Bring On The Fire

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Summary

In a world where Rhaegar Targaryen is victorious in his battle against Robert Barathoen, he faces new challenges with his new Queen and wife, Lyanna. Together, they face against the Lannister's, of whom killed the King's daughter, and the Queen's only family, Eddard Stark as he's bitter over the fact that their marriage caused a civil war which killed his brother and father via by Rhaegar's father, King Aerys II. They also find that not everyone forgets lost promises that were broken in ages past, and that as a result, the Targaryen influence across Westeros might be declining as a result...

AU: Prince Aegon, son of Elia lives, Jon Snow's name is Baelon, and Lyanna + Rhaegar survive Robert's Rebellion married. Rhaegar's annulled the marriage to Elia Martell but both she and Princess Rhaenys perished in the attack on King's Landing.
Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Rhaegar

Chapter Summary

Rhaegar wonders when ether he's going to disinherit Aegon, Elia's son, or not. Lyanna wonders how to fix things with her brother.

Chapter Notes

WARNING;
This is not too Rhaegar or Lyanna friendly if thats the kind of fic your looking for. This is not it, although it might appear to be one, it's not. It's got more meat to it than meets the eye.

King's Landing,
King's Quarters

The aftermath of Robert's Rebellion was in full effect. The Baratheon's wanted revenge for the fact that he killed Robert, as were expected as such, the Dornish hated him for the way he treated Elia by dumping her like that and so they also wanted revenge, but Aegon's survival stopped them, fortunately, for now. The Starks were tempted to disown his Queen for her actions that ended in the deaths of her two brothers and her own father, which caused the Queen to go into a deep state of depression as her only other relative in the North wanted nothing to do with her, but they chose not to simply because she was Queen, nothing else. But she was no longer respected in the North. Meanwhile, the others were indifferent or neutral regarding the Queen and King. The common folk no longer loved him as before, and that was not the end of their troubles by a long shot and Rhaegar was sure he'd have to reign over a constant stream of mini rebellions left over from Robert's large one before his death.

"No, I'm not disinheriting Aegon, Lyanna." Rhaegar sounded matter of fact about that, he'd never, ever disinheret him as long as he lived considering he was the last of his children amongst Elia's and she did everything to keep the boy alive, as he, Daenerys and Viserys were all sent to Dragonstone during the end of Robert's Rebellion. However, unfortunately, the King required both Elia and Rhaenys to stay behind at King's Landing. Both were murdered by Gregor Clegane by the end, meaning only Aegon was the only one left alive after the events, the only spawn of Elia Martell left standing after such a travesty.

"But Rhaegar, you promised me.." She'd say, weakly in response to him. Her face fell, indicating how she felt about that. She was promised that her son would be King someday in the Tower of Joy, but now that he thought about it, that sounded like a horrific idea, as Dorne would rebel and ultimately bring the Baratheon's on their side as they'd have a mutual enemy in common,
"I didn't promise to bring the realm into civil war, which is a imminent possibility if I did something like that." Rhaegar stated as calmly as he could muster - which was quite something, considering he like she had just crossed a line with the very suggestion of him disinheriting his own son -the Prince that was Promised, as he knew that the signals where there when a comet appeared overhead when he was born that night. He'd never disinherit the Prince That was Promised, regardless of what she thought about it.

"But I want my son to be king." She'd say, again, although this time sounding ignorant on the kind of shit they were in. She had no experience in court, but even she should know better than to expect something like that.

He rolled his gorgeous purple-coloured eyes at her in disdain and annoyance. Why did he marry a teenage girl again? He missed Elia in situations like these, where he could actually speak to her about political things without her being totally lost in a pile of ignorance and childishness and not mention unrealistic wants like the one she was continuing to want. Like he'd disinherit Elia's son, that would be unrealistic in the long run.

"Did you learn anything from your time in the North?" He'd ask her, because when she went there last, she came back with a many bruises and many of the Queen's kings guard were injured and wounded by the time they came back and Eddard Stark did nothing to stop those rebel's, as if to teach his sister a lesson about how actions had consequence and hers were no longer being respected by the Northmen a result. The people hated her for the deaths of her brothers and father's death, and it showed through the Northmen's actions against her.

"'I... " She stammered, feeling suddenly sick at the memory of the people she once loved turned against her so fullilily and utterly for her actions. She remembered how the men that attacked her called her brother's name "For Brandon!" They shouted her brother's name as they bagged their picking gear at her as if she was to blame for all those deaths caused in the North by her own actions she took, or may as well as taken during the rebellion she and Rhaegar caused out of a sense of love that seemly would last forever, and in doing so, she'd cause the deaths of so many lives so early on in their lives or in the prime of their lives. She'd destroy families unwilling, they'd destroy families. All in the name of love.

"My own brother Ned can't even look at me anymore. He thinks me... dishonourable!" She'd say, her eyes filling with tears. Although, it was his fault too, so he imaged the Lord of the North might have similar feelings towards him as well like that, although he hoped to clear it up alongside the issue of Robert's untimely death with the Baratheon's. He hoped Stannis would understand, at the very least as to why he had to kill Robert.

He'd reach towards the trembling girl and embrace her gently, letting her get out her tears. Which she did, as she babbled so more about Ned. She couldn't speak about him without this happening, she genuinely wanted his forgiveness, but he refused, staunch in his beliefs that what she and Rhaegar did was against his moral code and as a result, the once fruitful relationship between the two was gone, destroyed, even though Lyanna wished it not and hoped to one day redeem herself in his eyes as her only remaining relative.

"I'm sorry, sweet heart." He'd say, leaning in and kissing away all the tears off her face. She'd smile, weekly in response to him doing that, before taking one of his hands and placing it upon one of her wet cheeks, as she leaned into it. She stared into his purple-coloured eyes -they were so beautiful and so warm when ether he looked at her, she doubted that Elia ever got such a look from him. However, after Elia's death, as well as the death of his Rhaenys, he was got such irresistibly sad, it made her even more attracted to him as she wanted to comfort him herself.
She leaned in and kissed him there and there, and with a flush, he'd grab her closer, making the kiss heated and deep as could be. If there was one thing Rhaegar excelled at, it would be kissing, and as he pushed her forwards, she'd feel his tongue flushing her mouth like nothing before. She wasn't sure she could produce another, but it was well worth a try, she'd think. A nice baby girl would be nice, a Visenya. A little companion to her brother's and maybe a Rhaenys alongside her too, to make up for the loss of Aegon's sister.

He'd grin, never breaking their kiss as he picked her up Princess styled, dress breaking and all, as he set her down on the queen sized bed. She meanwhile would continue to think about Aegon and about how she was going to deal with him, how she was going to deal with the toddler, how she was going to disinherit him someday, and how magical it would be to be Queen Mother rather than just be a random girl Rhaegar married and have Elia be Queen Mother, forever, even through death she was there, mocking her even though she was nothing more than a simply annulled not-even wife of Rhaegar's.

He'd grab his pants and hastily chuck them off, unto the floor they went in a flutter, than he grabbed her, and with one lurch, had her pinned underneath him, as he went inside of her, with a gasp or so of her name as he did so, whispering into her ear her name "Lyanna, LYANNA, Lyanna..." Over and over again, as he pressed himself against her. She tried pulling up her dress, but he wouldn't allow her with a smile on his face, as he lurched up her dress ever further to allow himself a even better angle of herself against him.

He kissed her neck, and eventually, got to her breast, and in one grip, he pulled out the fabric on the top of her dress, to reveal her young breasts beckoning him to grasp him in the cups of his hands. He'd take the opportunity, and fondled with them, like the beach whales they were, after giving birth to Jon, they were full of milk to give him, and as such, some of the milk stored inside of her sprayed gently on his greedy fingers, like no tomorrow.

He smiled at her when she started milking. He's experienced that with Elia once when she was done giving birth to Rhaenys. The milk got everywhere and Elia was so embarrassed by the site, it was adorable. He was reminded of Elia somewhat, even when fucking her, the exact opposite of Elia. Unlike Elia, she wasn't at all embarrassed at all by such a occurrence, and actually was smiling like she enjoyed it all.

"I dare you to lick my milk, Rhaegar." She said, taunting. Oh, a clever, little devil of a woman you are, Lyanna Stark. Rhaegar thought, as well as, challenge accepted.

He went to her milking breast he held in one of hands, and went down, and began licking it, defensively, rising to her challenge he set for her. Plus she was so hot, so hot. Everywhere. Even her cunt was hot and well steamed, as if awaiting for his attention. She turned him on with how turned on Lyanna was. She was meant to be fucked, and he was going to fuck the brains out of this one.

He made her giggle as he did that.

"How did I taste, darlin'?" She asked, with childish excitement. A child she was. A mere child, like his dear Rhaenys who was dead... And would never come back, even if she was a playful, happy little thing, that always had a laugh in her, and ran with Aegon as a good elder sister must. He also thought about Elia, but he wouldn't let himself dwell there for too long.

"Like... water and cheese." He responded back, looking at her with his milk-covered mouth. She giggled, covering her mouth to cover the cute sounds of her laughing. Lyanna was quite the little fox in be.

"Ooh, that's good!" She proclaimed, before smiling.
He removed the stuff of his mouth with his one of hands, before going back in to and placing himself deep within her once again. She moaned, his name, and he grunted, getting deeper and deeper inside of her with each push. He'd take to ripping off her entire dress, leaving it all bare for him now. He'd make sure that her legs were crossed between him, to allow himself to get a better grasp of inside of her.

"Ahhh, Rhaegar.... Rhaegar..." She went on, sweating like nothing before. Before Rhaegar took away her virginity that one special night in a cabin in the middle of nowhere, she'd think about that one night, as she fell slightly asleep, even if Rhaegar was inside of her, she was so utterly sleepy...

"Lyanna... My dear girl, are you tired?" He stated, as he stopped, precariously inside of her.

"Hmmm?" She responded by yawning.

"Okay, you wanna be done?"

"That would nice, thank you. But also, thank you for the excellent sex, Rhaegar." She blew him a kiss.

"Alright." He said, removing himself fully from her, however, he'd snuggle against her, as the two fell asleep, butt nude, under the soft fabric of the king sized bed as he plopped the rather sleepy Queen under their along with himself. She fell asleep very fast, much to his delight. She was such a stunning creature... He patted her head, as she put her against his chest. He was glad she was happy, asleep even. She was so cute, fast asleep... It was a good sight to behold for the King.
Jaime

Chapter Summary

Jaime deals with being kicked out of the King's Guard for not protecting the Lady Elia and Princess Rhaenys. He returns to Casterly Rock to meet his lovely sister, Cersei.

Chapter Notes

Yep. I indeed changed it.

In the throne room, he could still image it, two bodies doned in black Targaryen robes, were placed upon the Iron Throne. Jaime watched the proceedings, as the King cried at the sight of the bodies, holding little Rhaenys in his arms as he did so, until the King turned around to face him. Rhaegar looked angry. Really, really angry. Almost immediately, the King demanded to take him out of his King's Guard for this insolence, of letting the Princess and Elia die like this. The Princess was covered in knife marks, from the hundred times she was stabbed by the Mountain. As for the Lady, she was strangled to death by the Mountain himself as he raped her, and those strangle marks were still upon her neck, as large as the Mountain's hands.

By accident, the little Prince Aegon stumbled into the scene, after escaping from his milk mother to shout for his mum and sister. He was only two, but he was very clever even for that age. He ran straight into them, and saw their faces, even though Rhaegar tried to stop it, the boy couldn't be stopped. He was remarkably determined for one so young and bolted right past his father, to the corpses doned in black. The boy's response was firstly confusion because he didn't know whom was underneath, but at the sight of seeing their dead faces the boy would stare at his father, before sitting down and sobbing loudly over it. From that day forth, he was known as the Prince of Tears, and yes, the King did indeed comfort his son, but to no avail. For his mother and sister were gone.

He remembered being escorted out of the premise, on that sour note. From that day forth, he felt immense guilt for it. He let them die, to sit on the bloody throne - no wonder why the King was so angry and upset over it. The boy's response sometimes made him extremely depressed, but it was fortunate his lovely sister was there to stop it whenever it got bad though and he did drink occasionally even. As for Cersei, he enjoyed her company to the fullest degree, despite her marriage to Lord Lancel of Darcy, that wouldn't stop him from having her in his bedchambers from time to time when she came to visit, which was a great deal given that Darcy was one of his father's subjects. Plus he's completely unaware of it, we've made sure to do it in secrecy...

"Cersei, I just can't stop myself from thinking there was a way to save them, if only I got off my bloody throne... Than maybe Prince Aegon might have a mother and a sister..." He told her, as they walked around the various stores together. She gave him a soft, sad smile at that comment. Cersei wasn't usually this sentimental, so he supposed it must be a twin thing or something, or she must actually feel sympathy for him.
"I'm sorry they haunt you so, Jaime." Maybe it's my influence, but is she acting genuine? Or what? This woman was strange, strangely beautiful and sincere... Like she was his second piece of the shattered heart he felt regarding their deaths. More so, he'd always look at Prince Aegon and feel weepy at seeing him, because he knew he was the one responsible for all the Prince suffered through. But then again... Why weren't there anymore King's Guard besides for him at the time? Where were Arthur and the others? Oh right, they were with Rhaegar at the Tower of Joy. He was one man against odds that weren't favorable to his favor, even though he was just sixteen years old...

"What's made you kind all of the sudden, Cersei?" He asked, considering she didn't often act like this, not unless something was happening... with the King or something? That's not possible, he didn't just abandon Lady Elia to his current wife to abandon his wife once more for another woman....

"Maybe it's because your my twin brother, dearest." She tattered off, staring at her stomach. "Are... you pregnant?" Damn, can't let Lancel know about that. I doubt he'll notice though, considering we're all Lannister's anyhow. He thought to himself, before staring at her.

"Yes." She stared back at him. He began hugging his sister, in joy more or less, but he didn't smile very much since the whole Elia incident. He wondered if Prince Aegon would ever forgive him for his negligence of his mother and sister's life. The King was equally devastated, though he barely showed it to anyhow, but his response to seeing Rhaenys body was rather telling. He was a complete and utter mess over it, and refused to let his own wife get anywhere near them to begin with. He was upset over Elia too, going as far as sending her to Dorne in a casket of flowers, as if that would make the Dornish pleased by the fact that he himself didn't care enough for Elia to abandon her and her child for another woman.

The King burned Rhaenys body though, but he always thought the Princess would forever haunt him. Her soft, lavender eyes were full and wide, and she was a joy to be around. She pretended her cat was Balerion, even though the cat was a female, not a male ironically. She loved silks and listening to her father's poems in the Garden of King's Landing, and she enjoyed playing big sister to Aegon, her baby brother. But now she was gone now and was her innocence, the innocent sound of a girl giggling would forever more be in his mind to this day. He'd think, but that was because of Rhaegar's negligence of not leaving more King's Guard with the Queen and the King and letting them all burn for it.

"Is it whom I think it is?" He asked, curiously.

She gave him a smirk, "And whom else's would it be?" That's nice that she only wants to do it with the actual thing, not boring and dull Lancel. He even makes me sleep, and he's supposed to be a poor man's lesser version of your's truly.

He snickered at the comment though. "Nobody's." Either it's mine or it's mine.

"Tatata, this child is going to be born from grief, not love as a child should be..." She mentioned that he only really used her to comfort this overwhelming depression he felt at those deaths. He also knew that he was going to get married to another woman someday, not Cersei. But he'd do it though, even reluctantly, because the Lannister line needed to be continued as he was going to be Lord Paramount of the Westerlands someday.

"I know and I'm so sorry..." He bowed his head at those words.

"Lancel and I shall be great parents though." She said her husband's name with a smirk, staring at him as she did so. But I'm not going to parent to whomever Cersei's babe is though because they'd
already have a father in Lancel anyhow.

He walked with her behind one of the shops, where he knew no-one was looking at them, and he gave her a rather enchanting kiss. He knew it was wrong, all of it was wrong, but bloody 'ell was he not enjoying doing it. But they wouldn't do it there, all he wanted was to congratulate her. Not by fucking her - nah, now that was would be a completely inappropriate thing to do in public and he was a proper gentlemen towards his sister anyhow.

He let her go, before whispering in her ear, "Tonight, my dearest." He was sure of it, though not right now though.

She gave him a over-standing smirk, before touching his golden locks. They rather looked similar, though that wasn't done on purpose - even though his sister clearly enjoyed it all the more for it. Though, that just lead him to want to drink more but he unfortunately, only had flask on him, but that wasn't enough for his purposes...
Stannis Baratheon

Chapter Summary

Stannis meets Ashara in King's Landing while on warring business.

His decision to come to King's Landing had been truly, to deal with the threat of the Iron Isles. The King dubbed that two of them, he and Lord Paramount Eddard Stark would get the pleasure of one another company as they dealt with it. He wondered what happened to the Lannister fleet - or to Dragonstone's own. He knew at least Dragonstone had one, and that it couldn't have possibly been hit by the pirates, considering it was on the other side of the map from where the Iron Isles sat.

He had to make plans on what the Iron Isles looked like, so that they could strike. However, he didn't notice he had rather bumped into a beautiful... young woman, with large lavender colored eyes and long, enchanting black-colored hair. Behind her, a member of the King's Guard stood, watching the scene with amusement in his own lavender colored eyes.

"Brother dearest, if you might leave." She turned towards Author, of whom smirked arrogantly before walking off. He had to watch the baby Prince, before he made another bolting attempt. It was well known that Prince Aegon liked to do that, and in the worst circumstances too. It why the boy was known as the Bolting babe, because of how much he liked running.

He turned his head, to see the King's Guard man leave. He didn't have a wife, but he had thought it out thoroughly. He'd rather not marry the ugly woman known Selyse Florent - her family had no use to him and to add on to it, he had actually met her for himself but she was a unpleasant woman with a barbed tongue. He'd rather not trust the Baratheon line to that insufferable woman. So he had to choice a wife soon and he was hoping it might be the Lady Ashara Dayne.

"My Lady." He bowed his head, respectfully. He was not his brother, he didn't have that charm with the woman that Robert possessed. Though not to Lyanna though, he kind of failed there considering she married someone else.

"My Lord Stannis." She even had a lovely Dornish accent, to add to the charm and seductiveness of her. She bowed her head, as a sign of respect towards him.

"Might you join me on a walk?" He asked, showing her one of his arms as they walked across the red Keep together. She accepted, with a smile, before taking his arm. He smelled her lavender perfume, as they walked one another. She was rather short, barely reaching above his chest at the most but she smelled wonderful though of lavender. The scent of the sea, her perfume, both things he felt as though he could wallow in them for a century now.

They walked, and she talked about her brother Author. She said that she would've been greatly upset if he had died during the siege of Rhaegar's Tower of Joy made by Eddard Stark, even though a man did indeed lose his life, it was fortunate her brother did indeed survive. He even gave up his arms during it, and surrendered to Rhaegar's forces as they came for the Queen herself. Though a man did indeed die, Prince Aegon's uncle perished under one of Robert's men at the Trident. He was given great honors, of course, as was to be expected from such a thing. He listened to her and told her about what he was going to do in the Iron Isles, considering he needed someone to talk to about that, and she knew something about it, from her brother. She said her
brother, Author was going to be joining them in the campaign, which was interesting, that Rhaegar would send his two most un-trusted Paramouts to do his bidding's as well as one of his most trusted King's Guard. He had heard that he was a good, decent commander, the Sword of Dawn so it didn't surprise him too terribly much.

He didn't personally like the Queen but choice not to divert this information to Ashara though. They continued walking, until he saw Lyanna. The woman was immensely unpleasant towards him and every-time he was bloody around her, he thought about Robert. Lyanna is a treacherous and lying whore of whom humiliated my house... He kept his teeth from shattering, as best as he could, and let her pass without a single sound. She was dressed in a black colored Targaryen dress, like per usual, and her ladies were all from the Reach. The Tyrells were loyalists, so it only made sense that they would come from there. Not a single woman was from Dorne or from the North, most notably.

She didn't even acknowledge his existence, as she walked pass them, she'd give him the cold shoulder. Thank you Lyanna, I didn't to be acknowledged by you. He'd think rather bitterly, before continuing with Ashara Dayne along. The Queen was someone he'd rather ignore anyhow, as he looked at the younger woman, all he could see was her dishonor in not marrying his brother. But the thing is, she had been engaged to him for quite sometime and thus it didn't feel right for her to have broken it out of love... Eddard agreed, considering his own brother went marching to King's Landing with this request to be slaughtered by Aerys for threatening the Crown Prince. The King didn't have much defenses about that, considering he had many opportunities to dethrone Aerys but choice not too, leading to Brandon Stark being strangled to death and his father, Rickard being burned alive in his armor. Thus, the Starks also ignored the passing Queen as well.

Ashara gave the Queen a smile, but she also was ignored by the passing woman. She wouldn't give respect to her Lord Paramouts? That was Her Majesty's wishes, but they weren't very wise considering the circumstances. He would escort her away from the woman, even as she gasped in the knowledge that she was in the same situation as most of them.

"I rather like your boldness..." She responded with a smile across her lips and at that, he frowned. He wasn't usually this way - maybe it was he was rather rushing along. Trying to finish something, rather.

"I'm not... usually bold, my lady." He'd say, putting his head down. He'd rather stare at the floor than her to be honest in a situation like this.

She still continued to smile, making him blush besides himself in the process.

"I find you rather cute for a Lord of your stature." Isn't she the one whom gave birth to the bastard daughter of Brandon Stark? He rather was stingy regarding bastards, even those of his own blood. Even though Robert did indeed leave behind a bastard daughter, she was off with one of his subjects in the Stormlands. It wasn't his duty to raise her, but it was his duty to see that she was properly groomed and raised into a proper young woman worthy of her stature. So she was off, being raised by Jon Connington as he demanded he should do so - plus, he had a daughter and son of his own, so she wouldn't be lonely at least.

"Ah, my Lady.. Did you say these things to Brandon Stark?" He questioned her, rather awkwardly, he'd assume but she seemly didn't care about that.

"No. Only to you." She responded softly, as they walked around the warmth of the Red Keep. He'd also think about Renly, being stuck here as a official ward of the King's, though only because of the Queen's supposed malice. She'd hate him, because he's ever bit as reckless and dare-devilish as Robert was.
"That's good to know, I suppose." *She hates me even, Lyanna. We remind her that she left her duty and life because of love, and now that he's pushing away from her, she's recoiling. I hope Lyanna doesn't hurt my brother, if she does really hate him...* That was nervous thinking, amongst other things. For Lyanna made him feel nervous and it was a wonder he even took a step into the Keep if he had to see that woman.

She chuckled at that and moved with him.
Rhaegar and his friend, Lord Paramount Tryell, discuss Lord Paramount Stannis's engagement to Ashara Dayne and discuss the Iron Born revolt. He deals with a miscarried Lyanna.

"So you heard that Stannis is marrying Ashara Dayne?" The King wasn't surprised to hear it, for the Lady Ashara Dayne was a supposedly beautiful woman with grace and dignity, a wonderful Lady of Storm's End. Although, he had hoped he wouldn't marry a Dornish woman though.. Maybe even a Tryell woman would be better than that? But he supposed there was no one his age to marry in the Tryells of which was most unfortunate.

"Yeah, Eddard wasn't too pleased to hear it." So now I'm stuck to gossiping with my Lord Paramounts. He felt tempted to roll his eyes at the sentiment, but he knew why Lord Paramount Stark wasn't pleased. For she had Brandon's bastard, namely a girl in the North while visiting with Ned Stark. He promptly took the girl away, after she asked for it, and now she was in Lord Karstark's care. But those in Dorne were more relaxed about bastards in general, but Ashara seemed to owe something to the Starks in this regard. Her daughter, Cassandra was nothing of worth, beyond noting her existence.

He sighed at his Lord Paramount, "Now to discuss something other than gossip, we need to deal with the Iron Born rebels. For they have destroyed the Lannister fleet, and Twyin's bloody furious about the surprise attack." He had contingency plans to deal with them and he was furious they thought him so weak, that Balon would rebel against him a year into his reign. I miss Balon's father, Quellon. He was much smarter than his son, and it shows..

Mace Tryell wasn't exactly what he'd call the most battle-ready Lord Paramount, losing meekly to Stannis even though they outnumbered his forces two to one. He didn't particularly want to discuss anything military with the man for fear of bad advice As i recall, Stannis sat in that castle for as long as possible feasting nothing but on scraps of leather and grass, before Eddard Stark came to break the siege. He surrounded to Stark rather meekly. I'd actually rather trust them over him in that regard, even though he seems to think he's great at battling.

"I'd suggest invading them immediately on the main island of Pyke. It'd drive them back." Oh yes, don't you think I don't know that? Rhaegar felt greatly tempted to snap at the suggestion, but he figured it would be rude to do so. But he really didn't ask the man for advice regarding warfare.

"Thank you for your suggestion." Was what he said instead.

"If it were up to me, I'd kill every last one of them for their treachery, as well." By the seven, Mace. Doesn't he have a six year old child? I suppose I could always use another royal hostage anyhow. Considering I had to scavenge hostages for both Eddard and Stannis. For Stannis, I took his brother, Renly. He likes dressing up, I suppose.. and for Stark, well.. I don't really have anyone, because his brother's in the Night Watch and well, Lyanna's my wife... but the Lord Paramount's wife, Caitlin Tully had a sprawling boy as of late... Hmm, maybe I should've taken him. Though I'm sure the Lord Paramount would be most furious by it, I do need a hostage regardless of Lyanna...
"No, because there's hostages to be had there." He said, referring to Theon Greyjoy. He was sure
going to need that boy and he had no need of the others. The boy's brothers could die, no they had
to die, in order to insure that the Iron Isles didn't do anything more damage. For he got a report of
an attack happening on Seaguard lead by Balon's foolish eldest son, Rodrick. He had been
warned of that attack, however and he even got Lord Paramount Edmure Tully to go send some
of his bannerman to protect the port in time for the raiding.

Even though they had done so previously, the Ironborn still attacked Seaguard anyhow. Though
with the help of his Lord Paramount all those sailors were murdered, including Balon's eldest son,
Rodrik. He had been slayed by Jason Mallister of Seaguard and for that, he was tempted to knight
the man personally, though he didn't personally fight in the battle himself.

His Lord Paramount nodded, not saying anything. *Maybe it's because he has no experience in sea
war fare. Maybe my other Lord Paramouts do... like Tywin? But his fleet is destroyed. Or so
he'd think. What would he do next? Probably use his Dragonstone fleet to destroy them in battle
upon the sea. He'd contact Valeryon and ask them to get prepared for battle immediately. He'd tell
them no mercy as well - like the good War Commander they were. Although he'd probably kill
Balon for this, considering it would acknowledge him as a strong King and someone that accepts
no rebels. Though, at least he'd give the man the option to stand down at least...*

He'd walk out of the board room, where they were and would go to his wife's room. He wanted to
check on her considering she was about to give birth, which was important to him. This was going
to be his third head, *and I know it...*He'd think, as he went to the Queen's room, which was
painted black like his house but her bed was red-colored and large, though his was much larger.
She had a deck even, which she could open through her window-equest door she had, and
alongside that, a red-colored lover's sofa sat on the outside, for lounging. She however, was sitting
on her bed, with an infant in her hands.

She stared at it, even though it wasn't crying. It was completely silent, dead even. His eyes
widened, "Lyanna..." *Gods be dammed... A stillborn...* He however, wanted to comfort her about
it but he was left suddenly remembering his own mother and all of his dead siblings. He honestly
felt like sobbing about it, but he had to keep strong, for her. She patted the babe, despite it having
wings and being blinded, having no eyes to see.

He knew she was in shock over it, but he would need to dispose and burn of it. He stared at her
however and tried taking the babe from her. She cried and screamed, "My baby! You're taking
away my baby! You monster!" She screeched in rage, trying to hold onto the monster in her arms.
He tore it away from her regardless, staring at it, he'd slightly become weepy.

She began punching him, even softly, and sobbed at him for her baby back as she sat upon her
bed of blood. Just like his Tower of Joy, with Baelon. The boy was much more humble than his
aggressively active older brother Aegon. He gave the stillborn to one of the nurses, in the
knowledge that it'd be burned. He noticed Lyanna trying to get the child, and put his arms around
her back from going anywhere, as she screamed in pain over it. She dropped to one knee and
cried onto the bed, and into his arms. He hugged her, sitting on the bed, letting her cry it through.

Which she did a great deal as she cried on his shirt. He snuggled with her, imaging how this was
like for Elia...*She didn't produce me not a single stillborn in the time we were married...* He'd
think, before whispering to her, gently pressing her warmth against him. "We'll have another one,
sweetheart, don't worry..." He'd say, holding her in his arms. She responded by continuing to do
what she was doing beforehand. *What a cute, little seventeen year old I have as a wife.*

He leaned in and kissed away all those tears off her red colored cheeks. She sniffled, "Did you say
this to Elia?" *No.*
He gave her a for-longing smile before taking her into a deep kiss. It was deep, and tender, and full of understanding. She continued to cry somewhat, but he'd always kiss them away as they came though, and he'd take her tears and kiss her again however. He pulled her under him, but not before she gave him a laugh.

"Having sex over dead babes... Is that all we're good for, Rhaegar?" She asked, staring him into the eye at the question and at once, thought about Rhaenys. His darling girl..... Don't cry about her, not here, not now.. but it was too late, considering he felt himself pushing away from her. He got teary eyed himself - he missed Rhaenys so much, it hurt. This baby's death hurt him even more, and now it was too late to stop it.

"N - no, Lyanna, no... I loved my little girl and now she's gone. I just can't stop thinking about her though. She'd be about four by now and she used to love to pick flowers of which Elia would put in her hair..." He was being honest now, because all this babe reminded him was her. His little lost girl, with those big dark purple eyes that lit up at cats and other small creatures - on Dragonstone she loved collecting crabs and other animal life. She also was a collector, collecting sea shells along the way before begging him with those large eyes to allow her to keep them, which he always did with a smile.

By this point, he felt the tears coming, hard and fast, "The babe you had could've been my girl again, because a monster killed her before her time. But no, it wasn't so..." He put his head down upon Lyanna, of whom cried with him on this. Despite it, her death was highly personal and a grave offensive to him. He'd kill the fucking Lannister's for this insolence, he'd mount their heads on the city gates for it. He'd do it, because they took away a life he so dearly missed - their misplaced trust in Robert and he'd tear them down, just like Twyin Lannister did to his own legions.

Lyanna's lack of response was greatly appreciated, considering it showed that she cared. Not about my little girl, but about me really and I love her... so immensely for it. After he was done with the Greyjoys, the next on his list were the Lannister's. He'd bring hell to their front gates for their crimes against his family. He had thought about what Tywin Lannister did to houses Tarback and Reyne for their own insolence. Maybe, he'd let Tywin survive, but he'd have to watch as Cersei died a long, slow painful death for his girl's death. If Tywin choice to rebel against him, so be it. He'd destroy them, with the help of the other Lord Paramounts - disregarding the Greyjoys however considering they were also traitors as well.

He'd lean in and give her a slow, soft kiss for it. Feeling around her tongue and general mouth softly, knowing full well what she was going through considering his mother also went through a many miscarriages. She tasted of disgusting vomit and salty wet tears, but he didn't care, all he wanted was her. He'd throw her onto him, with that in mind, ignoring all the blood around him. He wanted to comfort his wife, considering she did so to him, and he owed her for this. To his surprise, she'd kiss back, deepening the kiss intensely and he loved that she brought out her tongue too. He'd pull her on top of him at that, whispering, "Your cunt, I'm going to fuck it until it's hot and sweaty... and mine. I'll make you forget about this miscarriage, like you helped me with my grief. I'll make sure that you, my lovely Queen wouldn't have to cry again, and that Rhaenys will be avenged. I'll make you forget about your troubles..."

He stood up off the bed, before pulling her straight towards him with a smile upon his lips. She smiled despite herself.

"What is it that you wish to do with me, Rhaegar?" She said so warmly, but he knew exactly what he was going to do. He flipped her around onto her stomach, before taking stained dress and flipping it to reveal her smooth, pearl-coloured buttox.

"This!" He undid his belt, before letting it loose to let his dick out. Unlike some days where he
wore a one piece tunic, he wore a simple shirt and pants today. Making this process a great deal easier. He'd start fucking her at once, without a single hesitation. Given that was he truly, truly needed... the world could go fuck itself right now, but Rhaegar Targaryen did not care.
Stannis watches as King Rhaegar deals with Balon Greyjoy.

Around the stone walls of the castle of Pyke, Stannis could see the mayhem unfolding. It was fortunate that he brought his best men with him when he did so, because they protected him for the most part of his sir Drunk majesty came into sight. Rhaegar looked as bad as his brother, on his best days though but at least the King remained somewhat cohesive as he came into view with Author Dayne by his side. He'd raise a eyebrow at the sight, if only a bloody Ironborn wasn't in the way. This particular bastard was a big man with a ax, similar to the type Robert used and swung at it him like a ox man. His response was to promptly use his shield to block the blow from the bastard while one of his trusted bannerman went behind him and stabbed him through the gut with their sword. At once the blonde-haired viking went on his feet, huffing as blood seeped from the womb.

Stannis than promptly stabbed the man on the head with his sword as blood seeped everywhere. The man fell down, but at that he gave his bannerman a smile. Thank for saving me, my good bannerman. He'd think this as the three of them worked havoc upon the loose group of men ahead of them. Stannis picked up his ax, throwing it directly at a rather small young man wearing the cloth of House Volmark, with it's dark grey sea dragon upon it's front. He had blonde hair, and was hit in the forehead by the thrown ax. He fell upon the floor, blood seeping through his outfit and onto the bitter grounds of the Pyke - causing the ax to completely cut his head into two pieces as he fell, belly up styled however . Stannis's bannerman of whom he brought with him tried attacking the barrier in front of them, leading up to Pyke castle and the rather large barrier in front of them. But he knew that the combination of the numbers they had on their side could break through the barrier quite easily, along with Stark's men, considering they had the numbers the Squid King did not.

He'd briefly see Eddard Stark coming towards him on his particular position upon the rather unfortunate wall, with some of his Northern bannerman as well. He was tempted to say hello to the fellow considering his men were wrecking the ironborn pirates together - his young page, Jayson Swann, was doing particularly well shooting from afar, hitting the some of the Kracken's men straight in the chest before any of the battle ready men could get to them. Meanwhile, Davos Seaworth fought his way through the barrier, which crashed upon one particularly unlucky man wearing the kracken of the Greyjoy's family. He supposed that was the man's second son to begin with, considering the first died while attempting a raid on Seaguard. All in all, this war was completely hopeless for the Greyjoy's and he wondered why they'd do that now, considering the King was blood hungry in the wake of his daughter's death and wouldn't hesitate to kill him on sight for this insolence.

Davos and alongside him, Swann, swatted away the remaining iron born folks from the gates of the castle, which weren't too many considering the bulk of their numbers were spread thin defending the keep from the outside of the barrier. Stannis himself watched the scene, before going further into the compound. Stark followed him as well, both of them wanting to get this bloody nuisance of a rebellion over with. Afterall.. Stark did have a wife and a son to get back too, and well... he himself had a Lord Paramountcy to attend too when he got back. And Myra, my brother's bastard, but she's currently being raised by one of my bannermen. Not that she was
particularly important to begin with, but he didn't feel it was right to raise the bastard daughter of his brother. But nevertheless, he looked forward to visiting her, which he did somewhat.

"Nice to see your well, Eddard." He'd say briefly to the other Lord Paramount. Eddard and him had a rather difficult relationship, of which

Eddard's response was rather bland, just like there other meetings. Though we actually agreed on something for the first time since Robert's death, which is the boy Balon has should live. Though we disagree why he should live - he thinks the boy should live becuase of morals and i think the boy should live because it's strategic move that would insure that neither of Balon's brothers get near the Lord Paramountcy. As for the traitor, he bloody thinks Balon should live. Balon's a traitor, I'd rather see his head and the King adamantly agrees, though King Rhaegar is someone I'd rather not poke with an arrow within a life of me. He doesn't really think twice about traitors anymore since Robert, really.

His own opinion of Eddard was that he was a decent chap- though, after Robert's death, they haven't really spoken very much to one another. For better or worse, considering the King's been hangering to get revenge on his daughter's death. Yeah, my brother made excuses about that. He called the girl "Dragonspawn" and attempted to justify it to the two of us as if he didn't just murder a child.

He rather disliked thinking about his brother Robert and continued to slash through the barrier, looking at his squire, Jayson Swann as he ducked for cover. He'd hold his bow in one hand, and a knife in another. The boy had ran out of his wooden arrows that were firmly established upon his back by a wooden case. It was fortunate that Jay was great at throwing swords, even though like the arrows, he had a limited supply of them to begin with.

But close quarters fighting might put him at a disadvantage - but regardless, he and Davos rushed the guards inside. Stannis would see that the boy was alright considering the circumstances, with him stabbing people rather than throwing that blade, did him wonders. Davos also protected the lad with a shield, so it helped as they rushed in together. The compound looked like it had been under the sea, with a throne that one could describe to be rather fishy. With it's testicles headrest, it was no wonder he was called the wet King. He truly belonged under the sea, with his religious crazed brother Aurion. He had heard that man drowned under an encounter with Lord Jahaerys Valerion and his men and Lord Davidth Sunderlands of the Sisterman's, as they trapped he and his vessels within the straights. It was rather unfortunate that both he and his brother survived such an encounter, regardless of the King giving direct order of no survivors.

Swann had spotted a little boy running past the corpses, screaming in terror as he did so, and the lad was collected promptly by Swann of whom picked up the lad, while he screamed.

"Leet me down!! Daddy's gonna kill you for this!" He shouted angrily as Swann lugged him out of the building. Is he the last Greyjoy child? If so, than getting that child of danger would be indeed for the best considering he didn't need to die.

The boy was dragged outside and Swann placed him with Stark's troops for further protection. Although he did cry some more though, it was wiped away when Balon himself showed up, dragging a sword with him as he did so.

"Give me back my son or I'll kill you all." Balon sured acted angry as he pointed at himself. I'm not scared of you, little squid man. I wasn't scared of Mace Tryell nor his troops outside of the gates of Storm's End. Though I do rather like Mace's mother, she's rather amusing because she explains why he was such a passive little man

"The boy is safer with us than you." Eddard spoke up as he looked at the boy being dragged away
He snarled more as he saw the King come along - Rhaegar was dressed similarly to his Trident appearance, though with no helmet this time. He retained his long, silvery golden hair though but his eyes were a sight of much angrier. Alongside him was his Kings Guard man of Author Dayne, doned in the white uniform at the traditional King's Guard men. He walked promptly towards them without breaking eye contact off of Balon, he walked there all the while the Salt King stared steely at his young son being dragged away.

Balon's response to seeing Rhaegar was, "I bowed before your dragons.. which by the way, where are they right now?"

"Oh go fuck yourself, Balon Greyjoy. I killed Robert at the Trident, I see nothing different about you." The King sounded furiously angry, as he marched right over to the traitor. His King's Guard behind him, just like the Trident once more but Balon a gutless fish unlike Robert

Stannis stared as the King came forward with his sword drawn. He knew the King would kill Balon without a second thought and hesitation in mind. He also wondered what the King would do about the Lord's son, a mere six year old boy though.

At thus, the King would successfully decapitate Balon Greyjoy. Which didn't surprise him, but blood did get everywhere, including onto him and his squire somewhat. He however, didn't blink an eye at it considering it was just.

"Theon Greyjoy, the last son of Balon Greyjoy, is officially Lord Paramount of the Iron Isles. His Regency shall go to Euron Greyjoy, but in the meanwhile the little Lord shall be a royal hostage until the time is right for him to come back here and rule on his own terms. I suppose those are reasonable terms, gentlemen?" The King said, seriously to the matter. There was times he'd never underestimate the King, and those were such times that he felt the King inspired fear rather than angry at such time. But than again, he had to act this way in order to get the Kingdom back in order after his brother's rebellion so it was not a surprise to him that Balon, the short-minded fellow, would get the ax for his stupidity. It was well deserved, but the Iron Isles would eventually make another stupid mistake like this in the future, presumably because they simply couldn't help themselves.

He didn't particularly find the Iron Isles to be smartest of the seven Kingdoms after doing such a hasty, stupid thing that they knew they wouldn't win. Though, they've done numerous stupid things in the past, like not surrendering to Aegon I immediately and thus getting cooked by his dragon, Balerion in Harrenhal. But they've been feared in the past by other kings, though just not by Rhaegar. Rhaegar seemed more pissed with them than feared with them, but he wasn't fighting them at sea, the Sealord's natural habitat, he was facing them on land. So he had the upperhand, for now...

He was happy about the king's decision to kill Balon and make the boy Lord instead, it was a wise decision, truly. Unless Euron is as stupid as Balon was though...

"As for my Lord Paramouts here, let's depart shall we?" I do need to ask the Lady Ashara to marry me, which I didn't do the last time.. The thought of making Ashara Dayne, a stunning and beautiful woman his wife made him want to leave this rock in the sea at once. Though he hoped Eddard didn't take offense to taking his brother's woman - the thought of getting in a conflict with his brother's best friend was a rather awkward thing to say in the least. but i'd marry her anyhow, regardless of what he thought about it. She's available as it is

He gave the King a nod, before he and his men departed from the beach back to their boat. Although Davos seemed pleased about the victory to say in the least. The smuggler had not faced
such odds before and was glad to have faced against the Iron born. The man was so pleased about it, it made Stannis glad the man begged to come considering it. To be fair to the Onion Knight, he was a decent fighter so it wouldn't have been fair to have left him behind...
Jaime marries Lysa Tully.

Marrying Lisa Tully wasn't his choice, but she was a beautiful, high breasted young woman with long, red-colored hair and it was a good match, his father claimed. And so he married her, and so thus she became Lisa Lannister after the wedding. She also smiled a great deal at him and acted jovial over the wedding, but he kept on staring at Cersei and her young son, Geoffrey during it however. They however participated in the First Night together, and it was nice - though she wasn't a wholesome figure... *Fuck that Petyr Baelish fellow for stealing your first night away from you.* He'd think during the act, though she was rather good at it. She was also rather kind and sweet throughout the whole thing too. Okay, Lisa Tully had a soft-spot in his heart for the adorable way of which she behaved during their first.

But he did it and she became pregnant once again. He sincerely hoped she didn't lose the babe, considering she was the carrier of the Lannister line. He had heard a rumor that she got pregnant once and had it aborted with honey moon tea because she tried marrying the little man she had intercourse with before any marriage. Though he dearly hoped that she'd still be able to produce children after the fact though.

As for some of the guests, he rather enjoyed Lord Paramount Edmure Tully's company. He was rather fond of cute woman, a thing he could fully understand considering he also had an interest in cute woman as well. Though Lisa often gave him the devil eye over it, he couldn't help himself, it was a way to distract himself from thinking on darker and sadder things.

He mildly liked the fact that Caitlin Stark decided to make an appearance to the wedding as well. She was dressed in a white dress with a black direwolf in-sigma on it, though she was rather polite she was very distant towards him. *Because I'm the dishonorable Kingslayer, she doesn't want to associate her honorable ways around me. Well go fuck Stark honor, it means shite anyhow.*

It made him rather cross to be honest, but he decided to ignore it.

As for he and his sister, several months after the proceedings, he'd take her by the hand and bring her to Lannisport. Where they were rebuilding their ships after they were destroyed by the bloody stupid Iron born invaders. He needed to tell her something that was meant to be in private.

"Sister, we can no longer carry on this affair." She nodded in agreement and put her arms around him as they sat on the lonely dock of Lannisport. There were no people bustling here, rather it was utterly silent and still. Almost like the dark, almost bottomless ocean they found themselves staring at upon the lake shore itself.

"I agree, considering I've been meaning to tell you I loved you like a brother... not like this...." She sounded awkward, but it was true. That affair they shared was not indeed born out of love, rather born out of hastiness which was unfortunate. He's been using her as comfort, not like a brother should be treating his sister, not the way their mother wanted them to be. She would be immensely disappointed to hear that they produced a child between the two of them anyhow.

"I know. Mum would be so disappointed..." He said softly, because that was the truth. He hugged
her however, and the two of them sat there quietly, staring at the seas splash. He wouldn't push her in, because Cersei didn't know how to swim thus drowning upon impact.

"We have to keep Geoffrey's true... you know a secret for the rest of our days..." She spoke the truth, but it was likely she'd have more children with Lancel though. But it was alright for Geoffrey was Lancel's son, not his. I'm not the one raising him to be his own person, that would be Lancel's job to begin with...

"Indeed." He smirked. But he wasn't worried - what was the worst that could happen anyhow? King Rhaegar had been... trying for revenge these last couple of years, only not doing so to let the land recover back to it's natural state. So they had no idea when the bloody bastard would strike, but in anycase the King was coming soon... For revenge for his daughter's death.

He about let a cry at the very thought of Princess Rhaenys before he heard his wife shouting for him, though in an rather enthusiastic voice though.

"Jaime!" She shouted, walking towards them. How did she know where they went? She must have special wife skills... He'd think, as her stomach was large with babe, or as she thought twins. Which would be ironic.

His twin sister gave him a soft, happy stare regarding this. She herself wasn't holding a babe of Lancel's, though she wanted too.

"Oh.. Lady Cersei." She took a bow towards the other woman, with a smile upon her face as she did so. She and Cersei were friends, as in they both talked non-stop about their respectable babes and how wonderful it would be for them to meet in the future. He thought this too, considering it would be a good, decent friendship on either side. He hoped that they'd continue this friendship of their's, however as it made Cersei more happy and cheerful, given that she sometimes wished to be a man. If Cersei were a man, she'd be heir, not me... which I suppose is fortunate...

His twin sister gave her a stunning smile, like the sunset unfolding around them. "I was enjoying my brother..." She said so in a teasing voice.

"Oh I understand, can I have him for myself for a bit?" She took him by the hand, watching her response as she sat there along with him.

"My dearest, I'm sure that he'd love it." Cersei responded, letting him go to his wife. She'd remain sitting on the dock however, staring at the sparkling water underneath her as she did so.

Meanwhile, his wife dragged him back to Casterly Rock, enthusiastically. She kept on ranting about how strong the babies she carried where and that she could feel them kicking within her womb. It was times like these where he was glad he had married her, considering he found her too cute for words - she'd also be an amazing mother, with giving lots of love and attention towards her child. She would also make an amazing Lady for him, considering she followed the Tully words of "Honor, Duty, Family." like her sister, of whom was two years older than she.

"I was thinking that if I had a girl, you should name it after your mum. I'm sure Tywin would like, now wouldn't he?" She said, but he didn't think Tywin would be happy about that considering his father wasn't happy about anything. Even if it was well intentioned to say in the least.

"Nah, It wouldn't appease him. I'd rather name her after someone original..." He responded, taking her by the arm as he escorted her through the city. She was a explorer, finding interest in doing so. She'd think it was her duty to know her city, considering someday she'd be Lady of Casterly Rock so she figured she may as well know about it.
"Hmm, okay. For boys, I was thinking Tommen and Lancelyn." Such Lannister names.

"I rather like Tommen." He gave her a smirk regarding this as they walked back to the castle together. Though, she said she was going to return back here sometime though not right now, considering she didn't want to lose the baby by walking too much.
In preparation for advancements with the Lannister's, the Targaryens ask Ned if their son, Prince Baelon, might marry his newborn daughter Sansa.

Returning to Winterfell after attending to business in the Iron Isles was a nice feeling, considering Lord Theon was successfully brought to King's Landing as a royal hostage. *I suppose it was for the best the lad was brought there anyhow, to keep the Iron Isles in line.* Plus, he had a newborn daughter to get back too - his wife wrote to him as he traveled to the Iron Isles and reported the baby she had produced was beautiful, with sparkling red-colored hair and bright-blue colored eyes to match. She wanted to name the girl Sansa, considering she found that to be a pretty name for the girl, but was willing to wait until he got back to officially declare a nameday however.

His older lad, Robb, was also doing well. He was growing up to be strong, even though he was only a mere one year old. The last time he saw him, Caitlyn had brought him over from Riverrun after dealing with her sister. Her sister had just gotten the news of her pregnancy by that point and the two woman had celebrated both her pregnancy and Cat's newfound baby.

He was looking forward to going back to Winterfell, not dealing with the Queen nor the King, and just rule over his land. *Even though Lyanna will be begging to take her back for the rest of her day's, even though her direct actions murdered our brother and father.* Thinking about Lyanna was unpleasant despite her being his sister, but she did something wrong and she got away with it. The King got away with it, they all got away with it, it simply didn't feel honorable and he didn't regret joining Robert's side for one moment, even knowing what he knew about events.

Lyanna had the bloody nerve to try and apologize for it even, begging him to take her back. It was rather unfortunate for her that Brandon was choked to death while she and her lover sat in a tower, not even bloody fighting their own battle wasn't it? That was the worst part of it, is that if Rhaegar had been there to dispute the charges like an honorable man, his father and brother might still be alive. If Lyanna had married Robert, as it was in her duty, none of this would've happened. It made him very bitter against them and Lyanna could cry all she wanted about it, it wouldn't change that fact.

But besides for that, he didn't exactly trust his young nephew, for he might be exactly like his father when he grew. Although, he would actually give the boy a chance to prove himself though. He might be different from his parents, but it was hard to tell, considering he was too young.

As he rode upon his horse alongside his companions - Jorah Mormont and Roose Bolton, though the two of them went to Pyke with the King - Roose Bolton lead the charge in Great Wyke, while Jorah and himself fought on the main island. The reason the King didn't send Stannis to do so is most likely out of mistrust, probably. The King had a motto of keeping enemies close, and this was likely the case at Wyke. Considering he made both himself and Stannis present for the death of the Kracken, that was very likely the case.

"You know, the greatest thing about Great Wyke was is that it was very well populated" Roose apperately felt honored to do that, considering the Lord of the Dreadfort so liked killing people. Sometimes, the Leech Lord with that voice of his made him feel nervous, uncertain, but he had
nothing to complain about regarding him. But no, not really, because Jon Connington was the temp Regent. If he wasn't, you'd probably be sent to Old Wyke, the place where he sent his King's Guard Commander instead.

He gave Bolton a laugh, but also considered the fact that out of all his levies, he was the one who'd well on the Iron Isles the most. But nevertheless Author Dayne went to the Orkmont with some of the Baratheon levies. While Bolton went with his own levies to invade the other island, of which was a highly success venture by all accounts Though he hoped Bolton didn't flay anyone at the time, he wouldn't know considering he wasn't on the island. I doubt it considering he was leading men that would highly disagree with that course of action..

"The greatest thing about Pyke is the smell of piss and shite." That was all he could remember about Pyke to be honest, though it was rather memorable when he and his men destroyed watch-towers however. They fell down like chess pieces on a chess board, and that was telling how weak their defenses were around Wyke Castle.

"There was that and the woman." Didn't I tell you no raping? Because I'm fairly certain I told you no raping.. If Bolton broke that, than they'd have a long conversation regarding listening to orders from one's superior.

As he saw the large, opening weirwood tree of his keep. It was rather massive, considering it was about the eldest of it's kind across Westeros and it did not like strangers, for it's worth. He rather liked looking at it, and even sitting under it, as his darling wife did.

"Bye Stark, I suppose. See yah next battle!" Bolton was smiling and sometimes that man made him feel nervous, though at least he was honest about that disconcerting feeling. But at least he had a good heir and it was rather unfortunate he decided not to bring him along with him, considering Ned considered his son to be of good company.

"Bye Bolton." He gave the man a wave, before sending him off.

As for the other man, sense he lived so far, he'd most likely spend the night with him before he went off to Bear Island, if he so wished of coursed.

"M' lord may I spend the night here at your hold?" Jorah asked, before dismounting his horse and a farm boy took his chestnut horse away to the stables.

"Yes, Mormont." He noted, before dismounting his own pony and getting off.

However, Caitiln was waiting for him, with little Rob in hand. He was smiling, largely too at the sight. He was walking even - a big, strong little man he'd be. He'd walk towards his ginger haired wife, of whom carried an infant girl in a hand and gave him a wave.

"Dearest! I've been waiting for you to come home!" Cat's voice was so nice to hear after that battle. It was rather a relief to see her healthy, happy face actually and it was made even better by the fact that she was waiting for him all this time.

He leaned in and gave Cat a kiss. For he was happy to be home, under the weirtree and under the mountain of moss under foot once again

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Three months later...

"M' lord, the Queen is arriving." The messenger, a young woman with long, straight rich brown-colored hair and intense brown-colored eyes stated as she ran into the compound. She was from
House Karstark, the granddaughter of the current ruling Karstark, she was a trained horse-rider and even asked for the position herself. She was currently fifteen years old and was proposed to marry Roose Bolton's son and heir, Domeric.

"Oh she is?" He wasn't sure why the King thought it to be great idea to bring her back here... Afterall the North doesn't forget. He wasn't sure the land would forgive her, over the deaths of so many northern folk on her behalf, and besides, the last time she came the North rebelled against her. She knew that, obviously, but the King found it so important that he'd send her than one of his more agreeable minions.

"Yes, m' lord." She bowed her head, with a smile however.

"Right, thank you." He was going to deal with her again. Begging and pleading, and even at times at her knees begging for his forgiveness. Although, it was unknown if she brought her son with her this time though.

He'd wait for her, knowing she was close nearby. As Lyanna appeared, draped in the black of House Targaryen, she road upon a black steed in style, with no saddle. She was as good at riding as she was before, and she didn't care any swords. Presumably, because just like father, her husband disallowed it. Alongside her with a white-coat, more specifically the Commander of the Whites himself, Barristan the bold as Duncan the Young called him back in the day.

As she got off her horse, she like his guests, gave her horse to a farmer boy. Barristan joined her next, by doing the exact same thing as the Queen did. She approached him, looking nervously.

"My lord, Eddard Stark." She stated as formily as possible, keeping her head down, as to avoid looking into his eyes. Even though she was Queen, she sure didn't act like she was one around him. Much to his amusement - though, it'd probably be worse for her when she had in look the Baratheon's straight in the eye though. Out of everyone she had to remember, Lyanna didn't want to remember Robert as she may as well put the sword through him herself. But alas, here she was, lacking in all means of Queenliness as one wouldn't expect out of the Consort.

"Queen Lyanna." He'd rather not say her full title, considering he felt as though she ought to be stripped of the name Stark. She spat on it enough for a lifetime, and if only she wasn't queen... I'd disinherit her, considering that's what Robert would've wanted really.

"M... My husband has a proposition for you..." She said meekly, walking up to him. This time, she'd stare directly into his eyes, though she looked as though she was pleading for something. At one point, such a stare could've broken him, but not today nor any other day in the future to be exact.

"Which is?" He didn't take her arm, but nevertheless walked inside with her as her protector took her arm instead, like a proper little Whiteguard Barristan was.

"I... heard you had a daughter, a girl named Sansa. I was wondering if.." The thought of Sansa being abandoned by her son filled his mind, considering that's what the boy's father did to Elia Martell. He didn't trust that, and he'd rather not trust his innocent daughter on such a dark path in life anyhow. But maybe her son can prove to me that he's not like his parents someday.

"No." He'd interrupt her without hesitation. For she may be Queen, but she nor her husband dictated the way of which he married his daughter's too.

"But, brother.." She said, quite childishly given the circumstances.

"I'd rather have her marry Ashara Baratheon's womb than be worried about her being abandoned
by her husband, like your own husband did to his former wife, Elia Martell." He said sharply. She looked like she was about to cry, given that she just wasted a day coming here to propose a question like this to him and he knew it. Why else would they appear exactly as he came home after his wife had just given birth to a child?

"My husband wants to avenge his daughter, is that something you object too, Ned?" She responded once more, begging him this time as they came into the warmly lit hall of his. However, she didn't seem to be in the mood for sitting, but he was. He'd sit and watch her throw a pity tantrum all she'd like, but it wouldn't change what she did.

"That's not the reason I'm refusing your delightful offer, Lyanna. You should know this." He offered her a seat at the rather large wooden table nearby the hearth. She took a step back and looked at the floor once again before continuing to speak to him.

"Than this has been a bloody waste of my time than. Good day, Brother." She'd sound as childish as a little girl who didn't get what she wanted, and he had no doubt that steam was coming out of her ears as she was a hot-head to begin with. She was angry no doubt, but it wasn't his problem that she decided to waste her time here to begin with.

"I hope you have a safer time going back to King's Landing, unlike the last time you tried coming back." He referred to her getting attacked by rebels of whom shouted about their lost ones. Somehow, that made her even angrier, but he didn't hear her shout. He'd pour himself some dark, hot coffee in his wooden mug, watching the scene of Lyanna throwing a bloody tantrum unfold. He knew his sister was a hot head, but it was remarkably pathetic seeing this kind of behavior to failure. I once considered you iron, but now your like rust...
Chapter Summary

Rhaegar is at a lost with how to avenge his daughter's death in the wake of a marriage proposal plan go awry.

His wife, Lyanna came back to the capital crying about how her brother refused them. He was rather angry by that fact, he needed Stark's alliance desperately less he be stuck with just himself and the bloody Tryell's. That wasn't nearly enough to invade Casterly Rock and not to mention the other fact that Jaime Lannister had married a Tully, potentially meaning the Tully's be on the Lannister's side.

Also, the Barathoen's in their infinite wisdom might just rebel to spite him. Despite him holding his brother in captivity, he supposed that cause was lost and that made him bloody furious.

"Fuck them. I needed their alliance, fuckkkk did you tell him I'd punish my son extra for any insolence behavior?" He raged, as he stared at his wife. She looked quite shaken by saying that, but he didn't care. She may as well lost her Stark roots for all it was worth to her - if she couldn't convince her own brother to allow his son to marry his second born son. He doubted that he could convince him to do anything, by this point.

"No... my Lord... I'm sorry that my brother's quite stubborn in this... Hatred against us, I think?" Fuck Eddard Stark. Now, I should see if I can get the Baratheon's on my side, if Stannis allows it. They did fight in that stupid little Kraken's king's war however... and I didn't need to beg them to do it. I just asked them and they said yes..

"Agh, woman, why is Westeros against us?" He was furious by it - all he had seemly on his side was the Tryell's, and fat load of a good they did. They may supply the Crownlands with food, but he wouldn't trust Mace Tryell considering he was basically ruled by his mother. He should talk to the Lord's mother, maybe than they could actually get somewhere considering he's heard that the Queen of Roses was a formidable woman. Though, he could potenially put Daenerys in a marriage to Stannis's newborn, once they came into the world.

At least Ashara Dayne was pregnant, thus giving hope to him, if indeed the babe was a male to begin with however. If not, then back to Lord Paramount Stark with her - for Daenerys and Robb could be a couple, if nothing else. As for Viserys, he could potentially marry Arianne Martell, though that was rather fruitful considering the way Dorne's been behaving. They haven't been like the North, thank the gods, but only for Prince Aegon's sakes they weren't. If he were dead, Rhaegar could image they'd full out rebel against them for the way he treated Elia.. The dear woman, he didn't love her, but he did care for her and was deeply glad that her son still lived.

"I wouldn't know, my King." She took his arm, gently and with a loving smile across her brow. She was trying to comfort him, but somehow it just seemed worse. He should take her on this table for it, considering he felt aggravated enough to do so right now.

"I would know. I have this plan, you see, in unifying the Kingdom against the Lannister's and I can't do this without many marriages. More than I can seemly afford too and I really need you to produce another baby for me. But you've proven on several occasions you can't do this.. but I can't an affair without seeming like Aegon the Fourth, which people already compare me too..
forcing me into an awkward position.” He felt totally lost - he didn't have the numbers, but yet he couldn't do anything. It was infuriating, to say in the least.

"Oh we could always try, try try until we succeed in having another babe.. as they say.." She smiled quite largely at him, putting her hands around his shoulders gently. It was a blessing to have such a beautiful woman as a wife, but it was also a curse. He wished he had been able to marry that cursed witch Cersei Lannister if it meant he’d get more than two children - afterall, his original goal was having three to begin with. But he couldn't even do that, with her nor with Elia. He so dearly wished Elia was alive if it meant the Kingdom was more cooperative with his goals...

"And you can keep on having miscarriages." He frowned at that little detail - considering it was rather important to say in the least. She began crying, tears poured from her grey-colored eyes at the mention. He had very little sympathy for it, even though his own mother suffered from the condition as well considering most of his siblings, beyond Viserys and Daenerys, were dead and miscarried by his mother.

"Your so cruel, Rhaegar Targaryen. I managed to produce one babe, I'm... sure I can manage to have another, considering I'm in the peak of youth.." She had wiped away the tears, but nevertheless she still sounded upset.

He sighed, "I had more children with Elia than you. I only wanted one babe out of you.. But than I lost the other. I can't win in this situation, it's like the Gods don't want me to have my three dragon riders. That's all I wanted - is it so hard, to want another?" He referred to the prophecy, of the Dragons having three heads. He had it, he was so close with Elia, he didn't understand why the Gods wanted to take the third one away. Was one of his siblings the heads than? Why was he, suck with only two of the heads than?

"Oh..." She muttered sadly, "So I'm off no use to you than? Is that it, Rhaegar? You only wanted me for one. You got your one, are you pleased that you took me away from Robert now? I'm sure with him, I'd produce more than your supposed one!" She acted so angrily, but that was well-warranted, given the circumstances. But he ignored his Queen's petty anger. But nevertheless her eyes did fill with tears, but they were the ones of anger.

She stormed off at that, right out of the room, and with a lack of dignity in each step she took, he didn't feel sympathy. He needed the three heads - or more, given that the Long Night was coming and others more modern reasons, such as the Lannister's. But that plan was falling apart and he didn't know how to fix it. Would he let the killers of his daughters free? Was that what the world was coming too? Such thoughts angered him considerably, but it almost seemed like that - he didn't have enough levies from the Crownlands to take on the forces of Casterly Rock and Tywin Lannister may call upon the Tully's to help them. Which given his luck, they probably would. He cursed that Jaime Lannister was able to marry that Tully woman more than anything - but there was nothing done to prevent this occurring, much to his dismay. He wished he had enough foresight to have prevented that bloody marriage.

Though, if all else failed Dany could marry the heir of the Reach, thus solidifying their bond. He was sure the Reach would be most accommodating of such an arrangement, given that it would be in his best interests to do so.
In Dorne, Prince Aegon Targaryen was well known for being the last of Elia's children - and that made him a celebrity by association, and he was loved by the Sand Snakes. Tyrene especially, considering she considered the boy to be delightfully handsome, with his silver-blonde locks - though, he got sometimes associated with the Darkstar by appearance, and such people were promptly told off by Oberyn, considering he was not a Dayne. He was a Targaryen, but it was even more awkward when Arthur Dayne came himself though, considering the Darkstar acted thus like a soiled child in response to seeing the Knight. But it was quite amusing for both he and Oberyn to see, and presumably King Rhaegar himself, but the King barely smiled anymore.

"So is Prince Aegon coming?" Tyrene and Arianne both were smiling, thinking about him. However, the true victory here was Prince Viserys's proposed marriage to his daughter. That was the true aim of this meeting to begin with, not his nephew, though Doran thought the boy dear to his heart.

"I don't know, girls, perhaps." He shrugged, as Tryenne twirled her pink-colored dress, showing it off. Tryenne looked so innocent, with those large glowing blue-colored eyes and head full of yellow locks, it was hard to deny her an awnser to things.

As for his daughter, she was short and flat-chested, but it mattered not what she looked like to Prince Viserys. She might change her appearance as she grew older anyhow, and the Prince was hardly over ten years old, with shiny, silver-blonde hair and lavender-colored eyes, much like Prince Aegon's own eye color. He was also said to be an squire as well, to add to the charm of his apparel.

"Oh Aegon is so cute!" Arianne referred to her cousin, but that didn't exactly matter to him. Because if she liked the way Aegon looked, than she'd like the way Viserys looked. Both looked similar due to looking fully Valyrian, he supposed.

"Than you'd like Viserys. They're said to look very much alike." *No doubt due to incest...* He supposed, considering the Targaryens as of late practiced lots of it. The current King himself, Rhaegar was a product of such an affair between a brother and sister, and his grandparents were also a brother and sister matching. But at least none of them were Gerold Dayne.. thus far, considering the rest of the Daynes, like Sir Arthur and Lady Ashara Dayne of Storm's End, were reasonable, nice people, he didn't judge the entire family based of how Gerold behaved. Which was of a spoiled, jealous brat- though he was sure Arthur was casually amused, considering he sometimes accidentally indulged Gerold's behavior given the way Aegon acted around him.

She smiled at the comment, "I do like pretty boys... I must admit." She sounded so very candor about that. But it didn't bother Doran that she thought this way, considerind she hanged around such faiired-haired people like Darkstar.

Tryenne swooshed over nearby, "You can also be Lady of Summerhall... whenever the King decides to rebuild the castle at least..." *I haven't heard the King say anything about re-building*
"I think the King thinks of other things beyond that castle, but we'll see." Doran had a suspicion that it would take many years of settling the Kingdom down before the King decided to embark on such a momentous task despite the funds they had available. Afterall, they were still recovering from war that he the King started based not on logic, but on a bloody woman when he himself had a wife. The irony is about that fact, is that neither he nor Oberyn, nor even Lywellyn were aware of the annulment that happened in Dorne itself. He wondered if King Aerys, the unwise mad man, was aware of it actually and how did he get permission from the High Stepon to do it? He couldn't get a divorce from his own wife, what made Rhaegar so different that he could get an annulment on whim?

The annulment left too many things unanswered, so he heavily preferred not thinking about the subject. Plus, it was rather fortunate Prince Aegon wasn't illegitimised by proxy and that was the most important thing to remember about this annulment thing.

The two girls giggled and talked amongst themselves, as finally King Rhaegar showed up, strolling with three people - his White Commander, Barristan, and two little white-haired children. Prince Aegon and Prince Viserys, I'd assume considering they're bickering. He found their relationship to be rather cute, even though from afar. Both of them wore black-coloured clothing with the Targaryen dragon upon it. They walked in one by one, bickering like siblings about something, but Rhaegar shushed the two of them and placed a hand upon his son's shoulders as they arrived at the gate.

They walked in, however after being let in by the guards. Prince Aegon went immediately to Oberyn, of whom was watching them without saying anything, and talked to him. Prince Viserys went and talked to Arianne however, while King Rhaegar came to him. It was rather fortunate, however that his gout wasn't too bad that he could still walk upon a cane, however slowly.

"Your Majesty." He'd said to King Rhaegar, with utter most politeness given the King was a guest under his roof.

"Prince Doran, I've come here on a proposal." He stated, while staring at Prince Viserys. The boy was so young, with shiny purple-colored eyes - it was said he showed symptoms of madness, but none of those supposed symptoms showed upon the boy's face nor upon his attitude.

"Yes, let's discuss it inside." He walked with the King inside of the Keep, before settling upon a nice chair. However much it hurt to do so, he'd ignore it. Considering this was King Rhaegar of all people.

The King decided to sit down, on the chair facing him.

"So, my brother, your daughter - a proposal?" King Rhaegar had said immediately, looking serious. Doran always knew he'd be the first on the list of Rhaegar's list, but something told him he wasn't. It was rather amusing, rather. He'd wonder whom denied the King a marriage proposal, but his guess would be between Baratheon and Stark considering the two of them had children about that age, I think Stannis has a newborn son...

"Ah, I was thinking about that and I'd accept it on small detail." He looked directly into the King's dark purple eyes. They seemed more hardened as of late - it was likely he didn't do any musical playing anymore.

"Yes, Prince Doran, what would that be?" He sighed at hearing that, presuming the worst was what a King sometimes had to do in order to keep the Kingdom running. However, he'd had to assume the worst from a lot of people.
"That you make sure Prince Viserys doesn't run away and run my daughter's life with another woman." Doran didn't want Arianne to suffer his sister's fate but the look on the King's face was surprising dark when he heard this. But nevertheless, Targayens made themselves a reputation for doing exactly this and they may as well sleep in it. Prince Duncan ran off with a commoner and caused a war over breaking that bethroment with the Baratheons, Jaehearys the Second did something similar with his sister, and Prince Daeon broke his own bethronal for a companion of his. They weren't going to be trusted with bethronals as were before as a result of these miscalculated actions.

"I will. Be rest assured." He said this very firmly, but the look was of anger. Something Doran didn't particularly find funny, but that was of their own doing.

"How will i be able to trust you, a man that abandoned his own wife and child for another woman. Trusting you with that would be comending my daughter to my sister's fate." The King at that stood up, but the look of anger was evident.

"You know, I think you'd be a bit more bendable considering Elia's child is still legit and my heir." Oh now your threatening your own son? How nice a father you are, Rhaegar. That wouldn't change his mind however, all it did however was to provide more fuel as to why not. It would be of Viserys own will if he wanted to marry his daughter, of whom he'd leave convienently available for such an expedition in the future.

"Are you threatening your own child now, Rhaegar?" He raised his eyebrows in shock at hearing it.

"No.. " He said curtly, before leaving abundantly, presumably to take the boys back to King's Landing in angrier and frustration. He stared at the two of them - his daughter seemed to enjoy Prince Viserys company, of whom was very kind and gentle towards her, calling her lovely as he left. That boy was on his way to being Arianne's obsession, and she'd do anything to marry that kind, handsome Targaryen. Which he'd accept, undoubtfully considering it would of the Prince's free will and choice.

"Goodbye King Rhaegar!" Was what he said, considering the King left without saying as much as a goodbye, like a rude sot.
Tywin

Chapter Summary

Tywin has a discussion with his son regarding the situation with King Rhaegar while trying to decide what to do with Tyrion Lannister.

He didn't mean to get Elia nor her daughter killed - he didn't know the heir was at Dragonstone, rendering that move with the Mountain completely useless. He tried explaining this to King Rhaegar, but the man simply didn't listen. The only reason the man didn't revoke him being Lord Paramount of the Westerlands is because if he did, he'd start yet another civil war, between himself and the Riverlands. The Riverlands could even bring in the North, due to Lord Paramount Stark being married to a Stark woman and holding a grudge of his own against the King. Plus, if he tried anything he could easily get the Stormlands on his side, thus making it like the rebellion beforehand, which he doubted the King was willing to indulge in another war.

But nevertheless, he'd need to tell Jaime of the distinct possibility of something of that sort happening when he died suddenly. Though, he did think to himself that would be highly unlikely considering he barely mentioned Jaime at all - he cared very little for Jaime killing his father. Actually, the King wasn't at all lectured about Aerys actions... That man use to be my friend until paranoia and madness consumed him. I wonder if Rhaegar is going on a similar course, because Aerys use to act exactly like him. Dutiful, valiant, and even a Knight, they share those similarities...

As he approached Jaime sitting in the playroom, he'd also see the red-haired woman sitting with him, despite her current state of pregnancy as their two active blond haired tods fell over them with demands. He'd think about Jaime and Cersie's own childhood in this instance, but was happy for them. The Lady Lysa was a great mother, showing much love and attention towards her boys and Jaime seemed to adore his lovely wife. So it worked out perfectly, considering it meant that he no longer had to worry about Tyrion anymore, despite the Dwarf being an underfoot annoyance as usual, but at least the Dwarf could continue to whore himself without it hurting the Lannister family anymore.

As for Jaime, the boy was hopelessly unprepared for what the King could do during his own Lord Paramount nor what he could do now to resolve the issue. He seemed rather happy-go lucky as of late, something that concerned him despite Jaime being a new father... He also went up to Petyr Baelish and promptly beat the shite out of the man after the reunion as the man had taken his wife's virginity. I'm surprised Jaime didn't murder the little duke for the insult, but I suppose it was due to Lady Lysa's efforts that he didn't.

Seeing the fact that Jaime was happy was rather admirably heart-warming despite it all, considering he didn't particularly want to be Lord Paramount before. But Tywin believed he'd grow into it, in time at least, considering Jaime's attitude to it was improving. Must be his wife's influence. Though, Lady Lysa had proven to be a gentle diplomat, with a elegant grace one would expect out of a Tully, so it would make sense that she would improve Jaime's attitude about ruling conserably. She loved her duty, and wanted Jaime to love his - and thus Tywin was glad that he had married a fish amongst other things.

"Jaime..." At this moment, he was actually very reluctant to take Jaime out considering his
children loved him. Little Tommen, the one with golden-blonde hair and emerald green eyes, was chasing around his brother, the strawberry blond haired Lancelyn. The eldest of them was however Tommen, thus someday he'd be Lord Paramount, but both boys were healthy and happy. A good sign of things to come, he'd assume/

Jaime stared at him, before Lysa gave her husband a smile and a nod towards the boys. Of whom briefly stopped running around in a circle and looked directly at their father. He'd note that they both had different colored eyes - one was blue, the other green. Thus it was very easy to tell them apart considering the look on each of the boy's faces.

Jaime got off the floor, with a huff before going up to Lysa and telling her thanks for watching the children, even though she was quite clearly pregnant again, even with wearing that long, elegant red-dress didn't hide it. She blushed at the compliment and told him she'd do it anytime for him, before he departed the sun filled room the boys played in. Though they heard some soft crying as they left the compound, the boys eventually would settle down with Lysa in there calming them down. Though likely, they'd continue running around the room as fast as they're little legs could carry them.

As they departed, he'd need to tell Jaime this. For it was of the uttermost importance, and he needed to tell him, regardless of how that break his current prespecion of the world.

"Yes, father?" Jaime seemed to be in a good mood, as he smiled easier now. But now, nor ever would be a good time for smiling nor games, considering his father did similar things during his own reign. Which costed them everything, from respect to money, as his father was a smiling man that got laughed at the most by his own subjects. Not to mention the fact the Crown had to interject themselves trice to make up for his father's incompetence in politics. He couldn't afford for Jaime to go down a similar path, nor did he want him to be ignorant about the facts ahead of him.

"Our liege.. well to put it simply, doesn't like that we caused the death of his daughter." He didn't want to seem as though he was back-talking the King, but he needed the point to get across to Jaime as simply as possible.

"I know... and I said I was sorry so many times. Did he not accept them by chance?" No, because King Rhaegar doesn't want too or is simply too stubborn in his ways. He was tempted to say this.

"It's not your he's after and he killed the Mountain. What else does he want?" He was genuinely curious, as they walked across the castle.

Jaime's eyes widened at the thought, "... I really truly regret her death though.. I don't want him to war with us because of my follies..." Jaime shrugged. The boy did feel responsible, but King Rhaegar gave no fucks about regret and what not, making this much harder than it should be. He almost wished Rhaegar were Aerys, because at his age, at least he was friends with Aerys. He's not friends with Aerys son however, and that man lacks friends - honestly, it was surprising to him that he expected to last as long as he did upon the Iron Throne.

"Oh shit." Jaime huffed at the thought of war happening, even though Jaime, his son was an amazing warrior he was proud of. Which is wise, I suppose.

"I wouldn't be worried, my son, for he doesn't particularly want war himself." Truth to be told, I don't know what he wants. Rhaegar's someone of great unpredictable at this moment and it concerns me... Yet again, he'd think about Aerys again. Whenever he thought about Rhaegar in his current state, he'd also think about how Aerys behaved. They were remarkable similar creatures, despite them almost have a Dance of The Dragons chapter two when Rhaegar was a Prince. He wondered if Aegon and Rhaegar would have a similar relationship once the boy grew
At that, Jaime decided to say nothing and mildly stare at the floor, in rather a bashful style. It was clear this news didn't sit well with him, and for that he was glad - sitting well with power was a wise thing, as Aegon I once said about the Iron Throne. "A man should not sit comfortably" was the quote, he believed and that was truly something now of concern.
A lonely Baelon encounters a enchanting stranger in the halls of King's Landing after a brutal argument between Lyanna and Rhaegar regarding her having children.

He ran away crying from the scene of his daddy and mummy arguing in the rather large halls of King's Landing. He swore he could still hear their voices from afar, as the tears streamed from his face. Neither of them cared about him - they only cared about mummy having another baby... but wasn't he enough for them? He put his head into his legs, titling as the tears streamed from his cheeks as he sat in a secret hiding place he and his brother once found in the Keep. His brother wasn't here though and he was the only one who cared about him and now he was gone too. Off to a foreign place called Dorne. He was the only one left here, considering he was apparently too young for such things, which was unfortunate. But why send away his brother? He begged them, pleaded with them not to, but they told him he was simply too young to understand there reasons as parents.

As he hid in his space, he'd hear the sound of a girl's voice. A girl? He'd put his head on his pants, before wiping off the tears, considering he was a big boy.. He just knew it, despite him being only past his sixth nameth day, but he didn't care. The girl's voice was pretty, and he liked that - he felt as though he could listen to it forever. He decided maybe, just maybe, he'd go out of his hiding spot in the Red Keep to find her. But something stopped him, and so he stayed in the shadows, feeling Aegon's lost more keenly than before. His older brother had been his buddy in times such as these and always found a way to make him laugh himself silly whenever he felt down like this. But he was gone, and he had to deal with his parents bickering all alone now.

As he closed his eyes, he imaged Aegon, large, strong and older, with a rather military styled pointy helm upon his head - he recognized it as King Maegor's and King Jaeheray's the Second's crown, and all the while blood was dripping from the sky above his head as he walked sadly towards his unseen goal all alone with no help, and everything was so dark around him beyond the flames under the sliver king's feet. Somehow, that scene made Baelon feel even more sad because Aegon was his brother and he wanted to help him through whatever he needed helping with. Though, he's been seeing such things in his dreams as of late, even with that white direwolf puppy his daddy gave him last nameday... Ghost... it didn't help the dreams go away. Though he loved Ghost, the puppy more than anything and he went everywhere with him. Even now, his puppy sat cuddled in his lap, licking away the tears. It tempted him to laugh, actually because he loved the dog so very much.

Holding the puppy made him feel more safe, somehow, considering it was so small and tiny. It was his friend, Ghost, and he'd do anything to protect it from harm. His brother had a mean, nasty cat that hated dad very much considering it's occupation of tearing up dad's face and arms. However, Aegon loved that cat so much that he begged to bring it to Dorne with him, which dad agreed too. He was so happy, to bring that cat everywhere with him and the cat gave him the most amount of love out of everyone. Sometimes, he felt truly envious of him for that.

The girl's voice was close enough that he could have a peak at her face, considering there was indeed a little pigeon hole he could see out of. When scooched forward with his puppy, he'd see her briefly- she had medium length raven colored hair and bright blue eyes. Yet she was so pretty,
with gentle freckles across her doll shaped face and a yellow gown with something on it. He couldn’t see, but the gown was gently long-sleeved and she appeared his age, for the most part. He hadn’t seen very many girls in the castle that truly interested him, not like the girl with the pretty voice. However, he’d decide to go back into the shadows where he was before, but silently this time.

He didn't know the girl's name, but she intrigued him. Like Arianne Martell, the fat girl, of whom somehow enchanted Viserys. His uncle had odd tastes in woman, he supposed, but that girl was so angelic looking, so pretty.. he’d be thinking about her for days on end. He wasn't worried the pretty girl would find him, considering this was a super secret place.. just like what his brother said with a smirk. No thinking about him... You'll only cry, you're a big boy, aren't you He forced himself to think differently and he summoned the courage to leave it.

However, he'd start to feel wolfish again like he did each night and his puppy opened the door instead and ran out. With his puppy's senses, he'd lovely run towards the girl, barking as he did so,. He didn't know what he was doing, but whatever it was it was working because the pretty girl ran over immediately and picked him up with a smile on her face.

She had starling blue eyes, the color of the sky. She leaned into him, with a smile, "Aw a cute puppy! I love puppies!" She sounded enthusiastic as she cuddled him in her gentle arms. However, she had picked him up baby styled so he laid there completely defenseless in her arms, or at least as defenseless as a Dire Wolf puppy could be in someone's arms. He snorted, thinking to himself, I'm completely stuck here, can someone help me? She held him tightly, thinking he might be a lost puppy, which wasn't the case.. He wasn't, but nevertheless, this was quite an adventure for himself.

"Jon! Look at this puppy I have!" She held him up for 'Jon' Daddy's friend He recognised this red haired man on the side of her, he was daddy's friend of sort. He didn't know him too well because Jon never spoke to him very much. He sometimes spoke to Aegon, but even that was limiting and Aegon called him awkward in secret. He was glad he had a brother like Aegon.

Jon stared at him, with a slight smirk. "Myra, dearest.. That's the Prince's dog."

At that he growled at Jon, considering he just may as well given himself away. The girl left the puppy go immediately after that, with a sigh, "Is he Prince Baelon's puppy?" She asked however her eyes widened and she looked at him as she ran back under her feet. Her dress was long and modest, given that that she was out in public, he'd assume. Though he'd do this action with as much effort as he could muster, it wasn't sufficient enough given he tripped plenty on the hard floor

"The Prince would be displeased if he knew the dog liked you." Jon gave him a wink... as if he knew? How could he know when I don't? This... feels as natural as breathing... Somehow...

"I should tell him his Direwolf is cutie pie." She flashed him a smile, before going down to pet him, though cautiously. He couldn't help but laugh at her doing that, it was irresistibly nice feeling but it felt so funny and nice though.

"You should tell him yourself... whenever they find him..." Damn it, are they searching for me? At that, he began panicking, jumping up and down, and he went around her in a circle once before running back to his hiding place. But she was following.. unfortunately, considering as soon he opened the door to his secret place, he'd discover he was laying there, asleep. He was crossing his arms, and was snoring and everything. He even recognized the . How did he manage to do that? However, as soon as the dog came back, he felt himself opening his eyes to see her.

He'd snort himself awake, before yawning. Whatever he did was tiring.... but he didn't feel wolfy.
He picked up his dog, with a big smile. She was giving him a confused stare, as if she just encountered something odd. He wasn't acting wolfish, now was he?

"Hi!" He'd give her a big, pleasant smile before stepping quite clumsy out of his hole. This encounter made him feel much, much better about everything in the long run. However, as soon as he showed himself, the bloody uptight King's Guard would arrive.

Bloody upstarts, he hated the way they followed him everywhere. At least it was Arthur Dayne, Aegon's hero, this time instead of Barristan. Though he liked the old man, he just didn't want to be escorted to daddy immediately. Which is what Barristan did, which made him the nanny Captain if anything.

The girl's response was to stare at him, curiously, "Hi Prince." She had such lovely eyes, they were so nice to look at... He'd think, they reminded him of the midnight sky with how dark they were. Like Orys Barathoen's eyes, he'd think. Was she related to them somehow?

"You know, your parents say don't run off." The galient Knight became a Galient baby sitter.

How he wished Aegon could've seen this, could've experienced this, to let all the fanboyism go from his heart.

"I know Sir babysitter." He struggled to walk after this encounter, for him it felt like hours of sitting there rather than just a minute, *I'm sorry, Aegon for running our spot and you said you'd never do that.* At that, he probably looked tear-eyed over it considering thinking about Aegon made him feel lonely...

"Huh, first time for everything. Now let's go meet your father." He could tell Arthur was amused and that made him angry at him for it. He didn't want to meet his father, no he didn't.

He however followed him, but he was angry that he couldn't speak more to that pretty girl more... He stared back at her, softly and she stared at him. However softly, he'd always remember those blue-colored eyes of hers though. She stared down at her feet afterwards before going back to her own mentor. He wanted to speak to her more in the future, and that was for sure.
Jaime III

Chapter Summary

Jaime goes to King's Landing on important business and his Lady wife joins him on the expedition.

Chapter Notes

This is an explanation for why the Sacking happened the way the sacking happened.

Jaime's going to King's Landing was to try and stop the insanity of King Rhaegar. He was threatening them and his children, his twin boys and newborn girl, could be affected by this, it had to end. So he and his wife packed their bags metaphorically and went to King's Landing. He was the best person to get Rhaegar to stop, as he was at fault of that crime. He'd do anything to stop it, King Rhaegar had to understand his father didn't know.

As he approached the Red Keep with his Tully wife, he'd walk strongly down the path, holding her close nearby him. In the last couple of years, he'd learned to be totally besotted with her. He found a sort of peace and tranquility with his wife than he didn't expect he would.

They'd go inside the Red Keep, to find a disappointed King Rhaegar standing there, waiting for them. He even wore the helm of King Aegon V upon his head, as if he were a good saintly King. But the look on his face made Jaime very nervous, indeed. He knew the King disliked seeing him, much less knowing he existed, but as a former King's Guard he felt a certain responsibility for what happened. He felt like an unworthy Oathbreaker, honestly even without the white cloak to provide him cover.

"Jaime Lannister, I didn't expect you ever to come back here after what you did..." He sounded so angry, the King. But that just added on to the disappointment, and as he looked at his wife, she'd stare at him, giving him a supporting glance. They'd do this, regardless of the King's attitude.

"Your Majesty, I didn't mean for Rhaenys to die. My father didn't mean for Rhaenys to die. You have my sincere apology for her lost, but I must beg of you to stop threatening us. I have children... I don't want to lose them, your majesty. One dead babe is enough for me..." Jaime knew he'd never believe it, considering them under trustworthy folks for betraying them and killing the two innocent woman. Which would be forever be on his mind, considering he wouldn't know what he'd do if one of his own children died.

"I don't believe you! That's the thing! Why else would you send your fucking monster in the Keep if you didn't have mean to make my daughter die!" The King was surely right to sound paranoid... But why didn't he care about Elia though. That was the question of the hour.

"My father didn't know Prince Aegon was on Dragonstone when he gave that order." He was being serious about this. Intel to the city was slow at the time and news of Prince Aegon's whereabouts were limited. So they didn't know the Prince was alive until the very ending, thus
meaning the Prince's smuggling out of the city was a secret operation meant for such things. For all intents purposes, they believed the Prince to be in the city, and so thus they sent in the Mountain to deal with them, or so they thought. All it lead to were too useless deaths, really.

The King thought this through, "Jaime Lannister, if that were true wouldn't Rhaenys still be alive considering she's a girl?" He didn't know, it's as simple as that.

"As would Elia considering she's no trouble on her own, but my father conveniently didn't mention leaving Elia Martell alive." He rolled his eyes at that. He would never quite forgive his father for forgetting to mention innocent little Elia.

"But why would your father have sent in the Mountain.." He'd think.

"Because he thought Prince Aegon was in the city. Really, without him I think those two woman would be still be alive right now. But someone smuggled the Prince out of the city before that. They gave us the illusion he was still in the city, but in reality he was not." I wonder smuggled the Prince out... He'd think to himself.

The King became silent at that. "Please leave Jaime Lannister, I have much to think about apperately.." At that, they departed. He'd think that went pretty well, all things considering...
Aegon

Chapter Summary

In Dorne, Aegon and the Red Viper go off on an expedition and come back to talk with Darkstar.

Chapter Notes

Basically an interval chapter.

I rather like Dorne, it's much better than sitting at home. Aegon also rather looked at the swirling sand dunes of Dorne too, finding them to be interesting. Which is why Oberyn, his uncle and the person whom Rhaegar decided would be squiring him, often would bring him out on long walks out here. Unlike Rhaegar, he actually talked about his mum, Elia. He spent a lot of his time imaging what she could be like, and so he really appreciated Oberyn's contribution to that effort - and sometimes at court, Lady Ashara told him about mum too. Though in general, he often imaged Elia to be wonderfully kind and sweet, and someone he could actually speak too... unlike Lyanna, though she tried, she wasn't his mother. She acted like he was a distant after thought, rather than a adoptive-mother. It was a rather unfortunate situation, he'd suppose.

As they walked in the sandy desert, Aegon dressed in a rather light, soft blue material instead of his usual black-colored suit of armor. It was unbearably hot out in that bloody suit and he felt as hot as a dragon could be in it, so he donned something that was reflective of not wanting to die in the sun. He didn't even tan in it, not for one second and as result of desert wanderings, he'd often end up with massive sunburns that took weeks of sitting in the spear with no sunlight to remove from his skin. He'd think he inherited not a single drop from his Dornish mother, beyond taking on certain personality traits of her's... or so he was told. He didn't know, really, and it very much bothered him. He dearly wished Elia was still alive, so that he could know her...

"Egg, you know you must be wary for snakes." Oberyn noted, considering there was quite some poisonous critters lurking out here. Amongst them, rattlesnakes as they could be quite dangerous. Aegon always thought it was Oberyn's intentions to teach him about rattlesnake poison and what not, like he was teaching Tryenne about it. Plus, they had long sticks on them, for poking those snakes. Aegon felt strangely scared at the prospect of being attacked by a snake, despite being half-Martell himself.

"I find the idea of being attacked by a poisonous snake hiding in the sand dunes to be very scary..." Aegon was quite serious, as he's seen how fast one of those hidden bastards could move. They were invisible, fast moving things that could render a youth such as himself dead with how poisonous they were. But it was fortunate his uncle knew how to charm a snake like he charms women... Dad says I better not learn any of those bad habits from him, though dad has the bad habits of his own. Aegon was quite frustrated with his father as it stood, however.

"You could always kill it with your stick. I could always kill it with a stick." What if it pops up underneath me and I don't have time to react before It strikes? Aegon wondered this question.
"Oberyn... Would getting a strike from a snake be worse than those blistering sunburns I get? Or from all that one time that you let Jaime Lannister... uh train me?" Aegon eyes were quite wide at that memory. Jaime Lannister was quite the warrior, Aegon would think, and I learned that he was just as great as the sword of Dawn, if not more. He'd say this because although Jaime was quite delicate with him, when he faced off against him. The reason why Oberyn did this was to make Aegon very, very aware of his lack of skill in sword fighting... and it did it's job very well to say in the least. Though, he generally understood that the Martell's decided to make amends with the Lannister's, thus making his father's influence less with each day.

Am I going to rule a country in a state of civil war?

"It depends on what kind of snake attack you, Egg. But generally, between the kind of sunburns you get.... and that, I'd say neither are a pleasant choice for you." Oberyn's comment on his sunburns was on the mark, for they were things that were blistering and painful to have. He actually remembered he got such bad ones, that even crying felt like a hassle considering it burned.

Which is why these expeditions were getting rarer and rarer, considering the heir to the Seven Kingdoms shouldn't spend his time crying over burnt marks on his person. Well at least they're not noticeable, I suppose ... He stared at his arms - he was fortunate to have no scaring from the incidents, but they'd forever be in his memories as very, very painful things. Their was, however markings on his stomach and legs from the expedition however,

He gave Oberyn a sarcastic smile, "I'd rather not found out..." He and his uncle decided on walking back to the Sunset Spear, after that being said and done. However, he was glad that his uncle had given him a through analysis of snakes and other kind of poisons, as the father of Sand Snakes, Aegon would presume it was his duty to do so. He was taught that Rattlesnakes had enough poison to kill two full grown men and that often times, you could only hear them through the studtle shaking sounds they made with their tails. But otherwise, like most other snakes they only came out at night as to hunt down mice and possibly other snakes, or spiders. And he was taught that spiders made a great soup, at least according to Oberyn. Aegon knew that Oberyn would make him spider-hunt one of these days, to teach him about the various kind of armacha that lived upon the dune. He also stated that sand beetles were great in sandwiches, though at that point he'd assume Oberyn was messing with him on the whole entire eating insects thing, but he than said Elia and him went out often as children to collect and crush them. Aegon found that information to be educational if not a bit gross.

As they walked back to the spire, they'd walk past all the little markets. Some sold exotic purple silk Aegon found beautiful to look at, but Oberyn assured him that that stuff was too expensive for even some lords. But Aegon assured him that he was no little lord, but he'd pass on it anyhow. Some sold spices of all sorts, of which made the marketplace smell exotic, and other even sold perfumes from places as far away as Yi-Tish. Aegon was astonished by it, because the King's Landing market wasn't this exotic, with even the bloody street performers being of different and unique origins, as they played on the streets. He found Dorne to be very interesting, but King's Landings had it's charm too, he must admit. They sold one of his favorite teas from Yi-Tish in King's Landing, and Aegon loved the bloody stuff, as it tasted of delightful hazelnut. It wasn't too bitter, nor too sweet, it was perfectly flavored.

Some of the passersby on the street stared at him, and most moved off to the side at his presence, staring at him. The merchants stared at him, before calling out his name - Aegon knew he'd forever be hounded by people on the streets, but it didn't bug him. I am going to be King after all, I must appear to be dignified in public. Regardless of how many times I feel as though the pressure is overwhelming. Sometimes, Aegon mildly wished that he could go hide amongst the commoner's like Dunc and Aegon V did, but he wasn't Aegon V. He was lucky to be a fourth son, and not directly in line for the throne like he was. He'd put a hand across his shiny, silver
locks, feeling rather nervous at the attention, but he ignored it considering as Heir he needed to get use to the attention anyhow.

As he and his uncle walked back to the spear, that he had no sunburns this time. Rather, he had a gentle tan. Something he smiled about - he may as a pale as snow, but at least he could tan... even a little bit. *I've sometimes gotten tans that have turned to sunburns.* Those were the worst, but those have had happened before though.

Aegon's uncle, Oberyn, was what he called a Sand or Salty Dornish, given that he unlike the Stone Dornish was more durable to the sunlight unlike those of the Stone Dornish. They were descended from the Andals, with some having blonde hair and blue eyes, or some even looking like him. *I've met the Darkstar before, and he was so very unpleasant towards me.* The Darkstar may look pretty in the eyes of others, as some claim, but he was no true Knight despite that. He was a jealous charlot and he was disappointed with his cousin for dating him. Visery's at hearing this bit of news lacked happiness for sometime, going as far to complain quite jealousy to her about replacing him when he was there. She said it was inspiration for him, really but he found it as cruel as Shiera Seastar playing games with two of the other legit bastards with her charms.

More than anything, he'd rather not encounter Darkstar. Sometimes he showed up just to bother him and his uncle while they were peacefully walking by. Though, he supposed bumping into an angry Viserys walking alongside them was even funnier. He tried not laughing, but it was bloody impossible to do when faced with it.

But nevertheless, they'd encounter the feen, with that sliver-black hair mix that mocked the Targaryen sliver-gold style. His eyes were a dark purple, like his own, and as such people sometimes compared him to Targaryens. That he was just as beautiful as them was a farce, he was rather ugly inside despite his Knight hood.

He came running towards the two of them, with the purple Dayne insignia upon his chest, he'd think about Author. His more honorable cousin with his light blonde hair and lighter purple eyes... Author was the better of the two by far.

"What is it, Gerold?" His uncle responded for him, like a good adult would. Aegon felt relieved by this urge.

"I'm not speaking to you, Oberyn. I'm speaking to the little Prince. Would you mind telling Viserys to stay off my woman?" Aegon barred his teeth at that, as he thought it was Gerold of whom intruded upon Visery's land. *I'm sure Arianne is just doing this to get a reaction out of Viserys, which she is... very much succeeding in doing. If i were to tell Viserys this, than I'm sure he'd get even more upset to the point of leaving Dorne.*

"I'm sorry Gerold, but she's only using you to make sure Viserys is loyal to her." Oberyn unnecessarily answered in his stead. Though, he was right on the mark with that comment though, Aegon would think.

"She's still my woman, tell him to back off!" His voice was laced with jealously, as he stepped forward. Aegon didn't know why he just didn't tell Viserys this himself, but Aegon assumed it had to do with the fact the Prince was far stronger than him and also Viserys has indeed, beaten him up once before for this kind of behavior.

"Why don't you tell Visery's this to his face instead of bothering us with your childish rants." Oberyn had gotten straight in the man's face, with a look of sad amusement. Aegon felt content to stand still and quietly.

"I've done this but he hasn't listened." He snapped.
"Ah so none of this is our concern. Come along, Egg. We have better things to do than deal with Gerold's girl problems." Oberyn waved him along, as they walked away from the gritting Knight.

Would Arianne ever be rid of Gerold? Or ever earn back Viserys trust after this? Aegon wondered this, as he walked away with his uncle back to the cool Spear, where he could relax for once.
Rhaegar III

Chapter Summary

Rhaegar gets the truth out of his spymaster, Varys.

Truthfully, Rhaegar didn't trust what Jaime Lannister had said. They didn't know the Prince had arrived on Dragonstone alongside Rhaella and Viserys? So thus, that gave them the right to murder Elia and Rhaenys with the murderous Clegane? That man... he had bloody Knighted him himself, which was a mistake, given what that bloody oxman did to his family. He remembered Clegane, very distinctively, the man was always much larger than himself in height and he was a dedicated Knight, he'd give him that, given that they were given their house by the Lannister's after one of their house came into contact with the house's own insignia, the Lion. A man had saved them by sending out three dogs, all of which gave their lives to save the nobleman, and thus Clegane house was born, with the three dogs of the House representing the three dogs that lost their lives to save that unfortunate Lannister nobleman's life.

After the war, he had promptly taken away their House lands away from them, so that they weren't even landed Knights anymore. He had given the lands he had stripped away from the Cleganes to a member of House Connington. For Jon had many cousins, and he was sure that Jon would be pleased to have the pleasure to watch over House Lannister, as he was doing right now. Whatever house Lannister thought about this affair held none of Rhaegar's care, for they needed to be watched, in his opinion.

Rhaegar was walking quickly through the hall, but he noticed Lady Lysa sitting on a simple white chair, facing her dear husband in the dining quarters, people all about. He'd notice the pair laughing together and the sounds of her laugh were rather intoxicating to him so he stopped a bit. Lysa was a rather beautiful, if not shapely, young woman with a head full of ginger-colored locks and soft blue-colored eyes. However, the one thing he was concerned about was that babe in her stomach, for it had been sometime for him to see a healthy, alive baby instead of a dead one. Like he kept on getting, and it was infuriating. I just want a third head... Is it so hard to want? He had allowed Lysa and Jaime to stay here, despite his previous objections to Jaime's presence, he didn't see it fair to allow her to suffer a miscarriage just because he didn't like the Lannister's.

Her baby bump was quite large, but she kept it together by wearing a rather large crimson-coloured gown, of which showed those blossoming, gently freckled breasts of her's. He needed a baby mother.. she could do, right? She's so fertile. That's all that matters to me. I thought Lyanna might be, but no... She gets pregnant rather quickly, but she never produced a living babe however. Truthfully, It drove him completely nuts. He considered that his own siblings might be one of the heads needed for Aegon, the Prince that was Promised, but he was somehow rather dismissive at that possibility. It had to be his children, not his siblings, that were the three Dragon Riders needed. Once he was done with that, maybe he'd got looking for Dragon eggs.. Just not immediately, he had other things to do, like making sure that young Aegon was prepared for his duty. His other son, Prince Baelon was to be sent off immediately to the reach when he came of age. He had plans for him to marry the young lady Margaery, considering that's what bloody Mace wanted.

But nevertheless, the King decided to ignore the pair, walking straight to Varys. The little Eunuch had fueled his father's paranoia, but that had been the Spymaster's job. To tell him if anything was
amiss, so he let the man go scott-free and continue on with his position as Spymaster as usual. As for the rest of his small council, he had made Lord Paramount Jon Arryn his Master of Laws, Jon Connington his Hand, Lord Paramount Mace Tryell his master of Ships, and Varys his Spymaster. He knew his council was full of people that agreed with him, like his father's was, but that wasn't his concern to begin with. He would rather have that than a council that were full of people that disagreed with him, which were about half of his paramounts right now. Stannis was, to a lesser extent, on their side, he'd know but Stannis had a lovely wife and three youngsters to take care of. He didn't want anything to happen to them, by chance, now did he? So thus, he wasn't considered about Stannis, as much as he was considered about people using Stannis's claim to start rebelling against him in his name. Years may have passed since Robert's rebellion, but still, there was much to be done about such things,

Rhaegar had his guesses where the spymaster was, until Varys conveniently showed up. Like a bell, he'd suppose. Or maybe the spymaster just knew what everyone was doing, regardless of anything because of his so called 'little birds' he had on him. Rhaegar personally called them the personal stalker, but that was neither here nor there, given the circumstances.

"Lord Varys. How nice, I was looking for you." The man was rather short, with a bald head, and a purple satin shirt that showed off his stomach hair. Rhaegar had found him to be of use, and thus kept him around as a result.

The other man just stared at him without saying a word. Sometimes, Rhaegar thought Varys could read souls given how intense his stare was. Not to mention the fact the eunuch had eerily lavender-colored eyes that were very similar to his brother's.

"Well, Lord Varys, someone told me something very interesting about what happened to Rhaenys and Elia. Did you stop them from knowing the Prince was at Dragonstone at the time? If so.. why?" That was a question he needed answering.

"No. They sent in the Mountain without knowing any further information on the matter, a move so unlike Tywin Lannister, I was almost shocked. They didn't even ask that the Lady Elia be left alive, nor Rhaenys for that matter." The Eunuch responded in return.

"So they betrayed me without knowing any further information...matches in line to what Jaime stated... Rhaegar thought this very through. "Why though?" He wondered, for both Elia and Rhaenys were no threat to anyone, much less the throne.

"Because they wanted to make sure they were loyal to Robert, my King."

"As to forsake House Targaryen forever. But congrats on them for not thinking what my survival at the Silver meant for their cause." He had called the place where Robert Baratheon died to known forever as the Silver. For he had broken Robert Baratheon's silver war hammer in half during the siege, causing sliver to be flung everywhere in the water. Thus, forever from that day it would be known as the Silver Steam, marking that battle done between them forever.

"Anything else you need my King?"

"No, but thank you Lord Varys." That was helpful. Now Rhaegar needed to punish them, but they needed not know how. For abandoning them when they needed it most, they'd pay a heavy burden for such a betrayal, now that the mountain was dead. Now, he'd walk away from Varys, with a smile, thinking about how to punish them most dearly for this crime...
Lyanna

Chapter Summary

Lyanna deals with the Red Priestess of whom found herself in court, embroiled with her husband.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Meanwhile, the Red Priestess known simply as Aldreda had come to her husband's court. She was a young-looking Valyrian woman that whispered more paranoia into her husband's ears about whom knows what. Aldreda frightened Lyanna, so terribly much, that sometimes she swore the woman wore all but the crown upon her head. It was whispered that Rhaegar had fucked her, but she wasn't surprised about that. He didn't care for her anyhow, saying she was completely useless and thus sent her to her own chambers every night. She never slept with him anymore, to her disappointment given he was very passionate about the act when it was happening.

Lyanna sat, pondering her existence on her deck overlooking the city. She sighed, feeling like she's lost everything, from her son, to her respect. Whatever happened to the Lyanna whom kicked the arses of all those men trying to hurt that Crannogmen? Whatever happened to her innocent, love-free existence with no son, no responsibility, none of that? She missed the age where she was young, though still engaged to Robert Baratheon. At least in those days, she could wear her knightly smiley gear and be the smiling Knight again, for she was truly freed of responsibility. She remembered sitting on that horse, beating those shites with joy in her grey eyes and smiling at the crowd when she did so. Than afterword's, Rhaegar found her and said she was truly stunning, for he admired that strength out of a woman. Unlike his sickly wife Elia at the time, of whom she remembered carried a little sack containing Aegon in it, for he was much too young to be left unsupervised at Dragonstone so she brought him along to Harrenhal to watch the festivities. Along with her was Rhaenys, a girl distinctively with dark purple eyes, her daddies eyes to be precise. She was so small, so innocent, such a child and she didn't deserve to die. They looked so happy there, like a good family. I'm sorry Elia Martell. I fucked up your future, because I was too young and naïve to understand what love was, truly. I only understood the Crown Prince wanted me, me of all people! I was too caught up in the moment to care about you and now... I get the payment of having a obsessed man as my lawfully wedded husband. I'm sorry, but all the Gods possible, please forgive me for my sins of causing your deaths. She understood it now, and whenever she saw the stocky Baratheon Heir at court, she felt all the more guilty. He looked so much Robert, it was unbearable, though his attitude was distinctively like his stingy father's though. The Baratheon's reminded her of failure, of her failure as a person, as a member of her house. Not that Robb nor Ned would ever talk to her again, she was no-one in their eyes, beyond a pariah, a miserable on at that. She failed her family too.. All Lyanna did was fail in her life but now she wanted to change this.

Lyanna called for one her ladies, feeling lonely from thinking about the depressing topic of Elia. Her favourite was Lady Rohanne Tarly, sister of Samwise Tarly. She was a kind, gentle woman with much spirt and honesty. She always had candor advice, something Lyanna sorely needed right now.
"Yes, my lady?" It was indeed Rohanne, dressed in a simple white dress which did nothing to hold back her pregnancy. Lyanna felt happy for her, to say in the least. She was done producing offspring, but it didn't stop her from enjoying another babe while her time lasted.

"I need to talk to about something."

Lyanna was planning to redeem herself in the eyes of her brother, her family, her Kingdom. If it meant happiness and a life away from Rhaegar Targaryen, she'd take it. She'd do anything, though she did put Baelon with the Queen of Thrones for his safety and she even tried getting advice from her, but the Queen said she was too blunt to be taught anything about court life. Though Lyanna would indeed, try, try as she might, she would never be like the Daenerys Targaryen. That girl was posh, elegant, Queenly in other words, taught in the ways of the court. Lyanna was learning how it might work, but she cursed her bloody father Rickard for not teaching her about court life, instead of the ignorant and sheltered way of her childhood.

The tiny golden-haired woman took a seat next to her, and smiled. "Anythin'." She said good naturedly, with a smile upon her face. It enhanced those chocolate-brown eyes of her's, whenever she smiled. Rohanne was a lady for the current Lord Rosby and she was a cute little thing, Lyanna supposed. Rhaegar would like her, like he liked Ashara Dayne much to my and Stannis's utter discomfort. Stannis got all up in the King's face for it too, for she was pregnant with Orys when he did that. I think Rhaegar deserved to be punched for that kind of inappropriate behaviour towards the Lady of Storm's End.

"I wish to redeem myself in the eyes of the people." Lyanna wanted to know so desperately.

"Oh... My Lady... That's quite a request. Though people really hated you after the rebellion, to be candor. I'd usually say give it time, but time has indeed passed, and the memory of Robert's rebellion is still fresh on people's minds. My Queen, Is that why you barely travel anymore?" Yes. Lyanna sighed, maybe she could leave a good impression upon Aegon, Elia's son.. but wait, he was in Dorne. She's been to Dorne once and people rebelled quite quickly, booing as she appeared, threatening to kill her all in the name of Elia Martell. They screamed Justice for Elia, and threw rotten products at her as if she was a common criminal in the stocks. Meeting Doran was far worse, he was so very cold and distant towards her, and said not a single word to her during the exchange. It was not a very pleasant journey, and something Lyanna would not like to revisit.

"I honestly wish I could take it all back. I'd rather marry Robert and be miserable with him, even though he slept in other woman's beds. When I was younger, I once told Ned that love could not change a man's nature and I was right. Love has not changed Rhaegar's nature, no matter how hard I tried to do so." She sighed, for even back than Rhaega had been obsessed with three heads. She had no doubt he had slept with that witch, that valyrian woman several times over, but she didn't care. Lyanna was completely and utterly done with him by this point.

Her lady gasped, "My Queen, you shouldn't be sayin' such things. King Rhaegar will have your head for it." For that she was right, but Lyanna didn't care about dying not anymore, not what she's been through with Rhaegar. Truly death would be better than having to hear another second how her uterus isn't good enough, for not producing offspring. It was rather humiliating, Lyanna thought to herself.

"I can't stand to look at Orys Baratheon for the insult done to his house and not to mention the fact the people would like to see me dead.. most unfortunately. But some would like to compare Orys to Aegon V when he was just a mere Squire for Duncan the Tall, even though ironically Aegon VI still lives. Though I'd say Aegon himself is compared to likes of Daeron II The Good, or something like that, I suppose."

Lyanna knew exactly what she talked about. Orys was even actually called the new Egg, though she doubted that Aegon himself cared about such rumours.
He had more important things on his mind than just mindless rumours about a Lordeling. *He's called that because he went out on some Egg-like adventures to save Prince Aegon VI from the Red Witch as she had him tied up to collect blood from his dick. He was apparently greatly upset by Daenerys and so was so naïve enough to let himself by ensnared by the Witch, most unfortunately. I don't know the specifics of this, however.*

Her lady simply nodded, wide-eyed, saying nothing. She had more wisdom than Lyanna did. She hoped this lady had more wisdom than go about spreading gossip and lies however, but Lyanna couldn't be for certain. She knew the woman was polite, but ladies could be so gossipy and finicky that it was indeed hard to say for sure.

So Lyanna whispered, "It'd also be for your best interest not to be spreading lies about what I said here." Though Lyanna knew that wasn't the way to make friends, it was also a way to avoid enemies. Enemies could grow from gossip like weeds upon plants and turn into full grown monsters of hatred.

The woman responded with a short smile, before quickly jumping off and leaving her at once. Lyanna sighed, before getting off her chair. She needed to get up anyhow and stretch her legs to begin with as they were starting to tire due to her weight of her black dress. It was rather aggravating, Lyanna would think to herself. *If it were me in the past, I'd be off in the play yard of this castle despite what Rickard thought of it. But no, I feel as though I'm much older than my age...*  

Chapter End Notes

He's egg-like, not exactly like the original (for starters, he didn't travel with a Hedge Knight, lmao and the knight wasn't called nor considered Duncan the Tall like either.)

Just wanted to explain Orys. As for Orys, I'll be doing his story soon. It's called the Lordelings if anyone's wondering, lmao and yes I have posted just one page of it thus far. But I'll be doing more... as soon as I get inspiration that is.
I know this is usually an index, but it's also a helpful guide for me to look at (cause I have all these characters and it's hard to remember them all, lol).

Just an overview of what the family has done thus far...

King Rhaegar Targaryen (b 259 AC) King of the Seven Kingdoms, Lord of the Andals, the Rhoyce, and the First Men, first to his name, King Rhaegar is considered to be an alright King, despite some Lord Paramounts opinions on the matter. Unlike in his youth, he doesn't have the support of the peasantry anymore due to the war he and Lyanna brought forth. He's also very obsessed with getting third heads, to the point of pushing away Lyanna and his children due to his goals. He's rumoured to be an relationship with the Red Priestess Aldreda.

Queen Consort Lyanna Stark (b 266 AC) Queen Consort of Rhaegar's, she's not looked upon favourably by the masses. As a result of this, she barely leaves King's Landing for fear of being attacked by rebels. She's sometimes called the Whore Queen behind her back, unfortunately.

Lady Elia Martell of Dorne (b 256 AC, died 283 AC) The former Lady of Dragonstone is considered to be a heated topic amongst the masses and thus is not talked about around the Queen Consort for fear of offending the Targaryen consort. Though she is given songs about her short life around the country, with her being the victim of Rhaegar's misdoings.

Crown Prince Aegon VI Targaryen (b 281 AC) As a young man, he's rather hot-headed, a bit arrogant, but has a genuine heart however. He once had a rather brief relationship with Tyenne Sand which ended upon his marriage to Daenerys Targaryen. He's the only surviving child of Elia
Martell due to his sister's death at the hands of the mountain, which gives him some fame in Dorne. The Crown Prince has a variety of friends, and comes across as very friendly and kind to others. Despite that charisma, Aegon has a backbone and is not one to be insulted. He's a good warrior, but only a decent jouster, finding that learning how to war in a battlefield to be much more interesting than jousting however.

**Prince Baelon Targaryen (b 283 AC)** The second son of Rhaegar Targaryen and his 'second' wife Lyanna Stark, he's brave and bold, always looking for a new adventure. He's slowly falling into an infatuation with his childhood friend and companion, Mya Storm. Whom knows if he'll ever act on those feelings or not... But however, he's best friends with Loras Tryell and often jousts with him as a way of fun as they both complete their training as squires.

**Princess Rhaenys Targaryen (b 280 AC died 283 AC)** The daughter Rhaegar wishes to avenge by any means possible. Her sad, sad tail is played in places across Westeros by the common folk.

**Princess Daenerys Targaryen (b 283 AC)** The youngest and only daughter of Aerys II and his sister-wife Rhaella, Daenerys is a quick-witted young woman under the tutelage of Olenna Tyrell. She's married Crown Prince Aegon VI, and her best friend is Margery Tryell. She's also pregnant with his child, something Aegon is bloody thrilled about as he's always wanted a father.

**Prince Viserys Targaryen of Summerhall (b 276 AC)** The second son of Aerys II and Rhaella, he's hot-headed and stubborn with a touch of paranoia on the side, he's capable of the same madness his father had before him. But unlike his father, he never had a Duskendale event and thus retains his sanity for the most part. He's a great fighter but jousting is not something Viserys has much interest in, like his older brother, though he does jousting well indeed and has even crowned Arianna Martell the Queen of Beauty on an occasion. After the crowning, Viserys went on to marry her and so far they have three children together. He's the Prince of the newly built Summerhall, his seat of power. He's also a Sir Knight, just like his father and older brother.

- **Princess Vaella Targaryen (b 295 AC)** Eldest child of Viserys and twin of Matarys Targaryen.
- **Prince Matarys Targaryen (b 295 AC)** Younger twin brother of Vaella and heir to Summerhall.
- **Prince Aelor Targaryen (b 296 AC)** Youngest brother of Vaella and Matarys

**Lady Arianne Martell of Summerhall (b 276 AC)** As a youngster, she often teased Viserys into tears due to her child-like affair with Gerold Dayne (of which she never had sex with). Though Arianne did this to make sure that Viserys wasn't looking at other girls, it massively backfired because he had lost his virginity to one of the Sand Snakes, just like Aegon did, out of jealousy and angrier at her however. However in due time, she and Viserys reconciled after he gave her the Crown of Love and Beauty, and eventually they married in a grand wedding in Baelor Sept.

**HIS KINGSGUARD**

Knight's Commander Sir Barristan Selmy

Sir Darien Royce

Sir Author Dayne

Sir Oswell Went
Rhaegar's Household,

Aldreda, the Red Woman as she's called, is a dangerous woman with a goal that's only known to herself. She feeds King Rhaegar's obsession with prophecies and is always seen around him. A young-looking woman at the age of 18, she's considered to be as beautiful as Lady Seara Seastar back in her hayday and looks like a Valyrian. She's said to be from Voltanis and comes from one of the old, acrostic Tiger families leading up to the days of Old Valyria due to her appearance.

Mya Storm, Jon's good friend and a noticeable outdoorswoman she's under the thumb of Queen Lyanna as a Lady-in waiting as they similar interests. Mya noticeably spent a lot of her childhood being a companion to a lonely Jon and eventually, he'd fall into an infatuation with her after she saved him from a bear attack in the North.

Lady Rohanne Rosby (nee Tarly) is another Lady In waiting for Lyanna Stark. She's a honest, pretty young woman with a sense of diligence of which Lyanna likes. Lyanna considers her to be one of her best Lady In Waiting's.

Catarina Tarly is the elder sister of Rohanne Tarly and is considered to be a rather pious, charitable lady. She's married to one of Lord Richard Hightower and has two children by him.

Lord Robb Stark, after Rhaegar Targaryen's paranoia hit the Starks much to the dismay of Lyanna Stark, he was taken captive at the age of thirteen in order to insure the loyalty of Ned Stark. He has a bit of a crush on Margery Tryell and wishes to pursue her in marriage, much to the delight of Rhaegar and Mace Tryell, for it means that they can now see what the Starks are doing in the North.

Lord Renly Baratheon because he wants to join the King's Guard for some reason. Is very good friends with Baelon Targaryen, but is extra close with Loras Tyrell, a fact that neither the Baratheon's and the Tryell's seem to care about.

Rhaegar's Small Council

Lord Paramount Jon Arryn - Master of Laws, someone Rhaegar is mildly indifferent about despite him saving Ned Stark and Robert Baratheon from his father's wrath. So far, Jon has aligned himself with Stannis Baratheon by proposing a marriage between his young son, a boy conveniently named Robert (a fact that almost made Rhaegar kick him off the council) and Stannis's young daughter Mary.

Lord Paramount Mace Tryell - Master of Ships because Rhaegar didn't know what to do with Mace but yet still wanted to appease his Lord Paramount by giving him a seat upon the council.

Jon Connington - Hand of King. Obviously, because Jon Connington is one of Rhaegar's most trusted allies thus far.

Lord Paramount Jaime Lannister - He forgave Jaime after his father died and invited him upon
his Small Council as his Master of War. But he's still suspicious of this one due to Aldreda's whispering of his distrustfulness.

End Notes

I just wanted to say thank you for reading this fiction and please, feel read to comment any and all criticism one might have about it.

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