

Daeron could only sigh as Gendry once again got smacked down by Ser Lyn Corbray and easily disarmed before the former blacksmith could so much as blink. It was becoming a recurring occurrence in the training yard of the Red Keep. He was not surprised by Gendry getting overwhelmed by a skilful knight like Ser Lyn. The problem was the repetitiveness of how Gendry always lost the fight. Gendry always loses balance once Ser Lyn closes the gap and attacks him with full force.

“You’re seeing what I’m seeing, right?” Daeron asked, looking at the newly inducted Kingsguard knight Ser Symond Templeton.

“Yes, your grace. That hammer hinders Gendry’s balance. The boy is not strong enough to wield it against a faster opponent.” said the Knight of the Ninestars.

“Gendry.” Daeron called from his seat overlooking the training yard.

“Your grace?” the blue-eyed boy climbed to his feet from the ground.

“Try another weapon. Perhaps, an axe.” Daeron suggested.

Gendry nodded and followed his advice. This time when Gendry met Ser Lyn in a duel, Gendry managed to last for more time.

“As I suspected. His body is not strong enough to wield that hammer against a faster opponent.” Daeron muttered.

“Perhaps, Gendry could be better suited for a sword.” Ser Symond commented.

“His skill with that hammer is great. He’ll need to develop more body strength and improve his footwork to be more effective.” Daeron commented. “But, learning his way around a sword won’t hurt. It might come in handy on a battlefield.”

“Why?” Arya asked, suddenly joining the conversation as she walked to his side, making Daeron startle at her sudden arrival.

“For the simple reason that the most common weapons seen on a battlefield are swords and spears. It is a common occurrence in a battle that your preferred weapon may get lost. Under such circumstances, being well-versed in the most commonly used weapons like swords, spears, or even a shield is advantageous.” Daeron commented.

Arya skipped over to his side and stole his cup but made a face when she saw it was filled with hot water.

“I thought you were drinking wine.” Arya made a face as she set the cup back on his table.

“Why would I drink wine after training in the yard and this early in the morning?” Daeron asked incredulously.

“If you do not drink wine, why do you have a cupbearer?” Arya asked, her grey eyes trained on Hoster Blackwood, who shrank back under her intense scrutiny.

“Hoster is my squire.” said Daeron.

“Then why is he holding a flagon in his hand?” Arya asked, making the Blackwood boy sweat despite the morning snow falling around them.

“Because he’s hoping to get exempted from training in the yard if he pretends he’s serving me as my cupbearer.” Daeron said airily, eyeing the chubby Blackwood boy who looked bashful. “I vowed to your father I’ll make a knight out of you, and that’s exactly what I intend to do. Ser Lynn!”

“Your grace.”

“I believe Gendry had enough lessons from you for the day.” said Daeron, barely holding back a grin when he saw the relief flooding Gendry’s face. “Hoster here is yearning to receive proper instructions in the field.”

“Is that so, your grace? I’ll be more than happy to instruct Blackwood. Come here, squire. Let’s see what you’ve got.” Ser Lynn motioned with his hand, calling for Hoster Blackwood into the training yard.

“Go on, Hoster. This is where you leave your books behind and depend on your mind and body.” said Daeron, giving an encouraging nod to the third son of Lord Blackwood.

His young squire bowed low before walking into the yard with a dejected face.

“This leaves young Gendry without a training partner.” Ser Symond commented, grinning at the black-haired boy catching his breath.

“I suppose I have enough energy left to spend a few minutes with Gendry in the yard.” said Daeron.

He was just about to take his sword and step into the yard when Arya stopped him.

“Allow me.” she said, grinning at him, and before he could say anything, she jumped over the railing and landed on the training yard on her feet.

Daeron’s eyes widened at Arya’s actions. He was not particularly worried about anything happening to his cousin. Instead, he was worried about Gendry’s safety simply because Arya chose to unsheathe the sword he had given her a week back.

“Are you seriously using valyrian steel in the training yard against Gendry?” Daeron asked, but his cousin ignored him and went after Gendry with Widow’s Wail.

He was sitting on the edge of his seat, watching closely as Arya dashed forward and engaged Gendry in battle. Thankfully, Gendry moved around the yard, rarely confronting Arya with his hammer. It was a good strategy, as he doubted the hammer’s wooden handle would hold for even a second against the sharp edge of the valyrian steel.

“I warned you it’d be a bad idea to give her the sword.” said Daenerys, walking to his side wearing a black dress with glittering gold lines shadowed by Ser Barristan.

“It rightly belongs to House Stark. There was no reason for me to hold on to the sword.” said Daeron.

“Isn’t this...” Daenerys nodded in Arya’s direction. “...reason enough?”

He supposed his wife had a point. Perhaps, it was better to wait until they reached Winterfell and discuss the fate of Widow’s Wail with Sansa. But that was spilt milk under the bridge. At the time, he thought it was better for Arya to wield a valyrian steel as he doubted he could keep her away from the war against the Others. He’d feel better knowing that Arya at least had an extremely reliable weapon should she find herself facing off against one of the White Walkers or their thralls.

For a brief moment, he thought about reclaiming the sword but dismissed that notion just as fast as it came. The sword rightly belonged to a Stark. Perhaps, in the distant future, Widow's Wail and Oathkeeper could be reunited to form Ice if Rickon so wishes. He supposed there was no harm in keeping the swords apart until then. Besides, Widow's Wail was a perfect fit for Arya, and he didn't want a pissed-off Arya after his hide.

Daeron was on his feet when Gendry fell with a scream. He was relieved to note that the hammerhead had fallen on Gendry's foot, with Arya's sword cutting clean through the wooden handle of the hammer.

"Well, at least we know she can handle that sword." Daeron muttered.

"Lady Arya lacks a refined technique in handling the sword, but she seems to have a good grip on the weapon." Ser Barristan said neutrally.

"Let's hope that is the case, Ser." Daeron nodded at the Lord Commander before turning to his lovely wife. "I suppose they're ready then."

"They are. Come, my husband. This needs to be dealt with before we leave for the Reach." said Dany.

A short walk later, Daeron entered the small council chambers where Varys, Tyrion, Jorah Mormont and Nyestros Maegyr patiently awaited them.

"Your grace." they chorused, greeting Daeron and his wife with a bow.

"My lords, please take your seats." Daeron nodded at the three men before taking his seat at the head of the table, with his wife taking a seat by his side.

Ser Barristan took his seat to his right side, and Daeron chose the slight delay as everyone settled in their seats to study the three men at his leisure. Varys plastered a slight grin on his face, but Daeron had learned enough to see it was fake. Tyrion and Jorah Mormont were uncomfortable; he could read that from their restless fingers and eyes. Now, Nyestros Maegyr was a new face in the Red Keep. This was the first time he was meeting the man. He had only heard about the older brother of Robb's wife from Daenerys when they were abed during the night after an enjoyable lovemaking session. He wasn't in the mood to properly process that information with his wife breathing down his neck in bed. Therefore, Nyestros Maegyr was a topic he had put out of his mind.

"Lord Maegyr. I believe this is the first time we meet face to face." Daeron spoke to the vengeful brother of Talisa Maegyr.

"We are your grace, and I'm honoured to have met you." Nyestros dipped his head.

"I'm told you've abandoned Volantis with a pledge to avenge your sister."

"My sister was a good soul. She took after my mother in that regard. Those responsible for her death shall know the wrath of House Maegyr." Nyestros said, his purple eyes darkening for a moment.

Daeron eyed the man for a long moment.

"I believe Lothar Frey, who stabbed your sister, is imprisoned at the Twins. I've sentenced him to starve till death for the crime of murdering the Lady and unborn heir of Winterfell."

"If your grace allows it, I'd like to meet this Lothar Frey. Perhaps, after the fall of Casterly Rock."

Daeron nodded as he had no qualms about giving a brother the right to exact vengeance on his sister's killer. It also looked like Nyestros Maegyr wanted to get involved in bringing down House Lannister. He supposed that'd be a common ground between them, but that was jumping the gun, so to speak. He did not know the man enough to take his presence in the Council as an ordinary event. He suspected Maegyr was planning on overstaying in Westeros. At least, that was the feeling he was getting from the Volantine.

"Husband. I believe it is time to discuss the matter with them." Daenerys said, bringing his attention back to the rest of their guests in the Small Council chamber.

"Ah, yes. We'll be flying to the Stormlands this week to put an end to the Blackfyre line and the Golden Company. Before we depart, certain matters need to be addressed." said Daeron, his eyes straying from face after face of his wife's staunchest supporters.

"It's our belief that Ser Jorah should serve as the castellan of Dragonstone from here on out." Daenerys declared.

The look of surprise on the bear knight as well as Tyrion and Varys, was understandable. After all, Ser Jorah was essentially exiled to Dragonstone for the foreseeable future.

"My Queen. Your fleet would be leaderless without Ser Jorah in the capital." said Tyrion, looking between a silent Jorah Mormont and an unapologetic Queen.

"Ser Davos shall take command of the Royal fleet in Ser Jorah's absence." Daeron said coolly.

"Your grace. This is..." Tyrion started to say but was cut off halfway.

"Lord Tyrion. My wife has told me that you're an expert in negotiations. We shall require your services in ensuring the surrender of Storm's End while we finish off the Golden Company."

"But..." Tyrion was about to protest, but Varys stopped him.

"You two shall depart tomorrow. I've already ensured arrangements for your travel." said Daenerys.

"Lord Varys. You shall be reporting directly to Ser Wylis Manderly in our absence. He shall be officially conferred the Hand of the King post before our departure." Daeron commanded.

"As you will, your grace." Varys dipped his head in agreement.

"Good. It did not escape my notice that some of you have attempted to overstep their boundaries. My husband has graciously allowed such misbehaviour a pass out of the love he holds for me. Should such actions persist, my husband won't be the one to eliminate such threats." Daenerys said coldly, her purple eyes darkening, taking on the qualities of her frigid tone. "Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, your grace."

"Good. You may leave." said Daenerys.

Daeron watched the three men take their leave. He was already making plans to dislodge Nyestros Maegyr from the group by sending the man to siege Casterly Rock. He hadn't brought up that topic directly because uncertainties surrounded that particular event's planning. It was because he'd only consider sending a portion of the Targaryen army into Westerlands if Ser Edwin Manderly managed to take proper control of Highgarden. Without the Reach in Targaryen control, there was no point in sending the army off to the Westerlands.

He was brought out of his musings when his wife moved across the Small Council chamber and closed the door from the inside.

“So, now that they’re dealt with, what’s next on the agenda?” Daenerys asked as she easily slipped into his lap.

Daeron hummed thoughtfully as he was faced with an inquisitive look from his lovely wife.

“I suppose I don’t have anything demanding my urgent attention,” he answered eventually before quirking his eyebrow questioningly. “Is there something you want, Dany?”

“I wish for us to spend some time in Dragonstone before we depart North. A night would suffice.” said Daenerys, her cheeks suddenly glowing red all of a sudden.

“A night in Dragonstone. That can be accommodated. Why would you be embarrassed to ask that?”

“Well, I don’t want us to spend the night in the castle.” Daenerys said embarrassedly.

Daeron frowned at his wife. Where else were they supposed to stay?

Daenerys leaned closer so that her lips were right next to his ears, making his skin tingle with the hot breath that left her lips.

“I wish for us to make love on one of the beaches of Dragonstone.” Daenerys whispered hotly against his ear.

Daeron couldn’t help but gulp thickly as he heard his wife’s wish. He couldn’t help but let out a silly grin at the image that conjured in his mind while his wife nuzzled into the crook of his neck.

“Say yes, my love.” Daenerys whispered against his skin while she showered hot kisses against his neck and cheekbones.

For a moment, he thought about the preparations for the war, but then his mind was flooded with pleasure as his wife’s wandering hands pushed aside his tunic, setting fire to his skin.

“Yes. We can go to Dragonstone and spend a night there.” Daeron managed to say that in a straight voice with some difficulty.

“Thank you, my love.” Daenerys whispered, and then her lips were on him, sealing the deal.

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Meera Reed couldn’t help but remember the last time she came to Winterfell as she walked beside Hodor, who was carrying Bran on his back. Two Giants walked on either side of them with giant Ironwood clubs in their hands, guarding them on their journey to Winterfell. She could see the guards on the walls of Winterfell panicking upon seeing the Giants. Meera hoped they wouldn’t do anything untoward as they walked the Kingsroad approaching the North Gate.

“So, this is Winterfell.” Val said with some awe, her eyes taking in the massive walls and towers made of stone.

“Yes. This is Winterfell. The seat of House Stark.” Meera told the wildling woman.

Meera had developed a kinship with the Wildling woman along the journey from beyond the Wall. While she had lost her brother north of the Wall, Val had lost her sister and lover.

'I suppose everyone lost someone in the last few years.' Meera thought grimly.

She got the sense that it would only get worse once the Others took down the Wall. For now, the Children were keeping the Wall strong with their magic. How long that'd hold was anyone's guess at this point. The Children were tight-lipped about what they were doing to prop up the Wall.

Meera sneaked a peek at Spring, who was walking closer to Bran. The two had been secretive in their talks, which frustrated her to no end. When she had confronted the two about it, they claimed the Night King was now far more powerful enough to invade the dreams of men lacking Greensight. So, those without proper magical acumen were now threatened by the Night King's all-seeing eyes and ears. It was one of the reasons why they had not reached out to the men gathered at Castle Black or Last Hearth. According to Spring, the Night King's powers were only growing despite the combined efforts of the Children. Sooner or later, the Night King and the Others would find a way to breach the Wall.

"Stop." said Bran, making them pause in the middle of the road.

"Is there something wrong, Bran?" Meera asked, noticing Bran's eyes were wight, meaning her friend was warging into some creature.

"The men on the wall of Winterfell. They are arming the scorpions. They're afraid of the Giants." said Bran.

Meera noted a raven soaring over the walls of Winterfell. She looked at Bran and then at the raven.

"I'll walk ahead and let them know who we are and our intentions." said Meera, earning a nod from Bran.

When she approached the men guarding the North Gate, she noticed they were quaking in their boots. Meera doubted it was solely because of the cold. She saw their eyes filled with fright trained on the giants and occasionally shooting her frightened looks. Their spears and swords were shaking in their hands, making Meera shake her head. It was quite possible that the guards were scared out of their minds, with all the creatures from legends suddenly becoming a living reality. She knew she was frightened out of her mind when she first saw the wights beyond the Wall. She had the last few years to get accustomed to all the magical creatures and demons, but the men of Winterfell were not like that.

She had heard tales of dragons and his dragonrider cousin from Bran. So, Winterfell was not as much alienated when it came to magical creatures.

"I'm Meera Reed, daughter of Lord Howland Reed of Greywater Watch. I'm here escorting Brandon Stark, the son of Eddard Stark." Meera declared.

The guards of Winterfell stared at her unthinkingly for a moment before her message sank in.

"Send word to Lord Weirman and Lady Stark." one of the men suddenly ordered.

A few minutes later, she watched a red-headed woman arrive at the gate, looking excited and hopeful.

"Lady Stark." Meera bowed.

“You are?”

“I’m Meera Reed, my lady.”

“Where is Bran?” Sansa asked, her blue eyes alight with curiosity.

Meera pointed farther north where Hodor was standing, guarded by the two Giants and Spring.

“Hodor! Bran!” Sansa gasped.

Before anything else could be said, Sansa ran straight for Hodor, surprising the guards and Meera. The guards called after Sansa, but Meera saw no hesitation in Sansa Stark’s steps as the Lady of Winterfell ran as fast as she could towards her brother.

Meera watched the Stark siblings reunite while more and more people were gathering at the North Gate to watch the reunion of the Stark siblings and to see the Giants and the Child of the Forest.

“I’m told that you are Lord Reed’s daughter.” said a green eyes man who looked important enough in her eyes, going by the way the men were behaving around the man.

“I am. My name is Meera Reed.” she nodded at the man, introducing herself with a curtsy.

“I see. I’m Weirman Manderly. I...” Weirman trailed off, looking into the distance with an open mouth. “Is that a Child of the Forest?”

“Yes. It’s a long story.” said Meera, happy for Bran, who found his family and hopeful that the Bran she knew would return just as Spring had promised.

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Jon Connington felt the weight of failure setting in. He was now aware of the desperate position their army was in. With their reinforcements from the Golden Company getting destroyed by Daenerys and her bastard husband in Mistwood, all hopes of winning this war were lost. The Golden Company alone would never be enough to win Westeros. He had known that from the start but hoped the lords of Westeros would flock to the side of Aegon. His greatest miscalculation was Daenerys Targaryen, and that blasted Northern pretender. He never imagined Daenerys would betray the Targaryen cause and bind herself to a Northern barbarian for the sake of the Iron Throne.

Even now, he could not fathom what made Daenerys Targaryen choose a Northerner over her own flesh and blood. The abrupt change of Varys was also concerning. The Master of Whispers was the one who charged him with the task of raising Aegon, and the eunuch was now a loyal dog of the usurper.

Was it too much to ask for loyalty to the true heir of the Iron Throne? Was it too much to ask for the lords of the Seven Kingdoms to support the trueborn son of Prince Rhaegar? Where were honour and chivalry in the knights and lords of the Seven Kingdoms?

Jon was filled with frustration over the situation that he was facing. He was right in mistrusting the Dornish, and like the unscrupulous scum they are, they turned away from their rightful king at the last moment. When the Martells abandoned the cause, Aegon was devastated. He knew his king

desperately wanted the approval of his mother's family, but Jon had warned him of the dishonourable Dornishmen. This backstabbing was to be expected.

"Connington."

Jon was broken out of his musings when Harry Strickland joined him at one of the broken towers of Summerhall.

"The last of our men have arrived. The men talk of Lord Tarly harrying them all along their way. The enemy is aware of our movements." Harry warned.

"Good. Our scouts have returned with word of the Vale army marching against us. We'll give the usurper's dogs a fitting end on the battlefield. If we take enough prisoners from the Vale, we might be able to destabilise the hold of the false dragon on the throne." said Jon.

"I still think this is folly. We have control over most parts of Stromlands. We could've negotiated a settlement with his grace's family." Harry Strickland suggested.

"Why should Aegon settle for less when the Seven Kingdoms belong to him by birthright? He is the eldest son of Prince Rhaegar." Jon snarled at the sellsword.

"I'm not here to argue with you, Connington. We wouldn't be in this position if we focused all our forces on invading the Reach castle by castle as I had proposed. Instead, you waited around doing nothing for Daenerys Targaryen to arrive. By doing that, you gave Tarly time to regroup his troops and weakened us."

"Are you blaming me for your men's failure to kill one man?" Jon angrily shouted.

"Yes, Connington. You should've left the fighting to men who actually have fought and won battles."

"Enough of this!" Aegon shouted, forcing Jon and the captain-general of the Golden Company into silence. "We are about to face a battle against my aunt's troops, and you two are fighting each other."

"I ask forgiveness, your grace. The Golden Company does not go back on our word, but we cannot function as we are supposed to function if Ser Connington is allowed to make decisions for us. If we are to win this war, I request that you put your trust in me to lead your armies."

Aegon looked between Jon and Harry Strickland back and forth for a moment before focusing solely on the Golden Company's captain-general, leaving Jon to stew in anger.

"What do you recommend, captain-general?" Aegon asked, his purple eyes momentarily looking in Jon's direction apologetically.

"We need to abandon Summerhall. We have no strategic value to stay here now that the Dornish army has abandoned us." Said Harry Strickland.

"Then where do you suggest we go?" Jon asked mockingly.

"We invade the Reach and take a castle as our base."

Jon couldn't help but scoff at Strickland's idea. The man might be a good warrior on the battlefield, but the captain-general showed his ignorance when it came to Westeros.

"Which castle? Without knowing the castle, we'd be sitting outside the walls of your targeted castle for weeks or months. By then, our enemies would track us down and attack us with our backs



against castle walls." Jon said, snorting derisively, looking at the captain-general. "Is that what you want, Captain Strickland?"

"Other than your damned warnings, have you done anything worthwhile in this campaign, Connington? For once, grow a spine and act like a man. This is a war. And in war, boldness is necessary to win against the enemy." Harry Strickland mocked, making Jon just about ready to throw the smirking man over the tower.

But before he could do any of that, bright yellow flames burned through the battlements of their camp, making men scream. It was immediately followed by a stream of blue flames engulfing the tents of their men where the sick and the tired were resting.

"No." Jon whispered in terror as he saw the silhouettes of two massive dragons passing over the camp.

Jon immediately moved closer to the open face of the tower, and he saw a massive black dragon spit out a giant stream of golden-red flames against the castle's walls. He saw men getting cooked in their armour while the lucky few instantly turned into ashes by the red-hot flames. A roar in the sky attracted Jon's attention to the west, where he saw a green dragon breathe out blazing blue fire into the men down below.

"We must escape the tower. It's not safe." Jon said, immediately taking hold of Aegon's hand and leading the king down the tower with Harry Strickland closely following them down the stairs.

As they ran down the flight of steps, Jon could hear the desperate pleas and painful screams of the men of the Golden Company.

"We must take the men and retreat as fast as possible. If we stay here, we'll be consumed by dragonfire." Harry Strickland shouted as they finally reached the bottom of the tower.

"No. We'll not run from this fight. We just need one good scorpion bolt to bring down a dragon." Aegon argued.

"Are you out of your mind, boy?" Strickland shouted.

"Your grace." Ser Rolly Duckfield, the kingsguard knight, was waiting for them outside the tower. "We are..."

The rest the knight was about to say was lost to the wind as the knight was consumed by dragonfire.

Jon immediately threw himself against Aegon and shielded the son of Rhaegar with his own body. Thankfully, he was lucky and fast enough to save them both from the all-consuming dragonfire. However, Harry Strickland was not as fortunate as Jon and Aegon.

"Ahhh! Rrrrrahhhhhh!" Harry Strickland screamed shrilly into the open, with red and gold flames consuming the man from the waist up.

The captain-general of the Golden Company fell on the floor and rolled on the stone floor with no luck. Dragon flames were unlike normal flames, refusing to dissipate despite Strickland's best efforts. Before the horror-filled eyes of Jon and Aegon, Harry Strickland stopped thrashing on the ground and got consumed by the flames. The smell of burnt human flesh and smoke invaded their nostrils, making them sick and harder to breathe. More and more horrible screams filtered into their ears as the dragons continued to burn the men of the Golden Company and Stromlands alike.

“Jon.” Aegon shouted in fright, looking outside through the burning wooden windows of the tower.

When Jon looked out the window, he saw the two dragons breathing down a combined stream of fire into the ramparts along the walls and the shoddy keeps of Summerhall. He watched with wide eyes as parts of the wall came crashing down as dragonfire melted away the stones and mortar holding the whole structure together. Whatever survived the Wildfire and the decades of neglect in Summerhall was coming down with the two dragons breathing down flames of hell upon the former Targaryen castle. The archers along the wall-walks and broken towers of Summerhall were jumping to their deaths from heights as they’d die a quick death rather than get melted inside their armour.

It was a horrific scene that greeted Jon outside, making him remember the terrible times when the Mad King executed those he considered his enemies in the Red Keep with Wildfire.

‘No. This is much worse.’ Jon decided as he watched the butchery brought forth by the two dragons.

He watched with mounting horror as the dragons didn’t let up in their attack. Their riders consistently made the dragons breathe fire down on the men without a shred of mercy. A growing realisation slowly set in Jon’s mind.

‘If we stay here, Aegon will die.’ Jon came to realise the futility of the situation.

“Jon. What’ll we do?” Aegon asked fearfully, his eyes stained with tears as flames consumed his dreams of sitting on the Iron Throne.

“We escape. I’ll not watch you die helplessly like Rhaegar.” Jon said, his mind settled on a course of action.

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“Dracarys!” Daeron shouted as Rhaegal glided over an intact tower where some men tried to set up a ballista.

The men screamed as they were consumed by the blue jet of fire while the wooden construct exploded under the intensity of Rhaegal’s flames. He directed his draconic friend towards a row of archers taking aim at his wife. The archers noticed Rhaegal’s descent and tried to aim their bows in his direction, but Rhaegal beat his wings with full force and climbed swiftly to greater heights. Their arrows could not touch even Rhaegal’s tail, as his dragon’s speed was beyond compare. On the other hand, those archers had nowhere to go, and therefore they were consumed by dragonfire in the next moment when Daenerys came upon them atop Drogon.

Drogon let out a challenging roar as he perched himself atop one of the intact portions of the castle walls. Seeing this, Daeron directed Rhaegal towards his wife’s side. They patiently glided towards the wall, and Rhaegal managed to perch himself safely beside Drogon.

“Did we kill him?” Daenerys asked, her hair bellowing wildly behind her in the wind.

“Let me check.” said Daeron, his mind immediately dissolving into the multiple ravens circling the battlefield.

He searched for the Blackfyre boy and Jon Connington. He searched the enemy camp but could not find any sign of the two.

"I do not see them down there." Daeron said, nodding at the enemy camp where they could see more of their enemies running around in panic.

"Do you think they ran away?" Daenerys asked.

It was a possibility, but Daeron was not overly concerned. One way or the other, the false dragon would meet his end. This he knew for sure.

"They won't get far." said Daeron, frowning at the fires burning away all the defences and facilities the Golden Company was making in Summerhall. "We should leave the rest of this rabble to our army. I'm sure Lord Harrold Arryn would be most displeased if we don't leave something for him and his knights."

Daenerys let out a chuckle.

"Then let's leave them be, husband. But before we leave, let's remind them what happens when they stand against the House of the Dragon again." Daenerys suggested, her armour gleaming bright silver as the sunlight reflected off its polished surface.

Daeron grinned and accepted his wife's proposal. Rhaegal and Drogon let out a long, drawn-out soul-chilling roar that shook Summerhall. Together, they jumped off the wall, and everything in Summerhall burned.