

The darkness that came from beyond the Wall was everything they feared. They were the horrors and legends of a bygone era that mankind should've never faced a second time. Mankind faced such great horrors when he was ignorant of many things. Even now, mankind remained ignorant of many things, but war was not something he did not know. War and death had been part and parcel of life. Life could exist and draw meaning only with the existence of death. Therefore, Daeron found it fitting to call the Other and their armies the Undead rather than the army of the dead, as the Northerners called them.

The Others and their thralls were neither dead nor living. They were beings beyond the cycle of life and death. Or maybe life and death were not cyclical as he liked to believe. It might be just one long, arduous journey without an end once life begins. Or maybe this was all in his head, and he was dreaming. But he didn't have the luxury to think he was dreaming when the threat of death was a few feet away.

Daeron could see the movement in the darkness. The sleet and ice panes that had fallen over from the Wall started moving as the undead pushed through the rubble. He could feel each movement because he watched the Others and their movements using bats. Unlike owls that could see in the dark, the bats used echolocation or bio sonar to navigate and track everything around them. With a snowstorm in progress, owls were fast becoming unreliable to keep track of the enemy.

"I can see movement. Hold fast!" Daeron shouted over the howling winds.

His words came across to the men standing close to Rhaegal, and from there, the signal was sent. The men kept their eyes peeled, staring unblinkingly into the darkness. The torches lit on the ground flickered as the winds became ferocious and sleet piled on the floor. Harry was not surprised to find the Night King sent forth his undead army made of giants and other creatures at the forefront. He was counting on that happening instead of using the undead thralls comprised of Free Folk.

The giants, mammoths, wolves, bears and every other land creature poured out from beyond the Wall like a tidal wave. Each step they took shook the earth and crushed the snow. The Night King thought to have the beasts charge into the defensive lines to create breaches, but most armies employed a standard tactic to create holes in the defence so that the main army could pour in. This was why Daeron had the foresight to layer the ground with caltrops made of Dragonglass.

He smiled when he watched whole swathes of Mammoths, Giants, Bears, and other creatures fall soundly on the snow-covered ground like puppets with their strings cut. Drove of undead creatures fell as the caltrops became a death kennel for the undead army. But everything had a limit. As more and more bodies of the undead piled up on the ground, it became a shield for the undead army under the Night King's thralls to neatly skirt over the Dragonglass caltrops littered on the floor.

Therefore, Daeron was not surprised when the undead swarmed outside the first trench line and slammed into the pikes. Unfortunately for the undead army, the lines of pikes guarding the first trench line were capped and armed with Dragonglass knives. The undead army smashing into the pikes fell dead as soon as the Dragonglass knives bit into their body. But over time, the unrelenting charge of the undead army managed to breach the pikes as well, and they began to fall into the first trench.

The first trench was 20 feet deep and 12 feet wide. The slopes of the trench were littered with more Dragonglass caltrops while the base was filled with barrels of wildfire. The undead piled inside the channel as they tried to pull out of the gouged earth over the corpses piling up. The Dragonglass caltrops and spikes inside the first trench line were doing an excellent job of culling the numbers of

the undead army. Eventually, Daeron saw the undead managing to crawl out of the trench and run towards the next trench line. As more and more undead crawled out of the first trench line and began the assault on the pikes protecting the second trench line, Daeron understood the time was drawing near for the undead to be treated with some 'warmth'.

But he made the men wait until the undead armies breached the second trench line and began their assault on the third trench line.

"Let's send these bastards straight to hell. Light up the first trench!" Daeron ordered.

The men rushed to comply with his order. Within moments, the dark sky was filled with streaks of flaming rocks. The fiery rocks streaked across the darkened sky like burning meteors. One by one, they struck the enemy, but nothing much happened.

'The corpses must be blocking the Wildfire from igniting.' Daeron stared at the battlefield with a thoughtful frown.

Therefore, he ordered the men to keep bombarding the first trench. However, the undead were struggling to breach the third trench as their undead Giants and other bulky animals were dead, picked off by the defences of the first two trenches. Not to mention, the third trench was far deeper than the first two. It was nearly thirty feet deep and 20 feet wide.

More and more volleys were thrown at the trench line until a blast of green fire finally lit up the battlefield. It started with a distant rumble before the first trench line was consumed by a bright green fire that swallowed the undead army. Not only did the Wildfire put a massive dent in the undead army, but it also gave the men some much-needed visibility.

"Assault on the second trench line!" Daeron ordered over the roaring fire that was lighting up the battlefield.

The siege engines marked for the first trench line fell silent. Instead, the siege engines earmarked for the second line started spitting out large round rocks lit with fire. Streaks of fiery stones blazed across the sky again, crushing the undead in the second trench, consequently lighting up the Wildfire barrels placed in the carved-out earth. The second explosion of fire was far more incredible than expected as the wildfire blew away the entire trench wide open. Fire began to behave like a fluid as it streamed in every direction, consuming the undead. The half-decomposed bodies of the Free Folk and creatures were fuel to the already unnatural fire of Wildfire. The snowstorm the Others had unleashed could not hope to dent the intense heat formed by the Wildfire.

Daeron quickly picked up movement from the enemy through echolocation.

"They are moving around our trenches. Reinforce our flanks."

The flanks of their army were shielded by a wall of pikes with Dragonglass caltrops aplenty on the floor to greet the wights. Behind the pikes, the men had created a shield wall supported by spearmen, archers and knights. Daeron waited until their two flanks were being assaulted before he signalled to Daenerys that it was time for the dragons to take the field.

"Soves."

Rhaegal let out a screech before flapping his gigantic wings to take off into the sky. The cold winds bit into his face as they flew into the snowstorm unleashed upon them when the Wall fell. He could feel his teeth chatter as the cold bit into his bones. It also felt like someone placed a massive iron ball inside his skull. Yet, he gritted his teeth and bared the pain as much as possible while focusing on the

battlefield below. The bat that was hugging close to his shoulder perked up, and Daeron noticed something moving fast towards him using echolocation. But the object punched past Rhaegal off by a few meters.

"An ice spear," Daeron muttered as he picked up on the object using the vision of the owl flying close to Rhaegal.

He immediately began searching for the source of the attack by sending the owl below Rhaegal to get a better view of the enemy. Daeron got a better picture of the enemy once the owl flew low enough. He could see as clear as day as more and more Others streaming into the wall of pikes.

'They want the shield wall to collapse.' Daeron mused. 'The wights were probably not that effective without the Mammoths and Giants to punch through the lines. So, the Night King is sending the Walkers to breach the lines.'

Urging Rhaegal to pass low, he held on tightly to the harness, waiting for the right moment. They made their move when they were at the correct position above the Walker.

"Dracarys."

A blast of red-hot flames rained down on the undead. A long, straight line of dragon fire stretched out on the battlefield, fueled by the corpses of the undead army. Most of the undead close to the fire spat out by Rhaegal were instantly vapourised. Even the White Walker that had tried to throw the ice spear was... Daeron blinked in surprise as he saw the White Walker walk out of the fire. To his relief, the Walker was not shrugging off the dragon fire like he feared. It was bathed in the yellow-red flames of Rhaegal and was trying to douse the flames using its power over the cold.

"All right, Rhaegal. Let's fry that frosty son of a bitch." He muttered before urging Rhaegal towards the lone Other.

Rhaegal expertly glided above the White Walker, spitting another long stream of red-hot flames on the creature's head. The snow sizzled as dragon fire melted it into vapour, just like it turned the Walker into a puddle of goo on the second pass. Rhaegal's fire consumed more wights, but he urged Rhaegal to go higher instead of gliding too low. It probably saved Rhaegal from getting skewered by the ice spears thrown by a pair of Walkers. Daeron immediately clocked their position using the owls under his control. But instead of going after the Walkers, he directed Rhaegal at the wights and burned them away some more.

'You can bait me all you want. But I know your true strength is your army. Without this massive army, you Walkers are easy pickings for anyone with a dragonglass weapon.' Daeron thought.

Urging Rhaegal to veer off to the right, he passed behind the army lines. As he had hoped, the archers under Lord Yohn's command did not waste the opportunity. He had given them a good opening by blowing open the cohesion of the undead army. He could see hundreds of dragonglass-tipped arrows taking to the sky and began raining death on the Walkers and their wights. Another volley of arrows soon flew from their side, and he was relieved to see two arrows punching through the Walkers, rendering them dead. Their bodies exploded into tiny glass shards that joined the snow on the ground. The spearmen began throwing and stabbing their spears into the reduced undead army, trying their best to breach the shield wall.

Slowly but surely, Daeron was watching his men not only hold back the undead but turn the tide against the wights in the battle. With some relief, he urged Rhaegal to land behind the men and watched as they quickly cut down the undead.

'It's a fucking miracle!' Daeron thought, watching his army performing seamlessly like a well-oiled machine while the undead army's attack ground to a halt.

The echolocation from the bats suddenly picked up a significant movement straight north of the trenches. Shifting his attention from the flanks, Daeron set his eyes straight ahead. The fire on the first trench went out, making him sit up straight in the saddle.

'It's beginning.' Daeron thought, watching the ice spiders step into the fray carrying the Others atop them.

Leading them from the front was a black-armoured White Walker with an ice sword in hand. When Daeron saw the glaring visage of the Night King, he was relieved beyond measure. He knew the only way this battle ended in their favour was when the Night King exposed himself to their attacks on the battlefield.

"Now, let's give him a reason to step further into the trap," Daeron muttered, climbing down from Rhaegal's back.

Rhaegal let out a screech of protest when he fully dismounted.

"It's time for you to join your brother in battle, Rhaegal." Daeron said, patting the nose of the green dragon fondly. "Don't you worry, though. We'll stay connected with our minds. Daenerys knows what to do next. Go!"

He watched the giant green dragon flap its mighty wings to climb higher into the sky and fly east to join Drogon in battle, guarding their army's flank.

"Your grace! Your dragon?" Ser Barristan looked in askance while staring at Rhaegal flying away.

"The Night King has taken to the field. Let's make sure he comes charging in to claim his prize." said Daeron, unsheathing Dark Sister from its scabbard. "Let's give that cold bastard a warm welcome he'll never forget. To the frontlines!"

As Daeron marched forward, he was immediately flanked by his Kingsguard knights. Ser Barristan Selmy, Ser Lyn Corbary, Thoros of Myr, Ser Edric Mallister, and Ser Symond Templeton were the Kingsguard knights flanking him. But they were not the only warriors by his side. More like Beric Dondarrion, Tormund Giantsbane, Sigorn, Maegh Mormont, Galbart Glover, and Howland Reed joined him. Melisandre and some Red Priests joined them, although Daeron was unsure what they hoped to achieve with their fire magic. It was not as if the Others were afraid of fire. He was, however, happy to have the Children and Giants by his side. The Giants were armed with their massive bows, and the Children were carrying bags filled with exploding rocks.

Placing a comforting hand on the hilt of Lightbringer secured on his belt, Daeron looked north using echolocation from the warged mind of a bat.

"They're coming. Get ready," he warned, keeping Dark Sister in his right hand and a dragonglass dagger in the left.

Daenerys felt sweat fathering behind her neck as Drogon bathed a line of wights in his black fire. The snow vapourised instantly under the heat of Drogon's black flames. Drogon let out a triumphant roar as he flapped his wings, climbing into the sky to circle the battlefield. Daenerys looked down from Drogon's back, watching everyone safely from the sky. The flames spreading the ground at least allowed her some amount of visibility. Unlike her husband, she didn't have the gift of warging to see through the eyes of dragons or owls. This left her entirely at the mercy of light coming from the ground. It was not much to see what was happening, but she could judge the battlefield by watching the enemy's movements.

Despite the searing cold, the flames were burning brighter on the ground.

'Probably because of the Red Priests.' Daenerys mused.

She was relieved to see the Red Priests were instrumental in the defences. Despite her advisors' staunch protests, she had brought the Red Priests into Westeros at her husband's insistence. Therefore, she was satisfied to see the wisdom in her husband's foresight with her own eyes.

Her eyes picked out more wights, some of them Giants, pouring into the battlefield. Urging Drogon to dive, she held on tightly to the harness, the chains binding her legs clinking together as the winds became ferocious. She almost lost all feeling in her arms and legs as the cold became unbearable, but Drogon levelled out before breathing another stream of black fire that lit up the undead Giants. She felt a whoosh of air, feeling something passing over her head. Turning to her right, she saw four White Walkers sitting on their undead horses with ice spears in their hands. Her eyes widened when three Others carefully aimed at her, readying themselves to throw their spears.

Taking hold of two spikes on Drogon's neck, she was ready to urge Drogon to fly higher when Rhaegal swooped down out of nowhere and breathed his red flames on the Others.

Daenerys couldn't help but let out a whop of joy seeing the Others getting consumed in dragonfire. Her eyes searched for her husband, but she could not find him on the harness atop Rhaegal.

'He dismounted.' Daenerys realised.

That means the Night King had taken to the field of battle. Exactly where and when eluded her, but she could find out as soon as she managed to cut down the numbers of the enemy. However, her eyes picked up on the fact that Rhaegal's flames did not destroy the Others. They were moving around sluggishly with red flames wrapped around them like a cocoon.

"Drogon." Daenerys urged, pulling at the spikes of her dragon.

Drogon turned in a wide arc as if he had read her mind and aligned his body to make it easy to enter a steep dive. She held on closely to the spikes as the anticipation built up in her as Drogon closed in on the Others. Just as Drogon opened his jaws to breathe fire on the Others below, a Giant emerged from the snowstorm with a massive club in its hand, its eyes shining crystal blue. Her eyes widened, but she reacted immediately. She took one of the dragonglass knives fastened on her belt and threw it with all her might at the head of the Giant. The knife punched into the skull of the undead Giant. She watched the cold blue eyes dim before it keeled over on the ground as if a puppet with its strings cut.

No one was more surprised than her to see that her aim was true. She had very few days of training with Arya in throwing knives, but when she needed it, the skill came through.

'When this is over, I should do something nice for Arya. She probably saved my life and my child's life.' Daenerys thought, touching her belly.

Drogon breathed a massive glob of black fire on the Others. When she looked back on the spot where Drogon breathed out his flames, she could see nothing except a sea of black fire and no sign of the Others.

'Maybe Rhaegal's flames are not hot enough to kill the White Walkers.' she thought.

Rhaegal continued to breathe fire on the undead, making Daenerys urge Drogon to do the same.

'I suppose Daeron can hold off the Night King for some more time.' she thought, looking to the north where massive snowstorms were blowing into the trenches, dousing the burning wildfire by burying it under a pile of snow.

"Let's thin out their numbers before we join the real fight, Drogon." Daenerys shouted, patting the jet-black scales of her dragon. "Dracarys!"

The winds howled in her ears, but she remained resolute, hugging her body close to the warm scales of Drogon for comfort. She peeked out from beneath all the fur wrapped around her to see the fires slowly flutter out, and only Drogon's fire was burning bright, with his black flames bringing some much-needed light into a dark world.

"Dracarys!" she screamed, her throat hoarse with more cold seeping into her.

The flames of Drogon lit up the undead army once more, but a vast storm fell on them, forcing Daenerys to close her eyes, and the darkness swallowed her up.