

“You look like a ponce.”

Daeron’s eyes twitched as he glared daggers at Arya for that comment. It was bad enough that he was of two minds on dyeing his hair silver from the start but he went with it as it was a brilliant idea. Besides, he was only dyeing the end of his hair which he had chosen to let grow instead of cutting it short. To make matters worse he could feel the servants that were applying the Myrish dye on his hair struggle to suppress their laughter at Arya’s comment.

“Have you finished applying the dye?” he asked sharply.

“Just a moment your grace.”

The servants began fussing over his hair and hastily completed their work before they went away. He was left sitting on his easy chair forced to stay still as the dye needed to dry and bond properly on his hair.

“Is this her idea of turning you into a proper Targaryen?” Arya asked, once they were alone in his chambers.

“Daenerys?” Daeron shook his head. “Gods no. It was my idea. She doesn’t even know I’m doing this.”

“And why exactly are you doing this?” Arya asked sardonically, making it clear that she thought gunk about his attempt to look the part of a Targaryen.

“Yes, I ride a dragon and I wield the sword of Visenya. But the lords and knights of Westeros have an image in their minds when the name Targaryen comes to their minds. Unfortunately, I don’t fit their image but Daenerys does. And I need to look play this mummery to hoodwink those easily impressionable minds.”

“Why? Why go through all this trouble for one night?” Arya asked confusedly. “Most of these lords will go back to their castles and forget all about this wedding.”

“Ah, you see Arya. You are right. Most of these knights and lords will be spending the rest of their lives in their lands but with the impression that a Targaryen king is sitting on the Iron Throne of the likes of Aegon the Conquerer or Daeron the Young Dragon. You see the perception of those whom you rule matters to keep the political arena a placid garden for as long as one can.”

“It’ll be a false impression.” said Arya, frowning in distaste at the very notion.

“Yes, exactly. Let them see what they want to see. I suppose I don’t need to tell you of all people about the advantages of wearing masks, do I sister?” Daeron asked, quirking his eyebrows.

“I suppose that’s reasonable.” Arya slowly nodded.

“So, have you talked to Daenerys yet?” Daeron asked, carefully adjusting himself in the chair to get a better look at Arya without disturbing the current status of the dye.

“Hmm... Not yet.” Arya said, taking to her feet and making a beeline for Dark Sister.

“Why not?” Daeron frowned at her.

“Do you want me to?” Arya asked, unsheathing the ancient Valyrian steel blade from its sheath and giving it an experimental twirl in her hand.

"It's not about what I want Arya. You are the only family I have in the Capital representing House Stark. After I marry Daenerys she becomes a part of our family, our pack. Who better to teach her the ways of the pack other than the wildest of us wolves?" Daeron said, smirking at the Arya who huffed before sheathing Dark Sister abruptly.

"All right, I'll talk with her. But don't expect me to wear a dress like some southern lady for your wedding."

"So long as you wear something to cover yourself, I won't complain." Daeron snickered but he yelped when Arya threw a book at him from a nearby table.

"You still look like a ponce." Arya huffed before she marched out of Daeron's chambers.

Or at least she tried to but ended up coming across someone she least expected to see ever again. The black hair and striking blue eyes after all were not so easy to forget.

"Gendry!" Arya gasped.

"Consider it your namesday present sister." Daeron quipped.

He let out a chuckle as Arya shot him a displeased look before dragging away a protesting Gendry who was supposed to deliver him a flagon of wine. He waved his newly christened squire away but not before ordering the presence of his other squire, Hoster Blackwood. While he might have said no to wine while he was at work or during the many campaigns but now that he was relaxing and insulated from work, he could afford to take some liberties with wine.

He observed the Blackwood squire of his who was dutifully pouring wine into a tumbler.

"Hoster, have you been training as per my instructions?" he asked after he received the tumbler.

Out of the corner of his eyes, he could see Hoster Blackwood move his leg restlessly, the tell-tale sign of nervousness which could roughly translate to dishonesty in select situations.

"Ye...Yes, your grace."

"Mmhm. So, you would be now competent in defending against attacks aimed at your upper body. I shall soon put that to the test in the training yard." Daeron said airily.

"You...you would, your grace?" Hoster goggled, soundly gulping down the air in his nervousness.

"Yes, of course. I can't have my squire so easily beaten in the field. I swore to your father to make a competent knight out of you." Daeron said, pretending not to see the nervousness of his squire.

"Tell you what. I've got a new training regimen for you. I want you to wake up before sunrise every morning and run two laps around the Red Keep without fail."

"A...around the Red Keep? Every morning?" Hoster Blackwood stuttered.

"Yes. Is there a problem?" he looked at Hoster sharply who wilted under his stare.

"No, your grace. I'll be quite happy to do as you ask."

Daeron hid a smile behind the glass while taking a sip of the wine. His reputation as an unforgiving and harsh dragonrider was working wonders on the people around him. Not to mention there was little entertainment going around thanks to the lack of some basic amenities of the 21st century like a phone or a laptop. Therefore, being a harsh taskmaster and generally screwing with people were the only entertainment left other than dragon-riding. Besides, it was some harmless fun.

“Hooster.”

“Your grace?”

“There is a book on my table. It’s a book written by Maester Anders about the geographical intricacies of the Reach. Bring that book and read to me.” Daeron ordered.

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Daenerys didn’t know whether she should be impressed or annoyed with Arya Stark. On one hand, the younger girl was bold, opinionated and did not care to give offence while at the same time Arya Stark remained wholly uninterested in dresses, jewellery or anything that has to do with beauty. Seeing as she was about to get married Arya was of no help whatsoever in preparing for her wedding. She had hired five seamstresses to make her five wedding dresses. The plan was to choose the best among the five dresses. And even if something should happen to one of the dresses, she could use any one of the other four dresses as a quick replacement.

Unfortunately, her determination to win Arya’s approval when it comes to dresses came crashing down thanks to the complete disinterest of said girl. Her nephew had warned her that Arya was the most headstrong wolf in the pack. But she never imagined Arya would be so disinterested in anything that most women find interesting.

Still, she tried her best to include Arya in the process. Daenerys didn't want Arya to think she was ignoring her.

“What about this dress? The silver dress should match my hair.” Dany fussed over the silver dress excitedly placing it against her torso and looking expectantly at Arya.

“Hmm. It’s good I suppose.” Arya grunted disinterestedly.

Daenerys frowned as that was the answer Arya had given to the other dresses as well. She looked at Missandei and then at the only other Northern lady present in her chambers, Lyra Mormont. Perhaps, her face reflected the internal turmoil that was brewing deep in her mind because Lyra picked the red dress.

“This one would fit perfectly your grace. Red is part of your house’s banner and it’d fit well when the King robes you in his cloak.”

Daenerys smiled and nodded gratefully at the suggestion. She looked curiously at her friend Missandei who also nodded showing her agreement with Lyra Mormont’s suggestion. She’d have loved to get the opinions of other ladies that have arrived at the Red Keep but they dared not tread her chambers all thanks to a new guest.

She found the blood-red eyes of Ghost, the direwolf companion of Daeron being trained on her. It was quite fascinating that the Starks could bond with ferocious wolves and tame them to behave like puppies. Daeron’s direwolf was the largest among the whole lot that was terrorizing the Red Keep. Sometimes she thought Ghost looked like a giant moving slab of ice and snow. When she had mentioned her thoughts to Daeron he had laughed until tears came from his eyes. Ever since she made that comment Ghost has been shadowing her in the castle scaring away the ladies of the court. Just yesterday Lady Gwyneth Brune nearly screamed to death when Ghost growled at the

woman for trying to enter her chambers. Even Lady Margery Tyrell and her many cousins were denied access to the chambers thanks to Ghost. Only Lyra Mormont, Missandei and Arya were allowed entry into her chambers.

“Can you not ask Daeron to take Ghost away?” Daenerys asked looking at Arya.

“Our direwolves are very good judges of character. If they’ve not allowed someone entry to your chambers cross them off from your friends list.” said Arya.

Daenerys frowned before eyeing Lyra Mormont who was allowed inside her chambers by Daeron’s direwolf. She was not ignorant of how the wielder of Longclaw looks at her nephew from time to time. She suspected the Mormont girl nursed some feelings for her husband-to-be.

‘Does Daeron know?’ she wondered.

From the tales she heard, the Mormont girl has fought side by side in many battles with her nephew in the North and the Riverlands. Either Daeron was aware of Lyra’s affection and choose to ignore it or Daeron was not aware. There was however the distinct possibility that Daeron also has feelings for the Mormont girl but is merely hiding it well. She could not know for sure.

‘Maybe this is all in my head and I’m merely seeing smoke where there is no fire.’ she thought.

She decided to wipe such thoughts away before her wedding day. Perhaps, she could speak of these matters with Daeron in the privacy of their bedchambers.

The next day it was a bright morning. King’s Landing was packed with guests from the Crownlands, the Reach and even some of the Northern lords, as well as the Riverlords, along with their families were present for the royal wedding. There was initial confusion about the venue for the wedding. Some suggested the ruins of the Sept of Baelor but she was not comfortable with having their wedding on what was now a graveyard for thousands of people. The wildfire had decimated quite a lot of people unfortunate enough to have been present on Visenya’s hill. Naturally, the focus then shifted to the Red Keep or even the small septs available in the city but Daeron denied them all.

Instead, Daeron suggested the wedding be held in a place neutral to any religions as the Red Priests have also arrived for the wedding. They were demanding that the wedding take place in the light of the Red God honouring Valyrian and Volantine customs. Daeron was no Andal or a follower of the Red God. He followed the customs of the First Men and therefore he suggested a religiously neutral wedding ceremony to be held at the Dragonpit to not give preference to any particular religion. Nonetheless, Daeron allowed religious representation and prayers in their wedding ceremony so long as they were brief and did not offend other religions.

Daenerys peeked from the curtains of her wheelhouse as they made their way toward the Dragonpit. The streets were lined with smallfolk, knights and her Unsullied guards. Flowers adorned the streets as did the shouts of joy from the people wherever her wheelhouse passed.

“The streets are packed with people.” Daenerys casually observed.

“All of them have gathered to celebrate the wedding, your grace. It has been centuries since the city has seen a marriage between two dragonriders.” said Gwyneth Brune.

Her new lady-in-waiting was a comely girl of six and ten saddled into her retinue on the insistence and pleading of Lord Brune. She never believed the story Lord Gunther Brune spun about his daughter not having proper betrothals. Lord Brune hopes to find a good match for his daughter who happens to be a lady in waiting for the Queen of the Seven Kingdoms.

'At least, the girl is not as overbearing as her other ladies in waiting.' Daenerys thought, thinking about the other lady companions that were following her wheelhouse.

There was Jeyne Hardy, Eustace Celtigar and Sylvia Boggs serving in her retinue. She was forced to accept these ladies as Daeron had asked her to cultivate good relations with Crownland lords, especially those coming from Crackclaw Point. Then there was Lyra Mormont who acted more as her guard and Missandei who remains her all-weather friend, both of them accompanying her in the wheelhouse along with Gwyneth Brune. The air outside was cold but she was sweating forcing poor Missandei to fan her all the way to the Dragonpit.

By some stroke of luck, the wheelhouse came to a stop before the Dragonpit before she melted inside the wooden box. Many familiar faces were waiting outside her wheelhouse greeting her with smiles and well wishes as she stepped outside of the wheelhouse. Chief among them was Ser Barristan who had led the procession from the front in his gleaming golden armour and white cloak. Then there was Tyrion Lannister, Varys, Ser Jorah, Lords Velaryon, Celtigar, and many others.

"Announcing her grace Princess Daenerys Stormborn of House Targaryen, the Mother of Dragons." The crier called loudly.

The ladies in attendance curtsied while the men bowed respectfully.

"Your grace, please be welcome." said Ser Barristan, leading her to a raised dais where an old maester and a plump man whom she had often seen talking with her nephew stood waiting for her.

"That's Archmaester Marwyn and Samwell Tarly from the Citadel. His grace ordered the Archmaester to preside over the wedding." Tyrion explained from nearby for her benefit.

She absently nodded while carefully manoeuvring herself with her wedding dress so that she gracefully climbed the dais without missing a step. Her eyes trailed to Drogon, Rhaegal and Viserion who were watching her keenly from atop the fallen remains of the Dragonpit. The most unusual thing was her three children were curled up against each other which was a rare sight. The dais she was standing on remained open to the elements. There was no roof over their heads but thankfully there was no rain or snow to mess up her wedding. Missandei and Gwyneth helped smooth out her dress and cloak while she waited for Daeron to arrive.

The sound of clattering hooves made her turn her head to look back to see Daeron's arrival on horseback. Her nephew easily dismounted before handing his white horse to a stable boy.

"Announcing his grace Prince Daeron Targaryen, the Dragon of the North." the crier announced.

Daenerys was not the only one to be stunned by Daeron's appearance. Her nephew had the looks of a powerful warrior and was now looking like a dragonlord of proper Valyrian stock with his streaks of silver hair. Her nephew was dressed in the finest silks of silver colour with streaks of gold that glittered away like stars in daylight. On his left shoulder, there was a shoulder guard with studded gold and blue gemstones tied securely. Each step her nephew took was measured and his face sported a placid smile as he climbed the dais to stand beside her. She felt a touch overwhelmed by the powerful presence her nephew wielded. She could see it on all the faces assembled to witness their wedding the same realization. Not a hair was out of place when it comes to Daeron and the streaks of silver on her nephew's hair and sharp stormy grey eyes only complimented his appearance and presence.

"You look beautiful, darlin." Daeron whispered into her ear making her blush but also smiled happily.

She had after all spent a vast amount of time to look as beautiful as possible for the occasion. It felt good to know that the hours she spent toiling before a mirror with her lady friends were not for nought. She smiled some more when Daeron reached out with his hand and took hers lacing their fingers together. Her eyes found the stormy grey eyes of her nephew but the sharp voice of Marwyn cut through her thoughts.

“This is 304 years since Aegon’s Conquest. On this auspicious day, the last descendants of Aegon the Dragon have gathered before the realm to unite as one soul and one body through marriage. Prince Daeron and Princess Daenerys have decided to enjoin their fates together to usher in a new era in these Seven Kingdoms of Westeros as husband and wife. Is there any man or woman among the gathered guests who protest the union of these two souls?”

Daenerys frowned at the last part of Marwyn’s speech. She discreetly looked back at the gathered guests afraid someone would create needless drama on her wedding day. Thankfully, nothing of the sort happened probably thanks to Drogon. Drogon must have sensed her distress because he let out a low growl that frightened the people gathered in the Dragonpit.

“Since no one has opposed the union of this young couple the decision must now be made by Prince Daeron and Princess Daenerys.” Marwyn proclaimed before turning his focus on Daenerys.

“Are you, Princess Daenerys of House Targaryen the daughter of Aerys Targaryen and Rhaella Targaryen, willing to take Prince Daeron Targaryen as your lawful wedded husband?”

“Yes.” she said, nodding her head and smiling at Daeron.

“Are you, Prince Daeron of House Targaryen son of Rhaegar Targaryen and Lyanna Stark, willing to take Princess Daenerys Targaryen as your lawful wedded wife.”

“Yes.” Daeron said firmly.

“With all the gods, men and women of this good realm as witnesses, I now proclaim Prince Daeron and Princess Daenerys as husband and wife till death do them part. The groom may now cloak and kiss the bride.”

Daeron was already there before she could prepare herself. Her golden silk cloak was loosened from her shoulders by Missandei while Daeron was handed the cloak by Arya. Her nephew promptly cloaked her in the colours of House Targaryen. She could feel his strong arms snaking around her waist and then she felt the presence of his warm lips on hers. She felt like butterflies were flying in her gut and for a moment she dissolved into the warm fuzzy feeling that permeated every part of her being. When she regained her bearings, she could hear thunderous applause from the guests and petals being thrown their way.

From there on out it was a whirlwind of activity and she barely managed to stay focused on what she was doing. It was as if she was being carried away by a strong current of a stream and she didn’t even give a token effort to arrest her movement. She was all too happy to be swept away by the current. She barely even saw Daeron’s towering presence and kept the perverse hands of the men and women among their guests to themselves. She might have missed it but the guests never did because they easily made way for her and Daeron to pass unmolested. She had been not too thrilled to learn the Andal customs on the wedding day and she had expressed her views to Daeron. It was also for her benefit that Daeron arranged an entirely new form of a wedding ceremony.

They walked out of the Dragonpit escorted by Ser Barristan and Ser Lyn. Daeron quickly climbed on his white horse and held out his hand for hers. Her nephew’s intention was quite clear and she was

all the happier to comply. She was helped into Daeron's arms nuzzling against the crook of his neck as she settled comfortably on the horse. All the bells began ringing as they slowly trotted towards the Red Keep on horseback waving and smiling at the smallfolk that lined the streets. Sometimes she saw Daeron throw silver and copper coins into the crowd along their way.

"No gold to spare?" she asked jokingly.

"Oh, there is enough gold but I don't think anyone getting the gold might survive to see another day." said Daeron.

There was truth in Daeron's statement and that brought her happiness down a couple of notches. She remembered the time when she was just a street urchin begging to survive the day with her brother.

'How many Danys might be living on these streets?' she questioned herself.

"Daeron."

"Yes."

"Can we arrange for some sort of food for the smallfolk? Just for the children perhaps?" she asked, looking expectantly at her new husband.

"It'll strain our treasury and preparations for the winter..." said Daeron, "...however we can probably make some arrangements if that be your wish darlin."

"Thank you." she whispered against his ear pressing against Daeron's body as they passed through the streets taking in the festive ambience of the city.

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The Red Keep was bustling with the festivities late into the night with bards and mummer's troupes even from across the Narrow Sea displaying their art before the lords and ladies of the realm. The food was also exquisite with all the flavours and delicacies known to the high lords of Westeros available in the Red Keep.

But Tyrion cared not for the food, songs or plays. He cared only for the wine and the whores. The wine he could get his hands on quite easily but whores were in high demand in the capital. Not to mention his position in court and finances were in jeopardy as he no longer could outspend many of the lords or even knights for that matter. He was entirely dependent on the Queen's generosity for finances. For whatever reason, Daeron Targaryen has left the Queen's finances and material possessions untouched. The Wily Dragon, as he liked to call the young king, has taken everything else from the Queen. Her allies were gone, her army was gone and even her ships were being assimilated into the Royal Fleet. Even the Queen's chief advisors were being cut off from the court. Only Ser Barristan retained his position as the Lord Commander of the Kingsguard. He had feared the position might go to Ser Lyn Corbray.

Frankly, thinking about the Queen's waning influence was a lost cause. He was better served in drinking the finest wines to his heart's content before all the barrels dry up.

"A joyous occasion, isn't it Imp?"

Tyrion looked at the newcomer and cringed upon seeing the stern visage of Garlan Tyrell. He has been avoiding this meeting so was Varys. They were the ones to reach out to Highgarden and persuaded the Tyrells to betray the Westerland army. Now, the Tyrells and those Reach lords were little more than [prisoners in the Red Keep. By the order of Daeron Targaryen, all Tyrells and their sworn knights were confined to Maegor's holdfast with no idea what the future might hold for the family that rules Highgarden.

In that uncertainty, it was quite understandable that the Tyrells were less amicable towards him. Although, he thought it unfair considering their ire should be directed at the person responsible rather than the powerless former advisor to the Queen of Mereen.

'But the lords of Westeros have never been a bright bunch.' Tyrion thought taking another sip of the fine Arbor Gold.

"What? Nothing to say, dwarf? My brother should not have listened to your poisoned words and took part in this folly." said Garlan.

"If you want someone to blame you can curse my name to the seven hells for all I care. I suppose you'll get some momentary satisfaction in calling me a few names but when you wake up tomorrow, you'll be exactly where you are right now. So, please spare me your curse words. It'll save your tongue and my poor ears." said Tyrion, his small hands reaching out and pouring some wine into a spare glass and offering it to the second son of Mace Tyrell.

Garlan Tyrell threw a look of distaste at him before accepting the wine and draining the glass in one go.

"I need an audience with the Queen. It was she who gave the word to help us." said Garlan.

"I'm surprised Lady Margery didn't use her opportunity to plead her case on your family's behalf before the Queen?" Tyrion asked in surprise.

"She would've if she could. The Queen was surrounded by other ladies or that blasted wolf."

"That's unfortunate." Tyrion hummed.

"We need to speak with her. Can you make it happen?" Garlan asked.

"Have you talked to his grace?" asked Tyrion.

"No."

"Then I suggest you better hurry. After tonight the last bonds of political power the Queen wield will be at the disposal of his grace. Convincing the Queen to help you will only win you half the battle. You need to present your grievances to the King and gain his favour." Tyrion advised before taking a large swig of wine. "I'd suggest that you move quickly. I don't think it is a coincidence that Ser Edwyn Manderly has been handed over the command of the soldiers of the Reach."

"A Manderly knight?" Garlan asked in a whisper his skin paling at the very thought.

"And a couple of knights from the Vale including Ser Symond Templeton. I don't know for sure what his grace is planning but your command is being usurped. His grace did not keep your sworn knights away out of some pettiness my lord. I'd tread very carefully when it comes to the King. He is as wily as they come."

With that last tidbit of advice delivered he slinked away with a flagon of wine in one hand and wine glass in the other to the side of the hall to get a better view. The King and the Queen were dancing to the tune of The Bear and the Maiden Fair. It was an opportune moment to study the King closely as the coronation was also fast approaching. He wanted to see the reaction up close as Daeron Targaryen was seated on the Iron Throne with a crown on his brow.

"I saved a seat for you, my lord." said Varys.

"I thought I'll find you here. My intuition was not wrong." said Tyrion, climbing on the chair Varys was kind enough to arrange for his use.

"How was your talk with Garlan Tyrell?" Varys asked.

"Nothing good. Although I've managed to direct his ire away from me, I hope." said Tyrion, pouring some wine into the chalice and offering it to Varys who promptly declined.

'More for me.' he thought happily, taking a quick swig and letting out a hum of satisfaction as the sweet wine drained down his throat.

"Have you given much thought about what you'd do once his grace settles into his responsibilities and make the court to his whims?" Varys asked.

"Not really." Tyrion said.

It was a serious concern, he admitted but one that was way above his power to influence at the moment. There was no doubt Daeron distrusted every single advisor close to Daenerys for one reason or the other. That was the reason why Varys, Jorah and himself were being sidelined from the court. In Varys' place, Qyburn was being projected. In Jorah Mormont's place, Ser Edwyn Manderly was being cultivated. In his place....

'I'm not particularly sure who that'd be but Daeron must have someone in mind.' Tyrion thought.

The sad thing was Daenerys remains wilfully blind that her supporters were being systematically cut off from her side. She was too comfortable being around Daeron and happy with her remaining supporters in Missandei, Grey Worm and Ser Barristan. Out of the three, Ser Barristan was overtly fond of Daeron for his near resemblance to the old king Jaeherys the second. Grey Worm and Missandei were loyal supporters of the Queen but they followed her blindly never once voicing their concerns or opinions. That was why he was not surprised to learn that Daeron was implementing his designs over the Unsullied.

'It'll be only a matter of time before even the Unsullied shift their loyalty to Daeron with Daenerys none the wiser.' Tyrion thought letting out a sigh.

In this unfortunate state of court politics, he could guess where Daeron was going to strike next. The Tyrells were the next prey and he suspected a major overhaul in the powers that be in Highgarden. He had theories about where Daeron was going with this but those theories were put on hold because the future king of the Seven kingdoms suddenly decided to release the Tyrells from captivity. They were unable to leave the Red Keep but still, they were now free to interact with the other lords and ladies of the Seven kingdoms. Surely, there was some plan afoot that he was missing.

"He's sending a message." said Varys

"What?" Tyrion frowned at the eunuch.

“You were wondering why the Tyrells are allowed to roam free in the Red Keep? I suspect his grace intends to send a message.” said Varys, tucking away his hands into his sleeves and staring keenly at the royal couple who were dancing on the floor to another song.

“A message? To whom?” he asked.

“To all the lords and ladies of the realm. That their fates now rest in the palm of Daeron the Third.” Varys said grimly.

Tyrion frowned but his attention went back to the dance floor as the song Fair Maids of Summer came to an end with joyous applause from the gathered guests. He sat up straight in his seat for what came next. Normally, it'd have been the time for the bedding but the coronation of King Daeron came next followed by the bedding. Not the normal bedding ceremony seen in most Westerosi weddings of course. King Daeron has threatened anyone daring to lay hands on his wife to meet their end on the tip of Dark Sister.

The door of the great hall suddenly was pushed open and several unruly-looking men along with men of the Night's Watch began pushing a giant cage covered in black cloth into the hall.

“Now, this must be interesting. My little birds never managed to get a peek under that cover.” Varys commented, a hint of frustration seeping through in his words.

“Gathered lord and ladies of the Seven Kingdoms. Some would call me an oathbreaker for abandoning my post at the Wall and some would call me a bastard for the mysterious circumstances of my birth. I do not mind their curses or accusations against me for I have a greater enemy to triumph over. We all do.” Daeron said loudly without pause or wavering in his conviction.

At Daeron's nod, the black cloth was removed and bright blue eyes stared back at everyone.

Tyrion blanched as he took in the moving corpses with blue eyes that could haunt his dreams for as long as he lived.

“I do not seek the Iron Throne for the sake of ruling the Seven Kingdoms. I seek the throne to unite the kingdoms against this great enemy we have forgotten. We may have forgotten about the White Walker and their army of wights but they certainly have not. The Long Night comes again my lords and I intend to fight on the side of Dawn as the King of these Seven kingdoms.”