleared, when their ears stopped ringing and the alarms could be heard everywhere, their jaws were hanging open.

"Oh shit. Oh God, you might have killed Mom and Dad with that! Is that our house or Polliver's that's on fire? Both. It's both on fire. And that is the Frey's property...oh, I see. It's everywhere. All through the Riverlands, including the swamp has fire. Looks like we dropped half a mountain over the village too by accident. There is nothing for it, my good man. If our parents aren't dead then our sister probably is and our parents will kill us. Might as well make it a suicide homicide deal. Do you want to recieve or deliver a death blow?"

Frowning, Malcolm looked down at his phone that began to blow up with texts and rings. No way in hell was he answering it and he dropped it as if it were on fire too. Shane's phone came to life as well but he did answer one call.

"Charlie! Glad we didn't accidentally kill you. Might have killed our parents though. I hope not because they suck but I do love the incompetent crazy...what? On our way. Stay down low, be right there. Gonna try and have Malcolm grab a whore car for us. Penny always leaves her keys in the damned car. Okay, yeah...stop losing blood, would you? Okay, on our way."

"What? What blood? Charlie's blood? Why am I stealing the whore-mobile? You know that will only add to Polliver coming down on our heads if I steal his favorite's car again?"

Malcolm bitched but followed his little brother obediently, only stopping to scoop up his phone that reacted as if possessed. Shuddering, he threw it at Shane as soon as they got in the brothel owners car.

"Here. I don't need to see whatever threats our parents and Polliver are leaving for us. Just tell me what direction we are heading in."

"Let's see. Father has gone between pleading with you to just let him know that we are alive and assuring you of your impending death when he finds you. Now see on mine he told me that I was murdering our mother with my reckless and thoughtless actions, then says he loves me. Next one is him announcing that I am going to spend the next three months living in the basement. Turn right then take the next left. Mother wants you to know that she has already forgiven you but just needs to know that we are safe. She is begging us to speak with one of the Cleganes or Waif or Jaq. Hey, how do they know we are heading to Gregor's?"

"Wait! Go back to the part where I am driving us where? I thought we were going to pick up Charlie? Why aren't we taking her with us if we are going to hide at Gregor's?"

"We are, idiot. Charlie got away from our traitor Danforth who allowed her niece to be shot and kidnapped. We need to go grab Charlie and go warn Gregor that snakes are coming."

"Gotcha. Snakes are invading and Gregor needs to know but only after we rescue our sister who has been shot and kidnapped. By our aunt whom we've just met. No holes in any of that. Yup."

"Got another text. From Polliver, he wants us to know that Gregor and ladies are on their way to us apparently. Gives us a meeting place. He's asking us if we have seen or heard from Charlie. No mention of Pickles and let's face it, I am pretty sure we blew him up. Must be serious if Polliver isn't
"Alright, I am pulling older brother status here. Call Gregor. I don't think you and I are medically trained to help Charlie and she is the fighter so who protects her? Call Gregor and tell him where Charlie is and we can meet him there. Let's not get our sister killed because we are playing hero, okay? Hopefully, she will be fine, Gregor will let us go home with him and our parents and Polliver will have much needed time to calm down before they see us. They will be so relieved we are all safe that they will go easy on us."

Shane giggled as he dialed Gregor.

"You high or something? What in our family line says forgive and forget? They are gonna probably put us both in traction after the wedding is over. Then make me live in the basement, you in the woodshed and Charlie under it."

Polliver approached the couple sitting on the couch and drew up a chair to sit across from them. A flurry of movement and Piggy was there offering him a cup of coffee. Taking it without a word, Polliver looked at Raff.

"Okay. Gregor has made contact with all three kids. The boys called him and told where Charlie was. Gregor had her in less than twenty minutes after that. She's being treated by his own private physician and the boys are with Gregor too. Waif and Brat are at the hospital, everyone is on high alert. I'm sorry, Raff but there is more. Apparently your sister had been seen by your daughter and the nanny selling secrets to the Martell snakes. Dany's companions beat Lucky and shot Charlie, even tried to kidnap her. She got away after awhile but Charlie wasn't able to warn everyone in time. Your father was found dead an hour ago along with his entire entourage, all with their throats slit open. I'm sorry, Raff."

When everyone rushed off to go help the Riverlands with some sort of explosion and something do with the kids down there, Oberyn took a hard pass. No point in getting himself wrapped up in any way with their family business. He doesn't need Gregor accusing him of trying to take over Arya's work or some such thing.

His daughters texted him that they are rushing to his area and need to to show him something right away, that it cannot wait. With a heavy sigh, Oberyn got ready to go meet his daughters at some dark Northern pub. He is sure whatever they have is the usual random clue that leads nowhere. His obsession with the slaughter of his sister and her children have gripped him most of his life and his eldest daughters inherited the same obsession.

Since Oberyn has met Arya his need and thirst for vengeance has lessened if not actually gone. It smolders deep down but his lovely wife seems to be a magic charm to keep him calm, peaceful. Unlike his warrior daughters. Might as well humor them and then they will go home disappointed but appeased.

Except Arya wasn't with Oberyn and the proof he was shown was irrefutable. Oberyn narrowed his eyes at his daughters and his words were clipped, full of repressed violence.

"What did you promise that golden mother bitch in exchange for this?"

Nymeria looked at her father without any fear even as her sisters squirmed slightly.
"Whatever we had to for the proof we needed. We shall release five hundred of our slaves to her and allow her group free passage through the blasted land. They have clearance through our lands as long as they are going on the agreed upon path towards the Targaryen land. Since Aerys was visiting his son...well, the land has a king no more. Dany will storm through to free every slave upon that land before Viserys can get there. Then we can swoop in and pick up the pieces as we wish to. But father, we need to talk about this right here in front of you. Here is your proof, father, after all these years, we finally know. Gregor Clegane raped and murdered our aunt after he killed the children in front of her. I mean, how sick can someone be to actually take pictures, to film it? He bashed the children's heads with a bat in front of her! Then he raped her and crushed her skull too! After breaking what I think was every damned fucking bone in her body! I mean, you want to bring this to the authorities? Except, Clegane is the authority here and in the South. What justice can we get but by the man's death?"

Obara grinned with a mischief that hid the horrors that lurked in her eyes after watching the horrific tape herself.

"Well, according to the panting and grunting, the camera man was quite the randy one. However, also someone deceased. He was addressed as Tickler and we know he died awhile ago. But I can clearly see Gregor and we all know how quite alive he is still."

Oberyn stared hard at each of his girls.

"No one touches my wife. No one hurts or kills Arya. She wasn't even born yet. She wasn't even adopted by Gregor until she was in her teenage years. Arya is innocent of these crimes and will remain so. This is between myself and Gregor and no one else. You get back to our lands and supervise closely this deal with Dany. I don't trust the woman or her fanatics. I am not pleased with your dealings, however we shall keep our word and you make sure she keeps hers. If she fucks us over I will take it out of your hides, young ladies."

After his daughters melted away into the shadows, Oberyn slowly walked back to Gregor's home in the bracing air he barely could feel through his angst. Arya will never forgive her husband for killing her father but Oberyn will never forgive himself if he doesn't. He hopes his daughters will listen to his words and not to their own ideas for once. He had visions of them trying to murder the rest of the Targaryens before heading home. Then he pictured his daughters murdered brutally, like his sister and her children.

He walked faster and with grim purpose. Oberyn must risk losing his wife's love, he had to gain justice for his family. Even at the expense of his own, at anyone's family at all in fact. As if she suddenly knew, Arya texted Oberyn and he grinned bitterly at the orange moon before looking at it.

Please listen to me. I love you. No matter what we can work through it. I know your daughters met with Dany. I know Aerys is dead and Charlie is shot. Whatever proof you have, please talk to me first. Please. I can talk to my father if you want. Just respond. Please?"

A quiet chuckle cut through the air, colder than the breeze itself.

"Oh yes, dear. Please talk to your father for me. Ask him if it ever haunts him that he smashed the heads of children? Did it really get him off to then rape and..."

Oberyn shocked himself by throwing up the Northern coffee into some bushes. He quickly straightened up and blinked tears out of his eyes. Mentally, he tried to wipe away the images but the sounds, they stayed for quite some time.

"I'm so sorry, love. Looks like I am making you choose after all. I won't let anyone hurt you, but I'm
about to hurt you plenty. Because I have to kill your father. Sorry, Arya...I am going to have to break promises after all, my love."

What he actually texted was different.

I love you too. I am going to speak with you when you return. I intend to speak to your father when I see him as well but I think he knows that by now. I really do love you, Arya.

Arya paled at the response and quickly wiped her eyes as Gregor's hand suddenly swiped her phone away.

"Oh yeah. I know what he is upset over. Fucking took the idiot long enough to figure it out. Gonna have to find out how Dany managed to get her hands on that. Must have been taken during the explosions of the the North. Huh. Looks like Daddy's gonna have to kill your hubby, girlie. That crazy ass sister of Viserys's just set off one fuck of a war back home and here. Whether it was her or the snakes that murdered Aerys, it is still her fucking fault. You have a job, I want you and Waif to go find that motherfucking golden bitch and take her. Hear me? You will stay here until Raff or Samara get here. Then the two of you will leave and go bring me back Dany or her damned head. And I want her two companions dead. They are all the cause of my having to delay my wedding! I am displeased and it must be fixed."

Arya stared at her father as if the man had gone senile. Slowly, she stood up and faced him, staring up as if with overly dramatic concern.

"Are you fucking crazy? You just said you plan to go kill my husband, then in the same breath you send me on a fucking job? Have you gone insane? I mean, can I just have you committed and take over? I am NOT taking any fucking job while you are running around trying to kill my husband! And have you forgotten that Oberyn might just be waiting to kill you instead? He is a few years younger, several pounds lighter and he is the one with a burning fucking hatred right now!"

Gregor easily lifted his daughter by the throat and pinned her against the cold hospital wall.

"I am very sure that Oberyn is already awaiting me with a fully loaded weapon. Or perhaps he will go old school and offer to cross swords or some shit. I am a fair man, I will let him take his best shot before I destroy him. Tell you what, if he apologizes in front of my men I will let him live and just banish him from the North until you have grandchildren for me. But let me make sure you understand, the man does have good reason and will try to murder me. I murdered his sister and her children. It was not in a very pleasant way. I was much younger and I was trying to impress Tywin Lannister. He wanted it to be a slaughter, that is what I gave him. It was stupid and it was filmed by Tickler, the moron. We showed it to Tywin and never saw or thought of it again beyond getting my buttons and shoes of course. The man has reason to kill me, Arya and I have reason not to die. There is no other solution but for me to kill the man. You see the logic there, don't you, sweet child?"

Brat remembered back to the boys all laughing their asses off as she got sick watching Gregor on his "special" night off. The images of him using a bat to beat children to death, what he did to those women. Shuddering, she had to agree with one thing. There was no way she can talk her husband out of challenging her father. Not after such a terrible crime and Arya felt helpless. Growling to be released, Arya thought about just leaving, taking off and going on a killing spree of her own.

"Wait! Listen, okay, just delay this shit then! Oberyn is honorable, you know that! If you tell him that you accept his challenge but first you must fix this family shit, okay? He will wait and that will give me time to think! Charlie is injured! Dany is running loose and so are the fucking snakes! Possibly
still in the North! Oberyn will wait over the injured child alone! Please, father, just hold off, please?"

Sighing, Gregor nodded and dropped Arya down. He had eyed the two little brats that tried to blow up half the North. Now they were trying to jimmy open a vending machine rather than worrying about their sister. Or worrying about the consequences of their actions earlier. Nope, just happily trying to steal from the machine, giggling and succeeding.

"Fine. You may text the man and explain that I will need at least a few days notice of his challenge to the death. Tell him that there are children in the North that are in extreme need of my care and advice."

Malcolm and Shane were about to stand up with their bounty when Gregor suddenly loomed over them. His smile wasn't as friendly or reassuring as it was when he first ran into them on the highway. Now it seemed to be a different kind of happy.

Shane tilted his head and before Malcolm could warn of danger, Shane spoke.

"Why, My Fine Sir, something seems very different about you! You're eyes are like...Santa Clause, all wrinkled and cheery but the snorting of your cherry red nose reminds me more of Pickles. I am bamboozled by your behavior, Your Highness, Your Great Governor Sir. Have you need of a Snickers bar? I do have one if you'd like?"

He didn't catch on as quickly as Malcolm did, when Gregor lifted them each with a hand and carried them away. They watched the hospital leave from a head down perspective. Tossing both of them into the car and into seat belts, Gregor had his driver take them to his house. He stared at the boys the entire way with those laughing but dangerous eyes.

"My fine young lads! I am THRILLED to explain what's going to happen. Since I will need your parents, Polliver and everyone else to help fix this fucking fiasco, that leaves only myself to see to your discipline this time. I know your father might be hard on you, that your mother must be confusing most of the time to you. I am sorry that your world is bit fucked up and your heads are too. But you nearly blew up half of my land. Do you have any idea how many of your own people are homeless tonight? How many fields, houses, animals and humans you may have killed or injured? Who fixes all that? Can YOU, EITHER OF YOU, afford to me pay me back for all that damage? Your grandfather is dead, your sister has been nearly killed, your aunt is a traitor and possibly a murderer. A war has just begun and you are stealing from a fucking vending machine like life is grand? Oh my darling lads! It has been some time since I personally have given punishment to little upstarts but don't worry! I still remember my best tricks! Ever hear of rectal hydration, boys? Your parents and Polliver are going to recieve one hell of an apology by the time I am through with you."
Oberyn paced his bedroom as he loaded his last gun and sharpened his sword. However, his prized weapon, his spear awaits him, it almost itches to be in the palm of his hand. He wants Gregor to die slow and in agony, but he will be fair. He has always been honorable and fair, that will never change.

Feeling stupid, he had agreed to a wait upon his challenge to Gregor while they sort our their little Northern disaster. A young girl was injured and Oberyn understands the fear of a parent who's child is hurt. He can respect that. But he also knows that Arya forced the issue and will try and find a reason to block the fight.

Also, he has a feeling his daughters may not be quite done here in the North. Perhaps a quick check in on any remaining daughter around here was a very good idea.

Maybe he should pack and leave. How awkward to live in a home, where you plan to kill your host at the end of your stay? He finished packing the weapons and went out the window to save time from explaining where he has gone. Staying out of range of his hot tempered wife might be a great idea as well.

Arya drove as fast as she dared towards her father's home. She knew Oberyn would take off, she knows it deep down but Arya will find him. She is a great tracker, Waif gave her the best of lessons. The fear isn't will she find him, the fear is what will she say when she does find Oberyn?

"Sorry that my father used a bat to crush baby heads and that he raped your sister before crushing her head? Can you forgive and forget? How the fuck do I get past this kind of a hurdle? No fucking Dear Abbey or Dear Prudence for this shit"

But she drove anyway and kept tracking the little bug she had planted in Oberyn's phone when they got engaged.

He was heading towards her now, not away.

Oh shit. What if he is going to take advantage...if he is helping his daughters and they are still here? What if Oberyn decided to take out every Targaryen he sees, plus Gregor? What if he starts a whole new war here, not just at his own homeland? How can she fight against her own husband?

Taking a rather sudden and violent U turn, Arya knew where the Snakes would go. Where there are enemies, weakened by loss, fear or grief. She pretended that she didn't cry while Arya followed her husband's car towards the hospital where Charlie was. A fast text to the two females she knows can handle anything thrown at them.

Samara was holding her daughter's hand, the poor pale hand with an IV in it. Charlie looked like hell and her shoulder will take months of therapy before she can shoot an arrow again. Raff was on the other side of his wife, staring down at his daughter as if trying to eat up her image lest it disappear.

When Charlie first came out of surgery and began to clear up it was Polliver sitting next to her.

"They blew up Pickles, didn't they?"
That wiped the sick look off Polliver's face and he smiled broadly down at Charlie.

"Nope, they just char broiled him a little bit. It's handled already. Your brothers are fine and somewhere very safe, I promise. So...according to both the evidence we found and Lucky's story, you had quite an adventure. Feel up to telling me about it, sweetheart?"

After she spoke with Polliver, she was tired and just seemed to drift off while he was still talking to her. When Charlie arose again from deep dreams she cannot recall, her father was there. He was standing over her and tears from his eyes fell onto her blanket, sinking heartbreak into the stiff cloth.

A small sound and the feeling of heavy warmth on her hand let Charlie know her mother was there too. She was afraid to let either of them know she was awake. Their loving grief might change in a heartbeat. There was shame too. Her mouth was talking before she was even aware of it.

"I'm so sorry, Dad. Mom, I never meant to cause trouble! I had no idea what Aunt Dany was! We NEVER would have invited her to stay with us if we knew! Oh God, what did we do? What did I do? Dad, why are you crying? I heard the doctor when Polliver was in here. He said I was healing just fine. What else happened? Who else is hurt? Oh please tell me I didn't get Lucky killed? They boys? Did one of them blow up or did a Snake get Arya and Gregor?"

Raff tried to soothe his daughter, sitting on the edge of the bed, stroking her hair like when she was a little girl. Samara laid her head along her daughter's arm and offers silent support.

"No...no, Charlie. You didn't do anything wrong. Nothing at all. You didn't know and when you found out you tried to take the best action you could think of. It was a fucking stupid ass thing to do, but it is done and can't be changed. Lucky will be fine and is healing at a hospital closer to home. The boys are staying with Gregor and are so safe, they don't even have to worry about me or Polliver punishing them for blowing up half the Riverlands."

Charlie calmed at the teasing, lilting voice as she always has and giggled faintly.

"Oh no...they did? I saw...I heard the blast, I mean, like an avalanche was coming down from the quarry nearby...it was scary. I'm glad Lucky is okay...she was so brave to face Mr. Grey like that. She tried to save my life...when the avalanche and blast hit we all tumbled over. She lost the gun but as soon as she saw Mr. Grey had his still, she just attacked him so he couldn't shoot me. I mean, the other girl shot me instead, that bitch and Dany yelled at her for it. Then she yelled at Mr. Grey who beat the fucking HELL out of poor Lucky! Wait...why don't you need to punish the boys for blowing up our homes?"

Raff winced a bit as his daughter's rough language but he ignored it. He ran a finger down the side of her face where there was a long bruise.

"I'm sorry, baby. That I wasn't there to keep you safe. Well, Gregor had decided to take the boys' discipline upon himself. Do you remember how when Polliver gets drunk he talks about all those horrible punishments? They are all real and mostly not exaggerated, hon. So both Polliver and I agree that anyone receiving a punishment from Gregor, it would be purely cruelty to give them any further pain."

Raff smiled as Charlie giggled then he caught Samara's eye. He needed to stop stalling.

"Listen, Charlie...your grandfather...I'm so sorry, honey. But the Snakes did get him. It was fast, he didn't suffer. I swear it. And it is NOT your fault. Don't ever think that it is, hear me?"

He was comforting his weeping daughter when he heard Samara's phone beep. She looked at the
"Mom is on attack mode. Did you keep Carla alive and bring her here? Tacky, Daddy, that's really tacky."

Rolling his eyes and standing as if he isn't on high alert now himself, Raff snapped back as he headed for the door.

"Carla is dead and buried. I'll have you know that your mother has already forgiven me and we have discussed it. It's over and there is no further need to discuss it. Stay in that bed and someone will be in to sit with you in just a second, honey. I'm mad as hell with you right now, because I love you so much and you have scared me half to death. I can't take you to the woodshed for months but you know what I can do? I can introduce a truth serum into your IV. I could make you confess every sin you and your brothers have committed that were hidden from me. Oh imagine the fun we shall have once you are well after that. I love you, Charlie. Get better, sweetheart."

Charlie grinned and waved dreamily as her father ran out of her room and then she drifted away again.

Obara thought she looked kind of like a nurse Jackie in the brightly colored clashing scrubs. Keeping the surgical mask on her face, adding a small husky cough as she passed others, she made her way through the hospital. Weaving, staying away from heavy camera areas, using the stairs whenever possible.

Shoot Raff in the head. Shoot his wife in the head twice. Introduce an air bubble to kill the daughter. Leave the boys to Nymeria and Tyene. Of course, it's more her own plan than her sisters. They had all planned to go do each of the kills together.

But why not let Obara shine for once? It's always her sisters that get the praise.

Her father will kill Gregor and then they will be ready to take on Dany. Ready to take on anyone who wants to fight them for the Targaryen lands.

Dany might be happy with her load of slaves and move on without a fight. Part of Obara hopes she will challenge them for the land that belongs to the very family she has sentenced to death. That makes her a very untrustworthy woman to the Sand Snakes. To betray your own family in such a cold blooded way?

She found the right corridor and smiled behind her mask in satisfaction. Her hand already on her gun, she started forward as if she had every right to be there. Obara was halfway down the long corridor when a familiar elegant hand landed upon her shoulder and she groaned.

"You will not kill an innocent child. You will not kill her grieving parents. This is not how I taught you. This is your mother's work in you, not me. We will be honorable, not assassins. If you want to work with me, truly work with me, then this disgusting method ends here. I don't need an assassin on my side. I want proud strong daughters ready to stand for their family, their homes and their due justice. Let's leave right now before someone sees you."

"Oh fuck, too late!"

There didn't seem to be a moment they could react. Elegant long hands, small graceful fast ones, didn't matter, neither had a chance to pull a gun, a knife or even yell a warning. Obara saw the
launched tiny woman with flying hair and a face full of such anger and madness that it made her
scream.

This wasn't the silent, lovely submissive wife the media enjoys, this was a mother animal ready to
protect her young, this was not a cold professional job either. This was personal for this woman,
Obara had to time to even brace for the impact. A moment later as pain replaced all thought Obara
honestly believed that Samara had thrown her THROUGH the wall.

Oberyn had no idea how to get the wild crazed woman off his daughter. She felt none of his kicks,
his fists, his words meant nothing. He screamed and pulled out his gun. Samara yanked Obara back
to her own face to grin into it then slammed his nearly unconscious daughter back into the cracked
wall. There was a blood stain on the wall and blood was creeping down the back of Obara's shirt.

"I will kill you. I don't want to but I can't let you murder my child either. Last chance."

He set his stance and prepared with great guilt to put a bullet through the woman's skull. A click and
a barrel against his own head.

"Do you think I can kill you before you kill her? Are we going to play a game of who's faster,
Oberyn?"

"Waif, do you think I have a damned choice here? Can you call that woman off or must I risk her life
and mine?"

"Raff can. Sometimes Gregor or Polliver have been able to control..this. But Samara wouldn't be this
way without a very good reason, dear. It isn't very often that Samara gets testy like this."

Sighing, Oberyn prepared himself and the grieving crazed mother to die as he watched Samara pull
his daughter forward one last time. This time Obara's head fell backwards and her eyes were glazed
and rolling a bit. Samara darted downward and both Oberyn and Waif tensed to pull their triggers.

"WAIT!"

Everyone froze, as Raff walked slowly forward, showing empty hands and a cutting smirk. His eyes
were glowing with suppressed emotions as he glanced over at his wife. Samara had her teeth inches
from the girl's throat and was drooling down the slender neck, making the snake shudder in disgust
and fear.

Obara's head was pounding but she was still awake. But everything sounded so distant. She laughed
inside at a little private joke. I should have played football in high school. Would've driven both
parents crazy and my head is fucking hard enough to be it's own helmet! I feel blood, oh god, did
she crush in my skull, am I dying? Is she going to really chew through my fucking neck like a fucking
beast? I can't die this way, my sisters will laugh the entire fucking funeral.

She pictured her sisters stealing her ashes. Pictured them setting them on a little shiny table next to
the award that she won nearly every year of her life. The Darwin award for stupidity. It will be her
last testament. Motherfucker.

Raff stared at Oberyn but his voice was level, it was very soothing yet there was a low floating
menace with big teeth flowing underneath.

"Samara, off her. Walk to me, sweetie."
A low menacing growl and Raff felt actual fear for his wife's safety. He had been so relieved to get there in time to save her life, she should be grateful and obedient. But then he remembered this wasn't about killing mistresses or someone that Raff felt Samara would enjoy hunting. This was about her child, the only thing in the world more important than her Master. Well, fuck.

"She was coming for Charlie. Then you and me. They didn't see me coming but I heard them. Daddy was gonna try and whisk his little pumpkin away but didn't count on big bad fucking mama did you, CUNT? I want to rip your throat out. You will NEVER breathe the same air as my children."

Oberyn's face grew more somber and Raff knew his time was shrinking. Waif gave Raff an impatient stare and he swallowed hard while staring at his stubborn and temporarily insane slave.

"Listen to your Master. Charlie is alive, she will be safe. I don't care if that incompetent assassin wanna be was the one who slit my father's throat. What I care about is you not following my orders. Have you decided to forgo the collar and the ring, sweetie? Do you want to relive the past because we can do that. I would do anything for you, my love. You know that there is no length I wouldn't go, don't you?"

The terrifying gremlin seemed to dim away, burning off into a scared, highly upset mother. Samara released Obara to fall at her feet then started to back up towards her husband. Her eyes didn't leave her released prey however. She was tensed, ready for any reason at all to attack again.

"Good girl. Come to me now."

Raff cooed softly and sighed with silent relief as she got close enough for him to grab her hair. Yanking Samara behind him, deliberately stepping hard upon her toes when she tried to tip toe around him. Waif and Oberyn lowered their guns. Oberyn rushed to lift up his moaning daughter. He gasped at the blood and started to dig through the thick short hair, fearing to find brain matter or smashed skull fragments.

"I don't give a flying fuck if your daughter's skull is broken. Get out of this hospital now. I am giving you ten minutes then a search will be done. If any Martells or associates are found, I will have them killed. Do you hear me? If you were smart, you'd grab your killer kids and head back home. Sounds like your new buddy fucked you over. Got you all distracted with the past here...Dany is a clever kid, rarely has to resort to violence. You are here and she is crawling through your fucking lands. Like good little busy bees, like good little worker ants every slave you own will follow her away. Not just the ones that you offered her. All. Of. Them. She is going to break your world apart and use my father's home as her base. If you don't hurry back, you won't have a home to return to. I am sorry for your sister and her kids. I really am, Oberyn. I acknowledge your pain. But you cannot kill Gregor Clegane. We won't allow you to murder him. Even if he takes up your honorable challenge shit...if you are winning, Polliver or I are going to murder you and all of your family. If another member of my family dies or my friends or boss die, I will do things to you, your family and your land that would make my cold blooded sister look away in sheer fucking horror. Now get the fuck out, fast. Ten minutes as of now."

Oberyn looked like he had plenty to say but was smart enough to know when to concede defeat. He was more concerned with his daughter's head than revenge at the moment. Waif moved back but didn't holster her gun yet. Instead she shook her head at Oberyn and gave him a crooked smile.

"No one ever said marriage was going to be easy, you know. I know you are full of the worst options, trapped by every direction. I get it, trust me. You need to decide which is more important to you. Your past or your future. The present isn't going very well for you. And you are being timed, so run. There is a clinic three blocks over that your daughter can use, by the way."
Giving a deadpan look at Waif, Oberyn politely thanked her while Raff looked pointedly at his watch then at Oberyn. Hoisting his daughter up, he ran into the stairwell with Obara still in his arms. He slammed his way around and around, trying to find the damned parking lot door. He saw it and ripped it open to almost steamroll over his own wife.

"Are you kidding me? What the fuck happened to Obara? What the hell?"

Oberyn gave a tiny wild laugh then grabbed his wife's arm and kept running towards his car. Obara bounced and moaned before vomiting down her father's back.

"Don't really have time to explain. Bad visit with Samara for Obara. Gotta get her to a clinic to check out her head."

Before Arya understood anything, she was in her husband's car, speeding towards a seedy looking clinic. Even though they were just in the best hospital the city could offer.

"Holy shit...Obara was trying to kill them all...my friends, my co worker! Someday, my own men! My God, Charlie who follows me like a fucking desperate puppy! You tried to kill her, bitch? What kind of person does that?"

"Your father."

Arya and Obara clashed eyes then the daughter smiled before passing out.

"You do understand that you are now on the run with us? You have just become part of Martell side. How does it feel to shed your skin?"

Arya snarled and put her head in her hands as Oberyn carried his daughter into the clinic. She pulled out her phone but didn't reply to any texts. Fuck. *Do I go home or stay with my husband? Which one is my home anyway?*
Arya sat on Oberyn's car trying to figure out what the fuck to do. Groaning, she watched a big black truck fly into the parking lot and she leaped off the car.

Polliver and two officers known for their cruelty got out along with Piggy. She stood in front of the hospital door, blocking it and crossed her arms.

Grinning, Polliver walked over and looked at Arya before giving her a huge messy kiss that made her gag.

"Nice to see you back home, Brat. Now get the fuck out of my way, honey. Why don't you go visit with Piggy while I just go inside and see how your hubby and his girl are doing?"

"I'm not stupid. Nice try though. You brought Piggy because you knew I'd be here. You don't bring him on wet work unless you need him to be a distraction or a messenger boy. I might love him and want a nice visit with him, but not that badly. Not enough to trust you or your men to go anywhere near my husband without me. I can pass along any messages for you of course. Right now Oberyn is busy making sure his daughter isn't going to die."

Polliver smiled and grabbed Arya's cheeks like he was an old granny.

"You are so adorable. And stubborn, always have been. But you have mellowed. I heard from your father that you are less temperamental and very mature now. I'm glad to hear that. Because I need you to hear me, Brat. Like really hear me. Can you do that, yeah? Great!"

He let go of her cheeks while she tried to remove his testicles and spun out of her way. Only then did Arya notice that now Polliver was the one leaning against the hospital door and she was where Polliver had been standing. Piggy was suddenly right there and he grabbed her arm.

Arya looked at Piggy's hand on her arm and then she briefly looked at Piggy.

"Really?"

Piggy rolled his eyes.

"I'm not trying to manhandle you, idiot. I don't want you running off before I get to hug you. Wow. Polliver isn't here to hurt anyone, Arya. He's delivering a message and providing an escort. That's all. Oh well, there's-"

Polliver glared at Piggy and the younger man stuttered to a stop, nearly hiding behind Arya now. Arya gave a small smile at seeing familiar behavior. It was like having comfort food on a horrible day. Calming herself, Arya looked up at Polliver and tapped upon his chest to get his attention.

"Hey, remember me? Hi! I can deliver your message for you. But I am sure Oberyn will appreciate the armed escort. I am not sure how Obara is doing or if she can be moved."

"Oh she's moving. I have already spoken on the phone with the clinic director. I have been assured that they are doing everything medically necessary for her. The doctors are not able to provide the surgical techniques needed to really assist the snake. So Gregor has kindly arranged a medical transport for her back to her own homeland. At the very best hospital the Martells can afford. And it leaves in one hour. I will provide an escort for Oberyn and any other family members or assistants he has here. They will be escorted onto a plane to get the fuck home. You can stay or go, of course"
sweetie. Your father is really trying for you, Arya. You see that, don't you? You know what normally would be happening right now, right?"

Narrowing her eyes, Arya asked Polliver a question while stabbing a very pointed nail into his chest. It was gold and sparkled, making the man have his first laugh of the horrendously long day and night.

"What happens after the plane leaves? Anyone that didn't or couldn't leave in time dies? I have to tell Oberyn that his daughters might-"

"You know, with all that western glittery shit on you, it's hard to be intimidated. If you were a snake..I'd be nervous because that gold nail would know how to slice me from sternum up. But you don't put those razor tips on yours. So you just look like a fucking gold fairy Tinkerbrat having a tantrum. Hard to take you seriously. A glittery mountain? What large mountain is glittery and gold?"

Arya's face reddened in rage. Her fists clenched and she winced at the usual feeling of her nails digging into her skin.

"Do you what its like having to go between two worlds? I have to wear two different fucking costumes, two different faces and guess what? On fucking occasion I accidentally mix it up! And fuck you! I love Oberyn and I WILL help him in his war even if it comes down to facing Raff for his land. Though my first goal is to put down the cunt that betrayed our family. See what I mean? How do you divide that shit? I am loyal to both families, Polliver. So fuck you and you aren't going in there without me. And these two gorillas stay outside! Do not make me shoot anyone tonight."

"Oh, merciful god please don't shoot anyone. Anymore paperwork and I'm gonna just fucking retire. Piggy, I fucking HEARD you snort. You thought you did filing before? You have no idea...and I want so many reports done. Every night I am going to make sure you cut up lemons and add salt to everything. Get those paper cuts all cleaned out. Now Arya, I have to speak with the man himself to make sure he understands. You can come with me, sure. Like Piggy said, I'm not here to do anything but give a message and an escort."

Piggy grabbed Arya and hugged her hard, whispering into her ear.

"No one is allowed to touch Oberyn or Obara. But anyone left by tomorrow will die."

He thrust Arya towards Polliver and added quickly,

"I wanted to hug you and say that I miss and love you! I'll never see you again as Polliver has already told me he's going to kill he this time. He's going to bury me alive for three days. It would kill me so...bye!"

Polliver used a very graceful spinning motion when he got a hold of Arya's arm to use his hip to knock the door open and thrust her inside. He stopped briefly to look back out the glass door at Piggy. He made a motion of shoveling then held up five fingers one by one while grinning and nodding. He mouthed "Five days."

Piggy looked like he was going to cry and Polliver let Arya lead him down the hallway.

"Would you really be able to murder Raff over the land? You know that could have consequences. Like having to face me down next? Not to mention trying to explain to your father that you killed his second most favorite man?"

Arya snorted and elbowed the tired but arrogant man.
"Second favorite, huh? Uh huh. No, I wouldn't kill Raff unless he was trying to kill me. I can't kill my own. But I would help hunt down Dany and I will steal Raff's land if I get the chance to. Hell, if he ran to fight for his land, you wouldn't try to take his position and land here? Truly? If an opportunity like that jumps up? Friends is one thing, this is business."

"Well, you my dear, are just a walking fucking contradiction in every way. Got your head turned around and now you're all lost. You can't keep trying to be two different people. I mean, marriage is a lifestyle, its a choice to love and be with someone. But it's not like going to work, you know, when you put on your work personality for your husband or family. It's probably awful to think of your marriage or family as a job. Go home, Arya. Go with your husband, go fight Dany, fight Raff, whatever you have to do. But if your husband or his family ever enter the North or South again they will all be slaughtered instantly. Down to every fucking infant. The Martells are officially banned and all trade between us has been suspended."

As he spoke, Polliver's voice went from amused to louder, deeper and so very cold that Arya shivered with warning. He literally seemed to grow, his eyes got wider, redder and his lips turned into a snarl. His eyes were set upon Oberyn's who was waiting in the hallway for them.

Oberyn rolled his eyes at the hulking out routine but took the message quite seriously.

"We are leaving as soon as we are able. I need to contact my other two daughters so they will be on the plane. Tell Gregor I will contact him very soon. I am challenging him to the death for the insult to my family. As soon as my daughters and lands are secured and safe, I will contact him. Tell Gregor he must pay for what he has done."

Polliver nodded, his teeth even seemed bigger now. His smile was nearly manic and yet the smaller man looked nearly bored to tears by Polliver except his eyes. Those were steel, digging daggers back into Polliver's icy storm.

"Gregor acknowledges your challenge. Contact him when you are ready. But right now, I want you and yours off our fucking land. Get your daughters and get out. We will escort you."

Except Oberyn couldn't seem to reach Nymeria or Tyene.

The only other person he knew could reach the girls was his ex wife and Oberyn almost didn't. For a second he honestly thought of just taking Obara and Arya, leaving his other two hard headed daughters to their violent fates. They were adults after all, not children.

But they were his and he won't abandon them, dammit. But he couldn't risk getting Obara or himself killed. His daughters had to be found. There was only one other person that is always in contact with his daughters.

With a grimace, Oberyn found the contact that read DO NOT CALL and called it.

Raff waited until after giving orders to Waif and Polliver's men before pulling Samara into the small private waiting room next to Charlie's room.

"What the fuck were you thinking?"

Samara waited for the slap or backhand she knew would follow. Instead he hugged her, slammed her into the wall, hugged her again then slammed her into the wall. Then he grabbed her hair and hissed into her face.
"When I tell you to stop doing something, you fucking stop doing it! Did you care that you were going to make me a widow? Did it occur to you that you would leave your children behind? What the hell are we supposed to do without you? You don't get to die before me unless I am the one putting you in the fucking ground! Don't you EVER do that again!"

He shook her then hugged her again. Samara smiled into his shirt. He only reacts like this with the children when they have scared him. The children are the only ones that Raff has ever truly loved. So he must care for me a little bit anyway.

"I'm sorry, Master."

Raff itched to slap her. To backhand her and scare her into never, ever scaring him that way again in his lifetime. Or maybe wrap his hands around that slender throat and squeeze until she turned into tomato. Then he would carefully explain she only dies when he kills her. It took everything to make his hands stop shaking.

He had to get away from her, from the kids. This wasn't the time to try and be a family man. Raff wanted to go back to the easier, more clear cut business of revenge and war. So he used the carrot instead of the stick. Grabbing her small face in his hands, he cooed at her.

"Listen to me, love. Charlie can be safely moved tomorrow. I am having both of you go to Gregor's fortress. Our sons are already there. You are going to stay there until our lands are repaired enough for you to go home. I need to deal with Dany and our children's inheritance. And there is NO ONE else I can think of that will keep our children safer than their own mother. Just saw that with my own eyes. You almost put her through that wall, you know."

"Yes. I was trying to."

"I noticed, love. My poor bloodthirsty little girl. We have to pay for that wall."

"Raff? You don't get to make me a widow either. Kill Dany. But I don't care about whether the kids have Targaryen land. Do you really expect them to keep slaves and traditions there? They will either ignore it and reap profits or damages as they come or they will sell it. Maybe Malcolm will use it as an evil lab or Shane might become a small tyrant. Charlie could use it as a vacation get away? Who knows? But I know those kids and they will not follow our pathways. You can't force them to either or you'll end up like your father did."

Now came the backhand she had been waiting for. Samara's head snapped to the side and Raff swore when he saw that his ring cut her cheek.

"Fuck! Now we have to patch you up. Why do you provoke me? I hate this new fucking attitude of yours! Is Piggy rubbing off on your after all this time? Maybe you should go back to the old rules on speaking."

"They love you, they love you so much! They might be angry with you a lot but they would kill or die for you! Hell, tonight Charlie almost did die because she was trying to save YOU as much Gregor! They don't need more land, they need a father who is there for them! Not some hero picture on a wall that we talk about on holidays, dammit! You don't like my mouth? Maybe you shouldn't have collared me, bred me, married me and had more kids with me. We are discussing my children and I was told by YOU that I have full rights concerning them. So you can beat the FUCK out of me until I die if you'd like. But when it comes to the kids, I won't stay down. I love you so much but until they are old enough to take care of themselves, I am there. I am their sword. I am their wall. Go be a dragon but I will make sure that my one focus is the children. And if you die, I will personally free every slave you own.
Raff stared at Samara then he clasped his hands on her throat and started to squeeze. He spoke very carefully.

"My dearest sweet wife. I think we are both very overtired right now. We have had a traumatic time of it. I think you should leave now for Gregor's home. Right now. And I am going to have Charlie transported tomorrow. You'll already be there to meet her, won't that be lovely? I'll ask Polliver if he can drop Piggy over there too. Then you can have some company. But right now I don't think we should speak anymore. Not if you want to get to Gregor's without looking like you've been attacked by a dragon."

He let go of his now choking wife and walked out the door, leaving her to sink to her knees alone in the tiny room. It could have been just a wheeze of the door hinges or Raff's own imagination. But he swore as he was leaving he heard Samara to tell him to fuck off.

"Excuse me, love? Did you say something?"

Samara kept her eyes low and shook her head. Raff stared at her head for a moment then left the room. He never saw her raise the middle finger at his back nor the grin on her face. In spite of the fuckery she is caught in, Samara has discovered something out of all this. She isn't sure what to call it. It's not freedom, of course.

*Maybe it's called a personality. Maybe it's called Samara Snaps and it will be a documentary.*

Samara laughed at her own thoughts and got to her feet. Dusting her knees off, Samara left the room, composed. She went past her husband as if nothing happened and she kissed a sleeping Charlie goodbye. Telling her armed escort she was using the bathroom, Samara went through the lab bathroom to the room on the other side.

It was only when they checked the security camera later that they saw her sneak right past Raff and his men in the opposite direction. Raff found her phone one block away in a dumpster. When he told Polliver that Samara was now missing, Polliver simply snapped.

"*WHAT THE F**K IS WRONG WITH YOUR F**KING FAMILY? IS IT A WESTERN THING FOR YOU TO ALL GO BATSHIT ON HALLOWEEN! REALLY, WHAT THE F**K! I MEAN YOUR F**KING SONS JUST BLEW UP EVERYTHING! YOUR DAUGHTER IS SPYING AND GETTING SHOT! NOW YOUR WIFE IS PROBABLY OUT THERE SLAUGHTERING ANYONE WHO LOOKS LIKE A F**KING SAND! LOOK, YOU ARE NO F**KING GOOD TO ME, ALRIGHT? I LOVE YOU BUT YOU ARE F**KING USELESS RIGHT NOW! EITHER GET YOURSELF AND YOUR DAUGHTER TO GREGOR’S OR LEAVE THE KIDS WITH HIM AND TAKE OFF WEST! BUT DO SOMETHING OTHER THAN WATCH YOUR FAMILY DESTROY THEMSELVES AND EVERYONE AROUND THEM!*"

When Polliver threw his phone across the hospital garden and punched a tree, Piggy took off.

"Looking for your phone!"

He hollered as he stomped through the darker areas so he could secretly text with a nurse about Lucky. He had charmed the nurse with a quick trick desert he made out of ginger cookies, powdered chocolate milk and custard. The woman knew who Piggy was of course, he was always the one just behind or hovering somewhere around Polliver.

If the media catches Polliver then somewhere in the picture or clip will be Piggy. There are many folks who don't truly grasp the slavery trade and honestly think he is just a willing lackey. Piggy does nothing to disillusion folks of this. Neither does Polliver because he has no reason to question Piggy’s
loyalty.

As Polliver rose so did Piggy of course. Better homes, better clothes, better status and folks did tend to try to reach Piggy to get to Polliver. Yet not once has Piggy ever tried to use status for profit or for betrayal. Folks have tried to bribe Piggy, they have tried to find ways to blackmail him. Once someone even tried to kidnap him for ransom. That man's body parts are still being found every now and then.

The nurse was touched at Piggy's concern for the girl and was willing to offer more information as Charlie healed. Piggy accidentally stepped on Polliver's phone. Luckily it wasn't broken but he took his time heading back with it as he continued to whisper to the nurse.

"Do you think you could bring it to me sometime before fucking winter, Piggy?"

Piggy hastily put his hand over his phone then yelled.

"I'm coming! It's really dark and I have to walk carefully!"

"Sweet mother of kittens and bacon ranch dressing, I swear to God if you are on that fucking phone instead of find MY phone...it's going up your ass. Try me. Please, I need the diversion."

Piggy hurried to hang up his phone and put it away. He ran out of the garden waving Polliver's phone.

"Here, right here! Sorry."

The phone was yanked out of his hand and another one came to deliver a familiar smack. Piggy was positive that he has several indents on his head permanently put there by Polliver.

"Fucking idiot. I told you that Lucky would be fine. That's all you need to know. Leave it alone. Listen to me and focus. You are getting your first ever hunt of your own. After we get the fucking Martells out of here I need you to help me out. We need to find Samara and you know her better than anyone here. When running and killing, you two always seemed to think alike...so you are going to help me find her. Because I think if I tell Raff that his wife was murdered by a Snake there will be fucking hell to pay everywhere. He will push Gregor straight into a war with the West. And if Samara does end up murdering the Snakes, Oberyn will probably call war upon Gregor. Either way, we're fucked, so we need to find Samara before anything happens."
Ellaria walked past the lovely golden gates, no longer attended. The rumors of the might of Dany were all exaggerated. Or that is what they told themselves. It is what Ellaria said so loudly with so much fervor to the officials, to her daughters.

No one consulted Oberyn or Doran. Would have been silly to consult the very men she intended to kill. Well, if she survives this. They had no idea that they would be so ready. The very second the Snakes agreed a signal had been sent back home west.

Now the smell of smoke assaults her delicate nostrils as her glittering rings made small clinking sounds across the palace stones. She was still holding the blade she used to slit Doran's throat. As soon as the girls told her they had what they needed for their father, Ellaria flung into action.

She didn't care if Oberyn got his revenge or not. It would be a shame for that lovely handsome form to be destroyed into pulp, but the man himself, inside his mind Gregor could eat for all she cared.

Oberyn was an amazing lover, a considerate and honorable man in every way, mostly. Honorable and boring, just like his brother is what Ellaria got stuck with. And the kids, this wasn't what she was made for.

So when Oberyn came home one night there was a note. She couldn't be a traditional wife and mother, her life was danger and the children were too young for such things. Ellaria went back to her own world but she took half of Oberyn's money with her.

She visited the girls as they grew in a whirlwind. Oberyn was their everyday discipline and love but mother became an exciting holiday as it was so rare to see her.

Once the girls were teenagers, Oberyn started to allow the girls to attend classes with their mother in karate. He knew they would seek her more often and learn how to be killers if they chose it. Oberyn would counsel the girls to caution but mother was full of such glittering promise. Ellaria smiled as she thought how loyal her girls were to her and their father. They tried so hard to balance their love out, she felt a tug of guilt that was instantly repressed.

Her phone rang as Ellaria entered HER kitchen. All hers and if Oberyn thinks he can come home and take it back...she laughed out loud. With a hand tacky with blood, she answered her phone.

"Well, speak of the devil. I was just thinking of you, love."

"Ellaria, this is an emergency. You need to reach Tyene and Nymeria! Tell them a plane leaves in one hour to return myself and Obara home. Their sister is very injured. They can have safe passage to the plane, but after it leaves there is a ban on any Martell in the North. They will be slaughtered on site."

She swore and snapped that she would call him right back. Damn it, why do they always go off the plan? How badly was Obara hurt? But she shoved that into the back of mind. Walking back and forth in front of the impressive golden traced picture window of the living room. Pacing over drying splotches of blood, Ellaria texted her daughters.

With a sigh of relief, Ellaria made herself a drink and prepared herself to call back Oberyn.

"I reached them. The girls are not going to trust the escort or plane. They have their own way back and have left the North already. How is Obara? What happened to her?"
"Obara has a fractured skull and her brain won't stop swelling. As soon as we land there is a helicopter waiting for her. Everything has gone crazy, Ella. I hope you are proud of yourself now for teaching Obara this reckless behavior. She just may have lost her life and I know that we have lost any relations with Westeros. Congratulations. You have Dany breathing down your neck, don't you? What is Doran doing about it?"

Ellaria blinked back tears over her daughter and was fortified by her anger of Oberyn's attitude.

"That cunt fucked us over, every slave here was freed by the time I got here! Your BROTHER wasn't doing SHIT to stop it! He was trying to renegotiate with the bitch, letting her have all the slaves if she wouldn't attack. Just showing his belly instead of his sword or gun! It was disgraceful. The blonde cunt didn't even show up yet, it was one of her damned red haired priestesses. So I put a bullet through her head and I put a blade through his throat. What the hell is...FIRE OH GOD ITS-"

Ellaria turned toward the window again as she paced ad heard the odd whistling sound just before she saw an amazing ball of fire heading straight for her. It was loud and she was ash before she finished her screaming.

Oberyn ran out to Arya and Polliver with a grey look upon his face. He grabbed his wife's shoulder too hard and he couldn't help the shine of tears in his eyes.

"We need to return now. Right now. The girls are heading home already. I just listened to my ex wife die in a explosion. Dany has attacked the Martell land and Ella confessed to killing my brother just before she died. Obara needs the hospital and I need to make sure we have a home to go to. Polliver, let's go please.:"

"Not a fucking uber. But yeah, let's go. Piggy! PIGGY, WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU NOW?"

Wincing, Piggy ended his phone call and started to climb out of the foliage. He could see Polliver up near his truck, crossed arms and roaring for him. Obara was being wheeled into an ambulance and Arya was pulling Oberyn into an unmarked car. Sighing, Piggy went to head into the driveway and hands landed on him.

"AH! SNAKES GOT ME!"

The high pitched scream was enough for Polliver to run down towards the garden area. When he got there, Piggy was gone, only prints to show a small scuffle.

Well fuck. Why the hell would the sand snakes come back and steal Piggy of all things? Makes no sense. Plus Piggy might act cowardly but Polliver knows the truth.

If Piggy felt he was in true mortal danger, he wouldn't have just been taken without a fight. There was no blood, it looked like they startled him then just took him away into thin air. He knew his assailants and chose to go with them without a fight. Polliver looked around the garden quickly but he had to get the Martells to the airport.

Growling in frustration, Polliver led the escort towards the airport and used his cell to try and reach Piggy.

"Are you alive? Are you hurt? Where are you?"

"Who is with you? A plane? You are in the fucking air? To where? Why? Who has you?"

"With Samara. With Waif. Heading West. Waif decided to kidnap Samara and then Samara kidnapped me. I am not kidnapping anyone but I am going West. We are taking care of shit ourselves is what Waif and Samara said. Sorry, Master. Besides, I think you and I need some space anyway."

Polliver could do nothing more than swear and beat his console with his fists. Why have they all gone mad and left him as the only sane one?

"SOME SPACE? YOU NEED SPACE FROM ME? WE AREN'T MARRIED YOU FUCKING MORON! IF I NEED SPACE I'LL TELL YOU TO FUCK OFF NOT GET ON A PLANE HEADING WEST! THE WEST IS FULL OF FLAMES AND RIOTS, THERE IS A FUCKING WAR LAUNCHING OVER THERE AND YOU WANT TO JUST WALTZ INTO IT FOR SPACE?"

"Please remember I didn't choose this Master. I was taken."

"Uh huh. I've seen you get out of worse situations and you know it! You let me know where you land. If its' a safe zone, you will stay there until I can get you. Hear me? You aren't meant for wars or assassination, Piggy. You need me and you are going to end up regretting your little freedom stint if you move from that spot after you land!"

Polliver hugged and kissed Arya before she got on the plane.

"Stay safe and in touch, yeah? It's a fucking mess over there, the media is going crazy with it. You need us or you need to come home, you do so, okay? If you see Waif, Samara or Piggy please tell them to get their asses home before I personally kill all of them. Oh motherfucking doucheuggets, I still have to tell Gregor his fiance just went AWOL."

Grinning Arya patted Polliver's bald head and slumped shoulders.

"Awww...poor put upon old Polliver. All the work but without the glory. Maybe this is your solution, you know. Raff will have to go West to find his wife and to kill Dany, to save his lands. You will have full control of the North under only Gregor then. I bet you can prove to him you deserve more than the man who fled to another country. Raff will have to stay in his new lands but think of what you would have? And his kids will love all that sprawling beach land."

Polliver started to yawn and stretch then he leaned very close until their noses touched. So his eyes clashed into hers. His words were a whisper that she could feel on her lips.

"You have lived in the West for too long, Tinkerbrat. Betrayal like that is something a snake would do. It might work with Raff because he is Western, but not on me. Raff is my best friend. I have known each of his children since their birth. I have cared for them and for Samara when Raff couldn't. And times if I got too sick or overloaded, Raff took on my shit, including caring for Piggy and the other slaves. We have always been there for each other. Raff is in the worst place right now and I'm not thinking, gee, what is his weakest spot to hit right now. No, see here in the North, we care about our fucking friends. So you go fly home and slink around while I go make sure my friend is alright. And I keep everyone as safe as I can. Because I think of the others first. Must just be a Northern thing."

Arya gasped and shoved him away hard. Storming up into the plane, she stopped at the top step and looked back. Polliver grinned and waved cheerily.
"Asshole."

She muttered but waved back before going to sit next to Oberyn.

"Looks like we are going to have company back home. Waif, Piggy and Samara have all just run off. It's confirmed they are also on a plane heading for the West. Should be fun, right?"

Oberyn put his hands over his face and moaned.

"The assassin fiance of Gregor Clegane, the man I have publicly denounced and said I would kill is coming. Along with the Mayor's slave wife and the Sheriff's personal assistant, a fancy slave. Great. I don't know whether to laugh or cry at this point."

"Try a drink instead."
"Well, that settles it. I'm going to be buried alive in a fucking crypt for at least a month. Thanks, Samara."

Giggling, Samara turned towards Waif and tilted her head.

"Why are we doing this? I mean, Gregor will hurt you as badly as Polliver and Raff will hurt us."

Waif smiled and moved away from Jaq to speak to Piggy and Samara.

"I am pretty sure this is my mid life crisis. Marrying me is probably Gregor's. I need to end this fucking challenge shit right now. There is nothing honorable in two old idiots trying to beat each other to death. I won't wed a man just to watch that happen. So I need to get to Oberyn before he gets to Gregor."

Gasping, Samara shook her head and even Piggy grimaced.

"Oh, Waif, you can't kill him! Gregor would never forgive you if you messed with that honor stuff! Raff and Polliver are the same way, they all take it very seriously. I know assassins are different but..Gregor might actually call off your wedding over something like that."

Waif shook her own head back at Samara and took her hands.

"Listen, I have it all figured out. I'm not going to kill Oberyn, I am only going to cause him an injury that will prevent him from ever fighting my husband. Nothing more."

Piggy narrowed his eyes.

"That awfully vague, Waif."

Both girls were smirking now and Piggy rolled his eyes.

"Oh my god. I'm trapped with two insane woman going through a midlife-menstrual-moon-mania-mind-fuck! Let me out! I want to go home!"

Waif turned to face Piggy.

"No you don't. Listen, I am giving you two the one thing you've never had a chance to have. At least not for a long time now. Freedom. Only for a few days, but be equals and help me deliver a little hell. When will you ever have this opportunity again, Piggy? To have weaponry, bombs, get out your aggression. Or hell, find a safe zone and just sleep and eat for a few days, we can meet you at a certain time in a few days."

Piggy looked tempted. Both did sound good to him and he grinned. Samara grabbed his arm as they started to descend and he raised an eyebrow at her.

"Explosives, you say?"

"The best stuff! I grabbed it from Malcolm's hidden stash! And the stuff you sold him was missing, I noticed. Think it might be what he used to blow up the Riverlands?"

Closing his eyes and putting his head back as if praying, Piggy muttered that it probably was. Samara laughed and promised not to tell.
"What the hell are we doing here, Samara? Why are we doing this for real now? We need to admit it to each other so when we admit it to THEM later it doesn't hurt so badly."

Samara stopped smiling.

"We ran away willingly. Because we reached our fucking limits, Piggy. Raff got that bitch pregnant. He broke a promise. He beat the children and cut off my damned finger in front of strangers. His sister got my daughter shot, his damned family name enemies showed to assassinate us and then he tells me he is going to the west to protect land that he doesn't even live on! So I am fucking done, I'm burnt out. I want to murder the cunt who shot Charlie. I want to bring Dany back to Raff, he deserves the final death blow. Oh, and Piggy I want you to help me with a small thing. I want you to help me blow the fucking Targaryen and Martell homes, slave areas and whatever else we can reach to the heavens. I have Malcolm's entire recipe book and all the ingredients needed. So tell me, Piggy. Why are YOU here?"

Piggy leaned forward and thought hard before answering.

"Polliver is such a fucking arrogant narcissistic prick! He can't even let me have a fucking girlfriend of my own! He can't stand my attention on anything but him yet he always says I'm the one who needs him. Let's see if he notices how much HE needs ME instead! If I can't have a girlfriend, I can at least have one last leap of freedom and fun. I'm here to blow the shit out of this fucking desert! Fuck Polliver!"

They descended into a land startled overnight into a war of flames and screams.

When Dany showed up, it was chaos. They had won, true but the cost was quite ugly. Once the slaves were freed, they were talked into a frenzy of repressed rage. They were encouraged to take up arms against their oppressors and attack their Masters homes and properties. Slaveholders, their families, those who supported them, even citizens were slaughtered.

Everything was on fire, nothing was kept, saved or recycled, the freed slaves destroyed anything they could reach. They were out of control, rioting in the cities all the way to Targaryen land. Others were looting or simply fleeing for their lives. It took Dany, Mr. Grey and Missy quite some time to gain any real control.

Once a modicum of control was formed, Dany had made sure food, water, shelter and medical care were offered to the citizens. Fires were to be put out, any slave holders left to be imprisoned in a hastily made camp. Dany rode through the Martell lands in her largest dragon, the one that blew the castle and the bitch in it to hell.

Dany had three tanks but this was her largest. All three had been refitted for her and were painted to look like dragons, they were regarded as such. Since all three had been fitted with explosive weaponry almost exclusive to her. Some of the former slaves in other areas she freed had formerly worked as engineers, chemists and a group that worked for a weapons company. They willingly used their talents for Dany.

After she established men and women to keep order and set up restoring the land, Dany slept for a few hours. Then she rode her largest dragon towards her childhood home.

Polliver was driving as fast as he could without killing himself and Raff. He couldn't take sitting in a
backseat with Raff all the way to Gregor's. He'd kill him. So he drove, figuring to give his hands something to do. But fucking Raff got into the passenger seat and their men got the luxury backseat.

"She fucking left me, Polliver. Didn't run away, she walked right past me as if it didn't matter. As if I didn't matter. She doesn't get to fucking decide to leave me. She is a fucking slave. MY slave, my property, my wife. And she fucking just walked out and then flew off to war."

"Yeah, Piggy took off too but you don't hear me bitching and moaning over it. They are with Waif, she will keep them safe. We will catch up with them soon enough."

"Samara goes off into her crazed killer mode and they don't know how to shut if off, someone could kill her!"

"Shut up, or I swear to God I will take a page from your own book and sew your lips shut!"

"Fuck you. You lost the ambulance awhile back, you know."

Raff stared grumpily out the window as Polliver swore.

"I made sure that ambulance had enough escort trucks around it that everyone will think it's you in there. Charlie is safe and probably doesn't even need the damned ambulance. It's your own paranoid mind that has her strapped in that bed like Hannibal Lector. You know it's wrong to muzzle your kid for yelling at you, right?"

"She accused me of murdering her mother! And the ambulance is needed. The girl is still quite injured. Charlie was shot, you know."

Rolling his eyes, Polliver took a turn at an almost suicidal pace. For a second, Polliver thought about shoving Raff out of the truck.

"Piggy! Did you bring the big thermos of coffee?"

Raff burst into laughter and Polliver started to swear loud enough that it almost overrode the laughter.

Gregor stood in his lobby as Polliver burst into the door, almost at a run. He looked as if he were trying to escape something. A moment later Raff came flying through the door. He looked like hell, Gregor can't remember ever seeing Raff look this disheveled.

"Are the boys okay? Where are they?"

"What the fuck happened to you? Yes, they are fine, they are on their way down to greet you. Where is Charlie?"

"I lost the ambulance about twenty minutes back. It has a full escort but I am happy to go catch up with it."

Raising an eyebrow at Polliver's overly loud and enthusiastic offer.

"I trust your men to get her here. Why don't we head towards the bar a bit? Sounds like you could use a drink. Both of you."

Polliver nearly knocked Raff off his feet in his rush to head towards the side room with a large bar.

"Oh thank you, sweet gods of alcohol."
Then just as he touched the decanter he heard a small ghost voice in his head. *Master, you are still working. You know if you have more than one shot...*

Polliver's hand flew out to smack the air but the voice was right. However, he needed to ask Gregor to have a servant make him coffee.

Malcolm and Shane walked down the stairs. Raff yanked both of them towards him and hugged them tightly while asking if they were alright. Then he proceeded to shake them, hug them and shake them while saying he loved them and was going to kill them.

Polliver managed to snake a hand in and grab Malcolm. He looked hard at the boy's eyes and then grinned widely.

"How did you enjoy Gregor's discipline? Effective, eh? Well, due to that I am going to forgive you and forgo strapping all the skin off your ass. I don't think Pickles will forgive you anytime soon though. You are lucky that he survived. Idiot."

Malcolm shuddered and earnestly spoke.

"I am truly sorry about Pickles and causing so much damage. I screwed up. At first I was more interested in the components of what Gregor was using for his infusions and Shane was interested in torture anyway. Then in practice we discovered that I can sing higher than Micheal Jackson could and Shane has moves like Jagger."

Polliver laughed and patted Malcolm's shoulder. He looked about for his coffee and with a sigh found that some servant had just left it sitting at the bar. Damn it. Gregor was sitting at the bar and he watched the father and sons but when Polliver came for his coffee, he spoke.

"The most powerful man in the North and South is reduced to the most powerful babysitter. I was relieved that you were bringing Raff but look at him. Waif is off somewhere but I am hoping that she will return soon. She will relate best with Charlie, I think. What is it? Why are you paling out?"

Raff and Polliver stared at each other in horror. Both had honestly forgotten to tell Gregor about Waif. Not that either of them wanted to tell him. Swallowing hard, Polliver stood straight and tried to be as diplomatic as he could. Ah, fuck it. He was just too tired.

"Waif is the one who took Samara and Piggy. They took Jaq's plane and went West. Samara has no cell but Piggy has his and is responding to my calls if not my orders."

Gregor stared hard at Polliver then took out his phone and found Waif's number. It went straight to voice mail and he hung up.

"Call your boy right now."

Polliver dug out his phone and prayed that Piggy would answer. Gregor told him to put it on speaker phone.

"Master? This really is a bad time for me to talk."

"Piggy, unless you are about to die you can talk to me. Gregor is trying to reach Waif."

"Uh...well, she is way above me at this point. I don't climb rocks well and it's even harder to do while talking on a phone."

Gregor growled and leaned over the phone.
"Waif, I know you are hearing me. If you kill Oberyn, we will be over. Do you hear me? You kill him and you might as well stay there."

Her crisp voice came through seconds later.

"Oh calm yourself. I am not going to kill Oberyn. Really, Piggy doesn't climb very well and we don't have much more time to get off this beach."

Polliver exploded but his roaring was overcome by the wave of Targaryen that wanted to talk to Samara.

"Mom! Are you okay?"

"Mom, where are you climbing to? Can I come with you?"

"Samara! What the hell do you think you are doing there! You need to be here with our children! Where I TOLD you to be!"

A sigh cut through it all and Samara's voice in a tone none of them had heard before. It sounded bored, amused and sarcastic all at once.

"I am okay. I am climbing to get off the beach. No, you can't come with me. I am here to blow the fuck out of Targaryen land so you don't have to worry about abandoning us to fight a useless fucking war that has nothing to do with you. Oh and I plan on murdering the cunt that shot Charlie. With any luck I'll get Dany's head or her actual scared self to bring home to you. I am always with our children, but this once they will have to do without me. I am sure they have no greater protector than you. Boys, take care of your sister and each other until I return. I love you both, I love your sister and Raff, I do love you."

"Uh...it's just me again. The ladies are already climbing. If you care, which I doubt, my job is to help blow up the land. Believe it or not, I can do that as easily as I can make coffee and cook homemade meals."

Seconds later Polliver, Raff and the children found themselves all yelling at a disconnected phone call. Gregor had a dark look upon his features and he poured himself a stiff drink.

"When I get there I swear Piggy is going to-"

Gregor cut off Polliver's threats.

"No. You aren't going anywhere. Not you and not Raff. No one from the North or South will step foot into that hellish wasteland. Let them all kill each other. We aren't starting war. No one from the West comes in, no one from here goes there. See to it, Polliver. Now. Waif will watch out for the other two. But the two of them chose to disobey orders and go into a war zone. It's on them now."

Raff looked as if he swallowed shit. His kids didn't look any better.

"But...Sir...it's my wife. I can't just leave her out there in danger. My kids..they need her."

Gregor shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Raff. I'm sorry, boys but the answer is still no. Anyone who goes West is cut loose for now."

Shane got a glint in his eye.
"Even Arya?"

Gregor looked back as cold and hard as the Mountain he is often compared to.

"Anyone who goes West. Even Arya. Anyone who calls to return can be met at our borders to be brought back but that is all."
"You owe me five bucks, shithead! That was the twentieth time he swatted the air. Pay up."

"Miller! Are you betting on MY TIME?"

Polliver delivered exactly twenty one extremely hard swats to the man's head. It felt somewhat satisfying but it just wasn't the right head. Leaving the man to get some aspirin and his ill gained five dollars, Polliver continued on his search for his tablet or lap top.

He finally found the laptop and then spent twenty minutes trying to remember the damned password.

"Miller! Get over here and be useful! I want you to contact every fucking post we have and tell them to shut the borders. I want dogs and full patrols, hear me? Anyone who is not crucially needed elsewhere is to be pulled."

He shoved the laptop at the man then smacked his head one last time when Miller muttered he wasn't Piggy. Grabbing his long overcoat from a coat rack that fought him, Polliver recalled how Piggy has begged him to change that damned rack forever. He almost lost an eye to the thing before he got his coat freed.

"Going to take a look about. Make sure nothing else happened while I was at Gregor's. Like a fucking asteroid, a zombie attack, rampaging fucking dinosaurs. I wouldn't be surprised at this point."

No one replied as they all knew Polliver was talking to the invisible Piggy. No one is dumb enough to point out to Polliver that he has been talking to himself constantly. He was always looking for something, coffee, a pen, a folder, a laptop, notes, a prompt that only Piggy would know.

Polliver had come home to make sure that order has been restored. Work was already being done and Polliver's wall was completely fixed. The fields surrounding it still looked like a nuclear blast hit. Raff's home and most structures were stable but his fields, and several barns, out buildings were destroyed.

More importantly, all folks were treated and released most with minor injuries. All were made sure to have a temporary shelter until their homes could be rebuilt. Once he was assured that all was moving as smoothly as it could, Polliver stopped at his house. He figured a drink and a few hours sleep before heading back to Gregor's.

He thought about grabbing one of girls in the kitchen for a quick tumble but he was too fucking tired. Polliver was asleep for a good three hours before his phone went off. It was a text from Piggy.

"Sorry, I lied. Kidnapped someone."

Arya felt like a outsider now more than when she first moved here with Oberyn. The daughters and Oberyn all met at his own mansion which was vigorously defended. The girls were sick with grief, with worry, with betrayal and rage. It was mainly centered upon Dany but Arya never seemed more Northern to them then in that moment.

"Try to understand, love. We need to fight and I can't afford to let their focus shift or tempers flare."
Just go unpack and let us plan. You can join us in a little while."

So Arya left her husband and step daughters behind closed doors as they frantically tried to figure out what to do. She thought about going to sit with Obara but the hospital staff had been very cold to her. Sighing, Arya went upstairs towards her bedroom.

"Oh goodness. You look positively deflated."

Arya stared at Piggy then hurried to shut the bedroom door.

"Oh god! Are Waif and Samara here? Is Waif after Oberyn?"

"Not yet. He is too surrounded, don't worry. Waif will wait. She and Samara are waiting."

"Waiting? For what? What the fuck are you doing here? Polliver is going to KILL you if you don't get home!"

"Waiting for us, stupid. Let's go. You aren't needed or wanted right now. Oberyn loves you but this is his children and his land. They were here before you were, they have to come first. So why sit up here all depressed when you can be useful elsewhere? We are headed to fuck up some Targaryen shit. Interested?"

It took almost seven hours before Oberyn figured out that Arya was gone. It was actually Nymeria that found the small card pinned to Oberyn's favorite bathrobe.

*I have gone with some friends to fuck up some Targaryen shit. You need to be with your family and I need to do something for mine.*

*Love, Arya.*

Gregor insisted that Raff and the children would stay at his home until Charlie has healed. Charlie apologized to her father for accusing him of killing her mother. Then ruined it by demanding that he ignore his orders and go get their mother.

"I can't do that. I have explained that to you twice now. Gregor makes decisions and we abide by them. Your mother decided not to listen to MY decisions and rules. There is nothing we can do know except hope that she comes home soon. I need to give a press conference then go to meetings. I need to be working not sitting here arguing with you."

Charlie's eyes looked hard at her father's and she slowly sat straight up in the guest bed. Every word was a dagger.

"My mother, your wife, is out there because of you. And because of your sister. And your land. My mother is out there because that is what she does. Take care of us, of you and all our shit that we blow up behind us. She might have left, but you are really the one who abandoned her."

Raff's hand flew but it never touched his daughter's face. A hand was holding his wrist with all it's might to stop the slap. Malcolm's angry visage appeared next to his hand.

"You won't hit her while she is down. I won't win but I will take you on if I have to in order to keep my sister safe. Check yourself, Dad."

Before Raff could do more than shake his son off and shove him into the wall, he heard another
voice behind him.

"Tell me, dearest father, if mother should die out there, will you pick another slave to marry? What do you think you can change about the newer model to improve from the old? I hear the current trend is to marry one much younger than the first."

Raff spun to face Shane but now Charlie was talking.

"I hope Mom blows the Targaryen land to a fucking crater. I hope she kills the bitch that shot me and that bastard that beat Lucky. Most of all, I hope she brings home Dany's head."

Both boys murmured complete agreement and Raff just decided to leave before he killed them all.

Shane looked over at Charlie.

"How long before you can do physical activity again?"

"Another week and I can be back up and about. Using weapons will be real hard though and I can't use the cross bow at all. But I should be good enough to go."

Malcolm smiled.

"Good. Gives us just enough time to plan it out."

"Holy shit. This is amazing, Waif!"

Waif hushed Piggy as they began to travel through the amazingly clean underground tunnels that ran beneath all the cities.

"We build tunnels wherever we can for easy passage. It is exclusive to assassins so I think it best for you to be silent. If you do see others, do not look at them or speak to them. Just keep moving as they will. Not all the passageways are this big or cleaned out but the ones you shall travel with those explosives has to be."

Together they moved the cart at a steady but careful pace through the tunnels. Piggy did notice a few different shadows pass through different passages.

"Uh...shouldn't you warn the others that you are going to blow this area up?"

Waif smothered a laugh.

"They already know, that is why they are hurrying through them. But thanks for the concern."

"Can you show me the underground tunnels in the Riverlands?"

"Hell, no."

"Worth a try."

The camp was busy with so many running about, no one noticed the two women slinking in shadows. One quick thrust through the brain stem and the man before Mr. Grey's tent went down with a gentle helping hand. Then he was re-positioned as if leaning against the tree nearby.
Missy almost didn't comprehend that there was a dagger in her shoulder until she saw the women. Her eyes widened as Samara grinned and sent another dagger, this one through her other shoulder. Screaming, Missy sunk down but Samara was already there to lift her back up and muffle her with a hand.

"You shot my daughter, you cold worthless cunt. You kidnapped her. Would have killed her if you weren't stopped by my traitor-in-law. So I want you to understand this will be really slow and really painful."

Samara unraveled a length of razor wire and descended upon Missy. Arya almost missed the bastard, he must have heard Missy's brief scream. Mr. Grey ripped through the back of the tent by slicing a damned blade straight through it. Arya's boot was there to meet his face and he fell back.

"Careful! Remember what he did to Lucky!"

Arya nodded as she leaped out of the tent as the man was digging for his gun, still on his back. With a heavy thud, she landed her boots hard on his gun hand, breaking it. A slam of knees onto his stomach and that is when she discovered her mistake. It was like landing on steel and it caused her knees to sing with sickening pain.

"Holy shit! What the fuck, are you a robot?"

Samara was still steadily sawing the head off when Arya was thrown through the tent. Rolling, Arya cursed and got to her feet unsteadily at first. She tested her limbs and scowled at her nails. The fake golden talons have fallen off and those were fucking expensive to replace. Growling, Arya grabbed a staff and readied herself.

The man crashed through the hole into the tent but he had stopped at the grisly sight of Samara cutting through his fiance's neck. With a grief stricken roar, he headed for Samara. Arya swept his legs out with the staff then proceeded to beat the living shit out of him. Except he kept getting back up, kept getting hits in.

It took a bit for Samara to completely cut the head off.

"Hey, uh, you think you could hurry that up? I could use some help here."

Sighing, Samara glared at Arya as she jostled her yet again by leaping onto the table then nearly over the corpse. Ducking, Samara was almost hit by the heavy bowl thrown by Mr. Grey.

"It would go faster if you could take your fight away from me. It's hard to decapitate someone with a wire while being shoved and having to duck things."

"Gee, I'm so fucking sorry. Hurry the fuck up, it's murder, not art, dammit! Then help me kill this fucker!"

"Are you kidding me? Who the hell are you? You don't need me to kill him, Brat. Maybe try fighting him the right way. Getting rid of those stupid ass nails was a start. What's next? What did Polliver and Raff teach you to do? What did Gregor teach you?"

Arya opened her mouth to tell Samara to fuck off but then Mr. Grey swept her legs out. She used the staff to knock him on his ass and then laughed out loud. The man thought she was laughing at his pain and he launched at her in a crawling motion. With a fistful of sand thrown into his face, he was blinded.

A boot slammed into his face right after and then fistfuls of sand were crammed down his throat. Mr.
Grey lay struggling to pull sand from his throat and eyes as Arya reached for something. She waited until he was able to breathe and focus on her. He looked at the gun she was pointing at his face.

"You fight with no honor."

With a smile, Brat replied.

"I do, but it's a different kind of honor than yours. Call it a Northern kind of honor. This is for Lucky."

The bullet went through his right eye and at the same time Samara finally finished pulling the head off Missy's body.

"Ah ha! Done! Now, what did you say about needing help?"
Gregor looked up from his paperwork when he heard the quick knock on his door.

"Come in."

Raff peeked in and Gregor saw that the impeccable smooth man who spoke to the media soothingly earlier, the same man who commanded several tough meetings with concerned officials and citizens has unraveled.

"You need to come downstairs. You really need to see this."

The door was empty again and Gregor went followed the rapidly walking man towards the living room. He noticed that Raff had two different wrist cuffs on his jacket which was wrinkled as if deliberately twisted.

Polliver must have come back just a bit ago and he looked no better than Raff. His eyes were bloodshot and was muttering to himself while sipping from a Red Bull.

"What is so important? And what the fuck, you two look like shit. Get yourselves together at least in front of the children and staff!"

Snorting, both Polliver and Raff looked at Gregor like they wanted to burst out laughing at him. Gregor is seldom known for his shared humor so he began to growl.

"What the fuck are you two pussies acting like that for?"

Raff lost it first and pointed at Gregor's feet.

"Sir, you have been wearing nothing on your feet but the crocs that Waif bought you. It looks rather interesting with your suits. And you haven't left your study in almost a day and night."

"When did you two become so fucking insubordinate? Wanna go to my private fun room and we can discuss it? Have a nice cozy chat?"

Polliver and Raff both shook their heads and tried to hide smiles as they apologized.

"What the fuck is so important to drag me down here? Is it movie night, boys? Or did you disturb me just to make fun of me?"

The three children all called to Gregor then, saving Raff and Polliver.

"Please attend us, Gregor my good man! Look at what the media has reported for our delights today. Something for everyone macabre taste, truly brilliant colors and gore for all! Fires that make poor Malcolm have to rub one out into your couch!"

"Not on my couch, he better not! I'll rip it off and throw it away along with the couch!"

Gregor warned as he sat in his large comfy chair to stare at the screen. The three children sat on the couch, Shane tucked between his older siblings. They wore feral smiles as they watched the carnage being reported upon.

"Oh, they are about to announce it again! Listen, listen!"
Nodding to Charlie, Gregor stayed quiet and paid attention to the news of the West. The devastation was amazing, everything was laid to waste or still burning. Martell land, Targaryen land and all in between were rioting, looting or trying to escape.

"Late last night it was reported that Dany Targaryen's top aide and confident Missy Yula was brutally stabbed and decapitated. Dany's head of security Mr. Warren Grey was beaten and shot to death."

"Take a guess who probably had a hand in that one!"

"Go Mom!"

The crowing of the kids drowned out the groans of the adults then the words "Breaking News" flashed across the screen.

"It has just been reported that the killers of Ms. Targaryen's closest confidantes have been caught. We do have footage but we warn you it is graphic."

Raff had no idea he had tears falling down his face at the gruesome sight on the screen. The kids were holding each others hands tight enough to leave bruises that won't fade for a month.

This beaten, bloody tiny woman wasn't the pretty mother that took care of her children. This wasn't Raff's loving, devoted wife or his groveling submissive slave. She was dragged by chains attached to her limbs, around her fragile neck and being zapped with cattle prods, her jerking body forced to leave bloodstains as it was pulled towards Dany's justice.

In spite of the merciless treatment, Samara kept trying to fight, to resist, to attack to no avail. Another set of chains were pulled and Arya appeared. As badly beaten, snarling and cursing as she was dragged and electrocuted to make her jerk as they yanked harder.

Polliver dropped his whiskey glass and Gregor looked stricken at the sight of his daughter.

"Ms. Targaryen plans to have a public trial. The two accused have been identified as Arya Clegane-Martell, an enemy on two fronts and Samara Targaryen, Dany's own sister in law. They are also still looking for a man named Piggy that has very close connections to the Northern leaders. He is suspected as an accomplice to the ladies and he is to be considered armed and dangerous."

Polliver's mouth opened, shut and then he grabbed his head as if to rip it off and throw it at the wall.

"Armed and dangerous! They will kill him!"

Gregor was relieved not to hear his fiance's name and he kept hope that she was still safe. But whatever her plan was, it was clear it fell apart. Fuck. It was his daughter, they had his daughter, beaten, in chains, probably about to be executed. .

He tore his eyes from the screen to look at Polliver, the man looked seconds from a nervous breakdown. Raff was hard to look at, he had actual tears that were just silently falling from a handsome blank face.

Knowing he shouldn't, Gregor looked at the children on the couch. Their faces were pale, eyes huge and now that the horrific image of their mother was gone, they were staring at their father. It seemed to soften then harden something in those small faces. Gregor knew in that second the kids were planning an escape.

They were going to save their mother and now they were more resolved than ever. Gregor kicked off
his crocs and sapped for a servant to bring his socks and good human skin shoes.

"Damn you all! Look at you two fucking adult vaginas! Those kids have more balls than you do! They are trying to plan a way to save their mother while you two fall the fuck apart! I can't take it anymore. Make the arrangements, boys. We are going West to get our people back. Arya is coming home. Raff, kids are coming. They are more competent than you think. Malcolm has been a great help in our weapons lab. Shane has been practicing his marksmanship and learning some fighting techniques. He's pretty good at it. We all know what Charlie is capable of. They deserve to save their mother."

Raff was still standing in the same spot just staring at Gregor. With narrowed eyes, the larger man walked over slowly and bent down to stare directly at Raff's.

"If you can't deal with it, you stay here. You can continue reassuring the public, you can run everything yourself until we return. You can have my full authority until I return. A plush position, no? Let us and your children go save your wife for you. Is that what you want, Raff? Just tell me you will wipe off those fucking tears and do something."

Raff took a sharp inhale then quickly wiped his face.

"I am coming, Sir. I need to get my wife. She needs to be home with her family."

"Well, let's move ass then, boys. Kids, get yourselves down to see Jaq about weapons and outfits. Time to go to war."

"Master?"

"Piggy, what the fuck! I have called you over eighty fucking times and texted you until my fingers hurt! No contact in over twenty four hours isn't okay. Where are you? Are you hiding? Dany knows you are there, she is looking for you."

"Sorry, Master. I was in underground tunnels and had no service. Yeah, I know they are after me. I found out when I came out of the tunnels. Also found out that Arya and Samara were taken prisoner. I can't trigger the explosions until I get them out of the strike zone. Waif and I are working on it. We are hidden really well right now."

"We are on our way, Piggy. I'm coming for you, I want you to stay wherever the fuck you are until I can get there. No hero bullshit, you stay right there!"

"Master, I can't promise you that. We might need to move at any moment. There are riots everywhere and armed men randomly searching, sometimes killing or arresting anyone who doesn't seem to have a good purpose. I may have to keep running."

"Fine, do whatever you have to, to stay safe. But then you contact me, let me know you are alive and where you are. Got it?"

"Yes, Master. I'd almost think you'd missed me. Who else is coming?"

"Gregor, Raff and the kids, plus a few other good men I have chosen."

"Master, have you been drinking Red Bull again? It's easier than making coffee, I know but it makes you jittery. Why don't you have a quick shot of whiskey then hit a drive through coffee place on your way to the plane? It will settle you if you remember to take two Rolaid."

"Shut up, Piggy. I'll drink my fucking Red Bull if I want to. Stay low until I can get there, boy."

Piggy smiled at the disconnect and knew that Polliver would take the suggestion. Polliver did and no one dared to mention it.

Dany walked towards the camp that prisoners are being held, some for interrogation, some to bargain with, others to imprison for crimes. Others to execute for atrocities. She ignored the pleas and the curses as she was guided past the different sections of captives.

Near the back of the fenced area was a large iron cage.

Arya was manacled by her wrists and ankles, sitting on a bare steel bed frame. She seemed to be using a handful of sand to smooth out her nails.

Samara's wrists and ankles had to be wrapped in bare chain since her bones were too tiny for most manacles. The blood seeping from her wrists and ankles didn't seem to bother her.

Standing at the bars, her hair in front of her face, weaving back and forth, Dany couldn't believe this was the same woman who invited her in Raff's home.

But Dany went close and tried to search for Samara's eyes.

"Why?"

"We invited you into our home. You betrayed us. That bitch shot my daughter and stole her. That dickless bastard beat a girl almost to death. They got what they deserved. You will too."

"You have been turned into a monster because of my brother enslaving you. I am sorry for that but what you did...it is unforgivable."

"Do you know the sand snakes went to kill Charlie and Raff at the hospital? Would you have cried for your brother or my little girl? I was lucky to get there just in time. So I have no sympathy for you, cunt."

Samara spit blood and a tooth into Dany's face and immediately a guard began to shock her with a cattle prod. She fell down and writhed.

Brat made a tsking sound and slowly shook her head at Dany with a pitying amused look.

"You really have made a mess of things. Clearly you suck at reunions and now you are about to risk everything just to get justice for those that understand you can die during a battle."

"What are you talking about?"

Dany angrily wiped her face and stared at Arya.

"You are about to bring the wrath of not only the Martells and all their friends but the North and South. I am the daughter of Gregor Clegane and the wife of Oberyn Martell, now the true leader of his lands. Samara is the wife of Gregor's second in command. You kill us, you martyr us and bring the wrath of Westeros and most of the West will enjoy the assistance in outing you. Is that worth losing what you've won? You are crushing slavery, of course, you are crushing everyone and everything else in the process. What is it like to share your victories with only those that adore you from afar?"
"I might negotiate with Martell for you, but not Samara. She is going to burn for what she did to my best friend."

Leaving those words to echo behind her, The Dragon Lady walked away.
Gregor got out of the armored car and waited for Polliver to go to his left and Raff to flank his right side. The three teenagers ignored instructions and deliberately walked before the adults.

"My good Sirs, surely you aren't about to shoot down three innocent cherubs before their beloved gentle parent?"

Shane's smile was wide and his lovely eyes behind the wire rimmed glasses were shining with innocence and charm. Malcolm and Charlie wore smiles that were twice as bright but they kept their eyes on those around Oberyn.

Oberyn watched this small circus as it came up the driveway and found himself giving a small laugh. Arya had not exaggerated the dramatic charm and audacity of the children. Gregor and Raff seemed to be scowling at the teenagers but Polliver looked amused at it.

"I promised a safe peaceful meeting and that is what we shall have, however brief it may be. Come in, please."

Introductions were made and Charlie instantly set upon the snakes. In spite of knowing it was Obara that attempted to assassinate her, Charlie was fascinated by the deadly females.

With her shoulder bandaged and wearing her best camo attack gear, Charlie headed for the deadly women with questions as fast as bullets.

Obara was still quite ill but Nymeria and Tyene were there for this tense negotiation and to protect their father from these barbarians. However, they found themselves backed into a corner by the extreme enthusiasm of this girl.

Gregor and Oberyn shared a whiskey while staring at each other.

"I truly hope you are not hoping for a meaningful apology and explanation of the past. I admit to the murders of your kin. What I want to hear from you right now is this, what is more important to you? Your dead relatives or your live wife?"

Oberyn's face seemed to slim in rage for a moment then it smoothed out.

"My wife, of course. I did speak with Dany, she said she was willing to negotiate Arya's release. However, the woman has grown unreasonable in her power. She is no longer listening to the wisdom of her councilors, Selmy and Jorah. They are trained in war as well as some hand in politics but since the death of her friends, Dany has grown colder and deaf to reason. The woman said she would release Arya if I handed my daughters over to her. To keep as royal hostages. Then I was to surrender all of my lands and titles to Dany. As for Samara Targaryen, she is scheduled to be publicly burned at the stake for crimes against humanity or some such bullshit. They have not found the male spy but Dany has already connected several crimes to him, including several murders that seemed to have been professional hits."

Polliver groaned and nearly crushed his own head with his hands.

"They are putting Waif's work onto Piggy! The boy can't spy or kill! He can barely climb rocks!"

Snorting, Malcolm slid past Polliver then tried to pat the bald shiny head in a way that more creepy than comforting.
"You never give Piggy enough credit. He managed to hide a whole relationship from you for a year. And I bet he has gotten away with more than you can imagine. Piggy always seemed like someone that when pushed could do some fucked up shit. Besides, they haven't caught him. Like my mom whom they are going to burn alive like some witch."

Polliver shuddered and grabbed Malcolm's hands.

"Stop it, I'm not a crystal fucking ball, kid. God, you're creepy. Listen, I know Piggy better than anyone, and I know that he is fucking attracted to trouble! He will open his big fucking mouth or do something stupid and impulsive. And your father isn't going to let his sister fry your mother."

Raff stepped forward and looked hard at Oberyn.

"We are creating a pact together, Martell and Targaryen. We are the heads of our families now and we are going to have to break with traditions and policies in order to win against my sister. First thing is first, we both need make overs. Then have someone contact the media."

Piggy surveyed the huge stage and stake with pyre in the center of the large pit before the stage.

Before it was a rag tag army was being trained by black encased hardened men and nomadic warriors. He put down the binoculars and picked up the remote. Giving a quick peek over at the sleeping Waif, he grinned and hit the button. It sounded as if the very earth cracked and Satan was collecting his due.

Waif leaped up and cursed.

"You were supposed to wait for me, dammit!"

"You said the best time was while the army was practicing their drills down there. Well, they just got started and now they are being finished. So is the stage and the fucking pyre to burn up my best friend!"

Waif scrambled over and grabbed the binoculars to survey the damage. It was quite impressive, the entire stage and all the men within the pit were swallowed into the split earth. The area for miles was charred if not on fire, almost throughout the whole makeshift village before the walls of Dany's hastily built fortress.

"Holy shit. Is this the same stuff that Malcolm used on Halloween night?"

"Yep. He wasn't supposed to use so much. If he or you ever tell Polliver or Raff about that, you might as well personally murder me."

Waif snorted as she threw his pack at him.

"Oh shut up. You fucking killed and cooked one of their own and served him for dinner. If Polliver hasn't murdered you yet, he isn't going to. Come on, we need to move before they send someone to look for a crazed assassin bomber boy."

Piggy laughed as he followed Waif down the rocky ledge. They both got a kick out of how both Waif and Piggy's exploits have been solely attributed to him.

"Don't forget armed and dangerous!"
Piggy added lightly just as a spear flew and then Waif was gone. Throwing himself down, Piggy cautiously looked up and saw one of the warriors coming down towards them. He had a wickedly curved blade in his hand and his eyes were locked on Piggy.

The armed and dangerous boy started to deliberately roll down after the path Waif had been flung.

Media was hailed and in spite of the latest news of a huge collapse due to bombing at Dany's base, this was bigger news. This was a sight that the West never thought would be seen. A Martell and a Targaryen, the newest heads of the eldest and royal of houses, bitter enemies now come together.

It helped that both were middle aged handsome charming men. Both dressed in a mix of traditional colors and emblems on modern versions of their predecessors official outfits. They stood as equals without any noticeable animosity.

"People of the West, hear us. As of now, in light of the dangerous woman who is destroying our land and our people, the Martells and the Targaryens have made a permanent truce. Oberyn and I are not the traditional leaders of oppression that helped bring about someone like Dany. If you wish for more equality, if you wish for new rules, we can hear you, we can change things. But Dany's way is killing more than she is saving. Those of you who were given your freedom by her, you are being raped and beaten in makeshift shelters. You are starved and carrying wounded or sick children with no help in sight. She came and conquered but now she has lost her control over her own military, over her own plans. This is your West, your land, your home, all of you. Whether you are a slave, a citizen, a prisoner or prominent member of society, you have a right to defend yourselves and your home. It is your fight too, it is your home. Anyone that returns to take up arms against Dany is given their freedom ad is exonerated of all crimes. Anyone that needs shelter, food or medical care if welcome to return and recieve help."

Those who were indeed finding freedom more painful than their former lives returned first. True to their word, all were given sanctuary and assistance without any repercussions. This brought more and soon anyone who wasn't among those who murdered their own Masters and those who still were hoping to profit from the new regime, came to the Martells camp.

"So that is how I know that he must at least care deep down inside."

Arya banged her head lightly against the wall and sighed.

"You are fucking insane. You know that, right?"

"I'm tired of this place. Aren't you?"

"Yes, I am. Look, if you are going to keep chatting with me, could you at least turn and face me. I hate talking to your damned back."

Samara finally turned from where she had been standing against the side of the cage, facing the bars. That is when Arya saw that Samara had been working two of the looser bars out the whole time she was talking. Arya grinned and awkwardly hopped off the bed, mindful of her wrist and ankle chains.

Then to her further happiness, Arya watched as Samara managed to shimmy her way out of the chains that bound her own thin wrists and ankles.

"Raff and I play with chains a lot."
"Do you happen to know how to get these manacles off me?"

"Sure. You can make a cut with your teeth, like a flap of bloody skin then de-glove your hands to release them. Or, you could break your wrists and yank them out. Or I can go find a key or bolt cutters maybe."

"Yeah, let's go for the third option."

Samara slipped through the bars and even though she still limped from the beating of their capture, she managed to silently and quickly disappear. Arya carefully got herself through the bars and tried to find both a weapon and a hiding place until Samara returned. She hoped that Samara came back before a guard did.
The children watched as Raff and Polliver suited up.

"We are going to get your mother and Piggy. You are to obey and respect Gregor, he will care for you until we return."

Shane peered up at his father from his laying position upon the rug.

"How do you expect to find Mom and Piggy out there? They aren't even together. She is imprisoned, being basted for her big cook off and who knows where Piggy might be? Probably out assassinating like a fancy ninja."

Polliver snorted and lightly began to poke at Shane's stomach with his boot.

"Piggy is no ninja. We have them both given microchips to track them years back. Found a veterinarian who didn't mind the extra money."

Charlie glared at her father and Polliver.

"You have them on pet trackers? You have my MOTHER on a pet tracker?"

Polliver glanced over at the indignant Charlie and grinned.

"Well, to be perfectly fair, Samara was your dad's pet long before she was your mother."

With narrowed eyes, Malcolm confronted his father with deep suspicion.

"Do we have microchips in us too?"

"Not yet."

Raff replied ominously as he gave them each a kiss on the forehead as he left the room with Polliver.

A few hours after Raff and Polliver left, Gregor loomed over the three kids and shook his head in disgust.

"Nice morning air and look at what I am dealing with. Sad and pitiful."

"Sir, it's four in the morning. This is cruel and inhumane treatment and if my father isn't contacted over this I will be forced to send a very harsh letter to appropriate authorities."

Gregor smiled widely down at Shane.

"I am your only appropriate authority until your father or mother returns. You are welcome to write me as many harsh letters as you'd like and then I will make you eat every one of them. Look at those spaghetti arms of yours, I thought your brother had a lack of muscles but you are clearly worse off. Can either of you defend yourself in a fight? Do either of you know how to handle weapons? Or does your sister have to worry about spending her whole life protecting the two of you?"

Charlie didn't hide her smile fast enough and the hand hit her hard enough to knock her on her ass.
"Hey! She is still injured! You can't knock around someone who's hurt, a minor who's hurt!"

"Oh? Really? Do you think Obara would have changed her mind about killing Charlie because she was injured?"

Malcolm had no answer for that and Gregor yanked Charlie to her feet by her good shoulder.

"You don't want to get knocked on your ass? Maybe you shouldn't enjoy the fucking show so much then. Do you know that by the time Arya was your age she was already working for me? I can sure for shit tell you that she didn't hesitate when killing had to happen. You should only blame yourself for getting shot. You hesitated and they didn't. Don't think because you are female, or a child that someone won't hurt or kill you."

Gregor pointed at Shane.

"By the time your father was your age, he had already been to war skirmishes. He was already contributing to his family businesses by then too."

The stubby finger switched to stab Malcolm's thin chest.

"And by the time Polliver and your father were your age both were already moving up my ranks. They had a kill list more impressive than any other. They both had the fear and respect of my men."

All three kids had red faces and their eyes were firmly upon their boots.

"Today I want to see what I can make of each of you so I know just how useless you are to me."

By the end of the morning, Charlie's has found ways to compensate for her injury, Shane learned how to shoot with some accuracy and Gregor voted Malcolm the most useless.

An hour after the sweaty teenagers crawled away, Gregor heard the largest flying insect on earth coming for him. He spun and shot it out of the air. Then hollered in triumph.

"Try harder, Malcolm! Or better yet, why don't you learn to actually use a weapon or that skinny body of yours!"

Gregor turned to encounter three more drones and they all opened up upon him at once. One unleashed wind and sand into his face while the other two pelted him with rock salt.

It took a moment for Gregor to destroy the three drones and when he wiped the sand and salt from his eyes, he found himself facing Malcolm. The thin boy had a smug look on his face and a gun pointed at Gregor.

"Now at this close range I can shoot and kill you. Or I could have done it while you were playing with my distractions."

"Better. But you hesitated."

Malcolm screamed, dropped the gun and ran when Gregor lunged forward. Gregor laughed as he watched the teen disappear around the corner. They were as ready as he can hope for. He reminds himself how much younger Arya, Raff and Polliver were when they were put into the clear lines of danger.

Gregor has spent his early life picking up kids and making them into invincible, powerful weapons. These three will be his last ones probably. And if he fucks it up, if they die, then Raff, Samara and...
hell, even Polliver might become the weapons that would kill him. He would take the chance as he has taken so many others in his time.

Oberyn was striving for patience with his daughters.

"You should let us go too! We could easily sneak into Dany's compound and kill that bitch while they are rescuing their useless slaves! We could get your wife out, hell, we could get Gregor's lady out!"

"Gregor's lady is more experienced than the three of you put together. Arya will be rescued along with the others. We have just managed to barely get our troops in order. Just managed to unite the entire West under this truce, even half of our slaves have returned. All because they believe we will listen to them and change our old ways. Sand snakes are something to fear, they are an old tradition that our returning slaves and citizens alike have been taught to fear. Even during a war such as this you can't be seen acting the ruthless assassins."

"So do we just act like proper women and staunch wounds and feed the hungry mouths?"

Oberyn faced his sneering eldest daughter and sighed.

"No. As much as I wished you could pretend to care about our people, all our people, I have other jobs for you both. I want you both to go through all the new arrivals. Anyone healthy and capable you will train to fight."

Gregor came through the room as the angry snakes stormed out.

"Daughter issues?"

"I should have sent them out to you this morning when you had the three kids out there. I haven't seen the kids since then, you must have tired them out. Maybe I'll send my girls out to you tomorrow so I can have the same kind of peace."

The men both chuckled at that and shared a small brandy. Gregor stretched and asked Oberyn a question about their supplies for their newly growing ranks of training me and women. Oberyn turned to consult his files and Gregor picked up the bat he had hidden behind the couch.

He bashed Oberyn's head hard enough that the man went to the ground. Oberyn looked up with one good eye, the other hanging from a thick optic nerve, laying stickily upon his cheek. Gregor gave a smile as he readied his bat for another hit.

"Sorry about this, Oberyn. I really am. You were actually the first good husband Arya has had. I'm sorry as hell that it has to end this way. But I can't have you trying to kill me."

Oberyn tried to speak and could only make a little cawing sound as the bat came down three times more until his head was obliterated.

"One more time, please? I just really want to learn this. Something has to impress Gregor."

Tyene rolled her eyes but nodded and showed the overly enthusiastic Charlie how to do a complicated knife move. Charlie carefully watched then gave a tiny smile.
"Okay, can I try it again?"

"Fine, but if you drop the dagger again, I give up on you."

Tyene's voice was teasing. In spite of her upset with her father, she was very flattered by Charlie's attentions to her talents. She handed over the knife and prepared to watch Charlie fuck it up for the third time.

Her eyes widened in surprise as this time it almost seemed as if the knife were a part of the girl's hand. In a fast natural movement that was missing the times before, Charlie flipped the knife.

Tyene made a gasping sound and the knife buried in her throat only allowed a thin stream of blood to escape as she fell over. Charlie knelt down to yank the blade out and she watched as Tyene started to bleed out.

"Your sister tried to kill me and my parents. You and Nymeria were coming for us too. You deserve your deaths and I want you to know that for your crimes, we are going to raze your lands to the fucking ground then salt the earth where you once ruled. You never should have fucked with the North, bitch."

After the woman's eyes glazed over, Charlie stood up and cleaned off the dagger, putting it inside her belt. She quietly left the room after hiding the body behind a desk. In the hallway, Charlie encountered Gregor.

"One snake down, Sir."

"Good girl. Go take care of Obara and I will get the other one."

Charlie easily snapped the neck of the nurse before slipping into Obara's bedroom. The girl was still quite injured and weak and it was a relatively quick and merciful death under a pillow pressed upon her face.

Nymeria was showering when Gregor showed up with his bat. However, upon seeing the naked muscular form, he tossed his bat aside and decided to have some close up wet work instead. Her death was neither quick nor merciful.

After Gregor washed off the woman's fluids off himself in her shower, he called the boys.

"Okay, smartasses, you are up. Charlie and I will be leaving the house in ten minutes. Then you can do your best."

The tank had been hurriedly painted to look like Dany's dragon and anyone that survived it's attack upon the Martell residence would have sworn it did belong to Dany. Hungry media announced the deaths of the Martells.

Then it wildly speculated about the missing bodies Viserys Targaryen as well as his children. As well as Gregor Clegane. Have their bodies been reduced to ash as some had or were they taken hostage? Did they escape in time and were out there somewhere fighting for their lives?

Raff and Polliver heard the media reports and speculations. Raff groaned and Polliver laughed.

"Well, look who you left those kids with? Did you really think Gregor would go all soft cuddly grandpa?"
"If he gets them even slightly scratched up, Samara will go batshit. I might go batshit myself. Fuck it, my family has already driven me batshit."

Polliver patted his friend on the back.

"Don't worry about that right now. We are about to parachute into sharp jagged rocks then try to evade a bloodthirsty woman, her fanatic followers and save your totally batshit wife. Worry about that instead."
Unleashing The Crazies Upon A Circus

Waif groaned out loud.

"This is the most pathetic chase fight I have ever seen."

Piggy huffed. It wasn't as if Waif had offered any better ideas. For quite sometime now they have managed to avoid the warrior by Piggy dragging Waif and himself over rock ledges and turns that kept them just out of each others striking distance.

"I swear to God, that we have gone all the way around this damned steppe! Are we in for another turn around the whole damned thing? Will this go on all night? Between you and that idiot barbarian, that is exactly what you two will do, isn't it? Just eternally circle until we all die of dehydration."

"Shut up. I'm saving your life!"

"Are you really though? Or just offering me a slower and more boring death?"

Bristling with indignation and desperately tired, hot, full of more irritation than fear at this point, Piggy dropped Waif and pulled out his gun.

"Fine. When his head pops up over the next rock, I'll try and shoot it. If I miss and he kills me, its on you."

Waif rolled her eyes and pulled herself into a sitting position.

"Just listen to me. Take a deep breath in through your nose and release it very slowly out of your mouth like a balloon. No, that is panting. Breathe in through your nose and-"

Piggy shot the warrior through the arm. Now the man moved towards them faster, bleeding seemed to anger him and energize him.

"Yeah, great fucking idea, Waif. Wow. That really helped us so much. Great."

Waif moaned as Piggy dragged her faster around the motherfucking rocks.

It was all she could do to keep her arm immobilized while Piggy moved her. The blade had lodged deeply and Waif couldn't risk removing it on her own.

She had Piggy wrap his shirt thickly around it but Waif had to hold the damned thing still with her hands as she was yanked against rocks that kept a good portion of her skin.

"Never, ever again will I bring you on a mission. Not ever. And if I don't survive this, I will haunt you, do you hear me?"

"I'm starting to get tempted to leave you for the barbarian."

"I'm starting to agree with that idea."

Arya was wondering if Samara had been caught when the woman finally skipped back into sight.

"Got keys for you! Here you go! I also found the small weapons room and more keys too! So I have
been releasing everyone and handing out weapons."

"You released all those others and armed them before coming to get me?"

Samara grinned and giggled.

"Course. Because we need a really good distraction to get the hell out of here. It's impossible with
the amount of armed men walking around this place. But ready...in about three...two....one."  

Gunfire, the smell of smoke, of gas, screams and curses, and Arya hurried to release her manacles.
The two women fled past rioting prisoners and ducked behind a wall just in time. With cheers of joy,
a group of ragged, dirty men blew up the main gate to release them all.

Whooping, Samara grabbed Arya's hand and the two fled out the wreckage, hidden among the
crowd. They veered the crowd to head straight for the fortress Day was trying to keep control of.

The warrior was growling in his frustration as he determinedly followed the two around the cursed
rocks. Then he turned the next outcropping and smiled. Finally, his patience has paid off at least to
an extent. That cowardly boy had deserted his injured female partner.

Curdled against the corner of the nestled rocks, the small woman seemed to cower, injured and
helpless. With a sneering laugh the man went forward fast to loom over her. It would be an easy kill
and then he can pursue the boy.

Considering, the man decided to rape the woman as he strangleyed her. That little coward won't get
very far, after all. He yanked the small female forward and saw the gun come up too late. It was
nestled under his chin and then there was a very loud sound.

Waif waited until her ears stopped ringing before she stared at the sullen Piggy who was kicking
morosely at the dead man.

"There. Can we please stop circling now?"

"Sure, pick a direction. Would you like to head into the wastelands? Or towards that smoke over
there? Where all the fires are being set off and the gunfire is coming from? Or how about-"

"You know, if you keep picking up the shovel with someone like Waif, eventually she will bury you
for real."

Gasping, Piggy looked up and saw Polliver grinning down at him.

"Nope. We haven't had water in a long time and I am imagining Polliver here."

Waif sighed and Polliver reached out to smack Piggy in the head. Piggy winced, grabbing his head
then heard Polliver yell "Ack!" as he threw himself forward to hug him tightly.

Raff peered through the smoke and twice swore he swore either Arya or Samara's bouncing heads.
They were heading for Dany instead of the safety of clear air and freedom. Shit. He ran faster and
slid through the rioting crowd after his wife.

It didn't take long to follow the carnage of his little sociopath and Raff found himself skidding to halt,
hearing voices ahead. Sliding into an alcove, he found a narrow flight of stairs and followed it while
listening intently to the strange conversations.

"Samara, Arya, this is pointless. Jorah and Selmy won't let you near me to kill me. I promise you that they won't hesitate to put a bullet into your head first. Please, show yourselves and we can talk or just leave while you still have the option to."

A ghostly wild laugh from somewhere above him to his right and then a sing song voice that Raff knew all too well. It was Samara off leash and out of control. He moved faster to reach her.

"Oh, its too late for that, Dany. You never should have messed with my family. I can never let you live knowing you might strike at them again. Knowing that you dared to do so in the first place. Sorry, pretty blonde mother of freedom, you have to be the one to burn, I think. However, if you want to surrender quietly, I'll be happy to let Raff judge and deal with you himself. Which would you rather face, Dany? Me or the Dragon?"

A sharp sound then a whine as the bullet grazed against rock and Raff could see how close the bullet had come to his wife's head. He had just climbed the last step and spotted Samara. She was on a small swinging rope bridge used to light the candles on the huge chandelier that still hung in this old chapel that Dany had taken as a last stand.

The tides of war have surged against her since the Martell/Targaryen alliance. After the reports of a Martell massacre was erroneously attributed to her, all but those who have fought with her from the start have deserted.

Now those who have remained loyal are being massacred by released prisoners, by all those who were oppressed by her new regime. Families that have never involved themselves in battles have come forth in the outrage of the extinction of an ancient family being destroyed.

Dany was standing between Jorah and Selmy. It was Jorah that shot at Samara, that was trying to get another clear shot at her. Selmy was pointing in a different direction that he knew Arya was hiding in. However, he couldn't see her to shoot.

Dany screamed in horror and grief as Selmy's head burst into a new shape and he fell heavily to the ground. Samara looked to see where the shot came from and squealed when she saw Raff with a smoking gun.

"You came for me!"

Uncaring of any danger, Samara started to skip lightly across the bridge towards her husband. Raff gritted his teeth as he shot at Jorah before the man could kill his easily targeted wife.

"Dammit, Samara! Get down and crawl before he shoots you!"

Giving him a look of hurt, Samara obeyed and Raff found himself grinning and shaking his head at his lunatic pet. Arya took the needed distraction of Jorah's searching gaze above him to shoot him in the chest. Twice to be sure he was staying down.

Then she came forward as Dany tried to run. With a huge grin, Arya yelled up to Raff before giving chase.

"I'll tire her out for you."

Raff waited until Samara managed to crawl off the bridge and was at his feet.

"You are a disrespectful little girl, running away and putting yourself in danger."
Even as he chided her, he lifted her up and started to shake and hug her. Samara threw her arms around him and giggled throughout the entire lecture. Raff bit hard into Samara's neck, breaking skin and she melted into her Master.

Polliver easily carried Waif while Piggy scurried beside them. Following Waif's directions, Polliver was heading for a secret entrance to one of the underground tunnels. There he could safely stash the injured Waif and his Piggy so he can so assist Raff with rounding up Samara and Arya.

"Of course the closest entrance is going to be right in the center of a fucking riot. Makes perfect fucking sense."

Grumbled Piggy and Polliver just growled for the boy to stay very close to him. Polliver had to shoot three different idiots that couldn't tell or didn't care who they were fighting anymore.

Waif pointed out the entrance and Polliver nodded, heading for it. He put Waif against the sagging fence of the destroyed prison area while Polliver tried to find the small concealed door nearby to the tunnel.

"Master! Look out!"

Polliver turned, his gun out and ready but the soldier had already shot. He watched with sharp pain as Piggy threw himself in front of him. With a grunt, Piggy jerked as the bullet went into his back.

Waif shot and the man was flung backwards by the impact. Piggy had landed almost perfectly into Polliver's arms as if they were soap opera lovers. Except Polliver didn't want to kiss his boy but he also didn't want to watch the light leave those stupid adoring cowardly eyes.
Raff kept a tight hold on Samara as he carried her out of the crumbling fortress, dodging bullets and fire. Samara's peaceful smile and closed eyes, head resting against his neck indicated this was a romantic setting.

All that witnessed this sight of the golden haired man running from certain death, while his bruised up little wife cuddled so loving and relaxed against him that they had gone a bit mad.

If a white horse suddenly burst through the smoke for them to ride not a one of them would have felt surprise. Instead with an ominous roar a garishly painted tank appeared.

Most ran away then but a few curious and wounded watched silently as two teenage boys started to climb out and wave at the man and woman.

Samara was already struggling to get down while yelling to the boys when a jeep zoomed up as well. Gregor was driving it, a cigar firmly between his teeth and Charlie hanging off the back with an Uzi, sending off small hails when anyone got too close.

"Sir, this was your idea of babysitting?"

Raff called as he dumped his struggling pet so she could go hug her children and inspect them for injuries. He found himself right on her heels grabbing whichever child she released to shake and hug them. What the living hell is happening to him?

"Nothing wrong with the kids, they are fine. Well, they won't be if you two keep shaking their brains out. They were useful. More than you two are right now. Where the hell are Arya, Waif, Polliver and Piggy? Feeling like we might be wearing out our welcome around here soon. At least we need to get the hell off this battlefield. Far as I care, they can all just kill each other and leave this place to the buzzards."

Raff shook his head wishing it were that simple. He had to stay and repair some of this somehow, this was his homeland. This was his children's inheritance. But he remembered that Samara had said the kids didn't want his old traditions, they wouldn't wish to live as he had nor as he did now.

Arya appeared from the smoking hole in the wall and was dragging a chain that she had wound around Dany about four times more than she needed to. She dragged the woman slowly forward then dumped her with a hard kick to the ground before Raff and his family.

"I believe this trash is yours. You should really clean up after yourselves."

Polliver's voice came in and out in waves as did Waif's. Piggy heard his Master frantically yelling coordinates into his cell, screaming for a medical chopper. He could almost feel the pressure that Waif was putting on his back.

"Hey! Piggy, don't you dare fucking die on me! You do NOT have permission to die, hear me?"

Piggy tried to tell Polliver that he didn't think it was much of a choice thing but he only made a small squeak sound. A small slap to his face and then Polliver was grasping his face, yelling something.

Polliver tried to keep hold and Piggy tried to grasp at him with numb fingers but it was too late. Busy
small skeleton fingers and vengeful mother bony fingers they caught and pulled him down through the dirt. Piggy gave a silent scream then it was all black and heavy.

Dany glared up at Raff and snarled defiantly at him, her voice and eyes full of her own delusional convictions.

"Go ahead, kill me. Make me a martyr and watch my followers grow stronger, pick a new leader in my name and slaughter until the West accepts it's new ways."

Raff shook his head and took one step closer to his sister. His eyes were not the flaring of the dragon, they were sad and somehow that scared Dany more than the predatory stares of his whole family.

"You were always my favorite sibling. My little sister. We were partners in crime for a long time before I left. Then you left and our lives changed forever. But I never saw you as my enemy. How easily I let you back into my life, how quickly I forgot that you always let your beliefs get you in trouble. Even now I can't bring myself to hurt you, to kill you. Maybe a public trial among your own peers will be what they all need here to heal. Or maybe I should just walk away and let my wife and kids take care of you."

A burst of gunfire shredded Dany's face then skull. They all turned to stare at Charlie who looked up at Gregor with a shrug and cheeky grin.

"You did say that when I am feeling the need to shoot, not to hesitate."

Arya accepted a single quick hug and examination of her injuries from Gregor then pulled away.

"I heard something about a massacre of the Martells? Explain, please."

"I will later. Right now I am trying to read a fucking mess of a text from Polliver."

"Did you kill my husband? Did you slaughter that family over that fucking challenge? Did you or Dany make me a widow?"

"Goddammit! I am fucking busy! My fiance just got an emergency ride in a chopper to the nearest not bombed out fucking hospital. And your damned friend is dying in Polliver's arms apparently or some such shit because the boy is losing his fucking mind! So can we talk about your fucking husband later? Yeah?"

Samara ran in a jerky gallop, not a single person hesitated in leaping to plaster themselves to the wall as she flew past them. Behind her were three children, the Targaryen heir, then the Martell widow. Behind her was a large wall of a man, walking fast but apparently not in the race.

Polliver was sitting in a chair with his head bowed, hands clasped over the shiny dome. Samara skidded to a stop as did the others, some crashing into each other.

"Is he? Polliver, please, is he..."

"Naw, still in surgery. Been four hours now and still no word from a surgeon. They won't let me back there, even just in the observation booth. But he is a Northern boy, they could be yanking his
insides out and playing jump-rope with his intestines for all I know!"

"What about Waif?"

Gregor managed to catch up and Polliver pointed just past him.

"I had them put her in a room where I could keep an eye. Her surgery was fast and they said she will heal just fine. I looked in on her a few minutes ago and she was still asleep."

Without another word, Gregor went into his fiance's recovery room and locked the door behind him. He sat down next to the tiny woman in the large hospital bed.

"You and Samara are the tiniest things I have ever seen. Arya isn't much bigger than you two either. And yet the three of you are the craziest fucking hellions I have ever met. And now look at you, all pale, bandaged and banged up, sleeping in this place instead of with me. You might have died without marrying me first. You have to face facts, love. You are getting too old to keep up this stuff. Look how sloppy you were to get stabbed like that. And have to be saved by Piggy of all people? How will you ever hold your head up again after your followers hear about that?"

"Old? If I have become addled in my advanced years it is because of you!"

"Ah, there you are. I thought you might be playing possum in an attempt to escape a scathing lecture from me."

Snorting, Waif muttered back as she tried to pull her blankets up over her face.

"I thought you might be here to deliver a scathing lecture rather than face your daughter with what you did to her husband."

"Ouch, love. Words hurt, you know."

"I think you had better go talk to her. I had that chance but you haven't, not since she has returned here. You really need to listen and hear her, Gregor. Or you might lose her forever this time. Truly, you need to be her father right now, not her boss or her mentor. Be her father and go tell her what she needs to know. Then listen to what Arya has to say, what she needs from you. Please. Trust me."

Piggy kept seeing flashes of light, of those who he knew but it was sporadic then gone into blackness. First he thought he saw Polliver sitting next to him but it was gone. Then again but he knew it was a delusion or some trick of hell before pulling him down permanently.

It had to be not real because Polliver does not cry. Polliver doesn't cry and Raff doesn't offer comfort to his best friend. He would never hug Polliver while the man sobbed. He could see the bottle in Polliver's hand and that made more sense at least.

He descended and rose to seeing his Master trying to strangle a doctor while Raff tried to extract him. Piggy wanted to laugh at the absurd sight but Penny dragged him back down again.

The next time he broke through the rotting ground, he could hear the arguing of children. Malcom and Shane were on either side of him and arguing hotly about what to read to Piggy.

Malcolm wanted to read from the Anarchists Cookbook but his brother was adamant that Piggy would wake up better to Lord of the Flies, coincidentally a book that Shane was late in finishing for homework back home.
"Hey, I think Piggy's eyes fluttered! He might be coming out of the coma! Hey, get a nurse!"

Piggy barely heard it as he was yanked away by a moldering skeleton intent on keeping its prey. The next time Piggy got a flash of colors, it formed into Samara and Charlie curled up on Raff's lap. The three were dozing on a small plastic couch near him.

"Okay, look. If I talk to you, you gotta follow my voice like you did before. Hear me? Only I get to bury you, remember? I don't want to bury you, boy. You need to hear me and just like when you were buried before, follow my voice. I'll pull you up, you just gotta follow my voice. Obey me, Piggy. Just follow my voice and come back."

He tried, he strives and struggles, clawing with ghostly hands but he can't break the surface.

"You aren't just my slave, you know. I mean, after all this time...it's like...you are my annoying, stupid little brother. You are still my property and gods help you if you ever act like anything else. But I care, you stupid fucking idiot. You can't die, it would be as sad as shit and I need you around. Who else will fucking adore the God that I am? So enough of this shit and wake up, yeah? I won't even punish you for this little fucking crazy escapade of yours. Just wake the fuck up now."

"Master?"

"Of course as soon as you hear you weaseled out of a punishment you wake up!"

Piggy smiled as Polliver yelled then took out his relieved emotions on a nurse.

The media drowned in Raff's brilliant smile and lovely cultured voice wound around them invitingly. Raff stood confidently upon the hospital steps and welcomed the media with open arms.

He spoke in his mother's homeland tongue and nothing impressed sand folks like something withstanding time so long. The dragon blazed from his eyes but in a protective way not an angry way. At least that is the way it is to be interpreted and it was by every female and most males as well.

"As soon as our people are stable enough to fly, we shall be going home North. I love my homeland, I rushed to defend it and of course, Gregor is a friend to the West as you know, as you all saw. He has offered a very hefty donation to help heal the thousands in need and I shall leave very capable hands to see to upholding order and justice as you heal."

"Yes, that is right. I am going to keep and restore my lands, actually they are not mine, they belong to my children. My eldest son Malcolm will be eighteen next year and I shall begin to relinquish control to him. He shall share the ruling of Targaryen land with his other two siblings as they each come of age. My wife and I shall start to bring the children here several times a year so that they may learn of their heritage and culture. Tonight I shall be having a closed meeting with the heads of every major family. With every head of council in the West. Yes, the Martell widow will be present. By tomorrow morning I shall have some answers to your questions as to what Oberyn Martell and I had promised. Yes, we did say we would hear the public and that we would change laws concerning slavery among other things. I shall pray that our different mindsets can all meet in the middle. Tonight's meeting will be the deciding factor on many things. That is all I have for now, thank you everyone!"

"What the fuck? Where the hell were you? I needed you to just stand there, to change your fucking clothes and just stand there! Was there a communication gap? Did I forgot to speak a language you
Raff hissed every word as he wildly waved his arms and loomed over the slumped black hooded figure.

"Look at you! It's fucking pathetic! You look like a depressed version of that stupid Avenger guy that Piggy likes!"

Polliver leaned into the small break-room doorway and helpfully added,

"Hawkeye. I actually think she looks more like an even more Emo version of Arrow myself."

"Fuck off. Both of you. I told you I don't want to deal with this. We all know its a fucking joke. There is no way in hell that any person in the West will be relieved at the sight of me. I am the most hated widow in this fucking hellscape. And every man and woman at that meeting tonight would walk out if I walked in. If its a sparkly smile you need, go get your damned wife."

"You have to be there tonight. You have to pull yourself the fuck together! Listen, I am so, so sorry that your husband is dead. I am sorry that Gregor killed him the way he did. But you aren't dead, your father isn't dead and this land is full of folks who are pretty fucking sick of death right now. I need you, and one way or another, no matter how you feel about it, you have a fucking responsibility to this land."

Raff slammed his hands on the table in front of Arya's face to make her jump back in her chair a little.

"Do you even fucking hear me? Stop acting like a fucking little child and grow up. If your father can help me out and he doesn't owe this land or me shit, then you can."

He jerked back after having stuck his face in hers and stared at her then slowly stood up, clenching his fists. As if trying to keep his temper, Raff turned to Polliver and spoke so very soft and calm.

"She is drunk. I can smell it on her. Polliver, you have to help me. I don't have time for this, I have to prepare the kids and...."

Polliver's gaze had been pitying and affectionately amusing at Arya even though he was hiding some concern for her. Now his eyes were cold and bullying, they were cruel.

These were the eyes most often seen by Piggy whenever he fucks up big time. If Piggy were there he would have advised Arya to run but the boy was in his bed being forcibly spoon fed by a giggling Samara.

"Don't worry, Raff. She will be ready for the meeting on time. I know exactly how to fix this pitiful bullshit. I have done this before, I can do it again. With less bloodshed this time though, I hope. Looks like I need to drown Brat's kittens again."
Grabbing Pussy Because You Can

Chapter Summary

Now Malcolm, I see that look in your eyes. The title is no reason to start mentally preparing to bail. Nope, put your eyes back firmly upon the words, Mister. Trust me, it is NOT whatever you are thinking, it's an important one so don't avert your eyes, you shifty things, I SEE you doing it already!

We do have to drown our kittens, you know that.

but there is more to this chapter, it is a sort of interesting mix of things all at once. the good bad and ugly all at the same time. as always, it is done with my brand of twisted love and affection for my characters. and remember the most important rule of all with nanners...be careful what you ask for..you might recieve it...in MY own way. you DID request several times for arya to snap out of it. alas, i have heeded you and don't worry, you really should watch though, after all, you did CAUSE THIS. so it's too late malcolm. now put down the shovel and sit down to see what you requested. ::=evil grin::

Polliver waited until Raff left the room before he locked the door and pulled the blinds down. Arya looked up nervously but drunken bravado put a sneer on her face.

"What the fuck are you doing? Go be with Piggy or advise someone of something or...do police work. Fuck a whore. Rape a priestess or something. Just go away. You have nothing to add to this conversation, so just butt out of it. I want everyone to just leave me the fuck alone until I figure shit out."

Nodding, Polliver started to circle towards Arya who leaped up, swaying slightly.

"So...this is how you figure your shit out? By hiding out in dimly lit rooms with your hood hiding your face while you drink? Are you getting anywhere with this method? Doesn't seem like its working too well. I need you to put your fucking head back on right and help us out. Raff is practically begging for you assistance. My god, I remember a day when that alone would have made you giddy. Now you can't be bothered. I mean, who are you? Huh? Who do you stand up for? Who the fuck are you trying to be now?"

Arya continued to lurch around the table, staying just out of Polliver's reach.

"I don't fucking know anymore to be honest! I'm clearly not a Martell, at least not according to every fucking person who walks on sand. Right now I loathe the thought of being the daughter of Gregor Clegane and I barely remember if I even liked anything about being a Stark. I just need time to think."

Polliver gave Arya a large toothy grin as his eyes pinned her.

"Oh pookie. Did you really think people like us have the luxury of time? You really have forgotten so much, there is really no help for it, is there?"

Staggering faster, trying to judge the distance to the door, Arya swallowed.

"What...what do you mean? No help for what?"
"You have given me no other option, Brat, but to forcibly remind you that you are first and foremost one of us. And if you need your kittens drowned all over again, I can oblige you."

Arya gasped and lunged for the door but Polliver slammed her against it. She cried out as her chest was crushed between the steel door and Polliver's bulk.

Lommy, Gendry and Sandor all crashed into her head in pieces then she almost could smell the quarry fire that night, how Piggy had to eat...Arya vomited and Polliver smiled.

"There we are, let's get all this poisonous shit out of you! Good idea, little Brat! It's the first smart thing you've done since met Oberyn."

Raff smirked as he heard Gregor hectoring Waif while she was doing physical therapy. Gregor had rented the entire wing of the hospital along with donating his name and money for a burn center to be created for children. Any child may receive treatment there regardless of their ability to pay.

Overnight Gregor has become the gangster version of Santa Claus for the middle to poor classes to the actual slave classes. If he chose to live here and ran for office, Gregor might actually have won. Luckily for both the folks of the West and Gregor's own people, Gregor was content to just be seen as a good but distant friend to the workers of the West.

Gregor had spent days crammed into a small conference room helping Raff fill in the cracks in the laws. He helped show Raff where he can benefit from making the slave trade go deep underground. To Raff's amusement and jealousy of such manipulation beyond what his own can match still, Gregor ended up creating the very route to end public slavery. And a way for him to take total credit for it.

Shaking his head at being outmaneuvered, Raff continued on his search for his children. The next voices he heard were Piggy's and Samara's. Both were hushed but the laughter rang out every now and then. Raff had only ever seen Polliver devastated once before. When Gregor had them rape and kill Polliver's fiance so many years ago. But when Piggy nearly died, Raff watched his best friend fall apart.

He held it over Polliver's head for a bit, threatening to tell Piggy until Polliver swore he would shoot Raff's dick off. Raff laughed it off but he knew he would never let Piggy find out about Polliver's pitiful displays. Mainly because Polliver would never tell Samara how badly Raff fell apart when she was gone and in danger.

Finally in a nearly deserted hallway, Raff found his children robbing a vending machine as a group. He grabbed a chair and slowly dragged the metal legs across the floor as he came closer then sat upon it backwards, blocking their way out.

"Oh shit. It's death...I mean, Dad."

Raff smiled pleasantly at Malcolm then his gaze took in all three of them.

"We need to talk before this meeting tonight. I know that you understand the roles you will play but I am not sure you truly understand the importance of why you will be there."

Charlie piped up first.

"To be a show of force and of unity."
Raff nodded slightly but raised his eyebrows. Then he tilted his head and stared at his three dense little criminals clutching pop tarts and energy drinks.

"Why else would it be very important for you to be there? Shane? Malcolm?"

"Uh, because...oh fuck. Because it's ours! When we come of age, it transfers to us, right? So this is deciding what to do with our land. We get to have a say now? Because I'm not eighteen for months still."

"That's right, Malcolm. Whether you are prepared for it or not, when each of you turns eighteen the land becomes your responsibility. All the people that live upon it will rely on you to care for them. So before we go to this meeting I want us to discuss the finer terms of what I will be ordering done. I can only begin new traditions, new laws but it will be up to you to make it work, to uphold what you have agreed to. Before your indignant little faces can start shrieking at me, hear me out. I know you want to abolish slavery as much as Dany did. As much as many others want us to. But it is not feasible to suddenly terminate it. Who is going to hire a slave and pay them a wage? You have just condemned them to selling themselves underground or starving to death. What will replace your commerce once you remove our greatest trade? Or shall the economy suffer a crash? Then there can be homeless billionaires and middle class men trained in only the specialty of the flesh trade right there next to your starving slaves. You can have your pure equality as they all die equally terrible deaths. And if you think that shit will not bring around another type of bloody savage rebellion you are delusional."

Shane rolled his eyes and sagged to sit cross legged on the floor in front of his father, followed by Malcolm and Charlie.

"So...you are telling us that we can't even stop slavery on our own land because it will fuck up everything else?"

"Yes and no. Yes, you can't stop slavery the way you are going about it, just the way Dany was going about it. You cannot take something away without replacing it with something better. So instead of abolishing slavery tonight, I will begin a six year phasing out of legal slavery in the West. I will add some rather harsh new rules to decrease the worst kinds of human trade. I will make it more difficult, I can make it known that slavery will come to an inevitable parting with legality. And then it is up to you and your siblings to continue to tighten and squeeze out the trade. And I will also expect that you will not only carefully tend your land, but you will keep a sharp eye upon the Martell's land as well. You know Arya is having a very rough time dealing with Oberyn's death and she isn't feeling very well still. We care for our own though, don't we? Since the Martell's are starting nice and fresh this is the perfect time to be seen making nice with your charred neighbors. We have only a handful of months for you to train with me to lead, Malcolm. It's time for you to grow up, son. Whether you or I like it, or not. And Shane, Charlie, I'm afraid that you both will have to add extras studies of my homeland to your ever growing schedule. I have sent for Quentyn Martell. He has already heard what I shall be proposing and has begrudgingly agreed to it. He see things the way you all do, I imagine the group of you will have a great time destroying traditions and creating new ones."

Polliver dragged Arya's boneless and sweaty body over to the sink. He turned on the cold water and started to unroll a gigantic tube of paper towel. She really did have way to much to drink, something she had regretted at the first uneasy, rebellious swallow. That is why it took her so long to understand that Polliver was more waterboarding her than helping her.

He continued this until Arya began to thrash wildly before pulling her upright and allowing her to rip
the paste of fibers off her face. Gasping for air, she stared up at Polliver who seemed enraged. He seemed colder than he ever did before.

"First thing is first, bitch. If I catch you with a single more fucking drink or drug, I'll break your fucking jaw for you. Unless you plan on a short surgery, you don't fucking get to drink! Hear me, cunt? Now, let's get to the real problem, sweetheart. Huh, you wanna gossip with old Polliver? Naw...you don't, do you, you fucking little pussy! Go on...you have something to say? Anything? Yeah, great. Hey, why not, do it, say something. Anything at all, the shovel is right there for you, grab it. DO IT. Challenge me. Wanna?"

But the sharp regret, the warning fearful voice of Piggy deep inside, none of it could really touch her yet. She was still too drunk, she had hidden too deeply out of such mind-numbing fear and grief. Maybe I am suicidal? Oh my god, I think I have been driven as crazy as Samara, I must have snapped.

Her mouth opened to plead for help, to say to Polliver that she was so fucking lost and maybe it was easier to admit defeat. The words that came out were not a match for the ones in her head and Arya understood with a dreadful drunk thudding thought. Oh, I see...I must be hoping for a quick way out into sweet death.

"Fuck you, Polliver. Don't treat me like I am your fucking Piggy! And why the hell would I bother challenging you? I'm the fucking heir of the North, the fucking Black Widow of the West and then add the fucking title of-

Arya was flying through the air and braced herself for impact but somehow Polliver's hands were there still. Did he just sail her through the air like a rag doll while still clutching her? Yep, yes he did, lady and I think this is where we die, great going you fucking genius. Oh sweet gods, I am talking to myself as I die.

She found herself landing hard upon a faux leather couch that was nearly flattened by the combined weight. Scrambling for some purchase, a way to at least turn and defend herself, Polliver laughed, allowing her a moment to tire herself out in panic.

"You are right about one thing, Brat. I shouldn't treat you like Piggy. And I can't treat you the way I would any of us would treat each other who suddenly forgot who the fuck they are. But I think I have found a great solution, my great Queen of the North and most reviled Demon of the West."

"No! You stop, you can't! You have no fucking authority over me anymore, not for fucking years! You don't get to punish me, you don't get to fucking judge me, you asshole!"

Easily, Polliver pinned her arms behind her back with one hand and he knelt up on the couch, yanking her up against him. He raised her wrists almost to the breaking point before Arya stopped struggling. Howling in pain, she yelled for him to stop as she dropped her head and went still.

"See how fucking easy that was? That is how sloppy you've become. This is the sum of what you have changed into. Nice, eh? All those years avoiding Cersei and your mother, making fun of them drowning their sorrows in wine. Karma must suck for you, wow. Fucking hypocrite. But I can see why Robert and Ned used to beat the shit out of them. Because my fists itch to knock some sense into your fucking senseless, selfish little head."

Arya gave a small snarl and he shook her by her hair with his free hand.

"Shut the fuck up, I'm talking. How much have you forgotten? I don't care if someday you are sitting on Gregor's fucking throne, I'll still knock you on your ass if I have to if I see you losing your
fucking head. That is what Raff is for Gregor, it's what I'll be for you, stupid idiot. So get used to it
when your fucking ego gets so big that you allow yourself to pretend it's all grief. Fucking pathetic
and guess what, honey? That whole fucking title list you want to sling around? You don't get to use
them unless you can actually be them. Right now you don't look like any kind of royalty and honey,
I know low level weed dealers that are way scarier looking than you are right now. So let's get to the
root of the problem...Nope, if you struggle at all, I'm going to dislocate your shoulders, maybe start
breaking some minor bones in your wrists."

With a wail of misery and frustration, Arya felt the hand leave her hair and pass across her face onto
her neck. She gasped as his hand squeezed and she could literally feel his cold smirk on the back of
her head.

"This is what I think you were hoping for in that twisted little fucked up head of yours. You can't kill
yourself but Brat is resourceful and sneaky. And everyone knows that whenever things get too
emotionally rough, our little Brat has to run away from it somehow. And maybe so much sand clogs
up your mind, snakes winding about you and let's not forget our charming Oberyn. It crushes you, it
is easier to think of it as all grief and hope to push someone into doing what you can't do for yourself.
Shame on you. I would never kill you, my dear, but if your training includes scarring you physically
or mentally for the sake of all of us and the future, then I am always going to be the first up for you.
Funny, as much as you seemed to think it was, it was never Sandor that was your actual mentor. It
was me. I have never had a moment when I didn't know where you were, what you were doing. It
was the strangest experience to be forced to stalk a girl. Really fucked me up, you know. You see,
remember when I really fucked up? Do you remember that Gregor gave me a very special
punishment of my own? The one that has always made you guys come up with perverted fucked up
shit?"

Arya was running out of air and it was hard not to squirm, not to try and surge free for oxegyn, the
words dancing about her head. Did he say he has been stalking her? What the fuck was forced
stalking? Polliver is her mentor, yes, that she can follow, she has sort of always known that deep
down he had a great impact upon her.

From the quarry and onward, Arya paid more care to Polliver's advice and counsel than others. He
was the only one she would deliberately seek out for company too. But this isn't what he seems to be
saying so trying not to care that she can no longer breathe, Arya tries to concentrate on his words.

"That night that Gregor gave me his special punishment, I cried for fucking hours afterwards. I was
crushed in some ways because the punishment let me know that I would never rise higher than a
very specific level. But I adjusted, I didn't have the time or the luxury of grieving over myself or my
poor little fucking cushy dreams. The same as years before when I adjusted after my fiance died. In
our world, there is no time for grieving, for brooding or deciding whether or not shit might be too
hard to handle. Gregor gave me a sort of life long punishment, the cruelest thing I think he has ever
done, in fact. He charged me with your safe being, with always keeping watch over you, when you
are ready to take over the reigns, I will be your chief advisor. Or hell, call it what it really is, glorified
babysitting of a scared, spoiled little fucking brat when needed. Like right the fuck now. So let's find
out where your fucking problem really is, okay? Let's straighten your head out a little, shall we?"

Just as Arya began to see small black dots, Polliver released his grip upon her throat. He quickly
lowered her arms a bit so when she sagged nothing would shift or break under the stress of the hold.
His hand slid over her neck and slid down to where her heart was beating so fast. In a very over-
dramatic voice, Polliver intoned,

"Oh, is thy broken heart that is causing you such terrible distress, my pitiful widow Martell? I don't
know, it sure sounds strong enough still to me. I shall move on."
A hand slid across each of her breasts, making Arya wince as Polliver tweaked her right nipple. It caused her confused and overwrought mind, her relaxed, drunken and oxgen high body to go weak and hot for a moment. She managed to bite back any sound but Arya was screaming the word NO over and over within her head.

"Perhaps here? I sense something...maybe?"

Polliver's voice was in her ear now, rough but quiet, his hand began to explore her breasts further but Arya tried to think of a large brick wall built right around her.

"Hmm...maybe not enough to be the problem. I'll keep looking, that's fine."

The warm large hand slowly slid away from her now tingling breasts to rest across her stomach.

"Here? Oh, let's see you are breathing heavier now...maybe...a bit lower. Yep, I would certainly say that moan and wild shake of the head meant lower. Aha...I think I have found our problem, Brat."

Crying out in surprised disgust for herself and Polliver, Arya cried out and moved against his hand a bit. It has been so long now, Oberyn had not been intimate with her since that one night at the hotel after their coffee excursion. That was the very last time...and always will be.

Polliver had slid his hand between her legs, rubbing gently over her jeans, then he unbuttoned them. He slid the jeans and her underwear down to her ankles then off her. Releasing her wrists for a moment, Polliver allowed Arya to pull her arms straight before he used her underwear to tie her wrists behind her back.

He ran his hand back between her legs after forcing her onto her knees again.

"Well, either your pussy is crying for Oberyn or I guess you've always just had the hots for me? Is that it, little girl? Did you have a crush on me? Or do you just need to close your eyes and pretend I'm Oberyn? Is that what you need, dearest girl? Do you need a chance to get the last of that fantasy out of your fucking head? I am always ready to fucking oblige, Brat. Always ready to help you out and protect you from everyone, even your own self if need be. It's a great fucking service, eh? Just consider me your own ultra violent version of Jiminy Cricket."

Arya gritted her teeth as she felt his fingers plunge into her and shamefully she found herself caught in a wave of pleasure.

"Polliver! Stop! Its..RAPE! This is rape, I said NO, so fucking stop! Even if my body...it's still rape, so make it stop!"

With a wild laugh, Polliver gave Arya a quick kiss on the back of her head and cheerful announced,

"Oh hell ya, this is rape. It is absolutely, positively, no doubt about it, assault upon your person in a sexual manner. Including penetration and god knows what else. Rape meet Brat, Brat, meet rape. Get to know each other. Good news for you is...parts of you are really enjoying the living fuck out of it right now. At least it's not painful for you, well, except for that crippling fucking shame that somehow just makes you even more wet."

"I'll hate you...I'll hate, fucking DESPISE you! Get the hell off of me! You will NEVER work for me, the second I get a chance, I'll kill you if you do this, do you fucking HEAR me, Polliver? I'm buzzed, okay...yeah, but I am fucking sane and NOT consensual!"

"No, you won't. You'll be very angry with me with a while then you'll get the fuck over it. Because by then your head will be back on straight and you'll remember why I had to choose the method I
did. Go on, keep up the squirming and the threats, go on and beg me if you'd like to. I don't mind in
the least, really."

Arya started to sob a bit then she bit her lip and decided to channel her dead sister. I will become
stone, a statue, I won't feel it and Polliver will just fuck a rock. Except. It wasn't a fast brutal rape that
Arya could simply endure as if it were no different than a beating or than a rectal hydration by
Gregor.

Polliver used his fingers not just to ease his own passage into her, he was actively using his whole
hand to make Arya gasp and moan. It's not fair and why the hell would a fucking rapist bother to
learn how to please a woman? His rough voice whispered into her ear and Arya wished she could
turn and bite his nose off.

"Just shut your eyes. Think of Oberyn, of those fancy silk sheets and all that wild hot desert fantasy
you had going on. Sun scorching, sweating the bad things out, right? Then charming, older Oberyn,
all calm and the exact fucking opposite of your daddy in every way. The sex must have been the best
you've ever had. I mean, the fantasy had such a tight hold on you, it heightened everything, didn't it?
Hiding behind your glittery new look and your new world...safe behind Oberyn and weaving your
happy ending."

Arya snarled and cursed but then he was inside her with a thrust and it was a whole different kind of
fight now. Her eyes clenched shut and the smell of the West was even here within the sterile hospital
setting. The heat was only held at bay by the air vents above them blowing cold air but she could feel
the etch of sand always upon her skin.

For a brief wild moment, Arya was with Oberyn, they were together, one last time. And when Arya
began to orgasm she screamed out his name. Polliver surged hard against her and as he himself
shuddered, groaning, he harshly spoke into her ear.

"That is the last time you'll ever get a taste of what you had. Oberyn is dead and gone forever. Your
life here all glittery and hidden is over too. You are a Northern girl that needs to come home and sort
her fucking shit out. You are responsible for this cursed Martell land until that youngster is old
enough to take it on. You want closure? You want someway to honor your dead husband? Fine,
then take care of his land, take care of what was his. Now pull up your big girl pants and get your
fucking ass sober enough to attend that meeting."
The Kings Are Dead, Long Live The Kings

The media along with half of the West stood in front of a gold tipped dome that even during heat of battle had stayed untouched as all blazed around it.

This was considered a blessed holy place in spite of it not belonging to any Gods of this area nor any others. It is the only place that a Martell and a Targaryen could sit peaceably, that any enemy can sit within the safety of those that would gladly slit their throat for a drink.

At least once a year for such a long time, it was the one way to ever see Aerys and Dorian within the same room closer than a football fields length.

Every single person that was allowed beyond the ropes into the building got their name added to this few glowing moments of fame. It was a bigger crowd than a Dancing With the Stars Goes West could have drawn.

After all, some of these families haven't been seen or heard from for years. Others were known but only for their greed and cruel indifference until they had finally no choice but to fight for their very existence.

For the first time, all watched as new heirs entered the shiny dome.

The lesser houses sat along the very long table first, seating from least importance upwards. All nervous eyes darted to the two empty chairs, one at each end of the long table.

Both were more thrones than chairs and it hit both sides of the table that it won't be faces that they are comfortable with in those chairs anymore.

Arya and Raff entered and sat at the exact same time. Both landed with flamboyancy into their thrones as if it were not the most ancient and somber of rituals.

Most were mainly frowning at the Martell widow whom most were convinced was a gold digger. She was dressed in black leather and wore a smirk that was more annoying than her punkish spiky hair.

Raff was a modern, more Northern version of his father and that was easier to bear. A hatched faced elderly woman sniffed with affront while staring at Arya.

"You have no purpose here other than to to look good for that paparazzi. We will happily offer free aid to the Martell landowners until this younger man can be brought here."

With a small chuckle, Arya leaned further into the chair then put her dirty boots onto the table while blinking innocently at the offended woman.

"Want to see the back of me for good, eh? Well, you dried up old fucking prune let me explain how you do that. You agree to what we have come up with. You will agree with the new laws concerning slavery. You agree that Malcom Targaryen will be the new acting leader of Targaryen land until his siblings are ready to share that responsibility. Oh, you also agree that you understand Quentyn Martell will be the sole law of Martell land until...oh let's just say eighteen years. I am not that great with math but let's see...I have been pregnant for at least three months now....so yeah, eighteen years or so."
Arya smiled bitterly as the room broke into mild pandemonium. In spite of the swearing, yelling and fist waving, no one moved beyond a standing position. The doors had opened again and this time something smaller but as deadly as a military assault came in.

Silently now, the heads of houses sat back down, watching the strange procession.

Gregor had come in first and stood, no, loomed over Raff's chair, glaring at each person in turn. Raff grinned and lazily twirled his hand above his head a bit.

"You all know my boss and very good confidante, Gregor Clegane. Even if you might not feel the same, most of the Western population think he is their savior. He has already donated so much money, time, men and weaponry to defend them, he has offered jobs for those who wish to move out of their homeland. Do you know why they love him so much? Because at home I have this little racket...or rather he does...those who are slaves can sign away their collars from me...to him. Gregor doesn't require them to be owned, they work for pennies, they offer him nothing but loyalty, they work for appalling conditions rather than have my yoke around their necks. Do you think you can stop every fucking person from running for the border all at once behind him? And if you did try to use a show of force to discourage anyone...have any of you met my best friend, Polliver?"

Polliver was slowly pacing up and down the table, on Raff's right side as always. He pinned each cowering head with his icy gaze as he played with a blade idly. One of the newer and younger faces at the table gave a short nervous laugh.

"Isn't...isn't he the one with the cannibal killer slave?"

Rolling his eyes, Polliver just shook his head and started to mentally aim his blade into the young idiot's head. With a twitch of amusement upon his lips, Raff indicated his left.

"Speaking of killer cannibal slaves, you do all recall my wife Samara?"

The tiny woman had a thick braid that swayed and tinkled with small hooked and spiked chains that seemed decorative and deadly all at once. She was more stalking than pacing, a very low growl that could only be heard by those that she passed behind.

A high golden slave collar with a dragon made from rare gems on her neck didn't make any free nobles feel safer from her.

Raff then grimly gave a tiny nod towards where Arya sat and where two of his three children stood behind her.

Arya saw the momentary awful pain in Raff's eyes. She felt a bit of pity even as she felt a cutting, self loathing triumph. It was Raff's own fault that Arya's kittens got drowned earlier, it's only karma that landed Raff into drowning his own kittens too.

"This is the first and one of many times that you will all be with my children. Please meet Charlie and Shane. As of two hours ago, before the last judge closed his door for the night, my eldest son Malcolm has been granted legal emancipation from myself and my wife. So as of now, Malcolm will rule the Targaryen lands. This will be my only time to ever sit in this chair, so I guess I had better do well at it."

Raff covered his pain with sarcasm as he pointedly avoided looking at anyone, pulling his folders closer as if they were shields. He couldn't think of earlier, if he broke, Samara would, the kids would.

He wanted so badly to use his fists to wipe that evil self satisfied look from Brat's face. Of course, she would be enjoying his turmoil but at least for Samara's sake she should feel guilty for thinking
such things.

Clearing his throat, Raff concentrated on the carefully drafted letter he and Oberyn had written and Gregor helped to revise.

"This is a unique positions for two youngest sons to be in. Standing on the lines of tradition that we were raised with and also balancing on the edge of a relentless new way that is pushing its way in. If this war has taught us anything it is that if the voices are not heard then actions will become more brutal until something gives way. Oberyn and I are imposing the following new laws upon slavery in order to begin the change that we shall leave our younger leaders to complete. It is illegal to buy or sell children under the age of sixteen. It is illegal to buy or sell families, to rip children away from their families. It is illegal to buy anyone under the age of eighteen for the purpose of a pleasure slave. There will be an additional new committee created to see to the creation of slave rights and abuse laws and the enforcement of them. All children are born free as of this month, this very day. Regardless of their parentage they are allowed the rights of every citizen, including education and any food medical or shelter services needed. If an owner wishes to keep a family purchased before this date, they must provide for these children."

Raff now had to almost yell to be heard over the roars.

"I will be going to read this letter out to the media. But first, I would like to introduce you to the next generation that is about to make my proposals sound like gentle kisses."

Malcolm stared at himself in the cracked full length mirror and took a deep breath. He tried to fix the tie again accidentally nearly clawed the thing off his throat. He heard a sigh from behind him and a graceful hand came around to easily fix the knot.

"I..dude, I can't fucking do this. What was I thinking? I should just crawl back to my father while I still can! He doesn't want this for me anyway, I need that extra time. I need to learn more, to...to...I can't. I can't run back and listen to his fucking smug promises and after what happened I just can't. Uh. Damn. There are forty two patches made on these wall, you know. Sorry, I mean you just met me like ten minutes ago and I'm falling apart. This is a mistake, I need more time. I shouldn't have..."

"Hey! Whoa, breathe, okay? You can do this. You just can't make a good tie knot, it's okay, I won't tell on you. Look, I am not anymore prepared than you are for this but we will get through it. Can you really just walk away and let all the rot just re-consume this place because you feel a bit scared?"

"My father believes that I am a spoiled, crazy scientist who will turn the Targaryen lands into a mad lab and destroy the economy of the entire West by destroying all he and his forefathers created."

Quentyn shrugged and smiled.

"Well, I'm the rich, pampered elitist bored liberal that wants to just shit all over what my family has stood for. So I guess we shall be hated and feared together. At least the middle class and poor folks will like us, the slaves will adore us..."

Snorting, Malcolm straightened his back and grinned back.

"Naw, the slaves and poor folks will be busy creating hymns to the joyful wonderful progressive Gregor. According to Waif, you and I will always have a secondary career in making a boy band for thirteen year old girls if this fails. Shit, here we go."

Raff and Brat gave their seats to the young men, then they left the room together. Arya stood at
Raff’s side on the steps as he made the announcements of the succession and then read the letter from himself and Oberyn.

As soon as he was done speaking, Raff turned and left, Arya on his heels. They were not taking questions.

Both had eyes burning with suppressed tears and words lodged painfully inside their throats. Together they sat in silence in a back area until the meeting had finished.

They looked together out the large window at the moon and held their dead kittens until it was time to bury the pain and face the cameras again.
Before the meeting, before the chaos that drowned Raff's kittens, came along a freshly punished pregnant woman looking for a target.

Arya was still walking on unsteady legs with an unspeakable stickiness pressing through her underwear. Staying in the shadows as she staggered on by, she watched Raff finished speaking to his kids and walk away whistling.

His happy self satisfied handsome face sent her rage rising all over again. Her teeth and fists clenched as she happily envisioned flaying Raff's face off.

That fucker felt his meeting was so important it was worth setting Polliver onto her? Raff had to have known that Polliver would never beat her while she was pregnant. Gregor would break his bones until little shards for such a thing.

Raff had to have known the type of punishment that Polliver would deliver.

This was as much Raff's fault as Polliver's as far as Arya was concerned. Well, maybe not quite as much but Raff bears the blame of pointing Polliver's head into the idea. With a small smirk, she hurried to her room, showered, changed and sought out Shane.

Arya has an idea, one that is fucking brilliant in her opinion.

If Arya strikes at Raff, he'll just find a way to strike her back harder or laugh it off which is worse. However, seeing Samara's fist crunch into Raff's nose would be satisfying. Or maybe Raff would run and Samara could chase him while he screamed for help.

"Hey, Shitmouth. Wanna help me play a little prank on your dad? How about a good one that will let your mom maybe kick his ass a bit?"

As she expected, the cute face filled with a joyous mad glint and a smile worth of the Joker grew.

"My fine lady, please tell of me of this idea of yours!"

Charlie was a bit skeptical but she went along with Shane, also caught up in Arya's fantasy scenario. They meant to tell Malcolm of this magnificent prank but he was being a real fucking bore.

Ever since their father spoke with them earlier, Malcolm has been researching more about the area and its specific laws.

He was truly impacted by both the sights of the war and the sight of slaves holding injured or starved children begging the Masters for help rather than face the bloody price of freedom.

Charlie and Shane had made sure to show in the small hospital cafe long before their parents did.

Their father and Malcolm walked in with Samara not far behind them. The two were discussing or perhaps even arguing about law changes and didn't even notice the strange sight at first. Sitting down Samara froze, staring at the chair across from her.

It should have held Shane but instead it was shrouded in black with a picture of Shane upon it.
Now the other two saw it and Charlie was ready, dying of laughter on the inside. Irritated by his son's views, Raff stared at the chair then at Charlie, speaking with a sharp tone full of warning in it.

"What is this, Charlie? Where is your brother? We are all hungry and have a big evening later, let's just eat in peace for once."

Charlie gulped but remained loyal to her role within the prank. It will be worth it to see Mom chase or threaten her father. So she put a sad look on her face and glared at her father.

"Well, I guess when you pushed that vending machine at him earlier you just thought his bones were made of steel. After you left I tried to get him help but it was too late. I figured this might be a good way to tell you Shane didn't make it."

Charlie never expected to see anything less funny in her life or more scary. It would be one of the moments that scar permanently and it seared across the brains of all three children.

Samara had suddenly moved with the speed of light and was crouched upon the table before Raff. A fork slammed deep into his left hand, pinning it to the table. Before he could move his right hand anywhere, Samara's blade was sinking into his neck.

She was trying to slide her blade into the side of his neck to drag it to the other side and bleed him out. The only thing keeping this from happening was Charlie's strong hands wrapped around her mother's wrists.

A long but very thin stream of blood came from the blade pressed into Raff's skin. Samara was using all her strength to kill her husband and Charlie was using all of hers to save her father.

Shane leaped out from where he was hiding, his face full of confusion and terror, this wasn't how it should have gone at all! He waved his arms and screamed, moving to get into his mother's line of sight.

"MOM! NO! Look, it's me! I'm fine, it was a prank! Don't kill Dad, please! Mom, don't kill-"

"A prank? Does your mother trying to kill me strike you as funny, you little asshole?"

Shane yelped as he got too close and Raff's one free hand grabbed his son by his shirt. The enraged man was ignoring the blade in his neck in order to drag the boy onto the table. His hand pinned Shane's neck to the table and he squeezed hard enough for Shane to panic and thrash about.

"DAMMIT! MALCOLM, HELP ME WOULD YOU? BEFORE MOM KILLS DAD OR DAD STRANGLES SHANE! COME ON, AT LEAST GO GET SOME HELP!"

Malcolm's fingers all started to drum at once and then he gave a wild scream. It startled Charlie almost into losing her grip as did hearing the door burst open. She didn't take the time to look to see who was watching what the crazy family was doing now.

Because Malcolm had finished his scream and then he quickly reached down to take his father's gun out of it's holster. With cold detachment, Malcolm raised the gun and thumbed off the safety. He put the gun up to his father's head and the shot was so loud you almost missed all the screams.

Malcolm found himself up against a wall holding a numb hand. Gregor's brick wall of a hand had whacked the gun right out of Malcolm's grip as he squeezed the trigger. The bullet was lodged in a
wall now and he crazily wondered who got the bill for that?

Gregor lifted Shane onto his feet after tossing Samara across the room.

"You in there, Shane? Yeah? Tough little shit, that is why. Charlie, I want you to take your brother over to Arya's room. Tell her I said to escort both of you to the hotel doctor. She is to stay with both of you until the doctor is done with you. Get moving, kids. Right now."

Arya was already halfway into the cafe, she hadn't gone very far hoping to see some funny end results. Now her face was pale with guilt and worry. Gregor glared at her, she might not have known what could happen but he could see she gave the shove forth to help create this chaos.

"Arya, bring these two to the hotel doctor. Now."

Charlie dried her eyes and Brat shakily nodded, leading a still gasping Shane out of the room.

Gregor waited until they were gone before going to stand before the shaken couple. Samara had regained her feet and some sanity. He walked past Samara who was heading towards her son and grabbed her by the waist.

"Nope."

He dropped Samara into her chair then he reached over to yank the fork out of Raff's hand. Raff yelped and hurried to wrap napkins around the tiny wounds that leaked mightily. With a snarl, Gregor held the bloody fork in front of Samara's face as if trying to sell it to her.

"This yours, sweetheart? How is that since the day I've met you, you've been puncturing Raff with forks?"

Gregor crushed the fork into an unrecognizable shape then dropped it before her. He leaned on the table glaring at both Samara and Raff.

"You will both sit here like good children or so help me, I will show you both much more interesting ways to pin someone to a chair with other kitchen cutlery."

Raff wanted to at least bluster but he had nothing. He was shaken to his core, he had no words to cover this, no reference to react upon. No, that wasn't true at all and he knew it. But the reference didn't really work because he was different and so was Aerys.

It was the night that Aerys found out that Rhaeger was truly dead. He let his grief harden into fire, it was always easier to do that.

Aerys was merciless in his beatings, it was not personal, it was whomever caught his eye that night. Three servants died before he was done with them but that didn't save Aery's family in the least. He caught sight of his wife trying to hide the rest of the slaves from his wrath.

Dany and Raff both came running when their mother's screams had reached unbearable level. They were in terror that they would die tonight, all of them by their father's hand. It was the very first time that Raff and Dany fought together to kill their father if need be.

Raff will never forget looking down the barrel, seeing his father as a target. And it wasn't long after almost killing his father that Raff left to never return. So he sat still while Samara silently began to stop the bleeding his cut neck.

"I can hide this for you under foundation for tonight and a wide cuff shirt can hide the small
bandages we can use on your hand."

He stared at Samara's bent head as she worked on his hands and wondered if she knew that she just made him sound like an abused wife.

Gregor walked over to Malcolm who was breathing rapidly, eyes dilated.

"Nope, I'm sorry but you don't get to wig out and escape this shitshow, buddy. I have texted Polliver and he's coming with your magic pill shit. Your wiggy pills. Okay, let's get you to the table, time to have a chit chat with Uncle Gregor. You are just going to do the best you can to control yourself until you get those meds. Whatever you can't handle, I can for you. Just for right now, I'm your partner, okay? So if you need to rhyme, go ahead, do a whole fucking rap if need be. I can translate it. If you need to talk while I put you in a restraint hold so you don't crawl on the ceiling, I can do that. You are safe, I won't let you hurt anyone, not even yourself. But I am going to make sure you get heard, no matter how hard those words are for you. Okay? What is that thing called? I hear you mother scaring the woman to tears when I visit sometimes...advocate! That is right. So Malcolm, I'm your advocate. So let's get your shaky ass over to that cursed rotted out version of Lucy and Ricky over there."

Gregor rolled his eyes at Malcolm's blinking and muttered he was getting too old for this shit. He nearly carried the thin youth to the table, shoving the boy in a chair. Gregor sat between Malcolm and Raff, with Samara on Raff's other side.

"How nice and cozy we all are now. Does anyone wish to explain to silly old Gregor why he almost watched an entire family ruin itself?"

Shakily, Malcolm tried to explain about the prank and how he felt there was no real other recourse left to him.

"How do you go from chasing your mother halfway across the world to save her to killing your father over a family altercation?"

Gregor sighed and shook his head at Raff's outburst.

Polliver had skidded in a moment ago to toss a pill into the boy's mouth. He had stared around at them all, longest at Raff's injuries but left when Gregor told him to.

Malcolm wouldn't feel the effects of the medication for a few more moments and Raff's outburst set Malcolm's breathing back out of whack.

"Don't worry, Dad. I had something for that too."

Malcolm's voice was lower than usual and more rapid, with an underlying giggle that waits to burst out. Raff and Samara know to tread carefully, this was Malcolm at his worst.

"Do you understand what I was going to do, Father? I was going to put a bullet straight through your head and make you dead, dead, dead! You would have been unfed and dead, dead, dead! Filled with lead! I was going to kill you so you couldn't kill Shane. Shane is a pain and with very little brain but I don't want him dead, dead dead! And then! I was going to put in a bullet in Mother's eye. Right through it without a goodbye. Whether she killed you or I did, she would never get over it. She would blame herself and either kill herself or go totally fucknuts, shitting and pissing herself in some institution. No, not my mother. Yours was going to be an execution and Mother's death was going to be a mercy kill."

That wild giggle finally burst forth and Samara whispered to Gregor without looking at Malcolm.
rocking in his seat.

"You can't talk to him while he is in this state. We can only calm him and keep him contained until that medication kicks in."

Gregor slowly looked up to pin Samara with his disgusted, angry but very calm gaze.

"Each of my boys, including your own fucking husband came to me of their own will. Each of them having left home rather than murder their fathers. Each of them had a few very deadly fucking screws loose. Your own husband was the craziest teen I had ever met. I know what I am doing so shut the fuck up. You had your chance for seventeen years and today your son tried to commit a double homicide."

Raff cleared his throat and spoke.

"Gregor, I appreciate everything that you do for us. But..this is my family...my wife actually knows a great deal and so do I about our own son."

Before he could say anymore, Malcolm leaned forward and this time there wasn't a single bit of humor upon his face. His lovely delicate features were clear as sweat has tangled his hair behind his ears.

His normally handsome face was contorted into a cruel cold statue face carved from pure marble and lava. His eyes blazed and Samara knew her son had found his Dragon.

"You do not know as much about me as you think you do. I don't want to hear anything you have to say. Every time you open your mouth or mother opens hers, I get angrier with you. Both of you caused me to be this way...genetics might have fucked up our brains, but you two..you fuck with our minds. I am sick of it. Sick of waiting for the day I come across someone dead that I love because of your fucking tempers! Waiting for father to kill one of us, waiting for mother to kill you, all our lives. It's sick. Tired of fearing you, I'm tired of being a punching bag, tired of trying to protect my siblings from you. Trying to find ways to protect mom from you. Trying to find ways to protect you from her if you accidentally go too far. I can't do it anymore. I won't do it. Not anymore. If I see you ever strike my mother or my siblings in front of me, I'll kill you. If you try and strike me, I'm going to kill you. So I can't be with you anymore. I...I am almost eighteen anyway. I am leaving, call it running away if you want to. Except, unlike you and Polliver, I want you to see me leave. I want you to know what you've lost."

The words struck harder than bullets and he watched his parents pale and his mother began to sob.

"Malcolm, please...we all just made a terrible mistake. We can fix this...we can. We both love you, we love you so much. We never meant to hurt you this way."

The hard face gave no quarter, Malcolm's words were relentless he used them as if they were a Dragon's fists.

"You have been saying that to me, to us, all our lives. When is the stage that you drop that little magical lie? I mean, you let us in eventually on Tooth Fairy, Santa Clause and the Easter Bunny. So when do you stop the other little fairy tales? We aren't fucking stupid. If Charlie hadn't stopped you, my father would be dead right now. Long before my bullet would have crashed into his head. We all know the truth. He drove you crazy after he kidnapped you. We read all about that Stockholm Syndrome and we begged you to read those books or see that therapist, remember? But you don't want to be helped, you don't want freedom or liberation. Today I have finally figured it out. I can't change you or him. I can't change your fucked up twisted relationship. And I can't protect my
siblings from it either. But I am sure I can protect myself now and I am going to. Mother, I love you too. I really do love you and I know that you have dedicated most of your life to my care and safety. But right now I can't understand how easily it would have been for me to kill you and father. I can't be near you. My crazy is hard enough to handle, I can't take yours too."

Raff winced at the sight of his crushed wife sobbing silently into a napkin stained with his hand blood. He reached over and put a hand on her shoulder. To his annoyance she shrugged it off and hugged herself instead. He frowned then stared at his son defensively.

It pained him to see the Dragon upon his son's face. The boy looked more like a young man with every second and Raff could feel a ripping in his heart.

"Why? Why the fuck do you all believe so readily that I am about to kill one of you? Aeyrs, sure! He was famous for it, so were a few others I could mention, but not me! I have the same alive wife I started with years ago, all of my children have survived thus far. If I was going to kill any of you I can assure you it would have happened before now! I admit that I have a temper and have never been known to spare the rod...but to murder you?"

Malcolm gave a tiny laugh.

"Have you ever seen yourself when the Dragon takes you, Dad? You are fucking terrifying and there is no reasonable person in those blazing eyes for anyone to plead with. There are plenty of times I can think of that I thought one of us might die at your hand. Though it is nice to know that you would never have intentionally killed one of us. However, I will bring up that you were trying to strangle Shane to death which is why my mother renewed her efforts to remove your head."

"I wasn't killing Shane. I pinned him to the table by his throat just applied some pressure. It was light strangling at best."

"What the fuck is light strangling? Okay, this is getting you all nowhere. Let's concentrate on the main points here, children."

Gregor was commanding attention again, his bulk nearly large enough to loom over all of them, which he was most certainly trying to do.

"Here is the real big main point. It isn't safe for any of you to be around Malcolm right now. I agree with Malcolm that he needs to separate from you. He needs to find himself among all his own crazy shit without yours adding to it. I am helping him get a divorce from you guys, got that? I want it sparkling clear to you both what is about to happen. I am taking Malcom under my wing, I will mentor and sponsor him personally as often as I can. I am not fostering or adopting him from you, Mr. and Mrs. Targaryen, I am freeing him. We can find a judge easily and have Malcolm emancipated before tonight's meeting. You will have to live with an entourage of my choice, boy. Someone to make sure you take those damned pills and see a head doctor when you start trying to stalk and kill parents on lonely highways. You will remain here in the West and see to your lands. Once I have you declared as your own man, those Targaryen responsibilities will hit your shoulders very hard. Are you ready for that, Malcom? If your not, there is no shame in admitting you aren't ready for something. A few months at my home before coming back here?"

Samara turned to stare at Raff and scramble at his hands as if to keep from falling off a cliff.

"He is taking our son! Gregor is taking our boy away! Do something, please! It's my baby, my boy, Raff, please! Gregor always gets to just take whomever he wants! Not my boy, he can't have my ALL my children, Raff!"
Raff grabbed her hands and squeezed hard.

"Stop it. Calm down."

Samara couldn't though, this was her child and her tiny hands slipped out of Raff's grasp. She was halfway across the table, Raff throwing himself on top of her before she could reach Gregor.

"Oh sweet Gods, little girl, did you just try to come at me? Oh precious, I would break you into a thousand pieces. Look at the two of you, both of you have done nothing but reinforce why Malcolm can't live anywhere around you. Malcolm and I are off to find a judge, I think the two of you had better figure yourselves the fuck out. I mean, just like you said there, girl. You don't want me to have to take all your children, do you? Then maybe you two better sharpen the fuck up, yeah?"

Samara laid limp on the table and cried as Gregor left with her son. Raff rolled off her to lay next to her and he stared at the ceiling while he pretended not to cry.

"Master, is it true that each of you went to Gregor to keep yourselves from killing your fathers?"

Raff shrugged and watched idly as he lay there at the waitstaff creeping back in, trying to avoid the crazies on the table.

"I know it's true of me, Polliver and Dusten. There were others that were running from someone rather than kill them. I am sure deep down Arya ran because she was getting ready to kill someone at the Starks. Probably both her parents, actually."

"What about Gregor? Did he run once from his own father to keep from killing him?"

Raff gave a tiny snorting bitter laugh and sat up, pulling his wife up with him.

"No. Gregor killed both of his parents then raised his little brother himself."

This time when Raff put his arm around Samara, she leaned into him. He kissed the top of her head before forcing them both to their feet.

"I promise you, I'm never going to kill our children. Or you. Can you promise me not to keep trying to murder me? Or at least promise to not stab me with anymore fucking forks?"

Samara looked up at Raff with a smile on her face.

"I'm sorry, Master. I truly do regret what I did. I...I don't want to kill you, I love you. I am still going to sometimes interfere if you go too far with our children. But I won't try and kill you. I can find a way to control that trigger. If need be, I can even go to that therapist the kids wanted to see. Whatever I have to do to keep our children. To keep you."

Raff led his wife out of the cafe and back towards the hotel. When he got them to the suite he was informed by Polliver that the other two children are sleeping elsewhere for the night.

"Shane is coming back to the hospital with me and Piggy for a guy sleepover. Charlie is staying with Waif until Brat returns from the meeting, then I think she is sleeping in her rooms. Malcolm is going to stay with Gregor tonight and be moved into his official Targaryen home tomorrow. Give the kids some time to chill out, okay? They need to perform tonight and so do you. Go put yourself and your wife together. It always calms you to treat her like a doll so go play dress up and pull yourselves the fuck together."

Raff did just that. Samara remained silent and pliant as Raff showered and dressed them both. He
crooned softly to her and it allowed them both a small moment to relax.

By the time the meeting happened, Raff was at the top of his game. Even as he watched his son rise above him, rip away from him and attach to Gregor.

Raff felt pride, angst, sadness and anger all at once as he watched his Malcolm turn into a young man, the more sane version of Dany perhaps. But the media loved Malcolm and Quentyn, as did every single citizen under the age of thirty. Every person wearing a collar, every person tired of working for a wage that no one could live on loved them.

He and Samara watched the news in their hotel bed to keep seeing and hearing their son.
Polliver spent most of the morning trying to hear Gregor's orders and not doze. Finally Gregor threw him out yelling for the man to get over his insomnia. Grumbling, Polliver headed back to the hospital and makeshift office.

"Yeah, insomnia is my fucking problem. How about Piggy in one ear and fucking Shane in the other? If I made them shut up talking they just got loud in other ways! The little kid plays games that make supposed battle sounds. Explosions, shooting and screaming in agony all night. I hate to tell the fucking game makers but sleeping through an actual real war is quieter and less irritating than that fucking thing! And Piggy decides since the boy is up all night, he will be too. And then I have to try and sleep through a fake battle, some comedy shit that is just loud enough to hear the speaking but not loud enough to hear the actual words. What I can hear is Piggy's booming laughter when something is funny to him. For all I know it's the damned yogurt commercial on before the show that he's laughing at."

He glanced up at his nervous Uber driver and snarled.

"Yeah, I'm talking to myself, I have been driven to it! Want to make something of it? I didn't think so."

Avoiding Piggy's hospital room, Polliver went straight to his office and made strong coffee. He sat down and winced, drinking the bitter sludge. It was labeled as coffee from the North.

This was a straight up lie but Polliver chugged it anyway and stared at his cell phone. Sighing, he picked it up and made the first call.

Lucky stared at her staff cell phone at Polliver's name and number.

"Hello?"

"Lucky, it's Polliver."

Clutching the wall, Lucky wailed into the phone.

"I saw the news! Please, tell me that Piggy isn't dead! Oh god, is he?"

Polliver was simply too tired.

"What? Oh..ah, no, Piggy is fine. Healing and time, you know. Not why I called you though. We will all be home in a few days and I'm afraid a little more just got added to your duties. I need you to keep an eye, a much closer eye on Raff and Samara's interactions with the kids. I want a full report every end of week. And to be notified sooner of any real potential danger."

Lucky took a deep breath and let it out very slowly before speaking.

"I spoke with Samara earlier and she said nothing of this. I am also confident that if Raff knew you would call me, he would have told me so himself. I don't work for you, Polliver. I take my orders from my owner, Raff Targaryen. Sorry, I can't help you. Bye."

Polliver blinked at his phone before roaring and redialing.

"Bitch, did you actually hang up on me? There is a fine line between loyalty and stupidity and you
are jump-roping on it! If I am even wasting my breath to talk to another owner's slave then I am obviously delivering a very important message or order. Now, since you are very dense, I will explain it to you very slowly. Gregor Clegane wants this to happen and so therefore I tell you and you do it. Isn't that simple?"

"Gregor Clegane doesn't own me."

Polliver shook his head and wondered if his coffee was drugged. Maybe he was asleep and dreaming this whole thing. Had to be.

"I can't be hearing you right. Did you just decide to say no to a request from Gregor? Raff's own boss? Maybe you don't know who I am talking about. Maybe you never had your head out of your ass long enough to notice things like that."

"I know exactly who rules the North. I know who Gregor Clegane is. I know who I take my orders from, it isn't you or Gregor. It's Raff and Samara Targaryen. As soon as one of them calls me, I will be happy to assist you, once they have given it approval."

"Do you understand that your life is pretty much coming to a painful and gruesome end once I tell Gregor you've said no to him?"

"Yep. I also understand that he will hurt you pretty badly for the failure."

He jerked upright and growled at his phone. He was just too fucking tired.

"You can date Piggy as long as it never interferes with either of your duties."

"Careful observation of the parents with children, a weekly report and an instant report if things escalate, coming up."

Lucky heard Polliver disconnect and she smiled in wondrous relief and victory. Then she threw up for four hours in suppressed terror of daring what she did.

The therapist was steel.

Gregor found the toughest, most criminal worthy therapist he could find in all the West. This was a man who has managed to run the conditioning of slave armies. He was a therapist to some of the worst dictators of the world. It was luck that he was in the area at all.

Gregor's name got him the appointment for the Targaryen family.

Buying the bank that the therapist owes so much money to got him a permanent weekly spot for the royal tempered family in the man's busy schedule. The therapist was truly displeased that he would have to travel North once a week, but he was thrilled to have his numerous debts forgiven.

Gregor was cautious enough to have the first meeting at the hotel in the Targaryen suite before they all headed home. He warned the therapist again as they walked towards the suite.

"All I want is for this family to not try and murder each other. Don't muddle too deeply in what you don't have to. Just get them to not kill each other. At least for the first few times, just try and reinforce not to kill each other."

The man sat in a chair across from four sets of hostile eyes and he smiled grimly. He can easily do
this. It will be the easiest way to pay a large debt ever.

An hour later, Waif leaned into Gregor’s study.

"Is the meeting over? Did it go well in there, could you tell?"

Waif was quite obviously trying not to laugh as she nodded, her wide eyes nearly popping, shoulders shaking.

"Well? Is the therapist that amazing that he has them all arm in arm singing in harmony while Polliver posts it to the internet or something?"

The laughter came now and Waif sagged in the doorway, unable to even speak. She just pointed down the hall and finally got out,

"You’d better go see it for yourself. Oh, it brought them together all right. Oh god..."

Waif began to laugh again and Gregor stormed towards the Targaryen suite to see Arya and Polliver standing in the door arguing over who got the clean up. Gregor leaned over them to look inside the living room and he softly swore.

"Well, in a way it worked. They seem happy and totally working on the same page."

Arya and Polliver stared up at Gregor.

"Father, they murdered the therapist."

"Yeah, but as a family and look, they are playing catch with the-are you going to puke?"

Gregor shook his head sadly as he stared down at Arya’s head as she continued to throw up.

"Just like when you lost so poorly at the dare Dusten gave you so many years ago. I felt so bad and ashamed for your little puking self, that is why I adopted you. I felt so bad for your family, having a wilting flower with a bad stomach."

Polliver swore and muttered he wasn’t doing clean up then he stormed off to call the local specialty cleaners and start the bribes. Not that it would be hard to get volunteers, most of these were middle to lower class workers that already adore the Northern hero to the slaves.

However, the sight of the handsome Targaryen family covered in blood, cuddling in between tossing guts at each other might be a bit much for most of the hotel staff without incentive.

"I think it’s time to return home. If this doesn't wear out our welcome then nothing will and you will get way too tempted."

Waif grinned at Gregor as he carried her up the stairs in the crook of his arm.

"You are trying to be a show off. I can hear you huffing. Smoke another cigar, idiot."

"You are right, it's time to head out. I worry for Malcolm but I know he needs to do this on his own. He needs to listen to his advisors, spend time with Quentyn and his tutors. I worry if we stay too long, Polliver is going to be hooked on sleeping pills soon. I worry that someone will try and kill Arya and her baby before she can get to the safety of our home. I worry for Raff and his crazy family killing every therapist in the North, I think I just replaced one bad behavior with another. Most of all
I worry that if you keep being so nagging to me that I am going to have to put something in your mouth to shut it up."

Out of courtesy of their ages, Waif waited until they reached the hallway landing before biting hard into Gregor to let him know what she thought of his worries. They rolled along the floor without any courtesies given for their age or the age of the poor floor or the hotel occupants. An hour later Gregor requested a flight schedule, it was time to go home.

When Polliver received the text he nearly wept in joy then he promptly fell asleep at his desk. The next time his eyes opened he was laying his head on a pillow at his desk. He bolted upright to find the entire room cleaned and properly filed.

The few folks that came and went were doing so very quietly. There was a perfectly brewed coffee at his desk and more brewing on a counter.

He staggered out of his office and towards Piggy's room. The boy had almost made it back into the bed. Piggy looked up and then pointed at the walker.

"They told me to start practicing using it. So I did. We aren't leaving for six hours, Master. Why don't you take a nap and I can wake you in a few hours?"

Polliver staggered to the couch and threw himself on it.

"Yeah. Fine. I think each of our points were proven. Without each other, we might die. My death will be longer and slower though, so we can count it as my win. Oh and I'm letting you date Lucky and if you start talking I swear to God, I'll rip out whatever piece of you I can reach first. Wake me in three hours and have coffee ready."
Those steeped in tradition, power and money were thrilled to see the backs of Gregor and the Targaryens but the lower classes mourned it briefly.

Until Malcolm and Quentyn said during a media conference directly after the others left, that Gregor has made a generous offer. Any slave over the age of sixteen that wishes to exchange their collar for a labor contract with Gregor may do so.

There will be a plane that leaves in three days. It will show three times a year.

The two young men grimly promised that there would be no punishment by any Master for a slave that wishes to consider leaving. There will be no show of force allowed to stop this process if a slave is accepted and freed to the contract.

The love, support and followers for Gregor Clegane, Malcolm Targaryen and Quentyn Martell swelled larger and louder than anything the West has ever seen. Indeed the tides were turning and even the oldest of homes were forced to acknowledge it.

Everyone noticed how painfully hard Raff and Samara were trying to change. Their dedication level to the children's schooling was always there, but the new closeness, it was work. They spent more time with the children, trying to bond. They spent more time with each other trying to bond, as husband and wife.

It worked and it didn't.

Raff tried to keep his temper level at home, Samara tried to be more loving and attentive to the kids and to Raff. To help Raff keep his temper by being as obedient as she can.

The new part of her, the sarcastic little urges to talk back, to do other things, she suppressed it the best she could. For his part, Raff tried not to strike his wife or children when he felt provoked.

He still gave Shane a bare bottom spanking with his belt for trying to hot wire and drive Polliver's madame's car. In response to that, Samara slashed his tires. Which caused Raff to backhand Samara then lecture her in front of the kids.

Charlie ended it all by picking up her cell phone and filming her father.

"Should I send this to Gregor, Father? He won't care that you are hitting mother, but he will care that you are doing it in front of us. He will care so much that he will come get us. Shane and I love you two and we are all trying so hard. So I need you to stop, please. I need you to try harder or give up once and for all."

Raff froze, his finger still in Samara's bleeding face when Charlie confronted him. Samara walked away very fast towards the house and he let her go. Shane followed her but Charlie stayed to see to her father.

"Can I see it?"

Charlie handed the phone over, expecting her father to delete the film or destroy the actual camera. Instead, he surprised her by watching the whole thing. From the backhand to the finger in the face,
lecturing Samara in his usual bad dog voice.

"At least its not dragon level anger. It is one I can work better with controlling. I'm sorry I did that in front of you guys. I'm sorry that I overreacted."

Charlie raised an eyebrow then gave a faint laugh.

"Oh gods, Dad...you really are something else. I promise to film you when it is Dragon level so you can see what you do. You apologize to me and Shane for hurting mother in front of you. But you won't apologize to her, will you?"

Raff sighed and sat down on the porch then he pulled his stiff unwilling daughter onto his lap.

"When you were growing up, you loved to sit here in my lap on this porch. It was only as of this last year that you stopped. You started to pull away from me. Is it really all about your mother? Is that why you are so angry with me all the time? Talk to me."

Charlie squirmed then settled in his lap, staring off into the trees.

"Yeah, it has to do with mother in part. I mean...I grew up watching my mother acting a certain way. Do you know that I thought Waif and Brat were abnormal women? As a little kid I thought being a mother ment being like MY mother and that being single meant you could be like Waif and Brat. Then I started to go to school and see other kids homes on play dates. That is when I figured out how different our mother really was from other mothers. How different you were from other dads. It really messed with my head. As I got older I saw how much I wanted to be nothing like my own mother. Her deadliness is only on demand, her crazy depends entirely upon your actions, her entire universe is us and you. I can't live that way, so I became as strong and deadly as I could. Do you know...I honestly always thought I would be the one to put a gun to your head first. I never thought it would be Malcolm."

"I'm sorry, I can't imagine how it must have been for you feel that way. I would never expect you to live that way, of course not. Your mother would murder anyone who tried it as quickly as I would. Listen, your mother isn't you. Anymore than either of the boys can be me. Samara is a slave, I'm not freeing her to make you happy. It won't ever happen and if it did, your mother would be devastated. We have a very complicated relationship but it does work for us in most ways. We will continue to work on it but you need to rest your head that anyone would ever see you as less than the lovely bad ass girl you are. Hell, you took on fucking royalty, Charlie. You took on a damned Snake and Gregor allowed you to spend a day as his bodyguard on a raging battlefield. You saw more action than I did this month!"

She let him hug her before teasing her father about his car.

That night Raff came down for dinner wearing a new casual outfit and cologne, his hair perfectly done. Samara became subdued with tears in her eyes that she tried very hard to hide. Charlie frowned and Shane gave a silent hiss of "Loser."

Raff always dressed a certain way when he was off for a night on the town which usually involved a mistress. However, since Samara murdered his last one, he must be on the hunt.

He bent over Samara's head and gave his usual airy kiss to it then they all waited for his usual dismissal of them all. So they can eat dinner and pretend they don't all know his real reason for going out.
"My dear, I won't be able to attend dinner tonight. And you won't be either."

He lifted his surprised wife out of her chair and set her on the floor. Snapping his fingers, Raff signaled for one of their house slaves to come forward with a package. He put it in Samara's hands and she opened it, curious but wary.

"Oh Raff...how much did this cost? You shouldn't waste the money...wait...is this for the new...for your new-"

"No, it's not a dress for anyone but you. Sorry, I forgot that I threw jewelry and clothing for mistresses in your face before. No, this dress is all for you, dear. Don't worry about the cost, you are worth it. Let me get you ready and we can go out for a night on the town."

Raff smiled with warm affection and charm but Samara could only stammer out,

"Sorry? Did you...did you apologize to me? Do you feel sick, Master?"

Rolling his eyes, Raff lifted his wife back up and decided to carry her.

"Don't get too used to it, sweetheart. But I am trying as long as you are."

Samara wound her arms around his neck and whispered into Raff's ear as he took her upstairs to change.

"Thank you for apologizing to me. I am grateful and I love you more than anything. I would never stop trying, never give up. We can't ever give up. Let's face it, we don't believe in divorce, we believe in homicide."

Laughing, Raff gave her ass a slap.

"Okay, I do like the funnier, sassier bit to you. As long as it isn't rude to me...I like it. Maybe I did suppress your personality a little too much. It is nice to see it return. Tonight the only woman I will eat with, drink with and dance with is you. I promise."

As Raff headed upstairs with his wife, Lucky slid into a seat between Charlie and Shane.

"It's a fun night with me and Piggy! Provided you finish your dinners and get your homework done on time. Come on, don't bother groaning over it. Vacation is soon and then Gregor's wedding. I promise that you guys can pick whatever games or movies for us tonight."

Shane's eyes lit up and it was Luck that was groaning now.

"Oh goodie! I want to play some challenge games! Like watching Human Centipede while eating pudding."

"That is so boring and juvenile! Why waste our free time doing that when we can go out and have some real fun!"

Lucky narrowed her eyes.

"Do you really think sneaking out and getting in trouble is a good idea right now? Doesn't your mother deserve this one night? Doesn't your dad deserve the chance to show you all he can try harder? You can't ask them to try so hard then deliberately ruin it by triggering them."
Both kids looked down a little shamefaced.

"Okay, but let's make it a splatter film we all have to eat pizza through. Send this meal to the servants, it's a full huge roast and probably better than what they are having. I want to order a pizza with extra everything!"

Lucky did indeed send the meal to the servants. But not the house ones, they truly were fed well. The meal was sent to the servants that traded collars for Gregor's contract. They worked themselves half to death then nearly starved just to keep their children fed or their roof over their head.

Those were the folks that received the Targaryen full five course meal. Piggy had made sure that the thin, shaking men and women knew the meal was a donation from their former owners.

"Is this their way of making us come back? I won't! I have gone through so much to get this far!"

"Maybe it's poisoned, maybe they want to kill us?"

"You are all wrong. It is simply food that they are aware that you need. They are not going to try and persuade or force anyone to return. As Raff said, anyone who wishes to leave may and anyone who wishes to return is welcome back without any repercussions. I believe him, he has not lied to any of you yet. The one thing you can say about the Targaryens is that their slaves were fed and homed. Their children schooled for free, real clothing, some wages and no one starved. Enjoy the meal."

Raff took great care with how Samara looked. She finally was given a chance to look into the full length mirror and she gasped.

"I look like some sort of fierce princess from another time period. Oh, I love it, thank you! Do you know, I think if you had a different life you would have been an incredible stylist or something!"

He smirked and admired his work, it really was one of his best.

"I think you are right. I would have been amazing too."

He took her to the best restaurant in town where everyone fawned over them. They stopped in at the most exclusive bar for a drink and the promised dance.

"This has been a wonderful night and great press for our family. Everyone is so interested to see if we are a broken home, if that is why our eldest son has left us so early to run a entire country. The media is fed and our social status is renewed."

Raff looked a bit surprised then smirked at her.

"Alright, clever girl. So what is it you would rather have? Do you want to go somewhere else?"

"Yes please, I would. Can I pick?"

They spent the next two hours doing jello shots at an old Northern bar and Samara kept talking Raff into more country dances. She also picked fights with any girl that got too close to her husband.

Raff took her home after plucking three forks out of three crying woman. Instead of punishing Samara for her wild behavior, he rewarded it by taking her brutally until she screamed mindlessly for more. When they finally were sated and lay in their cooling sweat and blood, Raff whispered
"I do love you, just in my own fucked up way. Now go to sleep."

Samara fell asleep with a smile on her swollen and bitten lips.

Piggy had dropped off the food then run back to hang out with the kids and Lucky. In a stroke of luck, Polliver was visiting with the brothel owner and Piggy had time to himself. Since they returned, he hasn't seen very much of Lucky between needing to recuperate and Polliver's constant want of attention.

If he wasn't resting, doing his physical therapies or doing what work for Polliver he can, he was with Lucky. Piggy was dead tired but didn't care. He had the driver Lucky sent him leave him at the driveway, Piggy needed time to make his cane work right.

It was new and harder to use then the walker or crutches for some reason. Just like the other two items, he figures he will get used to it just in time not to need it anymore. Lucky chastised him when he finally made it to the door all trembling with exertion and fatigue.

The kids decorated his cane in sparkling flame colors and Lucky made him iced tea. Piggy knew he had at least until midnight before he had to head back home. Polliver would never leave the brothel early for any reason short of a true emergency.

Polliver headed home early from the brothel. Tomorrow morning he would breed Pickles for the first time. He had extensively searched out the best folks, the best breeding stock. In spite of the danger of the somewhat outdated method, Polliver has decided to let Pickles actually mate.

He has made sure to be aware of all dangers, he will have everything on hand, two veterinarians plus experienced handlers. Any and all equipment that can be used to make it safer has been purchased. Even a fancy contraption to keep the prize heifer from being able to move and injure herself or Pickles.

He was nervous and excited over the idea of getting into prize bull breeding. A nice little side hobby of his own. Polliver made sure everything was ready one more time in the barn before turning to head towards the house.

When he walked inside his slaves told him he had a guest waiting for him in the kitchen.

To his surprise, Arya was sitting in his kitchen drinking Piggy's superb coffee.

"We need to talk, Polliver."
Pregnancy Might Cause Emotional Issues

Polliver got himself a cup of coffee and sat across from Arya, shaking his head. If this is what pregnancy does to Arya, he will pray that she never does it again.

He was originally wary when he saw her in the kitchen, he knew damn right well, they all did, that her revenge caused Raff to lose Malcolm.

"Are you here for your revenge on me?"

That was when Polliver almost leaped out of his own house to run for his life. Arya did something way more disturbing than try to injure him. She started to cry into what seemed to be an already well used tissue.

Her hair was a disaster, her face pale with large dark circles under her eyes. Even her clothes were wrong. Her usual jeans or leather pants have been replaced by cotton leggings. The shirt didn't even make any sense to his eyes at first.

"Oh, its a fucking maternity shirt. Fucked up looking things. I remember Samara wearing those all the time for years on end, I think. Kept popping out kids..."

Arya sob giggled and gave him the finger.

"Yeah, it's what pregnant women wear, Polliver. You fucking idiot. We need to talk, alright? I can't get revenge on you looking and feeling like this. It has to wait until the baby is born and I've healed before I rain fucking hell down on you. So I am just here to talk."

"You aren't going to keep crying, are you?"

Polliver sat down and sipped at the coffee, waiting for Arya to compose herself and speak.

"I hate the way you disciplined me. You can't EVER do that again. Find another way if you have to but you can never do that to me again. It fucking haunts me, Polliver. I am trying to enjoy the terrors of pregnancy and now I am seeing a therapist twice a week over this shit you pulled. Fucking just waterboard me. Hear me, I'm not joking. I already have no idea how I would work with you if I had to right now. You are supposed to be my advisor and right hand man someday? Not sure how that is supposed to happen. You were inside of my body without permission, forcing emotions, feelings I didn't want. Whether it is pain or pleasure, it still wasn't chosen by me. It made me feel ashamed, sickenened and violated in a way I can't throw off."

Sighing, Polliver leaned forward and shook his head.

"It wasn't personal, Brat. It was just a way I could get your head on straight without hurting you or your baby. Why does it bother you so much? Hell, Raff, Tickler, Sandor, Dusten and Gregor himself have hurt you way worse. Gregor used you as a PUPPET, recall that? Or how about rectal hydration? That was inside of you too."

"We all shared those horrible things and it was awful but not the same. I can't explain it, but it was very different. I don't think anything I say about it would make sense to you. I finally spoke to my father. I didn't tell him what you did for the head straightening, but I am pretty sure he understood anyway. I asked him about what you said. If it was true that you were to be my advisor, that you would be what Raff is for him. He assured me it was true. So I asked him about how Raff would go about straightening Gregor's head when it was needed. He told me about this one time where
revenge sort of took hold of his head. Raff made all of you run off, he made sure what few weapons that weren't removed were unloaded. He locked Gregor into a study after drugging his whiskey. When Gregor came to the next day, he was calmer. But in order for Raff to properly remember who was in charge, he broke Raff's arm for drugging him.

Arya walked over to the kitchen sink and wet down another tissue, this one to wipe away the makeup that made her face look so tired. Polliver blinked and stared at the empty coffee cup.

"Ah, fuck. You drugged me. You bitch. Pregnant! You said that you couldn't while you were pregnant! Samara would go from tiny to huge...she would throw up then eat everything around her. But she couldn't hurt anyone..."

Arya smiled and removed the maternity top to reveal just a baggier than usual tee shirt.

"Well, it's only been a month since I've seen you. It takes a little while to get big enough for it to be in the way. We are in luck though! I know a way to hurt you without hurting me! Sorry, it's not personal. But you see, if I let you just get away with shit...you might jump the gun in your counseling again. You might offer it the wrong way, like you did. So this is just to remind you who the fuck I am and who you are."

Polliver tried to get up and fell to the floor. He grabbed his cell and tried to call Raff, Piggy, anyone but Arya easily took it from him.

"You won't be needing this tonight."

He tried to grab onto Brat's leg and pull her down to his level but the blackness crashed over Polliver.

It receded and he marveled at the fact that he was on his back, floating with the moon. It was above him and he was floating...no, that was wheels, he was rolling under the moon. Trying to reach up as if to touch the moon, Polliver greyed out again.

Hearing, feeling himself being slung around, feeling himself shrinking from unfamiliar metal, plastic, rubber, Polliver moaned.

He heard Brat give a grunt of exertion and even now he thought she needs to be more careful. Opening his mouth to tell her that, he nearly drowned when a huge amount of ice cold water sprayed into his face.

It took a few sprays before Polliver was able to focus, his body was heavy and twisted in wrong ways. He registered that he was strapped, he registered that he was naked. Brat came into view and smirked at him.

"Heya. Back with me? Great! I don't want you to miss a single itty bitty thing, my kitty. So this set up here is interesting. I couldn't resist using your toys along with my own. Hope you don't mind. Interesting name is used for this thing I've strapped you to. It's called a rape rack. It figures you would decide to get into natural steer breeding. You just love rape so much you even have to have your bull doing it. It's like a hobby for you, isn't it? How convenient that your hobby matched what you felt I needed. What I love is that you date, actually date a brothel owner. You take her out to dinner, you have even been seen at musicals with her! But when the urge strikes, one of your slaves, some poor drunk girl at a bar, a waitress that is maybe a bit too sassy, you just rape them. I was lucky of course, right? Because I actually had some good memories and feelings about it, right? Yeah, lucky. What about those others, Pollivar? How many of them were as lucky as me? I bet not too many. Only the ones that you really liked, right? Most of them, you didn't care if you hurt them. I
mean, after all, with Tickler and Raff as examples, it wasn't that bad, right? I mean, you never mauled them, didn't remove their body parts, didn't torture them, just your cock and your fists if she was really fighting back, right?"

Polliver was in a panic as Arya began to circle around his immobile body, running a hand down his back to his ass.

"Whatever you are thinking to do, you need to rethink it right now! Brat, I am fucking dead serious!"

Suddenly, her face was in his, her hand yanking his head up higher than his neck could tolerate.

"I am dead fucking serious too! I need you someday to help me rise higher. And I need to make this feeling inside me go away. So I am giving it back to you. And I hope to make you understand just how every one of those victims of yours felt. I need you to understand that you will never do such a thing to me again. You find another, more respectful, more fucking FEARFUL way of helping me. So I am going to get your fucking head straight today on how to never, ever disrespect Arya Clegane."

His body was still so heavy and the restraints held firm as Polliver struggled as hard as he could. His head was facing the barn wall and hose, hanging over this metal and rubber sling. He was at an odd angle, half bent over this rack, his arms and wrists strapped to the sides.

His thighs, calves and ankles were strapped apart on either side of this atrocity. His feet just touched the dirt and hay, his ass was in the air and Polliver was fully panicking now.

"Okay, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done it. I won't do it again. I underestimated you. I screwed up. Please, don't do this, okay? Just..why don't you grab one of my belts or canes? Beat me from head to toe till I sob like a fucking baby, alright?"

"I used all of your belts to strap you in, dear. And caning you, beating you, it has been done by so many. Why not use something original? And think, sweetheart, all you have to do is lay still and take it. Remember when I said I would use your toys and mine? Well, I have used so much of your stuff, it's only fair for me to show you the toys I brought for you."

Polliver actually had no words, he was too busy willing himself to death. In a very casual tone, Arya continued to talk while she showed off the atrocity.

"I noticed that when you are raping, you never remove your clothes. You just undo your pants, pull out your junk and go to town. So I wanted to make this as close to what you do as possible. So these leggings and this shirt are perfect. Look, the belt fits perfectly! Why are you so pale, are you going to be sick? Oh come on, see this as a compliment that I tried to be as accurate as possible!"

"That isn't fucking accurate and you know it! Humans aren't that fucking size! Please, you can't really mean to do this! You do it and I will hate you, never fucking forgive you!"

"Now that is funny. That is exactly what I said to you, remember? And what did you say back? No, you won't hate me and eventually you will forgive me. You were right too, Polliver. Because after tonight, I'll be able to stop hating you and forgive you."

Pickles was uneasy in his pen nearby. He wasn't used to the sound of Polliver screaming, begging and sobbing. The hissing, fake sweet voice threading through Polliver's painful outburst was somehow worse. The bull's ears twitched at the venomous voice.
"Aww..are you crying, poor thing? Was it your first time, sweetie? Good boy, just take it. Does it hurt so badly? Hmmm? You want it to stop? Beg me for mercy and let's see if I have any. Go on, I want to hear you fucking beg me to stop, or I swear I'll rip you apart."

When Arya had finally decided Polliver had enough, she dropped the bloody strap on to the ground then walked to stand in front of her victim. His face was tear stained, it was bloody from biting his own lips. Polliver looked ruined and Brat smiled. It was not a nice smile and Polliver groaned.

"Please...no more. Please...I am fucking begging you. You won. In every fucking way. I'll never do that to you again. I'll never disrespect you again. Just unstrap me and let me go."

"For just giving you the idea, I made Raff lose one of his children. You think I can just let it go at this? I can't hurt Raff that much and let you get off any easier when you committed the actual crime. I got my kittens drowned all right, Polliver. So I am making sure that everyone's kittens are drowned. So, I'm leaving you just like that. Whomever gets here first in the morning can help you out. Hope your slaves aren't very gossipy."

Polliver gave Arya of look of pure grim honest truth.

"Brat, I will murder anyone who sees me this way. I'll have to, you know I have to. Once they unstrap me, I have to kill them. It might be Piggy who comes in here!"

A small wince of pain crossed Arya's face then a glint of steel in her eyes as she spoke.

"Well, we shall have to hope that he isn't the one coming to find you."

"You bitch! You fucking cunt!"

Arya let Polliver rage and scream as she left the barn door open and disappeared into the shadows.

Ever since Gregor has started to offer a freedom labor contract, slaves have taken off at a rapid rate. Almost every single serving girl Polliver had fled. A good amount of their farm and field workers, as well as Raff’s left as well.

Slaves that have felt the lash, ones that had been chafing under their collars for years walked away. A few families desperate for their children to see their parents as free folks left. Some remained out of loyalty, out of fear of the unknown, a few out of apathy.

Polliver and Raff were mildly irritated by it, since that meant getting new slaves to fill the positions. However, once the conditions of the now freed slaves lived in became apparent, they stopped being annoyed. It was only a matter of time before some of the slaves came running back.

Their contract gave them a tiny roach filled slum to live in, hours at some factory or warehouse, hours that exceed way past endurance. The wages barely paid for the food or the clothing on their backs.

They are paid in a check that can only be cashed at the special grocery stores and liquor stores. Shoe or clothing stores, restaurants that have the appropriate logo upon their windows would also take Gregor's checks.

Parents practically had to beg the schools not to call protective services on them. Children had very little food and it was bad enough that Raff created a new law. All the Northern public schools must provide a full breakfast and lunch for every child, regardless of who can pay the bill.
Piggy was leaving, finally feeling comfortable with his cane when three of the worst bullies decided to wander by. He sighed, how does he always seem to attract the assholes? Three slaves that worked directly for Polliver so they felt that they had the right to boss others around.

Of course, they didn't get tempted by Gregor's offer. They had everything they could want, food, shelter, a chance to terrify others into complying and a chance to bully anyone they want during their free time.

"Hey there, Piggy! Saw you show up here earlier! Figured we should escort you home. Looking good with your cane! I like the flames on it, are you like...Ghostrider? Say, did you use your cane on Lucky or does Polliver let you borrow your cock and balls for your date?"

Flushing angrily, Piggy muttered for them to fuck off and ignored them as he headed up the hill towards Polliver's land.

He should have taken the offer of a ride. But the chilly night had seemed inviting now that he got the hang of this cane. Now he was stuck with it and he growled when he heard laughter as he tripped over a root.

Grimacing at the blast of pain, Piggy resolutely continued walking, ignoring the catcalls following him. He headed past a main field and decided to go the quickest route. He can cut past Pickles and the new barn breeding area and be home in minutes.

Hopefully the men will stop following him by then. If not maybe Piggy can release Pickles upon them?

That thought put a smirk on his face as Piggy used his cane to watch out for obstacles as he headed towards the breeding area.
The Things We Do For Love

Lucky stretched and yawned. Both kids were out cold, she heard Samara and Raff head into their room a bit ago. She went to go shower and get some sleep herself when she saw her phone blinking.

It was a text from a few hours ago from Polliver. Just before dinner, Lucky had put her phone on the charger and forgot about it.

Do not forget my report just because of your date. I want it on my desk in the morning.

Grimacing, Lucky tossed the phone on the bed. Tomorrow morning she had to get the kids off to school and then she was to attend Samara on a few chores in the city. She would have to bring the damned report to him tonight.

Polliver won't let her send anything through the computer or phone since all her media belongs to the Targaryens.

With a moan of annoyance, Lucky threw on her jacket and shoes. Piggy probably just got home and would still be awake. He could just toss this folder on Polliver's desk for her.

Piggy had no idea about the deal made with Polliver. It had been nearly unbearable to hear Piggy tell her in exalted terms about how wonderful and generous Polliver was being by letting them date. But Lucky understood the pride and ego of Polliver and kept their agreement to herself.

However, Lucky is sure that Piggy will understand if she did have to explain about the folder. He will understand that her love for him had to come before anything else. Plus, it was really for the safety of the kids, after all.

Shivering a bit in the cold night air, Lucky sprinted up the hill. She wanted to be done as quick as she can. Of course Piggy would understand. Yes, he was a bit fanatical in his loyalty to his own brutal bullying Master, but Piggy wouldn't see Lucky as disloyal.

He would see her as loving him enough to do anything for their relationship. Surely, Piggy would do the same.

Piggy was nearing Pickles stall when the first rock hit him. With a growl of annoyance, Piggy turned around. Enough was fucking enough.

"Don't throw rocks at me like eighth grade fucking schoolyard bullies. I work for Polliver too, you know. Closer than you do, assholes! I didn't see you three invited to join the fighting out West. No, you were here protecting a bull, some slaves and trying to clean up the mess everyone left behind. So stop pretending to be something so fucking special. Leave me the fuck alone."

It began to hail rocks and Piggy threw himself into the tree line to get away from the painful missiles. He couldn't run to release Pickles nor could he duck into the barn for cover.

Not with a cane and his body still so weakened. Using the cane he dragged himself deeper into the dark woods as the men came crashing around looking for him.
Lucky ran almost to the bull pen before stopping to breathe. The light sheen of sweat felt cold in the air and she was looking forward to getting home. To showering and getting some fucking sleep. She walked now, seeing the lights on in the breeding barn.

Maybe it was Piggy or Polliver in there. Hand over the folder and get home before it became dawn. She worried that if it was Piggy he'll want to hear about this spying thing. That was not a conversation to be had this late at night, this tired.

When she heard someone yell, Lucky jumped, startled out of her own thoughts.

"Hey! Forget the cripple! Look, there is his slash! If coward wants to yell big words and then hide, let him. Let's see if his girl puts up more of a fight."

"I'll come out and fight with you! Leave her alone! Lucky, run! Get into the barn and lock it!"

She spun to see the three men all leering and coming towards her. In the trees, Piggy was hollering, crashing, trying to come to her rescue, his cane tripping him as much as helping him.

"Nah, don't worry about it, Piggy. We'll just take your girl as an apology and you can crawl back to the house. Go cry on Polliver's fucking boots. I guess I was right. He really doesn't let you borrow your cock or balls when you visit your girlfriend. We can help with that problem, girl, come here."

Swearing, Lucky sprinted towards the barn. The men hooted, hollered and gave chase. Piggy just finally managed out of the trees and was hopelessly behind, limping after them.

Polliver has managed to loosen some straps and release others. The first thing to go was the belt keeping his head still. He was able to crane his neck briefly to see the door wide open.

He could also see that Brat took his clothing and weapons. Fuck. She did however leave a bottle of ass gel, the fucking dildo and that would easily then bring someone's eyes up to see Polliver's now bloody and wide asshole. Great.

He fantasized of murdering her while he continued to struggle for release from the belts.

One moment it was quiet, only the sounds of his agitated bull and crickets. Then suddenly it was a fucking circus running around the barn. He groaned silently and dropped his head.

It was three of his overseers, collared bullies and he generally enjoys them. The thought of seeing the looks on their faces after seeing him this way, it was unbearable.

He heard one of them yell about the cripple and Polliver got tears in his eyes. Ah, fuck. The only cripple right now is Piggy and please, don't let him come in. It got worse. Polliver heard Lucky scream and then he heard them all coming at once. Of course.

Piggy had managed to make it almost to the barn, he was frantic with worry but now he went still. An instinct, a warning deep inside him, thrumming stopped him. He should have heard Lucky screaming, he should be hearing the boys attacking her. That isn't what he was hearing at all.

"Oh god...oh no..."

That was Lucky, but that wasn't to the men. No, she sounded horrified, stunned and confused.
"Oh fuck! Polliver, what the fuck! Are you able to...uh...stand if we..."

"He isn't talking. His eyes are shut but I think he is awake. Uh, just unstrap him. Girl, go get Piggy, tell him his Master needs help."

"Lucky, do not get Piggy! Hear me? I don't need him, I don't need him to get help. I just need you all to unstrap me. Now."

And Piggy knew that voice, it made him whimper and drop to his knees. He didn't need to know what has happened or been done, but he knows Polliver is in kill mode. He knows anyone near him is about to die.

It was heartwarming to hear Polliver tell Lucky not to get him. It was nice to know Polliver didn't want to kill him. But he was going to kill Lucky, that was certain. Piggy hitched back a sob then looked at his hand. It was curled around the gun his Master had given him. He was planning to scare off or wound the men with it to save Lucky.

The first gunshot went off and Piggy dragged himself to his feet. Another gunshot as they all pleaded and Piggy walked forward, carefully maneuvering his cane. A person flew out of the barn and ran towards Piggy. It was Lucky. The second she saw him, she ran to him and tried to pull him.

"We need to run, right now. He's going to kill me. They untied him and he took one of their guns and starting killing! I need to get to safety, fast! Come with me, he is crazy, he might kill you too."

Piggy shook his head as the tears fell down his face.

"Where would you run to? Home? You think Polliver wouldn't force his way past the Targaryens to kill you? There is no where in the North that he won't find you. Even if you tried to go further, South, anywhere, he will search until he finds you. And it won't be like those men, it's not a head shot for you. Not for a female, a female slave to have seen whatever has upset him so much. If Polliver's pride has been injured, if he is shamed and someone like you saw it? He'll rip you apart, this isn't bullying or raping Polliver. This isn't even the Dragon. This is going to be much worse. And I can't talk to him, persuade him, I can't protect you!"

He grabbed his hair and yanked it in torment. Lucky stared at him then gave a harsh laugh.

"Are you fucking kidding me? Where would I run? You don't even consider coming with me? After all I've gone through and done, after all that you still can only think of him? I don't plan to just stand here and let him kill me! I was just stupid enough to think you'd want to help me!"

"I do want to help you! I love you and I know what he'll do. Or at least I know how bad it could be and I also know there isn't any escaping it. He will find you and slowly murder you. I can't bear you to go through that. I can't."

"You fucking coward. What will you do, just shut your eyes while he murders me in front of you? Why don't you try to be yourself on your own for once in your fucking life! Run!"

"I can't. I have run and guess what I found out? He can't get along without me and I can't get along without him. I love you, I swear I do. That's why I am going to protect you the only way I can."

Lucky couldn't understand what Piggy was doing and then it was too late.

Polliver came out of the barn wearing the clothing of dead men and holding one of their guns. He
saw Lucky run to Piggy and headed their way. He paused when he saw Piggy extend his arm and shoot Lucky in the head.

He slowly staggered over, trying to stifle his pain. Looking out at the line of trees, Polliver spoke, his voice rusty and awkward.

"Thank you. And...I am sorry."

Piggy didn't look up, just gave a sharp nod and silently cried.

"I want the barn and everything in it incinerated. Close down the breeding program."

"Yes Master."

In the morning, while the ashes from the breeding barn were still smoldering, the news of Lucky's death was brought to the Targaryens. Raff was pissed and the children were devastated.

"Having his slave just show and announce my slave was head shot on his property last night doesn't work for me. Not even Piggy, I get some nameless colored thing at my back door! Where the fuck is Polliver? Where is Piggy? I want fucking answers right now."

The slave cringed and backed away. He lost his nerve and bolted back for Polliver's. Raff swore and spun to point at Samara.

"This is your fault! I told you that I didn't think she should date Piggy! The only good functioning nanny we had! I told you this would happen, didn't I? What happens when you and Piggy get close to others? Huh? Why did you two forget that? Did Pepper really mean nothing to you or has it been so long that you both just-"

Samara went to her knees and grabbed Raff's ring hand before it came to fly at her.

"Please, not in front of the kids. They are grieving. I am sorry, I didn't know this would happen. You were right, I should have listened, I'm sorry."

Raff took a deep breath and tried to regain his temper.

"I'm going to kill Polly for this. Uncle Polly has gone too far this time, Rafford. I cannot allow it to stand. I am going to set him ablaze and he can explain to me while he is burning why he killed Lucky."

Raff moved away from Samara and he grabbed Shane by his shoulders to hug him.

"You can't kill Polliver. Right now I want to kill him too. But I am going to find him, find out what the hell happened and I promise to come back with at least some blood smeared fists for you."

Raff decided to take out his wrath upon Polliver instead of his wife and went to find him. Polliver wasn't at work and the house was shut down. Usually there was an open door somewhere, if you can get past the bull and the guards then you are usually welcome. Today every door and window was shut.

He knocked on the door and waited until Piggy opened the door. Piggy didn't move out of Raff's way nor did he offer a welcome.

"Polliver is not available today. Call tomorrow."
Raff was stunned when Piggy slammed the door in his face then locked it. He pounded on the door and threatened Piggy but to no avail.
You Can Have Power Or You Can Have Friends

Brat took a deep breath and read the texts again. She rubbed her growing stomach and wished she could have just one stiff drink.

"Oh lawdy! Look at that face. Okay, you have been feeling sorry for yourself long enough. Why do you disgrace my favorite couch with that pouting little girl shit? I didn't kill those that are superior to you in almost every way I can think of, for you to sit here and disgrace their bones with your drama. Why don't you start with why you are frowning at your phone."

Gregor sat heavily into his armchair and lit a cigar. A servant opened the window and served Gregor a drink that Arya eyed enviously.

"Well?"

"It's texts from...well, everybody sort of. I sort of maybe went a bit far and instead of drowning kittens, I think I burned some bridges instead."

"Really? Read me the texts and I'll help you out. Maybe you've just become over dramatic in your pregnancy. Though I think we can both agree you do tend to take things too far. Go on, read them."

"Okay. The first text is from Polliver. I will resign before I work for you. The day you become leader is the day I become something, anything else but your advisor. You almost cost me Piggy. I want you to know he had to kill his own girl because of you. Do not ever contact me unless it is work related."

Gregor winced and sipped his drink.

"Ouch. Yeah, that is going to take a little work to fix. Continue."

Arya slumped lower and read the next one.

"This one is from Raff. I thought my punishment from you ended when you ripped my son from me and almost cost me my whole family. But no, you had to make sure we suffered a little more. Was it your intent to punish the children and my wife in your revenge of me? Do you know how hard it is to find a nanny for special needs children? No, you don't. You might someday and then you will understand why I am asking you now to not visit my family ever again. We shall meet in business, we shall meet in social gatherings but you are not welcome here. Charlie will not attend your camp. Leave my family alone."

She looked up at Gregor and moaned. His face was grim and he puffed his cigar, as if stalling to speak.

"Keep going."

Swallowing the lump in her throat, Arya continued.

"This one is from Piggy. I didn't know you needed to drown my kittens too. We are no longer friends. Do not contact me unless it is an emergency and you are trying to reach Polliver."

Gregor sighed and shook his head.

"Just finish them, don't bother stopping to get a reaction. Get it all out at once."
Arya nodded and suppressed her tears before Gregor could taunt her for any weakness.

"Samara sent a text. Leave my family and my friend alone, Horse Face. Your revenge has burned everyone here, find some new victims. Please never refer to me as a friend again. Do not call yourself aunt or family friend to my children. Then I received a chilling one from Shane. Auntie Dearest, I am greatly interested in learning to drown kittens. Because someday, I will. I simply cannot wait to see you at the wedding. And then I have one from Charlie."

This was all Arya could take and she paused. She snapped her fingers and the servant nearly killed herself to bring the increasingly mean tempered woman a glass of iced tea.

Gregor raised an eyebrow. He was irritated that Arya was scaring his staff. One of the biggest secrets to keeping successful slums was to cover it with media ready perfection.

The freed slaves that work in Gregor's homes and offices are his with their heart and soul. They have cushy homes, good wages and are clothed, fed and well treated for the most part. When media shows up, when the sly reporter tries to catch one of the servants alone, out on a night off, they always respond well. Having Arya bullying the staff could ruin that.

"Marla, please excuse my daughter's rudeness and temper. It seems pregnancy isn't agreeing with her. Why don't you finish your shift a little early tonight? I am sure your husband and son will be happy to see you home early."

The woman smiled adoringly at Gregor and blushed.

"Thank you so much, Sir. I understand your daughter, when I was pregnant poor Harry would run in fear of my mood sometimes. It's hormones and really can't be helped too much."

Arya blinked and looked up at the woman she has been tormenting all day out of peevishness.

"I'm sorry. I have been a royal bitch to you all day. Didn't think of you dealing with me then having to go home and care for your own family. When does this mood shit go away?"

Marla shrugged as she left, patting Arya kindly upon the shoulder.

"It is different for each woman. And it's not that it goes away, the moods just keep changing. When I come on tomorrow, I'd be happy to give you a book I used that helped. Also, I can answer any questions during my breaks. Good night, Arya. Good night, Sir."

Gregor nodded and winked cheerfully at his favorite, most efficient maid he has. As soon as the door shut, he glared at Arya.

"Do not harass my staff. I need them happy and healthy, ready to defend their careers and devotion to me at any moment. And that woman is one of the best maids I have. If you bully her, then you will have an issue with me. Hell, you will have a problem with Waif who picked that one out personally. She is the one servant that can see and hear everything and nothing. My girl that can get blood out of a specialty rug and tell me who dared whisper a single fucking word that sounds suspicious. Don't mess with her. Now, read Charlie's text."

Arya blushed and nodded.

"I looked up to you. Like a fucking hero. They tried to hide it from me and Shane. That it was your fault I lost my brother. That you hurt my parents for revenge. You hurt Piggy who was your friend and did nothing to hurt you. Lucky is dead and she didn't do anything to you. I don't want to be like you anymore. You and Dany. I really know how to pick inspiration, huh? You are not my hero, you
are not my inspiration, you are not my aunt. You are not my friend or mentor. You are nothing to me. You are the Governor's daughter. Please remove me from your camp rosters. I will never apprentice or work for you."

Gregor leaned back in his chair and looked at his melting ice after sipping the last of his drink.

"Is that it?"

"That's it. I got my revenge. And I lost all my friends."

"Well, I agree you went overboard on the revenge. Kind of like when Malcolm thought he was only going to blow up a few fields of Polliver's and a few barns on his father's land. Instead, he accidentally almost took out half of the Riverlands. At your age you should know better, have a bit more control. But you always were that way, since I've met you, in fact. It appears that pregnancy hormones aren't sweetening that, but rather magnifying it. You are going to have to work at your relationships with Polliver and Raff. I will help with that. I need to have a good talk with Polliver. You need to be concerned about those two because someday when I step down, you'll need them. If they turn against you, if Polliver leaves, what is to stop Raff from simply toppling you and taking over? His anger at you alone is incentive, add greed, power and revenge of a dragon. Those two men keep each other in check. What if they decide to wait until I retire or die then battle you for your position? That is what you might have caused. You are very lucky that I can handle my men. I will have them come a little early, before the wedding so I can speak with them and help fix this bridge.

As for the children and the slaves, it is done. I didn't make it here by having lots of friends, sweetheart. Waif doesn't have friends. Raff and Polliver are lucky to have each other. Piggy and Samara are lucky to have each other. But honey, if you want to rule at the top, you don't get the luxury of friends. You get money, respect, power but you don't get to have buddies. The bridges are burnt, you drowned the wrong kittens and it can't be fixed. Waif is my one lucky person, I have been given the love of a good woman. You have some luck too, you know. Your husband might be dead but that is his son in your belly. There is your loving connection. There is your one chance at having someone to truly care about and have care for you back."

Three days after the barn was destroyed, the Targaryens had a quiet but nice service and burial of Lucky. It was also the first time Polliver or Piggy were seen out of the house.

Both looked drawn and haunted as they silently stood opposite of the golden family at the grave site.

When Piggy started to cry, Polliver hugged him. Samara and Raff hugged their children as they also cried. Polliver and Raff looked at each other while they comforted the others. No words were needed.

Polliver never told Raff what happened but he really didn't need to. Raff wasn't stupid but they never spoke of the exact revenge enacted upon him. They did speak of their hatred of Arya. Of how they can't work for her.

Plans would have to be made ready for the future. For the day Gregor retires. That will be the last day there will be any original Mountain boys working for the Clegane Empire.

First they had to get through Gregor's wedding. They were happy for the couple, they were thrilled for the diversion of celebration. However, none of them wished to see Arya. It did not matter. Gregor expects to see them a few days before the wedding and so they will go. None left for the trip with any true excitement.
Except Shane, he had a glint to his eye that worried his family deeply.
Be As Good As You Can

Gregor sat down at the small table with Waif who looked about in admiration. There was a lovely fire that warmed them in the chill patio air. Winter flowers, roots, berries and tiny white lights everywhere giving a delicate festive look to everything.

On the table were white handmade scented candles, illuminating the crystal wine glasses. Gold rimmed thin bone plates sat on either side of the table. Matching bone utensils and all plate-wear and cutlery had been etched with mountain landscapes.

Waif raised her eyebrow and looked over at Gregor. Then she looked around at everything again and smiled at Marla who was waiting to serve.

"Did you do all this? It's lovely and so creative. I wish I had known your talent for decoration sooner! I would have loved to use some of your ideas for the wedding. However, it is the holiday season but since I have been so busy, I have not made any real effort to decorate. And it is important to do so since the Targaryen children will be staying here for a few days. If greedy Gregor can spare you, I would love to allow you free reign in the house seasonal decorations. You may use as many servants as you need for assistance and anything that needs purchase you may bring to me. I don't mean for you to have to work extra hours though, dear. I don't want to tire you out. I shall make sure that Gregor carves two hours a day out of your normal schedule for the decorating. I will also add the extra specialty work to your paycheck."

Marla's look of gratitude and joy was sincere. Her voice was raw with emotion.

"Oh thank you, Ma'am. You are truly so generous to me, to my family. I would love to help with the decorating, it really is a passion of mine. I promise you, Sir that I will not miss a single duty while I do the holiday decorating."

Gregor smiled and cheerfully said that she can take as much decorating time as needed. He will tell her which hours he needs her the most. Beyond that, he will shift some of her usual chores to another.

Marla dried her eyes before silently and gracefully serving their dinner. Then she stepped back to await their needs.

Waif and Gregor ate quietly for a moment before beginning to talk. After her first glass of wine, Waif spoke first.

"So, no dinner with Arya in the formal dining room tonight? I must say, it is nice not to feel that I have to yell to speak with you. Even with the eaves down, that table is way too long. I don't know why we have been using that room anyway. Before we always used it when we had company. Arya isn't company, she is your daughter. We should eat in the smaller room like a family should. We aren't raising a royal baby, you know that, right? This child should be born into a comfortable family unit."

"I can't deal with her tonight. I needed a peaceful night with you, a dinner without war. We use the formal room so that when Arya has her friggin emotions she has plenty of room to flip out in. I swear to God, if she doesn't stop going between raging and wailing I am going to ban her from the wedding. Maybe I should banish her to her rooms while the boys and the kids are here. What if Samara decides to stick a fork or two into her?"
First off, you exaggerate. I don't think her being depressed is the same as wailing. And the temper bursts have lessened since the doctor gave her those hormone pills. But it is nice to have a quiet dinner with you. And I truly doubt any of our people would dare act so poorly in our own home. Arya is probably going to take some heat, sure, but no one will hurt her. Besides, I am sure you can help fix things. If not, I'll get involved. Then they will all be so busy running, they won't have time to feud, dear."

Gregor chuckled at that.

"I sort of hope to see that. My boys are not behaving very well. Which I take extreme exception too. Didn't I go all the way West to help them out? Didn't I help with the kids? Didn't I make sure that Polliver's pet got the best of care, the surgeon of kings! This is what I get for it. I understand their anger at Arya, I don't blame them for that. She went too far and it's a fact. But to say they will no longer work for the empire they swore their lives too? To dare to turn away the gifts I offer for their futures because they are mad at my daughter? That because she acted like a little hellion, they suddenly decide her last name means nothing? MY name? And Arya wandering the fucking house going between a nun doing penance and a demon taking souls. It is simply disgraceful and intolerable all the way around."

He shook his head as he finished his wine.

"Seems all my wayward children are coming home at once. And they all need old Gregor to fix their fucking heads. That includes Brat."

If there is one thing that all Targaryen children can agree upon and attest to, it would be that sometimes receiving their father's love was worse than receiving his anger.

Shane was beyond misery, ready to deliberately annoy his father. He would rather have a bare bottom caning than suffer anymore smothering care. The continual hugs and pats on the shoulder, the ruffling of his hair, that was irritating but tolerable. In some instances it actually was nice. To see his dad try so hard to do something for someone else, it made it worth it to let the man go a little daddy crazy. So he and Charlie tolerated the lap sitting, as humiliating as it was.

The continual questions were a little much and it was hard not to start answering sarcastically but they used great effort. Then father went totally off his fucking rocker. Shane and his mother were working in the hotel suite playing cards when they heard Charlie shriek.

Raff was in the dressing room and Charlie was holding a dress against herself, bright red and angry.

"Mom! Tell Dad he can't be in here while I am dressing. If you want to do my hair and makeup with me, fine! But I can dress myself!"

He did indeed do Charlie's hair and make up then came to hunt down Shane. Luckily, Shane had already dressed but Raff instantly found something.

"Look at your nails! Long and broken everywhere! I think I see some dirt too. You can't go up to Gregor's like this."

With a long suffering look at his mother, Shane sat down and allowed his father to cut and file his nails.

"Listen. I want to tell you the same thing I told your sister earlier. We are all angry with Arya but this
Gregor and Waif's wedding. We are going to be very happy for them and enjoy our time with
them. What happened is over. If we continue to anger her, she will continue to retaliate. We need to
break this cycle by ending this petty war. Do not hurt or try to kill her. Be polite and stay away from
Brat as much as you can. I need us to be a strong, loving family. Malcolm is coming for the wedding
and we want to show him how we have all worked harder to be a good family."

When Shane was finally released, Raff grabbed Samara and took her into the dressing room. Both
kids gave a sigh of relief and threw themselves upon the king size bed.

"Okay, if he does a full dress including hair, make up and jewelry it will give us at least an hour.
Want to tour the premises?"

"Sure, but just make sure we get back before dad comes out of the room. I have visions of them
running through the hallways, shrieking our names. Ready to hug then shake. Hug then shake. Hug.
Shake. Ugh. It's been more hug than shake and I can't really decide if it's better or not."

Charlie grinned and pulled her brother off the bed. They grabbed the hotel room card and fled while
they could, tiptoeing carefully past Polliver's room.

"Aw man, is that sound, Polliver? Wow, he has been in rough shape since before we left yesterday. I
hope its a stomach flu. I want to puke on Arya. Hey, look! A vending machine with pop tarts! Yes!"

Raff brushed his wife's thick black hair and plaited a braid on either side of her head. He twisted
them together into a complicated small bun that let the rest of her hair fell down to her waist.

"They really think we can't hear them when they leave the room? Oh well, they won't go very far. I
saw at least four vending machines, it will keep them busy. Now, sweetheart, if Polliver isn't better
by the time we get to Gregor's, I'm going to be very mad at you."

Raff expertly hid the small bruise on Samara's face with foundation.

"There, the icky bruise is all gone. I forgave you your actions because I understood why you did it.
Because I understand and feel the same pain. But if your revenge causes Polliver true problems, you
will have to answer for it."

Samara looked up at Raff and nodded calmly. She was barely able to surpass her vindictive glee at
Polliver's agony. She knew that her Master could see it.

"I'm sorry, Master. That I made him this ill. I don't think it is all physical though. It wasn't that much
and it was still somewhat fresh, I thought."

"Naughty girl, I don't think you are sorry at all. That is okay, your feelings about Polliver and Lucky
are your own. I respect that and forgive it. However, I am upset about the children. And I do believe
you are sorry about that too. Charlie and Shane are silent trackers but I wish you heard or seen them
that night. They heard and saw things they aren't ready to handle. I didn't want them to be around
Arya, but I didn't want them wanting to hurt or kill her. If they even dare it, do you know what
Gregor might do? I think both kids understand that they cannot do those things, but I worry."

Samara reached up and stroked Raff's face gently.

"I really am sorry they saw what I did. I know you have done your best to keep them protected and
loved. I would never jeopardize that on purpose. I can't even express how wonderful it is to see you
smiling with the children. It makes me love you so much it hurts."
"I thought you liked that loving me hurt?"

Raff smirked and pushed Samara against the wall and started to slowly squeeze her neck. She smiled back and writhed against him.

"I always love it."

He used his fingers to get Samara wet and moaning then Raff abruptly removed his fingers.

"There now you are punished properly for Polliver being sick today. If he is better by tonight, I'll make you feel all better. If he is sicker, the next punishment won't be such a nice one."

Samara nearly cried as Raff merely moved her back into place and picked up the eyeliner.

Polliver sat pale and shaking on the edge of the hotel bed. Piggy came into the room and thumped a mug down in front of Polliver.

"The hotel doctor said to drink this to settle your stomach. Take these two pills to stop the puking. We only have another hour until we have to leave. This should all kick in within twenty minutes. Then you should shower and I'll have your clothes ready for you."

Groaning, Polliver turned away from the bitter smelling brew in the mug.

"Drink it, Master. It will make you feel better. If I can juggle that plus the pills with my cane, you can swallow a few pills and chug a yucky tasting drink."

"Fuck off, Piggy. I'll take it if and when I want to."

"You need to take it now. If the Targaryens leave, we are showing up splintered. Also, Gregor won't be happy if you are late or sick when you get there. Do you want Arya to see you like this? Take it and take a shower!"

"Get my belt and get over here. I can strap you while I puke! You want to pick up the fucking shovel while I'm sick and half dead? I can still scare and hurt you no matter how fucked up I am!"

Piggy sighed and did not get the belt. Instead he walked over to just out of reaching distance and stared hard at Polliver.

"It's not the shovel, Master. Its the facts. You need to get well fast. You cannot let Arya or Gregor see you this way. You need to have Raff at your side when you get there. The only way for that to happen is for you to drink that stuff and take those pills. Please, take them, you need to be at your best. At least the best you can do today."

Polliver glared back then he swiped up the mug and the pills. He swallowed the pills ad chugged the drink. Then threw the mug at Piggy barely missing his head.

"If this doesn't work exactly as you said it would, I'm taking it out of your hide, injured or not, Piggy. Wake me in twenty minutes to shower!"

Piggy turned down the lights, set his phone alarm for twenty minutes and went for a walk. He walked the hallways and watched the first snowflakes fall from the huge windows. Wandering aimlessly, Piggy came upon the kids who have managed to rob two vending machines.

Piggy shared a pop tart with Shane and confiscated a Monster drink from Charlie. He chugged it and
when the alarm went off, he headed back to the room. Polliver was already in the shower.

Piggy set out Polliver's clothing and then changed his own. He made sure to pack his gun and bullets. But for the first time ever, Piggy wished he could be as armed as his Master.

A wedding is about the worst thing to go see after you've just killed your own girlfriend. Then the addition of having to face Arya, of all of them having to face her. Piggy had a terrible feeling about this wedding vacation but there was nothing he could say.

Maybe it won't be that bad, at least it isn't a place that reminds Piggy of Lucky so much.

They all piled into two cars to head to Gregor's. Raff teased Polliver a little about the fact that they had to rent a room in the first place because Polliver disgraced a highway with vomit.

Samara looked so pleased with herself that Polliver frowned at her and Raff gave her a terrible pinch. Charlie and Shane grinned nastily and Piggy gave his best friend a quick twist of his lips. When Polliver glanced over at Piggy, he only saw the recent blank expression.

He fucking hated that look and wanted to wipe it off the moron's face. Piggy would come around, he will get over it. Polliver was going to be patient, also he still felt like shit. Leaning back on the leather car seat, Polliver fell asleep for the rest of the trip.
Watch For Children

Shane watched the tree tops go by, he watched the snow falling onto the car windows. He watched Piggy's sad face and Charlie's angry one. His father's pensive face and Polliver's sleeping one.

He looked at his mother who seemed to be lost in her own thoughts, she looked hopeful and nervous. Must be about seeing Malcolm at the wedding, hoping her eldest son has forgiven her by now.

Shane leaned back and turned on his music, blasting through his earphones to his brain. The drums beat out a rhythm that matched his thoughts, frantic and furious in a happy way. Shane accepted things easier than his siblings in some ways.

He never got as upset as the others at his parents. Violence and humiliation were not big problems for Shane.

Emotions were a problem for him.

He rarely had any true emotions but when he did, it hurt. And that was something that Shane was always willing to pass along to others. He was like his Dad in that way and accepted it with ease. Shane loved his big brother, his partner in crime and missed him terribly.

Yes, Shane and Charlie have become closer and Malcolm chats with him sometimes in text. But Malcolm is busy most hours that Shane is awake. Also, he sounds different, like he is an adult suddenly. Shane has gained more bonding with three of his family members but he would trade all of them for the old Malcolm back.

Then Lucky, the only other person that Shane truly enjoyed was just dead. Just like one minute he had a big brother then didn't. He had a fun nanny he could actually talk to and bam, he didn't.

He thought back to that day, to how his father came home to tell them Polliver wouldn't come to the door. That Piggy wouldn't talk to him or let him in. His father had pointed at his mother and yelled for her to go make Piggy talk.

Raff was so angry that it didn't occur to him to see where his children were. Samara was in a rush to obey and paid no attention to anything but getting to Polliver's house. Charlie stayed behind to watch her father direct two servants to put Lucky in a temporary shallow grave behind the house but Shane decided to track his mother.

He watched her break into Polliver's house with ease, right through a kitchen window. Sneaking closer, Shane could see Piggy shoving at Samara and telling her to leave before she gets in trouble. That the house is to be quiet and empty so Polliver can rest. So Piggy can rest, so go away.

But Samara was persistent and soon Piggy was sobbing in her arms.

Shane hid while Samara took Piggy out of the house to walk and talk for a few minutes. He couldn't get close enough to hear but he knew it was terrible by his mother's face. When Piggy went back inside, Shane followed his mother, who stormed back home and pulled Raff out of earshot.

Charlie and Shane were hanging off the porch, watching around the corner as Samara whispered something to Raff.

"She WHAT? That bitch just never knows when to quit! Doing that to Polliver is bad enough but to
leave him like that? Arya knew...she fucking KNOWS Polliver enough to know what he would do! She knew he would kill anyone who saw him that way! It could have been Piggy, or me, or you or the children! What if one of the kids was adventuring? That cunt! She could've killed my kids but what does she care as long as her revenge is had!"

"So how fucked up is Polliver? Can't Piggy get to him to even eat something? Fuck. No, he won't let me in and he won't answer my texts. Great, who knows how badly this will affect him! I need him on his feet before the fucking wedding!"

The kids saw their mother staring coldly at their father and Charlie groaned out a small prayer.

"How fucked up is Polliver? How badly is he affected? Piggy had to shoot his own girlfriend before Polliver would have ripped her apart. You don't care if Piggy is feeling well?"

Raff spun from his pacing and pointed a warning finger at Samara.

"Do not pick a fight. Not right now, do you see I am trying to think of what to do? I need to fix Polliver, I need to stuff down my own anger at Arya to get through this fucking event. I need to think...I need Polliver to talk this out with...I need to figure out a way out. I can't work with her anymore...Polliver won't be able to either. We won't leave Gregor, but...when he retires we are out. I just need to think and where the FUCK do you think you are going?"

Samara had calmly walked away while Raff was ranting to stand over Lucky's freshly made temporary grave. She hefted the shovel from the dirt and began to dig.

"What. the. fuck. are. you. doing?"

"I'm going to fix Polliver for you and Piggy. Because you two need him and I need you two. So the perfect way to always get a rise out of Polliver is to pick up a shovel. Well...so I have."

Samara dug until she reached burlap sack. Then she pulled out a blade from her pocket and bent down. Raff looked disgusted as if he already figured out what his wife was doing. The siblings watched with confusion and a dreadful fascination as Samara cut a small piece out of Lucky's pale leg.

"Are you planning to cook that? It's been dead for almost twenty four hours, is that safe? Killing Polliver won't help him. I can't believe I am even letting you try this."

"It won't kill him. It won't injure or maim him at all. In fact, my talk will probably hurt more than the meat pie."

Raff sat numbly while Samara cooked.

"I don't want you getting too close to him. Polliver will be very sensitive. Stay as far out of reach as you can. If he touches a weapon or acts like he might come for you, run. Abandon your plan and your pie, just get out of there fast and come home to me."

Charlie and Shane both followed their mother. She had the pie in a Tupperware in her backpack. Samara didn't use a kitchen window this time. It was clear she didn't want Piggy to know she was there. Climbing easily, she went right to the second story window that led into Polliver's room.

The kids easily climbed after her and huddled on the small patio under the window to listen. They heard their mother click on a light in the dark stuffy room and they heard Polliver swear from under his blankets.
"Piggy, I said to leave me the fuck alone! I'll fucking beat you senseless if you don't turn that light off and leave now."

"Hush or Piggy will hear you. Get out of those blankets and come eat some food. Piggy is worried sick over you, that is sickening enough."

"Samara, get the fuck out of my room. Get out of my house. Fly back out the fucking window you came in, I un-invite you, you fucking vampire."

"That doesn't work on me, now get up."

Samara ripped the covers off the man and shook her head at the pathetic sight. Polliver was hunched in his bed wearing a full jogging suit plus a bathrobe.

"Pathetic. Get up and pull yourself together. Your best friend is burying his best trained nanny, comforting his devastated children and yet, his main attention is on you! Worrying about you! Piggy just killed his fucking girlfriend, he is grieving, he is nearly suicidal in guilt but his main worry is YOU! I am sick of watching the two men I love worry over your self pity. What I see is a man who clearly can dish out something that he can't take as well."

The kids flinched when they heard a sound they were way to familiar with. The sound of a fist hitting into their mother's face, a grunt from her and they leaned up into the window. They were ready to jump in and try to defend their mother even though the thought of fighting an angry Polliver was daunting.

Samara was standing there with a growing bruise on her face but not backing down in the least. In fact, she actually looked pleased with herself, even as Polliver stood over her, fists up, ready to hurt. Then she spoke softly.

"What if it was Charlie or Shane that entered that barn?"

Polliver seemed to freeze then almost wilt. Samara pushed him into the chair, shoving him into the small desk. She put the Tupperware of still warm pie under his nose along with a bottle of water.

"Eat. Drink some water."

Sitting on the stool, dragging it close enough to talk to Polliver but out of fist reach. Polliver morosely ate and drank slowly.

"This isn't Piggy's cooking."

"No, it's mine. I don't cook as well as Piggy but I know I don't cook badly either. So eat it. You are lucky that I remembered your favorite recipe at all. We don't care for it much at home. We are having a service for Lucky tomorrow. You will bring Piggy and comfort him. Raff will want to speak with you when I leave here tonight. He is very angry at Arya for her revenge tactics. Raff was almost ready to leave Gregor's service after Arya's revenge cost us Malcolm. Now she cost us our nanny, she might have cost us Piggy, or any of our lives. This drowning kittens bullshit ends here. No more revenge. Let it end. Before someone else gets hurt or dead over it. You need to buck the fuck up, buddy. I need you to at least pretend to give a shit about Piggy and Raff, okay? Because they stupidly care very much about you. And you have no choice but to go to the wedding. To face Arya and if you can't smile at least keep your mouth shut."

Polliver was almost done with the meat pie and then he banged his fists upon the desk.

"Woman, I don't need your nagging or lecturing! Your goal is accomplished! I am up, I am eating
and drinking! I will see to Piggy and I will talk to Raff! Now stop pretending you have any right to be telling me what to do and get the fuck out!"

With a satisfied smile, Samara headed for the window.

"Just give that Tupperware to Raff when he comes by. He can get it back to me. Do not have Piggy wash it or return it, do it yourself or hand it to Raff."

Polliver didn't question a strange statement from the strange woman and rudely waved her away. The kids had to scurry to move away behind a large potted plant before their mother hopped out of the window.

They followed her home and watched as she walked up to Raff. He had been drinking whiskey and staring unseeing at a television show. The kids sat on the dark back stairs that belonged to the servants which gave them a bit of a view into the living room. Raff looked up at Samara as she came in.

"How did it go? Wait, come here. Right now."

The kids winced at the sound of the suddenly acidic voice. But it was full of some form of dark jealousy, of twisted possessiveness and almost dragon level anger. They could see their mother come forward till she was touching his knees.

Raff reached up to grab Samara's jaw and turn her face in the light to study it.

"Polliver struck you? Didn't I tell you to stay out of his reach?"

"Yes, Master, I'm sorry. I tried to stay out of his reach but he lunged too fast. It was only once and it didn't even knock me down. He ate and drank, he got up and is ready to deal with Piggy and speak with you."

"He used his fist on you. He knows the rules, only when I leave you in his care can he hurt you if you deserve it."

Raff yanked Samara over his lap and gave her several hard slaps on her still clothed ass. Each whack was punctuated by a word.

"He could have really hurt you! You never listen! I told you to keep out of his reach."

Samara cried out and the kids deliberately looked at their own feet. However, the spanking was much quicker than most Raff would deliver and it wasn't bare bottomed or with a weapon. Raff set her back to standing and growled as he stood up.

"I'm going to beat the living shit out of Polliver. Go to bed right now."

The kids followed their enraged father to Polliver's house. He didn't bother to try knocking or climbing at all. Raff simply hefted a rock through the kitchen window and climbed through it. Piggy hollered and waved his arms until Raff turned to growl at him.

"Don't you even dare. My wife is worried sick over you. Go eat something, you look terrible and if you say one more word to me I'll make you look worse."

Piggy stayed against the wall until Raff stormed up the stairs then muttering, he began to clean up broken glass. The kids climbed to the second story patio again and peeked inside.
Polliver had just showered and was pulling his jeans on when he was tilting his head, hearing the commotion. Then his door was kicked open, the lock breaking. The kids watched as the Dragon burst in and first sent a fist into Polliver's jaw and another into his stomach.

"How dare you hit her? I don't give a fuck what you went through, you had no permission to strike my Samara! She brought you food and got you back up and you strike her? My wife, my pet, my property? Have you truly lost your fucking mind?"

"Sorry, alright, sorry! Off of me, or I swear I'll get my gun and shoot you!"

Raff gave Polliver a final kick then backed away, trying to get his breathing under control.

"You shoot me and my wife and kids will kill you before you could get away."

Snorting, Polliver limped to sit at his bed and grumpily responded.

"They might have a party first, then remember to come kill me. For appearances sake at least."

Raff sat down heavily in the chair Polliver used earlier. He looked at the Tupperware containing only traces of pie crust and meat, grimacing a little. He nudged it away from himself a bit then looked over at Polliver.

"You know, I am really wishing you never taught fucking Brat about drowning kittens! I mean, you could have let Gregor do it himself! Like the rest of us did! Maybe then she wouldn't have been so vindictive to us about it! Maybe we should have risked her miscarrying after all. You found the one fucking thing that sent her right over the edge."

Polliver stared hard at the ceiling as his words clipped out of a tightly pursed mouth.

"We are not going to discuss what Brat did to me. I don't care if you and Samara know, if Piggy knows, but if any of you say a single fucking word of it to me...."

"Don't worry, I have no urge to discuss that with you."

"Oh, take that container with you. Samara said to give it to you and not Piggy, who the fuck knows why?"

Raff stared at Polliver for a moment then burst into laughter.

"She didn't tell you what you ate, did she? Maybe she thought you would do worse than just a simple punch if you knew you ate the day old corpse of Lucky."

Raff laughed while Polliver rushed to the bathroom to puke after cursing Samara. At that point, Charlie pulled Shane away and they silently went home and to their beds. Shane didn't understand what Arya did to Polliver except that it was so bad it would have made Polliver kill anyone who saw him. That is why Lucky had to die, she saw Polliver. And Piggy loved Lucky enough to kill her for Polliver.

What Shane was mainly interested in was two things. One, Arya is the cause for the misery, for the death of Lucky and worse of all, the loss of Malcolm. Second, this drowning kittens, this devastation of revenge over it.

The next day he texted Malcolm to ask if he knew what the term drowning kittens meant. Malcolm has heard most of the stories from their father's glory days and indeed knew what the term meant and
told Shane.

Shane watched as the car pulled into Gregor's driveway. He knew he couldn't wait to show Arya his own version of what drowning kittens might be.
Waiting

Harry tickled his son Robyn under the chin and then looked up at Marla, frowning.

"Where are you going so early, love? The Cleganes will be giving all those holiday speeches this morning plus passing out those charity gifts. They won't be home until afternoon. Both of us will be working all day and half the night, can't we both spend this time with our boy?"

"I wish I could, Harry. But the Targaryens are coming early while the speeches are getting done and so is Warden plus that sweet young man he has. And those lovely children deserve to see the decorations complete when they enter. I just want to make sure the last details are all done then I will come back here for a little bit."

Sighing, Harry nodded but he gave a sneer to the television screen. The news was showing Gregor, Arya and Waif all smiling as the large imposing man smoothly spoke into the microphone.

"Now Harry, you aren't getting upset again, are you? We are very lucky to have what we do, to be in such good positions. I feel bad for those less fortunate too but you know it's terrible to be mad at Gregor when he does so much for us, for our son. Both he and Waif love Robyn."

"We are only living this well because we are his direct staff, Marla. Most are starving, freezing in his slums."

"He just turned on heat in all the tenant and work buildings. I heard him give the order myself."

"Yes, only after it started to snow. After a few freezing deaths already happened."

"Gregor added not just a holiday bonus to every worker's check but added a permanent addition of one hundred dollars to be used at any food or clothing store for each child a family has."

Harry snorted and put his son on the rug to toddle about.

"He added a measly bonus of a few bucks to each workers check. And the only reason he added the addition of extra money for kids is because things were horrible enough, some families were returning to their Masters. I hear in the Riverlands that half of Senator Targaryen's slaves returned and a good fourth of the Warden's would rather kneel willingly for their collars back rather than have their children starve."

But Marla refused to lose her good cheer nor her carefully placed blinders as she continued to get ready to leave. She gave Harry and Robyn kisses goodbye and left.

Harry watched her trudge through the snow up towards the main house and he silently seethed. But he smiled at his boy when the little guy came to offer a stuffed bear.

"It's alright, Robyn. We can wait. Right, little boy? That is what my mother used to say to me when that was my name. Such a long time ago but I remember she would always say that."

Harry sat back as his son went to play with another toy and he reminisced. He remembered his mother always holding him so tightly. When his father died, his mother held him even more.

Eventually, Robyn would squirm and cry. Sometimes he would scream and bite her, scratch at her but she wouldn't let go for hours and hours.
Servants would sometimes wrest him from her to clean them both of his soiled diapers. They would force her to eat real food, but she only allowed Robyn to drink from her breasts. He got weak, his muscles started to waste away before Uncle Petyr showed up.

This hero forced his mother to put him down for a few hours at a time. Petyr convinced the woman that a six year old boy needed some real food or he will die.

But Robyn's mother still refused to stop nursing him, wouldn't stop holding Robyn until the boy was hysterical. Petyr then called someone called Aunt Cat. They ripped his mother's arms away from him.

When she went wild on them Aunt Cat pushed his mother out the window and she never held him again. She was put into a coffin and taken away forever.

Robyn thought he would go home with Uncle Petyr or Aunt Cat. But they didn't want him, they wanted his money, his property and titles. He was sent to stay with different strangers.

They always took cold, careful care of him but never got close or attempted to. Then one day the family he was staying with was taken away and so was he.

He found himself in a cold stone school run by Kevan Lannister. Robyn told Mr. Lannister who he was, his real name. It got him no leniency, if anything it got him a scathing lecture from the imposing and pompous man.

On daring to use privilege in a prideful and sinful way. He might have accepted this and resigned himself but for one thing.

Robyn watched how Waif and Gregor came to speak with Jaime and Tommen Lannister and Loras Tyrell. They were going to get saved, yet again Robyn wouldn't be helped. He was learning the only way to get help was to help himself.

The only person in that hellhole that made it's existence tolerable was a girl named Lucky. They worked in the sewage tunnels together to avoid the bullying teachers and students. Robyn had decided to go back to the name Harry and that seemed to please Kevan Lannister.

He had commended the boy for giving up his name and estates to Kevan. He had told the boy he was proud of him for choosing to work such a hard chore in between his educational and prayer hours.

Then one day everything exploded and he was one of the few survivors along with Lucky that made it out. They were sent to Raff who sent everyone but Lucky to the fields.

Robyn had full meals, a clean warm place to sleep and back breaking work all day. He had a collar around his neck that made the joy of slaves being allowed to go to a bar sour to him.

It was shaming for others to see he was owned by another person. On the other hand, Robyn had not bothered to tell Raff who he was. Why bother?

He was one of the first to run the second Gregor made offers. Robyn was just lucky enough to get interviewed for housing staff. He made it to kitchen staff.

When he got on the bus to be heading for Gregor's estate he met Marla. She had been one of Polliver's maids and had leaped to sign a contract the second it was offered.

Both moved up quickly at the house, both loyal and hardworking. They dated for a year before
asking permission to marry. Waif reminded them that they were free and needed no permission to do so.

However, Gregor offered free use of one of his function rooms in the main house for the small event. Waif had the staff attend and hired a catering service plus a wedding band. It was known by then that Marla was a favored servant.

Harry was barely noticeable to his employers since he mainly worked in the kitchen. They noticed him as Marla's husband and then as Robyn's father. That was alright, when the time was right, they would know exactly who he was.

Marla utterly loved her employers and Harry detested them but he loved his wife and child. That is why he waits and doesn't just get rash. He wants to do this right as to not hurt his son or wife.

Robyn starts to cry a little and Harry suddenly sees that he has been holding his son tightly. The poor kid was squirming and Harry had to force himself to put the boy down. And not keep holding him tightly why they keep waiting.
Improving Morale of Lower Ranks

When Gregor led Waif and Arya into their home after the speeches, the Targaryens, Polliver and Piggy were all waiting for them. The greetings to Gregor and Waif were warm from the children and respectful, even cheerful from the adults.

Arya was greeted by all of them with a formal polite iciness that made Gregor nearly wince.

Judging the group for only a few moments told him how much they all needed his intervention. As he told Waif it was so bad that he was going to have to start at bottom and work his way up.

Which is why late that night Piggy was sitting at a fireplace when suddenly he heard the heavy steps behind him. He looked up to watch Gregor sit in a chair and join staring into the flames.

"I could make Polliver release you, Hot Pie. I could get rid of that collar once and for all, if you'd like. Hell, I already know that you are qualified for a cushy office job. Anywhere you'd like. Here or maybe working for Malcolm in the West. If I ordered Polliver not to come after you, he won't. If you can't live under him any longer, if you hate him that much for what you had to do, then I can free you."

Piggy looked directly up at Gregor and spoke firmly.

"No thank you. I would never leave Polliver for any reason. I killed my own girlfriend for him, I would never leave him for freedom and a cushy job. And please call me Piggy. It's my name now and I'm used to it."

"I sort of knew you wouldn't take me up on my offer. You are loyal to Polliver, always have been. Well, are you planning to kill yourself then? Because you can't go on too long with that much anger and guilt going on in you. It's all over you, it's noticeable to everyone and I find it rather distracting myself. Of course, if you accept the fact that you are really angry with Polliver and Arya, maybe you won't have to commit suicide. The guilt lessens when you see that two folks you loved and trusted made you act so rashly. Then you can face them with it and deal with it, move on from it."

Gregor watched as Piggy gave a bitter laugh and looked back at the fire.

"I don't get to be mad at Polliver. And I am not going to get anywhere speaking with Arya either."

Gregor stood up and stretched.

"Well, you could maybe find another way to express your anger at Polliver, you are a smart boy. And I bet that Arya would enjoy a chance to speak with you. She fucked up and knows it and feels a shitload of guilt too. It could work out for you, or you could take me up on my offer. Or you could just kill yourself. But if you choose death, try to do it after my wedding back at your house, okay? Good night."

Piggy continued to stare into the fire. He didn't go upstairs for quite some time.

Samara showered, got dressed and headed downstairs. She intended to take advantage of her family's sleeping in to have a quiet breakfast. However, when she headed towards the kitchen a maid she vaguely remembered from Polliver's blocked her way.
"Good morning, Mrs. Targaryen. Mr. Clegane is waiting for you in the small breakfast room. He said he had a feeling you would be up early and was eager to have you join him for breakfast."

"Of course. Thank you, Marla."

Samara warily entered the small dining area and saw only Gregor sitting at the table, sipping coffee.

"Come in, sit down. I have the chef making us some cheese omelets. I remember you like those. Don't look so damned hesitant. I won't poison you with food or drink. Poison isn't my style, you should know that by now. Though I am still annoyed that you actually thought to leap at me last time I saw you."

Blushing, Samara looked down as she sipped at the offered coffee.

"I apologize for that, Sir. When it comes to my children, I overreact."

"When it has to do with your children or your husband, you overreact. However, only in extreme circumstances. I understood your trying to kill Raff to save your child's life or avenge their death. Coming at me was stupid, but I understood it. I was threatening your family by removing your son. But I also know you are smart enough to see that it was the best thing in the end. I saved your husband's life and yours by doing it. I saved Malcolm's sanity by doing it. When you see Malcolm for yourself, you will see that. But you are perhaps feeling now that Arya put your husband and children in danger as well. And if you are crazy enough to come at me for a perceived threat, what is stop you from going after her?"

Samara's face paled and she shook her head.

"No, I swear I'm not going after her. None of us will. I made Polliver swear to it, Raff made even the kids swear to it. There is to be no retaliation, it is over. The whole revenge game has to end, we all agreed to that. And I swear that both Raff and I have been trying hard to be good for the children. You could ask the kids for yourself or Piggy or Polliver or any of the staff at our homes! There is no reason to take my kids or to hurt Raff. I haven't done anything wrong, none of us have!"

Gregor said nothing while Marla served the omelettes and in fact he said nothing until he ate a third of his omelet.

"I believe you. At least I'll give you the benefit of the doubt and see how you interact with Arya. As for your home life, it has improved quite a bit, I agree. You both have been doing better with the kids, I see no reason to take them from you as long as that continues. I had a spy in your home, did you think I would trust your word for their safety? For what it's worth, it might take the sting off the loss of Lucky to know that she was my mole. I got her to spy and give me weekly reports including video clips of any type of family violence. Her price was quite cheap, she just wanted to date Piggy. The boy doesn't know and I figured he was suffering enough without my adding that type of news. Or do you think I should tell him?"

Samara began to calmly eat her omelette and replied very calmly.

"I think you are right. Piggy has enough to upset him. It will be fun to spend time seeing my good friend Brat again, I am sure that we will be a great example to the children. I will take care that they see how I have given up my petty anger and they will do the same."

Gregor smiled and they ate in silence until Waif came in to join them.
Charlie reloaded and aimed, fired.

"Don't bother, Sir. I hear you coming in this snow."

"Don't bother? Don't bother what? Walking on my own land?"

"No, I mean don't bother to pretend you are here for any other reason but Arya."

"Oh? Well, let's see. You are out here putting bullets into the snowmen she made with you an hour ago. So...it made me wonder."

"What should it matter to you? I played with her and Shane all smiling while the press and those invited kids were here, didn't I? And Sir, I don't need you to tell me not to bother Arya. My parents, Piggy and Polliver have drilled it into my head."

"I am going to tell you something different. I think you should stop shooting snowmen and after you unload your weapons, go talk to Arya. Tell her how you feel, then listen to what she has to say. Letting your anger at her build won't help either of you. Eventually, it will spill over onto someone. Maybe not the person who you actually want to hurt but others."

Charlie muttered that she would think on it then bet Gregor she could shoot better than him. Gregor won and Charlie was forced to suffer everyone's stares at lunch. Finally, Raff shook his head and said tiredly,

"What exactly am I seeing here?"

Gregor grinned and Charlie simply grimaced in her frilly dress and hair done in velvet bows.

"If my shot hadn't been off by the wind, it would be Gregor sitting here wearing a Santa Claus costume."

Gregor had an official meeting that couldn't be ignored after lunch and that gave Shane his chance. He has been spying and has observed Gregor hitting up each person one by one. After Charlie, he knew he was next.

But he wanted to deal with Arya in his own way without interference of Gregor. So as soon as he saw Gregor shut his conference room door, Shane flew to find her. In a small upstairs room that was all pastel blue he found Arya sipping hot chocolate and eating an entire plate of gingerbread cookies.

"Hey, isn't it wrong for the adult to hoard and consume all the treats on the kids?"

Arya looked up with a bit of surprise and guilt then gestured to the plate of cookies. She leaned back on the couch but made eye contact with the silent maid that was dusting in the room.

"Another hot chocolate, please? Thank you. Here, have some cookies, Shane. I'm glad you came to visit with me. I can't stop eating these stupid things. First I couldn't stop throwing up, now I can't stop eating."

Shane smiled and started to chomp into a cookie. He carefully bit the legs, arms then head off the cookie as Arya ate another one herself. They crunched companionably for a moment until Shane's hot chocolate showed up. The maid finished her dusting and left.

Shane grinned charmingly at Arya then moved fast, so he was kneeling between her legs. One small
"You are already bigger since the last time I saw you. I heard that it was going to be a boy. Does that mean you will get really huge before delivering the baby?"

Arya tried to not stiffen but she saw a threat swimming in the clear blue eyes.

"Shane, you are way too close to me and my stomach. Don't make me nervous, kiddo. Back up or sit up here on the couch with me. I know you want to talk and I want to hear you. But sit like a normal kid, alright?"

With a face so innocent it could have belonged to an angel, Shane nodded and curled up next to Arya on the couch.

"I do want to talk with you, Auntie Dearest. You caused a real lot of trouble and I'm sick of seeing everyone so upset. And you got my brother taken away because you were mad at Rafford. You got my nanny killed because you were mad at Polly. I don't like change and you made lots of changes in my life because you wanted revenge. This has greatly vexed me, Aunt Dearest. Vexed, I say!"

"Shane, I don't know who told you about any of this but..."

"Oh no one told me or Charles a single thing. We just followed our angry parents around until we figured it all out. Well, most of it. I don't know what you did to Polly to make him so deadly. Our Parentage were shocked and angry when Charles got in a fight with them and accidentally spilled that we saw and heard things we shouldn't. We both got a strapping for doing such a rude and dangerous thing then our parents tried to talk us out of being angry with you. They wouldn't answer questions though. I wanted to know what drowning kittens meant but they wouldn't tell us. So I texted Our Highness of the West. King Malcolm had heard the term before and he explained it to me."

Arya sighed and put down a half eaten cookie.

"I made mistakes. I went overboard because I was angry. I never should have dealt with your family the way I did. I shouldn't have deliberately left Polliver in a position where he had to kill. I believe that your brother is in a better, safer situation and that you are in a better one too. I share the guilt for Lucky's death and I know I have to speak with Piggy. I am sorry I caused so much turmoil in your life, Shane. I really am."

"Excellent, Auntie Dearest! That is what I want, for us to put our relations back together! To be in unity again! So it's all water under a bridge, all over with, right? Great! I am sure that as Greggie Weggie makes the rounds, he will force us all to be chummy. I would rather have ours be natural and not forced. So I am going to just speak about one more little itty bitty thing. Just to make sure you and I are on the same exact pretty page, Auntie Dearest!"

Leaning too close again, Shane looked into Arya's eyes as his voice waxed soft and lyrical, similar to his father's when speaking to his wife. It was a voice that shows just before the Dragon shows.

Arya stiffens a little, she instantly thinks of Raff when she hears Shane's tone. But she stayed still sensing movement might set him off. With his handsome little earnest face and blazing eyes, Shane spoke while giving the sweetest smile to Arya.

"I must tell you, can I, dare I, share with you a little secret, my vengeful Auntie Dearest? I was intrigued by the drowning of kittens. It sounded so interesting that I want to confess to you that I did something. Just before we left our land to come here, I went for a walk. I saw a little boy, he had
thick brown hair like you do. He reminded me of what your son might look like someday. Well, he was playing with actual kittens. His parents were field workers and he was playing with a bunch of other kids on the farm. The lady watching them all was dozing, a very bad example of a babysitter, I say! The boy was a bit away from the other kids, hiding behind the barn where the kittens had been born. I went over and he showed me these adorable balls of fur. I petted them and they were so tiny and soft, adorable really. Then I dragged over a bucket of water and drowned each kitten in front of the sobbing boy. I told him if he told that I would drown him too. I have to admit, it was quite satisfying to drown someone's kittens, you are correct! I enjoyed the results of following your example. Now here are my questions, Auntie Dearest. First one is, do you think what I have done will negatively impact that boy as he grows up? Have I caused a significant change to him or others around him by my actions? Would I have gotten a better chain reaction if I had drowned the boy as well?"

Arya stared at Shane in complete shock and horror as the boy leaned closer with his gentle smile. "Oh, my last question is this. If I someday meet your son while he is still impressionable and too small to protect himself...will he have any kittens for me to drown? Or maybe a puppy or a duck or lama? Because what if you decide more revenge is needed? Then I must retaliate and if the boy has no actual kittens or pets for me to drown...what do I have left to drown?"

It was with distinct joy that Shane saw Arya look so upset.

It was with extreme irritation that Shane saw Gregor had come in and heard the end of that discussion.
A Mountainous Lesson

Shane gave his best, most lovable Targaryen face he has and Gregor looked utterly impressed. And almost comical in a scary way that made the boy quite wary.

"Arya, when was the last time your old dad had his hearing tested? Just now, the silliest thing, you'll both laugh. I swore I heard a little golden shithead threaten my daughter. Stupid, right?"

Gregor heaved himself onto the couch and for one terrible moment Shane thought, Oh gods, this is how I die. Gregor will literally sit on me and peel my flattened corpse off his ass when he stands back up. Even as a ghost he would be too ashamed to ever come back and haunt his siblings. They would laugh over it for years.

Shane threw himself nearly into Arya as Gregor's tidal wave of bulk and priceless cloth. Even as he managed to clear all of his limbs from Gregor's sitting, he found that he kept sort of slipping into a dip. Arya was pulling away from Shane and that made him nearly get sucked into the cushion slide.

Utterly thrilled with Shane and Arya's discomfort, Gregor smiled brightly.

"I think it's time I joined this conversation. Shane, I was hoping to speak with you before you spoke to Arya. As I suspected you were already on your own little terrorist attack. Listening to my amazingly honed instincts I cut my meeting short to see you. Now Arya, stop looking so appalled. He is Raff's son, what did you expect? Remember he is a boy, not even a teenager yet. Sit there ad calm yourself while I speak to Shane. Alright, little killer, I want to hear the full conversation you've had so far with Arya. Don't lie, exaggerate or sugar coat a thing, boy. Arya is right here and can tell me if you are lying."

Shane nodded and with bright clear eyes he repeated himself. Gregor was most interested at Shane's own actions and the little sociopath was eager to show off his talents.

"Now, you could be just trying to scare your buddy Arya but how do I know if you really did that?"

Hook, line, sinker and Brat relaxes a little. This is when the story will unravel and Shane will have to admit he never did such a thing.

Except Shane gave exact detail to the barn Arya herself has seen. He gave the parents names and where they lived on Raff's fields. Shane smiled and gave a loving description of how he tormented the little child.

Gregor stared hard at Arya to keep her sitting and silent while the boy started to explain how it felt to drown the kittens. As the boy continued to try and share the rest of the story beyond that point, Gregor was texting on his phone.

The phone turned towards Shane after a moment as Gregor interrupted him.

"Is this the boy and the parents?"

Shane peered impatiently at the owner's picture for a family of slaves.

"Yep. It's him, it's them. Gregor, I already am way past that. I am telling you about the questions I had for Auntie Dearest."

Gregor gave Shane a wide eyed look then with a dramatic formality, he waved a thick arm.
"Forgive me, fine young Sir! Continue, if you please!"

"Thank you, Governor. Very kind of you."

While the boy finished up his threats to Arya, Gregor continued to text and read something on his phone.

"I have finished. Did you catch all of the questions or perhaps I should text them to you, my fine Sir?"

"I most certainly did hear the threats, the questions. And I am even going to answer them for you."

"I appreciate that most deeply, My Lord Gregor! However, I wanted my Dearest Auntie to answer the questions. It is sort of why I chose her to ask the questions of. You do understand, oh great Mountain of men?"

Arya couldn't decide which was worse. She was horrified at what Shane has done. At the thought that he might someday do the same or worse to her son is a piercing pain in her heart.

But Gregor has a look on his face that Arya hasn't seen in years but it still produces the same results. Her back straightens, feet flat on the floor while terror and adrenaline flood through her sickeningly fast. This was Gregor the Mountain ready to put his naughty children in line. The boogeyman of so many shaking boots.

Gregor stood up and the twinkle in his eyes, the rosy cheeks, it was too much and Shane burst open his mouth. He was still clutching the cushions that became a thrill ride mimicking a tsunami as Gregor stood. Strangely, Arya shot to her feet, like at attention as the very large man stood up.

"You look like a bald Santa Claus suddenly! How do you change your face so good all the time? I am as good as my father but it's a different way. Oh wait, I get it now! When Dad speaks the nicest, softest ways, that is when he is really dangerous. So if you act all cheery and fun that means...oh shit."

Shane tried to bolt but he somehow ran his face straight into a huge ham hock. It took a moment for him to figure out he just rammed his own face into Gregor's hand.

"Pathetic. What kind of good killer runs into someone's hand? I didn't even have to try to catch you, you ran into me. Idiot. Stick with scaring preschoolers and torturing small furry helpless creatures. What a waste. Considering how much talent I saw from you out West. Pity. You should start begging Waif to see if she has a special needs class for beginning sociopaths."

Gregor lifted the thin boy by his neck and stood him next to Arya.

"I showed you before how to stand, Shane. Oh dear, did you forget? Poor thing, did your brain just have too many other things? Back straight, head up! WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOUR FEET? HOW MANY FEET DO YOU HAVE, BOY? BRAT HAS TWO, I HAVE TWO, YOU HAVE HOW MANY FEET? TWO, TWO FEET SO HOW CAN YOU KEEP TANGLING THEM?"

Once Gregor finished harassing the preteen into standing correctly. When Shane had a properly fearful, shameful look upon his face, Gregor addressed his buzzing phone. A smile wreathed his face and both his victims groaned.

"Auntie Dearest, is it bad that he looks like the Grinch when his heart grew bigger? Like Scrooge when he gave away that goose?"
"Yes, darling nephew it means that we are about to go Old School with the Mountain. I think when you said that word, it somehow just conjured my past. It means we might as well make up now so we don't go to our graves alone in our painful shame."

"Ah, well then. I suppose I forgive you. I will never drown your son's kittens unless you force my hand."

"Shane, that isn't-"

But Gregor was done with his phone for a moment and boomed with holiday spirit.

"AH, THE SWEET INNOCENT SOUNDS OF CHIT CHATTING CHILDREN! YOUNG LAD, DO NOT BOTHER WITH APOLOGIES UNTIL YOU LEARN HOW TO CORRECTLY GIVE ONE. IT'S TIME FOR YOUR QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED!"

Both flinched as Gregor leaned over them, with a sunny expression.

"Do I have your full attention? Shane? Great. Let's get those questions answered. And I want Brat right here while I answer them so she will have no doubt of your understanding. You asked, how will what you did impact that boy. Well, here is your answer."

Gregor thrust his phone forward so that Shane could see the pictures.

Shane tilted his head and stared silently at the very still boy with a hole in his head. Another picture shows the parents along with the boy, Shane didn't notice before how tiny the kid was. The parents had holes in their heads too. All laying on top of rubber bags.

Brat looked away from the curled body of the child. Tears were wiped away quickly but not before Gregor saw them.

"Tell your hormones to fuck off. One more tear and I'll fucking come down on you."

Gregor stared at Arya until she got control of herself then he loomed over the boy. Shane looked up at him and Gregor spoke very slowly as if to a small child.

"That is what happens. If I had told your father your story, he would have had it done just as quickly. This is what Arya forgot in her quest for vengeance. Consequences for your actions. You are the youngest son of a famous, beloved Senator. Who is my public right hand man and advisor. Do you think we can let that family live knowing that boy or his parents might ever speak out about what you did? You might as well have taken a gun and killed them yourself. So by getting a point across to Brat, you not only killed that child's kittens, you killed him, his mother and his father. As for your other question, do you really want to spend your life watching over your own shoulder? Do you think that Arya will let you near her child after a threat like that? Think of what your mother would do, what lengths she would go to protect you. Arya will be the same way to her own children. So you have not only gotten an innocent family killed, but actually told your victim what your revenge would be so it's null and void because she will always be watching for it. Incompetent. Messy. Being a sociopath doesn't make you superior or a genius, boy."

Shane blinked and then twisted his hands together. He shook his head then spoke in a somewhat distant voice.

"I...I didn't mean for them to have to die. I didn't mean for that to happen."

"Of course you didn't. And Brat had no idea her little prank on Raff would cause the danger it did. She didn't know it would cause Malcolm to have to leave. And when she went after Polliver, she
was just too angry and rash. She was trying so hard to make sure her punishment would stick that she overdid it. Does that mean Brat wanted Piggy or Lucky or any of you to die? Of course not. But Malcolm did have to leave and Lucky did die. Brat had accepted her consequences and is apologizing to those that deserve one. You will apologize to her for your threat. And then you can try and repair your relationship with her. And both of you will do so while I take with me this plate of cookies, they look wonderful."

Gregor cringed in disgust at the sound of sobs behind him.

"Both of you? Pathetic. I'll shut the door and stay the hell away from the windows where anyone might see you."
The formal dining room looked amazingly festive and all couldn't help but to admire it.

Waif smiled at the delicate elf ice sculptures dancing upon a frosted etched silver tray that was the table centerpiece. An ice village enclosed the skaters in on two sides. The detail on the ice stores and homes was exquisite.

"Oh Marla! This is just beyond what I expected. Its all wonderful, how did you ever find all of this?"

Blushing, the woman stepped forward only slightly from her spot to speak in a clear respectful tone.

"Thank you, Ma'am. We have two ice sculptors. One is professionally hired downtown for the festivities you have planned. The other is one is your mechanics daughter. The girl is a little thing, made honors at the middle school this year. It is her hobby and she made all the sculptures on the estate for me. I have also created a small area outside full of decorations, a pathway through the gardens. I hope you will find time to enjoy it, all of you."

Gregor smiled.

"Of course we will see it! I cannot believe you have managed so much in such little time. Please extend my thanks to our little ice sculptor. Then please tell her I would like to hire her as our resident professional ice sculptor whenever we are in need of her talent. Tonight I will make a note to have an extra bonus check for our artist within her father's regular pay. You are to finish serving then go home. Go take that extra food out there and bring it for a lovely dinner with your family."

Raff and Polliver rolled their eyes as Marla ate up every word from her beloved employers. Not once has Marla looked directly at Polliver, her former owner. If he speaks to her, she is respectful but keeps as much distance as she can.

Polliver has too many other worries to care much. Piggy wasn't expected to sit and eat with the family. He is expected to stand behind Polliver and serve him. Of course, then Polliver would allow Piggy to sit and eat since the boy is still injured.

Everyone else is already eating, but Piggy was no where in sight.

"Anyone seen Piggy? Stupid fucker probably fell over his own damned cane."

But Piggy wasn't responding to his texts or calls or anyone's for that matter.

Gregor narrowed his eyes as Polliver went to excuse himself to find Piggy.

"We are all having a nice meal together. Then Waif and Jaq will take Samara, the kids and invisible Piggy to see some of the ice fair downtown. You, Raff and Brat have a meeting with me. If Piggy doesn't turn up after dinner, then you can go find him."

Piggy slowly walked through Polliver's room that he shares.

He walks past the bat that Polliver uses, similar to the one that Gregor has. He runs his hands down the wood. He remembers swinging a bat to kill clowns and a ghost of a smile appears. Fingers touch Polliver's leather jacket, the one he wears for wet work.
It is chilly but enchanting outside where all the decorations are. Piggy skirts through the white glow of twinkling lights caught up in trees until he reaches a small garden shed. There he finds something else for his fingers to run through. A very thick long rope.

Carrying the rope Piggy walks past a life size choir of smiling mannequins singing silently then he sees the tree. It was large, it had high strong branches. It was close to the house, a little closer than he would have liked but it can't be helped.

Gregor's words pounded through his skull as he leaned his cane against the tree. He took a few breaths then limped without the cane to get the ladder he stashed earlier in the bushes. Climbing the ladder to reach the branch Piggy wanted caused his body to pulse with pain but he didn't care.

He can't live without Polliver, but he can't forgive Polliver because he isn't allowed to be angry at him. Piggy can't live with his own guilt any longer either. This wasn't ideal but at least it wasn't during Gregor's wedding.

And hopefully he is far enough from the house that no one will see. If anyone has to find him this way, let it be a servant. They know about discretion and distasteful displays.

Piggy made sure his knots were good, he made sure that the rope would hold the weight and not collapse. He hugged the stupid leather jacket, hoping even more stupidly that the weather wouldn't destroy the leather.

It will destroy the leather, Polliver will never probably bring himself to wear this jacket again. He gave one sob into the stupid fucking jacket and then the rope did it's job perfectly.

The maid had opened the huge drapes that hung across the gigantic picture window that would look directly out upon most of the decorated garden. It was a warm, pretty sight that only the kids and Waif really paid attention to. Then Charlie narrowed her eyes.

"Hey! That big tree just past the lights, someone is up there! Are they decorating such a huge thing? Wait, the lights are swinging in the wind, I can see better now. Oh no..Mom, is that Piggy!"

Samara wandered over with Waif. Suddenly Samara screamed. It didn't matter because they were all looking now. Polliver's whole sanity ripped in two when he saw the body jerk to a stop, weaving in the wind.

"PIGGY! HE JUMPED, OH GOD!"

Polliver was out of the room and the door before anyone else. He ran unaware of the reason his head and chest hurt so badly. Then he skidded to a stop some distance from the tree.

He put his arms out which Samara ran into with an oomph. Charlie slammed into his other arm and Shane almost wore his sister as a hat since he couldn't stop in time.

"Hush...look."

Samara whispered as the others all walked up. Polliver stared and then very slowly spoke.

"What. The. Living. Fuck?"

Gregor snorted and gave a heavy pat to Polliver's shoulder.
"It looks like the boy has found a way to be mad at you so he can forgive you and himself after all."

They all watched quietly as Piggy beat the living shit out of Polliver's hanging effigy with a bat. He had taken one of the life size choir dummies and dressed it in Polliver's jacket.

Swearing, sobbing, screaming, Piggy didn't stop even when the mannequin had lost it's head and was in pieces broken, scattered. He beat the plastic until it was half buried into the snow. His hip gave out along with his back and Piggy fell down, letting the bat fall next to him.

He cried as he knelt in the snow, the cold seeping into his aching body. Then there were boots next to him and Piggy wiped his eyes.

"I think I destroyed your jacket, Master."

"Yep. It's coming out of that paycheck of yours. Want me to carry you in or do you want your cane?"

"Cane, please."

Polliver helped Piggy stand up and handed him his cane, then he swiped his bat up too. Holding the bat over his shoulder, Polliver used his other hand to keep Piggy steady as he walked.

"Do you forgive me? I really did mean for you to date her, I really wasn't hoping for anything to happen. You know that, right?"

"Yes, I know. I forgive you."

Polliver took Piggy upstairs, set out new warm clothes for him then nagged him into his pain medication and into eating a full bowl of hot soup. Raff came to the door to remind Polliver that Waif was waiting with the others for the fair. Gregor had insisted that Piggy go with them.

"So they won't hear whatever hell he decides to put us through over this shit with Arya."

Muttered Polliver as he yanked Piggy to his feet as he finished his last bite of soup.

"You look a bit better."

Polliver shoved Piggy into a jacket, nearly blinded him by pulling a wool hat over his head and then shoved gloves on his hands.

Raff sneered.

"He isn't your retarded child. He isn't even a real cripple, just a temporary one. Stop smothering your slave and let's go."

Polliver threw Piggy's hairbrush at Raff's head then gave Piggy his cane.

"Now see what I have to put up with because of you? Get out, get to the damned fair. And I swear, if you even get yourself the slightest further injury, I personally will made you a permanent cripple so I don't have to worry anymore. Go!"
The Importance of A Name

Raff, Polliver and Brat entered the conference room. The table had been pushed against a wall, chairs stacked upon it. At the end of the room in front of a blank wall screen stood Gregor.

"Come forward and form a line."

All three groaned at the glint in Gregor's eyes and the joy in his barked order.

"At least you don't have to worry about him physically hurting you."

Polliver muttered to Arya as they formed a line and stood at attention. Arya gave a tiny smirk, glad to at least hear Polliver speak to her. Even if it was as a Mountain was about to smash them all to bits.

Gregor came to stand before them and he spread out his arms with a warm chuckling smile.

"Now, see? This is what it should be. Polliver and Raff flanking Brat. Even in your petty blood feud you all instinctively moved into the right places. Well, that gives me hope that you all haven't completely gone fucking stupid. But it's not enough. Not after all the fucking havoc you have all wreaked through my happy unicorn fuzzy world! And we have so much to cover tonight. So let's start with the really simple stuff, okay? Great!"

With growing apprehension they all watched as Gregor paced before them as if trying to decide who to start with.

He circled Polliver twice then stood so close that he made Polliver almost disappear. Leaning in further, Gregor put his thick lips gently against Polliver's ear like a lover would. Polliver shuddered and sweat went down his forehead as he felt the lips and breath puffing into his ear canal.

"WE DO NOT RAPE OUR EQUALS OR OUR BETTERS!"

Raff and Arya had to wince at the loud booming voice but Polliver thought he might have truly gone deaf as he weaved in agony. Gregor grabbed Polliver's head and tilted it up to see him.

"You can't expect to spend your life as a serial rapist and not have someone decide come up with using your own weapon against you. So you lost a few worthless bullies and your fucking cherry. Aw, poor you. You didn't even have to kill the girl yourself and you found out just how attached that boy is to you. It isn't a stretch to say he would do anything for you. So really, how bad are things for you? Do you have to pay the kids' therapy bills and for a replacement nanny? It's not like you couldn't afford it. After all it's MY MONEY paying for most of the Riverlands restoration, not yours."

Gregor swung away from Pollivar to pass Arya and face Raff instead.

"Or yours. No, it was my money, his hard work and your influence, right? After YOUR SONS blew up the land I left in YOUR care! You HAD that specialized nanny then still, didn't you? Your kids need way more than a nanny so shut up about it and get over it. But that isn't your real upset, is it? You aren't really broken up over an ex mistress and a nanny, are you? Do you really think Arya had any idea that your family would turn a prank into a life and death situation? Please recall that she hasn't been around as much as the rest of us these past few years. It would have been impossible for her to know how bad your family life was out of control. How would she have seen that over Oberyn's huge cock?"
Arya turned bright red and ground her teeth but didn't dare react. Raff's eyes were ashamed, angry and his pride was taking a harsh beating. Polliver was only able to hear the conversation out of one ear but he silently warned Raff to stay quiet and take it.

"You should be grateful to me not pissed at her! If it hadn't happened while I was there to save you, both you and your wife would be dead. And it was going to happen sooner or later. Malcolm was not fucking around, Raff. He had to leave, he needed to find his own peace before you forced his hand someday. You want to be pissed at someone? Be pissed at yourself. You made your family that way, just like your fucking father did. You Targaryens just can't help yourselves. You created Samara and you raised those kids. So blame your fucking self."

Gregor moved in front of Arya and glared down at her.

"How dare you decide to desert us for so long then come back and decide to fuck up MY boys? MY Plans? MY empire? You wanted to go off and play with snakes and I let you! When you got mad after finding out I bought your first husband, I didn't chastise you for killing him. I sent over clean up and let you pick your own after that. What a fucking mistake that was! But I said nothing when you ran off with Oberyn. Hell, I even invited you to bring that fucking man into my home! I have done more for you than your fucking Starks ever did for you! I let you be what you wanted to be, I taught you what you wanted to learn! I gave you my name, my fucking legacy, I handpicked your advisors, your protectors and you think to just come on in and fuck up everyone's program?"

Gregor was leaning so far over Arya now that she was nearly bent over backwards.

"I truly did name you right. You have been acting like nothing but an ungrateful Brat! It ends now."

He backed up and addressed all three again.

"Ah, my repentant children! All ashamed of yourselves and ready to apologize. But it's still not enough, dears. Because you did something way worse than just try to act like little school kids. You are guilty of much worse than a few bloody incidents. You two dare to decide that you will leave MY empire? You would retire when I did, is that right? EVERYTHING THE TWO OF YOU HAVE IS DUE TO ME! BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOUR LOYALTY AND WORD MEANT SOMETHING! And you, girl. You were going to just decide who would be your advisors for MY empire? Have the group of you lost your fucking minds? So maybe the three of you do need someone to put ALL your heads on straight. Never fear, my ducklings, Gregor is here for you!"

Gregor took out his phone and touched it with a thick finger. The screen behind him came to silent life, showing the winter fair that the others were at. They could see Waif bring Charlie and Shane into a high fenced area to look at some of the large ice sculptures.

Then they saw Piggy and Samara sharing a drink sitting at a bench. Their heads were together as they spoke, their backs to whomever was holding the camera.

The camera shifted and two hands came into view. It became apparent that it was Jaq's hands and they were screwing a silencer onto a gun. Polliver moaned and clutched his head.

"Aw fuck...don't shoot Piggy's big fucking head. Sir, please don't. I'm sorry, I won't leave, I won't mess with Arya, I will be her advisor, I'll make up with her. Please don't do this."

Raff reacted even more impressively. He threw himself to his knees, face pale and shocked.

"Gregor, please! Not my wife, I messed up, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it, I wouldn't leave, I swear it! Please, the kids, don't make them see their mother die in front of them!"
Gregor stared at Raff impassively.

"I'm not that cruel. Waif will keep them inside the enclosure until after Jaq kills her."

Shane turned at the sound of a person coming up behind him.

"You don't seem very impressed with the ice statues."

He grinned at the pretty face nearly entombed by a fuzzy fur hood.

"I'm not. At the house I just came from there were much better ones. They were smaller but better detail."

"Oh really? You liked them?"

He smiled nicely at the girl and spoke in his father's kindest most arrogant voice. Not a dragon one, just a voice of a king speaking to a commoner.

"Did you get to see them? Were you in one of the tours that get to go through Gregor's home during the holiday celebrations?"

With a laugh the girl shook her head.

"Oh no, Mr. Targaryen Junior! Folks like me don't want to get no dirt on such nice rich carpets. You asshole. No, I'm the person who made those sculptures."

Giving a very dramatic curtsy then a toss of her hair, the young girl walked away. Shane had dropped his mouth open and was having trouble shutting it. Then as if in a trance, he started to follow after the fur hooded jacket.

She slipped out through a back entrance for staff and Shane followed. He almost made it out of the tent before Waif grabbed his arm dragging him back to some boring ice tiger display.

Arya had tears falling and she staggered forward slightly.

"Father, please! We won't keep fucking up. I swear none of us are leaving, I won't leave again either! Please, don't kill them!"

Gregor snarled as he approached Arya and backed her into a wall.

"Those deaths are to punish my men, not you. I don't need an assassin to destroy something special to you. One of my fists to your stomach should take care of that."

Arya stared at the huge fist that was right in front of her newly rounded stomach.

"But...but...oh god, Father please! It's your own grandchild!"

"You love to get married, you love to fuck. You are young enough, you'll have more."

Gregor moved away and watched as all three groveled before him. On the screen Jaq held the gun just out of sight, holding his phone waiting for a signal. The Mountain loomed larger than the world over the three broken, repentant adults.
"YOU WILL NOT FUCK WITH MY NAME! WHETHER IT SAYS ARYA OR GREGOR ON THE FUCKING DOORS DOESN'T MATTER! IT SAYS CLEGANE! IF YOU WORK FOR ME OR YOU CARRY MY NAME ON PAPER, IT SAYS FUCKING CLEGANE! I DID NOT SACRIFICE AND WORK SO FUCKING HARD TO GET HERE FOR YOU THREE PAMPERED, INDULGENT SELF ENTITLED SHITS TO DISRESPECT MY NAME! THE NEXT TIME YOU EVER MAKE ME HAVE TO DO THIS, THE BULLETS GET FIRED AND GIRL, MY FIST WILL FLY AT YOUR STOMACH OR AT THE SPAWN OF THE SNAKE ITSELF. NONE OF YOU GET TO FUCK WITH MY NAME! NONE OF YOU GET TO TAKE BACK YOUR LOYALTY OR I WILL TAKE BACK EVERYTHING FROM YOU!"

He took a deep breath and looked down as all three were on the floor now.

"Do any of you want to doubt me on this? Polliver? No? Raff? Come on, wouldn't be that bad, after all, your father did great as a widowed parent. No? Brat? Do you think I am just too tenderhearted to force you to miscarry?"

Raff and Polliver didn't stop shaking even after Gregor gave Jaq the order to stand down. Arya didn't stop crying even after Gregor left the room. It took all three of them to help each other up and out of the room.
Shane was stalking the house looking for victims but only found predators everywhere he went. And not a one of them had a single care for his boredom. In fact, after only a few innocent comments in the wrong direction found Shane nearly running for his life.

The horror of what was happening in his sister's room, brought Shane peeking in. At first he thought his mother, Arya and Waif were trying to torture Charles. Then he figured it out as he watched the other women also in the same state of dress.

"So...are all females required to look like strippers on the underneath and helpless Princesses on the outside?"

He gave a high pitched scream when Charlie lunged at him while the other women came forward all yelling at him. Running, Shane decided to visit another floor.

Polliver was having Piggy wax his head and Shane leaned in with so much to offer in words. It was only moments before he was bodily tossed and the door locked against him.

Worse was his father was coming down the hallway in time to see it. Leaning over him with a happy grin, Raff helped Shane up.

"I was just looking for you. Your mother said you were bored. I have the perfect idea. Let's get you all ready for the wedding now then you can play keeping yourself clean and put together until we leave."

Shane begged his father to just beat him but the sadist ignored him. To his horror, his father went all out this time. He was forcibly showered, his hair was dried, given a quick trim and styled. His father shoved his limbs into new scratchy clothing then strangled him with a bow tie.

"You have got to be kidding. Dad, I don't need a bow tie."

"Doctor Who has a bow tie and you like Doctor Who."

"That isn't even logical. I'm choking to death."

"If you were choking to death you'd be quieter. Here, let's get these whitening strips on your teeth, that might shut you up."

Shane gagged as his father followed through on his threat then began to buff his son's nails.

When his father finally released him all Shane wanted was to escape. He left the house as fast as he could, wandering around the bustling servants and hired workers outside.

Huge heated tents were being set up for the reception. Gregor won on the church, but Waif won at having an at home reception. Shane received respectful greetings from all and he basked in it. It was a soothing balm after his humiliating "dress up with father" time.

He wandered into one of the tents and saw a familiar hood.

That night at the ice fair Shane tried but wasn't able to find that girl again. He was thrilled to see her now.

"Hey, Hood Rat!"
The girl whirled around and grinned. She put down her latest piece of sculpture for the guest tables then gave a dramatic curtsy again.

"Ah, it's the Targaryen Junior for a second time. How could I possibly be so blessed? I hope it is alright that my scruffy person is so close to the house, my lordship?"

"I suppose I can endure your peasant like qualities long enough for the wedding."

"Oh? How gracious of you! Don't worry, I will be nowhere around by the time the glittering throngs arrive. I shall crawl back to the fireplace I sleep in for warmth. After my family loots some dumpsters for dinner, or maybe father will get lucky and catch us some rats to cook."

Shane laughed and tugged at her jacket.

"No, your family isn't eating rats. Gregor wouldn't let his mechanic's daughter eat rats. It would look bad. You eat regular meals, probably go out about once a week to dinner if your dad wants to. You have an adequate life."

"Do you think so? Now, do your slaves chew your meat before gently placing it in your mouth? Let me guess, it took three slaves just to get you into that get up."

Shane grinned and shook his head.

"Nope, just one crazed father who has a real nutty thing for dressing others like they are dolls."

"Okay, that's creepy. I'd rather the dad that would hunt a rat for my dinner."

"Your dad doesn't have to hunt for your meals, just fix cars. Our slaves don't chew my food and they are all back at home. Only Gregor's free servants here. They are nice and really overboard loyal but they don't feed him like a big fat bird."

"That is such a disgusting thought. Ick. My name is Lori. Since you will never bother to ask."

"My name is Shane."

Harry gave Shireen a cup of tea and thanked her again.

"I appreciate you watching our boy while we both work today. Please, you and Lori can help yourselves to anything we have. Marla will be upset if I am late for the church. She is so pathetically excited that the house staff is invited to the wedding. Course we all will work like slaves through the reception in exchange."

"It's not a problem. You have got to let Marla have her delusions. She didn't end up in Kevan's school renouncing her name before a collar was placed upon her neck by a fucking slave driver. She didn't have a name before, like we did, she doesn't feel the same sting. My James is the same way. He doesn't feel anything but dedication to Gregor."

Shireen walked past the window and stiffened upon seeing her daughter walking outside the tent with Shane Targaryen. Harry looked then put his hand on Shireen before she did something rash.

"Wait. So she makes friends with one of them. They will leave soon enough. Besides, what if this could be useful? We have so many of us now, gathering, waiting for a reason to finally rebel. I know I said we need to wait for the right time. I hope tonight is that right time. What if something that boy
says to your daughter becomes useful? What if we need a hostage and Lori can bring one to us?"

Shireen shivered but stayed at the window. Is her hatred and need for revenge bigger than her love for her daughter? She recalled her own mother and wondered. If her uncle Davos hadn't heard her mother planning a burning ceremony, would her mother truly have burned her alive? Instinct tells her yes.

"It should be tonight. They are all at the reception. It would be so easy to burn all of the one percent in those fucking tents. Everyone remembers. Everyone of us are ready. All the orphans, all the children that were betrayed or left without names, we are ready. Just call me with one word and we will do it."

Harry smiled at Shireen and looked out the window.

"Let the others know I will call you then. I can't wait any longer. I'm not like my mother. I won't be like her. You won't be like your parents. I'll call you after Marla is off shift and has our son. You must promise to lock her and the boy into the basement until it's over."

Just before they got to the church, Malcolm showed up. Shane was a little sad at how adult Malcolm looked but he was thrilled to see his brother. He and Charlie launched at him and then Malcolm let his dad shake his hand. He let his mother hug him.

Then the whole family hugged Malcolm whether he wanted it or not.

The ceremony was everything that the media wanted to see short of a cat fight or someone objecting to the wedding.

Gregor was large and magnificent in his silk white suit. Rumors were that it was made by former Dany followers that were blinded and forever sew clothing for Gregor and Raff. No proof of this was ever found of this, of course.

Waif was so small compared to him and her long white dress was somehow delicate and yet deadly. It was woven through with silver thread that created tiny spikes throughout the outfit. She was plain and yet beautiful all at once, she was young and old all at once.

Even the camera lens has trouble truly catching her fully.

Watching them exchange vows was such a lovely scene that no one would have been surprised if the two began to sing a duet.

The reverend was absurdly overdressed as if he were addressing a the head of his religion. He waved his arms and spoke in a tone worthy of any stage. None of his normal parishioners knew that their reverend could wax so eloquent.

Charlie, Samara were lovely bridesmaids and Arya was Waif's maid of honor. They were quite fetching in soft grey dresses that flowed all around them, covering everything from neck down. Each had a handcrafted jeweled belt.

Charlie and Samara's had a gold dragon etched with a mountain looming over it. Arya's belt had very small spear with a snake wound about it. The tiny carving was within an immense mountain.

Raff was Gregor's best man, Polliver and Shane were his bridegrooms. They wore formal coats with tails and top hats. Jaq looked splendid in his tuxedo as he walked his sister down the aisle. The media
was allowed some access and was able to bring the wedding ceremony to the home viewers.

When Gregor and Waif left the church as Mr. and Mrs. Clegane it was to immense cheering. Those that might have protested, picketed were no where to be seen.

There were plenty of body guards and police patrolling but the few that headed forth with posters were quickly removed. Instead it was a screaming crowd wishing good fortune to the couple for the media to eat up.

Gregor stopped and waved for attention then spoke into one of the many microphones shoved into his face.

"Thank you for all for your well wishes. My main wish in the world has been granted. The love of my life has finally gotten tired of watching my pathetic begging and has married me. I wish to share my good fortune with all of you. You might have noticed that the ice fair has had some blocked off areas. They are open and free to all of you as of this moment. Vendors with exotic foods, puppet shows and sleigh rides. There will be jugglers, cookie contests and more! Live bands, a dance area and some ice skating. Oh, did I mention there is a free stand from our local distillery? Please enjoy yourselves and join my wife and I in celebration!"

A roar went up over the distillery alone and so many waved or threw flowers as the happy couple got into a horse drawn carriage to take them home. The crowd and media eye raped the rest of the wedding party as they emerged.

All those that would have protested or picketed, all those that would have dared to speak out were elsewhere. They were in small groups and were waiting for Shireen's sign. It was time for some old names to arise, it was time for the oppressed to gain true equal freedom.
The Glittering Throng

The media had access to the formal parts of the reception.

It was noted that during the greeting of the lined up wedding party, that Polliver's personal assistant took the youngest Targaryen out of the line. The boy had looked utterly adorable and proper but the nicer he seemed the more upset those who greeted him seemed to be.

The toasts were elegant and heartwarming.

Polliver gave one that was respectful but amusing. Raff was sincere and the deep friendship between him and Gregor was evident in every word. Arya spoke and it was so loving that half the room felt the warm glow of it. Malcolm gave a warm gratitude for having the couple in his life and council.

Watching Gregor and Waif have their wedding dance was truly something. It was like watching a strange version of the Beauty and The Beast. They looked into each others eyes and smiled, seeming to speak without words. Many noted how easily Gregor moved on his feet in spite of his size.

Raff and Samara danced with ease, used to such things. Shane and Charlie stiffly dancing in each other arms was beyond cute. The media went into a bit of a frenzy. Their picture was taken so many times that Shane wondered if their actual skin would fade.

Polliver dancing with Arya wasn't as picture-worthy. Both were giving each other the same smirk and joking about something. Arya was not known for her dancing skills.

Most noted with amusement that she was barefoot and actually standing on Polliver's feet. Luckily, he could dance a bit better than Arya.

As soon as the dancing ended, Gregor thanked the media and had them escorted to the fair.

Arya held her fork at the ready, eyes narrowed, teeth grinding, waiting for her moment. With a quick lunge, her fork came forward but the clash of metal made her grunt.

"Dammit. I would be faster if I weren't pregnant."

Samara laughed and Shane grabbed the fork from his mother.

"No one is faster than my mother with a fork. I am almost as good though. Try me."

The two of them had a small savage fork fight until a hot roll came from nowhere to whack Shane in the head. Giggling, Samara looked down the table to see Raff glaring at them. He took his steak knife and pointed it at Shane.

"Your father would like you to stop the fork war. Sorry, love. Want to dance with me or Charlie?"

Shane snorted at his mother but dropped the fork.

"Mother, I utterly love you to death. To shreds and tears. But to be forced to dance again might just destroy my soul forever. First I was almost in need of a therapist with a puppet thanks to father treating me like a toddler. Then dancing with Charles was bad enough. I simply cannot endure another dance. I want to see Malcolm but he is so busy talking with all the men. A bunch of posers that don't care about him. Now he is talking with father, Polly and Gregor."
Samara smiled and hugged her squirming son. Arya chuckled and ruffled Shane's hair.

"I'm going to go dance with your sister. You should stay with your mommy, little chief."

Shane wailed in defeat as Arya bounced herself towards Charlie.

Charlie stopped dancing and started to shake her head.

"Oh god. Stop, please don't dance walk. Don't do that. Ever again. My eyes."

Charlie moved a bit away from the other dancers and started to laugh as Arya stared to dance some weird version of a side step.

"No. Stop it. That's just awful, please stop. Get away. Get away from me! No! Do not do the locomotive! Stop it. Do not vogue, Arya, stop! You're killing me. You are the goofiest thing I have ever seen. You can't dance, stop it!"

"Are you going to forgive me? Because I know how to do the dab and I have learned how to twerk!"

"I forgive you! I forgive you! Just stop! I can't take it, stop! You win! I know you didn't mean for that other stuff to happen. DO NOT MOONWALK!"

"Still coming to my camp?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Arya, you are destroying our reputations! People are FILMING you! Is that...what is that? I don't...I don't know what that is but it's obscene! Stop! Please!"

"Still love me?"

"Yes, I love you, forgive you and will come to camp! Please, stop!"

Arya stopped dancing and tried to catch her breath and her pride. Charlie laughed, shoving her before hugging her.

Piggy managed to steal about three drinks which mixed wonderfully with his medications. He danced a few dances with Charlie and Samara. With the cane it was a bit awkward but the alcohol helped loosen Piggy's joints enough to find rhythm.

He found himself sitting at a table with Samara and Shane. Waif had wandered over and was teaching them a knife trick. Piggy joined in but he fumbled twice. Samara was smoother but Shane was lightening fast once he caught onto it.

Then Shane saw that his brother was breaking away from the group of men to head towards the restroom. He bolted after him, hoping to catch him before he goes back to the men.

Weaving through the crowd, Shane suddenly had a note shoved into his hand by an unknown servant. Curious, Shane tried to see the features of who handed him the paper but the person was gone. He opened the note and it looked like Lori wrote Shane asking to meet him outside in twenty minutes.

Grinning, Shane ran to the bathroom and cornered his brother while he used the urinal. Malcolm
yelled at Shane for it and he felt happy to hear his brother yell at him again.

As the evening became nightfall the lights were lower, the music a little heavier and the alcohol loosened inhibitions. Discussions became debates that became bets. Wallflowers danced and a few hook ups were made.

Polliver flirted with a pretty bartender, he spent a little time trying to charm a few ladies but it wasn't what he wanted. If he wanted just to play around, his pretty madam is at home waiting.

Since Arya had raped him, Polliver hasn't gone anywhere near a woman that way.

He thought about grabbing one of his servants but it was too soon. Hell, he wouldn't even jerk off until the ache had completely gone away. Add the humiliation of Piggy silently sliding a small box of thin pads into Polliver's room that first night.

Now the whiskey is swirling in his head and groin. This fucking thrilled him! Back to basics, back to himself. *Yes, tonight would be the night.* Of course he is heeding Gregor's advice very carefully now. He won't go anywhere near an equal or a better. Nope, he went prowling among the servants.

Most were quite busy and Polliver left those ones be. He knew from personal experience how rude it was to have someone use your servant when they had important duties.

Polliver was looking for one on break, one just heading home. To his delight, Polliver saw Marla put on her coat after kissing her husband in the kitchens.

He waited outside for her and followed her. Away from the lights and the thinning crowd. As Polliver turned less person and more predator he remembered how much he enjoyed raping Marla. From the day he got her, she was fun, a fighter.

He never attempted to break her of trying to escape or fight him. Never punished her after the usual amount of brutal attack to rape her. Sadly, by the time he got this girl, Gregor made his damned grand offer to free slaves.

Polliver got home from work and she was gone. The little sneaky bitch. Deserted her Master without a word, climbed into Gregor's graces, got married and even has a kid that freaking Waif loves.

So Marla can give him one last good fight. Polliver stalked her until they reached a small grove just before her home.

Raff was looking about for any family member when he caught sight of Charlie sitting at a table with three different young teenagers. All male. He frowned and briskly headed to send the males off like terrified chickens.

Just before he reached them, he felt a small hand grab his wrist. He looked down to see Samara and Piggy sitting at a table. His wife pulled gently upon his wrist and speak with a light, airy tone.

"Please, leave them be. They are being gentlemen. Charlie is quite safe, Piggy and I have been here the whole time."

Raising his eyebrows, Raff leaned down and his loose tongue lashed out.
"I am so glad I have you two to keep a good eye on Charlie. But you might decide to get bored and suddenly head off to fucking Pyke for an adventure."

He stood back up and turned to scatter the boys when he heard his wife behind him.

"So fucking rude."

Raff slowly turned around, cocking his head as if trying to understand what he heard. Staring at his wife, Raff softly inquired,

"What did you just say to me, sweetheart?"

Piggy grinned and helpfully nodded while supplying the response.

"She said you were so fucking rude."

Raff narrowed his eyes with suspicion and leaned over the two grinning impudent idiots.

"I told you never to drink more than two glasses of wine because I don't like your abrasive behavior when you have too much. Do you remember that, Samara?"

"Yes Raff, I do remember that. I only had two glasses of wine. I swear it."

Piggy giggled then snorted.

"It's true. She only had two glasses of wine. But she had a full glass of champagne with every toast."

Samara looked up at Raff with a sly look on her face.

"You never mentioned champagne, Raff. Besides, Piggy, he is worse. He has been sneaking drinks. You tell on me and I tell on you, Piggy."

With a small growl, Raff yanked Samara up and then he got a sudden image in his head. Of seeing a gun pointed at the back of her foolish little head. He changed his grip from twisting her hair to holding her firmly by her scalp.

"Now why would you deliberately do a bad thing to provoke me?"

To his surprise, Samara pressed against him and leered up at him. Her voice was just loud enough for Raff and Piggy to hear luckily.

"Because then we can fight, you can win and I can make it up to you."

Piggy hooted and laughed.

"Hey, Samara, I think champagne is your aphrodisiac. Just drink more of it and it will cancel out the red wine bitch juice!"

Raff glared at Piggy but then snapped for Piggy to keep a close eye on Charlie then he put an arm around Samara and led her away fast. He nearly spun her into a little coat room, shutting them in darkness.

Slamming his pet against the wall, Raff put one hand on her delicate throat and squeezed. He yanked her fragile dress up hard and ripped her lace underwear off her body. Putting a hand between her legs proved champagne did indeed have one hell of an effect on her.
Raff had a few things that have effected him too. So as he undoes his pants, as he lifts her and wraps her legs around him, he whispers harshly into her ear.

"You will never, ever be allowed to leave me. You aren't allowed to die, you aren't allowed to run away. You are mine, you fucking belong to me."

He pounded into her so hard that she slammed into the wall repeatedly. Coats were knocked off hangers and they were nearly suffocated in luxury wool.
Piggy looked up from watching the boys around Charlie act like desperate fools to burst into laughter.

"Okay, I give up! I surrender, stop dancing! I'm still your friend. I was just angry and misplacing it all over the damned place. Oh gods, what...what am I watching right now? Wait, did you just slip on a patch of wet on the floor or are you actually attempting a dance?"

Arya grinned.

"I was trying to do a Footloose move."

"No. I have no idea what Footloose move that could have been. What I saw was zombie hit by stun gun. Sit down, stupid."

"Aren't you becoming the uppity fucking slave?"

Piggy grinned back.

"Go fuck yourself sideways, bitch. You can take your lily white one percent free ass and-"

Arya slapped her hand over his mouth trying not to die laughing as two elderly Frey women stared horrified at Piggy as they were going by.

"Oh gods, Piggy! If Polliver or Raff heard you, they would take a whip to your back. You can't drink this much and hang around anyone but Samara or me, ever."

"Me? This is nothing! You should have seen Samara! She told Raff he was fucking rude."

"Oh no...did he-"

"He ran off with her to the coat closet like two horny teenagers after she propositioned him."

Arya and Piggy chatted while they watched Charlie and the boys start to dance.

Gregor grabbed Waif's waist and hoisted her up to him.

"Let's take off. The stragglers can find their own way out."

"That sounds good to me. I just need to go grab my blade back from Shane and we can go. I just noticed the little thief stole it from me earlier when I was teaching him a trick. It's one of my really good ones and who knows where he will manage to stick it or in whom? Start the rounds of good nights for us while I hunt the lovable little weasel down."

She kissed Gregor as he put her back on her feet and started skirting through the smaller groups of folks, looking for Shane. After a fruitless search of the room, she headed towards the attached kitchen area.

Harry was quickly turning the corner and nearly ran into her.

"Harry, have you seen Shane?"
Without thinking, without waiting, Harry moved forward.

Waif had a look of confusion when he shot her through her heart.

Shireen had texted everyone already and Harry was in a bit of panic. He wasn't sure if his son or wife were home safe or not, Shireen never responded. It doesn't matter anymore, it's too late.

Harry mainly wanted to kill Gregor, Polliver and Raff. But Waif and Jaq were simply too dangerous and had to be put down first. At least he could make Waif's death painless, his only quarrel with her would have been her blind eye to Gregor's misdeeds.

Leaving her body, Harry headed towards the restroom where he saw Jaq go. He signaled some other workers that were ready for the rebellion and they followed. It took all five men to kill the assassin but he took three down to hell with him.

Shane shivered in the cold night and was contemplating the small outdoor building that contained the coat room and restrooms.

First there was all sorts of noise and pounding coming from the closet side. Just few minutes after the noise in there stopped, all sorts of thudding and banging came from the bathroom side.

He was getting ready to investigate when he heard Lori's voice.

"Hey! Sorry, took me a bit to get here past all the drunk idiots. It looks like every grumpy old Northerner I know has decided to show up suddenly."

Grinning, Shane went over to Lori and they started to walk around as they talked.

"I'm glad you decided to hang out, it was getting boring in there."

"Yeah, my mom saw me with you earlier. I thought she might be mad, she and her friends, they have like...a thing. Past grudges and all so I was really surprised. But she said it was alright if I saw you for a bit tonight. So tell me if there was anything gossip worthy happening in there?"

"Uh, let's see. I had a brutal fork war with Arya, Waif taught me a new knife trick and I managed to finally get a chance to see my brother alone for a few minutes."

Before Lori could comment on any of those exciting things, her face suddenly registered surprise. It was the last thing Shane saw as someone pulled a bag over his head and lifted him up.

"Hey! Stop it! Put him down! Do you know who that is?"

Shane pretended to faint in the arms, sagging low to let his arms sway down to retrieve Waif's blade from his sock. He could hear Lori's panicked voice then another one.

"Lori, hush! Go to Harry's house and bring Marla and the baby to the basement. Lock yourselves in."

"Mom, what is this? Don't touch me! You need to put Shane down right now! Mom, tell him to put Shane down!"

"Lori enough! We aren't hurting him, look he has fainted, he's fine. Just go right now and run. I left Robyn alone, hoping Marla would return soon. Go stay with them and don't look back, don't come outside until it's all over."
"Until what is over? What are you thinking, are you crazy? Do you know what they'll do to you?"

Shane didn't like how scared Lori was sounding. He came up fast under the man's neck, the trick Waif taught him working perfectly. Keeping hold of the knife, Shane ripped the bag off his head as the man gurgled and fell.

Another man was in front of him looking shocked and pointing a gun at him.

"Don't make me have to shoot you, boy!"

Smiling, Shane assured the man earnestly.

"I won't."

The knife sailed into he man's throat before he could shoot and Shane reached down to take the gun. He spun to point it at the woman that was struggling with Lori.

"Hood Rat, will it really upset you if I kill your mother?"

Marla was at the small grove before her house and Polliver was tensing, ready to pounce.

"Polliver, I know you are there. I was with you long enough to remember how it feels to be stalked and attacked by you."

With a fake pout of disappointment, well mostly fake, he was a little upset that the girl caught him. Wow, he really was rusty. Dammit.

"Aww...would've been fun to surprise you. Since you did catch me at my game, which is very rare, I'll give you a reward. Would you rather I take you out here or inside your house? I don't mind letting you have some privacy."

Marla sneered at him and even though she shook with fear and cold she raised her chin.

"My child is in my house. I would never let him see such a thing. You don't own me anymore, Polliver. I work for Gregor. You can't just abuse his workers."

Polliver grinned and shrugged.

"I don't care if you have a collar or a contract. I am an equal opportunity rapist. And I don't plan to abuse you, I plan to rape you. Don't worry, I'll show you. So...out here then? Great choice!"

He came forward fast and Marla started to run, then it happened. They both froze for a moment, still in their positions. A scream tore through the night followed by more screaming and sobbing.

Marla's direction changed and she bolted for her house, Polliver right behind her. However, his rape mode was switched so fast it hurt him. A child screaming in terror or pain slashed right through his lust.

She ripped the door open to find her toddler wearing a harness with a leash tied to the couch leg. Running to her panicked son, Marla undid the leash and hugged him.

Polliver went past them and gave a quick search to the house.

"Marla, what the hell is going on here? What is that next to you? Look up, on the wall someone
tacked a note."

Holding her son tightly, tears falling, Marla looked up at the note talking all the while. She saw that Polliver had gone into his Sheriff mode and that part of him she trusted.

"I...Harry said Shireen would watch Robyn. How could she leave him like that? How long was my poor baby stuck alone here like that?"

Her words trailed off as she read the letter then turned the color of sour milk.

"Oh no...you need to get Gregor! It's an attack, tell him!"

Polliver texted the emergency code to Raff, Gregor, Brat, Waif and Jaq. Then he grabbed the note to read it for himself.

Marla,

I am sorry, my love. Tonight we are finally taking back what is ours. Robyn Arryn and Shireen Baratheon are the leaders of the Resistance. We shall topple the Mountain and destroy his lackeys. I hope you will forgive me. Take Robyn and Lori. Lock yourselves in the basement.

"Take whatever you need for the boy and let's go. I'm going to bring you and your son to the mansion. You can wait there safely, but I need you to be where Gregor or I can question you later. I know you aren't guilty of anything and Gregor knows that too. But you might hold important information you might not know that you heard or saw. So let's go, right now. Stay very close to me and keep that kid quiet. Looks like we'll have to delay our fun, Marla."

"Gee, I'm so disappointed not to be sexually violated."

But the tears on her face, the distress that was in her every movement, Polliver was bothered by it. She was betrayed by her own husband and friends. They even left her child tied like a dog. So he decided not to torment her.

They ran fast and they were almost to the mansion before they smelt the smoke and heard gunfire, the crackling of flames. Cursing, Polliver had to change direction.

He wanted to go help with whatever hell was happening in the reception tents but he had to get the woman and child to the house. He might be a rapist, a bully and a killer, but he can't desert a helpless child in the middle of a battle zone.

Skirting the tree line, they go around the battle they can hear, they can cut across where the temporary building of the comfort station. Once they pass that, the house is straight ahead. Just as Polliver grabbed the woman and boy to run across the area, two things came at them.

First was a bullet that missed Polliver by a lot but planted itself into Marla's face. As the woman crumpled, the child fell out of her arms. Polliver swore as he caught the little boy and held him under his arm like a sack.

He saw the shooter a moment later and ended him with his own gun. If Polliver thought balancing a toddler while fighting could be rough, it got worse. As he started to run past the temporary building he saw Shane running. Holding a gun in one hand and some girl's hand as they nearly barreled into
him.

"Aunt Polly, this party has become a bit rough. Bullets, flames and two assholes tried to kidnap me. I'm afraid I used Waif's blade to kill them. I lost the knife, I will confess it. This is Hood Rat and I shot her mother in the knee so we could get away from her. I promised not to kill her though, it would upset Hood Rat."

Polliver thrust the toddler at Lori.

"Here, hold this for me. Okay kids, I think it's time for you guys to be done with this party. I am taking you to the house, I want you to stay hidden and safe. Lock yourselves in a room. Shane, you know how to act, what to do, yeah? Keep your gun handy but don't get trigger happy. Okay, let's run fast."

Polliver led the children towards the house and they got caught in a hail of bullets. He grabbed the toddler and threw the other two to the ground. Tucking the boy like a football, Polliver crawled one handed into the bushes with the kids.

Security was being overwhelmed by drunken rioting Northerners. There was no way past this mess into the house. He turned to look at the girl hiding in a large maroon hood, Shane and the little toddler in his arms. The large eyes of the toddler looked up at Polliver like he was Superman and started to coo at him.

"Shit. I'm trapped with three kids. How the fuck did I become the nanny?"

Shane gave a small laugh.

"Aunt Polly is now Nanny Polliver. What wonderful moralistic adventures shall we have tonight, dearest Nanny Polliver?"

Shutting his eyes, Polliver groaned and tried to think how to keep these kids safe and yet help the others. It bothered him that no one has responded to his texts.

He tried to text Raff, Samara and Charlie.

"Shane is with me. I also have a girl and Marla's son. Can't get into house with them. Advise? What do I do with these fucking kids?"

With a heavy heart, Polliver watched for a magical answer that did not come.
Waif was pissed. So pissed. Her dress was ruined.

It was made by those prisoners from Dany's war. They are forced to make clothing for Raff and Gregor. The rumors were right and wrong. None of the captured were blinded. Their tongues were removed.

All of the wedding clothes were made by those talented Dany fanatics. They might have been traitors to their country but they were quite talented at creating beautiful clothing. Or were trained rigorously enough to learn perfection rather than suffer under worse torments.

The outfits were so delicate and perfect that everyone but Gregor and Waif changed right after the wedding. Gregor and Waif kept theirs on because they knew how much it cost to create these. They would only wear them once so they best get as much use as they could out of them.

She had made sure that was stressed to those imprisoned traitors turned tailors. That the wedding outfits must be delicate yet strong enough to endure being worn for many hours.

Waif leaned against the wall and coughed up some blood. Fuck, she just got over being speared and now she was shot. Thank goodness that idiot has no idea how to shoot. He almost got my heart, the traitorous bastard. However, he did catch her lung and wheezing painfully she tried to move forward.

It was too hard to try and reach to the floor and get her phone. Her brain seemed to be slowing down along with her breathing. But worse, something else was wrong. Waif lifted her hands to stare at them and moan.

Suddenly it hit her as she tried to keep moving, her fingers stiffening, legs turning traitor, trying to cramp. Her stomach cramped hard and she laughed bitterly as she heard her own orders again.

I fucking GAVE them the way to murder us. They poisoned the clothing because we would wear it for a long time. And how many slow acting deadly poisons come from the West? So many, oh god, Gregor! He needs to remove his clothing, I need to get out of this fucking dress and save Gregor!

Bile and blood filled Waif's mouth and spilled down her chin as she looked at her grey nails, her cramping hands. They shook like she had palsy and she was ON FIRE!

Screaming, Waif lurched forward, trying to rip off her dress, trying to go warn her new husband.

They all heard the scream, even through the dance music. The music cut off abruptly then.

Raff and Samara had come back in to harass Charlie's potential suitors. Arya was enjoying Piggy's outrageous behavior and Gregor had been impatiently shooing guests home so he could find Waif.

The fifty or so guests left all heard it and craned their necks. Waif made it, staggering just into the room and Gregor roared at the bloody, vomit covered sight. He swept her up but she was gurgling and seizing.

Gregor fell to his knees and held her, knowing it was too late. He tried to tear the dress off but the rash was terrible and had covered her. Waif was purple, her eyes were bulged and her mouth froze
Gregor laid her down and tore off his jacket and shirt to see the rash he only started to feel a moment ago. He went to rip the pants off but his hands seized. He felt his breathing slow, jerk to a halt, then slower again.

The others were there, they surrounded him and Gregor looked up. His voice boomed for one last time.

"I name Arya Clegane my successor. I name Polliver as her right hand. Raff shall be her Head of Council."

Tears rolled as Arya leaned down to grab her father's hand. He squeezed it the best he could, then shoved her hand away. His eyes offered a deep apology for dying so soon but Gregor's words were urgent and gruff. It was weakening rapidly, getting hoarser.

But it was still orders from her leader more than a father's last words to his daughter.

"No. You don't have time for it. It's not a Lifetime movie, Arya. I am dying and you need to get out of here. Protect yourself and your child. Go with Raff, do as he says. Get safe so you can rule. You can't be down at the gunslinger stage anymore. You are the top now. So get up and let the others protect you so you can lead. Save your tears for your pillow for now on."

Brat shook her head at Gregor's words, she saw he was fighting to breathe. Raff yanked her upright. Tears glistened in his eyes but didn't fall. He thrust Arya behind him with Charlie, Samara and Piggy all surrounding her.

They were all armed with the one gun they each had concealed. Raff's phone buzzed in his pocket.

"Samara, get that for me."

She reached in and read the text.

"It's Polliver. It's another rebellion heading for us. At least they aren't clowns, just drunk morons and some disgruntled employees. But Polliver says he has Shane and two other kids with him. He can't get them inside the house or come back here."

Samara looked across the reception hall as she saw Malcolm headed for them, she nearly cried with relief.

"It's Malcolm, he's on his way over to us."

Raff waited until Malcolm came over. He grabbed his son who wanted to go see Gregor.

"No, it's too late for that. I'm sorry, son. But we are under attack and must get out of here. Arya must be protected. We are going to have to fight our way out of here, I think. Are you armed, Malcolm?"

Before Malcolm could answer all hell broke loose.

The tent went up in flames to their left, quickly licking its way through it. An old lady couldn't move fast enough and was trampled as the guests panicked and ran for the exit. A fancily dressed gentleman's coat tails caught fire and he went up in a screaming blaze.

As the stampede headed for the exit, a hail of bullets tore through them. One of Charlie's suitors was
riddled with bullets as others screamed and fell about him. Half were dead and the other half were wounded, crawling, screaming.

Raff led Arya and the others through the kitchen area. He knew half the staff must be in the fight by now so he told them all to be ready to shoot their way out. The few staff that remained were terrified and standing together in a stunned group.

What Raff saw was cannon fodder. He smiled at them reassuringly and spoke in an urgent, commanding but soothing tone.

"We know you are loyal, it's alright. Join us, stay close around us and we shall lead you to safety."

The servants were grateful both for the protection and that these dangerous people don't think they are with the traitors. Eagerly, the six staff members circled around Piggy, Samara and Charlie. Raff had shoved Malcolm in the center along with Arya.

"You are a leader too. You deserve the same level of protection. If your men have not come in or responded by now, they are dead. So stay next to Arya and do as you're told. Not as my son, as the leader you have to be. Your laws and hard work will be lost if you die."

It bothered Malcolm but he obeyed and was pressed against Arya, who was holding her gun at her side. She was crying but her eyes were alert and it was clear she longed to fight rather than run. But she too grudgingly obeyed Raff's orders to stay surrounded, protected.

With caution, Raff had one of the staff make small slits with a knife into the tent wall to see if they had any sort of a clear path. Four different directions the man cut through the tent before they found a relatively quiet path.

Raff sent the one man ahead of him, once they all got out one by one, they formed around Malcolm and Arya again. With a big breath, Raff began to have them run. A tight circle heading for the trees was noticed, but only by the four drunk men that were back in this brush area.

Charlie and Samara each took out one, Piggy cracked one in the skull with his cane, Raff shot the other swaying idiot.

Malcolm looked back at the huge gas tank the temporary kitchen used. His eyes reflected the flames from the tents and he grinned at Piggy.

"Are you thinking what I am thinking?"

Piggy shifted his eyes from Malcolm to Raff. His cane dug into the ground and he grinned, full of liquid courage.

"Is there anyone left in there you want to have a surviving chance?"

Raff shook his head. Piggy and Malcolm grinned at each other then flew back over towards the tents and gas tanks. Yanking his hair in frustration, Raff watched them ignore him and head back towards the danger.

"Oh fuck! Quick, the rest of you get into that tree line now! Piggy, don't you dare blow up my son or I swear I'll kill you slowly!"

He shoved at Samara who wanted to go after Malcolm.

"No, think of Charlie, of getting to Shane. Malcolm knows what he is doing. I'll wait for him. I will
keep him and Piggy safe. Text Polliver and try to find him. Now go, keep them safe, Samara. I'll catch up with Malcolm and Piggy all safe and sound. Go."

Samara looked torn but she nodded and lead the smaller circle into the trees. She texted Polliver who responded so fast, she blinked at it. He wasn't too far up ahead in the woods, so they headed towards him.

Moments later there was a huge rush of air and an explosion that made a few trees make cracking sounds. They could see the flames between the trees as they moved. Samara said a prayer that her son, husband and best friend weren't just incinerated.

With Samara in the lead, Charlie at the back, both armed, they kept steadily heading towards the house. They heard something ahead of them and they crouched low. A moment later Samara heard a voice that made her nearly cry with relief.

"I am surprised they cannot see the moonlight just glowing off that dome on your head, Aunt Polly."

"Shane!"

Samara rushed forward and hugged her son tightly until he squirmed against her.

"Mom! Oh my god, not in front of my friend! Mom, stop! Please, I'm fine! Let me go!"

Releasing her properly appalled son, Samara looked over quickly at Polliver, the toddler he held and the girl in the hooded long coat.

"Of all the folks to end up rescuing small children, this will be funny later when we are all safe."

Polliver scowled at Samara and tried to hand her the boy.

"No, you need my skills and you need Charlie's too. Anyone who is holding a weapon isn't holding the boy."

"Thanks, a lot. Fine, I'll carry him myself. I take it your son and Piggy decided to blow up more shit? At least they did it here and not my fields."

They could hear the screams of those drunk idiots that decided to attack and are now frying for it. The screams of the privileged that got caught within the tents, well, they were expendable.

Arya looked up at Polliver and spoke with numb lips and tongue.

"Father is dead. Waif is dead. Their clothing killed them, poison in the wedding outfits, how clever, right?"

Grief flashed in Polliver's eyes before he hardened them back to steel pennies.

"We will avenge him. And we can grieve for them later on. Right now I need you to be present, to stay strong, it's what Gregor would want."

Arya nodded wearily but put her chin up and motioned to Samara.

"We have secret tunnels here that Gregor built. Turn left here and head down into that ravine, it's designed to cover the little tunnel door. The house is a fortress, there is no way that anyone can get in there."

They slid down the steep ravine and Brat easily found the door. She entered the code and it opened
with a hiss of compressed air. They walked the cool, narrow tunnels that were only lit by tiny recessed lights.

"I have already called all our resources in. Most of our force in Riverlands is tearing down the highways heading for us. I have Southern allies sending support. All of my men, all of YOUR men here in the Northern Freeland are heeding the call and coming prepared to kill them all. It won't be a long wait before it's going to be a bloodbath out there. After this little massacre, we can put one hell of a sympathetic swing for the public, for the media. But for the North and South, for our enemies, they will see the truth in the lack of survivors from this atrocity. You are going to have to be grief stricken which won't be too hard for you, I know. But then I am going to need you to become a Mountain for me, for all of us. For your empire, for your son, for your people. For your father and for yourself. You have made it, Arya, whether you wanted to or not yet, for better or for worse."

Suddenly Arya started to laugh which made her tears come faster.

"Oh no...he managed to win after all, the asshole. Don't you guys see it? Gregor managed to stick me into an arranged marriage I can't get out of. Congratulate me, everyone. I just married the fucking North. I won't just be a new mother to my baby, I'm the friggin stepmother of too many to count. Father always manages to get his way in the end. To the end, in fact."

Polliver thrust the toddler at Samara then grabbed Arya and hugged her tightly for a moment. She fought him at first then leaned into his chest to sob for a moment.

"I know...this sucks but I need you to stop the emotion. Just for a bit, can you try? I swear I am not trying to be an asshole for once. My fucking heart wants to break and I am worried about the others but we have to keep moving. We can't worry or grieve yet. Right now, we must focus, you have to keep it together. So take a breath and wipe your eyes."

Nodding, Arya took a shuddering breath and pulled away to dry her tears. Perhaps Polliver was the best choice, after all. It seems father did know best, but she shoved those thoughts away. She drew herself up and regained her composure.

"I'm ready. Let's keep going. Around this next corner should be the stairs. They will lead us to the basement. From there we can take the set of stairs that will lead us into the kitchen pantry."

Polliver smiled approvingly until Samara thrust the little boy back into his arms.

They went up the steep stairs and Polliver held the toddler tightly til the boy squirmed. A moment later, he staggered against the railing and made a startled, bleating sound. All stopped to stare at Polliver under a full scale attack that no one was inclined to save him from.

Instead they struggled not to laugh themselves to death as Polliver begged for assistance.

"Ack! It's trying to suck my eye out and it has a fucking finger rooting up my nose! Hey! My ear, don't rip it off! EHH, ET UT OO AY OU!"

Polliver gagged as the child stuck both hands into his mouth. Samara smiled kindly at him then patted his arm as she passed him.

"You really shouldn't let him stick his hands in your mouth like that. Who knows what a toddler sticks his hands into all day? You did say he was left alone for quite some time and his diaper looks rather full."

She grinned as Polliver gagged more and tried to extract the tiny hands from his mouth.
All of them were smiling when they entered the pantry.

Except for Henry, Shireen and the five other men all pointing rifles at them. They didn't look happy at all.
Arya was nearly hidden behind the cannon fodder servants, the children, Samara and Polliver, who was still clutching the toddler. Only enough space for her to see her cousins Robyn and Shireen. Whom were not seen since after the Lannisters took over.

"Of course you would take our heirs, our innocent children as hostages or perhaps as revenge. You will hand over Robyn and Lori. The reign of the Cleganes is over. The Mountain is dead and if you abdicate and leave this second, I will allow you to live. You will be banished from the North, the Riverlands, hell, anywhere we can reach. But first you hand over our children in order for us to spare yours."

The man spoke in a clipped tone as Arya narrowed her eyes, staring at him, then at Shireen. Slowly, Brat pushed through her protectors until she stood next to Polliver, Samara came to her other side.

"You are my cousins. You could have come to me for help, to talk instead of this. I would have listened to you. Not now though. That ship has sailed away."

Arya stared at Harry then at Shireen and her eyes hardened like rocks, like stone. She seemed to grow taller, wider and her face smoothed out. Her voice was cold, it was authoritarian and it was a new voice Arya will have to learn to get used to.

"You are traitors of the North, of the Freelands. Gregor never mistreated you, hell, he favored your damned wife and son! And Shireen, your husband makes more than any other mechanic in the North. Both of you should be ashamed of yourselves. Let me tell you what is going to happen if you don't lower those fucking rifles. Not only will we release every bullet from our chambers into your traitorous brains, but first Polliver is going to bash your son's head into those steep stairs, cousin. He will toss him like a fucking football and you will hear his fragile little skull crack like an egg. Shane can slit the girl's throat himself or if he is squeamish over it, I'll have Samara rip her throat out. With her teeth. It's one of her favorite ways to kill. You might manage to kill some of us, but I guarantee we will kill your children, then most of you, of course. Or you can lower those rifles and I'll let you run. Well, let you have a head start, at least."

Polliver and Samara looked sick but ready to obey the gruesome orders. Lori looked at her mother in fear and silent pleas to lower the guns.

Shane wordlessly prayed that his mother wouldn't think less of him for passing on the killing of Red Hood. He felt a bit sad as he really liked the girl. It sat uneasily in him that they would kill the tiny kid. It reminded him of that little boy that Gregor killed because of him.

Harry and Shireen stared hard at Arya who looked as impassive as a mountain.

Raff had started to head for the two crazed bombers when they started to run towards him.

"We already set it, go go! Move your golden ass, Raff or get blown up!"

He ran, even though he ached to smack that drunk impudent Piggy that dared to speak to him like that. The explosion wasn't as devastating as most of their deliberate work elsewhere but it was still loud and powerful enough to take out all the tents and those surrounding it's immediate vicinity.

It hit just as Raff hit the ground and covered his head. He peeked out of his arm as it blew and he
watched as Piggy and Malcolm were thrown. They sailed over him and into the bushes just beyond him with a fearsome crash. Raff stood up and scrambled into the bushes after them.

Malcolm was a bit battered but nothing seemed broken and his father helped him stand up. They dug deeper for Piggy and pulled the half stunned man out of the destroyed foliage.

Piggy grabbed his cane and stood up, swaying back and forth. Then he tipped over and Raff swore.

"Great. Between the drinking, your being a fucking cripple and the impact of the blast, you are useless to me. I'll have to carry him, Malcolm. Malcolm? Son? Can you hear me?"

"WHAT? YOU DON'T NEED TO WHISPER, DAD. JUST TALK NORMAL."

Raff winced at the bellow and sighed as he lifted Piggy over his back. He started to walk into the trees after shoving Piggy's cane at Malcolm. Piggy complained of Raff's shoulder jabbing into his stomach. Then Piggy whined that being upside down made him feel sick. That he was dizzy.

Malcolm roared into his father's ear that maybe he should put Piggy down for a rest. Raff shook his head and kept going.

"There is a tunnel up ahead that will bring us into the house. It's where Arya would have led them. We need to get there before anyone sees us or hears us. Piggy, stop complaining and both of you shut the fuck up!"

"WHAT?"

While Raff cursed at Malcolm's roar, Piggy responded by puking all over Raff's back.

Shireen stared at Arya and then spoke, full of rage, full of love for her daughter, full of obsession that twisted her mind. The same emotions and obsession swirling in Robyn's eyes as he looked at his tiny son.

Her psoriasis that covered the left side of her face was inflamed as Shireen's smooth right cheek turned heated. Her voice was a hiss of repressed angst, rotting her for so many years.

"You have no idea what it was like to be forgotten, discarded, used and owned. No one cared that our mothers were abusive, sick and making us sick along with them. We were lucky enough to survive our parents just to be thrown into a hellish asylum they pretended was a school! We were forced to give up our names, our titles, our money and land! Then when you decided to blow it all up and change shit again we were all sold as fucking slaves. We suffered collars until Gregor offered us shitty contracts. It was our upbringing that allowed us to get so close to Gregor as his staff. At least Kevan Lannister allowed us the education we deserved if nothing else. We seduced and married staff members that were trusted the most by Gregor. Do you think if we told him our real names, that Gregor wouldn't have murdered us? Or just laugh us off and sell us back to Raff? We sacrificed everything. Everyone has sacrificed and betrayed us, starting with our own parents. You think we won't sacrifice even more? We are used to heartbreak."

But the part of Robyn that has really become Harry, he couldn't. He looked at his innocent son's sweet little skull, the flyaway hair that is soft and too long. Marla wouldn't allow him to get a haircut, she wasn't ready for that step. She promised her husband that when little Robyn turned four next year he could have a haircut.

He wondered where Marla's body was. There was no way she would have allowed Polliver to touch
her son, to take him without her. Marla would have never had to ponder this decision. Her boy came before all else, even before her beloved employers.

Harry thought again of his mother, of Petyr, of Cat. The pain of the past was as sharp as his grief for his wife. He shook his head and put his rifle at his side.

"No. Our families failed us, the systems failed us. All this was so we wouldn't fail our children. How much worse could we fail them then to allow them to die for our cause. I can't do it, Shireen. Put the rifles at your sides, all of you. Shireen? Do you hear me? Can you really watch Samara rip your daughter's throat out? Your own child that you have raised, that you have given up so much for, so she would be safe and loved?"

Shireen held back a sob and lowered her rifle. The sounds of shrieking vehicles then high powered weaponry was echoing in the air, drowning out the crackling of flames. Arya gave a tiny sideways smirk and spoke in a confident but somewhat mocking way.

"It sounds like our back up is here. Your window to take that head start is dwindling. I'd get moving if I were you."

Harry reached out with a hand outstretched.

"Fine, you win. Give us the children and we will leave."

"No. The children will stay as my hostages. They will be fostered to prominent families, healthy and safe. As long as I never hear your names mentioned, connected in any way to rebellion. Until you are tracked down and killed or imprisoned, you best stay out of any trouble. For the sake of your children. Get out. Last chance."

Raff had to remove his jacket and his shirt, shivering in the chilly, snowy night. He didn't have time to grab his overcoat, none of them did. Malcolm laughed and offered his long Western style robe. With a scowl, Raff yanked it over his bare torso.

Even tied properly, the robe showed most of Raff's chest as it was meant to do. Normally, most like Malcolm who can actually carry off the outfit, they usually have a funky t shirt with some witty but cruel slogan. Or an embroidered silk dress shirt such as the one Malcolm was wearing.

Malcom and Piggy both started to laugh at Raff who threw rocks at both of them.

"You...you like one of those cologne commercials during holiday seasons. The long messy hair should flow in the wind as you walk barefoot across a beach. Wearing the remnants of fancy party where you lost the love of your life or something. Hoping the sight of your magnificent chest will bring her back. Or your cologne. Ow! Hey, ouch! Stop with the rocks, dammit!"

"Piggy, shut the fuck up before I remove your tongue permanently!"

But Malcolm was laughing and off his medication schedule now. If the wedding massacre and setting fires didn't trigger him enough, he was late on his pills. It wasn't like he could have asked everyone to hold off on killing while he ran to get his medications.

"No..dad..you look like a cover of one of those romance trash books that mom reads sometimes. The man always has strange flowing clothes, a bare chest and long hair. You...ha..ha...you look like a male model for some trashy romance novel."
Malcolm's hearing had started to come back and Raff could only be relieved that his son wasn't screaming this. Raff tried to yank his son forward but Malcolm pulled away. Piggy stayed out of reach as well, his mouth running.

They heard the commotion of their military forces taking care of the last of the rebellion. Raff sighed in relief and began to walk towards the house more calmly. Staying hidden within the lines of trees, they saw tanks, saw heavily armed soldiers shooting down anything that ran or fought.

"Keep it up, you two. We are almost there. And Piggy I am going to tell Polliver of your behavior, of every insolent, rude word. I will tell him how much you drank. Then I am going to shove your medication down your throat, Malcolm. Then since I cannot cause you any other form of harm, I am going to tell your mother that you confessed to me that you still cry for her at night. She will smother you, probably follow you home to the West to feed you soup and give you hugs."

That shut the two up for about three minutes.

"I feel like we are stalking Fabio. Tell me about the secrets of being a romance book cover model?"

"Tell us, Raff, what kind of cologne do you wear?"

"Ahhh! Shut the fuck up!"

The worst thing was, Raff couldn't just grab Piggy's cane and give the impudent slave the beating he needs as it might trigger Malcolm. So Raff was caught in a nightmare. He couldn't retaliate and sucking it up wasn't something he was used to unless it was Gregor.

Except Gregor was gone and Raff feels like the world might open and swallow them up. So he chose to try and ignore the two behind him as he headed towards the tunnel.

Shireen gave a final sad look to her daughter and a chilling one to Arya.

"You know, when we attempted to take Shane as a hostage, we never injured him nor intended to. He would have been safe and cared for until he could be returned. That boy killed two of our men and even then I never raised a hand against him. I would hope you would extend that same mercy for my daughter."

Arya nodded but Samara's head tilted slightly and she stepped forward a little. Her voice was musical and eerily sing-song.

"Did you say you tried to take Shane hostage? You tried to kidnap my son?"

Polliver reached over and pulled Samara back next to Arya by her collar. But Samara was staring intensely at the woman now and only those around Samara could hear her growing growl.

The lovely party dress that Samara had changed into was ripped and stained with dirt. Her carefully arranged hair has fallen and was now covering her face. All but one bulging eye that followed Shireen's every move.

Groaning, Polliver kept a hold of the back of her collar and hissed into her ear.

"Bad girl. Don't go all feral on me now. Let Arya handle this, she is our leader now. Raff would want you to be calm and protect those weaker than you. Focus."
Polliver might as well have crooned a Barry Manilow song, for all the attention Samara paid to him. She stiffened and kept her eye only on Shireen.

Arya let the small ragtag group run for it and after they left she sagged into a chair. She closed her eyes and took some deep breaths, trying to think, to focus. Polliver thrust the toddler at Lori.

"Here, hold this for me."

Samara was already heading for the door, not even bothering to take a coat or better shoes. Polliver caught up with her halfway across the room. Grabbing her arm, he spun Samara to face him.

"Hey! What the fuck did I just say to you a minute ago? You aren't leaving this fucking house until Raff says you can. I need you to watch all these damned kids."

Lori held little Robyn tightly and Shane's arm even tighter. She gasped when the tiny woman somehow moved in a blur almost too quick to see. Suddenly Polliver let out a single cry then he seemed to fly backwards. Shane's little mother had thrown the large man hard into the wall.

For a brief wonderful moment, Polliver seemed to be part of the wall decorations. To his right was a lovely three foot painting of a Northern hunt with dark muted colors. On the right was a tastefully drawn mural of the outer gardens with a couple of lovers gallivanting about. Done in a charcoal black sketch.

"He looks like the latest in modern art. A very colorful and realistic model of a surprised and possibly squashed man."

Shireen whispered this to Shane as Polliver slowly peeled from the wall and fell to the floor.

"She left. Mom just walked out to go all Freddy Kruger and Micheal Myers on their asses."

Shane offered his words and hand to Polliver who sneered and stood on his own. Arya gave a quick laugh.

"Looks like you are Nanny Polliver after all. I can't help you, I have to give orders. Diapers are in the servants quarters by the way. Sometimes the servants bring their kids to work. Go change that boy's diaper, would you? Then hurry back because we have a shitload of things to discuss and work out, don't we? Shane, bring your new friend over here, I would like to speak with her after I finish."

Polliver carried the boy to the servant's quarters and rummaged for some time before he found what he needed. He opened the diaper and was confronted with horrors beyond any he has faced before.

He wished he had risked going after the triggered feral. It would have been easier compared to this.

Raff was blinded by a bright light just before the ravine.

"Mr. Targaryen? We have cleared the way through if you'd wish for an escort to the front door."

Both Piggy and Malcolm were in agony, tears streaming down their faces, huddled for support on their knees. The look of humiliation on Raff's face at being seen in such a state was too much for them.

Raff took a deep breath and simply nodded gracefully with a polite frozen smile. He imagined roasting Piggy with an apple lodged deep in his throat. He was going to boil Malcolm alive. Yes.
He tugged the robe as far over his chest as it would go and then gave up and owned it. The media was here of course, they were. They sneak so easily about that Raff often wonders if they are a strange tree-folk. Hiding among branches then leaping down at the fresh scent of blood or mishap.

The smile on his face gave them the weary but still charming look of a man who has just saved the world or at least survived a wedding massacre.

"Thank you for your concern. Please excuse my rather interesting outfit and the condition of my son and Polliver's assistant. They are a little...shaken. We shall give you all a full statement as soon as we are sure that everyone is safe. Yes, I have been assured that Arya Clegane is safe in her home. Sadly, we have lost our beloved leader as well as the two most charitable and charming twins I have ever met. But we shall speak of this later. Please, give us a few moments to all change our clothing, to-to..."

Raff trailed off. He watched his little wife who looked more like a well ghost then ever in the torn long dress, with her long dark hair in her face, go past them all. She had a chainsaw that was left out by a worker in her hand. Samara got into a car, bouncing keys in her hand.

A reporter at the back of the crowd hollered,

"Hey! She stole my keys from my pocket and that's my car!"

Raff looked towards the heavens and closed his eyes briefly, willing himself to patience. Piggy and Malcolm stopped laughing and were watching. The media was not only watching, they were filming.

The reporter ran to his car but Samara drove away, peeling rubber to leave and reach her prey. A reporter nearest to Raff turned to face him.

"Uh...Mr. Targaryen, was that your wife?"

"Yes. Yes it was."

"Does Mrs. Targaryen often steal keys and cars?"

"No. Normally she just calls for her driver."

"Sir? Does your wife usually carry around a chainsaw?"

"Not that often, really. She does seem to have a natural ability with them."

Raff smiled brilliantly and then he noticed Malcolm and Piggy were gone. The smile shattered and Raff stormed through the crowd. He got to the car just as Malcolm started to pull out of the driveway. Piggy frowned and hollered for Raff to go away and let them go help Samara.

Raff grabbed the passenger door and ripped it open. He yanked the squealing boy out then hit him three times with the cane.

"Now get in the backseat and shut the fuck up!"

Piggy sniffed and got into the back of the car with his cane while Raff sat next to Malcolm.

"Well, drive!"
Washing Away Sins

As the car squealed and attempted to not flip over during a sharp turn, Raff recalled why he never let Malcolm drive him anywhere. Clutching the door and dashboard, his feet stepping on imaginary breaks, Raff shut his eyes. He looked up when he heard Piggy yell nearly into his eardrum,

"Right there! Look, she caught up to them! I think that might be them, way up top of the hill, look! They are running for those two trucks!"

Malcolm giggled and began to chant.

"One fish, two fish, fun fish, dead fish."

Sighing, Raff felt so desperate he would have given Malcolm the joint that he left in his puke stained jacket. He had confiscated it from Charlie earlier and planned to punish her for it later.

Raff had also intended to share with Samara this night to calm them both, but had he still had it on him, he would tell his son to spark it up. Rather than listen to rhyming, counting and babble.

He tried to distract himself from Malcolm's driving by reading a text that Polliver has sent him.

"You fucking deserter! Your wife is a fucking viking beserker, I am the one who needs your help! I have three teenagers, a toddler and a pregnant lady that almost ordered me to bash a baby's skull in. Get back here you cuntlicker! The kid has DIAPERS!"

Raff smiled to hear that Polliver was having as terrible as a time.

"No can do, douchenugget. Wife has a car, a chainsaw, the open road and a target. Son is driving like a fucking lunatic and rhyming. Your rude insolent slave is reeling drunk, waving a gun out the window like a damned cartoon gangster. Save ME, you cocksucker. Enjoy the family time, it goes so fast."

"I hate you. I hope Malcolm rhymes until you leap out of the car to kill yourself. Tell Piggy I'm gonna use his own cane to beat him. Arya says no prisoners. You catch it, you kill it."

Raff would have texted back but that is when he heard an explosion next to his head.

"WHAT THE FUCK?"

Piggy steadied his gun and shot again as Raff sunk low. Malcolm pressed the gas down harder and started to giggle as they rocketed up a hill. Raff wished his seat had an ejection button. He heard gunfire ahead of them and Piggy returned fire.

"Bastards are trying to shoot her down!"

Raff peeked up and saw the car was riddled with bullets and still careening forward, Samara nowhere to be seen. With a sigh, Raff started to calculate how much he would have to pay for all of this in total.

Piggy and Malcolm both started to cheer and scream taunts which made him look up again. The car was knocking through the shooters like a good game of bowling. Bodies went over, under and to the side.

Robyn and Shireen made it into one of the trucks. With a frozen expression of terror, Shireen has
started to drive forward, Robyn holding a gun, waiting. His eyes were on the approaching car the men were in.

"YEAH! GO MAD MAX TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE ON THEIR ASSES!"

Raff winced at Piggy's bellowing and held his hands over his ears. He watched with utterly no shock as Samara ran from nowhere in front of the truck with her chainsaw. While yelling a threat to Piggy, Raff observed his wife run at the truck and leap upon it.

Arya sat across from Shane and Lori but her eyes were on Charlie. The girl had Arya full of respect, admiration and some concern. The girl has kept their backs the whole way.

She has made sure the house was secure then she made hot chocolate and found cookies to set the kids at ease.

While Polliver was confronting a demonic diaper changing experience, Charlie kept watch and spoke with their commanders, the security and kept a record of it all. She also hasn't spoken a single word to anyone else unless she had to.

Charlie kept working, kept moving and never lost focus one. At her age, Arya doesn't remember taking things as well. When the girl came over with some tea for Arya, she grabbed her hand.

"Hey, just checking in with you. On a personal level. Are you okay?"

Charlie gave a quick nod.

"Later we can grieve, like you said. I am working and I'm going to stay working until others are here to do it. I will keep watch until Polliver returns. Then I can get orders from him until my father gets here."

Smiling at Charlie, Arya squeezed her hand.

"See? I told you that this was natural for you. How many years at camp have I told you that? Someday, you might have Polliver's job."

Smiling back, Charlie straightened her back then walked away to check the windows and doors one more time. She scared and shamed the hell out of man posted at the back door trying to fight with his wife on the cell phone.

Lori looked at Shane while Arya talked to Charlie.

"Is your mom going after my mom and the others with a chainsaw?"

Shane patted her hand and smiled reassuringly.

"Yes."

"Oh. Is your mother going to kill my mother?"

He patted her hand faster and smiled ever so kindly.

"Remember when I was going to kill your mother but I stopped to ask if you would be upset over
"Yes, I remember. I told you it would upset me and that you were a fucking dingleberry for asking such a question."

Shane was now moving his hand over hers at the speed of light and his grin was beyond large.

"Uh huh. My mom doesn't ask."

"Oh. Shane?"

"Yes?"

"You are a creepy motherfucker. What the hell are you doing? Why are you fluttering your hand over mine like that? Don't give me a Joker smile while you tell me your mom is killing my mom! You understand this puts a small strain on our friendship, right?"

"I am comforting you by patting your hand. I can't help but smile because I am as nuts as my mother. So I have a good idea of what she will probably do. It makes me smile. Sorry. I'll try and work on this skill. Why can't we still be friends? I didn't kill your mother, I don't care if you hate my mom. Lots of folks love or hate my parents, our whole family. It doesn't bother us. It won't bother me if you hate my mom or even get some minor revenge. If you maim or kill her though...then our relationship would change."

Lori shook her head and slumped into her chair.

"Why do I always befriend the strange ones?"

Before Shane could ask what Lori meant by that, Arya gave them her attention.

"I hope you are both enjoying the cocoa and the cookies. Lori, I don't thing you are guilty of anything, I have no interest in hurting you or killing you. But your mother, her friends, they are very dangerous to us, they aren't going to survive. You can though and so can that little boy. You are hostages until they are dead. Once that is done, the axe will no longer be upon your necks."

Lori nodded and nervously found herself now clutching that fluttering annoying hand. Shane made a tiny whimper of pain but when he tried to tug away the hold got even tighter.

"Once your parents are dead you won't be hostages. You'll become political pawns but very well cared for pawns. We will foster you, keep you educated, treated as your parents wanted. You will be given your last names and history back. As well as reparations. I will hold you two up as proof as how I want to heal the Northern civil war. Waif and Gregor thought so much of you. Do you know they had set up a little fund for you? They had intended to use it to hire a world famous sculpture artist to tutor you. And they loved Marla and her son. So I shall treat you both the way I know they would wish me to. Gregor would have been truthful to you, so I have been."

Shane was slithering to the floor at their feet, whining. Lori's fist was white with tension and her grip on Shane was bone grinding. Arya leaned over and extracted Shane's hand. The boy looked up at them with tears in his eyes as he cradled his swollen hand.

"Comforting is painful work."
Raff breathed a sigh of relief as his son hit the brakes and only hit a few corpses before the car finished it's fishtail. They watched as Samara stood on the hood of the truck. Robyn was shooting through the windshield at her but it wasn't stopping her in the least.

She swung the running chainsaw in a tremendous arc. The windshield exploded and Samara was in the truck with them. Then it was a blur of blood and limbs as the truck went into a ravine.

Malcolm and Piggy ran to make sure Samara was alright but Raff didn't bother. He had texted while in the car to make sure city workers and armed men would have this entire area blocked off from media and the public.

Stretching, Raff took out his gun and began to kill any half run over survivors. A few minutes went by before Malcolm and Piggy came back with a blood covered Samara. As Raff head shot some pleading idiot with crushed legs, he examined his wife with blazing eyes for injuries.

Samara peeked up at him through hair and crimson streaks with a totally unrepentant little grin. But Malcolm was watching. On the other hand, his little wife was going renegade too much for Raff's comfort.

Raff's hand flew towards Samara's face. It gave her nose a painful swat as if she were a bad puppy caught chewing a shoe.

"Bad! Bad girl! Do not run off on vendettas! No more chainsaws without permission!"

Samara got tears in her eyes as she held her offended sore nose and whimpered. Raff grabbed her, shook her then hugged her tightly.

"Malcolm and Piggy, make sure there are no others that are trying to hide or play dead. Make sure everyone is really dead, yeah? Hurry it up, I want this shit to get cleaned up before the wrong eyes wander by."

Raff whispered how he was going to punish Samara later, but the drunk, feral girl was more interested in trying to chew on him. He brought her into the car and bit her back much harder. Crying out, she curled against him and laid her head on his shoulder, finally worn out, surrendering.

He wished it was that easy to coral Malcolm and Piggy. They were checking under the other truck and kicking at corpses while yelling puns back and forth.

Polliver was nowhere to be found. Charlie checked everywhere but came back empty handed to Arya.

"The changing room looks like a war happened. Lotion and powder everywhere and a full diaper splattered on the floor. But no blood, no Polliver and no toddler. I have managed to coral some of the servants and they will clean the mess."

"Where the hell could he have gone?"

Raff had one of their men take them past the roadblock and drop them near the wooded back end of the house. Trying to wash Samara's face with a handy wipe, he grumbled.

"You are covered in blood. Let's not give the press anymore candid pictures of you today. We shall
head around back, hose you down a bit and go through the servants entrance."

Except the hose was already in use. Piggy came forward first, tilting his head trying to understand what he was seeing.

Polliver and the toddler were naked, shivering in the cold air and the cold hose water. They were both covered in baby powder, lotion and feces. He was holding the very indignant, fighting toddler by his leg and trying to hose them both off.

The boy was trying very hard to use his two teeth to chew through Polliver's leg with little success and his tiny fists pummeled at the hose. Samara gasped and ran forward to wrestle the child from Polliver.

"Idiot! Are you trying to give the child hypothermia?"

Snarling down at Samara, Polliver turned the hose on her. Raff laughed at the three as Samara tried to protect the toddler from the spray while she kicked at Polliver.

Piggy rushed forward and yanked the toddler from Samara.

"You savages! No fighting while holding a small child! I don't even understand how you got so covered, Master! You poor baby, frozen and stuck with the worst sitter in all of the North. Then a feral crazy bloody creature grabs you while fighting...."

Polliver handed the hose to Samara and started to walk towards Piggy.

"Hand that over to someone, I want to talk to you, you drunken sneaky little fuck! I told you no drinking because you get too fucking cheeky! You drank! I told you no more adventuring without me, you run off with a gun waving out a window! I told you to be polite and respectful! You ran your mouth all night with insults to your betters! I told you to behave today and here you are just moving that old shovel."

By the time Polliver finished hollering, Piggy was gone. He had clutched the child tightly and used his cane to thump away fast. Polliver followed after him, not caring that he was naked and filthy.

Piggy went up to Polliver's usual rooms at Gregor's and started a warm bath. Polliver came to stand over Piggy, breathing hard and looking ready to murder him. Holding the child still, Piggy looked up at Polliver.

"If you punish me now, then I can't serve you or help you with this child. I am filling a tub for you and the boy, Master. Why don't you get in and warm yourself up? I'll also get you some coffee and the boy a warm bottle. He will probably fall asleep after a warm bath and a bottle."

Grudgingly, Polliver sat in the tub holding the toddler who perked up in the warm water. He tried to explore Polliver's nostrils while Piggy washed down his Master. The child managed to poke one of Polliver's eyes before it was his turn to be scrubbed down.

Robyn raged mightily as Piggy washed him. He tried to climb Polliver to escape. When this didn't stop Piggy from washing his soft downy hair, the boy bit hard into Polliver's shiny dome head in protest.

This made Polliver bellow and whack Piggy's head. Piggy started to whine that he was trying to help, while Polliver was hollering about being mauled. Robyn opened his mouth as wide as an opera
singer about to hit a high C note.

The toddler's voice overcame the other two in volume as he began to beat both of them with a bar of soap.

The others in the house declared it the loudest and most violent bath time in history.
An hour later Arya walked through her father's conference room. The smaller one used mainly by Gregor's family and his men. She stopped being one of the "Mountain's men" awhile ago but she attending some of these meetings as his daughter.

As a working member of the family he created. Each and every time that she fled, then returned, her seat was there for her. Arya blinked back tears and leaned on the back of the largest chair in the room as if to channel him.

"Gregor would tell you to pull up your big girl pants. It's what he always told me if I cried."

Smirking and wiping her eyes, Arya looked up at Charlie. The girl had remained by her even after the others all returned. Silent, ever vigilant, Charlie was her shadow and it was comforting somehow.

Arya had only taken the time to change into jeans and a sweatshirt before trying to plan out her next move. She sat down in the huge chair and felt like she shrunk. Quickly, she struggled to her feet and moved the chair out for another one.

"While you wait for the others to meet you here I can cheer you up. Malcolm taped this and sent it to me and Shane."

Charlie handed her phone over to Arya while she smoothly moved Gregor's seat into a lit corner of the room. Arya laughed until she nearly cried again watching the footage of Polliver, the baby and Samara.

"Oh gods...worst nanny ever! Remind me to NEVER let him change my baby's diaper!"

Piggy came in with a huge pot of coffee and mugs. He also had a backpack weighted with folders, files and more. He grinned at Arya's comments on the worst nanny ever.

"He is, really. I gave the little guy a bottle and he is sleeping soundly."

"Great, but who will take Polliver's place for the meeting then?"

As all three burst out laughing, Piggy put the paperwork on the table.

"This is all I have relating to laws, rules and the specific things you asked for. At least all that I had access to. There were some things Gregor sent to Polliver that are encrypted against me, but not much."

"Okay, thanks. You and Charlie come sit and help me sort through this before the guys get here. I want to be prepared. I am going to take a twenty minute crash course in my father's empire. Help me do that."

Polliver and Raff entered the room to find Arya having coffee with the other two, talking quietly over the files.

"Uh uh. Nope. A teenager and a slave will not be your advisors. Even if you want to go against your father's wishes and pick others, it won't be them."

Arya rolled her eyes and sighed.
"Aw, don't worry Nanny Polly, we aren't taking your place. Just helping Arya get herself some studying assistance."

Sneering, Polliver lifted Charlie up and glared at her then tossed her to her father. Raff caught her and set her gently down. He gave her a kiss on the forehead.

"Thank you for being so loyal and protective. I am proud of you for doing such a good job tonight. You look tired and should go get some rest. Also, I found your weed. You are grounded until your little brother graduates high school or I can kick your ass for it after we get home. You can decide on it later. Good night, sweetheart, I love you."

Charlie frowned and looked at Arya.

"I am still your father. Don't you look at her for permission to obey me. You aren't that old yet, dear. Go to bed right now."

"Thank you for everything, Charlie. I will look for you in the morning but your dad is right. His word comes first until you are eighteen. Then it's my word first."

With a grin at Arya and a pout for her father, Charlie left the room. She sought out Malcolm who laughed and shared his weed with her.

Polliver sat in his usual seat and Piggy rushed to bring his coffee and files.

"These are the files that Arya was reviewing, Master. I brought her everything we had since she doesn't have time to really go over much before the press meeting. Those sharks will wait all night long for that moment. It's already past one in the morning and they haven't moved, in fact more keep showing up. I am out of hot drinks for the servants to pass out."

"Don't feed those sharks anything! They don't deserve it."

Piggy nodded then stepped back, smiled in greeting to Samara as she entered the room. She brought Raff his coffee then both waited behind their Masters' chairs.

Arya sat in the same style chair as the men and they took careful note of it. She shrugged and grinned ruefully.

"The chair was way too big for me. I felt like I was five in it, my feet didn't even touch the floor. I will have a new chair made for me."

She leaned forward and folded her hands on the table. This was to be her first true impression upon them as a leader, not an equal and Arya took a deep breath.

"I am going to honor my father's wishes and lean on you both as my advisors, my enforcers and my closest counsel. However, I am not my father and cannot pretend to be simply for everyone's comfort. I will follow my own wishes as well."

Arya looked directly at Raff with challenge.

"I am declaring all forms of human slavery illegal within the Freelands. I will call for all Southern leaders to uphold this as well. We shall continue to work with the West until all slaves are free. Your side trade is closed, Raff. Permanently."
Raff smiled and nodded agreeably. His voice was appeasing and pleasant.

"Publicly, I will support this. I will go before all political panels to offer my new morals and ethics along with your orders. I will continue my illegal slave trades deep underground so you never see it."

"My men will ensure that all slave owners understand they must make contracts with their servants or release them. It will be enforced. And I will continue to help Raff cover up his operation deep underground so that I may benefit from the illegal slave trade."

Polliver added helpfully while Arya stared at them. She decided to let that go for now and her gaze shifted to Piggy and Samara.

"You two. Did you hear what I said? I declared slavery illegal. You are both legally freed as of right now. Take those fucking collars off your necks. You are your own man now, Piggy. Samara, you are a wife, an equal partner in marriage and in person to Raff."

The reactions were certainly not anything Arya expected to have happen. It was as if she informed them the world has ended. For years Arya dreamed of relieving Piggy and Samara of their collars, of their abuse and fear. However, in her daydreams of it, they acted quite different.

Samara burst into tears and snarled at Arya to go to hell. Raff pulled Samara into his lap and cooed to her while smoothing her hair.

"Hush, no one is taking your collar away. Arya can rule whatever she wishes but not our personal lives. We will change our relationship only to suit ourselves and the kids as we choose to. I will always own you, always be your Master. The others can all lose their collars but not you."

Piggy was pure white, carved marble encased in silence. His eyes were too big for his face and his breathing seemed to have stopped. Polliver snarled at Arya as he got up and took hold of Piggy.

"Damn it! You don't need to be so fucking cruel to our pets to get our attention!"

Polliver began to slap Piggy's face lightly in between hugging and shaking him.

"Piggy, hey, don't listen to the meanie sadist, huh? Listen, you are not losing that collar, hear me? Huh? Wake up and hear me, open those damned ears! You were never part of any fucking slave trades, you were literally kidnapped. So Arya can't free you. Only I can free you and I never will. You are my loyal little buddy, right? Huh?"

Slowly, Piggy came around and nodded, trying to not cry.

"Yes..yes. Yes, Master."

Polliver shoved Piggy into the seat next to him and then kicked it to move Piggy slightly away from the table.

"Sit down, stupid. You overdid things today, now you are too pale and all freaked out."

Rummaging in his pocket, he pulled out two pills and then shoved them into Piggy's mouth. He nearly drowned him with a water bottle.

"Any more of your comfort and you'll kill him. Leave your Piggy alone and let's get back to hearing what other goodies our new fearless leader has for us."

Arya glared at Raff then continued as Polliver turned away from his shaken slave.
"Fine. I am sorry that I upset all of you. But I will not back down, the slave trade is over. I won't have it, if I see it, there will be consequences. I will admit I probably overstepped my bounds on Samara and Piggy. They are more personal to you both. Also, I should have considered asking them how they felt about it first. I am going to insist that in public they are treated as if they are free. I do not want to hear them call you Master where anyone else can hear it. No hitting them, do not have them wear collars in public."

All of them nodded agreement but Arya could practically hear them all thinking of ways around her rules already. Arya just had to hope they didn't test her in a way that forced her hand. Arya knows there will be challenge but she is praying it won't come from her own.

Polliver thrust paper and pen from the backpack into Piggy's hands.

"Take notes of all changes Arya wants. Add all changes, amendments and objections, give detail."

"Yes, Polliver."

He glared down at Piggy who gave a tiny nervous grin back.

"Well, she did say not to call you Master..."

The swat to his head came hard and fast.

"In public where others can hear you! Do you see any public?"

"No, Master."

Arya sighed tiredly and moved on.

"I want every factory, warehouse and working area that was run by Gregor up to code and fast. I want safe working conditions, I want employees given reasonable shifts. I want those fucking slums torn down and the rest of the buildings up to code for the tenants. Any person that signed a contract with Gregor will sign a new one with me. We will give them better pay, enough to feed their families. The apartments and daycare offered will be upheld but with much better conditions. These things will take time, I understand that. So we will have to start from the worst and work our way up from there."

Without objections, both Raff and Polliver leaned in to offer suggestions. Arya gave a silent sigh of relief as she began to listen and add her own input to their thoughts.

All of the media seemed to hold their breath as Arya came outdoors into the early morning light. She was flanked by Gregor's two most favored men. Her announcements were met with cheers.

"Also, I would like to mention that I have a great desire to heal the divide in the North. This civil war must end and I will be the first to offer the truce needed. I will be seeing to the restoration of Robyn Arryn's inheritance as well as to Lori Baratheon's. Both children shall be fostered within my closest and most trusted circles. No one should fear telling their names or titles within the North. The past is the past, let us look towards the future."

Arya took no questions and Polliver escorted her inside while Raff spoke for a moment longer. He reminded them all of the great losses of the day. Raff said he would offer details in the afternoon about the services but until then he asked for privacy and respect for Arya as well as those closest to her.
When Arya went into her room, she was nearly staggering. She found Charlie sitting in her window enclosure and sat next to her.

"I was closer to Gregor and Waif then the boys. I saw them as grandparents. Every vacation I could, I would spend with them, except for those summers with you."

Charlie started to sob and Arya hugged her, tears finally releasing themselves. They held each other and cried for the gruff parental figure they have lost.

Raff and Polliver went into Gregor's den, to his bar. They drank themselves silly before they loudly sobbed over the one father they never wanted to kill or run from.

Malcolm slipped into Shane's room from the way of the roof. He sat on Shane's bed and rubbed his little brother's back silently. They both let Shane pretend he was still sleeping. Malcolm was the one who cried for them, but Shane's eyes were open and his lips trembled as he remembered the last amazing adventure he shared with Gregor.

Samara and Piggy sat together in Waif's favorite room and drank her favorite tea. They talked of her and Jaq, but every now and then they would trace their collars with their fingers.
Mourning Legends

Olenna Tyrell's funeral services had been so extravagant that it was still spoken of until the day of another funeral.

The North itself was invited to it and they all came. Whether rich or poor, they all came. Ten horses wearing silver armor pulled a huge elaborate wagon that contained a massive polished steel coffin. On the immense cover of the coffin was an onyx mountain.

Five horses pulled a small white coffin with the same mountain but a carved black and white mask was within the black etching. Another five horses brought a slender but long grey coffin with a black and white mask upon it.

Most wondered how those horses managed to drag that immense man but the answer was clear, really. The coffins were empty, there was no way that their bodies could be buried. Gregor Clegane was loved and hated in equal measure.

There were many that would love to dig up the body and desecrate it. As for Waif and Jaq, it was pretty well known that they were assassins. How many would love to get their DNA and be the ones to be able to connect them to their kills?

No, that had been decided years ago when Gregor bought his plot. Everything had been detailed by Gregor himself, later he added Waif into it. The only thing that Arya and the men had to do was set it all in motion. Only Jaq's coffin and plot had to be bought.

A day after Jaq had been murdered some of his students showed at the door. While they spoke of the twins, several of Waif's prodigies stole both bodies. Polliver chased them down to their main training facility to be handed a small urn. He was told that it was a small amount of Waif's ashes to sit with Gregor's.

On a shelf, safe within the house were the urns of Gregor and Waif.

But here on the chilly roads, the coffins made their way to a graveyard. The same man who officiated their wedding was there to officiate their funeral. His parishioners eyed him an uneasily as he has actually managed to outdo himself.

If what he was wearing during Gregor's vow exchange was overboard, this was just...magnificent.

His hat was reaching up for the heavens all by itself and was pretty close to getting there. The conical look to the hat seemed to suggest he was a wizard. The gold scrolling Latin prayers upon it and the nearly glowing cross upon the red velvet was too much.

Shane, Piggy and Charlie were silently shaking in giddiness. Malcolm was barely hanging on but reminded himself a leader of the West cannot laugh at a religious figure.

The reverend's scarlet robes sent tsunamis of velvet to crash about him as he spoke. He was nearly calling for sainthood upon the fallen couple as if they were heroic figures he also happened to know well.

Then as he moved they caught sight of his footwear. The man was wearing scarlet red slipper shoes which was bad enough but it was worse. A small tendril of toilet paper was gleefully joining the scarlet hurricane around him as he climbed two stairs to his special made seat.
Now Malcolm was burying his face in the small pamphlet in order to stop his giggles.

Samara buried her face into Raff's suit coat and Arya broke. Polliver grabbed her and shoved her face into his right armpit and then shoved Piggy in his left. Raff shoved his children into a tight circle, smashing Samara in the middle.

The press got the pictures of Raff and Polliver looking as if they were comforting the sobbing others. If their faces looked as if they were having difficulty looking properly grim it was surely due to grief.

Arya invited all to join them at the local park that Gregor funded and Waif designed. It had a children's section, a garden maze, a pond that now was a skating rink. And a large pavilion for concerts, for wedding photos and teens to just hang out upon.

Now it was occupied by so many that wished to speak of Gregor and Waif.

The North truly loved and hated Gregor Clegane.

So many did not attend the endless speeches. They celebrated their own ways. Many were in his bars, his restaurants, his buildings, his other parks. They got drunk, they sobbed, they told stories and hung banners, posters of their savior.

Other burnt effigies of Gregor and danced joyfully, pretending they were on his grave.

Many children and teenagers were putting up their own little heartbreaking messages in balloons to float into the sky. The messages were all to Waif and Jaq.

They had done so much to create safe places for children to play and learn. After school programs, sports, classes in karate, gymnastics, swimming, archery, marksmanship, hunting, tracking and more. No child was turned away, if they couldn't pay, Waif gave them scholarships.

Leaders everywhere were raising a glass to the fallen. Regardless of whether they despised, feared or liked Gregor, they respected and admired him. Those that have been trained by Waif and Jaq mourned them within their own shadow ceremonies.

From those at the bottom to the ones at the glittering top they all could agree on one thing.

Whether seen as heroes or villains, Gregor Clegane, Waif and Jaq were fucking Legends.

And regardless of whether it was done with sadness or glee, everyone remembered them. And their stories were told again and again. The words flooded the air and solidified tales, pictures and thoughts of these legends into so many hearts and minds.

Books, stories, artwork will be based upon this day, upon the words and stories heard. Gregor, Waif and Jaq became more famous even as they themselves had faded away.
Just Above Water Level

In just a short time, the mansion and the dynamics within it have changed. Small things but significant. Gregor and Waif's main offices and sitting areas were kept, treated with reverence.

Arya had their large bedroom suite cleared out and redone completely for herself. Raff had insisted upon it. He was in charge of creating her new image, of presenting her to the world at large. Polliver was trying to reinstate control over the rioting populace.

Regardless of promises made, Arya was a widow, an orphan and a pregnant female. Many felt it was too risky and she wouldn't be able to hold the North. She wondered that too and rubbed her stomach while trying to straighten her aching back.

The bar was one of the worst and most dangerous dives on the wharf. Which is why he headed straight for it.

Loud music assaulted the ears, sour cheap beer and sweat raped the nostrils and the wooden, splintered floor creaked alarmingly upon each step. It was full of those shipping out, wanting one last fuck, those just coming in that wanted a fuck even more.

Which meant fights were breaking out and a few waitresses were pinned down.

Walking past a poor young woman who was being stripped down by three horny sailors, Euron slid into his niece's booth. Asha had her head down over her whiskey. He stared at her with disgust before he slid one pointed boot up her inner leg slowly.

She shuddered and moved her legs away.

"I should kick your fucking balls for that, Uncle or not. Fuck off, leave me alone."

"You should try to kick my balls. Go on, I dare you. Give it a good shot, I'll let you try. I will hurt you for the effort but it would be worth it. Just to see some real fight to you again. I can't stand to see you this way, dear niece. It is such a waste of your time to go on these little guilt ridden binges of yours. Theon was broken, maddened. It was a mercy killing. Get over it. Then you tried to challenge me and I had to punish you for it. So I killed your favorite girlfriend and your ever so fake rich husband. Instead of being grateful that I didn't kill you, you sulked. Every job you do for me is somewhat reluctant and I resent that. I have been patient, waiting and here is our chance. I need you, my savage little bitch. I need you to sober up and pack away your guilt for a little while. We are going North while they are at their weakest. Gregor is dead, those two fools we got all fired up, Harry and Shireen? As I had hoped, they not only died gloriously, but have become martyrs for old names. The little girl cannot possibly hold against it for long. Not if we add our forces to the discontent."

Asha sighed and leaned back in her seat.

"You forget the ones that surround her. You also forget that if half the North is against her, that means the other half is for her. They don't think like us, or fight like us. And frankly, they don't like us. Why the fuck would they want our help or interference? It might even backfire, unite them as a whole to fight against us!"

Euron smiled and his blue tattooed lips made his teeth look like yellowed bones. He raised his hands
and folded them carefully before resting his elbows on the table. Then he rested his chin upon the white knuckles.

One lovely blue eye looked with a dark glee at Asha. The other was a lid sewn shut. A brilliant black eye with a near fluorescent blue iris was tattooed over it.

"We talked those two idiots into starting a rebellion. They did that and it's happening right now. There may never be another chance to get so close to the top. You were not brought up to give up, to be content with crumbs. We take, steal, plunder, we pretend to be sailors but we are really pirates. So let's go be pirates, Asha. Or I will decide that you are useless. Like Theon was."

The formal living room was somehow now chosen as a rather strange family room. All the fancy furniture has been removed to other rooms. Plush couches and chairs have been added along with a soft but easily cleanable rug.

Littered with bright toddler toys and blankets, plus random electronics belonging to the teenagers. The discarded items of a huge dysfunctional family dotted the entire house, but mostly this room.

A huge screen television graced one wall where a small bar had once stood. Lori sat on the beanbag chair that Shane had dug up from somewhere.

Even though she has been treated kindly enough, Lori still felt uneasy. Lori understands Arya's logic and has always liked her. Shane was her friend in spite of the extreme complications. Piggy was full of wonderful sarcastic humor and fun when Polliver was out of sight.

Lori was wary of Charlie. The girl has been pleasant to her but she seemed way too much like a soldier rather than another teen girl. Regardless of what her parents wish, that pretty gunfighter is almost always at Arya's side. And she is always armed to the teeth.

Polliver was a loud bullying asshole but Lori wasn't really bothered by him. He was also quite funny when he wants to be and was also gracious when the mood seemed to strike him.

Raff and Samara scared Lori half to death and she tried her hardest to never catch their eye. Shane never pressed her on her reluctance to be in the same room as his mother. When she cannot get out of it, Lori remains silent unless she must speak.

Little Robyn has become a personal favorite of the house. He was brutal, sneaky and full of energy. He fit right in and even Shane enjoys the child's company. This wasn't always a good thing. Shane has finally found the perfect bait and patsy.

Lori has found herself playing the part of Shane's conscience he seems to be missing. She finds she doesn't mind. The infamous statement of "It's Complicated" applies to her very life now. Lori wonders if she is crazy because she finds that deliciously funny for some reason.

Arya came in and groaned at the sympathetic look on Piggy's face.

"Oh no...what is it? What happened? Why do disasters always happen while I am in the bathroom?"

Piggy snorted then put the freshly changed toddler back on the rug. He wrapped up the diaper and threw it into a plastic bag, then another before throwing it in the diaper waste can.
"Well, that would be because you are always in the bathroom."

"I can't help that my son wants to constantly dance on my bladder. What is it this time?"

With expert precision, Piggy rolled up the changing mat and put away the other items. He went to wash his hands in the bathroom sink and Arya followed him.

"I guess it isn't too horrible considering you are dragging this out. What is it?"

"Raff and Samara went out earlier to pick up some supplies for you. They just got back and Raff is looking for you."

"Supplies? I didn't ask them to pick up anything...did I? Oh no. He didn't, tell me he isn't going to-"

Arya broke off her complaints to sniff at the air.

"What...what is that? Chocolate, right? What did you make?"

Piggy smirked as he slid past Arya to head back towards the living room.

"Polliver told me to bake two cakes. One for all of us...one just for you. But you have to let Raff give you the make over. I know you think it's stupid, but it is important. You need a better image. You are widowed, orphaned, pregnant and female. You need all the help you can get. So if you want that cake...let Raff make you over."

Grumbling, Arya started to follow Piggy, trying to cajole him into giving her the cake now.

"Arya! Hurry, look at this! It's Malcolm!"

Hurrying towards Shane's excited yell, Arya went into the living room as everyone else did.

On the way too large screen, there was Malcolm in all his formal Western attire, eyes blazing like a true Targaryen Lord of old. He was on a stage area that looked newly constructed. On their knees, hands cuffed behind their backs were the murderers of Gregor and Waif Clegane.

There was no repentance, guilt or shame upon their faces, only shining conviction and some fear. Malcolm gave a scathing speech of injustice done to a great legend and the most charitable friends of the helpless, the enslaved, the ones too young or weak to defend themselves.

He stood with a grim face as he called for the execution of the four ringleaders. The three that watched the treason but did nothing to stop it would be blinded and imprisoned for life.

Raff had a look of pride on his face as Malcolm personally swung the axe that beheaded the four poisoners.

While Malcolm's actions started conversation between Arya, Polliver and Raff, Piggy got the two newly frosted cakes. He brought them out and put them on a small side table. He added small plates, napkins and forks.

Shane coaxed Charlie and Lori into helping him make a gingerbread house. The three were engrossed in insulting each other and trying to get the house to took like one. Shane kept eating pieces of it, Charlie had no patience and only Lori was really attempting to actually make the
gingerbread house.

Raff stuck his cell phone into Arya's face.

"Look at this picture, Arya! You look like a weak, tired sad little scarred girl. With a belly full of baby. Does this girl in this clip look like someone that can hold the North like Gregor Clegane?"

"Raff, I can't fucking help being pregnant or tired or scarred. I can assure you that I am not weak."

"Yeah, you need to prove that to the world at large, Brat."

"Shut up, Polliver, you aren't helping. How dare you tell Piggy to blackmail me with food?"

Polliver laughed and grinned into Arya's indignant face. Raff received a text and went into another room to make some calls. He returned in a rush and went over to the irritated pregnant woman.

"Hey, I need to go home for a little bit. Small emergency that needs my attention. Listen, I have left everything you need, your new clothing, all maternity too. Your makeup and hair supplies are in a bag, do not bother touching them. A professional hairdresser and make up artist will be coming tomorrow to work on you. To show you how to work that stuff, okay? I won't be gone very long, about a week or two. Besides, my family could use a week of peace. I will be taking them with me, of course. Samara has become too triggered recently. This time away will be good for her, for all of us."

Arya nodded then stared uneasily at Lori and Robyn, who was playing next to Shane's leg with a plush octopus. She turned to look at Raff and Polliver.

"What should I do with them? Should I foster them to you, Raff? You have a huge house, kids, it would be old hat for you, right?"

Raff smiled and nodded.

"Sure. If you don't mind the special needs issues of our sweet family. I think that little girl is terrified of Samara, even though she clearly gets along well with Shane. She would have to learn to get used to my wife. The baby...I really don't want the stress of a toddler again but if we must, we can take both of them."

Robyn dropped the octopus upon seeing the shiny metal peeking out of Shane's pant leg. He managed to extract Shane's little gun right from his sock without the boy ever feeling it. He tried to play with it and dropped it when he heard a fearsome click sound. Robyn gave a little snort at himself and lunged for the shiny thing with both hands, his whole chubby body.

The whole room leaped as Arya's chocolate cake exploded onto the wall.

Raff stared at Shane as he grabbed the gun from Robyn.

"SHANE!"

Shane ran for the stairs and Raff followed him, with Samara only moments behind them, begging Raff to calm down.

Arya looked at Polliver and Piggy.

"Never mind. I think Robyn and Lori should remain here with me and you two. We can figure a more permanent solution later."
As the two large white trucks came around the tight deserted pathway, shots fired. Shrieking in metallic indignity, the trucks shuddered to halt as the rubber shredded upon the carefully placed spikes upon the road.

Bullets crashed through the windshields, the windows, making the corpses dance.

After the drivers and passengers were dead, the well armed pirates broke into the back of the trucks. Euron smiled and he swept his arms in a grand gesture. His voice was melodic and yet harsh all at once but it was a voice you wanted to hear until you figured it out.

"You are being set free! Courtesy of Euron Greyjoy, I am determined to put an end to this illegal slave trade! Now, I ask one favor from you in exchange for our kindness. No, do not shrink back, my dears, I do not intend to injure nor ravish a single one of you. No, it is a small thing and I think you will find it somewhat...purifying. First, come into the light, the air. There will be one more delivery in another three hours and we intend to free more of you, ask them the very same favor. So there is plenty of time to talk. Come, let us give you some water, food and blankets."

Slowly, the slaves that Raff had smuggled by carefully picked handlers climbed out of the truck.

In spite of the dangerous look to the leader and his crew, they treated them kindly. Euron even let the few small children touch the eye tattoo before the mothers nervously moved their kids away. He and his crew told some funny stories, they fed them, empathized with them.

By the time Euron was ready to speak of his favor, they were ready to listen.

By the time the next truckload were released by Euron, the other slaves were helping him talk the others into the favor.

Raff looked at his mutinous children and sighed. He saw they were nearly to the house now and he sighed in relief.

Shane had a sore ass causing him to squirm continually in his seat belt. In spite of Samara's protests, Raff had locked her out of the room while he strapped Shane's ass. He was careful to stop when Shane's ass turned bright red but his lecture on gun safety lasted longer.

Charlie stared mutinously out the car window. She had pleaded and argued, wanting to stay with Arya. Raff and Samara had been very clear to her and Arya. Charlie was not old enough to work for Arya. During times when Raff was staying up at the Clegane home, Charlie could go and work if she chose it. But that was all.

Samara at least was happy to go home and has already forgiven Raff for strapping Shane. That night she was waiting for him after he finished punishing Shane. She held up his favorite tie with a grin and a razor in the other hand. Before he could reach her, Samara had shredded his tie into useless strips.

Raff read another frantic text from one of his best handlers. Someone is killing his men and stealing the slaves. Four truckloads of slaves just suddenly gone? Eight of Raff's employees are dead and now the men aren't willing to travel anymore. He cursed and Samara stirred.
"Master? Is something wrong?"

He petted her hair and kissed her head.

"Some deliveries were stolen, my men were killed. I wish to hell that Polliver could have come to help me with this. But Arya needs him right now. I just hope Polliver's recommended assistance is as good as he says they are. I need these bastards found and how the fuck can forty or more slaves just disappear? Were they killed or sold? Do I have a rebellion brewing or new underground competition?"

Samara ran her palm in soothing circles on her disgruntled and worried husband's chest.

"I'm sorry. I am sure that you will sort it out, Master. Polliver trains his men personally, they are capable of dealing with any low level group that tries to mess with your trade."

"Had you left me behind, you could have taken Polliver!"

Samara gave Charlie a warning glance as the girl warmed up to argue with her father again. Raff sat up straight and leaned forward to stare at his daughter.

"You want to equate yourself with Polliver? Have you trained for as many years? Did you work with Gregor for most of your life? You are only a young girl still and you have certainly not been trained nearly enough. And that rash attitude is one of the reasons right there! That impatient attitude will get you killed in the field."

"Fuck you."

Muttered but audible and slowly Raff's head turned to look at his son sitting next to Charlie.

"Excuse me, young man?"

Shane looked up at his father without fear or remorse but with a black rage.

"I wasn't talking to you, father. I am talking to her."

Samara gasped at Shane as he stared at her with fury. Raff backhanded him but it didn't stop him, Shane spit out blood and snarled at his mother.

"Why? Why did you have kill her mother? I liked Lori and she liked me! She might have come home with me but no, you had to go all fucking crazy again! Why did you marry a fucking crazy woman? Why did you make her crazier? You gave me a fucking crazy slave for a mother, thanks dad."

The car had halted and Shane flew out towards the house. Charlie grabbed her father's arm and screamed at him.

"Don't you dare chase and hurt him! Mom will kill you or I swear I'll shoot you myself!"

While Raff tried to extract himself from Charlie, Samara got out and went after Shane. Out of the corner of his eye, Raff noticed his wife do something very strange.

She was running, then she jolted, took two steps and collapsed. He threw Charlie off and flew towards her still form, face flat in the snow.

"Samara!"
Charlie was right behind her father once she saw her mother laying upon the ground. The driver pulled out his cell phone just before he was shot in the head. Raff had been kneeling down next to his wife, but he and Charlie turned at the shot, pulling out their guns.

Euron Greyjoy smiled at them as he put his gun away.

"Sorry. Didn't want my fun ruined. Had to shoot the driver before he could tattle on me. Your wife is fine, Mr. Targaryen. I had my man use a tranquilizer gun. A feral beast needs to be handled carefully. Before either of you think to shoot me, ask yourself where precious Shane is."

Asha came into view, dragging Shane with her. He had his hands handcuffed behind his back and a nasty bruise on his forehead. She pressed a gun to his swollen temple. Raff nodded slightly to Charlie and they put down their guns.

"Ah, I knew you would be reasonable and not try to ruin a man's fun!"

The former slaves crept forward along with Euron's men. Giving a giggle and a tiny stomp to his step, Euron pulled out his cell phone.

"I'd like you all to go your knees. Handcuff them, please. Hells Bells yes, I mean for the feral too! In fact, I want her ankles cuffed and get that muzzle I brought. Strap it tightly or you might lose a finger or your throat. Raff, I congratulate you! I have had several slaves in my time, many salt wives too! But even the most cunning and able ones couldn't match this. A perfect little mother and wife, submissive sex toy then BAM! Insane, superhuman killer. Is it magic? Good training or genetics in her just needing a good trigger? I would love to chat with you on these things, Raff. And I can't wait to see Samara in action. I could use a good feral bitch like that, you know. Your boy and your daughter...I haven't taken their full measure yet, but it should be fun to see inside them. Like really get a good peek, see if they are worth anything. The girl is pretty and wouldn't a marriage between Greyjoy and Targaryen be soooo media worthy, Raff? Would you have on that bright smile then while the media worships it all? Keep those bedroom eyes for the ladies? Hmmm? You are so FUCKING smooth, I have gotten a little tingle you know where. Not that I want to fuck you, no, I want to fuck your voice. It is an amazing talent, you could have done so much in voice acting. Oh, guess what? Last week some of my best men acquired a military shipment. Watch this, really close, watch!"

Euron hit a button and they could all hear a phone ring.

"Yes, Commander?"

"Its a go. Take it as far as you can then secure it."

"Yes, Commander."

He hung up and smiled at the Targaryens. Tossing his phone to a silent man behind him, Euron spread his arms out and threw his head back.

"Oh, I love shit like this! You have NO IDEA how long I have waited for this SHIT TO GO DOWN! I knew if I was patient, give it enough time, you'd all eat each other, rot away! And I was right. The Mountain and the assassins went down because they pissed off the wrong people. Prisoners of war using poison on their wedding clothes!!!!! Do you know how fucking precious that is? I almost cried it was so sweetly done. Your son shouldn't have beheaded them, he should have given them fucking medals for creativity! But he was the smart Targaryen. He left."

Euron seemed to slink forward before leaning down to grin into Raff's face.
"I have the Dragon. I have his two remaining hellspawn. I have the feral beast. And by the time my men are done, I'll have the Riverlands. I think you should congratulate me. Don't you?"

"Fuck you."

Raff heard his son and quickly he spoke over him.

"Congratulations on catching a family and attacking the Riverlands. I have no idea how you think to keep it. You have a Senator, two innocent children and my small, submissive wife. That is what the media will hear. You do not have Polliver. Most importantly, you don't have Arya Clegane. So good luck to you."

Euron was torn. He wanted to taunt Raff but he heard that little golden boy and he was intrigued by the light in his eyes.

"Arya Clegane was a traitor to the North, then she became famous for her name and for her relationships. She left Gregor to go West and is only recently returned. She is grieving for a husband and a father. And she is pregnant. The poor thing can't handle so much and I am the kind of guy willing to help relieve her load. It's the neighborly thing to do!"

Euron turned away from Raff and a cutting smile aimed at Shane as he spun in a quick circle. He seemed to come up with an idea and as he stopped spinning, his dark brown hair whipped into his face. The blue thin strips made another attempt at a pleasant smile and he pointed at Shane.

"Do you like games? Challenges? Sure you do! All teenagers do! All...what do they call it? Teenyboppers? Yes, that is you, a little teenybopper and you must love games with an edge to them. Course you do. Brave enough to say fuck you to me, sure, you love games! Let's play a game!"

Euron beckoned towards Asha who put Shane on his feet and begrudgingly brought the boy forward. Asha didn't enjoy the hurting or killing of children. Shane stared at Euron with utterly no fear but a great deal of contempt.

"Shane, be careful."

"No worries, Raff, I'm not going to hurt him. At least not right now. We have time to kill while my men take over your little world. Shane is going to play a game with me. I swear it won't hurt HIM in the least. Now shut the fuck up, DAD! Gosh darn it, sorry about that boy. Dads can be such a fucking drag, right? So Shane, let's play a game."

With a grin, Euron pulled out his gun and took out all but one bullet.

"Let's play, who do I shoot first? You have three options, Shane. Sister, father or mother. You choose and I'll even let you do the shooting!"
The Riverlands had police, it had trained soldiers that Raff made loyal, that Polliver made deadly. However, half the force was scattered since most higher officials were at the funeral. Most of them have not returned yet, but as the Riverlands completes the work on the formerly damaged land, it is quiet.

Anyone who wanted to rebel was either violently squashed down or left and rebelled up North. Those who adored Gregor went to the funeral or drank their sorrows at their local brewery or in their homes. No one expected an attack and no one expected the Greyjoy's crew or the angry slaves.

When the slaves crept up, lighting houses of slave owners on fire, they received instant attention.

The police sent their best to deal with the violent former slaves. Miller wondered at it. No one from the North or Riverlands seemed involved in this rebellion. Only an angry mob of self declared freed slaves that want to burn the slave owners homes to the ground.

That is probably why Miller survived the slaughter at the police station. He had run out to his car, jumped in and started to head for Raff's house. Frantically, he texted Polliver of the current events then he stopped his car with a shriek of brakes.

Up ahead where the road leads to the Senator's home was blocked.

The men stood in their usual positions, but they weren't the right men. Heavily tattooed, heavily muscled men. Miller did a quick U-turn and headed North just ten minutes before Euron ordered the roadblocks to prevent anyone entering or leaving for the North.

Hails of bullets ripped through every person that the pirates saw as they played with their new high grade military weaponry. A tank fired twice upon the police station before ten pirates went in and shot any survivors. Any building that belonged to Gregor or Raff was destroyed.

Euron was careful that not a single medical or emergency building touched. After all, he will need to fix his new land up and it's easier to have the services to do so already in place.

Survivors, citizens and police rose up and refused to surrender.

It was a bloody day and the sight of so much red snow would never leave the memories of those who saw it. The silent tattooed nightmares were sent into peaceful glory that they had such a great challenge. It gave them energy and they gave the attack their all.

At four in the afternoon, the Riverlands became the freshly stolen booty of Euron Greyjoy.

Arya stared at herself in the full length mirror and sneered. Piggy snorted and shoved at her.

"Oh, get over it. You look fine, it suits you."

"No, it doesn't. I hate it. I look like..like.."

"A pregnant woman that is also a Governor of the Freelands?"
She invited Piggy to perform an act upon himself that was technically impossible and looked at herself again. The reflection showed a no nonsense person back at her. Short, sharp haircut on black dyed hair.

Somehow the make up upon her face didn't hide the scar that has gone through so many procedures. It was simply a red line now that doctors can't seem to truly eradicate. The way her face was done up, the red line actually seemed to be an exotic purposeful feature.

The clothing didn't hide her pregnancy but rather made it look good. The clothing was of similar material that Raff himself wears. This outfit felt too light, she felt exposed.

A perfect suit, perfectly tailored skirt, blouse, blazer with a silver and diamond mountain pin. Her cuffs had tiny versions of this as well. At least Raff didn't try to stick her in heels. No, instead it was this atrocious pair of flats that need to be burned.

It will be her first official act when this press junket shit was done. Wearing the ugly and uncomfortable shoes, Arya turned as Piggy directed. He put on the necklace and the earrings for her.

"You do look really different but in a female cooperate kickass way, if that makes sense."

Arya shrugged and frowned at her reflection one last time.

"I don't like it. I don't feel that its really me. But I certainly don't have any better ideas and Raff is our only sadist fashion mogul. Okay, I am ready, Piggy. No, I'm not. I can't do this...oh no...it's way too hot in here, open a fucking window!"

Piggy sighed and calmly led Arya to a window and opened it. He sat her on the edge so the cold wind would stroke her skin through the light fabric. After giving her a glass of ice water, Piggy texted Polliver that Arya was almost ready.

"Listen, it's not everything all at once. You can't think of it that way or you'll panic and live under your bed. Raise your child as a bed troll. Very distasteful and then Gregor will come back as a ghost. Can you imagine the trouble with that?"

Arya laughed and slid the window shut, feeling better.

"I hate these hot flashes. I can't wait for this phase to go away. Okay, I am terrified but ready. I will stand like Gregor did and speak to the press. Then I go to the park and stand at the pavilion to speak to my people. That is going to change. It feels too...dictator like to me."

"You certainly can change it. But not today so let's go. Polliver is probably waiting downstairs, pacing. He hates media and made me polish his head twice for it. Any flash photography and everyone will be blinded."

Piggy kept making jokes while he steered Arya out of her room and towards the stairs.

He stopped making jokes as he saw Polliver come flying up the stairs. Looking at his Master's eyes, Piggy knew shit hit the fan somewhere, somehow. Leaving a firm supporting hand on Arya's back, Piggy stepped back and went silent.

Arya watched as Polliver flew up the stairs towards her. His face was grim, angry and worried.

"There has been an attack on the Riverlands. Euron Greyjoy slaughtered my men, the citizens, anyone that stood in his way. I can't reach Raff or the others. The only one that got out was Miller and he is trying to stay as close to the border as he can. He is trying to be a spy but that isn't what he
is trained for. I have deployed our police and military forces to make sure they don't get any fucking further. The media has already left, they are going to try and get as close as they can. This is a fucking mess and I'm sorry but I need your mind to work. I want you to come gather as much of my intel as you can. Then I want you to start giving orders. Are you ready to do that? Ready to be a fucking Clegane and face Euron Greyjoy?"

Euron took the cuffs off Shane but stayed right behind him, plastered against his back, holding onto Shane's wrists. Slowly he brought Shane's arms to the front of him but stayed against the slender boy.

"Uh..thank you for releasing the cuffs but..are you a pedophile? Are you planning to rape me in front of my sister and dad? That is some pretty fucked up shit. To make me shoot a family member while you rape me. I mean, if you really need it, you could just dry hump me but I'm going to end up in therapy over it."

Raff groaned in despair for his foolish, rash son and Euron laughed heartily.

"Ah, man...Raff, I am so fucking jealous! First your voice, then the feral beast and now such a ASS KICKER son! Shane, I assure you I will not dry hump you or rape you. But I am also not going to hand you a gun while I am in a position for you to try and shoot me, dear boy. Now, I want you to pay attention to me. We don't want any accidents, do we?"

He slowly extended Shane's arms out in front of him then put the gun in his hands. Euron's own hands enveloped them. His head rested on Shane's shoulder.

"Good. Now, when it is time for you to shoot, I will let go so you can clearly be seen doing the deed. So...who should get shot? Let's take pros and cons, we do want to be fair. Who should we start with?"

Euron started to force Shane's hands to point the gun at each of the three in a line.

Charlie and Raff were still on their knees but Samara was only just starting to stir. A blue inked woman that had muscles that Charlie would have loved to speak to her about, was holding the small woman on her knees.

Euron had Shane point the gun at each twice before he chose who to start with.

The gun pointed at Charlie who looked back as calmly as she could. Her chin was up defiantly and she dared to grin at them.

"She is a bitch, huh? Sisters can be awful. Does she tease you? Hurt or torment you when your parents aren't looking? Hmm? Blame shit on you, not take you places when she goes out? Come on, what does Charlie do that pisses you off, Shane?"

Shane and Charlie grinned at each other.

"My bitch of a sister has done some shitty things here and there to me. But Charles is always there for me, always wanting to protect me. So I won't shoot her. I know that."

"Alrighty then. I won't mess with that decision, it seems quite sound. So let's turn to the real source of your angst. Because the only reason your sister and you have that type of deep connection is
because of your parents. So let's find out why and see who gets a bullet. Who shall we start with? Mommy or Daddy?"

Euron leaned into Shane's ear and whispered.

"Your sister is really pretty, very virginal but sexy somehow. If you try to fuck me over, try out any little tricks, I'm going to rape her, then let my men rape her. You will watch every second of it. So don't fuck with me too much, kid. You are amusing the living shit out of me, just keep it that way."

Shane gritted his teeth and tried to keep his voice level. It has been thrilling and entertaining up until now. He enjoyed the pirates, loved their look and was fascinated at Euron. However, he is way too close for comfort to Euron now and he is being told to shoot one of his parents.

As much as he hated them sometimes, he did love them. Was this what Gregor calls drowning kittens? If he drowns his kittens for Euron, will that mean he is his to serve?

"I am not about to try and do a great magic trick to release myself and shoot you in the head. I do posses some of my mother's madness, I believe but not enough, sadly. There is no need to threaten my sister. What do I call you, anyway? Mr. Greyjoy? Pirate or Captain? Euron? The Eye? Uncle Bumpy? Sorry for that last one, but you are really close to me. Like really way too close."

Euron chuckled, rich and thick in Shane's ear before he backed up slightly to raise his voice for all to hear again. Shane shuddered and he swore he felt something hard bump into him. This made him incredibly nervous which made his mouth open.

"Okay, uh...excuse me, Captain Pedo, but are you one of those men that get an erection when you are being sadistic? I mean, it's natural, it happens. Polliver explained all of that to me though I have not experienced it myself. We didn't discuss my being a recipient of such a thing though. Perhaps we should have."

With a tsking sound at Shane, Euron gave a look at one of his men. Instantly the man was grabbing Charlie, lifting her by her throat.

"Please relieve Shane's sister of her shirt, it is all dirty and sweaty. It must be bothering her."

Leering, the greasy haired pirate ripped Charlie's shirt off with his knife then his dirty hands crawled over her breasts, slipping into her bra. Charlie cursed and tried to twist away, to bite at the man but the hand on her throat tightened until she could only stay still and wheeze for a single breath.

"I'm sorry! Stop him, please. I went too far, I'm sorry!"

Raff was pleading and threatening but it was Shane's frantic words that made Euron nod at the disgusting man. The pirate dropped Charlie back to her knees and stood behind her, arms crossed.

"Now, to answer your question, Shane. Yes, I get very excited when my work pays off in such a fun way. You'll have to tolerate it unless you want me to stick it inside of your sister. I accept your heartfelt apology. Don't get all boring on me now. Let's continue our game, shall we? Who should we discuss first? Your mother or father? Maybe your mother before she truly wakes up? With a feral thing like that, you have to be careful what you say, I bet. But you can speak freely of her now, can't you? I mean, she can't hear or understand words yet and you are holding a gun. It should be safe enough to speak. So let's see...pros and cons to killing your mother. Let's begin."

Shane took a deep breath as Euron pointed the gun at Samara's head. It felt awful to hold a gun trained upon his own mother. How did Malcolm almost shoot their father? It felt fucking miserable and Shane was filling with unwanted emotions. It was hard to keep the strain from his voice.
Being helpless to a stranger was new. Seeing his sister sexually molested and knowing he caused it didn't sit well at all to Shane. He had to force himself to keep from cringing from the man.

"Cons to killing my mother. She has spent all my life trying to protect me, love me, teach me, raise me. I love her and I am my mother's favorite. Pros to killing her? I can't really see any, sorry."

"Oh god, that was boring and syrup isn't nearly as thickly sweet as that! Please spare me the poetic love for your dearest saintly mother. What bullshit! I can hear it in your voice, boy! You need to be truthful to play this right. I will help you out, don't worry. I know my man is nearly drooling on your big sister, but he will have to keep waiting. If helping you out doesn't make our game fun, then Quint playing with your sister while I ready myself to rape her will be!"

Raff couldn't take anymore of this. He tried again to speak to Euron but the crazy loon pirate shook his head.

"No one wants your exalted opinion, Senator. Keep your mouth shut for your daughter's sake. No one is talking to you right now. This is about your wife and son, not you. We will get to you afterwards, be patient. Unless you wish to see me take Charlie's virginity? Oh wait, is Charlie a virgin still or have you gotten there first? Is there something I should know about you and your daughter? No? No. I can see that I was wrong, good. Keep your mouth shut."

Raff's eyes blazed and his features were twisted into his fiercest dragon snarl but he remained still and silent. His eyes were pinned to Euron and Shane could almost hear his father thinking of ways to murder the pirate.

"Much better. Now Shane, let's really get to the dirty part of the matter. Not dirty THAT way, my pedo-paranoid friend. As in getting to the dirt of the family, the skeletons in your family's closet. Your mothers must be nearly busting open with bones. Let's look at your mother with a critical eye, boy. And since I only have one, I can assure you it works quite well. Let's see...from what I can tell and of course, what I have heard too...isn't very good. Let's have some painful but healing truth time, Shane."

Euron shifted so he could speak a little softer, moving so he was closer to the boy's delicate ear again. He clicked his teeth every now and then. It made Shane think the man could bite his ear off and he found himself almost shrinking away from it.

"Your mother brought you into this world with loving arms. She loves you to death almost. But she also allows your father to beat the living shit out of you. She looks the other way, leaves the room, justifies it that he is her Master so she doesn't really stop it."

"My mother has destroyed my father's most favored possessions and nearly murdered him for hurting me."

Euron chuckled against Shane's neck.

"Sure. After he injures you, humiliates and terrifies you, then your mother reacts by hurting your father. But does she actually stop him from hurting you? No. She lets him beat you. She allows it. Because your father will always come first in her world. She might love you, Shane, but her real favorite is your father, not you. Never you or your siblings. She will let your father nearly kill you before she steps in. Someday, he might murder one of you or maim you. And she will do the same to Raff. Is that really justice though? Is that really how a mother protects her children? What about her feral behavior? What if your mother snaps one day and murders you or your sister? Or your father? Prison, execution or a drooling life in a padded room at an asylum. This could be seen as a mercy killing, Shane."
Shane tried to move a little, to get some space but there was nowhere to go. The words dug into his brain even as he tried to reject them. He was so angry with his mother about Lori and Shireen. But now his tiny mother was in the hands of a large fierce pirate. She was still rolling her eyes under half closed eyelids and swayed in the rough hands holding her upright.

"Nothing to say? Are you still processing my words, Shane? I know you are a very smart boy, you understand my words. Have you a defense for her? No? Is what I said the truth of the matter here? I would like a reply, please."

"What you said is true, I guess. My mother is a bit unstable, yes but she would never hurt her children. And yeah, she let's father do his worst before she does her worst. It sucks, it is unfair and it angers me but I do not blame my mother for it. She is a slave and must obey my father. Programmed to it through years of training and even her favorite beloved child cannot change that."

"AH. Now we are getting to the real rot here. So you do not blame your mother for her neglectful and passively abusive behavior. It is your father that you really blame. Excellent, we have found your target, I think. Let's find out."

Euron swung Shane's arms so he was aiming the gun at his father's head.

"I have a feeling the pros and cons will get rather interesting. More cons than pros, I bet. Here he is, Shane. The abusive husband, the sadistic overbearing father. Do you think if your mother was a free woman he would have treated her as badly? I bet the answer would be yes. It wouldn't have mattered, collar or not, your father would have made your mother the same way. He wouldn't have changed his treatment towards you or her any. Except she wouldn't have that collar or become so crazy, deadly, perhaps. Maybe your brother saw that and that is why he left? Because he couldn't take hearing it, feeling it anymore. How many scars do you bear because of your father? How many nights have you dreamed of revenge, of killing him? How many times have you listened to your mother or siblings scream because of him?"

Shane breathed heavily and stared at his father, who looked back with love for his son and a burning hatred for Euron. It was a twisted love that he will never understand. Shane loves and hates his father. He bit his lip till it bled and then spoke carefully.

"Cons to killing my father. Killing him would essentially destroy my mother. She would go gibbering insane, might even murder me in a moment of rage and angst. She would either kill herself or get put away in a not so happy new home. You see my quandary? To kill my father is to kill my mother."

"I see, I really do. I want to add one last little tiny piece to our game. If you do not shoot one of your parents, I will most certainly be having your sister then you'll watch her have one hell of a gang bang party."

Shane moaned and tried to use his clever brain but it wasn't working. It felt sluggish and he wondered if this was what real fear felt like. He tried to think it through and came to the only dreaded conclusion he had.

"Okay. Okay, I decided. I will shoot my father."

Euron smiled widely and released his grip upon Shane's hands carefully. Keeping his arms on either side of the boy, Euron waited.

"Go on then. Shoot him. Let yourself have the revenge you have always dreamed of. Hell, you'll be more badass than your princely brother!"
Shane took a deep breath and steadied the gun, aiming at his father's forehead. Raff paled but remained still but he spoke gravely.

"I love you, I forgive you and it was not your fault, you are not to blame. Remember that, son."

Nodding, Shane gave a dry clicking sound that was supposed to be a loving reply but failed under his stress. With a quick dry sob, Shane flicked the safety off the gun. He ignored Charlie's sudden pleading to Euron and fired the gun. Raff gave a scream as he crumpled and Shane felt the gun taken away.
Ripping Away The Pretenses

Arya bit at her perfectly formed fake nail and paced in front of Polliver.

He just returned and found her already in the foyer waiting for him. Piggy rushed forward and took Polliver's coat. His anxiety was as high as Arya's was but he said nothing, just took his time putting the coat away, listening.

"I have the entire Riverlands surrounded and so do they. It's a fucking standoff. They won't say a word to us except one fucking sentence. All they say is that Euron Greyjoy is preparing a message to send to you. This bastard loves to play games, but he cheats and it generally ends bloody."

"Yeah, that sentence is fucking ominous. Not sure I want his message. Maybe...maybe Raff saw it in time, took the family into deep hiding? I mean, Greyjoy hasn't mentioned them at all."

Polliver shook his head.

"No. Raff would have found a way to leave a message for us. This is dead silence. Greyjoy is either holding them or they are already dead. Do we wait for his message or call in reinforcements, flatten them?"

Arya took a breath then looked at Polliver.

"I believe the West owes Gregor a debt. Malcolm needs to send me his best new military teams. You will call him. I will call Quentyn and get some of the Team Snake I know he is allowing to grow, to come down here."

Malcolm was throwing items into his luggage bag while Quentyn paced and rubbed his curly head.

"This is fucking stupid. Why are you going? I understand sending the troops and I dispatched all the snakes Arya requested. We are helping, supporting and acknowledging the debt! What are you going to do? Face Euron yourself? Drive a tank through every fucking pirate? We don't know if your family is even in there! You are needed here! I am sick of this bullshit, Malcolm. You know what we were discussing-"

"Not now! Are you that fucking selfish? You can't just keep your mouth shut and hold shit down while I deal with a family emergency? My family could be dead! That monster could have my little brother! Do you know what his men could do to my sister? Never mind what Euron and his crew would do to my parents! So right now that is what I am going to deal with. And that is all."

Quentyn growled in frustration and leaned against the door before Malcolm could leave the room.

"Our own people are restless, are questioning things, Malc. That little execution stunt you pulled didn't help. That made you look like your grandfather. Like Dany too. It scared a lot of folks and you just tap dancing to the North all the time doesn't make that easier to defend. You look divided. We look divided and together in all the wrong ways and we need to rectify it! Let our people that we have trained to do this go fight. Once we know more then you can go if you are really needed."

"Get away from the door or I swear I will move you. This isn't the time for your fucking lectures, Q."
"I think you are using this as an excuse to run. Avoiding shit that needs dealing with that you don't like and running off to all the wrong things to hide your fears."

"Get away from the door and shut up, I'm warning you."

"Fucking coward."

Malcolm's ring cut into Quentyn's cheek before he could stop himself. As Quentyn's head snapped to the side and he touched his bloody skin, Malcolm took a step back in horror.

"I'm sorry. I...I am so sorry."

Quentyn's fist clipped Malcolm's chin and he fell backwards over a coffee table. Standing over Malcolm, Quentyn spoke in a snarling tone.

"No. You don't get to hit me and apologize, not you. I love you enough to put up with our fucking charade for your paranoia issues. I put up with your impulsiveness, your occasional verbal abuse and all your damned rhyming, counting! But I told you the day we started this that I will not have relationships like our parents had. In ANY way. I will not be your abused fucking wife, you prick. So go, really, truly...go. Maybe this time don't come back until you decide who the fuck you want to be. If the answer has to do with your father or any of the male Targaryen line, expect our relationship status to change."

Malcolm scrambled to his feet and grabbed his bags, avoiding Quentyn. He stopped at the door and looked back briefly.

"I shouldn't have hit you. I deserved what I got for it. But I can't stop being a Targaryen, you know. It's in my blood. But I can try to be a better one then my father or grandfather could be. I'm just worried for my family and I need to go, to be there. I need to save them or avenge them. When I come back, we can tell everyone, okay? Tell everyone we are in love, that the Martell and Targaryen lines will have another celebrity marriage."

Quentyn pouted but walked over to Malcolm. He smiled and raised his head as Malcolm smiled at him and smoothed down Quentyn's curls. Then the Martell heir spoke with a loving tone to Malcolm.

"It's called grooming and I won't have it. You can't hurt me then promise to be better, act all nice like it never happened. We aren't playing those games. Leave and really take some time to think about shit, okay? We can talk about whether or not we are marrying then. Go take care of your family then come back and see if I'm worth adding to it. Or if you are worth being added to mine."

Malcolm dropped his hand and left without another word. Halfway down the hall he screamed the word fuck and threw a vase against a wall.

Euron cackled and hugged Shane as if the boy would join into his mirth.

"Oh you clever little fuck, what a sneaky little boy you are! Now go on, give me your smart ass explanations!"

Shane twisted to get away from the man and then forced himself to be still and give his usual cutting smirk. To make his voice calm and smooth. He tried to stop shaking, stop sweating and he really wished that he could go pee.
"You said to shoot one of them. You didn't say kill, you said shoot and so I did. Besides, this really is a worse punishment for my father. He won't be as pretty or smooth without his left ear, don't you think? If you knew my father the way I do, you'd know hitting him in his pride and vanity is really how to take him down a peg."

"He does look terrible, all that blood though, it is hard to tell how much damage you've done. But his ear on the dirt is amusing and so is seeing your father cry over it. He is quite pitiful right now. Guess we'll have to patch that right up. Someone heat me up an iron, now. While we wait to cauterize your dad's ear...we have another issue to deal with first."

"I did warn you not to fuck with me too much. Your trick was fun, I grant that, quite amusing. But. You knew what I wanted you to do."

Euron spun the boy so he was face to face with him.

"You knew what I wanted but you forced your own will instead. You didn't play it safe, you weren't careful. You are too cocky, maybe just a touch too arrogant before you are ready for it. Because you forgot the consequences I gave you. You didn't kill one of your parents, Shane. What did I tell you would happen if you didn't do what I asked? Hmm, do you remember?"

Shane's face paled.

"No. No, you can't that isn't fair! You only said to shoot and I did that!"

Euron spun Shane around to face Charlie and had the boys arms pinned behind his back, cuffing them quickly.

"Too late, boy. You know I wanted you to shoot your parent to kill. It's alright. I knew you wouldn't actually kill one of them all along. That is why I have had this annoying hard on pressed against your narrow ass. It's been there all along just waiting for your sister. I knew you couldn't win my game and I'd get to fuck her. Thanks for proving me right, Shane. Next time you really should think through your actions and your consequences."

Shane fought in earnest, screaming and pleading as Euron tossed him to another pirate.

Charlie began to curse and struggle as the greasy man pinned her down while another started to rip the rest of her clothing off. Two more came to help pin her limbs spread out as Euron went towards her.

It took two men to hold Shane back, three to hold back Raff. Samara woke to a nightmare. Her husband's ear in the dirt, his bloody head. Shane was held by gruesome looking men. Shane was crying and begging, Raff was screaming and being held down by more men.

Samara was held upright on her knees still and head lolling, she saw a worse thing. Truly it was the worst nightmare she has ever had and struggled to wake from it.

There was no way that Charlie was being raped, held in the air, limbs held askew as if she were a sacrifice.

There was no evil pirate raping her daughter, it was not real. She couldn't speak or move, it had to be a dream. Had to be. Pain seeped into her body and Samara knew it was real after all. Her head snapped hard and broke the jaw of the woman holding her.

A muffled roar as others grabbed her. Shrieking, flailing, unable to fight them off, Samara wished with all her might that it was a nightmare again. Euron paused to see them all awake and watching
while struggling and screaming.

"Well, since I have everyone's attention, I guess I better give my best performance."

When Euron shuddered into Charlie, the girl spit fully into his face. He saw the dark holes her eyes have become and he grinned. Bending his face, he wiped her saliva onto her own stomach.

Then he licked the blood seeping from the deep scratches his long dirty nails have left. Countless lines raked upon her chest, stomach and thighs. He spoke cheerily as he did up his pants.

"I was right, a virgin. And what a little fighter you are. Now, I have decided that I will allow only the men who held her for me to rape Charlie. Of course, Quint is first, poor man had been in great need since he ripped her shirt off."

Euron walked away to motion for a bottle of whiskey laced heavily with several illegal drugs. He drank deeply, enjoying the screams as if they were music. Raff and Shane sounded so unhinged it was priceless. Charlie's screams of pain and violation just spiced it. He swung back and forth as if hearing an opera instead of agony.

He wished he could have heard Samara scream too. But he wasn't stupid enough to do something like this and allow the feral mother to have her teeth available. Even bound and muffled, she has managed to injure three before another four took her down.

Smiling at the feral bitch, Euron laughed to himself about his plans for her, for her son. For all of them.

Euron walked over to Asha who was pointedly looking into the darkening woods.

"We are just about ready to send that message. Got a sharpie handy?"

Asha reached into her vest and pulled out a sharpie and handed it over. Her eyes stared at Euron as if he were diseased and coughing upon her.

"What? Since when does a little rape bother you?"

"She is a child, not a woman. And I never said it didn't bother me, I just ignore what isn't my business."

"Well, that part wasn't your business then. Besides, you know that saying, old enough to bleed-"

"You are disgusting! You and your men are filthy fucking creatures! The real feral beasts around here."

Euron smiled widely and moved a bit closer to his niece.

"You know, it's been a long time since I've played with you. Do you want to, huh?"

Shuddering, Asha sneered at Euron and spat her words at him like an angry cat.

"I hated it at six and I hated it at sixteen. I doubt you've gotten any better at getting women off."

For a brief moment, Euron seemed like he might leap and Asha tensed her hand on her blade. Then he laughed and moved away, tossing over his shoulder,

"Maybe we'll find out sometime. Depends on whether you aren't good for anything else. Get ready to deliver my message. I already had someone alert the North we were sending one out soon. Should
be a nice crowd out at the barriers by now."

Charlie stayed still while he wrote on her back and when he covered her in his long coat again.

"Not even a thank you?"

She slowly rolled her eyes to look up at him.

"I hope Arya castrates you. I hope Polliver destroys you slowly. I hope Piggy cooks you and feeds you to your own men before they are slaughtered like the pigs they are."

Euron gave her a look of admiration and gave a whistle.

"Holy shit. Talk about taking a beating and keeping on ticking! Girl, you have brass balls just like your brother. Wow. Dammit. I...I guess this means you aren't about to accept a marriage proposal? Huh. I'm crushed, I am injured in the deepest cockles of my heart but I shall rally onward. I think that...I feel bad. I do, really. Maybe this wasn't the right way to do things. I mean, my own niece just lectured the HELL out of me for raping a little girl. Guess your brother was right, I am into the Uncle Bumpy stuff. Just not with boys. Though to be quite fair, it isn't a fetish with me, more equal opportunity. I have raped everything at least once or twice in my years. Anyway, where was I? Oh yes, I feel a bit bad for what I have put you through, dear. So I have decided to release you. My niece over there is going to protect what is left of your honor until you are safely taken to the other side of the barriers I have set up. Bye bye, little fighter. Take her, Asha."

Raff looked at his daughter with tears streaming down his face along with thick streaks of blood.

"I love you, Charlie. We all do. Go with her, okay? Just go and tell Arya everything that happened. Polliver will keep you safe, alright?"

He didn't say that it could be a lie, that Asha might slit her throat, toss her into slavery, anything. Raff just gave her a reassuring smile the best he could. Samara whined and her eyes followed her daughter with real angst. Shane sat staring off into the distance but his voice rang out.

"Charles, in ancient history there was a group of warriors that believed raping young warrior boys would give them strength. I don't think you gave any of them strength but I really think you are going to ace your free-form history report this year. You have given your research on ancient warrior cultures one hundred percent."

Charlie found herself laughing and walking a little better as Asha led her away. Fuck them, fuck them all, she lifted her chin up even as she staggered and tears fell.
Frozen Feet

When the news came out that Euron was nearly ready to send out his message, everyone paid attention.

Polliver flew to the Riverlands and was as close to the barrier as he was allowed to get without being shot at. Only Miller dared to come as close, the other men a few feet back.

Arya sat with Piggy to watch it on the living room screen, Malcom watched from his phone in his plane heading North.

The media was everywhere they could get, risking their lives for a good shot of this ominous message. Everyone seemed to hold their breath when they saw movement beyond the barriers of heavily armed tattooed men and women.

Smug pirates seemed to stir and make a long tunnel in which they watched something coming that was making them jeer.

Asha appeared and she was dragging Charlie, who was wrapped head to toe in Euron's trench coat. The woman leaned down to whisper something to the girl. Then in front of all of them she ripped the coat off Charlie and shoved her forward.

Charlie stumbled and nearly fell but caught herself at the last minute. Then she put her trembling chin up, straightened her back and tried to limp forward the best she could. The tears fell but she refused to be ashamed.

I won't be, I won't be, take another step, almost past them. And Polliver is there, he is waiting for me, oh god, he sees this, sees what I have on me....I won't be ashamed, I won't be ashamed even though I do feel very defeated.

The media watched in mute horror, taking in every detail. Polliver was pale and he ached to run to her, cover her poor body. There was no way to hide what had been done to her from all eyes and lenses.

Bloody bite marks, long scratches, bruises in the shapes of fingers, hands. The worst was the mixture of semen and blood smeared down her thighs.

Arya cried, staring at the screen, while Piggy shut his eyes and prayed for his friend and her children. Then he prayed for Polliver to find a way to murder them every sick person that hurt Charlie.

Malcolm watched his little sister walk in the freezing air, naked and defiled. His pale slender fingers curled around the laptop and pressed so hard they almost indented the steel.

She had to walk past all those leering men that wanted to try out what their friends had. Charlie could barely walk and Malcolm moaned, tears pricking his eyes. The tears burned away as his eyes began to nearly glow with rage at this Euron's daring.

Charlie finally managed to stagger out enough that Polliver could grab her. He wrapped her in his coat as fast as he could and lifted her up. His men surrounded them as he dove with her into a car. Others were yelling about the message in black marker that was on her back.

Hiya, Neighbor! Let's get friendly! Let's Video Chat!
An hour after Charlie was released, a box was sent to the Clegane home. It contained Raff's ear and a time for the video chat.

Charlie allowed the examination of the doctors, she talked with the counselors and took whatever medication they wanted her to. But when they suggested she sleep over night there, she freaked out. Polliver couldn't get Charlie to calm down until he promised to take her out of there.

No medical personnel dared to argue with the Warden and let her go with a handful of pill bottles and pamphlets. Polliver had Miller bring clothing from a nearby store while Charlie was being examined.

She managed a small laugh when Polliver shook his head and handed her the clothing.

Polliver was thrilled to see her standing up and joking around. Charlie looked like hell and what the doctor told Polliver about what was fully done to her, it made him want to rage. It was hard to keep his cheerful demeanor.

"Bright pink jogging suit with Hello Kitty all over it. Perfect for me, right? But the best are these grandma undies. Are those roses or cabbages?"

Polliver grinned back and wished to hell that tight, terrified look would leave her eyes. He stayed outside the door until she dressed then he escorted her to the car. She huddled on the seat then curled into Polliver when he put his arm around her.

"I don't want to talk about it. I know I am the message, I know I have to tell you everything that happened. And I will, but I will only tell it once so it can wait until we see Arya. And I won't talk in detail about the...what the men did to me."

"Honey, I wish you didn't have to talk about it at all. But you have to, there might be really helpful clues you don't even know you have. But it can wait until we reach Arya. I'm glad the others are still alive. I am so glad to have you safe with us. I won't ask you anymore than I have to, Arya won't either. You are safe now and we are going to do everything we can to save Shane and your parents."

In a very small voice, Charlie mentioned something.

"Euron told me I had balls. Afterwards, when I spit on him then back talked him. Threatened about what you and Arya will do to him. That you'd even have Piggy cook and serve him to his men before you slaughter them all."

"He's right. You are one of the strongest, bravest females I know. You didn't let them break you."

"I am not broken. I am not ashamed."

Then Charlie broke into sobs, loud braying ones and Polliver held her tightly.

"I couldn't save any of them. There was nothing I could do and he used to me to hurt them as much as me. They all watched, I could hear them screaming at it. I made myself concentrate on picking out which voice belonged to who instead of what was happening to my body. I am not ashamed but I am defeated. I couldn't save them or myself. Father was right, I wasn't ready. I haven't trained hard enough, I will now though."

"No, Charlie, you aren't defeated. Was Arya defeated when she was shot in the face during a fight? No, she cried for awhile in her room then came back more determined. Everyone gets their beat
down at some point. Everyone gets to hit a bottom point sometime, in our world it's usually in a physical way. There was no way any of you could have anticipated the ambush. Euron made sure you were helpless. But it isn't a defeat. You are still in training, after all. And I don't know many boys or girls your age in training that would have handled that nearly as badass as you did."

When they got to the Clegane mansion, Piggy ran out and Arya met them in the foyer. They both hugged Charlie and teased her for the jogging suit.

Piggy made hot chocolate and tucked her into her usual guest room bed, fluttering over her. Until Polliver and Arya came in to speak with her, then Piggy patted Charlie's hand. He stepped out of the room, not wishing to cause her any further upset by having everyone hear personal details.

Charlie didn't choke as much as she feared she would. Her voice didn't break as she described how they were captured, how they were treated. How Euron forced Shane to shoot their father and make Shane think it was his fault that Charlie was raped.

That was the hardest part for her and Arya didn't make her go into detail of it. She gave as accurate descriptions of the men, their weaponry, every thing about them that she could remember.

Then Polliver decided it was enough and they let her go to sleep. Charlie didn't think she would ever sleep again but the pill Arya had her take from the doctor's orders knocked her out.

Euron smiled at the three remaining Targaryens then leaned closer to Raff. "You look terrible. Losing too much blood that isn't good at all. We don't want you to die like that...how awful. No. Bring me that iron! Then find that doctor you rounded up with the others!"

Euron cocked his head and looked from his man to Raff with a playful grin. "You did have a doctor here, right? I mean, I hope this guy didn't say he was a doctor of yours when he was just trying to save his life. Don't want someone accidentally killing you because they aren't really a doctor."

Raff looked up at Euron with a sneer. "We have a doctor that lives on the estate."

"Great! Then go get the doctor for the Senator! And here comes that iron, would you look at that! Nice and bright, just like a dragon's breath, right? Do dragons get burned? We shall all find out! Funny thing, Raff. Why would you need to keep a doctor on your estate? Do your now former slaves and your present family get hurt an awful lot? Never mind, we can talk about that later."

Euron put on a heavy cloth glove as the pirates pinned Raff's head to the side and held him still. Samara went crazy and one of the injured pirates started to pull out a club. 

"Samara! Down! Stay!"

Upon hearing Raff's barked command, the girl went down and stayed still but whined, staring while tears fell onto the leather muzzle. Euron clapped in delight.

"That is just fucking amazing! So much fun, I wish I knew how fun you'd be, I would have been
more discreet to hold you even longer! Anyway, we can play all sorts of games later, let's take care of that seeping wound of yours, Raff."

Raff stayed still and shut his eyes as Euron lifted the iron. He could not help the scream that tore out of him as Euron pressed the iron against his bleeding ear hole. The scream was enough to make Samara howl and Shane to silently cry.

It shook Shane more than he thought it would. He managed to stay still and quiet. It was hard to not clap his ears with his hands and shut his eyes. When Raff screamed as his ear was shot off, Shane felt a small amount of glee at that.

After all, how many times has his father made him hurt and scream? But this was awful, it was piercing agony and Shane could smell his father's flesh burning. When Euron pulled the iron away, he saw pink streamers of his father's flesh stretch like taffy, stuck to the heated metal.

Raff went limp into the men's arms, passed out. Shane heard his mother sobbing and he wished he could go to her. Euron grinned down at Raff and laughed.

"He passed out. Seems like the dragon is more of a pussy."

Shane glared and Samara went from crying to growling as the surrounding pirates all laughed in agreement. Euron gave a sweeping hand gesture.

"Take Raff to see the doctor and have him restrained with a guard in a guestroom. In MY lovely new home. Take the feral to the basement where it belongs. Chain her up. Shane will come with me. Let's go Skype your Auntie Arya! I bet she would love to see your shining little face."

Arya sat at her usual position in her new iron wrought padded chair that towered above her. Her hands were folded calmly upon the meeting table. Polliver stood next to her as he readied the laptop.

"This is a man who loves to get under others skin. Keep your temper, your emotions tucked away deep, hear me? He will use anything he can to gain hold on you. Be very careful with this one."

"I'm fine. Let's get this over with."

Euron's visage filled the screen for a moment, his tattooed eye seemed to peer at them. Arya shivered at the gruesome sight but just acted bored. He seemed to move back then sit down. With a wide smile, Euron waved playfully to her.

"Ah! There you are, the infamous daughter of Gregor Clegane! Actually, you have a shitload of names and titles now, don't you? Impressive, really. So, hi there! I am Euron Greyjoy and it's a great honor to meet you!"

"It is not as pleasant to meet you from my end."

Arya spoke dryly and stared at Euron as if he were an insect.

"Understandable, dear. I was a rather an unexpected guest for them. I did release the girl. Shane is right here, perfectly fine, see? I have a kind heart towards children, you see."

Euron gave a gesture and suddenly Shane was next to him. The boy was handcuffed, each hand attached to a leather belt around his waist. He was uninjured and Shane seemed unafraid but very cautious.
"Arya? Is my sister with you? Is Charlie okay?"

"Shane, are you alright? Yes, Charlie is here and fine. How are your parents?"

Euron smiled brightly and talked over them.

"Lovely reunion time! Raff is recovering from a rather nasty burn and a missing ear. The Senator has the best of care and even the best guest room in the house. His feral bitch is chained in the basement. I'm afraid she doesn't seem to like me much."

"What is it you want, Euron? What is it you want for the release of the Targaryens?"

"What do I want from you is what you should be asking."

"Fine, what do you want from me for the safe release of-"

"I want half."

Arya laughed and leaned forward, smirking as if she wasn't worried in the least.

"Half? Of what?"

"Half of what you have of course."

"Ah, I see. And why should I reward you with what is mine?"

"Well, we could make it real easy if you'd like? I know! You could marry me, then I legally own half at least...you are having a son, aren't you? Poor boy needs a father figure. That's why I have Shane here, you know. His dad is sort of unable to perform his fatherly duties right now and a boy needs someone to look up to."

"Yeah, something tells me you would make an awful father. From what I hear you have bastards spread everywhere. Most raised by mothers and sometimes other fathers...never by you. The few that did suffer you as a father, well, I have a feeling that wished that they didn't. I am afraid marriage isn't on the table. My son will be just fine, thank you."

"I hold the Riverlands. You will make it official for me. I want everything that the Senator was. In fact, I want to be the Senator too."

Arya read a quick text that Polliver held just above the screen that informed her that Malcolm and his forces are arriving. She smiled into the screen.

"I do want the Targaryens returned to me unharmed. Allow me an hour to think and I shall speak with you then. I will be able to make you an offer that might allow you to return the family to me."

She turned off the screen fast and took a breath. What if Euron killed Shane out of anger for Arya's dismissal and rudeness? Sighing, Arya stood up and looked at Polliver.

"I want the Snakes to get in there and slay Euron Greyjoy. I want Malcolm's forces to join with ours and smash that barrier down. But first...do you remember what Charlie said? That just before Euron's niece threw her naked to leave, she whispered to her. Asha told Charlie that she shouldn't be ashamed, that Euron cannot change her on the inside. I want someone to find a way to quietly reach that woman. I think she is our weakest link. Let's find her and test my theory as fast as we can."

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Peeling Layers Away

Euron gave a brilliant smile to his niece and Shane as they sat down at the candlelit long formal table. Gold plates and cups shimmered in the flames. Both stared at him with a mix of mutinous disbelief. He tilted his head, widened his eye in pretend innocence and shrugged.

"What? Don't you two enjoy a quiet, candlelight dinner? The free staff were kind enough to make this really delicious looking meal for us. Don't you two like roast beef?"

Shane gave his snootiest look at Euron and calmly looked down at the cuffs holding his wrists to the chair, then back up at Euron with his eyebrow arched. Asha narrowed her eyes at her uncle.

"How the fuck is he supposed to eat without hands? Or are you going to starve a child now?"

"My goodness. Niece, if you have your period, you can be excused to get some bitch pills or whatever you need for that. Of course I don't intend to starve our guest. I will feed him myself."

"You will not. I am twelve years old. Prepare yourself for some sharp teeth upon your fingers. You might have to break my jaw to feed me. Go on, I'm ready for it. I will not be fed like a baby."

Euron chuckled and Asha slammed her fist on the table.

"Dammit, I won't have it! I can only take so much, Uncle. Let the boy eat like a normal person!"

With a sigh, Euron stood up waving his hands in the air as if surrendering. A key-ring dangled from his right hand, jingling merrily. He began to saunter down the long table towards Shane.

"See...here is my problem, boy. You are very smart and I am betting you are quite dangerous. Something in your eyes and well, I already know you and your sister have brass balls. I don't know if you will decide you are big enough to take me on. Or Asha or any of my men. Because I like you, kid. I really don't want to have to kill or maim you. Or cage you. Any of those things can happen if you get stupid."

Shane looked Euron in the eye and spoke with a serious look.

"I know when I am outnumbered. If I manage to kill you, they will either slaughter us all or Asha will continue your plan. Except maybe a tad more humanely than you, but I can't take that chance. I can't fight you or those pirates, just too many of you. I also can't run because again, way too many pirates. I have to wait for my superhero to come take you out."

Euron chuckled and leaned forward.

"Ohhh, let me see if I can guess. Is it Arya? Is she going to bounce on her fat baby tummy to squash me? Or Polliver? The great Warden himself? Is he going to somehow get through all my people? Will he grow wings? Or turn into the Incredible Hulk? Hmm? Nooo...I know! It's Piggy! The sniveling slave that follows Polliver around when he is not out being a cannibal assassin!"

Shane smiled with the confidence of any young sibling.

"No, my big brother is going to come. And he is going to kick your saggy old tattooed ass. I know I am still a boy, but he isn't anymore. He is a Dragon now and I want to watch when he burns you alive. So I have to behave for you until then. So please untie my hands so I can eat."
Asha tensed for a moment when Euron dropped his jaw and his eye nearly bugged out of it's socket. She prepared herself to try and defend the boy from the deadly bastard.

When he boomed out laughing, Asha jumped then snarled at herself for it. Shane didn't move at all, simply looked at Euron with an inquiring look. He was waiting for Euron to either release his wrists or force feed him.

Euron shook his head while wiping a tear away, finally composed.

"Oh my precious young lad. You are wonderful, so much damned fun. Okay, you have convinced me. I will tell you this, if you attack me or anyone, if you try and escape, you will deeply regret it. I will be forced to discipline you and you will not like my methods."

Shane nodded and Euron unlocked the cuffs. He walked back to his seat and poured himself his special drink. After rotating his wrists, Shane began to calmly serve himself dinner. Asha began to pick at her own meal but looked at her Uncle warily.

That was too easy of him, it was another game. The poor boy can't see that and Asha drank deeply of her own poison. She polished off a bottle of wine before Euron and Shane finished eating.

As they ate, Euron and Shane had some small conversation.

"Please excuse my lush of a niece."

"I excuse her behavior because I am confident her being here and her drinking are caused by you."

"Kind of you to give her such a merciful excuse. Are you sure I am the only skeleton in her closet?"

"I do not gossip, Sir. It is rude for the upper class to do so. May I ask how my father dearest and mother dearest are doing?"

Euron smiled and nodded.

"You may! Your father is resting quite comfortably but he isn't up to a formal dinner yet. His face looks quite gruesome and well, you know about his pride. Not to mention burns can hurt terribly. He is probably a little sedated. As for your mother, she is in the basement, chained but unharmed. You'll see both of them tonight, I promise. I have a great game planned for this evening! No bullets, burning or rapes involved, I swear it!"

Samara had been dragged, then carried into the house and down to the basement. Following directions given by Euron, she was chained to the wall. One of the men had a broken nose, the blood mixing into his braided mustache and beard.

Greasy braids swung around his head as he punched her stomach twice. His eyes clearly showed a grudge as he grinned meanly at her. He punched her temple and Samara went limp, dazed. That is when hands roughly grabbed her head forcing it backwards until it hurt.

She squealed in pain but stayed still in fear any movement could snap something.

"Stay still unless you want your neck broken, bitch."

Snarled the braided man as he came over with something that Samara couldn't see. She tried to calm her breathing and brace herself for torture. Something cold was against her neck, just below and
above her permanent jeweled collar.

NO! She tried to scream it but the muzzle and the bend of her neck prevented it. It took two tries and her neck was gouged before the bolt cutters got the collar cut in two. Samara screamed in despair, fear and rage. The second her head was released, she lunged forward.

The bastards laughed at her and the braided pirate dropped the two pieces of the collar on the floor with a smirk. Then they all left, shutting the lights off before they left.

For a bit, Samara screamed and sobbed, then struggled.

When she calmed herself, she tried to squirm her slender wrists out of the chains. However, the pirates had been smart with that. They tied her loose wrists to the damned cuffs themselves with rope and she couldn't get out of it. Her ankles were similar in restraint.

Samara tried to go to the wall and see if she could reach any links that might be loose, any bolts, but she couldn't. All she got were muscle cramps for her trouble. So she leaned against the padded wall and closed her eyes.

That led to images of Charlie and Raff being injured, poor Shane next to that evil man. She comforted herself remembering how Shane joked with Charlie and that her daughter laughed. Her kids will be so strong someday.

And they will survive this, deep down Samara knows this. Her sons and daughter will go on. She knew the chances of her and Raff getting out of this alive was quite slim. But it gave her comfort to know her children will survive.

Light flooded the room and Samara blinked rapidly. By the time Euron had made it down the stairs, she had surged to the full length the chains would allow to meet the vile pirate leader.

Euron gave a little admiring whistle at the growling captive, trying to reach him in spite of her chains.

"Look at that, ready to attack me and here I am ready to be nice. I figured by now that muzzle must be really annoying. That you might be a bit thirsty."

Samara looked at the water bottle in his hands and stopped her growling and gave a small nod. She wasn't stupid. The muzzle was annoying and she was very thirsty. Also, the muzzle kept her from speaking, biting and more. It hobbled her.

Euron came closer but didn't take it off right away.

"If you wish to keep this muzzle off you have to promise not to try and bite me. If you do, it goes back and stays there. After I remove all your teeth in front of your son and husband."

She nodded again and stayed still while he removed the muzzle. Samara licked her lips and stretched out her jaw. A hand grabbed her chin and lifted it. A water bottle tilted against her lips and Samara greedily drank.

He pulled the bottle away and stood there, just barely out of her reach.

"Aren't you going to thank me for being so kind?"

"Thank you. Shane? Raff?"

Coughing, Samara tried to get her voice to work but Euron smiled.
"Both are just fine. They'll be seeing you soon, don't worry. And the media has been reporting that Charlie is hidden deeply within the Clegane castle on high. Look at how pale and tender your neck is without that garish gold collar. If I were a vampire I would be all up in that."

Samara gave a tiny jerk as if stuck and her eyes flashed in a terrible pain. She whispered to Euron, leaning, straining against the chains.

"Why don't you try that? Huh? I like games too. Unchain me and play with me."

"Oh, I intend to play games with you. But not up close, little rabid killer. No, I'm not going to let you rip my throat out, sweetheart. I wonder, do you even remember who you were before your darling husband? Were you crazy or was that something that came after him? Do you even know?"

Samara bared her teeth at Euron in a predatory smile and said nothing. She just swayed back and forth in her chains and Euron mimicked her. For a moment their crazed eyes clashed and Euron breathed heavily.

"You are so tempting, I really do want to play with you. Is that what you want, right here and now? For me to release your chains and let us go at each other? Just let you loose and see if I can survive you? Maybe that will happen. It might. After all, you aren't Raff's anymore. Your collar is gone and so is your handsome Master. He is now a pitiful burnt monster that's useless to you. Your son is my ballsy little hostage. Though I am really taking a shine to him. I am hoping to make him my adopted son. You should be thrilled! That means he lives, it means he still inherits his home. Just from me and with my values instilled in him. So what about you? What should I do with you? Turn you into my feral pit bull or just put you down like one?"

"Take off the chains. You talk big but all I've seen you manage to do so far is rape a little girl held by five men and burn a bound, injured man's face. Are you one of those cowards that use your voice but never use your sword arm? Do you ever put yourself in the danger you stick your pirates in? Either fight me or go away, you pussy."

Euron sucked in his breath and chuckled low, leaning as close to her as he dared. Then he stuck his nose against hers and grinned fiercely.

"No...this...this comes from the real you. So you were a bad ass little mouthy cunt before Raff. Then he added the crazy to it. Yeah, we might play sometime. But I have a special game already planned for you. It is just for you and I hope you appreciate the creativity of it. One last drink and you can prepare for our game."

Samara had opened her mouth wide and was lunging to bite off his nose. That's when Euron jerked back fast and his special laced whiskey bottle was pouring liquid into her throat. She coughed and tried to move away but he grabbed her soaked chin and forced more of the liquid into her.

"There. I wonder...if my drink is known to make men go insane, would it turn the insane back to sane? We shall find out!"

"Hey, slow your roll!"

But Malcolm ignored Polliver completely and stormed towards Arya with fiery eyes.

"Where is she? Where is my sister?"

Arya grabbed Malcom's shoulders before he ran her down.
"Calm down, Charlie's fine. Piggy went to tell her you are here. She was working out and it'll take her a minute to get here."

Polliver moved past Malcolm and moved Arya just in time as pounding feet came. Charlie flew past them and into her big brothers arms. He held her in a bear hug then rubbed her back, kissing her head.

"I was worried to death you'd be in a hospital bed again."

Charlie moved back and shook her head.

"Not a fucking chance. See? I am fine and ready to fight. Hey, this time can I get a chance to ride in the tank?"

"You won't be anywhere near the fighting. I won't let the pirates have another chance to hurt you. You are staying right here with Arya and Piggy where it's safe."

Arya snorted, Polliver shook his head at Malcolm's stupidity and Charlie shoved her brother away.

"Are you fucking kidding me? Who the hell do you think you are to just waltz into the North and decide you will save us all? You don't decide what I do or don't do, I don't take orders from you. I take them from Polliver and Arya, not you."

"Children, we don't have time for this sibling squabbling. Malcolm, your sister will do as Arya instructs. She was raped, not pistol whipped then dragged behind a speeding car. Leave her alone. Go get yourself into a shower and fresh clothes then we need you in the war room. If you can pull your head out of your ass long enough to help us out, that is? Move yourself. Charlie, you aren't sweaty enough for me to think you finished your exercising. Get back to it. Now!"

Charlie glared at her brother but obeyed Polliver and stomped away. Polliver watched her leave then turned to stare with clear threat at Malcolm.

"Are you still standing there? You might be The Dragon of the West but here and now you are just my best friends oldest whelp. And I am still pissed over Pickles. Get your ass upstairs or I'm going to throw you there. Do you want to see if I am bluffing, boy?"

Polliver took a menacing step towards Malcolm and the younger man quickly moved away. He started to begrudgingly climb the stairs.

"This discussion isn't over! If my family doesn't survive, I am taking custody of my sister and Charlie is going West with me."

Arya craned her neck and hollered up cheerfully to him.

"This discussion is over. It's nice to see you again, Malcolm and I appreciate that you brought the help we needed. Chat with you when you are done with the temper tantrum."

"Fuck you and fuck Polliver too."

Polliver started to go up the stairs after Malcolm grumbled his insult.

"Sorry, couldn't hear you well. Want to repeat that for me?"

Malcolm ran and chuckling softly, Polliver went back down the stairs to walk away with Arya.

"Do you think Pickles is still alive?"
Polliver shook his head morosely.

"Probably not. Euron probably had my poor little Pickles made into burgers for his dinner by now."

Piggy came around the corner, all pale and nervous.

"Uh...I have a small problem. It's probably not even really a real problem, but just a...know what? Never mind. I'll come back later if I can't wrinkle it out."

Polliver watched as Piggy's courage failed him and he ran off. He furrowed his brow and wondered if it was important enough to go after him.

"I wonder what that was about? Think we should find out before we meet with Malcolm and his officers?"

He craned his neck and could see the Western men looking incredibly out of place in Gregor's war room. Malcolm's angry visage wasn't soothing them any.

Polliver shut his eyes then growled.

"No, we have to see to them first. If it was truly an emergency, Piggy would have said so. I don't like it when he skitters off like that but it can't be that bad. Probably just something he fucked up that's gonna get him a strapping and he decided to avoid it as long as he can. Come on, we both know if you don't do this now, you'll miss the chance. It will end up being me talking with them while you nap."

Arya sighed and pouted as they headed towards the war room.

"I hate this. I feel like a damned toddler with these naps. If the doctor would let me have a touch of caffeine, I'd stay awake."

"Tell yourself that if it makes you feel better."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that just yesterday you tried to ignore your nap and what happened at supper? You fell face first into Robyn's mashed potatoes while you were feeding him supper. Shameful to see our leader snoring into a toddler spuds is all. Face it, napping is just part of this alien in your stomach sucking at your life force. Eventually you can expel it then you'll only wish you could nap."

"Wow. That really helped me feel better. Any other gems of wisdom for me, Polliver?"

"Many more. But first, let's get through this meeting."

A strategy had finally been agreed upon and they were arguing about the usage of the Snakes when Miller knocked on the door.

"Excuse me. Polliver, I'm sorry, Sir. We searched with Piggy for three hours and then we lost him too. I wanted to notify you I have created a search party to head into the woods as well as our best trackers are in the city searching."

Polliver cocked his head and spoke slowly.
"What the hell are you talking about? What did Piggy ask you to search for and what do you mean you lost him too?"

Miller hesitated then paled.

"I thought...I thought Piggy went to you first. The kids went missing. That nanny that volunteered to watch them was hysterical all over Piggy, I saw that myself. She said that she walked away for only a moment. That the girl offered to watch the toddler so the nanny could use the bathroom. When she came back the kids were just gone. Piggy tore apart the house and grounds then asked me to help him out. We searched the grounds again. Then we searched the tunnels and that is when we lost Piggy too."
Polliver blinked the sting of snow in his eyes and heard the sound of Miller coming up behind him.

"Miller, do you have good news? Are you bumbling in the snow behind me to tell me that the children and Piggy have been found?"

Squirming, Miller found himself speaking with a thick and clumsy tongue.

"Uh, no I...I mean...not, not found but-"

Swinging around, Polliver glared at Miller and loomed over him with splayed arms.

"What, Miller? Spit it out, man! Do you have a st..st..stuttering problem now? Speak."

Miller paled and blurted it out.

"Arya and Malcolm just reported that Charlie is missing now too."

"What? Are you fucking shitting me? Please, tell me you are joking, Miller."

Miller shook his head and Polliver threw his own bald dome towards the snowy sky. He threw his hands up high as if reaching in appeal.

"I hope to fuck that it's aliens just zooming folks up into an invisible spaceship! Please take me too! Just zoom me the fuck away from it all!"

Piggy was by no means a great tracker in spite of lessons from Arya, Waif and Polliver. His skills were passable but more importantly, he knew the smell of his cookies. After he chose not to set off Arya and Polliver, he went straight to Miller. The search kept growing but with no results.

Piggy went through the tunnels and came out where Raff had brought them in the night of the wedding. That is when he smelled it, cinnamon, ginger and vanilla mixing in the chilly air. He bent and looked. Sure enough there was a piece of cookie.

He thought to yell back to the other man in the tunnel but Piggy had a feeling his window of opportunity to find them might close. Piggy thinks of how much Robyn loves the cookies he makes. So much that they have found the little scamp climbing on top of cabinets to reach jars of them.

The little kid was a very messy eater, smearing his food on everything. Piggy grinned and began to follow the fading smell of cookies.

Lori gagged as soggy cookie rammed into her mouth then scraped down her already frozen face. The cookies were a great idea at first. It kept the toddler quiet long enough for Lori to shove the kid into his snowsuit and get him out the door.

As long as Robyn had cookies he was content to let the girl carry him through the swirling snow. She knew her way around and acted normal, no one questioned her. Lori hurried into the garden went through a little gate, heading into the woods.
The whole time Robyn kept pulling more cookies that Lori shoved in his pockets and hers. He covered them both in crumbs then in saliva then in a mud-like substance.

Taking the same path that led them that wedding night into the area where the tunnels were, Lori skirted it closely. She looked to make sure no one else was this way before darting up towards a small pathway.

It led them to a small dirt side road that most employees of Gregor's used to quickly come and go. There was a white old car there and that was her destination. To her mother's dismay, her father taught her how to both hot-wire a car as well as drive one.

He was a mechanic by trade but before the North blew up, he was a car thief. Apparently, it was still enough in his blood that when he drank more than three beers, it was easy for Lori to coax him into teaching her bad things.

Now she was thrilled for those lessons and she felt an ache for her dead parents.

Her father died in the explosion of the tents, he wasn't part of the rebellion. He was actually inside trying to help put the fires out and save the guests. At least he died with honor and Arya had him buried plus hung his picture in the foyer as a hero.

"Okay, here we are, see? Going for a car ride, Robyn."

Lori had to put Robyn down long enough to take the tarp off Mike's practice car. She opened it and shoved Robyn into the frigid car. He stopped eating and smearing cookie to protest the icy seat.

"Sorry, Robyn. I'll get the heat started quick as I can, okay? Eat your cookies while I start the car."

She put the seat belt on him as he messed up the passenger seat then Lori shut the door. Bending down, Lori started to hot-wire the car and muttered to the disinterested toddler the whole time.

"Listen, I know the cookies were good and those people seemed nice most of the time. It was big and fancy too. But we don't belong there, it's too dangerous for you. And for me. We don't want to be hostages, without Shane I have no one to even talk to. Now Shane might be dying for all I know. I have relatives far North, they can keep you safe and maybe I can figure out a way to help Shane."

The car burst into life and Lori laughed in triumph as she sat up. Suddenly there was a slam and she looked up to see Piggy plastered against the window.

She screamed, Robyn screamed in reaction and Piggy hollered.

"What the hell do you think you are doing? Get out of that car right now!"

Piggy ripped open the door and reached in to yank Lori out.

He heard a familiar but dreadful clicking sound from behind him and froze.

"I'm really sorry about this, Piggy. But I need that car and that girl. Why don't you have her hand the toddler? Go bring the toddler inside."

He slowly stood up and stared at Charlie who pointed a gun at him.

"What are you doing? Why are you pointing a gun at me? Do you plan on killing me? Because you know I can't just let you or Lori just leave."

Charlie gave a shake of her head.
"No. I can't bring myself to do that. But I can wound you and will if I have to. If I shoot your leg, you'll still be able to watch the toddler until someone comes to help you. I don't want to do that, Piggy. I love you but I really need to go. I need to try and do my part to save my family and bring down this crazy asshole. Malcolm might think I am useless but he will find out otherwise. Lori, give Robyn to Piggy, please. Then get in the passenger seat. You and I are taking a little ride and having a chat."

Piggy stood his ground and stamped his cane.

"Look at me! I am still recovering from being shot in the back! You don't care that you aren't just going to shoot someone who you care for, but someone who is already disabled? Is that what you've been taught to do, Charlie?"

Blowing out her breath, Charlie steadied her gun and her eyes began to leak of emotion.

"Okay! Fine! Give me the kid! Polliver will kill me and if you get yourself or Lori hurt-"

Robyn was shoved into his arms and the babble was cut off. By a soggy ball that in no way resembled a cookie anymore lodged into Piggy's mouth. Charlie did look truly sorry as she slid past him and shoved Lori into the passenger seat.

"I really am sorry and I hope Polliver won't hurt you over this. But I have to do something, I have to help save my family and I don't trust Malcolm or Arya to let me do that. I know a way to help, a real way and Lori can help me do it. We will be back, I promise. I'll call Malcolm and Arya soon if my idea works."

"What if your plan doesn't work? Will you leave your cell on at least so we can text you? Charlie, why do you need Lori, she is just a kid?"

Charlie ignored all of Piggy's babbling questions and got into the car, driving away. Piggy screamed the work fuck eight times while Robyn mimicked him, giggling.

Polliver kicked at the snow, cursing. He found the damned cookie too and was trudging up towards the pathway. He also remembered Mike's car and walked faster.

Miller was still with him, the man was somehow both an amazingly talented second in command to Polliver, but a bumbling idiot with a Hello Kitty mind. At least that is Polliver describes Miller to others. He kept trying to whistle jaunty holiday tunes while they searched.

Polliver threatened to remove his voice box with a sharpened candy cane before Miller stopped. In the swirling snow ahead of them, something was coming forward. Squinting, both men tried to make sense of it as the non threatening bulk waddled towards them.

"What the hell? I recognize the babble, but what the hell am I looking at?"

Miller had no reply as he narrowed his eyes, watching. When the sight finally became clear his eyes rounded and a goofy smile lit his face.

"Aw...that is fucking adorable. Oh my gosh, it is so cute, I need to get a clip of this! My Ginny would just love this!"

Polliver's voice was strained but still calm.
"Miller, I am going to pick you up and beat Piggy with you. Then I am going to text Ginny that you are really into bestiality. That the real reason you hang blown up pictures of those cute baby animals is so you can jerk off to them. I swear to God that you are brain damaged. If you say one more cute fuzzy thing today, I will turn you into a red, sobbing, mushy thing. Do you understand me, Miller?"

Polliver barely heard the subdued apology over Piggy's babbling. He kept looking over him and Robyn and it really was hard not to laugh. Piggy was wearing old snow pants that Polliver had found him. And he was wearing an old jacket of Polliver's that was four times his size.

Piggy looked like a large starfish, carrying a cane and a toddler. The boy was stuffed into a proper snowsuit with a hood that pointed into the sky and built on feet that were also pointed. He looked like a smaller starfish being carried by the larger starfish.

It was fucking ridiculous and Polliver announced that loudly, throwing his hands up in the air. Both of them were smeared in cookie to an extreme level.

"Did you lose a fight to a toddler and a cookie? Where the hell is Lori? Where is Charlie?"

Piggy was beyond flustered, he was indignant as hell over what Charlie did and he couldn't calm himself.

"Mas...sorry. Polliver, she HELD A GUN and threatened TO SHOOT ME! ME! I helped RAISE her! I...I don't mean to yell, Ma-Poll....I...Charlie took Lori. She HELD a gun...sorry...no yelling, I know but...Ma-Poll-Ack!"

Polliver shook his head and sighed as Piggy broke off when Robyn shoved another cookie in his mouth. He pulled Robyn away and handed him to Miller. Who started to cuddle the boy and coo at him lovingly. Rolling his eyes, Polliver took the baby back and handed him to another man nearby.

"Bring this inside to be checked over and alert Arya that we found Robyn and Piggy."

He handed the baby over and then he shoved Miller's hat over the man's face. Polliver gave three quick whacks to the woolen black head then turned back to Piggy.

"Take a deep breath. I need you to calm down and tell me what happened. Breathe in through your nose and out through your mouth. I can't help the girls until you speak. Calmly. Slowly. Good boy, there you go. Now speak."

"Ma..Polliver, I went through the tunnels and I found one of my cookies. I followed the smell, found Lori running away with Robyn in a hot wired car. I was trying to pull them out and bring them home when Charlie showed up with a gun. Pointed at me! She said that she would shoot my leg if I didn't get out of her way. Charlie had aimed and was ready to pull the trigger, Ma-Poll...Polliver. I had no choice but to take Robyn and let her go! She said she had a plan that might help Malcolm and Arya save the others. She wanted to help and she said that Lori could help her. Charlie said she would call Arya and Malcolm soon."

Polliver swore and motioned to Piggy.

"Next time, fucking tell me what is wrong! Now I have to hunt them down! Get your ass inside before you freeze there! I'll deal with you later."

It was no comfort to Polliver to later go inside to find Miller with moon eyes over the toddler again.

"Hey, watch this, Sir! Watch this!"
Miller leaned over the boy and cooed.

"Look! Who is here, look! What is his name?"

The toddler stopped looking at the picture on the wall of Polliver and Raff. He looked over at the Polliver in the flesh and pointed, yelling with glee.

"MaPol!"

"I'm gonna murder you, Miller. I am going to make you the topper of that fucking tree. First I have to explain to Arya and Malcolm that we lost the girls in the Riverlands. But then I'm gonna come kill you."

Polliver stomped off.

Miller gave the kid a fast kiss and shoved him at the nanny so he could go hide until Polliver's temper cooled down. Which is what Piggy had done just thirty minutes before.
Arya massaged her temples and sagged back into her chair. She was so tired it hurt deep in her bones, even her hair hurt. The last meeting was interrupted by the loss of the girls. In a ruthless moment, Arya simply put them out of her mind to continue her meeting.

It had to be left in the hands of Miller and Polliver. Arya had enough trouble keeping Malcolm in the meetings and focused.

She had to hope that they were alright. There was nothing more she can do at the moment. The last meeting is over and Arya has enough time to take a quick nap before dinner. Arya almost wished she could just curl up on the rug under the table. No one would see her and she could nap longer that way.

Except now Malcolm was furious and threatening to go rogue to find his sister. And the same nanny that lost the toddler the other day is still watching him today. Arya could hear Piggy, Miller and Polliver adding to the circus.

So Arya dragged herself to her feet and headed into a room full of chaos.

Leaning in the doorway, she looked in despair then wanted to run away and nap more than ever. She could, it wasn't like Polliver couldn't keep this entirely unruly group in check. Right? Except Arya could hear her mother's dry, slightly sarcastic at all times, voice in her head.

"Look at the mess they produced in just a few hours. Look at the chaos and that is with adults, nannies and maids attempting to assist. You could go nap and ignore it. How much worse will it all get when you wake up? You need to get this under control on your own. You wanted to be in charge, well this is it. Not always so glamorous, is it? Now do you see why I drank? And you already want to. Alright, Arya, pull up those big girl pants and get your ass in there."

Jeyne looked directly at Sansa, who was giving her mint tea. Well, there was something terrible and blue in the cup and somehow she was thirstier than ever. But she pretended it was mint and pretended this was all okay.

But it wasn't because the shadows had eyes and there was a forgotten thing. It nagged at her.

"Why, all of it, confess! Tell me why? I am the Queen and you are just the handmaiden so tell me, I order you!"

Chains rattled, Jeyne wished that Sansa hadn't chained her before having a tea party. The little redheaded girl stamped her foot and the plastic tiara almost fell off her head.

"Why, why, why, all of it!"

"I was your friend because you were pretty and rich and I wanted to be like you! I was always so jealous of you! I'm sorry! I went out with Robb because he was handsome, he was rich and the only one you couldn't take away from me! I didn't mean to hurt anyone when I broke up with him! I wasn't breaking up with you! I saw how much he loved Theon. How obsessed he was with him. My first time was with Robb and he called out that boy's name in orgasm! I couldn't keep going out with him after that. But I couldn't tell you that. And Damon was so different from Rob and I knew he liked me. He always remembered it was me that he was fucking at least. Yeah, he whipped me a few
times, a few spankings but he never punched me or kicked me. He taught me to shoot, to fight and use a knife. He made me strong, tough and I only had to listen to him, not anyone else. Then..."

"THEN YOU Fucking SHOT ME, YOU TRAITOROUS CUNT! I WILL RIP OUT YOUR Fucking STONE COLD HEART!"

She screamed in horror, ramming herself into the padded wall behind her as Damon screamed into her face. His chest was bright red carnage and his eyes were like marbles. Then he tore away like tissue paper as many rough hands came for her.

Samara fought and screamed but the shadow men with rough hands shoved her into a bag, then she was in pure darkness. She was carried and banged about, hearing men's voices laughing in a very dangerous way.

Raff's pain was smoldering just below the surface. The heavy painkillers helped but every movement seem to be through a fog. He wanted to be clear for whatever fuckery that Euron had next. However, the pain of the burn was just too atrocious to consider going without medication.

It took Raff twice as long to shower and dress. He was told that Euron expected him for some grand show or game. Raff had a ten pirate escort to his old rooms to get ready. Five pirates stayed to keep an eye on him. that at least helped bolster him a little.

Euron wouldn't sent that many men if he wasn't convinced that Raff was still dangerous and needed. While he got himself dressed up, Raff worried if this latest show would involve Shane or Samara.

He had asked after both of them and always received the same response. Samara and Shane were alive and that he would see them soon. Raff kept his composure as much as he could in front of these parasites.

A blackened hole where his ear had been. The burn was a red horror from where his ear had been that melted Raff's face almost up to his eye. I am now truly an angel and a devil, he thought, then laughed. It kept him from wailing or crying bitter tears.

They let him wrap in his thickest dress coat and Raff calmly allowed them to surround him as they walked. He was not cuffed but they pressed quite close and were heavily armed. Across the frozen yard to the first field, which was now surrounded by a hastily built fence.

Raff saw as they got closer that it was actually Polliver's fencing that they stole and moved here. He heard cheering and yelling as the pirates pushed him up to a small stage area. It held a few chairs and two servants of his that were fearfully serving heavily spiked hot chocolate as ordered by Euron.

Euron sat in the fanciest chair from Raff's dining room. It was covered in Raff's bearskin rug. Charlie had killed and skinned that bear herself for Raff's last birthday. The man sat as if he were a king.

Next to him on a kitchen chair was his niece Asha. She looked disgusted ad bored all at once. Her legs were stretched out and crossed, her hands clutching one of Raff's finest wine bottles.

On Euron's other side was Shane sitting on a footstool from their living room. He looked calm as a cucumber but his eyes looked momentarily relief as hell to see his father.

Next to Euron's feet was a pillow from the den.
The crazy pirate looked up at Raff with a delighted grin. He offered for Raff to sit and then grandly swept a hand towards the pillow. Raff raised his chin and gave his most haughty look to Euron.

"I would rather stand, thank you."

Shane gave a nervous smile to his father then decided to let his mouth run. He knew a time for distraction when it was needed.

"Hey, father dearest! So good to see you. I see that you forgot to turn over during your latest tanning session. Whatever will mother think of your new look? What of your ladies of the media? Your mistresses, oh dear...will you need to turn to slaves again? It isn't too bad, just pull your hair over more. Actually, it is kind of cool. Like Two Face from Batman."

Euron went from insulted to enchanted in a heartbeat.

"Oh, Shane! You are so right! He does look like Two Face. Poor Senator, even plastic surgery won't really fix all of that. I am sure you could still force a slave into fucking you though. But Shane, speaking of your mother, that reminds me of what our entertainment is! Now you stay right in your seat, boy. And Senator, if you wish to stand, by all means do so. But stay still and keep your haughty mouth shut."

His eye was wide with glee as Euron stood up and put out his arms then bellowed to his fellow pirates.

"Has all the betting been done? Are you ready for the show?"

A roar went up. The inked thieves were everywhere. Hanging off the high fencing, sitting on the rails and standing or sitting on the stage edges. Raff and Shane noticed that Samara had not been brought out to the stage. Nor was there any degrading furniture like an old dog bed set out for her.

With cold dread they stared into the fenced in area as a sack was emptied into the frozen dirt. A small female scrambled out, screeching in fear and warning. She crawled backwards towards the fence, her large eyes scanning around.

The roaring and pounding of the crowd on the fence above her made Samara crane her neck back to see them. She screamed and started to press her back against the fence, sliding slowly around the fence. When she flicked her head again, Shane and Raff could see her dilated pupils and the foam upon her chin.

"What the fuck did you to my wife?"

Euron shrugged nonchalantly, delighted with Raff's snarling question and Shane's paleness.

"Some women just can't hold their hallucinogenics."

"You drugged my mother? Why would you do that?"

Laughing at Shane's rather cold sounding inquiry, Euron patted the boy's stiffening shoulder.

"Because I thought it would be fun. Because I am all about fun. And if your mother is such a great killer when she is sober, I wondered if it would change if she tried my special brew. We shall see if it helps. Though I feel bad for those who bet she would win this little pit challenge of mine. Though to make it fair, I gave her opponent a bit of my brew too."

A sudden bellow and a deranged Pickles was released into the fenced area.
"Put that down right now! I mean it, Piggy! No, Miller, don't you dare! Look at the two of you trying to hide behind a tiny thing I can't hit! Aren't you the biggest fucking cowards in the world! Stop, you can't both hold it, it'll rip in half! PUT IT DOWN RIGHT NOW!"

Robyn had been having great fun when the two men ran in and started trying to use him as a shield. But the bellow hurt his ears and he was all about returning the pain. He opened his mouth wide, like a little angel about to emit a song of peace and love. The scream that followed was several light years from holy. It somehow gained structure and meaning as it pierced brains and eardrums.

"MAPOL NO!"

Malcolm was still reeling from the sound as the coat was snatched from his hand. Arya tossed the coat to a servant and shoved Malcolm onto the couch, standing over him.

"You just turned eighteen. Don't ruin it by continuing to act like a spoiled teenager having a temper tantrum. Charlie ran away to prove something because she is a teenager. They have tantrums and do stupid things because they aren't old enough to process their emotions another way. Is that what I am looking at here, Malcolm? Because if that is the case, I'm sending you home. I have enough children and ENOUGH ADULTS ACTING LIKE CHILDREN!"

Arya glared at the three men fighting over a shrieking toddler. They had enough sense to looked ashamed and shut up, including Robyn. Satisfied, Arya looked back down at Malcolm.

"I need you as an ally. As the Western leader of a much needed military force. But if you are just here as Charlie's older brother, that teen boy of Raff's, then please get the fuck out of my home. Because I am trying to save lives here. I am trying to deal with adult shit, Malcolm. So go on and put on your coat. Then after you go trying to chase after your sister please take yourself back home. I don't have time for babysitting you."

Spinning away from the shocked Malcolm, Arya turned to stare at the nanny fluttering about the men.

"Are you the young lady who was in charge of Robyn and Lori when they went missing?"

The timid girl nodded and swallowed. Arya nodded back and gave a cold smile.

"You're fired. Please inform the house manager on your way out. He will mail you your pay. Under the circumstances, I am afraid you won't be receiving references."

Arya waited until the girl fled then turned to glare at each of the males in front of her.

"I am glad you care so much about this toddler, Polliver. You've just offered to foster and protect him until he turns eighteen. Now, do you think you and Miller can get some fucking work done? Piggy, I want ten nanny interviews set up by morning for this child. Each of them best have at least five references. And don't YOU dare get cookie on me, young man!"

Robyn pulled back with his quite moistened cookie just in time, all three men trying to help protect him from the evil woman. Arya gave a mean smile to all of them, that ended in a wink to the toddler.

Arya left the room feeling confident that now she could take a twenty minute nap. She felt superior to her mother all the way until she lay down and heard a crash downstairs. Then several voices arguing who was cleaning it before the witch woke up. She fell asleep to hearing her mother laughing in her head.
Charlie's face was grim and her knuckles were white with tension as she watched Lori sneak into the secret passageways of the Riverlands. These are passages known to very few and there is no way the Greyjoys would hear of them.

That might be the only part of the whole crazy plan that works, but it's something.

She shivered hearing voices in her head. The taunting and laughing of those men as they raped her, the pity in eyes that watched her walk to Polliver. Arya's voice laced with hidden worry, Malcolm's blatant arrogant big brother attitude, it was all too much to bear.

Charlie hoped she didn't just send that little kid to her death but she had to try something. She had to know she wasn't broken. And prove it to the others. Taking a deep breath she leaned back in the car seat and shut her eyes for a second.

And hoped that Lori was able to follow the plan and not get caught. Then Charlie sat up and turned on her laptop and waited.
They Were Only Livestock After All

Jeyne looked around at the hideousness of the jury, of this twisted trail. Leering faces squirming beetles writing words all over their flesh, all leaning into the pit. She saw the brutal king of them all on that floating spiky stage.

Tentacles dripping with ink loving stroked at the air as the Kraken King leered down at her. Next to him was a smaller kraken, a Princess one and she seemed to be silently rooting for her. A small baby dragon was lounging and a larger dragon was wounded but on it's feet.

It all meant nothing except that Jeyne was in need of representation if she was on trial by that many accusers. She must have taken so many lives in order to be this high of a court priority.

"I am in need of counsel! I demand a lawyer! Or a champion! Yes, call my knight forth to help me! I have right to assistance! I am Jeyne Poole and I have friends in the Starks and Boltons, do you hear me! I demand my..."

The bellowing and stamping broke through her pleas and Jeyne gave her attention to the bull. But it wasn't a bull, no, Jeyne knew full well what this was. Jeyne stared with breathless terror at a fire breathing horned demon. She screamed and watched frozen as it prepared to charge her.

As it began to charge, Jeyne heard a voice cut through everything. It was as if the voice of a god, it cut through everything.

"SAMARA! DODGE AND ROLL, NOW!"

With complete surprise, Jeyne found herself doing exactly as the voice said. She felt the massive beast miss her by a hair and she scrambled to her feet. Jeyne felt a tap on her shoulder and turned to see something out of those Japanese horror films looking back at her.

She screamed as the horror unhinged it's jaw and swallowed her whole.

"Sweet Lord, is she tripping balls or what? Nice work commanding her, Senator, but it looks like your pet has checked out. And Pickles is ready for round two. Folks, get that cash ready! Oh hell, let the idiot jump in to try and save his wife if he wants to."

Euron looked down at Shane briefly with amusement.

"Not you, you stay right there. Let your daddy try and be a hero."

Shane didn't take his eyes off his father as he jumped into the pit, hollering to turn Pickles from his stampede towards Samara.

"I had no intentions of it. I was only able to beat Pickles with the help of my brother's distractions."

Euron was mildly rankled that Shane didn't give him attention and the lack of reaction to his mother's torment. Or the potential humor in it. He leaned towards Shane and started to pat the thick golden hair, making the boy shudder in disgust.

"Now, I went through a great deal of trouble to create this game for us. This amusement and you have not even mentioned it's cleverness or the sheer brutality of it. If you won't be amused or insulted
I can simply find a better way to get a reaction out of you, boy."

Shane looked up at Euron then gave a tiny nod.

"Alrighty then. I BET ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS THAT MY MOTHER WILL JUMP THE BULL!"

Asha laughed as several caught up in alcohol and the addiction of betting took the challenge. Euron's humor was restored as he arched an eyebrow.

"Lad, do you actually even have one hundred dollars to cover that bet?"

Shane gave Euron a glowing smile and spoke sweetly.

"You are my captor. You'll have to honor my debts unless you are willing to free me?"

Shane went back to watching his father try to taunt then dodge the bull to keep it away from his wife. Who was currently crawling along the fencing, eyes wide in silent horror at some unseen thing.

Hiding the worry, Shane knew that his father was tiring out. It was only a matter of time before the bull gored them both to death. There was only one person besides his father that Shane knew could handle any boogeyman.

Shane winked at Euron as if he hadn't a worry in the world and wasn't at all praying to every deity for this to work.

"Watch this. "MOM! MOM! MOM! MOM! PICKLES HAS DAD!"

Samara followed her son's voice like a string, crawling down a dark tunnel to reach it. She didn't understand anything she saw but that didn't matter one bit. What mattered was Shane's words and the meaning behind them. Her eyes tracked the bull, saw her Master, already burned by the demon creature.

Growling, Samara crouched, tensed and ran at Pickles to leap upon his back. A roar of disbelief went up among the pirates and Asha grinned along with Shane. Samara's feet lightly pattered across the coarse haired beast and jumped as it went to buck her off.

It gave Pickles another target and a chance for Raff to catch his breath. Samara dodged and rolled as Raff started to roar and gain attention of the bull. It spun to charge at Raff who ran, jumped and caught hold of the edge of the stage.

He hung there, pulling his feet up while Pickles raged underneath him. Then Raff hollered to Samara, who was starting to circle closer towards the bull to hail it.

"Samara! Up!"

She ran and jumped up, touching her feet only once on the bull before Raff caught her by her arm. Samara climbed Raff like a monkey and grabbed the stage to climb up it. Once she was flat upon the stage she reached to help her husband onto the stage as well.

Pickles bellowed in rage bellow them and Euron applauded at the two limp heaving prisoners.

"Now I have one hundred dollars."

Euron nodded at Shane's gloating and then at Asha's.
"I'm the fucking richest one here. I'm the only one who bet that Samara would win."

Samara dragged herself up and stared Euron in the eye then growled. He stared at her then kicked her in the chest. It threw her off the stage and back down into the pit.

Raff screamed as Pickles sped over in triumph and threw the small woman, goring her leg deeply. She looked like a discarded rag doll as she hit the fence and slid boneless to the dirt.

Samara tried to get up but couldn't seem to figure out how to make her limbs work. She found herself face down in the dirt and tried again. Pickles charged and Samara curled into a ball the best she could.

A shot rang out and Euron looked at Shane, dumbfounded but a smile already spreading on his face. The boy was holding Euron's ankle gun and was standing in perfect stance. Pickles was laying dead just before Samara, a bullet in it's head.

Lori was beyond terrified but she was also nearly euphoric at her daring. Charlie threatened to shoot her, of course, to track her down if she tried to run.

But the truth was Lori really had nowhere to go. No relatives could take her in, she had really intended to leave the toddler at a random church far away. As far as the car would have taken them until it ran out of gas.

Every person Lori knew was considered part of the rebellion. They were either dead, imprisoned or harshly oppressed. None of them could help her. At least this was a direction with a goal in mind, her artistic creative mind was instantly attracted to Charlie's idea.

Lori knew how to act like a servant, of course she did. And Charlie explained exactly how a Targaryen slave would normally act. How they would look and act. How the child of a slave would look and act.

As she came into view of the estate now covered in pirates, Lori hunched her shoulders a bit and lowered her head. She waited until a few folks dressed similar to the outfit she stole and melded in.

It took three tries to meld into a group heading into the home and Lori secretly hooted in victory. Lori used her age and the ability all kids' servants have, the way to go unnoticed. Silent, she slid along among the shadows. It was a sheer stroke of luck.

There was some huge thing going on behind the house taking everyone's attention. Only a few servants and pirates that were hanging out of doors and windows, watching. After all, what is there to really guard about this house?

Euron owns it now, he has seen and touched it all for himself. The servants are glad to be freed and are still timid enough to do the same jobs for this pirate. They obey, they don't run, it is just another master to them. Just one that took off their collars.

So who cared about a little kid who must be too timid to watch whatever brutal game is going on and took refuge in the house.

Lori made it to library and into the secret paneling in a heartbeat. After a bit of sliding through walls and a very close quartered terrifying climb up a ladder, Lori was in Shane's bedroom. She quickly went into the walk in closet and dug under the thick rug.
Opening the paneling, she found Shane's stolen laptop. Apparently he stole it from his father. Grinning, Lori grabbed the portable charger and the laptop, she searched and found a backpack.

She stuffed the items in the bag and slung it over her shoulders then went back into the hidden walls. Once down the ladder, Lori sat on dust and dead bugs to charge the laptop. Her head against the wall, Lori recalled Charlie's words.

"Listen carefully. My father and mother were wildly overprotective when we were young. So they installed little nanny cameras everywhere. Eventually, Shane found that all recording was done from my father's laptop. So he stole it to shut the cameras off. All you need to do is get that laptop and turn the damned things back on. They were never taken down because my father swore he would find a way to turn them back on. Then you can come back the same way you came. Then Arya will have actual eyes and ears into my house. I can't do it because they would all recognize me. No one knows who you are and not to be rude, but you look and act like a servant. You could easily slip through them and do this. It might help us save Shane. And remember, if you can avoid my family, then do it. One surprised Look from any of them could get you caught. Don't try and do any rescuing, just focus on turning those cameras on and then come back here."

Lori watched the computer lights and heard cheers rise higher from outside. A shot rang out and then more cheering. She recalled the passwords and typed them in.

Charlie was laying across the front seat of the car, cradling her gun to her chest. She was hearing sounds in the wood and just a moment ago she swore that someone was speaking.

Taking a very deep breath, Charlie tried to put the safety back on her gun, her thumb had no urge to cooperate. It wanted a bullet at the ready.

What if I got that stupid Post Traumatic thing that therapist talked about? Well, it has to be put aside until she has time for it. Sitting up again, wiping sweat from her brow, Charlie sneered at her shaking hand. Stone cold, huh? Fuck.

Her laptop came to life, dinging for her attention and Charlie almost shot it. Taking a few breaths, Charlie berated herself then looked at the screen. A smile wreathed her anxious face and she laughed, pumping her fist in the air.

"Yes! Thank you, Lori! Good girl, now she just has to get the fuck out of there. Okay...now I can call Arya and Malcolm."

She hovered her finger over the screen of her phone and wondered who would share the call before starting a lecture.

Arya sat down at the head of the long table. Malcolm was given the seat at the other end out of courtesy for his station. Polliver at her right and Piggy at her left by her command. Robyn was in a high chair next to Piggy and Miller was next to Polliver, who was unhappy with the arrangements.

They all stared at the food, Arya nearly drooling but trying to be dignified. Piggy winced and just shook his head when Polliver stared at him questioningly.

"Ma..Polliver, I have no control over Arya's kitchen or meals. I have only baked with permission from her kitchen staff. I have been searching for nannies and caring for the toddler."
"Don't any of you like turkey, stuffing, scrambled eggs and bacon? Look, there is salad, baked and stuffed potatoes. Oh, and the tuna casserole, will someone please pass me that?"

They all stared aghast as Arya very calmly tested the weight limit of her plate. Malcolm smiled a bit.

"My mom was the same way when she was pregnant. She uh...she was tiny but she could eat a ton. She also made some really strange meals then. For some reason everything had to have sesame seeds and we had tiny pickles at every meal. Even breakfast. One night we had mashed potatoes, pizza and stuffed cabbage."

Piggy grinned and nodded.

"Yeah, I remember that. Ma..Polliver, do you remember you would have me lock the pantry when Samara would come over? When she was pregnant with you, Malcolm, she came in through a window and ate all of Polliver's beef jerky. I was even angrier than he was because it wasn't easy for me to make that."

Polliver laughed at the memory, leaning back in his chair.

"I never heard you lose your shit so badly, Piggy! You were crying in rage, actual tears flowing as you ran all the way down and ripped up her garden. Samara had worked so hard on that stupid flower garden and you just kicked the shit out of it while screaming. I watched and refused to stop you, it was justified. Told Raff so when he came to try and kick your ass."

Robyn was making his meal into a crime scene and yelled as he hurled some potatoes across the table.

"Mapol! Mapol!"

Polliver was pelted and all at the table laughed as he wiped the mush off his face. He gave a scowl to the toddler and grumbled.

"Make it stop calling me that. Or I swear you won't like the names I teach it for you two. I mean it, Miller. I'll teach him to call you Princess and Piggy, you can be renamed Worm."

"I think it's adorable. And Polliver, it is a he and he has a name. If you are going to be in charge of this boy, he should be called by his name, don't you think?"

Slamming the table with his fist, Polliver glared at Malcolm.

"Stay out of this! I refuse to believe that your aunt is so cruel. I am hoping she will also figure out that my home isn't exactly a baby safe zone."

Arya smirked and stopped shoveling food into her mouth for a moment.

"Right now, your home is currently occupied by new owners. You are homeless, all three of you. I am letting you live in my home until yours is free again. So if this place isn't baby proof enough, you'll have to make it so or make do."

Miller began to plead to foster the child again when Piggy's cell rang. Looking at it in surprise, Piggy answered.

"It's Charlie and she says for Malcolm to take a look on his computer. To look up the code for the nanny cameras. OH MY GOD, YOU WENT IN THERE AND TURNED ON THE NANNY CAMS? WHAT? YOU SENT LORI! Is she back yet? She is still in there?"
The chaos was instant and predictable.
Samara spit blood, mucus and dirt before dragging herself to her knees. The pain in her leg made her cry out and then she forced herself to her feet. Wavering, she leaned against the fencing, too tired and hurt to be scared.

Moaning, she saw a small area slide open and five enormous pirates come in with grins and cattle prods.

*More fucking krakens to fight and this time they have lightening bolts. No, pirates with cattle prods, oh god, I am tripping so badly...losing my mind. What the living fuck is in that drink?*

"So very fucking glad you kept so many torture devices laying around our estate, Raff!"

*Did she really just yell that at her Master? Yes, judging by his expression and the booming laughter of the kraken, she did. Whoops.*

Jeyne never did know when to shut her mouth.

*Wait, was she Samara or Jeyne? One of the men coming towards her looked a great deal like Damon.*

Then they all looked like Ramsay's boys, surely that leading one was Damon. Jeyne shrieked and began to circle the area around the men. Why didn't the man stay dead? Why was he continuing to come back to taunt her?

"Samara, no! They'll hurt you if you fight them! Down, stay! Now!"

Shaking her head at the voice with a mutinous frown, Jeyne geared up to try and rip out Damon's throat.

"Fuck off, buddy! Damon's gonna stay dead this time! I can take Ramsay's boys and I can take you too, asshole! Just wait your fucking turn!"

The large pirate laughed and began to advance with his prod charged, the others right behind him.

"I feel bad for this Damon. Listen to your husband, bitch, or I'm going to light you up like a fucking decoration. Don't make us have to hurt you more before you see the doctor."

That voice again, now it's angry and it's becoming harder to ignore. Something about it, Jeyne wishes it would stop. But she listens and the men stop moving when she does. Cocking her head, she looks more like a feral creature than ever.

"NO. BAD GIRL. SAMARA, DAMON IS DEAD, ALL THE BOYS ARE DEAD. EURON DRUGGED YOU. YOU ARE SAMARA. I AM YOUR MASTER AND BY GOD, YOU WILL OBEY ME. DOWN. STAY."

Samara blinked and peered harder at the men, noticing the ink covering them, the clothing was not Northern except the stolen outerwear from their own people. Her own people. She looked around and saw Pickles dead nearby, not a demon at all. *Oh.*

Slowly, she knelt down and held her arms out as if in surrender, but her eyes never left the man advancing to her. It made them all uneasy, even the largest one that didn't look at all like Damon. He
had a long braided beard and Samara longed to strangle him with it.

She let him get real close and fumble to pull out handcuffs before she lunged.

Arya, Malcolm and Polliver were caught between being impressed and pissed.

However, all including Miller and Piggy were staring at the large screen, seeing into the Targaryen estate. They could clearly see most of the rooms in the house, the outer porches, lawn, backyard and into the closest field.

Which meant they could see just into the makeshift pit. They could tell by the strangled sound on the speakerphone that Charlie saw it too.

"Aww, fucking Pickles. I knew those kids would be the death of him one way or another. Dammit."

Malcolm shot a dirty look at Polliver before looking back to the screen in utter despair. Shane was so small but amazingly steady next to the madman. Malcolm winced at his father's burnt face as he struggled while being handcuffed.

There was Malcolm's mother, covered in blood, dirt and she looked utterly insane. Her leg was slick with blood and it was clear she had been gored. She was being menaced by men with cattle prods and seemed ready to attack them.

They watched Raff yell at her until she knelt down.

"Oh God, Malcolm, they put mom in with Pickles! Look at her leg! Look at all of her, what are they doing to her?"

Malcolm shut his eyes and put his hands flat on the table. He ached to reach through the phone to both discipline and comfort Charlie.

"I know. Whatever happened, it is over. See? Dad got her to surrender, they probably are going to take her to get patched up. Just breathe. You need to come back here now. Please."

Piggy gasped and grabbed a chair for balance when he dropped his cane at Samara's sudden attack upon the large pirate. It took all the rest of the men to get her down. They electrocuted her until she seized and fainted.

Enraged, the large man began to kick her, while Raff and even Shane began to scream in protest. Samara roused and screeched as a kick into her back caused her to arch in agony. She scrabbled in the dirt but couldn't seem to even crawl.

Euron finally raised his hand and the large man stopped. The men roughly handcuffed the half delirious woman and put a muzzle on her before dragging her away.

The brutal attack was accompanied by the sounds of Charlie sobbing and cursing on the speakerphone. Polliver whispered something to Arya, who nodded.

Polliver grabbed Piggy by his collar that he kept hidden beneath his shirt and dragged him into the hallway.

"I'm going to get Charlie and hopefully that little girl too. You keep a close eye on Robyn, that is
your only job until I return. Miller will take my place until I get back. Hear me? Behave, watch that kid and don't get into any trouble or leave this estate. Don't fret about your buddy. Samara is a very tough lady, you know that, Piggy. She can take more than most can."

"Yes, Ma..Polliver."

Polliver slapped his forehead and spoke with clenched teeth.

"That is it. The thing is calling me Mapol cause of you and now I'm Ma Polliver? Just call me Master when you talk to me, I can't take this anymore. Arya will just have to deal with it."

"Yes Master."

It made Polliver smile as he went to speak with Arya and Miller to hear the relief in Piggy's voice as he used the familiar title that slides out of his mouth naturally.

Arya was tapped on the shoulder by a spectral finger and then heard that dry voice again.

"Well, that boy certainly took the sight of his mother being brutalized quite calmly, don't you think? For an eighteen year old with issues and the famous Targaryen temper. And where did he just go? Are you sure he was going to the bathroom instead of helping to carefully plan a battle?"

She groaned and quickly headed out of the meeting room. Malcolm was already headed for the door, his men ahead of him.

"Where are you going? Malcolm! Polliver is getting Charlie and Lori. When they get back-"

Malcolm spun around with fire in his eyes and advanced upon Arya as if he were Raff himself.

"No. I can't wait any longer while you try and figure out how to run your first battle. Did you fucking SEE what he did to my mother? See what he did to Charlie? My father and brother are living on borrowed time. When Euron kills off my mother, who will he start torturing to death next? It is winter here, my men are going to freeze while we wait for you. This needs to be over before the storms start to come, Arya. We are attacking now, with or without your assistance. You do not get to tell me what to do with my warriors. You do not get to tell me what to do about my own family. I am leaving and attacking the Greyjoys."

Arya grabbed Malcolm's arm and Malcolm yanked away then nearly backed her into a wall. A sudden click and both froze as Miller held his gun to Malcolm's head. In response, his men are now holding their guns on Miller.

Taking a very deep breath, Malcolm slowly released Arya and backed away. Miller moved in front of Arya and put his gun down. Malcolm's men did the same and surrounding their leader, they left.

Arya had the worst urge to have some wine and heard her mother laughing in her head. It only intensified when Piggy called her into the living room.

"Weather man says a huge blizzard is coming our way. It will hit the Riverlands first then us. It's a big one, it will bury them and us. It won't be a battle, it will be a siege."

She tried to call Malcolm, to warn him but he wasn't taking her calls. His commanders only told her that Malcolm was trying to beat the blizzard.
Arya sat in her father's favorite chair in his study and curled up. Pulled a blanket over herself and sobbed, hoping to anger Gregor back to life somehow.

I am not ready for this. I don't know what to do and I am alone. The Targaryens might all die and it will be on me. Everyone will know I can't hold the North then. They will take me down inch by inch just like the fucking Greyjoy is.

She heard the door open and close then someone sit down on the couch. Well, it sure wasn't Gregor, so Arya ignored it, hoping whoever it was would go away. A clearing of a throat and then Piggy's voice.
Falling Harder To Rise Higher

Arya hunched low and quiet under the quilt, hoping Piggy would leave. He didn't, he spoke and Arya listened.

"Do you know why I hung out with you when we were kids? It wasn't just because you would defend me when you saw others picking on me. It wasn't because I had a crush on you. It was because I truly admired and respected you. I saw you take on bullies and get the worst beat downs. You always stood right back up until they knocked you out cold. Never cried or begged, hell, they could only get you to scream if they broke a bone. Any other kid would have run the other way next time, not you. You kept facing them down until you beat them. You dared to take on the worst challenges no one else wanted. Long before you were Gregor's daughter, you forced yourself into his attention. You took on every one of his men, you refused to surrender no matter what you had to do to get there. That is who we all need now, that girl. Not this pretender trying to be anyone else but herself. You aren't a Stark. You aren't a Clegane. You are the North. Cold, bitchy, overly emotional and stubborn as fuck."

Piggy stood up and stretched.

"Make me coffee, not decaf or I'll fucking skin you. Bring it to the war room."

Grinning at the ill tempered growl, Piggy nodded.

Charlie heard her cell ring and tore her eyes away from the area Lori still hadn't reappeared from. It was Malcolm and she hesitated before answering.

"Yeah?"

"I am almost there. I am attacking full force on my own, without Arya. I was an asshole to you and I'm sorry. Guess I am finding out I am more like our father than I thought. Listen, if you want to meet us, I would be honored to face this Greyjoy asshole with you at my side. Besides, you can shoot way better than me."

Malcolm smiled at her laughter.

"Yeah, but there is a storm coming, it's looking bad. Can you beat it?"

"I don't know but I am going to try. You in or are you a pussy after all? Huh? Forgive me? Forgive me, Charles. You have to before I rhyme, for some time. Then I'll count how many times I have to rhyme...."

"What a fucking nightmarish threat, please don't! I forgive you and I'll meet you. Soon as Lori shows up, we'll meet you."

"No, don't worry about Lori. Polliver is already almost to you, soon as he shows, run away to me. He can wait for her and get her safely out of the battlefield."

"You haven't taken your medication have you?"

"Nope. Not since I came home. As you and Shane have said before, sometimes you need me to skip the pills to get my creative mad skills going. Well, little sister, Malcolm the Mad is here! Hop aboard
the crazy Dragon train and help me rain fire on the pirates."

After hanging up with his sister, Malcolm gave a smirk out the truck window at the snow heavy clouds. In the reflection of the glass he saw he wore his father's lips and blazing eyes. Yes, he might be just a bit more like his father than he had previously thought.

He looks at his cell phone one more time. One more look at the articles that Q made sure that Malcolm would see. Q has been out partying with every eligible bachelor in the West. Malcolm has a feeling that medication won't matter to the dragon once invoked.

But he will make sure to take it before he sees Q again. Because, oh yes, he just might invoke his ancestors when he sees his unfaithful lover again.

Lori was caught, fuck, she was caught. Well, not caught as in found out, just caught in the damned house. She was trying to leave as they all flooded in. A few tries to leave and finally, Lori saw some male servants heading out and she tried to duck out behind them.

She got as far as the porch when a strong hand dragged her back inside. The hand started to swat her further into the house, back into the kitchens.

"Are you fucking crazy, girl? When they took off your collar did they take your brains? You go out that door and you'll be on your back in three seconds! Those are pirates, not the Targaryen men! After they rape you, they might rip you apart for fun. Stay here and be useful. They aren't messing with useful servants."

Lori scowled but the old former slave shook a threatening wooden spoon at her. Instead of escaping, Lori found herself washing dishes and mugs. Taking a peek out the window let her see how right the old woman was. Any female that had been caught outside was being forced into pleasing the pirates.

She has never seen so many drunk and wild men in one place before. There was no way to escape until they have all gone to bed or passed out in the snow. Sighing, Lori resigned herself to the experience of actual servitude. Lori stopped scrubbing when her fingers started to cramp up but that just brought her to the attention of another harried server.

"You! Stop lazing around while the rest of us have to break our backs! Here, bring this out to the living room. Just set it on the sideboard and come right back. Don't drop it. Don't look at anyone in the room. Just put it there and come right back. Hurry."

A bottle of wine in a silver holder of ice was thrust at her. Lori nodded and headed towards the living room. She heard the Greyjoys in there and nearly froze. What if they saw she was from around here? What if one of the Targaryens were in there and couldn't hide their shock at seeing her?

But there was no hope for it. To not do the job would truly give her away so she carried onward. Only Euron and Asha were in the room and seemed to pay her no mind. Lori congratulated herself on a great spy act and went back to the kitchen service with a renewed spirit.

It took ten minutes before Asha came for Lori.

Arya walked into her bedroom and looked at her CEO appearance and laughed.

"Sorry, Raff. But I don't need to have a make over. I sort of need to muck shit up a bit, it's sort of a
"You, girl. Come here, follow me."

Lori’s heart dropped and her feet dragged with terror as she followed the female pirate into a darkened and lonely hallway towards the back of the house. Asha made sure there was no one around before she grabbed the girl by the shoulders and hissed into her ear.

"My uncle wants to take your virginity. He has one last horrific game to torture the boy and father with and then he will come for you. I am giving you a head start to get the fuck out of here. If I get you across the lawn do you know your way to a good hiding place?"

Lori nodded eagerly. This was the best she could hope for, a personal pirate escort. And on the other hand, Lori can’t think of anything worse than having Euron rape her.

"Yes, get me to the woods, I can find my way from there. To a good place to hide."

Lori wanted to ask about the torture game for Shane and his father but that would give her away. And she was too close to freedom to risk it now.

Euron waited while his men escorted Shane and Raff into the living room. He was holding an old cell phone and he waited until Raff was handcuffed to a heavy chair before setting it on the coffee table. Raff’s eyes widened but before he could speak, Euron had him gagged.

Shane was not handcuffed, no he sat easily upon the couch like the cool little sociopath he was. Euron found this so endearing he almost hated to play this next game. Well, not really, he couldn’t wait to play it. But he did hope it wouldn’t really break the boy, only the father’s hold on him.

It never occurred to Euron before to be a real father to his own children. Yet he is actually considering it with this special little guy. So it was with some small nervous excitement that the pirate gestured to it.

"Shane, you won’t believe the crap we have found in your basement, attic and storage areas. I am starting to think either one of your parents or their former slaves were hoarders. This, this was a very rare find and I thought to share it with you. Do you recognize it, Senator? Do you recall some man named Dusten? That is the name to the phone, Shane I must tell you, this man loved to record things. Did you know that your mother and her Piggy friend killed and cooked this man? This buddy and coworker of your father’s? But that is only the last spooky recording on the phone. As luck would have it, this Dusten had other stuff filmed on here. Like the very first time your daddy and mommy met each other. And let me tell you it is one HELL of a date! You are in luck though, I am going to let you watch the whole thing."

"You shouldn't have done that, Miller."

Cooing still at Robyn, the man gave a quick questioning glance at Piggy.

"You shouldn't have drawn your gun on Malcolm and then shoved Arya behind you. It looks bad
and Arya will come after you for it or she'll have Polliver do it. He wouldn't have made that mistake."

"I could beat you up, gag and tie you up in a closet. I could tell Polliver you are being an uppity little slave."

"You could. But Arya legally freed me, remember? And you are such an eager puppy that you would blurt out that very sentence, calling me an uppity slave to Polliver right in front of Arya. Earning yourself a beating much worse than mine."

Growling, Miller tried for his most fearsome look at Piggy who looked back at him, seemingly unmoved.

"I can still go for the beating, tying and gagging you then shoving you into a closet."

"True, you most certainly can. And I would make sure to never go to the movies with you again. I will never cover for you when you want to skip out to a Disney collector's auction."

Miller gave Piggy a look of hurt and repressed anger.

"Shut up. Let me worry about Arya and whether I did the right thing or not. It's none of your fucking problem."

"It is my problem though."

Miller nearly swallowed his tongue at the smooth words and the leather clad Northern thug in front of him suddenly.

"If you ever put a gun to someone's head who is part of my family again, I'll put a bullet through yours. Your discipline can wait for Polliver's time and efforts. Malcolm was unarmed and surrounded by armed men, what were you thinking? Don't bother to fucking answer. You were too fucking eager to impress. Guess what? That shit doesn't impress me. If you ever expect to be more than Polliver's lackey, you better start figuring out how to really impress me. Give you a hint, it starts with obeying orders and not shooting off your load before it's time. I am sure I'm not saying anything your girlfriends haven't already told you though, right? Get off your ass and alert the media and all of the North. I have something to say."

Euron was suitably impressed at how well Shane did. The boy truly did earn points, his quips at first were quite droll and one cue. But he could see Raff's eyes turn desperate as Shane started to have difficulty.

The filming actually started with this Dusten introducing Polliver and Piggy.

"Oh holy shit! Even back then Polliver was bald. Wow, Piggy really was fat once."

Shane didn't flinch at the extreme abuse they all showed this past version of Piggy, he was more interested in the next part. He watched a much younger version of his father leaning against a counter. All the other young men he didn't recognize except for Polliver.

"Hey, father. It's a clip of you still with a whole face. You might want to look at this some time for a reminder of when your whole face was good looking."

Then Shane watched his nineteen year old mother trying to fight off all the men but his father, who
was just leaning there, watching it. He saw them arm her with a fork and then beat the hell out of her.

"Wow, Father. You really are quite the charmer on first dates."

The voice was thinner, it was more brittle as Shane watched his father sew his mother's mouth shut.

"Ah, finally, we see where your traditional worst threat for mother comes from. How sentimental, Father."

Shane's eyes glowed as he watched his father whip his mother with a length of electrical cord before raping her.

"God, you couldn't even wait to rape her in private? And you tell us to be classy?"

His joke was thin but it was without mirth. Raff's heart broke for his son as his order for the others to gang rape Jeyne made Shane finally flinch. Shane would never let the pirate know how much it hurt and Raff never hated himself as much as he did in that moment.

"Well, here is a side to Polliver I never needed to see. I think I might carve out both my eyes now."

Shane gave himself a blinding headache trying to suppress tears and emotion as he watched the others gang rape his mother.

"Dad, I really think you have a need for better sex education. You clearly are confused as to how swinging works. Excuse me, Captain One Eye, aka Uncle Bumpy? I would have you know that I have never seen so much sex or gang rape since I have met you. And I have older siblings plus extremely kinky parents."

Euron laughed and tousled the boy's hair. Shane refused to cringe from the loathsome man's touch and continued to stare at the screen. He watched as his mother groveled at Raff's feet only to be beaten more. Then Shane watched as his father mocked his broken victim, forcing her to pose for her former lover.

"Do you think Damon would even want you back after he sees these pictures, Jeyne? Was it worth it to challenge me? To stick your fucking fork into me? To dare be such a rude cunt to me? Do you know what the best revenge is going to be, bitch? I'm not going to just break you, I'm going to make you worship me. You will spend your life fearing me, begging to serve me and hating how much you'll need me."

Shane stared at his father and he spoke so very carefully.

"When this is over, I will show this to Malcolm and Charlie. I think it's going to be a very intense family meeting, Father. In fact, I think you might wish to meet us in the woodshed and perhaps not tell mother."

Euron was displeased at how little he managed to shake the boy but he was thrilled at the agony in Raff's eyes.
Almost Like Coming Home

Chapter Summary

Sorry for the very short chapter after such a long wait but I'm afraid that I am not full strength yet.
But I think this small chapter has enough meat to it that perhaps it can suffice for now.

Under the steel grey sky, snow began to swirl and caught in the messy, spiked jet black hair. The moisture from snowflakes caused the heavy charcoal black rings of her eyes to create small black tears upon her cheeks. In defiance of the weather, the woman wore expensive leather.

A leather trench coat swung heavily behind her, delicate leather gloves upon her hands. The outfit was strangely completed by the pair of black spiked combat boots that peeked out of the swirling leather. The face had an angry red scar and a smirk.

Arya walked alone from the fortress to the streets, to Waif’s park, to the pavilion.

As she walked, Miller and Piggy followed directly behind her. Piggy was carrying the baby and using his cane but sought no assistance even as the snow made the ground slippery. Others followed, Miller’s men and women, servants of the house, those on the streets.

The media had put out the emergency message for all to either come to the park or listen through media. All were already listening eagerly and uneasily to the media about the pirates. About the capture of the Riverlands and the tortures of the Targaryens at the hands of Euron Greyjoy.

So it was with some relief that Northerners heard Arya was finally giving a reaction, a direction perhaps for them to follow. And those that could, that wanted to, made it to the park. Others hunched in bars, stores, restaurants and homes to listen.

Arya stood in front of the microphone, Miller a bit behind to her right, Piggy to her left, Robyn waving cheerily from his purple starfish snowsuit. That brought smiles from many and it was good to see the toddler was happy and healthy. The smiles became wary when they saw Lori Baratheon was not with them.

"You will notice that Lori Baratheon is not with us. That is because she ran away with Charlie Targaryen. Lori has become close friends with Shane Targaryen and felt she could help. Both girls have gone without any assistance because they can't stand to do nothing as the pirates torture and destroy not just a family but our land. OUR LAND. I am also sure you noticed this morning that Malcolm Targaryen and his forces have headed for the Riverlands as well. It is his family, after all. And that is when I saw it. And I felt ashamed of myself and some of you might be feeling that same feeling. It is shame because we have allowed someone to sneak in and take something of OURS. Then we have allowed others to try and fight it for us. We have become complacent upon Gregor and Waif to protect and care for us all, as if we are all just children. Something was indeed forgotten from our past. And we need it back."

Arya took a deep breath then her words boomed and resounded through all.

"WE ARE THE NORTH! WE ARE NORTHERNERS AND EVEN NORTHERN CHILDREN
ARE MADE STRONG! WE SURVIVE! THE NORTH IS HARSH, IT IS EMOTIONAL, IT IS FIERCE AND UNFAIR AND WE SURVIVE IT, WE EMBRACE IT AND ENDURE. WE FIGHT THROUGH THE STORMS, THE BLIZZARDS, THE DISASTERS. SO WHY THE HELL ARE WE ALL HUDDLED UNDER ROOFS? WHY AREN'T WE TAKING BACK WHAT IT OURS? NO MATTER YOUR POLITICS, YOUR SITUATION, WHAT YOU THINK OF ME, I AM NORTH. YOU ARE ALL THE NORTH. AND SOMEONE IS FUCKING WITH US. THIS IS OUR HOME, NOT JUST MINE, IT YOURS. AND WE NEED TO PROTECT IT FROM THESE PIRATES. THEY HAVE TAKEN OUR RIVERLANDS. THEY HAVE TAKEN OUR SENATOR. THEY HAVE GANG RAPED OUR DAUGHTERS, THEY HAVE KIDNAPPED, TORTURED AND KILLED OUR PEOPLE. THEY ARE LAUGHING AT US, AT THE WEAKNESS OF THE NORTH AND WE ARE LETTING THEM? THEY ALREADY HAVE STOLEN A PORTION OF OUR LAND AND PEOPLE, HOW MUCH MORE WILL THEY TAKE FROM US? OR DO WE GO AND GET BACK WHAT IS OURS?"

"There is a blizzard coming and it will bury the Riverlands. The Targaryen forces won't be able to fight in that weather, they don't know it like we do. The pirates also won't know how to fight in the weather but they will just bunker down. We know how to fight in blizzards, we know how to get through to the Riverlands without using main roads. We are the North and we must not allow anyone to take even a fucking INCH of OUR land! I am NOT Gregor. I don't want to RULE the North, I want to LEAD the North. I am going to the Riverlands to reclaim what belongs to US. I hope you will follow. We are Northerners and we need to act like it now more than ever."

Snow crunched under her feet as Charlie got out of the car to greet Polliver who seemed to magically appear out of the white swirl. The wind has grown wilder and the snow was getting thicker rapidly.

He hugged the girl tightly and shoved her back into the car. Getting in on the other side, Polliver glared and grinned at Charlie. He looked like he was debating whether to hug her again or strangle her.

"You are a sight for sore eyes, dear. You are also in so much trouble, sweetheart. What the fuck made you decide to take a twelve year old, very important hostage of Arya's and toss her into the pirates? What happens if she doesn't come back out, what if they rape, torture or kill her? You want that on your conscience? Not to mention how would that help Arya out? How does that save your family?"

Charlie looked down at her lap as if in shame and shrugged. Her voice was quiet but it was raw with emotion.

"I had to do something. I have to try and save them. I have to try and defeat Euron. I have to, Polliver. It's not a choice, it is just what I have to do. I wish I thought of something better but it was all I had. Lori is someone that can go unnoticed in there. They would not suspect her. I would have gone if I could have found a way to disguise my face enough."

Polliver shook his head and growled in frustration at her stubbornness."
"Young lady, I do understand that need. Everyone that you ran from understands that need. We also understand that is exactly what Euron wants us to do. Become emotional and forget common sense, to rush in like fools. You sent an untrained child to do a trained spy job. If I could right now, I would beat you for the stupidity. In fact, you do understand that when this is over, the discipline will come for this rash move."

Charlie looked up fast then and Polliver saw her face was not contrite at all. It was not ashamed. It was full of righteous angry fire and he saw Raff’s dragon snarling at him.

"I will welcome the beating or flaying! And I am hoping that it will be coming from my father! I will save my family and take down this pirate or I will die trying! And I will sacrifice a thousand little girls if it will help me do it! I am a Targaryen! I am a Dragon! And I will not be anything but one until my family is saved and those pirates are dead!"

"Oh, I wish I had to time to deal with your newfound dragon, Charlie. But I have to worry about trying to retrieve a little girl from the fucking pirates. So save your fire for now, alright? Don't have time for the teenage drama shit. Tell me exactly where you sent her, exactly where she was to go and how she was to return. Then you are sitting in this car until I hopefully return with Lori. I am going to go as far as I can safely to wait or retrieve her. I can only give an hour, then the blizzard will be too much for us to leave. One hour and I return with or without her. For your sake, for Arya's sake and the little girl's sake, I hope I come back with her. Then we have to get to the nearest shelter. Do not leave this fucking car. If an hour passes and I do not return, you leave for the nearest shelter. Hear me?"

Charlie nodded and stared at the threatening sky out the windshield.

"I do hope you find her and get back soon. I am sorry I had to send her in, Uncle Polly. I will leave in one hour no matter what."

Polliver had the greatest urge to lock her in the trunk of the car. He didn't trust her sudden complicity and growled.

"I don't have time to babysit you, girl. You are to stay in this car and leave in one hour. If I come back and you are gone before then, I have to find you. In a fucking blizzard. In enemy territory while I tote around a girl. Would you really do that to me, Charlie? Is that how you treat me? Is that how you would act in Arya's service? To desert another and put them in danger by running off on duty without notice? During a time of danger?"

Charlie squirmed then snarled in frustration as she blinked tears back and Polliver knew he won.

"No, I would never desert you that way."

Good. Glad to hear it. One hour then get to the nearest shelter."

Charlie watched Polliver disappear in the direction Lori had gone and she smirked.

"No, Uncle Polly. I would never desert you...without notice."

Quickly, she pulled up her hood, wrapped her scarf tightly and left the car. Halfway to where Charlie knew she would run into Malcolm, she texted Polliver.

"Left to meet Malcolm to attack the Greyjoys. Car is waiting for you to take Lori to the nearest shelter. I am sorry, but I have to do this."
Polliver swore quietly when he read the message but there was nothing he could do.

He was already in the woods that belonged to the Targaryens. He was close enough to smell the smoke of bonfires that were slowly going out in the snow. To hear the yelling and cursing of the drunk pirates not used to the sudden cold wind and stinging snow.

Slowly creeping forward, Polliver got as close as he dared and started to wait. There was a chance that the weather will drive most of the pirates inside and he can get closer. Right now, it was too risky, there were too many different voices still hollering.

All Polliver could do for the time being was wait. And pray that Lori somehow managed through the drunken pirates and into the woods. He didn't exactly feel hopeful about that.
Choices, Choices....

Asha found a bulky coat with an extra large hood in a foyer and shoved Lori into it.

She wanted to inform this pirate lady that she wasn't a toddler and was capable of putting on a coat.

However, the woman didn't seem like she would take very well to advice from a teenager. Pity. Still, it was good to know that the adventure is heading back on a positive note.

Lori eagerly followed Asha quickly and quietly to the back door, even though the grip on her arm was painfully tight. The biting sudden stormy weather helped and hindered all at once. It was certainly clearing the yard and lawn of the pirates.

But they were all heading for shelter and a good portion of them were heading for the house. Towards the back door.

"Keep your head down and your mouth shut no matter what. Even if someone orders you to look up or speak don't do it."

With that grim warning, Asha began to push her way past the oncoming drunks. She had one arm fully around Lori's puffy jacket, a fist wrapping into the material at the front neck. Asha nearly dragged the girl and it worked for quite some time.

Just as the woods came into view, Asha following the directions Lori had whispered to her earlier, a man hollered to her.

"Hey, Asha! Where you going and what do you have with you? Don't you like to share your prize with your fellow men, huh? Looks like you found a special lil bit and want to play with it. Show us your shiny toy and let us play too. You can even have first dibs, we'll watch then take our turn."

Snarling, Asha turned to face the pirate, after pushing the girl behind her.

"Go fuck yourself, Erik! You've already raped half the men, women and beasts by now, I imagine. You don't need this one, nor do any of you."

Asha stood tall and put one hand on her gun, chin up, staring down the heavyset ugly man and his three cronies.

"She was a tidbit already tonight. For my uncle and I am charged with the care of her. You should understand he doesn't share his little ones enough by now, you fat moron. I am loyal to Euron because he is my blood but you I will never, ever fucking kowtow to. If you step one foot closer, I will shoot you. Think I fear Euron's punishment for it? I do, but I will use the memory of your death to ease my agony. Wanna try for it, Erik? Please...try. Because I have despised you for so long and it would truly fucking make me so happy to kill you. Give me the reason to, please."

"One day you will go too far, you'll slip up, bitch. I hope I'm there for it. Your uncle should have murdered you along with that little pussy brother of yours. I urged him too, you know."

Asha nodded grimly and a shark like smile appeared.

"Oh, I know. I do know, Erik. It's not something I would forget as long as you are alive."

They clashed eyes but the man was clearly drunk and weaving as were his friends. Also, Asha's eyes
were clear and cold, her stance was perfect. She might have drunk twice their amount tonight but Asha's body used alcohol like fuel now. It didn't impede her deadliness any.

"Fuck it, too fucking cold to bother with you tonight, cunt. Besides, any little girl that Euron has already played with is too broken for me. Right, Asha? You should know, right?"

The ugly laughter cut through the air but the men began to walk away as the wind started to get harsher. Asha breathed a sigh of relief and started to shove the girl faster towards the forest.

They broke into the foliage and Asha helped the girl climb rocks slippery with snow, climb through a dead fall and reach a small trickle of river. Asha panted and leaned against a tree for a moment.

"Okay, this is as far as I can go with you. You remember the way, right? Good. Go as quick as you can and don't come back. Don't send anyone else. You have no idea the danger you were in. Hear me? Now go."

"You fucking traitorous bitch. Oh wait, until I tell Euron! So glad we decided to track you, Asha. It is worth this fucking snow to finally bring you down."

Erik and his three cronies appeared from behind Asha, drawing their guns. She looked at Lori and hissed at her to run, shoving the girl forward. Lori obeyed and ran ahead, leaping over the small icy line of water into the next line of trees.

Asha drew her gun and fired into Erik's chest before he finished raising his arm.

Smoothly, her aim changed and her next target dropped with a hole in his stomach. The man fired back when he hit the ground and she felt a burning pain in her thigh and growled. Ignoring the flesh wound was easy enough in the numbing cold however.

The third pirate was aiming at her but he was too drunk to be sure of his target. Asha went forward and kicked the gun out of his hand and then spun him in front of her. A bullet crashed into him from the wounded man.

Propelling the dying man forward with all her strength, she threw him on top of the wounded man. Asha climbed on top of the corpse, pressing into the wounded man. Leaning down, Asha put her gun to the cursing and pleading pirate's temple.

With a sadistic grin on her face, Asha giggled and singsonged a message, before sending a bullet through the man's head.

"Do you remember how Erik used to borrow me from Euron when I was a little girl? Do you remember how he hurt me? You were there, just watching, jerking off. Not yet big or important enough to get a feel or my mouth. Just got to watch. Afterwards, when he left for awhile, I begged you to help me, to take me away from him. You pretended to sympathize and then you made me use my mouth. You told me if I did you'd take me away. After I did what you wanted, you laughed at me and told me you were only kidding with me. I fucking hated you and I still do. I hate you more than Erik, almost more than I hate Euron, almost. How does it feel to be fucked, Erik? Do you like it, baby?"

Asha squeezed the trigger and ended the man's repulsive excuses before they could begin. Standing back up, Asha stared at the dead men and wondered how the fuck she was to go back now. How does she explain all of this to her uncle?

No help for it and she took a deep breath. A whip, a brand, a flaying could all be on the table or worse. There was nowhere to go and Asha turned to start the long walk back.
Except there stood a Northern man pointing a rifle in her face.

Polliver smiled coldly.

"Hey there, sweetheart. Not trying to stop your carnage but have you seen a teenage girl run through here? Or maybe did you accidentally kill her along your way?"

Asha remembered this man's beady eyes looking out at her from under a thick black winter hood. He was better prepared for this weather, wearing an entire black snowsuit. In his thick gloves, he held a rifle and in spite of the outerwear, this Polliver moved as if the clothing was part of him.

She remembered Charlie running to him, the Warden of the North. The new right hand of Arya Stark.

"Yes, I saw the girl. I helped her get the fuck out of there before Euron raped her. These assholes decided to fuck with us, so I fucked with them. She is probably halfway to wherever she came from. The stupid girl confessed who she was to me as we headed into the woods. I am no traitor to my uncle, but I will not watch him destroy another little child if I can help it. So go get her and leave. I have enough to deal with."

But her fingers itched and her brain buzzed. This was the Warden of the North and what a prize! If she could capture or kill him that would make up for the deaths of Euron's cronies, wouldn't it? She had put her gun loose in her hand as soon as Polliver had trained on her.

Asha knew how fast she was in a draw. One of the reasons her uncle keeps her alive. Because she does three things very well. She can drink anyone under the table. She can sail anything. Oh and she is the best sharpshooter they have.

The liquid courage in her brain swirled uneasily with the numbing cold and Asha went for it. Her surprise was almost comical, stretching her face with disbelief. The cold slowed her limbs, then there was pain as the gun was shot out of her hand.

Asha cried out as she looked at the missing two fingers then glared up at the man. He looked utterly delighted now as if this was the best day ever. She wrapped her hand fast in her scarf and pressed down on the stumps while snarling at Polliver.

"Well, that was fun. You are fun. I like you. Asha Greyjoy. Took me a minute to figure out who you were. I have a new name for you. Hostage. It isn't probably that great sounding to you but it is better than being a corpse. So which would you rather be, a hostage or a corpse, Asha? Because I am sort of on a time limit here. Choose."

Snow and ice stung in Charlie's eyes as she ran and leaped up into Malcolm's arms. They clung tightly with silent apology and then smiled at each other. It was a sight that would have given Polliver night terrors for a week.

"Two hugs in less than two full days? This Greyjoy has much to pay for now!"

Charlie laughed and shoved at Malcolm. He sobered and led her into the truck.

"We have that blizzard flying up on us, Charles. My warriors aren't used to this weather, they will be at a great disadvantage. You and I need to be prepared. There will come a point that I will have to go
on ahead on our own. Are you really ready to face the pirates?"

Before Charlie could give an angry retort, Malcolm continued with a smirk.

"I mean...I don't want you so busy castrating them all that you leave me to rescue our family on my own."

She hit his arm hard enough for him to howl dramatically.

"No friendly fire, Charles!"

Charlie's phone rang and she looked at it briefly then answered it coldly.

"Yes, Arya?"

"Tell your brother we are on our way. All of us. The North is coming for it's own. Go on, vanguard of dragons, we'll be there as soon as we can."

Dr. Sevli was a slave, is a slave and it's all confusing what and who he is these days. The laws are changing and this does and doesn't seem to affect anyone who works for the Targaryens.

When Gregor had offered freedom to those who wished it, Alik Sevli watched many of his patients and some friends run as fast as they could. He didn't have even the slightest urge to leave. There were some that thought the same as the doctor did.

Alik had come from a small desert tribe in the West. He was top of his class in the village school he spent two hours traveling to everyday. The teacher was so impressed with the boy's intellect and dedication to learning that he sought to send the boy to further education.

Money was raised and scholarships were sought. It was like a dream come true when a medical prepatory college offered to take him. Alik got a tiny studio apartment in the dusty, dirty city. A place he has never been in his life except when his teacher took him to meet the college dean.

However, Alik did not allow culture shock to affect him, he was focused. He learned, he studied, he worked in the cafeteria. There were study groups but Alik politely shunned any social gatherings. Top of class already, first year flew.

Alik was so focused that he never even saw the other students or anything else really but his goals. So focused he never saw the black van that pulled up beside him and dragged him in. He was one of the lucky ones the slavers captured that night.

The slaver was happy to inform him as he kicked him for yelling at him, that another classmate competing against him in every class sold him. For a debt he owed for "borrowing" a slave. Alik was bought not as a pleasure slave thank god, but for his medical skills.

The next two years Alik treated abused slaves. He patched them up and sometimes he buried them too. Many times Alik was whipped or denied privileges for arguing with the Masters. The Masters usually wanted to spend as little money and care upon the slaves as they can get away with.

Alik listened to slaves beg him for help, to save them, to stop their pain. Many times he gave sedation when he had no permission for such mercy just to stop himself from crying for them. One time a shipment that seemed treated a little better than usual came through.
The Masters all were going between tense and excited. He was hit with a crop and yelled at to make sure the slaves looked their best. To patch up anything needed up upon the terrified group of captives.

A bit later a few men showed up with an aristocratic man that had a cold look about him. Shoulder length blond-white hair settled about him and he looked down his nose at the offerings for sale. He ignored most of the babbling of the slave traders.

To Alik's surprise, the man stopped before him as he was cleaning his surgical tools. Raff spoke with him for only five minutes then bought him along with two others. In spite of his terror, Alik simply allowed himself to have his collar switched. When motioned forward, Alik went into the new van.

It was the best thing that could have ever happened to a slave. Raff gave Alik not only a clinic with an apartment in it, but he sent him to medical school. However, Alik was hands on learning as well. He treated not only the slaves and free employees but the Targaryen family itself.

Raff gave him a reasonable budget and a staff that he was also sending to school. They were just as driven and focused as Alik himself. They might have worn collars but they all felt no whip. They were urged to keep all slaves they treated in the best of modest but reasonable care.

Alik was known for his extreme discretion. And he was respected for his dedication to both patients and his craft. For years he worked for them and got to know them quite well. Samara is used to her doctor and trusts him.

However, there were several times where during an exam or procedure upon her that she went catatonic. This was a problem for him. He explained discreetly to Samara the issue.

"What if your husband is on a trip and I need to examine you because of some emergency? Then you go into that state and what? Stay there until the Master returns? Samara, you must trust me enough to give me a trigger word to bring you back. I promise I wouldn't bring you back before whatever upsetting procedure is happening is over. I swear it."

So Samara had finally one day whispered a word for him to use. To this day, Alik has never had to use it and he has never told anyone he has a word at all. Not even the Master knows.

Now the pirates are dragging a broken, blank eyed version of Samara into the clinic. The beds were mostly full of slaves abused for the sheer fun of the rough sick drunk men. All the staff worked stiffly and nervously around the entering pirates.

Alik ran forward and then called for a stretcher. The whole time he worked upon Samara, she stared blankly at nothing. She had no reaction to anything he did. The doctor swiftly and with great focus cared for his weakened, battered mistress and kept a word deep in his head.
The Ups And Downs Of Battle

Arya watched from the balcony, sipping the hot coffee Piggy handed her.

Below swarmed with Northerners joining the cause. Stations were set to take stock of weaponry and finding out who can shoot what. Others were showing up with snow shoes, skis, snowmobiles. Those who have experience with mountains, tunnels and more.

Trucks were filling the streets and parking lots.

"Are you sure it wouldn't be safer for you here? I mean, you are pregnant."

Arya shrugged and smirked at Piggy.

"Not that much that I can't lead and fight if I need to. I can't ask these people to fight for me if I am not willing to fight for them. We both know Miller won't let me get very close to the real fighting. Besides, you aren't really worried. You are just jealous that you can't come."

Piggy snorted and sipped his own coffee.

"I guess I wouldn't be much good with this damn cane. Polliver would murder me if I left Robyn with anyone else. Besides, I had my big adventure, I'm good. Just bring back my best friend and those damned kids, okay? Don't care if you get Raff or not."

They laughed for a moment at that then sobered.

"You need to keep things together for me while I'm gone. You are in an actual position of temporary authority, Piggy. I hope you can handle that. I'm leaving some of our men to handle defenses but you need to handle the internal shit. Keep the people left sheltered and cared for during the blizzard, during this war until we return. See to the sick, the elderly, the children and the disabled."

Piggy nodded and gulped his coffee.

"I can handle it. I've helped Samara and Polliver with relations shit for years now. You can trust me."

"I know I can trust you, Piggy. I'm glad that you are here for me to lean on. And to think that you once told me we would never be able to be real friends again. Aren't you glad for once that you were wrong?"

Piggy grinned and nudged her.

"Yeah, you were right. And as fucked up as I am, you still accept me as your friend and trust me."

"Will you at least take off your collar for now while in power?"

Piggy smiled brighter and shook his head.

"It's been over twenty years since I didn't have a collar and didn't call Polliver, Master. I can't change, I don't want to change it and he doesn't either. Just leave it alone, same as with Samara. We accept you the way you are, accept us the way we are. Yeah?"

"Yeah. Fine. I accept your fucked up quirk. You never know though. You may enjoy this taste of freedom enough that you take off the collar on your own before we all return."
"Keep dreaming."

Polliver cuffed Asha's hands behind her back and kept a tight hold on the back of her neck as they climbed through the ever growing snow. He heard cries ahead and shoved Asha to her knees.

"Stay!"

"Look up! Polliver, she's in the tree, look!"

He was already looking at it. A large net swung from a branch and Lori's cries of help came clear and loud. It was a trap and it was already too late. Fuck.

They were surrounded by a rough circle of North and Riverland folks.

It brought no relief to Polliver as he sighed and raised his hands in the air. He could count at least four men that he has put in jail or roughed up or fucked over in deals. There were at least two females that he has raped staring at him with true hostile intent.

As a triumphantly snarling teenage boy Polliver has personally committed to an asylum for observation twice removed his weapons, Asha started to laugh out loud.

Smiling, one of the young women that Polliver knew came forward. She was a thief and he does remember killing her boyfriend sort of by accident. Her boyfriend had chosen to try to reach his drug money in Pickles' pen rather than face a five year jail sentence.

Pickles was not only faster but in a very savage mood that day and the man didn't survive.

"Well, look at what we caught while hunting today! And to think, Rast! You thought we would only get a few measly rabbits! Instead we caught a pirate, a warden and a rich little girl. I can't wait to bring you all to see Karl! Let the little girl down and tie her up along with Polliver."

"What do you mean she is catatonic? You mean, like a coma but awake? Her eyes are wide open and she is breathing just fine."

The doctor cowered slightly from the large bearded pirate and tried to explain slowly.

"She is unable to feel, think or move on her own. Her mind is gone and only her body is still here. Like a living doll. Watch."

The doctor showed again how he can manipulate her limbs and she will stay frozen in each position. He showed how she cannot feel when he jabbed her with a small needle. This seemed to annoy the pirate. He was sure the girl or the doctor were faking this condition.

He ripped off the blanket and stared down at Samara's slack face. Keeping his eyes upon her features, the pirate slowly broke Samara's right big toe, twisting it all the way around. The complete lack of reaction from the tiny woman convinced him.

"This is disappointing. I shall inform Euron but he will want to speak with you. You best find a way to reverse this condition if you can. You don't want Euron punishing that little boy for the loss of a toy, do you?"

After the pirate left the doctor hurried to repair the toe and continued to do what he could to flush
Samara's system of the vile hallucinogenic drugs. He couldn't risk bringing her back to reality until that was totally gone.

She wasn't going to be any help to herself or anyone else in that state. This gave her time to heal anyway, so the doctor treated Samara and left her to rest.

Euron stared at some of his best men all covered in snow, blood and sporting bullet holes. They had been dragged in along with anything that had been near them in the clearing.

"I am very confused by something, boys. You see, I do agree that this was the work of my dear niece. However, she has never been known to shy away from facing her sins. Even if she drowned in wine first, Asha would come and admit with pride to killing my favorite men. Also, if Asha decided to save the little girl from me, kill my men and escape...why wouldn't she bring her weapons? This is her knife, her three guns, her cell phone. Everything in her pockets. Someone took her. I doubt the little girl overpowered Asha. Find out who took my niece. They couldn't have gone too far in this weather yet. And bring Asha back alive so she may recieve my grave displeasure for her actions. Remove the bodies to a barn or shed off the direct property. Ground is too hard to dig and there is no water deep enough nearby."

Shane looked up at Euron's hard and nervous features and gave an angelic smile.

"You attacked Dragons. You attacked the Riverlands. The North. And now it will all come crashing down on you like an avalanche. You should really leave now before the blizzard truly takes hold of this place. Or you will be buried here until they all come for you. My brother in the lead."

Euron nodded as if giving consideration to Shane then his hand cracked hard into the fine features, knocking a tooth loose. Shane grunted with the impact then spit the bloody tooth onto the floor.

"Dammit. Father and mother aren't here to see this. I don't suppose you are able to summon the tooth fairy for me, Captain One Eye?"

Euron gave the boy a begrudging smile and chuckled dryly.

"Little smartass. Be careful not to push me too far past amusement, boy."

Just then Euron got the rather dismal news that Samara was broken, catatonic.

"The doctor wishes to keep the girl in the infirmary rather than in chains in the basement. She cannot move or care for herself at all. I don't want to clean her shit up in the basement every day. I broke the bitch's toe and she never reacted. It's no lie, the girl is broken."

Euron sighed in dramatic disappointment but his eye ate up the upset in Shane's eyes.

"Oh well. Guess your mother wasn't the great strong beast I thought she was after all. Yes, let the doctor care for her, such a waste."

He clapped a hand onto Shane's shoulder and his eye came down close to the boy's face.

"I guess we will have to play games with your father instead now. That should be fun, don't you think? I have one already! We could-"

And that is when a blast was heard and shattered glass upon the shelves. Euron and his men held their balance but Shane toppled over. He didn't care, he was too busy laughing and hooting as if
unhinged finally.

"HERE COMES MY BROTHER, CAPTAIN FUCKER! I PROMISED YOU! I TOLD YOU, I WARNED YOU! NOW YOU ARE GOING TO FEEL THE WRATH OF THE DRAGONS!"

Euron snarled and kicked the boy in the head. Leaving the dazed boy to bleed sluggishly from his right ear on the floor, Euron ran to find out how much damage had been done and from what direction.
All three of Dany's dragon tanks had been brought to the North. Malcolm and Charlie were in the largest one. With blazing eyes and reckless abandon, Malcolm ordered for his men to advance and blow the living shit out of the resisting pirates.

Malcolm breathed fire and exploded both humans and objects alike as they advanced. It was loud, violent and brutally effective. Had the weather held back just another hour they might have taken Euron prisoner and been back in their home.

But the blizzard hit just as quickly and harshly. It was impossible to see through the white out to hit any targets. The warriors were given Northern outerwear but they were awkward in it. The snow and wind defeated them and Charlie nearly wept in frustration as Malcolm called them off from the advance.

"My men aren't meant to fight in this kind of weather. I won't ask them to all freeze to death over my personal vendetta, Charlie. It's not what a good leader does. No matter what Q or Arya might think of me, I am becoming a good leader. I just might be a whole different kind of leader they will have to just get used to it."

Malcolm made sure they did not give an inch of their momentum back for the pirates. They set up patrols and borders. When Charlie was able to see through the snow at one point, she could see Polliver's fortress just ahead and cursed. That was how close they were and yet could get no further.

"Arya is on her way with Northern forces and half the citizens too. They know how to fight in this weather. At least we've weakened Euron and shown him how easily his land is being taken away. Not to mention we have destroyed half his force. Arya really only needs to come in and do the clean up, right?"

Charlie forced herself to laugh at the weak joke. She assisted Malcolm with making sure that heated tents were set up for the patrolling men. They took over a few homes abandoned in the pirate attack. Food was being prepared and warm shelter was offered for Malcolm's people.

"Okay, when do we leave to get our family? Malcolm, we know this area, we have lived here our entire lives! Come on, you know how easily we could slip inside the house! Your warriors are settled, there is nothing more they can do for us, nothing more we can do for them right now. We can leave safely, navigate the storm and go after Euron ourselves!"

Malcolm took several deep breaths and nodded.

"I know. I know and it's dangerous. If they catch you again, what do you think they might do this time? Look at what they have done to our mother! And I am a leader, not a fighter. It's one thing to blow shit up it is another to fight hand to hand combat. Maybe we should wait for Arya."

Charlie slammed her brother into the wall in the narrow hallway of one of the commandeered houses. She made sure no one else was around to see her threatening her older sibling.

"I don't give a fuck about your leadership issues. I don't care that you are gay and hiding it. I don't care about your image or your responsibilities. I care about saving my parents and my little brother from a madman. Either come with me and help or get the fuck out of my way. I'm going whether you decide to or not."

Malcolm grabbed Charlie and shoved her into the wall behind her, muffling her mouth with one
"Shut up. If you tell a single fucking soul that I am gay before I am ready to do so myself, I'll murder you."

Charlie rolled her eyes and muttered something then licked her brother's palm.

"Yuck! Gross!"

Malcolm moved his hand away and Charlie gave a small laugh.

"We all know, idiot. We just have been waiting for you to say it, you really should, its getting awkward. But right now, I need to save our family, before we are all that is left of the Targaryens! Euron sees mom as a beast, not a person, Malcolm! I was there, I saw how he spoke of her, looked at her. We both saw that he let Pickles at her, that he drugged her and let his men beat her! She may be strong but how much more can she take really? You saw father's face, how Euron messed it up. What more will he do to father once mother finally dies? And why does he have such a fascination with Shane? It can't lead anywhere good. Shane is amusing him for now but how long can a twelve year old boy hold it together? They need us like they never have before, Malcolm. We have to suit up and go save them. Right now, big brother. Please."

Charlie reached up and grabbed Malcolm's face in her smaller strong hands.

"Please, Malcolm. Listen, I know how hard it's been with mom and dad for you. But no matter the mistakes they made, they love us, they love you. They were heartbroken when you left and they never tried so hard in their lives to keep us! They have really worked on their relationship and with us. And even if you can't forgive them, what about Shane? You remember him? The little boy that has followed you around in near hero worship since he could crawl? The brat that drove you utterly fucknuts for most of your teen years? Can you just abandon him to whatever Euron wants of him? What happened to me, what happened to father, to mother, it is all for Shane's reaction, don't you see that? Euron is obsessed with Shane. We have to save him."

Malcolm sighed then squeezed his eyes shut tight.

"Yes, fine, okay. Let me get my new grenades. Made them myself on a few rainy days at home. I'll use those before I play with the damned gun."

Charlie leaped up and gave her brother a sloppy kiss on the cheek. He gagged and shoved her away, ignoring her laughter as he muttered to himself. He named all his grenades and the names all rhymed, a secret little joy for Malcolm.

Chanting the names he went to collect them all and also the stupid gun.

Before the last explosion shook the entire house, the doctor decided he shouldn't wait any longer. The large pirate came back twice to leer at Samara. No one was telling the doctor how close the bombs were, but the blizzard was going to put an end to it.

The doctor could see that for himself as the window became totally white. He put both a small bit of anti anxiety medication as well as painkiller into Samara's IV. Then he made sure she was still strapped to the bed before he leaned down.

One of his hands was covering her mouth as he whispered a single word into her ear.
"Trust."

Her eyes opened wide and Samara seemed to surge her entire body against the straps.

"Shh...calm down. It's your doctor and you are in the clinic with my staff. There are pirates here and they all believe you are catatonic. It has been the only thing keeping them from hurting you more and chaining you back in the basement. Your son and daughter are trying to attack Euron, but the blizzard is stopping them for now. Shane is never far from Euron's side and Raff is locked in a guest room. This is all the information I have to offer you. You have to pretend to be catatonic or truly sink back into it if the pirates come in to check on you. They will, they do everyday. If you do go away again, I can use the word to bring you back afterwards."

Samara relaxed back down again and he removed his hand nervously.

"Thank you for helping me, Doctor. How wounded am I? Can I fight? Can I run, crawl, jump?"

"You are on medication so you can probably move at about half your normal capacity. You are really banged up and you were gored by that bull. You have fifteen stitches and that will slow your roll, Samara. Never mind the concussion. Or the damage that drugged drink may have given you. When the medication wears off it will be worse, the pain will really halt you."

Samara nodded then told the doctor the items she wanted and he stared at her.

"Uh..I understand why you want the scalpels and the extra painkillers for later but...adrenaline shots?"

"Adrenaline shots and the strongest sedative you have. I want to stick someone and have them go night night, right away. Can you do that for me? And loosen the straps so I can get out if I need to, please. Thank you, doctor."

An hour later the bearded pirate came back and he shooed the doctor away. He dragged the privacy curtain over Samara's bed as he has done for two days now. The doctor seethed but there was nothing he could do but turn and go work at his desk.

This time Samara was awake and the doctor wondered will this send her back into her catatonic state? Or will the pirate discover the truth when the small wounded girl tried to attack him?

The items she has asked for that the doctor helped her stash in the hospital room all seemed small and flimsy compared to that large man. If Samara was found out both her and the doctor will pay for it.

He carefully opened his desk drawer to where he has hidden a small gold pen that had a knife in it. Putting it in his coat front pocket, the doctor waited to see what would happen next.

A quick garbled scream came from behind the curtain and a thud. The scream was distinctly male and now it was quiet as the grave. The doctor looked at his clock then waited a full five minutes.

Clearing his throat nervously, the doctor stood up on shaking legs. He slowly walked towards the curtain and reached out with a trembling hand to swipe it aside.

The pirate was on the floor, leaning against the fallen chair as if taking a small rest.
Except this rest appeared to be final. He had a scalpel deep into each of his eyes. His pants were still undone, his penis now flaccid against his leg. One hand still held a grubby plastic container of cheap drugstore lotion.

The bed was empty and as far as the doctor could tell, all the items were gone too. A heat vent above the cubicle was hanging loose and carefully the doctor fixed it. Then he took a deep breath and went to report to the nearest sober pirate about the death and missing patient.

Euron was wild and the doctor was cowering before him. Shane sat nearby on a stool. He was sullen and nursing his sore head, blinking against the light. Flinching at Euron's roaring as it seemed to make his headache even worse.

"HOW CAN YOU NOT SEE A SMALL GIRL WALKING OUT OF YOUR OFFICE? HOW DO YOU NOT HEAR MY MAN GETTING HIS EYES GOUGED OUT? I FIND THIS IMPOSSIBLE TO BELIEVE, DOCTOR!"

Shane forced his mind and voice to work before Euron's raised fist fell upon the poor trembling doctor.

"It is utterly true. I believe him. Want to know why, Captain Roars-A-Lot?"

Euron swung around to stare at Shane and he growled menacingly.

"Now is not the time for your humor, boy. I am very upset right now and you don't want me to continue beating on your aching skull, do you?"

"This is not joking, Sir. I am trying to tell you why the doctor isn't lying to you. He has been our family's doctor for a very long time, you see. And before us he was kidnapped to tend to slaves that needed patching up to be sold. So he has learned to be selectively blind and deaf most of his career. Do you think he was allowed to ask me if my father was who broke my arm? Or question my father when a slave was brought in missing a toe or finger? Or ask my mother if there was a reason why he needed to remove silver wire from her lips? No. He has learned to do his job and see nothing else. So there is an excellent chance that my mother attacked quickly and quietly. That he might have heard a quick thud but ignored it. Let's also think why was your man in a private closed area with my mother, who was catatonic in the first place. He was found with his pants down and lotion in his hand, Sir. So the doctor has been ignoring the sounds of your man raping my mother. Of course he would pay no attention to thuds and squeaks from her area. Makes sense, doesn't it?"

The doctor looked at the ground, shame faced. He gave a small nod and couldn't bring himself to meet the boy's eyes. Euron stared at the two of them for a moment then his fist crashed into the doctor, knocking him to the floor.

"Fine. Get back to your fucking clinic before I decide to reject the boy's theory, after all."

Euron called for a search for Samara.

"Try to bring her back alive if you can. However, we are dealing with a rabid animal here. So if you have to incapacitate or kill her, I will understand. Find her. Check the house, check the yards, check the roof and the woods, check everywhere. I want her found. And put a man to stay inside that clinic. I don't trust that doctor. Let's make sure none of the other patients are taking off and that the doctor stays where he is too. Make sure that Samara doesn't use the clinic as her home base while on her rampage."
Asha sneered and chuckled as Polliver fell into the huge snow pile. She only laughed until he used his arm to pull her down into the icy white coldness with him. Their captors only had two pairs of handcuffs between them.

So Lori was cuffed with her wrists in front of her so she could navigate the snow better. Polliver and Asha were cuffed to each other. The others kept shoving them all forward, enjoying watching the three continually fall over and flail to gain their feet.

"The famous Warden of North reduced to this. It's a sad day for the North, eh?"

Polliver glared at Asha.

"Look who is talking. The infamous lady pirate who also happens to be cuffed and dragged along with the Warden of North. So much for your tattooed tough ass kicker image. I caught you while you were getting all soft and mushy by helping an enemy little girl to escape."

"No, you caught me while I was murdering some pedophiles. You were caught by a simple Northern common trap. And I am caught in this position because of you. It's clear how much these folks hate you and Lori and I will feel their brunt of their anger even though we have done nothing to them. Simply because of their need to get revenge on you. Do most Wardens of the North recieve as much hate as you do?"

Lori struggled to get through the higher snow piles as they descended into a lower section of the woods, near the mountain. Polliver and Asha argued with each other the entire way.

It gave a much needed distraction for Lori and seemed to be of great amusement to the captors leading them. They had to be helped down a slippery section of rock that was already sheer with clear ice into a cave.

The air was warmer here and Lori could see flickers of shadows and light dancing ahead of them. She could also hear voices, rough ones, laughing and boasting. They sounded drunk and they sounded like a mix of frustrated anger and wistful need.

This couldn't turn out well. Lori became nervous and stumbled. One of the woman yanked her upright and Lori burst into tears.

"Aw, don't do that. Calm down. Polliver is the only one who really needs to worry. Don't worry, little girl. I won't let the mean men eat you or rape you. Maybe the older ones, but not you. Just keep your mouth shut and do as your told. We want the money that someone will give you for us and then you get to go home."

If the woman thought this would relieve Lori any, she was very wrong. However, Lori dried her eyes and nodded, giving a weak smile of thanks.
The Cost Of Survival

With a laugh that sounded positively lecherous, Rast teased Lori.

"Now, don't you go making promises to the little girl you can't keep! She is a sweet, pretty little thing! We might want to take a bite or two, at least a nibble off her! Some here like to play with younger meat than others! I might pull her on my lap later on, make her earn her supper."

Lori shivered and the woman leading her bristled at the man. Asha growled and lunged forward, pulling Polliver unwillingly with her.

"You sick fuck! What's wrong, can't get a real woman to let you touch her? Are tiny girls less challenge for you? A little less scary? Or is your cock so small that only a kid wouldn't be able to tell that?"

Polliver groaned and rolled his eyes as Rast narrowed his eyes at Asha's continual insults. The woman leading the shrinking Lori was joining in along with Asha now. It became too much for the man to handle and he attacked. First he backhanded his own comrade then he reached for Asha.

Except Polliver shoved himself in front of Asha and deflected Rast's fist. This enraged Rast who kicked Polliver's knee out while another man behind them punched Polliver in the head. Once he was down, Asha attempted to attacked Rast, landing her quickly on the ground with Polliver.

A few minutes later the entire group was sullen and silent as they went through the cave into the lit room at the back. Polliver groaned audibly.

"Well, now I know what happened to our criminal citizens and those that survived the prison bombing."

He was met with surprised joy, hissing and hollering threats.

A hard featured man jumped up from his broken throne like chair. He passed the large fire to raise his arms in jolly mocking welcome.

"Oh what a fortunate day for us all! You are lucky our friends were out hunting so they could save you. Truly. Polliver, I can't tell you what a great thing it is to have you here with us! And who are your companions? Wait...let me guess. Judging by your looks and really, I can't be sure but I think I saw a clip of you with the gloriously naked Charlie Targaryen. So you must be Asha Greyjoy, pirate lady! Yes! What a catch, Rast! You finally have done something to please me! Little girl, stop trying to hide and look this way, I want to see you better. Aha, I thought I recognized you, doll-face! You are the Baratheon kid, a rich little hostage to Arya Stark. Did you run away? I would too. Now, the question is, what to do with you all?"

The woman Lori was trying to hide behind scowled at the man.

"How about making sure that they don't die of hypothermia before any revenge or plots, yeah? The kid isn't used to this kind of shit, ya know? Let her dry near the fire and give her hot broth. No one will pay for a dead child, but us. I am not going down for child murder, Karl."

"You take the fucking fun out of everything. No wonder no one ever fucks you. You'd just probably give AIDS statistics while you'd ride the poor victim. He'd be sucked dry of everything but what he needed to get out. Fine, let them near the fire, tend to them however you'd like. They stay in their bonds. Wonder how much Arya would pay to get you back, Polliver? Or how much Euron might
want you? I'll offer to both of them for both of you, maybe."

Polliver sat awkwardly along with Asha near the fire then he scanned the faces around him. He silently counted at least thirty of them in total. He looked at Rast and Karl as his lip curled in amused disgust.

"Well, its nice to see the Terror Twins back in action again. Looks like you've moved up, Karl. Instead of running a meth lab out of Rast's trailer, now you lead a whole cave. Let's see, you are leading prostitutes, low level drug dealers, thieves and the angry relatives of all the above. Rast, you are still Karl's number one lackey. Your dads would be so proud! Now you just need to rape minors and you'll be even more like your dead daddies. Or do you already do that too now? Because the way Rast was going for the little girl, I was starting to wonder."

"Oh Polliver, I forgot what fun you were! Except this time, I am not the one in handcuffs, you are, my fine friend!"

Karl gave a large grin that was anything but friendly to Polliver and smacked his face playfully. Then he leered at Asha who simply glared back.

"You two are going to be fun, I can tell. Sure, warm up, have a little soup. I want you both to be in the best shape you can be. Then we are going to have our fun before we ransom you. As long as you are returned alive, right? Warm up, kiddos."

With a nod, Polliver grinned easily back at Karl.

"That's fine. But before you tear us apart like the jackals you are, let's get one thing straight. The little girl is not to be touched in any way. She is the one thing you don't want to return messed up. There is only so much that the North will tolerate and you know it. You rape or abuse that little rich hostage in anyway and no where will be shelter for you ever again. You'll be run down like dogs and torn apart."

Rast kicked Polliver to the ground but Karl shoved the stocky angry man into the rock wall. Then he helped Polliver to his knees and pretended to straighten his clothes for him.

"Your threats mean nothing to me, they never have, Polliver. I am smart enough to reason out to return the little girl in prime condition. But thanks for the advice, asshole. Rast, you fucking degenerate, did you hear that? You can't fuck, manhandle or even beat off to that girl. Or I'll cut your dick off myself. I know that with your taste the pirate lady must look like a crone but you'll have to make do."

Rast looked at Karl sullenly but he nodded. Asha and the other females in the cave did not seem to like the offhand offer of raping the pirate lady. However, in spite of the irritated looks at Karl, it was clear the other women are used to these things and have accepted it.

No one here will stop the men from raping Asha. If it was the girl, they might have strongly protested or actually stopped it. That was some small relief but Asha was tensing and already silently fighting panic.

Polliver felt it and leaned closer to Asha who was already sitting close enough for their legs to touch. His head almost touched hers for a moment as he resettled. Asha seemed to growl something as Polliver started to give her his advice.

"Calm down. Don't let them see that they have rattled you. They want information and they want to hurt, degrade us. It's going to happen and it will suck but we can't change it. All we can do is keep it
from escalating until they truly incapacitate or kill us. At any cost. We are no help to Lori or each other if we are dead or crippled."

"I can withstand torture. But I am not going to just calmly submit to rape if that is what you are suggesting. Would you just submit if it was you?"

Asha had no idea why Polliver suddenly turned colder than the blizzard roaring outside of the cave.

"You fight them while they are trying to rape you and they might decide to break your fucking face, strangle you or slit your throat. That is something I know from firsthand experience. As one of the ones doing the raping, of course."

"Lovely. Thanks for that, fucker."

"You are welcome, bitch. I hope they take the damned cuffs off before they rape you. Don't want the blood splattered all over me when you try out your warrior woman plan."

The two became glaciers and they fired insults back and forth the entire time they warmed up. Even as they had their soup, they continued to argue much to the amusement of the entire cave.

Only Lori wasn't amused. She was desperately hoping for the two adults to work together and save her as well as themselves.

That disgusting Rast man keeps giving Lori looks and she knew that man would break his word to Karl the second he saw a chance to. She just knew it and shuddered.

Soup and fire couldn't warm her up as Rast's eyes licked up and down her small body. A thick tongue peeked through his mouth, playing along his wormy lips as if he could taste her. Lori looked pleadingly at her two arguing hopeless heroes.

Rast here and Euron at the Targaryens, holy hell, she should have just stayed at Arya's. Turns out that was the safest place after all. Too bad Lori hasn't figured that out until now.

A crash of laughter came and Lori watched in numb despair as Asha dumped her soup on Polliver's head. He retaliated by whacking her head hard with his spoon and Lori knew they were all dead.

Euron's laughter was too sharp, his eye seemed manic and Shane knew to be very careful now. He himself was feeling rather raw and strained. It was hard to control himself but to slip now could cost him in blood and flesh.

The pirate just dragged Shane into the living room and had his men drag Raff in as well.

"Lets all wait for Samara right here, nice and cozy by this lovely fire. An entire wall for a fireplace, what a waste of space I had thought when I first saw it. Now, with this freezing weather, it's nice after all. Too bad the blizzard has stopped your son from getting any closer, Senator. And thanks to this lovely blizzard, Arya Stark is too busy preparing for the storm to help you. Or at least that is all the media has. Too bad for you."

Raff was strung by his wrists to a chain that Euron had thrown over the rafters above. He stood nearly on tiptoe in the middle of the room like a bizarre decoration. Shane gave Euron the type of reaction he was sure was wanted.

"I used to run across those rafters, so did my siblings. My father and mother hated it when we did
that, scared the hell out of them. I remember one time my father blistering my bottom after I played circus up there. I remember imagining hanging him from the rafter, just like that so I could spank him."

The pirate chuckled and raised his eyebrows.

"Hear that, Senator? Maybe we should do that. After that lovely movie your son saw, I believe he needs a little revenge. Yes, would you like to give your father a few licks, boy? Surely, after dishing out so much abuse for so long, it is the Senator's turn to feel a bit of the pain, eh? Here, use my belt and go to it. Get some revenge, maybe your mommy will feel better about visiting us then."

Shane and Raff both glared at Euron. The pirate simply handed his thick belt to the boy and then sat in Raff's favorite easy chair. Armed men stood in shadowed recesses, all waiting, in case the woman showed herself.

Sighing, Shane took the belt and cursed how his humor backfired on him. Shrugging, he headed for his father and Shane's eyes did glisten, but not with tears.

"Truthfully, I can't apologize much for doing this to you, father. Because I do know that at least to an extent...I am really going to enjoy doing this. And you do deserve it."

"It's okay, son. I love you and I know you are very angry with me. It's alright, do whatever you need to."

Raff hated the look in his son's eyes, it has been slowly forming over the last year and now Euron brought it fully in a crash. Years of fear and rage pent up scorched into him. He never felt so less in his life then he did right now as his youngest child looked like he wished his parent was dead.

Shane said nothing but ripped off his father's shirt at Euron's command and when he was told to swing, he did. Raff saw the boy put every bit of emotion into his swing and he tensed. He hissed in pain when the lash came, it was powerful. Then his son really started to get into it.

CRACK!

"You vile fucking rapist cocksucking abusive fuck!"

CRACK!

"You are the worst husband that ever existed!"

CRACK!

"You are the worst father that ever lived and bred!"

CRACK!

"This is for Malcolm!"

CRACK!

"This is for Charlie!"

CRACK!

"This is for me!"
CRACK!

"This is for our mother!"

CRACK!

"This is for every poor slave you fucking had!"

CRACK!

"This is for fucking everything!"

Shane kept going in a fine fit of rage that caused sweat to fly off him and his father would SCREAM, dammit! He was not going to let up until the man felt the degradation of screaming in pain, begging for some mercy.

Samara was indeed nearby and wept helplessly as her small son beat on his father. She watched Raff's skin turn colors then bleed and she bit her lip hard. She wanted to scream and beg for her proud Master so it would end.

There was no way to reach them and Samara knew it. She could easily see the hiding pirates and Euron's eye scanning for her. Backing away, Samara went through another duct and out into Charlie's room.

From there she entered the secret panels they had for emergency hiding and sneaking such as this. Cursing silently, Samara tried to think. The blizzard was too blinding, where would she go?

If she tried to go to meet Malcolm's forces, she might become disoriented and lost in the white out. Euron hasn't once let Shane more than a few feet from his presence. Raff was always well guarded and now was with Euron as well. There was no way for her to save them on her own.

Much like Lori, Samara began to pray for a miracle.

Arya was not in the least surprised to reach Malcolm's forces to hear that Malcolm and Charlie have teamed up. Already gone two hour by the time she and Miller got there. She geared up and headed out, in spite of Miller's objections due to her pregnancy.

"We already have others out there, they are going to surround Euron. Plus the two killer kids are heading there. You don't have to risk your life or your child's! I can go if you want while you stay here in a warm house, okay?"

Chuckling, Arya headed for the door.

"Don't worry, Miller. I won't be risking anything in the weather, at least."

Miller had no idea that his reactions to the secret assassin's tunnels were the same as Piggy's. And the same as Waif, Arya swore to Miller that she would never let him see anymore tunnels then the ones they must travel now.
Euron sighed and shook his head. Shane was grunting with effort and his perfect hair was flying, tangling, dripping with sweat. His last few strokes caused blood to spray but Raff just made a small yelping sound he would bite off.

"This won't do, boy. Stop whacking your father, it won't make him scream. It certainly won't make your mother come visit us. Let's try something else instead."

Shane stood back and wiped the sweat and tears from his face. He winced at the sight of his father's back. It would scar in the places that he had struck over and over.

Raw bloody streaks that cut deep through so many blue and purple stripes. Nearly every part of Raff's back was raw or discolored and swollen. He staggered away from his father, not wanting to see his eyes anymore than his back. How could he ever look his father in the eyes again?

"It's okay, Shane. I love you, it's okay."

One sob was all Shane could allow himself before he composed himself as Euron walked over. Euron gave an exaggerated peek around Raff to look at his back. He gave a whistle and grinned as he playfully ran light fingers down the worst gashes. Raff hissed and squeezed his eyes shut.

"Wow. Holy shit! You really did get him good, didn't you? How pissed off at your daddy were you! Well, let's get that scream you were trying for another way. This might do the trick though! Come here."

Shane forced himself to walk to Euron and look at the flaying knife that the pirate was trying to hand him.

"Uh, I'm good actually. I feel better already, but real tired and my arm is sore. Can I have some water?"

Euron chuckled and nodded.

"Sure you can have some water. Then you are going to flay a piece of your father's chest or stomach. I want to hear him scream and I bet your mother will have to investigate why her dearest hubby is so wounded."

Shane sat heavily on the footstool and drank a bottle of water as slowly as he could.

"I am waiting, boy. I can't imagine you haven't skinned a few cats already, or perhaps we should go to removing limbs rather than skin?"

Shaking his head, Shane reluctantly stood up and took the flaying knife. He noted with dismay that Euron didn't sit back down to enjoy the show this time. Instead the man was joyfully following him, hands behind his back and a spring in his step.

Shane longed to turn and put the blade through the pirate's eye and into his brain. Raff said nothing but his eyes told Shane he would forgive whatever was done. That made Shane feel even worse. He would rather just stay angry or unfeeling towards his father.

It took all he had to take the knife and start trying to decide where to begin.
"The stomach will hurt worst, I would think."

"Thank you for the suggestion, Captain One Eye. But I have another target in mind. I have told you before, Sir, it's all about vanity with my father. He has lost an ear, he lost one side of his good looks, only seems reasonable to go for that splendid chest next."

Mainly because Shane knew if he dug too deep accidentally into his father's stomach he might poke something important. But Euron accepted the reasoning and urged the boy onward. Shane took a deep breath and focused only on the flesh and the task, not who it was he was flaying.

Raff managed to remain still and composed for the initial cutting. Euron directed Shane to remove some flesh and the right nipple. When the cutting slowly continued, Raff was squirming and whining.

But it wasn't enough and Euron made Shane rip one of the flaps off and that is when Raff let out a startled screech.

Clapping, Euron encouraged Shane further.

"Keep going. Remove the nipple and that other piece around it. Let's see if we can get any more sounds out of your dad!"

A silent apology on Shane's lips, he began to flay in earnest.

Samara heard Raff scream in agony and she went nearly through the wall to kill Euron. To save her screaming Master. Then she forced herself to stillness, stewing in frustrated rage. No, another scream and Samara knew she couldn't just sit here waiting for help.

Confronting Euron would be a death sentence for her, she knew that. So she just did whatever she could to get through Raff's screams and to show Euron her displeasure. The first few pirates guarding around the house were easy enough.

Sneaking up and plunging a syringe into their tattooed necks as she held their mouths shut. She would ride them to the floor until they died. She made sure the doctor put enough sedative in each syringe to kill an average person.

By the time Samara ran out of syringes she had collected enough guns and blades from the dead. The world greyed out and Samara rested for a bit in the same area Lori had used herself. She was too tired and stressed to do anything more than lay down for a moment.

But Raff screamed again, so Samara gave herself an adrenaline shot. Then began slitting throats.

Lori watched Rast out of the corner of her eye but also watched the Polliver/Asha show. As did everyone else, mostly. After a little while Karl stood up and clapped loudly.

"Wonderful performance, the both of you! Polliver, this is much better than your usual good cop/bad cop plays! And even though I do not really know you, lady, I applaud you! However, as fun as this is, the distraction can't work forever. I am impatient to play and you two have certainly heated up and had your soup."

They stared stonily up at Karl but then Asha blurted out,
"I really do fucking hate this man. It's no act on my part."

Polliver scowled at the woman he was sadly cuffed to and muttered crossly.

"Don't worry, sweetheart. I hate you just as much."

Karl laughed along with the others.

"Then that just makes it even better! Instead of a distraction, we had an opening act to our main show. And we all applaud your fight, it was lovely. Now, I think I would like to see a nice large circle of us all and Polliver and Asha in the center of it. Both of you can stand up, that's fine. Hey, funkiller? Keep that little girl near me so I can see that she isn't being humped by Rast. Rast! You fucking piece of shit, get your ass over here! Stop lusting after the kid and help me chat with Polliver and Asha!"

To Polliver and Asha's relief, Lori was brought over near Karl, who seemed all about keeping his word. Rast thumped over and his lustful look became one of sadism. He smiled in a greasy way at Asha and his look at Polliver was nearly back to lustful. It caused Polliver to holler at him.

"My God! You are so fucking degenerate that you are even giving ME a rape look! You would fuck a rock, wouldn't you, Rast? How many times did I pick you up for touching little girls? Huh? You were just lucky that your buddy always had enough meth money to bail you and get you lawyers! How about that time that your neighbors called us because you were fucking your dog in the trailer park yard? I had to put down that poor dog! Have you at least once tried to fuck Karl, like when you were really, really drunk or tweaked out?"

The others all laughed in disgust at that. It was obvious that his only friend here was Karl.

Rast snarled and rushed at Polliver. He got one punch in before Polliver swept his feet out and he crashed down before him. Asha simply stood there, trying to stay out of the way. She couldn't help the laughter coming out of her mouth when Rast fell down.

"You are a fucking retarded douche-bag of the highest order, Rast. Get back up."

Red faced, Rast got to his feet, fists ready for another go as Karl approached and swatted his lackey's head. Polliver put his chin up, staring at Karl, ignoring Rast as if he were not even there. Asha stepped up to stand beside Polliver and also stared ahead at Karl.

"You know, Polliver, every time you brought either of us in for anything, you always threw our parentage in our faces. Did it ever occur to you that might make us only more determined to fuck over your rules and system? Ever? That taunting, beating and on rare occasion, framing us for things, then throwing our failures of fathers in our faces wouldn't make us like you? I am not only speaking of myself and Rast, half this fucking cave has had to deal with you. Some of these girls were raped by you or had friends that were. Almost every person here has been touched by you in some way. Strangely enough, not one of us has a good story about you."

Polliver looked at Karl and shrugged.

"What do you want to hear from me, folks? I mean, if you were a criminal and I am the lawkeeper...what do you think happens? Huh? And if you don't want me to throw your parentage in your faces, maybe stop trying to follow in their fucking footsteps."

A fierce looking young woman came forward with tears of rage on her face.

"How about those you raped? Isn't that a criminal act on your part, Polliver?"
Polliver nodded and looked at the woman.

"It is. I admit I have a problem. Do you want an apology? Do you want me to lie and say I wouldn't do it again?"

Asha whispered to Polliver.

"Are you trying to get them to castrate you? If so, it is working splendidly."

The women just stared open mouthed at Polliver for a minute before chaos struck. Karl couldn't stop the sudden tide of females ready to pull Polliver apart. Asha was crushed in vengeful women and wished badly for a bottle of wine and to just move a few feet away.

Karl had to shoot one of the woman in the thigh before they broke it up. As the females all backed off, Polliver was weaving back and forth, panting. His face was scratched, his entire body was bruised from fists and kicks.

Worse was his pants were half down and he was struggling to pull them up. Polliver's thighs were bloody from nails trying to dig upwards into his groin.

Laughing, Karl pointed at Polliver.

"You should be thanking me! I think they were going to just rip your cock right off!"

"Yeah, thanks. Crazy bitches everywhere today. Must be the fucking blizzard."

Karl and Rast came close, so close and the two captives tensed.

"I think it's our turn now. Rast, you can take your upset over losing the little girl out on pirate lady. Polliver and I are going to have our own private fuckery. Don't worry, Polliver, it doesn't involve cocks in the least."

To their horror, the men didn't take off the cuffs. Instead the circle got tighter and hands from behind kept the two from any retreat or real struggle. But struggle they did once Karl's fists began to swing and Rast started to try to remove Asha's clothes.

Lori quietly stood there, now at the back of the circle as all the others surged forward. She didn't want to watch Asha raped or Polliver beaten. Lori is simply done with it all. Her age and her experiences do not include such violence, at least not until one sudden wedding night.

It was too much and she wanted to be away, gone. So without too much thought, the girl began to inch away unnoticed by anyone. Asha let out a scream, the crowd was cheering and no one saw Lori gather items and leave.

Samara stepped over the body of yet another pirate and then froze. Along with the servant that was walking by. It was a man who was a slave of theirs. He instantly dropped to his knees in terror and obedience. The look on Samara's face had been one no slave ever sees looking at them.

She released the pent up breath caught in her throat and relaxed slightly.

"I won't hurt you. It's alright, you can stand up, Max. You won't tell anyone you saw me, unless it's Shane or Raff."

"Yes, Mistress. I...is there any way I can help?"
"If there is, I will contact you. Thank you, Max. Just do what you are told so they won't hurt you. I will avenge any of our people that were hurt by this pirate king. I swear it."

With a nod, Max blinked back tears and slowly whispered.

"Some of the girls. Most of the girls and the nicer looking young males...they were animals to them. I..we haven't seen many of them come back. Only the ones that came into the house after the bull incident have been around. A few are in the clinic but many are just gone."

"I'm so sorry this happened. We will save whoever is left and honor those who didn't survive."

Max was surprised when Samara gave him a tiny hug.

"We are still loyal to you. Collar or not, Mistress, the servants here that belonged to you, still do."

Samara was thrilled to hear that because she had a feeling the last battle might just need every single soul to fight.

"I am grateful to have you and the others to help me. My family is going to need everyone's help to be free of these pirates. Malcolm is on his way, I can feel it. And the sudden media cut off from the North can only mean that Arya is on her way too. Probably with every person who knows how to get through a blizzard. And there is no way Polliver will not try and save his best friend. Help is coming but until then, we must do anything we can to keep Euron from killing Raff or Shane."
The Best Laid Plans

Lori wrapped the scarf around her face and tightened her hood but once she was out of the cave, she was instantly covered in snow and ice. Breathing became as difficult as breaking through the snow to run.

It would have been impossible to cover her tracks but luckily the whipping snow was doing it for her. Or so she hoped as she fell yet again.

Lunging out of the snow that was trying to drown her, Lori smacked face first into the outer wall of the cave. Enough cloth and snow made the impact less painful and more shocking. Keeping a hand on the smooth rock, Lori tried to get a sense of what direction she was heading in as she kept moving.

It was impossible, Lori didn't know where she was without the blizzard, how could she be sure she wasn't going right back into the cave entrance. Her scream was sucked away by the wind when she felt herself pulled backwards.

Moments later she found herself in the entrance to the cave. The person that dragged her in removed their hood and scarf.

"Wow. You are lucky I saw you out there, kid. You could die in a blizzard like that! Good thing I found you! Just got back and was in a rush with news and I almost ran you down. Good thing though, probably would have frozen to death, you were headed for the woods."

Lori didn't feel lucky at all but declined to say so as it would be rude. Also, she was unable to get her teeth to stop chattering and catch her breath properly yet.

She let the twitchy young man drag her further into the cave and towards the growing sounds of chaos. The man stopped to stare at the group around Polliver and Asha and he visibly pouted.

"Ah, that isn't fucking fair! They finally catch a chick and Rast gets her first! Finally got fucking Polliver and everyone else gets to kick him to death while I do all the work."

The man then looked down at Lori as she stared back up at him and he turned red.

"Uh...never mind. Look, here, sit on this blanket and warm up. Stay there so you won't accidentally get hurt or...ah...see something you shouldn't."

He spun Lori to face the wall and sat her on a dirty blanket. Then he stormed towards the crowd and yelled with a fearsome bellow that seemed too big for his thin body. Starting to run, the man burst past the others and got a kick into some ribs.

Karl hollered and even while puking, Polliver laughed at seeing Karl hit the ground holding his ribs.

"Whoops. Sorry, Karl. I...uh...wanted to get in before you all finished and there was nothing left, ya know?"

Karl stood up and everyone stopped, including Rast who had already finished anyway. He was in the act of moving aside for another while he tended to his wounds. Rast managed to rape Asha but his nose was broken, any part of his body she could reach was covered in gashes and bruises.

Polliver laughed harder when he saw what Rast looked like and Karl kicked him in the head to shut
him up. Turning to look at the thin nervous man, Karl growled, advancing upon him.

"Twitch, you fucking moron, you are supposed to be searching media for information. Not here kicking ME instead of our victim. Explain really fast why I shouldn't give you a beating for not listening to me?"

"Hey, wait! You should be thanking me! That little girl was outside, heading towards the woods, she could have died and I saved her! I'm a hero! Also, I heard news and came to tell you, it's really important. Way more important than even having revenge on this piece of shit!"

Twitch was waving his arms excitedly and yelling his words until Karl punched him the stomach. Putting an arm around the gagging man, Karl spoke in a chummy voice to him.

"You know how much I hate it when you make me discipline you, Twitch. I want you to calm the fuck down and tell me in a normal tone what the news is. Tell me nothing else, just what this exciting news is. Then I will tell you whether I think you are amazing or such a fuck up that I have no choice but to make you cry like a little girl...in front of a little girl."

Seeing the fun was over at least for a bit, the circle broke looser but everyone stayed close to hear the news.

Except for three that Karl had glanced at then pointed towards Lori. Those three stood around the little girl who was no longer facing the wall but looking with concern at Asha and Polliver.

The woman was half naked and bloody but her face only seemed angry, not traumatized. She was trying to fix her clothes enough to cover herself while watching Karl and Twitch. Asha sat up but couldn't stand up as she was tethered wrist to wrist to Polliver.

Lori was more concerned for Polliver, he looked way worse and couldn't even sit up. Bloody hands, stomped by so many boots, with some broken fingers held his head and he was curled up, barely moving.

"Okay, sorry Karl. Okay...uh...so I finally got through to some of our own further North. Arya and every fucking able bodied person that could has left! They all are going to take the pirates down as a fucking huge army! She left only that freed slave of Polliver's to run things! To protect rich little hostage of Arya's! The Piggy guy has done real good, he has made sure everyone is ready for the weather there and everyone is feeling safe. And get this, he has cast off the collar and is being called HotPie, he doesn't call himself that, but the others all do! They are all following this little shit who has suddenly become the de facto leader! All feel so ready to deal with the storm and he is feeding and sheltering even the poorest scum. They are all so fucking happy with themselves and that kid must be really feeling his stones for the first time ever! None of them would suspect an attack when they know all the danger is here not there but heading for the pirates! We can get there, strip Arya's fucking kingdom bare, steal the little baby to hostage along with Lori later. Be long gone by the time Arya returns!"

Karl stared at Twitch then a slow vicious smile stretched his face.

"You are a brilliant moron after all! You heard that, everyone! Looks like we are taking a little trip to fuck shit up! Then we can take our fat little hostages and our riches and head South. Fuck the snow, fuck the war and all this bullshit, we are finally getting ours!"

Everyone hooted and hollered while Karl went to stand over Polliver, lightly kicking at his foot to make him move.
"And you are all coming with us. I would rather beat you to death here but...it would be more meaningful to leave you crucified on Arya's door for her to come home and see. Also, I bet your Piggy would do anything for you...if I told him to let us in or I'll start cutting off your limbs, I bet he will open that door for us."

Polliver looked up at Karl and shook his head. His words were slurred but made sense still.

"Won't work. Piggy wouldn't let that boy be in any danger even if you made me a fucking torso in front of him. Last order I gave him was to protect that boy. Also, if he is doing so well and Arya felt he could be trusted with the castle, what makes you think he would wreck that for a former Master and a bunch of fucking degenerates? He knows most of you, you know him, saw him enough times following me around while I put scum where it belongs. You know he doesn't need a collar and leash to be loyal. He is loyal to me and to Arya. He won't let you in."

Before Karl could try and argue that, Polliver rudely passed out.

Arya giggled and Miller scowled at her.

"You are very cruel. You are a really mean woman. Does pregnancy make you this way or were you always a sadist?"

"Let's see...Gregor allowed me to join his crew when I was just a rich little teenage brat. I had to have been at least a bit mean and sadistic for him to take me in, don't you think? Besides, I am not being that cruel. I am simply letting Malcolm and Charlie finish bonding before I alert them to our heated tunnel is all. Now if I didn't let them in here at all, then yeah, that would be really cruel."

Miller shook his head and looked back through the small monitor at the two that looked like killer snowmen. Then shook his head with prim disapproval at Arya.

"Sibling bonding? Yanking each other out of huge snow drifts and taking turns killing pirates they can only see when they are almost on top of them?"

Arya giggled and Miller sighed.

"You are having entirely too much fun for a pregnant widow, a new leader in her first major battle!"

"I argue that I am having just the right amount of fun for a pregnant widow that is a new leader in a first major battle! Would I deal with it all any better if I was dour and serious? Would a more grim attitude make me stronger, braver or smarter? If I didn't thrive on this type of shit, I never would have joined with Gregor in the first place. My sense of humor is my weapon and shield. I didn't get it from my family and I didn't really get it from Gregor either. He had his own kind of humor and only he ever understood it. But for whatever reason, I have this way of seeing things, I feel some things stronger than others. Like seeing the humor in every fucked up thing and my sense of revenge sometimes takes me to a whole new level. Well, this time I am using the humor and not the revenge. Be glad for that. Oh look! Malcolm fell and dragged Charlie down with him. And that pirate just can't figure out how he saw the two go invisible! And down he goes to Charlie...heh...oh come! How are you not laughing at this?"

Samara could take no more. It was simply too much and they have not just beaten and flayed Raff. Now the pirate was ordering Shane to remove fingers and toes. Shane managed to take one toe and cauterize it. Now he was actively arguing with Euron rather than simply trying to stall.
The thought of them hurting Raff more, the thought of Euron hurting Shane at all, it was overwhelming. She got Charlie's crossbow and went to have a suicide mission. Halfway to the rafters, Samara heard a whisper.

"Max? Why are you following me? Go downstairs and try to think of a safe way to stall that damned pirate. I bet I can get an arrow through his heart before his men get a shot through my head."

With a slightly sad and ashamed face, Max stepped aside to allow two pirates holding guns at her to come forth. Samara lowered her crossbow and tears filled her eyes.

"Ah, Max...why?"

"Because you are going to get yourself killed this way. You need a better plan and you just aren't strong enough to find one right now. You are wounded. And your mind is not at top shape right now. Shane and Raff aren't going going to be safe with you dead. Raff himself will be dead if you just keep hiding. This is for the best, I'm sorry."

Samara snarled quiet curses as the two pirates came closer and one of them whispered something to her. She burst into tears, nodding and allowed them to take her downstairs.

Krl tried rousing Polliver and torturing him for a secret entrance into Arya's fortress. If they can't trust that the Piggy will let them in the front they must go in the back. It was a useless endeavor. Losing fingernails, an earlobe and a toe made the man scream in between his laughter.

Karl gave a glance at Asha but the woman joined in the laughter.

"Dude, he doesn't know me or like me. I am his fucking enemy, remember? Pirate? Yeah?"

Nodding, Karl punched Asha for her laughter then looked back at Polliver with a sigh.

"Okay. I can't get you to talk. Got it. I hate doing this, but you aren't leaving me any option. Rast, get the little girl and let's go into another room. Ah, shut up all of you bitches!"

Karl roared at the sudden uproar of the others at allowing Rast near the little girl.

"Do you want out of here or not? Well, I do too and this is our fucking way out with the supplies and cash we will need! I will only let Rast touch her if she won't tell me what I want to know. I will use my own methods first, promise. Now gag and tie those two screaming assholes until I get back. Keep them tethered together."

Lori did her best not to cry as Rast dragged her into a smaller and dimmer part of the cave.
Lori was given a torn up old chair to sit upon. It was damp and mushy but she said nothing, just sat there stiffly. Karl sat on a carton in front of her with his hands dangling off his knees.

Rast was behind Lori practically breathing down her neck. Lori envisioned the troll behind her drooling into her hair and shuddered.

Giving a shark smile, flat eyes, Karl was trying to look friendly and Lori wasn't buying that bull crappy, no fudging, freaking way. Scared, yes but not stupid, Lori gave as plain of a face back as she could. He reached forward slowly and held out his hand to her.

"Hi Lori. My name is Karl."

After a small moment of hesitation, Lori shook the man's much larger and stronger hand. She waited for the pull, the blade or the breaking of fingers. He shook her hand and released it. Karl's eyes flickered up over Lori's head to give a small glare to Rast.

"Dude, back up. You planning on drooling onto her head or something? Give the girl a bit of room, huh?"

A shuffle and cursing then Lori felt the troll back up. Karl smiled at Lori again and she silently laughed. Did he think she didn't know what good cop, bad cop was? Lori felt a bit more confident now. She can survive an interrogation. Look what Polliver and Asha have survived!

Lori has managed to survive somehow since that fateful wedding. This will not be the day she cracks. She waits and Karl begins.

Malcolm and Charlie were still cursing and trying to warm up. Arya scoffed at them as much as she did Miller about no one else having any sense of humor.

The tunnel was warm and dimly lit, allowing shadows to show before the figures owning them. Like wraiths, shadows slid along the wall and Arya grinned.

"Ah, this will make you all smile, at least."

They all watched as two Greyjoy pirates turned the corner, half carrying a wounded small sobbing woman. Arya shook her head and yelled with mirth.

"You crazy ass bitch! Look at you! What did you think hanging off rafters would do for you? Idiot."

"You! I could have! Arya! I have to go back, I have to! He is making Shane beat, flay and dismember Raff! He will make him keep taking pieces until I surrender to him! Or kill him! Oh gods, I didn't protect them, I couldn't save them! I have to...I have to go back and DO something! I can't wait for everyone to be in place! There is no more time and I have to do it! If he kills me I don't care! That is my SON! That is MY MASTER, MY HUSBAND! I have to!"

"You can't do it alone this time, Mom. It's time to accept you need a little help to fix things sometimes."

"Charlie? Malcolm!"
With a gasp, Samara broke out of the men's grip and ran to be embraced by Charlie and Malcolm.

Arya clapped her hands briskly and grinned at them all. Miller stared at the two pirates then at Arya. Then stuttered out,

"They aren't nice pirates?"

Shaking her head, Arya spoke slowly with a chuckle threatening underneath.

"No, Miller. They are not nice pirates. These are coworkers of Waif and Jaq. And now that everyone is in order, Max is ready upstairs. He is our eyes and ears."

Arya did laugh when the three embracing Targaryens turned to stare at her.

"Yep. Max showed up right after Lucky died, remember? He is not an assassin. But he was Gregor's hired mole, a slave yes, but bought by Gregor. Once I was offered two faceless men for this mission, they contacted Max. Oh, Samara, I haven't had a chance to tell poor Max, but all those victims that vanished? It was an evacuation. All children are safe, most of your people have been taken through the tunnels and will head North, if the storm permits it. I sent Piggy instructions to open the gate for them, give sanctuary. Now, who is ready to kill Euron Greyjoy in a spectacular fashion?"

Karl spoke in a confidential soft sort of chummy voice and Lori felt herself calm down, ready to battle with words.

"Now Lori, I don't want to hurt you or that little boy. I don't even feel like hurting Piggy or anyone else in the North. We simply want to head South and get warm, get some opportunities for ourselves. We need money for that. We need supplies. That fortress that Piggy is watching, it has all the stuff we need. We aren't going to hurt anyone, we are going to just rob them."

"You said you planned to crucify Polliver on the front door. That sounds like hurting. Like what you already did to Asha and Polliver. How can I trust that you don't want to hurt Robyn or Piggy?"

Karl leaned a little closer and his voice got a little bit deeper, his eyes had some intensity now to them and then a flick of his eyes. Lori could feel the troll looming but not touching. She stiffened her spine and kept her eyes on Karl.

"Lori, you are old enough to understand what a bad person is right? That woman, she is a pirate, a Greyjoy. She watched while that little Targaryen cunt got gang raped by her uncle and his crew. Then she was the person who threw the girl into the street naked so the media could film it. She helped her uncle torture the Targaryens. Not a nice lady. As for Polliver. He is a rapist, a serial rapist. If we didn't catch those two, I bet Polliver would have beaten and raped Asha himself. He is also a bully, a sadist, and a criminal of everything you can image plus murder."

Lori shrugged.

"I don't know Asha. She saved me when Euron would have raped me. She saved me when a group of pirates tried to take me. But I don't know her. I only know Polliver a little better. I know what he is like and he might have done bad things in the past. But he came all this way to save me. He must be at least a bit nice."

Karl and Rast both laughed which made Lori relax again. This was good, this was fine. As long as it's words, Lori is able to defend. It was working. Karl rubbed his face with his hands and smiled at Lori.
"You are adorable. Let me bring it to a level that you can really understand. Do you know Piggy well? Not asking you to divulge anything, just asking a simple question. Have you spent time with him or seen him around while you were with Arya?"

Fair question and Lori nodded.

"Yes. Piggy was always taking care of the toddler because Nannies kept messing up. Lost some cats, a chocolate cake and then Robyn almost roasted himself and a maid. That's why Arya gave Robyn to Polliver and Piggy to raise as a foster child. Ah shit."

Karl and Rast were chuckling and nearly beaming.

"That is the sweetest thing I have ever heard. Thank you for that, Lori. To take that toddler hostage in front of Polliver just made this so much greater! Poor Piggy, Polliver will bury him in a coffin for at least a month for giving in!"

Lori scowled and squirmed a bit. Rast was so close that when he moved slightly, she could feel him brush against her hair. A small squeaking sound from behind her and then a terrible gas assaulted her nose.

"Are you going to torture me by gassing me?"

Karl grabbed his nose and glared at Rast.

"What the fuck did you eat, man? You have to blast off again, go stick your ass out of this room, yeah? Thanks, asshole. God! Did you eat a mix of old potato chips and burnt popcorn?"

"Sorry, Karl."

Once the room started to clear of the stench and they could removed their hands from their noses, Karl continued.

"Let's discuss Piggy. He is not a criminal, he is a slave. He is Polliver's slave. Did anyone ever tell you about that, how Polliver got his Piggy? He wasn't much older than you are. Actually, I think he was Charlie's age, yeah. So this teenager is at a little party with his buddies having a smoke and a beer. At a quarry, not bothering anyone. Arya shows up to have a little fun. She forgot that she was one of Gregor's men and Polliver and Gregor's own brother went to find her. So this teenage boy, his name was Hotpie then and he was fat. Polliver couldn't miss a chance for bullying! He made the boy piss himself in fear. He made him crawl naked and act like a pig while he tortured and killed his buddies. When they were dead, Polliver kidnapped Hotpie. Named him Piggy, put a collar on his neck and taught him to be his personal assistant, personal chef and personal punching bag. We would always see poor Piggy racing behind his Master, always with bruises. Do you think that was nice of Polliver?"

Lori blinked at Karl and spoke in a very calm soft but clear voice.

"What Piggy went through is terrible. But Arya freed all slaves, made it illegal. Piggy has no collar anymore and he is good friends with Arya. Who has Polliver as her sort of champion, I think, not sure how that all works. Piggy is really loyal to Arya. And he is still around Polliver but I think they are just used to always being together. They might just be friends now."

Karl shook his head and spoke grimly, staring into her eyes and his voice was low and crooning.

"No sweetheart. They are not friends. Arya can take away the collar but Piggy is still Polliver's slave no matter what. Do you understand what Stockholm Syndrome is? It means that when Polliver
started to strip away Hotpie and make him Piggy, something happened to the boy's mind. Victims start to believe what they are told, it becomes easier for them to believe they are living normally. That they only get hurt if they are at fault. They start to become loyal and willing. Hell, look at the Senator's wife! A slave who fell in love with her Master, married him and had kids! She is the picture of Stockholm Syndrome!"

Lori blinked again then gave a dry reply.

"Samara is really submissive around her husband. But I have also seen her become very dangerous."

"True. But not Piggy. That is why I am telling you I won't need to hurt him. Polliver wanted him to be a coward and he is. Once we breach the fortress, once he sees he is surrounded, he will surrender. I will tie him to a chair and leave him be. We will take what we need then leave with you and Robin. Get to the Southern border then ransom you home to Arya. Hell, to show you good intentions, I will even leave Asha tied to a chair for Arya!"

"You forgot to mention Polliver."

Karl smiled gently at the girl.

"I didn't forget him, Lori. I already told you. Polliver will be crucified on the front doors for Arya. Just so she understands we mean business. She will have to negotiate your release. So see? It's easy, simple and only one life lost."

A flicker of his eyes and Lori inwardly groaned as Rast put his thick greasy hands on her shoulders. Slowly her shoulders turned warm and moist. It took concentration not to gag.

Now Karl didn't have a smile on his face. His eyes seem to hold both regret and a hardening resolution. It scared Lori more than the hands on her shoulders.

"Lori, you know how to get into that fortress. Don't deny it because we all heard the stories of the wedding attack. We heard how you used secret tunnels to get inside. And you are here because you ran away. You are a sneaky little thing, I admire that. Tell me how we get inside that fortress. I want you to tell me, then we will drive there and you will lead us in."

Shaking her head, Lori took a deep breath.

"I can't do that. Sorry. I won't put Robyn, Piggy and everyone else there in danger. I don't think Piggy would let you take Robyn, so you will hurt him. I can't help you."

Karl sighed and gave another flicker of his eyes to Rast.

Lori struggled to remain calm and still as Rast began to run his meaty paws down her arms as if consoling her. Then the hands slowly, slowly dragged their loathsome hairy knuckles along her budding breasts. One thick finger flicked her nipple and Lori lost it.

"Stop! Don't let him touch me there!"

With oily laugh, Rast used one large hand on her right shoulder to keep her in place on the chair. Karl looked at Lori and his eyes terrified her. He was revolted by his friend's actions but he is willing to allow it to get the answers he wants. How far will he let Karl go?

"I'm sorry, Lori. I told you the truth. I don't want to hurt you but I need you to help me out. Tell me about the tunnels. Tell me how to get inside Arya's fortress. You can take your time and think on it if you need to. Would you like me to step out of the room while you think, dear?"
"No! NO, don't leave me here with him! Please! I...I think better with you here."

"Ah...well, okay, you think and I'll sit here and take a little nap."

Karl gave her a grim smile and he moved the carton over to the cavern wall. Stretching his legs out before him, crossing his arms across his chest, Karl leaned against the wall and shut his eyes.

Lori tried to stay still to pretend she wasn't real, just plastic or maybe rock or metal or boiling lava.

It didn't work and Lori started to cry. Karl's face looked pained but he kept his eyes shut.

"You think on it, Lori. If you want to tell me anything, you just say the word. Soon as you are ready to tell me what I need to know."

Hands, greasy, fleshy spiders crawling on her body, Rast's breathing was growing heavier and left a small mist on her neck. Burrowing through her hair, the troll put wet, thick lips on her neck. A hand searching Lori's stomach, her thighs, squeezing them as if testing them then it dove between her legs.

Lori cried out and tried to struggle but Rast bit the back of her neck, halting her. She was frozen and his hands were both down there now. A hand dove into her underpants and Lori bit her lip until it bled.

*Finger thrusting inside, something inside her, no, nothing should be in there, it hurts, ah fuck it hurts and shit oh shit, I can take it, I can be like the others. I won't be a traitor. Not like my mother. I will not be a traitor like my mother. I can take it. It's so bad, it's wrong, it hurts and he is using his tongue to lick her neck. I can do it. I can take it. Shane didn't break, I won't break.*
Asha and Polliver were seething and thrashing against their bonds to no avail.

At first the others just paced about the room and having small hushed discussions while staring at the archway that led to where Lori was. When they heard her scream the first time, that is when the captives started to thrash around.

It was also when Twitch stood in front of the archway with a gun in his shaking hand.

"Yeah, I don't like it either, but we have to trust Karl to do this right. We need to get the fuck out of here and Karl knows how to make the girl talk. Rast is only a threat to scare her with, alright? I am sure Karl isn't gonna let him rape the kid or nothing...maybe Karl just ripped out a fingernail or something to make her scream? No, I mean...I know it isn't better but...fuck it! No one goes in there! Got it?"

They got it, but no one liked it and were starting to actually gather to overpower Twitch and his old rusty gun when Karl emerged. His face was stone, it was suppressed emotion that was about to blow. Lori was walking next to him, pale, sobbing and barely able to stagger.

When Karl grabbed her shoulder to steady her, Lori whimpered and flung herself from him.

"No! No more! No MORE TOUCHING ME! NO MORE!"

Lori looked about wildly and saw Rast come out of the back room, fixing his pants and screeched. She staggered and seemed to fall then rise. However, when she rose, it was with a can of food someone had left rolling.

It hit Rast in his chest, not really hurting him but the intent was clear. Lori had been hoping to knock his head off and she made that clearer by snarling it.

Then she looked over at Polliver and sobbed with such desolation, some of the others got tears in their eyes.

"I am so sorry, Polliver. I tried really hard but...he was putting his...his...I talked...I'm so sorry. I am a traitor, I am sorry."

Spitting out the gag, Polliver gasped out, still trying to squirm out of the bonds.

"You aren't a traitor, Lori. It's alright. You had no choice, sweetheart. I'm glad you didn't let anyone hurt you worse. Just do what they say and you are going to be fine. You are no traitor, Lori. Don’t let them see you cry like that, don’t let them think they defeated you. They didn't, you aren't defeated. You are on your feet, right? Got all your toes and fingers, right? Good. Chin up, sweetheart."

Some of the girls guided Lori over to a padded blanket in a corner and laid her down. They sat with her, crooning and joined Polliver and Asha in their heated glares at Karl and Rast.

With a very subdued voice, Karl spoke to the group, making eye contact with no one.

"We know how to get into the fortress and she will guide us through the secret tunnels into the main kitchen pantry. I want everyone to pack our shit up. Get the trucks loaded and I want the girl in a separate truck than those two assholes. Stop fucking looking at me like that! Would you rather I broke her bones for information? Or burn the kid? I never left the room, I never let him get rough on
her. She started to talk before he even got his pecker inside her! Get over it! Everyone fucking move to pack or I swear I'll start giving you all a reason to be upset!"

With grudging looks, the others slowly began to obey. Karl paced for a moment and kept rubbing his face. Rast went to ask him a question and he exploded. No one said a word as Karl kicked and punched the repulsive man.

"Why? Karl, please, stop! Ahh, that fucking was my spleen! Stop, I only did what you told me to do!"

Karl's face was full of disgust and rage as he gave a last savage kick to Rast's back.

"Yeah, you only did what I told you to do...but you didn't have to enjoy it so much!"

Shane took a deep breath and looked over at his hanging father. Senator Raff Targaryen, the rich, dangerous and handsome family man, politician, was gone. This was a bloody, swaying mess of mute flesh. He has to see it that way, has to keep thinking that way.

Don't think of how it is your own father you are slowly killing. Those aren't his father's strips of flesh, not his teeth, toes, finger or nipple. That melted flesh wasn't half his father's head. This half deaf, melting, ripped apart, beaten monster hanging in chains was just that.

A monster to torture to death. Think of it that way.

It wasn't working anymore. Shane was tired, he was overwhelmed, he was stressed and he couldn't think clearly anymore. This was his father and this fucked up pirate was forcing him to kill his own father. Slowly, piece by piece.

Shane doesn't think it is to bait his missing mother at this point. If his mother was still here, she would have made a move by now. If Arya, Polliver and Charlie were coming, they would hear it by now. Malcolm was here, but was halted by the weather.

Maybe they are all trying to tunnel through the snow to reach him. Maybe one of them will run into his mother?

But he is out of time, Shane is out of charm and tricks. He is down to bare bones and there is just nothing left in his stock of games.

"No."

"Excuse me, young man? Did you just refuse me?"

"I am not whipping, branding, flaying or torturing my father anymore. I can't. My mother is gone, Captain Fucking LoonyBins. She would have shown up by now. This is getting boring and it's getting late. I'm tired. Why don't you let the doctor patch my dad up or he won't be fun longer. He isn't even responding to the pain, it's pointless. Why not think up a new sadistic game while we all get some sleep?"

Euron swung around, holding a blade in his hand, heading for Shane. The boy stood up, his chin went up and he stared at the crazy nutcase with one eye.

"Maybe I used the wrong thing. I know how to get your father to respond to us, I know how to get your mother to appear. I was hoping not to hurt you, boy, but I see I must. Just a little though, I like
you. You can even pick. Which would be worse for you, losing a finger or a toe? Just one."

That is when two pirates came forward yelling with victory. Between them sagged a pathetic looking wounded Samara. Her head was down, she was making a whining animal sound deep in her chest. The hands were all that were holding her up and she looked half dead. Defeated.

Euron snorted then clapped his hands.

"There she is! See? I told you, boy! If we kept up this torment that your mother wouldn't be able to help herself but to come forward. I didn't figure her injuries would have prevented her! Good job, men! Bring her closer! Look, Samara! Here is your husband and beloved Master, well, maybe he isn't ready for visiting. He has had a bit of a rough night. And of course, your golden boy! We have had so much fun and bonding time! Though I should warn you, Shane is a bit upset with Raff. I showed him your romantic first night, found a lovely film of it. Raff might have to watch out for his kids for a while. If he survives me, that is."

Shane tried to rush forward but Euron shoved him then dragged him backwards towards his father. Standing in front of the hanging man, Euron stood the boy next to him.

"Go on, she is too weak to do much. Let her go, I want to see what the rabid dog will do."

The pirates released Samara, who then slumped flat to the floor while the bullets were flying. Euron stared in complete shock, almost enough to knock him out of his constant drugged state. Every single man and woman was dead, heads exploding, there was only time for two of them to even raise their guns.

Raff had been silently hanging, swinging, bleeding, now his legs came up and he was using them to try and choke Euron out. Shane darted forward and Euron kicked out at him to keep the kid at bay.

His eyes were so hollow and tired but now there was a glimmer of something. It was the thing that he was trying to pull out of the boy. But it was aimed at him, not at the father or mother. That wasn't good at all and Euron tried to slash at Raff's legs with his blade.

Another blade suddenly landed deep in his wrist, cutting, destroying the muscles and tendons. Euron howled in pain and in a ten year old tantrum. His knife left his nerveless fingers and Raff's hold became weak enough to break out of.

Shane backed up fast as Euron staggered forward, gagging, trying to catch more air. Euron looked around then went still and even in his pain, even in his loss, he smiled. It was a truly glorious sight and Euron knew it was worth the loss, the death he was about to face.

It will be one fuck of a story for the survivors. Euron watched as one of the two pretend pirates helped Samara stand back up. She wavered for a moment before standing straight. Out of the shadows appeared Charlie and Euron laughed.

"Oh girl, you have bigger balls than anyone else here! To actually come back here? Oh yes."

He clapped for a moment while Shane was trying to release his father from the chains. Raff leaned upon Shane for a moment, it seemed like they were hugging, maybe crying. Euron was disappointed that he lost the boy but look, he did a therapeutic service for the father and son!

Then he caught sight of a tall, slim man with Samara's features come forward. The look on his face was properly terrifying. He had his father's fiery eyes and his mother's crazed grin. It was like looking at twice the sociopath of Shane. It was truly a thing of beauty and Euron nodded approvingly.
Moving past Malcolm came a sight Euron never thought he would see. A pregnant woman, her scarred face carried a triumphant, vengeful joy that made Euron wish they could fuck. She might be heavy with child but her body wasn't notified. No, she strolled forward, her eyes pinned on him.
Piggy felt wonderful and awful all at once.

Things were going really well, even hearing that they had a sudden intake of refugees wasn't daunting him.

All have shelter, have food and access to emergency care. It was a kick to discover that they were not just ready to take on a blizzard but had enough to spare for the Riverlanders pouring in.

Piggy has found himself thrown into a new world and he has surprised himself with the joy he found in it.

He was uneasy with compliments and flattery, he just smiles and nods. It wasn't a power trip, he enjoyed making sure that every person was taken care of. That they were safe and secure against the elements.

Down to the last homeless most violent drunk, every single citizen was protected, fed.

Piggy spent as much time with Robyn as he did with everything else. He mainly kept the boy strapped to him, allowing him to whack and bite upon his head. After Polliver smacking it so much, Piggy rarely felt a single blow or taste test from the small demon.

What was bothering Piggy was Polliver's silence and disappearance for so long as well as Lori's. When Piggy last spoke with Arya on the phone she had not been contacted by his Master. That she heard Lori was at the Targaryen estate but was missing along with Asha Greyjoy, Euron's niece.

Piggy ignored his feelings of growing dread for as long as he could stand it. He kept working to ensure everyone was sheltered from the storm. Made sure that the borders were closed and secure. He made sure that every soldier had fair time for food and rest.

There was nothing to worry about here so why was he so worried? Sure, worry over that little girl, made sense. What if that pirate lady took her for ransom or something? Worry over Polliver, of course that was reasonable enough.

Piggy was restless and found himself wandering about the shelters. He was glad to see that it wasn't as full as the last two. A good amount of the families were able to welcome others into their weather proofed homes.

It was amazing to see how everyone rallied to help each other when Piggy spoke. The rush he got from seeing the power of his own words only made him more determined to help anyone he could. And when others followed his words, he felt very protective of these people and humbled by them.

He stopped to chat with a few of the folks and found himself sitting with two men that were staring hard at the refugees.

"Uh oh....I sense issues, guys. Tell me you don't have an enemy from the refugees that you plan on killing on my watch. Someone owes you money, we can figure it out."

The drunk gave a rusty chuckle and the other one continued to glare at the refugees, but spoke to Piggy.
"Ain't the village folks or our fancy Senator's whipped bitches I worry about. You know those fucking pirates blew apart the damned prison, right? Well, some of them prisoners are right in that group. Have to be, where else would they go in this fucking blizzard, yeah? So I don't plan on any of them robbing or raping me! I'll fucking kill them if they come too close!"

Piggy felt something slam like Polliver's fist into his stomach but had no idea why. He shook it off and smiled at the hostile man.

"Well, they are all being searched for weapons and then will go to a separate shelter. We were lucky enough to have one empty still. So you don't need to worry about being robbed or raped. And to be honest, you are a tad too scary to have anyone attempt to rape or rob you."

One of the volunteers came by and scoffed cheerfully as she passed out extra blankets.

"Tell you what, Melvin, don't worry about any attacks. No one is coming for you. But if anyone did, they'd be in for a helluva surprise. We all worked far too long and hard to get these shelters and homes safe and stocked. Anyone tries to mess with us, we will kill them before we gave up a single extra can of fruit cocktail. So that should soothe you, Melvin."

Giving a wink to Piggy and a small kiss to Roybn's rosy cheek, the girl moved on as did Piggy. That night Piggy wandered the house after Robyn fell asleep. He called down to security to make sure everything was fine. It was.

Then he called the commander on watch tonight at the gates and everything was still fine. So Piggy drank some herbal tea to soothe his nerves and some painkillers for his aching back, hip and legs.

Using his cane, he traveled the whole house and slipped in and out of shadows as if he were the clumsiest Sand Snake ever. He needed more pain pills the next day and was half asleep most of the day.

Maybe that is why he nearly burned Robyn's precious cookies. Robyn luckily can sense when his cookies might be in danger and squealed in time. Maybe Piggy's tiredness or pain was the reason that when the pantry doorknob moved he didn't panic.

It was a pantry door no one used because it was locked. It was the same door used to get through the secret tunnels and Piggy just watched the lock being picked numbly. This was one time that Piggy wasn't happy he was right about a bad feeling.

Lori spent the entire traveling time in a truck, sitting between Karl and Rast. The repulsive troll tried to paw at her thighs until Karl burned him with the truck cigarette lighter. She had seen Polliver and Asha thrown into a van with a bunch of others bundled up to hide from the weather.

She gave Karl the directions to the back way the best as she could remember. They got lost twice but Lori's heart sank when she began to recognize the way again. Lori hesitated and Rast began to paw at her thighs with a nod from Karl.

Blurting out the correct way, Lori started to pull at the sweaty hands crawling like hairless creatures up to her crotch. Karl told Rast to let her go and he drove as far as they could. Eventually, they had to stop and break their way on foot in the snow.

For a bit Karl carried Lori over the worst of it. Upside down and queasy, Lori could see Asha and Polliver struggling in the distance. She led them through the tunnels and into the house.
Into an empty kitchen with a hot stove.
Karl stared at the others in disbelief and spoke as if they were all small children.

"The oven is still on. There is a hot cookie sheet on top of the stove. And you say this house is completely empty? No maids, no Piggy, no toddler, not a single fucking person to have turned this on? Huh? No one is here at all? You checked every nook and cranny? Are you sure? Let's see!"

He grabbed Polliver and yanked him over to the hot cookie sheet. After ripping the gag out of his mouth, Karl pressed Polliver's face to the silver heated metal. He didn't get the screams he wanted but the cursing was just as loud and the pain of it was clear enough.

Throwing Polliver back into other hands, Karl hollered,

"I know you heard me hurt your Master, Piggy! I know you are here you sneaky little fuck! Next time I hurt someone for your listening pleasure it will be Lori. You want that on your conscience? Can you imagine what I've already put that girl through just to make her guide me here? Here, Piggy, Piggy! Come out, come out wherever you are!"

Rast sighed and left to help sweep the rooms again. He was starting to wish he chose to go with the other group that was going to raid the homes and shelters. Seemed like they were going to be the ones to get any real action.

Piggy probably has caught on and is long gone with the kid. In fact, Rast wouldn't be surprised if the raiding group found Piggy and the toddler hiding in a shelter. Figures, they would get the credit instead of him.

The only consolation would be that Rast might get another chance to play with Lori if Karl tries one more time to try and get the invisible Piggy to show up. Rast still had a wolfish smile on his face as his eyes widen as the bat connected with his head.

Another heard the thud of Rast's thick body hit the floor and entered the hallway to find the repulsive man's head bashed open. However, no one was found anywhere in the rooms near the body.

Karl was livid and Lori was walking on air. Yanking his hostages into the living room, Karl had his men force Polliver and Asha to their knees. Both had ankles bound and wrists cuffed behind their backs.

"Watch these two, they move, beat them flat and stand on them."

Yanking Lori by her arm, Karl began to wander the house, yelling to the illusive Piggy.

"Think you are brave now or something, huh? Think because Arya said no more slaves, you are free to be big and bad, Piggy? You are a fucking coward though, aren't you? Bet you didn't face Rast when you killed him! No, not you, not sneaky, cowardly slave boys like you. Come face me if you are brave, Piggy! Or be clever and cowardly, show your true colors and crawl out here. Let this little girl and Polliver have an end to their torment. I don't need to hurt them more, do I? I don't even want to hurt you or anyone else. You are forcing my hand, boy. Your Master's death, this little kid's torture, it will be all on you. Blood on your hands, is that what you want? Huh? Answer me, you little fucking shit!"
A scream pealed forth from a distant part of the house and Karl cursed. He shoved Lori into a closet and then jammed a chair under it. Running forward he joined two others to stand over a broken body at the bottom of the second floor stairs.

When Polliver heard Karl's voice boom out a moment later in sheer rage and confusion, he started laughing. Even when the female guarding him kicked him, he couldn't stop. Asha was still gagged but all could hear her huffing along in amusement.

"WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU MEAN LORI IS MISSING? HOW COULD SHE HAVE LEFT A CLOSET SHE COULDN'T OPEN, YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE! FIND HER, NOW! FIND HER RIGHT THE FUCK NOW!"

Polliver's laughter began to get louder as Karl stormed down the stairs and came towards him, pulling out a blade.

"Think it's funny, cocksucker? You won't in a minute. Piggy is gonna come out one way or another. And whether he does or doesn't because I am torturing you...I don't really care. At least I get to have fun skinning you alive."

The laughter turned to screams quickly enough but Polliver tried to form his agonized volume into words.

"PIGGY, DON'T YOU COME OUT HERE, THAT IS A FUCKING ORDER! YOU KEEP THAT BOY SAFE AND LORI TOO! DON'T YOU DARE COME OUT EVEN IF THEY KILL ME, THEY PLAN TO ANYWAY! HEAR ME! STAY AWAY!"

Lori and the maid tried to keep the toddler quiet while Piggy paced frantically. His eyes filled with un-shed tears and his nervous fingers kept running across his collar. Finally he tugged at his hair and then turned to face the two females trying to use cookies and whispers to keep Robyn sitting down.

Piggy swept the fussing toddler up and tried to sing softly to him but Robyn could sense Piggy's own upset. Also, Polliver's bellowing got louder in it's pain and Robyn's sobs turned to wails. All three tried to hush him but all of a sudden Robyn bellowed out,

"MAPOL! MAPOL! MAPOL!"

Piggy turned pale as the sound traveled through the wall vent the same way Polliver's voice did. He thrust Robyn into Lori's arms and grabbed the maid to get her full attention.

"Charlene, you still have your gun? Good. Take Lori and Robyn and keep traveling through the walls, okay? Don't stay in one place more than a few minutes, they are coming. They won't know how to get in, but they can shoot through the walls, they can stumble onto one of the panels. Hell, they just have to push on the back of the closet that they locked Lori in and they are in. So keep moving no matter what. I will go a different way and try to keep them chasing after me instead of you. Try hard to keep him quiet. Please, hurry, go!"

Downstairs, Karl had muffled Polliver's screams with his own filthy, bloody hand. The screams of a toddler came through the vent and Karl smiled down gently at Polliver.

"See? One way or another, I was going to win. Go find that boy and Lori, bring them here to me. And nab that fucking little Piggy too, he can show dead or alive."
Moments later the group was frustrated, still unable to locate the kids and the child has made no further sounds. Just as one of the men fired his gun into the wall, hearing sounds, a banging was heard elsewhere.

Like stumbling morons, they chased after phantom banging until Karl himself managed to slowly walk along the wall. He listened carefully then shot. A screech and a few minutes later Karl was dragging Piggy by his hair into the living room.

He tossed Piggy down in front of Polliver, who was sporting a flayed big toe to add to his numerous other injuries. Karl smiled in victory at Polliver.

"Now, let's see if I can get Piggy to be as scared and hurt by me as you can."

Thirty minutes later Karl was ready to murder them all and burn the place down.

Piggy had been tied to a chair and first Karl tried to be reasonable. He sat down and smiled. Piggy had smiled back. Karl reassured Piggy that he had no interest in causing anyone more hurt. It was all very simple.

They were going to steal items, cash and the children. Leave for the Southern border then ransom the kids back. All Piggy had to do was give them the children and any assistance Karl might need in ransacking.

Nodding, Piggy showed his complete understanding by repeating it all back in a pleasant voice with a pleasant smile. Karl smiled so hard that he felt his jaws crack, yet Piggy smiled even wider as he then suggested that Karl perform an impossible act upon himself.

Polliver laughed and gave his Piggy an approving smile before sagging against the wall again. Asha was glad that if she had to be kidnapped, beaten, raped and possibly killed, at least it had some good amusement to it all. She sagged against Polliver since they were cuffed together again.

Karl stood over Piggy, his face now as cold and unforgiving enough that Rast would have run from the impending danger.

"Piggy, I'm tired of trying to be nice and reasonable and having it thrown back at me. I am trying to keep my temper with you, you cowardly little fuck. But you killed Rast. He was a parasite, yes, but he was MY parasite. That is strike one. Then you want to hide the kids from me, tell me to fuck myself when I try to keep things peaceful? That was strike two. One more time, I am going to ask you to tell me where those kids are. If you don't tell me, I'm going to become violent. Do you remember what I was like violent? Back when you chased your Master around to fuck with all of us? Yeah? Do you remember what I am like? Yeah? I see that you do. Okay. So I want to pretend like we are back in Ginn Alley. Pretend I am all violent and trying to get something from you. I will ask one last time. Where are Robyn and Lori?"

Using his vivid imagination, Piggy had no problem seeing the daunting image at all. Karl had the same blank animal look on his face now as he would then. Piggy's face drained of all color and his voice was nearly a pleading wheeze.

Tears in his eyes, Piggy tried hard to not look at Polliver but straight at Karl. He tried to blank everything out of his mind but key survival instincts, like his namesake would. Snuffling up a sudden runny nose, sounding like a pig a little, Piggy smiled a tiny bit at the thought.

He stared into Karl's eyes and did what Polliver's Piggy has been trained to do. Piggy picked up his
shovel, opened his mouth and dug himself a hole.

"Karl, not only can you go fuck yourself, but you can lick my balls. Sorry, but I rarely get a chance to talk like this. I think I am maybe mentally picturing Polliver and insulting him through you. Kind of exciting really, very therapeutic. I want you to know that I used Gregor Clegane's own bat to beat Rast's head in. You let him touch Lori, didn't you? I bet you did. Always paying him in kids, you sick fucking-"

Polliver winced when Karl's fists began to do their work. Soon Piggy was sobbing, half out cold, slumped down in the chair. Karl threw a bucket of water on Piggy to rouse him.

"Wow, man. You look terrible, I mean really like shit...maybe even doctor level. I can tell you for sure that at least Polliver needs a doctor. Instead, we have to keep doing this fuckery. I mean, come on, another good beating might kill you. Weak, you know you are too weak for this kind of shit. You aren't a hero, Piggy. Just a little collared coward that Arya left to play wifely and domestic duties while she was gone. You are just a substitute. You know that, right? Did you delude yourself? You didn't forget your place again, did you? You can't ever imagine to be equal to Arya Stark. Hell, you couldn't even rise to be equal to your own Master. There doesn't have to be anymore pain, Piggy. Just answer my question and it's all over. Stop putting yourself through this. And I heard that kid earlier, that means he is hearing his foster daddy getting hurt. Why put the toddler through that, put the girl through it?"

Piggy coughed and shook his head then looked out of his one open eye at Karl.

"I know my place. I know my orders. Go fuck yourself, Karl."

This time as screams pealed forth, Polliver started to growl curses as Karl used pliers to remove some of Piggy's teeth and nails. As Karl predicted, a few moments in, two teeth and three fingernails in to be exact, they heard the child scream through the vents.
Euron had only one wish left really.

When Arya stood before him smugly, while the young dragons circled him, he expressed his wish.

"I surrender, I concede, but I have a right to choose method of execution, don't I? I wish to go out as I lived, in a wild, chaotic way and I wish to go out fighting. Surely, you will all give me this one last request? Shane, please, tell your siblings and dear pregnant leader that I should be granted this final wish."

The smiles upon all their faces gave Euron a small shiver of fear and anticipation. His request was granted.

And it was truly brilliant.

Euron was held in the same basement chains he kept Samara in while they all discussed how his death would happen. Finally Shane came to visit with a bottle of Euron's special drink. He was starting to need it in a sweaty, shaking kind of way and was ready to beg for it.

"Here, have a sip, or just gulp it all, like that. Okay then."

Shane watched with the most cheerful polite look as Euron greedily drank the entire bottle.

"Well, you probably are curious as to your fate, my One Eyed Asshole. First, I want to say thank you. By spending time with you, all the things we have done together, it did help me. It was therapy and it was good therapy. But in our family we have a small habit of killing our therapists. Sorry, Captain Crinkles. Anyway, I was really struggling with how I felt about my family, about myself. After meeting you, I feel I got a lot of my aggression towards them out. Hell, I really got my anger at my father out! Fine job, my good man! You should have made that your life work! Sailing about giving tough love therapy, might have lived longer! So, as for your glorious death! You shall have it today, one hour from now in fact! Sorry, no details for you, it's going to be better if you just experience it. Trust me."

Euron got nothing further from the lad who left with stars shining in his eyes.

An hour later Euron found himself escorted outside and he was thrust into the very same makeshift pit he had Samara and Pickles fight in.

Upon the stage sat Arya on the chair Euron had used. The chair Asha had sat on was now Raff's, his wife in his lap. They still looked like hell but determined to be seen watching their revenge.

It took Euron a moment of gazing at them, then at the audience before understanding what else he was seeing. Along the walls of the pit were the bodies of his slain pirates. Even the ones that were scouting in the woods, in the hills, they had been slaughtered by the Northerners down to the last one.

Euron was glad to see his niece was not among the bodies and he mildly wondered if she had gotten away.

On the ground before him were his small ceremonial short sword and his favorite dagger. Then the
small door opened and Euron's executioners entered the pit.

He smiled widely as Shane, Charlie and Malcolm entered.

It was neither quick nor easy. There was indeed a bloody, savage battle and Euron discovered that even his drugs couldn't hide the pain of three dragons.

The Northerners all watched with true barbaric glee of the old days as the man was first beaten down by the three teenagers. They cheered as the pirate dodged as Charlie shot arrows until he bristled with them.

When his arms and legs were full of arrows, Charlie and Malcolm chained the man to a wooden pole.

Charlie used a knife to remove Euron's pants with great giddy joy. With a cruel smirk, she handed Shane a flaying knife. Malcolm used buckets of water and an adrenaline shot to keep the pirate awake for the skinning of his penis.

Euron had never felt such agony before and he fought uselessly against his restraints while screaming.

When it finally was finished and Shane was admiring his bloody work, Euron was already halfway to dead from shock and blood loss. But he was still aware, horribly aware, when Malcolm set him on fire. The three children stood to watch quietly while the crowd cheered.

Euron went out in his blaze of glory but it was longer and more painful then he ever thought it would be.

Piggy was tied to a chair, Polliver and Asha were too wounded and chained for any resistance. So Karl thought nothing of leaving the three unattended. He was too close to victory to care, really.

They all chased the sound of "MaPol" and "IGGY" crazily, calling, banging on the walls. Karl started ordering each of them to take down the walls, each to their own area. Then he hammered a larger hole where he pulled Piggy from and climbed in.

Karl heard the muffled sound of the boy howling and the girl murdering something. Then a bang and his left arm hurt like hell. Snarling, Karl turned and shot through some maid's head.

It was a flesh wound but it pissed him off. Just adding to the anger that Polliver, Asha and Piggy have caused him. No one was reacting the way they were supposed to. Hell, Rast wasn't supposed to die, Polliver was! And a toddler wasn't supposed to be this hard to fucking catch.

He slid along a corner and gave a sigh of relief as he trained his gun on Lori who had been scuttling towards him. Her eyes grew round and she started to back up, clutching Robyn.

"Uh uh. Not after all the fucking trouble you helped cause me. Should've remembered to add your name to my list of folks that have pissed me off today. You are added to that list. I can shoot you and just take the boy if you want. That is what will happen if you try and run or fight me. Now give me that boy and let me end this hellish fucking visit, eh?"

Lori sniffed and slumped her shoulders in defeat. She inched forward then stopped dead.

"You need to put that gun away before I hand Robyn to you. He can't be around guns."
Karl stared at Lori as if she were crazy.

"Right. Shut the fuck up and hand him to me. I don't aim to shoot him but you getting shot is still pretty iffy right now."

Lori nodded and whispered to the little boy as she handed him over. Karl was careful to scoop the boy up with one hand, keeping the gun in the other. It should have been sufficient. This should have been his victory, a hard won victory.

But then the child started to scream enraged, seemed to feel that Karl should have a cookie of all things. He tried to yell at the kid but his nostril was being bit. Well, not just bit but removed by tiny sharp teeth and then somehow the toddler had his pudgy hands on the gun.

Karl screamed as the gun shot into his side and then he saw a kaleidoscope of colors as Lori started to kick his head when he fell back in agony. The toddler was on his chest and trying his best to rip the cookie thief's eyes out.

It was moments later that the town finished off the vultures that dared to attack them. Some were beaten to death with shovels, canes, crutches or rocks. Anyone who had weaponry used it and finished off those who would dare take what was theirs.

They stormed the house and slaughtered those that were smashing walls. Piggy was the first one they noticed and untied.
Quentyn bit his manicured nails in tiny nervous movements as he stared at the oversized flat screen. He watched Arya Stark give Polliver's slave an award. It was one of many awards of this day in the North but it was considered the best speech.

Piggy had spoken of how it was not his to receive an award. Of how all of those discounted rose together and saved their own. It outshone the several other speakers, including Arya herself.

A slender hand played in his hair and Quentyn shoved it away. He turned to face the young latest revenge fucktoy.

"It's over, Carlos. I want you to go pack your things and take a bus or a plane. To anywhere that isn't near me. I'll give you enough cash to last you six months of travel if you are careful. Malcolm will be home soon and I am the first person he will come to visit. If he sees you, if he knows I slept with you, he is going to light you like a fucking candle. So get up and get out."

Ignoring the hurt and startled look upon the handsome young personal trainer, Quentyn somberly watched the North celebrate. Every now and then he checked to see if Malcolm texted him. Nothing. Since Quentyn never actually sent any Sand Snakes, thinking it was a lost cause, he fully had expected Malcolm to call or text him by now. He had others watching so that if Malcolm came home in secret, Quentyn could be forewarned. Nothing has been reported.

He winced as he heard the angry Carlos slamming the doors. Shutting off the television, Quentyn paced about the rooms and ended up in front of the fireplace. Staring at it, Quentyn wasn't really aware that he has dropped his drink.

The large ornate fireplace was built as a gift to Malcolm for when he slept over. It was normally too warm to bother with a fire even during the nights. Flames only lit the gold and white stones when Malcolm was there.

Now the flames licked high and lit the whole room. Too late had it registered to Quentyn that the light he had seen in the living room wasn't from lights he left on. They were from the massive fire blasting heat from the fireplace.

A hissing voice, a strong claw in his hair and Quentyn would have screamed for help if not for the terrible pain of a taser. He buckled and twitched while Malcolm lowered him to the ground.

Quentyn only saw the briefest glint of Malcolm's face, his eyes reflecting the flames and that cutting smile before he was yanked to his knees before the fireplace.

The face was thinned in rage, jealousy and Quentyn was finally meeting the dragon he had sworn Malcolm could control in the past. Quentyn's face was being pushed towards the flames and he started to plead for mercy.

"Hush. I don't want to hear any of your pathetic fucking excuses. I don't want to hear about your lack of faith, your lack of loyalty, your lack of fucking decency. Not a word, sweetheart. Because if I get any angrier at you, I'm going to stick your head very slowly into that fire. So hush. And hear me. I want you to listen very fucking carefully to me, Q. And you will only speak to answer an actual question put to you."

Quentyn sobbed and gave the tiniest nod then tried to stay very still. The air was so hot that blisters
were forming on his face and he whimpered. Malcolm's cutting hiss burrowed into his ear.

"We are going to be publicly married. It will be a glorious match and gives our people not only unity but a good show. They need entertainment and pacification right now. You are done with whoring around. You are done dictating how I live, what I do. I think you've given me good reason to no longer trust your judgement. Perhaps that is something you can earn back. I don't want to be my father and I don't want you to act like my mother. But there is enough of my father in me to turn you into something as bad or worse than my mother if you keep fucking provoking me! Now all I want to hear from you is, yes Sir. Which is what you will get used to saying to me whenever you decide to act like a little cunt. So what do I want to hear, Q?"

"Yes Sir."

Arya laughed at Polliver's face. It was twisted up in such disapproval that Arya wrapped her arms around her enormous stomach and nearly peed herself in mirth.

"You are shitting me. Oh come on...is this a fucking sick prank of yours? Huh? Did the baby stop kicking your bladder and has somehow snaked a limb up to fuck with your brains? Are you crazy? You just made one good decision then two awful ones! Can we discuss this without your damned hysteria? Why is this so funny? You are fine with giving Miller my old position and my house. That is a sound choice since with your brains this rattled you really need me here on a constant basis. But your others decisions just can't stand!"

"Sure they can and they will. Unless you are challenging me for leader? No? Then it stands. Lori will be fostered by the Targaryens in the Riverlands. She cannot do better for her station than the home of a Senator. Shane bonded with her and she likes Charlie. Samara and Raff have become calmer since the attack. Raff's face and Samara's leg are going to slow them down for a bit. Both said they have no problem fostering the girl. It's a good fit and I plan on speaking with Raff to maybe encourage a betrothal between Shane and Lori."

"Did...did you actually use the term betrothal? Is this the dark ages or something? You can't force them to marry. How would that look?"

Arya shrugged and grinned.

"The kids know how to act in public. Even if they were pissed about it, no one out of their personal circle would know. It would be years till they could marry, they already like each other. Gregor would do it, so can I. It's a good match and it would look good. But that is for the future, right now, Lori will be most certainly fostered with the Targaryens."

Polliver slumped into his chair and slugged his coffee.

"Fine. The girl goes and Robyn will do just fine with me. Even though Miller nearly cried when you turned the poor man down. He loves that little kid. I plan on letting him have lots of visits, I feel so bad for him. But your other decision, it's crazy. It would be too much on Piggy."

Arya snorted.

"Too much on Piggy or too much for you? Middle and lower classes love him, Polliver. You saw that. During the birth and recovery, there needs to be a face they can trust. They trust his face more than your ugly mug and Raff's half scarred face gets in the way of any persuasive voice he has. Piggy will follow the orders I will leave to him and I know he will always heed your advice and
"I swear if he tries to give me a single fucking order, I'll-"

"SUCK SATAN'S BALL SACK!"

Polliver stared at Arya for a moment as she roared and stiffened in pain. It took Piggy to arrange an ambulance and try to make Arya comfortable. He paid for it in a broken wrist when Arya grabbed it during a contraction.

That made Polliver laugh all the way into the ambulance with Arya.

An hour later a ten pound baby boy with a full head of dark brown hair was born. Tobias Clegane but everyone called him Toby for short.
Silver Linings Held By Rotting Thread

Chapter Summary

Two Part Epilogue:

Ten Years Later.

The cawing of seagulls ripped through the air and the sea salt stung the young man's eyes. Shane squinted and saw the small boat lazily riding the slow undulation of the ocean. Grinning, he hefted his bag and headed towards the pier, flicking away his cigarette.

He made it just as the boat clumsily came to a halt.

"You are the worst fucking sailor on earth, Wifelet!"

Lori laughed as she struggled to dock her small colorful house boat.

"Instead of just watching, you could help me, Not Yet."

Shane dropped his bag over the side and then threw himself.

"Why bother, just sail us away. I know, take me to your fancy art university. I am creative."

With a snort, Lori shoved the tall slender man out of her way.

"You are a whole different kind of creative. Besides the students would drive you insane in a matter of moments. I would have to explain the massacre of every emo student to the Dean. I know, we could go to your little get away house?"

"That would be a very big no. It was given to me by Waif's successor which means it is sacred that I never disclose it. You know the rules. Don't want to find you with a slit throat some night because I took you to my ultra awesome amazing hideaway. Guess we are going after all. Oh well."

"Oh shut up. You are happy to go to this and you know it. For years you have rooted for this and it's finally happened. Hell, I was downright loud about it. If you remember that was when I got my first taste of Targaryen discipline."

Shane giggled and nodded, gracefully moving around Lori as she readied herself to go.

"You caught him on a bad day and to be heard hollering like that, to be seen picketing against him. You were caught on film too. He was so livid that my mother thought it was the dragon for you. She threw herself in front of you and begged Father Dearest to calm himself. I was readying my gun if you recall. But he swore up and down to us that this was discipline and not outright slow murder. We made him wait until his breathing was calm. Mother took all of his weapons away and he had to punish you within the house, not the woodshed or basement."

"Uh, you act like this was a good thing. Like taking away weapons and the privacy to murder me was a gift, it should be a given! Raff completely overreacted! You two vultures just stood there and let him go at me with a strap crafted in hell. I couldn't sit for a week and I was bruised, marked for
"That was nothing. Remember when he dislocated all my fingers when I stole his credit card when we were sixteen? Or how about when Mother raged out and accidentally on purpose ran over that therapist Charlie was seeing? The one that told her it was healthy to live with Arya and do both school and training there? Mom used Dad's car to do it and after father bailed her out of jail he strapped her so bad she couldn't get out of bed for two weeks? You just got a regular pissed off Father Dearest woodshed visit level. Anyway, you are right, I really don't want to miss this. Finally, I get to gloat at my father and not get smacked for it. Because he can't smack the amount of folks that will be gloating at him tonight."

"Hey, guess who I saw at this little dive bar I passed when I docked for gas near Pyke? Asha Greyjoy!"

Squinting against the sun as Shane helped Lori off the boat he gritted out,

"You mean pirate lady? Did she spit in your eye or pretend not to see you and scuttle away in terror? It seemed with her it could go either way."

"Nope. Asha bought me a drink and after the my third and her infinite amount, she finally told me what really happened. What the real punishment was. We all thought that after the interrogation and little private trial that mercy was fully granted. There was that public branding of the mountain on her back and Arya gave that speech. That whole thing of how we killed all the others and leave one survivor to let the others know what happens when someone fucks with us. We thought that Asha just got to slink off into the shameful existence of warning others against bugging us? Not at all. Since they released her, Asha has had to help illegally import slaves for your dad and Polliver all this time! Four times a year and two more years to go before she ends her real sentence. Arya knows about this extra bargain and does nothing to stop it. Asha has appealed to her several times and is ignored. Poor thing. After all these years don't you think it's a bit excessive?"

"Continuing the illegal slave trade? Yes, it is long overdue to die. Sadly, it will not die out until Polliver and my father do. And all those like them. Asha...sorry, I don't have your tender artist's heart, Wifelet. She could have tried harder to stop Euron and instead she went along with what he wanted. I know it was loyalty and family, no different than ours. But like ours, we paid our dues too. I didn't bitch and cry that Euron's games were going on too long. We were a family that lives a dangerous life, we pay for that in bloody coin sometimes. Asha should grow a pair and just suck it up. She fought a battle and lost. She got to survive and mostly live freely. It's mercy enough to me."

"Asha is getting old and cranky with age. She just bitches but does the penance. Calm down, Not Yet. Does it really still bother you? Do you still have the nightmares?"

"They have mostly stopped unless I am really stressed out. At least I recognize they are dreams now and not real. Helps me to wake up without screaming out loud. It really messed with me to kill my parents in my sleep every night before Euron kills me. Glad they are under control and thank you ever so much for bringing that up you damned sadist."

Lori wrapped her arms around Shane and hugged him tightly then shoved him away to skip down the road.

"Come on then, tell me something interesting. It's a long walk to the bus and I still don't know why you couldn't let your parents send us a car. We are both poor as fuck without them and you know it. Why can't we be the rich, privileged upper class junior pricks we really are? Twenty one only let's us
drink, it doesn't come with any actual cash. All the trusts are set up to pay for schooling and food. I spent every cent Arya sent in reparations on that houseboat. Don't even tell me you have any money either. You blew it all on spending all last year training with Dothraki in some hell hole just to send your mom and dad into fits."

"I like traveling and learning new things. And I like to do it frugally and on my own as much as I can. We can't rely on them forever, you know. Best if they and we learn that now. You love your independence, don't you? And doesn't it piss you off to hear how much you owe them all? Owe Arya for having done right by you? Owe my parents for raising you, caring for you, paying your way as needed? Listen, my parents need us to break off like this. It's the only way they will stop clinging and let us live our own lives. If we break off gently slowly, weaning them off us. No more favors, no staying at the house for more than a few nights a time. No loans, no gifts of cars, homes, nothing expensive. Nothing they can track either."

Lori shook her head and sighed.

"Ever since Malcolm..."

Shane clapped a hand over Lori's mouth.

"No. Don't even go there. I mean it. That is why I went so far away, I needed to clear my head. I couldn't stand the fucking grieving anymore. Father and Mother clinging to each other, to Charlie and me...it was painful and I couldn't deal with it. I went West, I murdered Quentyn and then kept going. I fought and trained until it nearly killed me and then I asked them for more. How you can marry someone then slowly poison them so coldly? I asked him while I flayed him alive but the pansy had no fucking answer. At least not a good one. I didn't come home until I was under control and so was everyone else. I texted Charlie who is back with Arya and she said all is well enough at home. So we can be assured it won't be too dramatic a visit in a personal family way."

Lori sat Shane onto the bus bench and then leaned against him.

"Sorry, Shane. I won't mention that stuff anymore. Anyway, this is a happy occasion, right? We get to watch a rise and a fall tonight. It will be worth leaving behind the traveling long enough to see this."

Shane smiled and tickled Lori until she fell of the bench then he offered her a sip of his hidden flask as an apology. It had been his brother's and one of the few things he carried with him everywhere. Beyond his weapons of course.

Lori would shit a brick if she knew that Shane was already working as a professional assassin. No longer doing any form of studies beyond learning ore efficient ways to kill.

He decided that when she graduates school next year and they marry will be soon enough to spill the news. By the time the bus came, Shane's bad memories had faded. As he watched the North grow around them and swallow them up, better memories flooded in.

"It will be really good to see everyone again."
"TOBY, SHIFT YOUR ASS! YOU BETTER BE IN A FULL TIE AND SUIT, SHINED SHOES, READY TO GO! RIGHT NOW, LET'S GO! PRESENT YOURSELF!"

In spite of the roar, Toby sauntered over to the staircase then he slid down it sideways, regardless of it's dizzying height and his new suit. Not a single person at the bottom of the stairs was impressed by the ten year old's brave feat.

When he gracefully leaped to the floor, Toby received a hard swat on his behind for his reward.

"Ouch! Ma, not in front of others! It's just a railing and I didn't wrinkle my stupid suit!"

Arya smirked and watched her son squirm, cheeks turning red as Charlie made sure her eyes taunted him. The young woman had muscles that Toby envied and was so pretty he was crushing hard. He has been in lust with her ever since he turned ten and a half.

He remembers that Charlie used to live with them in her teenage years. She babysat him, took him places and on occasion even guarded him. Charlie taught him how to play lots of games like paint ball, laser tag and even helped Toby learn how to use a skateboard.

Toby lost Charlie's attention and time when she became Arya's personal bodyguard upon school graduation. Arya also made sure that Charlie went to some place for more classes on things. Toby thought it was unfair that Charlie should have to go more school after she had the paper that said she was done.

Then Toby's world whirled between being with Mother, being with Pollivver, Piggy and Robyn or being with the Targaryens. Toby mainly stayed with the Targaryens all summer long.

The best part of staying in the Riverlands during school breaks is he will spend some time with Miller. Both he and Robyn adore the Warden. Miller taught them white water rafting, how to swim and took them to comedy movies that made them laugh until they cried.

The rest of the year if Mother travels, he will stay with Piggy and Pollivver who lives close enough to Toby's own house that he could walk there. Which he does when he feels like it.

Of course if Arya is traveling, usually Pollivver went with her. Pollivver can be real fun but sometimes he can take his teasing too far. Piggy is always a little more relaxed when his Master was away. He loved to break tiny rules and he dances really silly to make him and Robyn laugh.

Robyn feels more like a brother to Toby than a friend. They are only a few years apart in age and they don't have many true friends at school. Arya thought it was important that the children go to a public school. Something about equality and transparency.

Everyone but a few are nice enough, teachers and children alike. But both kids have always been so coached on public acting and being careful about revealing their true selves, it was sheer terror. How do they act? Who can they trust, who just wants to be their friend because of their names?

Pollivver and Arya drilled this into both Toby and Robyn's heads, not understanding how they sliced apart social skills.

So Robyn had started first and confided to Toby how hard it was to know what to do. How to interpret who is trying to con him, who might really like him as a person was mind-boggling.
Only Toby saw how anxiety ridden that Robyn had become and begged his mother to help make it better. They gave Robyn some sort of medication and he saw a counselor. He became so lethargic that it was concerning the school nurse and Polliver was nearly insane.

He tried to strap the boy and the kid didn't even move. Toby felt awful when he saw the ambulance take Robyn away. It was one full week before Robyn came home.

The new medication Robyn was on seemed to let him be normal. Well, he still had panic attacks on occasion but Robyn wasn't a zombie. Toby agreed that his bro can be crazy. Most of their craziest, most dangerous ideas started with Robyn.

Luckily, Toby considered himself the brains of the operations and mostly Robyn will concede to his own ideas. He will listen mostly when Toby tell him that his latest scheme was too much.

Having Robyn to counsel him, Toby had gone into the world of school with a chip on his shoulder. He was aggressive and arrogant. It was a very bad idea. It was three months into first grade that Toby was jumped for the first time.

It took some tough love from his mother and Polliver for Toby to change his classroom etiquette. Both of the boys fumbled but found their way and gathered a few friends or followers. But Toby and Robyn mainly just trusted each other.

Toby had forgotten about Charlie as he only saw her now on holiday at the Riverlands. For brief times during the summer break that the boys spent with the dragons, she would pop in and out. Always cheerful but harried.

Then a terrible thing happened. Shane and Charlie lost a brother, he died in the West. Toby heard a huge fight with Raff and Charlie and his mother. The next day Charlie was gone.

He only saw her on television after that. She was in the West now and was on television just like her older brother was. She began to change and with turning ten soon, Toby let her drift away again.

One day he was on his laptop and a new banner came by. It had to do with Charlie, the Queen of the West and something about a huge human trafficking bust. It seemed to be a good thing and Charlie looked way different than Toby remembered.

Her blond white hair was long, thick and was piled high on her head. Some of it ran down her back and over her shoulders in thick curled tendrils. Those huge lovely expressive eyes invited those who saw them to drown within them.

Still muscled and tone as if she were ready to take on a fight at any moment and yet her dress was a graceful mockery of a delicate evening gown. Glittering, it was red and yellow rhinestones lined the v neck line on the dress that seemed to be made of thousands of colored scarves.

Each of the cloths seemed to be nearly transparent on their own but no matter how Charlie moved, those scarves never once wavered in a way that gave any immodest view. At all times the scarves seemed to never go higher than her knees.

There was a graceful neck that led to a golden tan from the harsher weather and swelling mounds that ended abruptly by the fire like sparkle of the lining. Toby had managed to print out two copies of this particular look of Charlie's.

He gave a copy to Robyn and never once asked what his friend did with it. Toby hung his on the wall next to his bed. And will go to the grave never admitting that his first experiences with masturbation involved Charlie's picture.
Now here the woman was in the flesh. She had come back just for the special occasion tonight. Charlie won't be staying more than a few days and some of that time is to be with her family. She is an important leader now like Toby's mother.

And he is more than familiar with the concept that leaders are always very busy. Toby knows his mother loves him very much and he has never once felt less than loved by her.

Mother is a strange mix of behaviors that Toby is good at deciphering. Sometimes Arya will take a small bit of time off to go hunting or fishing or skiing with him. Other times mother will only be around for meals or he will spend time with others who he is secure believing they love him too.

Arya can become cold and tough, go a little too far with a lesson, lecture or a punishment. She can become vengeful and the entirety of all who know her work hard for this to never happen.

On the other hand, try as he might, Toby can't talk his mother out of hugging him in public or swatting him if she feels he needs it. To have Charlie see Arya's discipline was a terrible curse.

Suddenly Toby could only imagine Charlie pulling him over his lap and he found himself forcing an image of Raff's burned face in order to pull himself together.

"I'm sorry, Mother. Sorry Charlie."

"Thank you, love. Now, I want good behavior from you today. No matter what kind of prank Robyn has thought of, I want you to resist all your destructive urges today. Understand me?"

Toby nodded so solemnly that both Charlie and Arya narrowed their eyes slightly.
"I mean it, boy! Whatever plan you two have probably concocted in a haze of idiocy it best not happen! I expect you to be on your best behavior, regardless of what Toby wants to pull off. Or if you have decided you have a brilliant idea...forget it. Nothing you do will be worth the beating and punishment you'll receive when we get home. Do you hear me, Robyn? Are you actually hearing the words coming from my mouth or just nodding at me with glazed eyes?"

Robyn stared directly into Polliver's eyes, since the large hands holding him have carried him up to face level as if he were King Kong. He had the worst urge in the world to ask his foster father if he knew how hairy his knuckles were, that he should trim them.

Only a small sense of self preservation allowed Robyn to keep the comments to himself and instead offer a smile of purity, innocence, love and respect. This earned him narrowed eyes, growling and a good shake to rattle his teeth and whatever bit of brain might be in his skull.

"I promise, MaPo! No trouble, no pranking, no joking, no insults, no fights, no stink bombs, nothing. Got it. I solemnly swear to behave during the ceremony."

"And what about the party afterwards? The reception?"

Robyn reached out a hand and gently caressed the red, vein bulge in Polliver's forehead. His thumb lightly pressed upon the small scar on Polliver's forehead. During his youngest years, Robyn had a habit of biting faces and heads but Polliver's head was his favorite target.

Apparently, his actions left several small scars. This somehow pleases Robyn and makes him feel possessive love towards his deranged father figure.

"You are so fucking creepy, little buddy. At least behave through the ceremony, will you? The reception...no bombs, no fire, no blood, nothing that will require an ambulance, a firetruck or a police force. Understand me? Nothing that can't be filmed and cause humiliation or scandal. Hear me, Robyn? Huh?"

"Calm down, MaPo. I love him too. I want this for him really bad and I swear that during the ceremony I will be perfect. He won't care what pranks I play after its all done and everyone's partying! You know what Piggy's like once he has a few drinks in him!"

Polliver rolled his eyes and dropped Robyn so the boy collapsed at his feet in a jumble.

"Don't I know it. I should hide all the champagne, tell the bartender not to serve Piggy...alright, just don't mess up your clothes. Where the fuck is Piggy anyway?"

As Robyn moved like a praying mantis, trying to move his limbs into a position that allows him to stand. He parroted what he has been hearing from media, Arya and everyone else.
"Besides, it isn't set in stone. Tonight is the real deal, the real vote and he could go down in flames. This could destroy Piggy forever and we shall spend our lives caring for him. So sad...."

Polliver aimed a light kick at Robyn, who leaped backwards with an awkward grace.

"Don't say that! Don't even mention it in Piggy's presence. I swear to God, one more panic attack and I'll duct tape him in the closet. You'll be responsible for making sure he pees in a bottle and poops in a bucket. That sound fun to you? No? Get out of here, go fix your hair, you look like a lunatic with your hair flying around your head like that."

Polliver gave a light slap to Robyn's giggling head as the mischievous boy ran off to fix his hair.

He rubbed his bald dome for a moment before checking his own tie in the mirror then a demon popped up over his shoulder. Long whitish blonde hair, stunning brilliant violet eyes, it did not detract from the hideous image of a half melted face.

"Get your ugly mug out of my glorious image. Good grief, when is your next plastic surgery date? I hope its before next Christmas. I cannot take another holiday picture like you sent us last year!"

Raff snorted and shoved Polliver, not really affected by the constant teasing of his looks. It actually helps him develop a thicker skin about it. The iron was so hot, the infection that set in afterwards was terrible and it was years before he could have surgeries to begin trying to fix the damage done.

He refused to change his lifestyle over it. Raff continued his position of Senator, he advised and supported Arya, on occasion denying her depending upon the change in the laws or rules affecting the North or Riverlands.

Allowing the media access to his image gave the people a turn but it became a symbol of what was lost during a war that they all won. Yet, for awhile now, that old patriotic feeling was fading.

Too many human trafficking busts that seem to always almost lead to Raff, rumors of his cruelty towards others, the silence of those that serve him and his wife directly. Those who worked with their children or for the Targaryens will anonymously tell others of horrors.

Nothing that can ever be truly used to make Raff guilty of anything. However, many people wondered if anything that Raff does for them is truly for their benefit?

When Raff's son was pronounced gravely ill, the man calmly got up from the Senate seat and left. He grabbed the two children and his wife, they went West. Malcolm died in his family's arms and they let Quentyn go on the run.

It was widely known and never proven that Shane murdered the poisoner. When the family came home it was only briefly. Then Shane left to go West again, into the grasslands, Charlie left to run their Western land.

Raff's seat was resumed and he acted no differently than ever before. Tragedy did not sweeten him nor add mercy into his thoughts or actions. His wife was publicly charming and warm, the submission and love towards Raff was always evident.

However, everyone knows the woman was crazy and dangerous. There have been attacks and homicides that almost link to her but never truly. There was even a brief rumor of a time when in front of several customers at a store, that Raff slapped his wife across the face after she swore at some woman that Raff had whispered to.

Again, no real evidence of anything wrong and yet everyone knows that they have left their needs in
the hands of a madman.

"My wife is missing yet again. I assume she is consorting with the enemy regardless of my wishes."

Grinning at the stiff voice, Polliver pinched Raff's cheek.

"You are so cute when you are jealous! Did you know that, Raff? So adorable."

"Fuck you, Polly."

Raff walked over to the staircase and leaned on the banister.

"SAMARA! Get down here right now! It's time to go, leave Piggy alone! You will not join him in his grave. Get down here and with your beloved husband and Master!"

While Raff fixed his cuffs, wearing his father's favorite ones and admiring them, his wife came dancing down the stairs, giggling. Samara had a slight limp that was only very noticeable if she wore heels. So to Raff's disappointment and Samara's stubbornness, she never wore heels again.

Samara's lovely expensive and fashion trademark collar had been destroyed by Euron's men and it was never replaced. Arya had butted in to mention how things must appear to the public and this was a good thing. No more collars or anything that resembled one in public.

Upon Samara's small waist was a golden chain with tiny jeweled dragons upon it. There is no way to unlock the chain but a tiny little golden lock. Only Raff has the key to it and he has hidden it quite well for Samara's rebellious days.

The tiny woman looked perfectly complimentary to Raff's outfit. Even her hair and make up had been carefully done by Raff. Most of the time Samara is still comforted by Raff's control but there are times.

Most days now Raff has accepted his wife's someone latent to show sense of absurd humor, dark Wittiness and quite a bit of sass. He doesn't overreact to it. Sometimes it is actual amusing or they find themselves in true enjoyable conversation that has nothing to do with their children.

Samara has begun to spread outward past her home. She has dipped her toe into society using the excuse of her friend. Watching Lori dare to picket Raff sparked her. Watching how hard Piggy struggled to climb for this, how many others were cheering him on.

Even Polliver, Arya and finally even Raff conceded that he needed to do this. And as his best friend Samara wanted nothing more than to help him in his fight. If only his opponent wasn't her own husband.

Samara desperately wanted this to happen. Not just for Piggy's sake but to get Raff to herself. She wants to travel, to do things, Samara feels envious of her son. Shane gets to go wherever he pleases, no worries, no troubles.

So Samara helped from inside out. She brought sensitive information to Piggy until she was caught by Polliver. She groveled for almost twenty minutes before Polliver finally let her stand up. He promised to never tell as long as it never happens again.

Samara was so relieved that it almost took the sting out of Polliver's price for the silence. He wanted one of Samara's maids, a young girl that she rescued from the latest batch of slaves that came through.
Raff sells them but many of them end up working throughout the North and Riverlands with no one wiser where they came from.

On occasion Raff will replenish his home servants. Polliver does the same, deliberately hiring male bullies and looking for the female maids he would enjoy attacking on occasion.

Piggy and Samara say nothing for the most part. They pretend this part of their lives just is another distasteful thing to deal with. Sometimes if the slave is being bought to specifically replace a position, Piggy and Samara will handle it.

Samara saw this poor little girl huddled behind the biggest woman in the ragtag group. The handlers and driver were eating a quick lunch against the truck. This was one of the most secluded farms that Raff owns and it is also a sort of rest stop for the traffickers.

Only six of them this time. Three young strong looking teen males, all with their hands cuffed to each other. Ankles were chained as well with short chains tethering their legs to a certain length.

Two were pretty teens girls and one was an adult woman. The tiniest girl was sobbing and shaking, unable to even speak her name. The handlers swore that they did nothing unusual.

"Did what we told her to do. Wasn't a fighter, wasn't a runner and wasn't mouthy, no reason to hurt her. Did as she was told, got food, got water, got blankets. That is all."

Intrigued, Samara purchased her in the very next second without a concrete reason why. Now for a few months the girl has begun to talk and is so pleasant. A great sense of humor and never disobedient or disrespectful.

Not once has Raff been enraged at a blunder from this particular maid. The only one who has never yet managed to somehow incur his wrath. However, he does make it his business to know and vet every servant, every slave upon his land.

The girl remained so terrified of her Master that when he tried to question her, she broke apart. Raff watched as the girl fell to his feet and began to frantically kiss at them. She begged him not to send her home.

Samara and Raff were both intrigued now and the girl explained how she was stolen during a raid of her village. Her own parents had so many children, too many to feed. Most of them had to leave school to work and bring home money.

Her name was Debbie and her father sold her into sexual slavery when she turned twelve. At the brothel she worked at, she was considered somewhat a legend. The girl was promoted to "Specialty Room" work with better pay and with a little less soul.

Raff couldn't help himself of course. Samara did feel some pity when he made poor Debbie act out some of the more debasing things she had to do. Only the ones that had to do with pain or humiliation. The clowns, puppets and strap ons were not included but to Raff's horror, Debbie told them of it.

The worst part was the girl had been trained into the habit of only being able to orgasm if she was in pain or truly feeling degraded enough to cry. To her shame, Raff made Samara part of the games that night.

After that one night, Raff never bothered Debbie again. He treated her with the same casual attention he would give any other good servant. Now Samara will have to sell this funny nice young woman to Polliver.
Not only will he rape the poor thing but Debbie will orgasm to it. Samara already felt squirming disgust at herself, even as she signed the ownership papers over.

Debbie cried a little when Samara told her and she tried to hug her.

"I am so sorry, Debbie. Truly I am. But I swear it is not for any personal reasons, you are one of the best maid's I have ever had! Please, calm down. Don't cry so hard, please, don't be so scared. It won't be as bad as you think. I have told you before that the reason Piggy uses a cane is from an old wound. He was shot years ago by some enemy in the West. Very boring story compared to mine but, there you go. I keep telling you it wasn't Polliver. What good is a servant if they are beaten and tortured half to death all the time?"

Polliver drove himself down to pick up his new slave. It gave him an excuse to drop into his old haunts first, including his old house to bug Miller about his decoration choices.

The official classic Mickey Mouse clocks everywhere just were the beginning. Only after Polliver got past the Disney framed posters everywhere, the shelves full of figurines, finally there was the prize.

Miller has started to discover taxidermy as a side hobby to relax himself. He had a stressful job and needed a way to release stress. This is what he told Polliver.

So far Miller had a lizard that was missing one leg and had eyes that glowed purple. He had a squirrel that looked ready for battle and a pigeon that still wore tire tracks.

Polliver was in great spirits when he made it to the Targaryen home. Raff was annoyed, Samara lied and told him she lost the maid to a poker game with Polliver. That her trip up to visit Piggy last weekend she drank too much and made a bad bet with Polliver.

Raff believed her, strapped her and was now sitting with coffee, giving Polliver a mean look.

"I liked this one, Polliver. She has a special little surprise to her that you will enjoy greatly. I am envious. I would have enjoyed it more than once if not for the wife. Samara gets a little snippy if I have too much interest in any of our servants. Once only, dammit. I hate you, Polliver."

Polliver tried to see the slight woman that had wrapped herself around Samara. He could tell she was pretty and delicate looking. She was timid, terrified beyond reasonable in his own mind.

And yet, deep down in his scrambled caveman rapist mindset something flicked a switch. Polliver wanted to attack this woman in the worst way. This was not the right time, it would be rude to rape a servant he just met and bought upon his best friend's kitchen floor.

Polliver got the woman peeled off from Samara and she curled into a ball when he decided to simply carry her. She was put into the car and strapped in. He let her continue her sobbing and let her remain plastered against the door as if she would bolt.

"I am Polliver. You know who I am already though, right? Kind of famous. Isn't it cool, you are moving up in the world, dear? First the Senator, now working for the very man who assists Arya Stark herself. And yes, you will meet her. I live with Piggy and Robyn, a little hellion that belongs to Arya Stark but somehow also became my fucked up but well loved foster boy. Kind of like a royal hostage, you know? So Arya comes by a lot. Piggy will be in charge of you mostly and you'll get along just fine with him. He is funny, talkative and sometimes a bit of a prankster. He takes loyalty very seriously though, I will warn you about that."

The girl seemed to be listening but gave no response but to lessen her sobbing. After a few minutes
"I know what has you so scared, I think. It's not the work part or the folks you'll be living with. It's what I might want you for isn't it? You aren't stupid, you know if I picked you not any of the others there must be a reason. Why you. I picked you because the last time I visited Raff, you had just shown up and were so scared and pretty. Raff had looked almost glowing and Samara looked like she had the most wonderful, shameful sex she ever had. I am not stupid. So I got it out of Raff. That is why I wanted you. For your talents, what you can do for me."

Polliver parked the car behind the motel where the forest was thickest then turned to look at the cringing girl.

"I am a rapist. I can't stop being one but it is much harder now because of my position. I am in the spotlight so much and media loves to dig. So I am reduced to this. Raff said you are conditioned to be both terrified and in pain in order to orgasm. I need to reduce someone to that stage to feel complete. You can fight me, run from me, threaten me, slap me. Anything you do short of trying to kill me during our special time is allowed. You will not be punished for anything you have said or done during my games. I am rarely home for my games, you'll mostly just be the new little maid at my happy home. But let us expel this terror of yours right now. Ever hear of flooding to cure some types of anxiety or phobias? Consider this your therapy."

Even after opening her door and giving a few pushes, Debbie just curled up on the ground. Sighing, Polliver reached down and decided to just bring her inside and fuck her. She lunged up, her eyes brilliant with panic and bit his nose.

Surprised, Polliver dropped her and she ran into the woods. It took him almost twenty minutes to track her down and attack her. Debbie fought, she cursed and tried to crawl away. Both of them were bruised and bloody before an orgasm ripped through Debbie which sent Polliver into his own. The girl was apprehensive until she saw that Polliver kept his word.

As long as Debbie was obedient, Polliver was just a typical bullying Master. He never mentioned any of their private moments, even when Polliver wished to play, he used looks and signals. Piggy and Robyn quickly became Debbie's family.

So she was quite happy to continue letting Samara slip information through her for Piggy.

Now she comes flying down the stairs, past Raff and Samara.

"Sir? Robyn is gelling his hair into a mohawk. He insists this is your orders. I thought I would mention it, just in case."

Polliver shook his head.

"Fine. As long as it's a neat mohawk. Not worth the argument. Thank you, Debbie."

Samara was wrapping herself around Raff who was giving her a very arrogant and unforgiving look.

"You little traitor. You think I don't know what you have been up to? Trying to take your own husband down? What kind of wife does that? Where in our vows was there anything about GOOD disloyalty?"

Giving a little smile to her husband, Samara went up two steps so she could reach his face. Kissing the raw side of his face, licking at the sensation parts to make Raff shiver.

"I love you. I am loyal to you. But I need you more than anyone else does. And it's time for you to
take care of yourself. We are living in a large house that rattles. No kids until summertime. It's depressing, Raff. Master, Piggy is my best friend and of course he has all my support. You know how hard this was for him! You have seen it firsthand. Even Polliver is helping him, supporting him, you should be too."

Raff huffed, insulted by also touched by his little wife.

"That little fucking upstart is trying to steal my job! My career that I carefully fought for and crafted out for myself, for us!"

"Yes you did! And you did it, lived it! When does it become boring, when it becomes just another chain on your leg? It already has, you know it. Please understand, it's time for you to hand over this to someone else. The people decide, the lot of us all decide and it really could go either way. But I think we already know and you will be so graceful and dignified that everyone will remember it, will give you a standing ovation!"

This pacified Raff enough that Samara was able to lead him towards their coats. They will be staying with Arya but decided to visit Polliver's before it was time to head to the largest community building in the North.

Piggy waited until the Targaryens and Robyn all piled into the car before coming down to the foyer. Polliver stood next to a side table in the foyer and beckoned to his nervous slave.

"Are you ready for this?"

Taking a deep breath, Piggy nodded and walked over to stand before Polliver. He turned down the collar of the shirt he only half buttoned. The collar he always wore that in public stayed hidden.

"Okay, remember your breathing. We have been practicing this for months, you have it. I know you can do this."

Polliver reached out and removed Piggy's collar. The man whined and turned pale, fighting not to hyperventilate. Polliver showed the collar to Piggy then stuck it in the drawer.

"It's done. It's over. That part is the worst part and it's all over. Now...what are the rules with the collar, Piggy?"

"Uh..I..when I am out it stays in a drawer. When I am home I can wear it. But I will always know where it is."

"Right. Perfect, buddy, you got it! Now...stay calm, breathe it out. Just like you have done a thousand times before. You got this, right? You are only cowardly for me but we both know you are capable for this shit. Come on, let me help you fix that tie. Better. Remember, this doesn't take away my ownership, doesn't take away who and what you are, it doesn't change what you need, just fulfills it more. "

Polliver hugged Piggy briefly then shoved him into the door. He manhandled him outside and then Piggy's head raised. He smiled brilliantly and moved away from his Master.

His Master leaned closer and whispered,

"Good boy. I'm proud of you, Piggy. The only thing about this I am going to regret is hearing you called by a different name than what I gave you. It hurts my heart a little."
The media was hungry, they ate as much information and stole the images of the famous families as they entered the huge hall. It was shaped similar to a mountain and it was massive.

Raff took his usual Senate seat and looked as if he was not concerned in the least. His wife and son, plus his foster daughter all stood with him, supportive and caring as the media flashed past them.

Then Shane and Lori went to pump up Piggy. Charlie showed up and another tearful reunion was recorded.

"Are you having that other surgery after this is over, Daddy?"

"Why do you feel you must destroy all of Daddy's world, my love? First, you block and crush half of my handler services, now you come all this way just to jeer at your father at his worst moments?"

"Aww, poor daddy. It's going to be fine, you'll see."

Raff gave his daughter a quick kiss to her cheek before she walked away to give Piggy a giant hug.

Arya showed and the media nearly killed each other to get the best pictures. Of all them hugging. Of Charlie, the Queen of the West and Arya giving each other a long lingering hug.

What were they whispering? Media went nuts speculating but then watched as Arya approached Piggy.

She did not hug him but shook his hand and smiled.

"Ready to take me on? Think you'll be able to look directly at me and say no?"

The voting was done, the counting began and so did the waiting.

Senator Targaryen lost the vote by a staggering amount.

Arya Stark announced that they had a new Senator. Piggy who has become Peter was given a graceful tour of his seat and his office by Raff Targaryen.

Raff and Samara indeed took their trip. They went on a homicidal rampage, murdering several therapist as they crossed the world. Never caught of course. They always returned on holidays. They would visit their children and their friends with stories and souvenirs that could be either chilling or hysterically funny.

Piggy found a balance between his attachment to his Master's world and his own. As a Senator, Piggy was confident, strong, fierce and fair. He helped work with Charlie to break the last of the slavery trades to and from their lands. He learned to not just say no to Arya, but to yell it and get others to join behind him.

He never brought his work home. Well, to his little office that his Master filled with flea market business furniture for him. But he and Polliver had such opposing views that it would cause a bloody fight.
So they never discussed any of it. The house was a safe zone. It contained Piggy's collar, his Master and what he considered his own foster child. Piggy utterly adored his demonic little charge and he never changed his fucking up feelings over Polliver.

He learned that he had Stockholm Syndrome. He tried to go to a therapist but that didn't work out for him very well. He and Polliver sat there while the therapist stared at them with numb horror.

"So...you admit you have this syndrome. You are fully aware of what has happened to you and that you can be totally free of it now. Arya's law and my therapy can help you break out of it. But, you are asking me to find a way to allow you to keep your syndrome but allow you to work around it? I...my job would be to report that Polliver still has a collar on you and then find a way to help you break this terrible mental~"

That was as far as the woman got before Polliver had his hand around her throat.

"You aren't contacting anyone. Arya fucking KNOWS about his collar. They have been friends for years, you think she doesn't know? I could rip that collar off him now and walk away. But he will fucking shatter into pieces if I do that! He is asking for you to help him be able to be a free man outside of the house. How fucking hard it that? You are a shitty therapist. Come on, Piggy. We can do this on our own."

Now Piggy can take the collar on and off with ease and he has learned that he has worth beyond it.

Shane and Lori married shortly after their twenty third birthdays.

Lori was indeed irritated to discover her newly wed husband was a hired killer. She lectured him until he begged for mercy and even begged like a little puppy. It was impossible not to forgive him. At least that is what Lori hissed at Shane as she cuddled into him.

Arya helped Lori obtain a job at the most prestigious art museum within Westeros. Shane worked with the Faceless for some time and Lori worried each time he stepped out the door. Somehow they made their completely different lifestyles work.

Charlie became known as the Queen of the West that freed them from slavery. She did not of course eradicate all slavery, but she did destroy most of the practice. When Charlie was twenty five she met a wonderful man at a trade meeting in Bravos.

He was a rich merchant with no real interest in being a king but he loved Charlie. They married and had twins and another baby two years later. Charlie was the main face of the West but her husband and children cleaned up nicely when needed.

Polliver found his enjoyment with Debbie, he advised and worked for Arya. He bullied and controlled Piggy and raised Robyn. His life was full and he was content with it.

Even if Piggy was on the opposite side of all issues, Polliver was proud of him. And he took FULL credit for Piggy's transformation.
Robyn was raised with a mix of crushing love and fierce corporal punishment. He could fight, he can shoot, arrows or a gun, you name it. His confidence was sometimes larger than his own abilities. What he couldn't do was win a battle for the Mountain.

When he was in his last year of college, he managed to get almost the entire student body to play the biggest prank ever. Except it really wasn't a prank. They were all too pumped up, too drunk or drugged on what he has offered to get them all to hear him.

Robyn's body was found littered among the other students on the lawn of the fortress. His best friend, Toby Clegane arranged a grand funeral and spoke tear filled words of love for his fallen friend.

The attack of the students on the fortress was downplayed as much as possible. It was a sad little prank that went too far due to drugs and alcohol. Sad, a tragedy. No, of course Shane was not really trying to turn traitor, it was just a terrible, fatal mistake.

Polliver and Piggy were devastated and though they spoke during the services of Robyn, they never said a word of him to the press.

Toby Clegane was brilliant but dangerous and Arya was so proud of him. She smothered him when she could and her loving son endured it. He learned what his mother does. He learned that this would be his life when his mother died or retired like Raff did.

This was a weight that impacted him deeply. He started to run away as a teenager. It became a pattern for him to disappear and not return for days. No amount of discipline seemed to sway this behavior.

Arya remarried when Toby was fifteen. She chose a half Dothraki, half Northern man who towered over her and spoke in a baritone so low it hurt the ears. He lasted three years before his stepson murdered him.

Toby had just returned from another running away session. Just in time to see the man dare to raise his hand to his mother in anger. The man seemed surprised when the first bullet landed in his elbow, shattering it. The next shot was in his head and Arya was already yelling.

Arya tried to explain that he has never managed to hit her, that she is a good fighter. Toby was not impressed and did not speak to his mother for three months.

Arya held her post at the top of the Mountain and kept watch. Enemies will always be out there ready to take them down. She stands on the roof of the fortress and stares out at the expanse of all that hers.

Not feeling in the least like an idiot, Arya flung her head and arms out, letting the wind blast past and through her. As the North filled her lungs, she bellowed into the night air.

"I am Arya Stark! I am Brat! I am Arya Martell, I am Arya Clegane! I am the Mountain! I am the North. SO COME AT ME, COME AT ME, BRO! WHO WANTS TO TAKE ME ON? HUH?"

There was no response but the wailing wind and Arya shivered, grinning into the sudden snow flying into her eyes like tiny missiles. Surely, that is what caused the tears pouring down her cheeks.

Not memories, just snowflakes. Of course.
The leader of the North went inside her hard won fortress.

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