

You drew stars around my scars

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You drew stars arround my scars

by [Aiyuntitled](#)

Summary

Aemond begins to question things the day Laena Velaryon's funeral is held.

Helaena wants to be free of that the future she dreams.

What if a decision makes their destiny change? How would things work out?

(Or what if Helaena marries the right brother, and they question things)

Aemond I

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone. This is my first work on the fandom, please be kind to me.

Alright, I'm no team black or Green. I only feel bad for the characters and their fate. That's why I started to write this. English's not my first language, so sorry if there are some issues and all.

The chapters will be posted on Sunday (where I live).

This is a mix of the series and the book. More notes are at the final of this chapter. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Aemond always *loved* Helaena.

The blonde prince had always been after her. The princess was always in her world, with her bugs and dreams – the ones inherited by her father, the king. He listens, and plays with the princess, to the point that everyone notices the relationship they had.

“It reminds me of the relationship my parents had,” says his father one day, when they were reunited.

“But Helaena it’s for Aegon, your grace” his mother interrupts. “I think it’s a better choice”

He didn’t think so. Aegon was the worst person walking of the seven kingdoms. Drinks and fucks so much, and mother have said things about the bastards with prostitutes. He doesn’t deserve Helaena, indeed. But they were betrothed. He cannot do anything. He can let go even if they betrothed her to his nephew.

Only if I was born the eldest...



Finally, they can go out of King's landing, even in a tragedy. Laena Velaryon, the wife of his uncle Daemon, died during childbirth. The sea was something different in Driftmark than King's landing. It was more smother. More peaceful. Like the occasion.

His half-sister, Rhaenyra, was with his sons and his husband, brother of the deceased. Everyone says that three of her five sons were bastards, but he didn't care. Even if her mother cares so much about that.

"What a *weird*" say his brother Aegon, after the funeral. He was observing Helaena, taking a spider to her collection.

"It's our sister, your future queen." He says, not convinced of the last sentence. *Did Helaena want to be a queen?*

"So what? She's an idiot, she only talks to her insects because they're the only ones who listen to her."

"That doesn't matter, she is of our blood, and we must keep it clean and pure. Your children will be of Valirya's blood."

"If you defend her so much, go and marry her yourself."

"I would if only mother had betrothed us." He says, with pain in his words.

"If only" His brother says, as takes a coup of his wine. Aemond decided he had enough, and go walking. It was the best, he wants to avoid exploding and have a sermon from his mother.

He stops when he sees his cousins, Baela and Rhaena, with his nephews, Jacaerys and Lucerys. The sons of his half-sister were giving condolences.

What matters that they were of another father? They are Targaryen's, after all.

He took air, walking distance but approaching slowly. Rhaena was the one who sees him. His nephews were in a defensive position.

“I...” he was bad at this. “I came to give you my condolences. Maybe it doesn’t matter my words, but...”

“It’s okay, cousin” the elder, Baena, says. “Thank you for your words. You are the first one of your family to do so”.

Aemond say anything, only nodded and started to walk in the direction of the beach. Maybe, of that, can be free of his problems. Or so he thought. The waves come and go with the motion of the sea, as the sun started to disappear.

Aemond only can stare, trying not to overthink and be calm when dinner comes. But his mind cannot help.

He was always taught to be at his brother's side. He has to cover him for the day he claims the throne. But, what it's the point of that? His half-sister is the heir. Aegon doesn't want to sit on the iron throne. Why those rivalries? Why can he be with Helaena far away from King's Landing?

He didn't ask to be a prince. He didn't ask to be a deception to his father, he didn't ask to be in love with his sister, he didn't ask -

“Aemond?” a familiar voice came to his ears. He turns, seeing it was his half-sister with his uncle Daemon. They have been making a road, he thinks. “Why are you here?”

Rhaenrya always tried to be a sister to them. Not to Aegon – Aegon was someone who doesn't deserve anything, he says so many times in his head – but with Helaena and him, yes. She always wanted to give him a cake and take him on a ride with her dragon, Syrax. But her mother always prohibited that. He knows that she is his father's favourite – she's the heir to

the iron throne, even if his mother says the contrary. He denied it, making a distance. Furthermore, he doesn't want a sermon right now.

"If it's that so, boy" replied his uncle, looking at him, "why are you crying?"

Aemond blinked, touching his face. It was true, he was crying.

Why? He must be strong, he must be -

"Aemond" The voice of Rhaenyra makes him back to earth. "It's okay. You can tell us. We don't tell anything".

"..." the duality of his teachings, and what his heart wants, make him fight with himself. It was a bloody battle.

"Come, we're going to Driftmark and make you drink something. Maybe he's disoriented".

Why? Why do you treat me like a sister? I'm your enemy's son -

"I think it's something that happens to him that is making him like this, Rhaenyra"

"... Your Grace say or do something you don't like, Aemond?"

"...why?" he finally says, with pain, in his words, in his heart. "Why are you so kind to me?"

He started to cry louder, as he feels his half-sister embrace him. More like, a motherly embrace.

The three come to a room, and Daemon pleaded for something to eat. Rhaenyra and he sits at a little table, and she gives him something to drink. He pleaded not to be seen, he didn't want problems with his mother later.

“I’m not going to pressure you if you would rather not say anything. After all, I should fight more to have a sibling relationship with you” the blonde looks at his half-sister. “And I know your mother doesn’t want to make peace”

“... you didn’t try with Aegon” he points, as she looks at him.

“I tried, despite the circumstances. But he's... complicated”.

“A cunt, if we start to talk”

He hears something like a laugh from his uncle, as he started to walk to the door. Maybe the famous ‘Rogue Prince’ wanted to give them space. Aemond looked to the other side, not sure if she was a trustworthy person. Perhaps she was trying to manipulate him.

Why would she? You are the second heir. You aren’t an obstacle that the bastard of your brother.

“Aemond?”

“I’m sorry, I... I am not good with words”.

“... it’s about the betrothal of your brothers?” He looked at her with surprise. “I see”

“... you know?”

“You were always behind Helaena. Every so often, you sleep together in the crib” she started to say. “Or I help you to reach her when you two were in my sight. It was complicated because the kingdom doesn’t want to have a woman on the iron throne” she looks to the other side “and they always appoint Aegon. It doesn’t help to feel jealousy... at least when I was younger”.

“... I see. Mother says you always wanted to take the throne to Aegon. But he didn’t deserve it. He’s making bastards and is always drunk”.

“But he’s good to my sons, at least. I know he doesn’t want the throne. But I didn’t approve when I listen to them bully you because you don’t have a dragon. You’ll have one day”.

“... they aren’t bad, only influential by Aegon. But you’re on Dragonstone now”.

“Yes, but I miss home. The gossip doesn’t help, so I left” answered the princess, thinking.

“... I see...”

“... you wanted to marry Helaena, Aemond?” The question makes him more confused. “I can speak with father about your behaviour. He always listens to me. I don’t promise anything, but...”

“Why?” he frowns his face, not understanding, “why would you care for me? You wanted to marry her to your son”.

“You’re the blood of the Dragon, Aemond. And I tried to end this conflict, in every way possible. But your mother doesn’t listen” Rhaenrya breathes “And I wanted her to be happy, too. We must stay together... Father didn’t say that many times?”

Aemond makes a face. It was true. Father always says things about the family together and all that. But their mother always excludes his half-sister.

However, what if she can make things different? What if she can make him marry the one he truly loves?

“... if you do that, make sure I'll be by your side”

Rhaenyra smiles, as offered him some cakes.



After the little conversation, Rhaenyra brings him to their uncle to reunite him with his family. He has to make the composure, anyway.

“Finally, the lost pig makes his appearance” he heard Aegon, as he was, again, with his drink.

“Aemond” the voice of her mother makes him look a little at her. “Where have you been? I searched for you”.

“I was on the beach, mother” he replies, with nothing more to say.

“It must be his first time at the sea, my love” the king stated, “he must be curious”

“The wind changes, the role changes” he heard Helaena, who was alongside their father, looking at the fire.

“I bring him here when I see him. Almost, you can give me a ‘thank you’” the Rogue Prince says, as Aemond looked at him.

It was true, that he admires his uncle. The battles he had fought, his strength. He wanted to be him one day.

“... true. Thank you, Prince Daemon”.

“Don’t must be, Alicent” Aemond blinked, “he was fascinated by the sea” he looked at his brother. “Brother, we have crossed with the princess, she was searching for you. She's speaking with cousin now”.

“Oh,” his father, then, stands up from his chair, taking his walking stick. “Then, I'll ask her what she wants”

“Why not wait before Princess Rhaenyra ended the conversation with the Princess?”

But as always, the king doesn’t make her any attention. He started to walk, as the guards escort him. Aemond sits where his sister was, without saying a word. His uncle leaves, as always, not making a reverence at mother.

Then, the queen moves out of the room. Maybe she wanted to know what his half-sister was planning.

“Are you okay?” She murmurs, as he looks at her. Of course, she must know how he feels. Even if she didn’t say it louder.

“... yes. Thank you for asking”.

Aemond blinks, as Helaena smiles. A smile he treasures with all his heart.

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The dinner was very silent. Aemond thought that it was by the time being, though. The lords of Driftmark were in mourning, after all.

“Have you decided how's being your new hand, Your Grace?” Asked Princess Rhaenys, as everyone pays attention. Well, his mother especially.

“Not yet. I have to speak with some candidates” answers his father. “Thank you for the concern of the Kingdom, even in your darkest hours, cousin”

Rhaenys only smiled a little, as everyone is still silent.

“Also, I'm thinking of choices I have to make. It's important for the kingdoms, after all”.

And then, another silence. Aemond looked at Rhaenyra, who smiled a little at him.

Hopefully, his wish will be granted.

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The royal family decided that take the night on Driftmark, because of the tide. Aemond doesn't care, but he was nervous. If they stay more, his sister can have more chances to convince their father about the marriage with Aegon and Helaena.

The waves make a wild sound, like a dragon, if he can compare. As well as his thoughts. Although, he never sleeps well at night. Maybe because he only sleeps well with Helaena at his side.

A sound makes him stand up from the bed. It was from the other bedroom. He opens a little the door, making sees that his cousin Rhaena is with his nephew Lucerys. *What were they planning?*

He makes a face, as well, he put on his clothes and started to go behind them. They go outside the castle, to the beach. Baela and Jacaerys were with them.

“Hey!” Say the prince, as Aemond blinks. “Why are you here?!”

“I was asking the same question” he answers, as the prince approached them. “Also, your siblings don’t help with the noise”

The prince looked at his brother, as his cousin speaks. “We're going to tell you if you don’t say anything”

“Why would I? I'm in trouble for following you, anyway” the four looked at each other. “And believe me, you don’t want a sermon from the queen”

“Vhagar is on the beach”

Aemond blinked, as he spoke, “Vhagar? The she-dragon? Oh... true, she was...” he trailed, not wanting to fuck up the situation.

“My mother was her dragon rider, yes. Rhaena doesn’t have a dragon, so... we wanted to try”.

“... I know that feeling...” he murmurs, as he lowers a little of his head.

“I heard your dragon egg didn’t hatch. So, we're the same” murmurs his cousin Baela.

“Hey... he was in dragon pit looking at dragons. And he is alive. Maybe he can help us” says Lucerys, as Aemond blinks at that sentence.

“He can steal Vhagar,” his brother says, as he looks at the prince.

“I don’t want to steal her. My cousin has rights to claim her. But as I know, in a dragon it’s the one who chooses the rider”.

“You swear it?”

Aemond raised his hand. “I swear it for my ancestor's and my honour”

“Well, then follow us”

The prince nodded, as he follows the little crew.

Chapter End Notes

Other notes of interest:

1. Laenor did his job, so the two has twins, Aemon and Corwys, named after Laenor's grandparents.
2. There's no beach scene, sorry for Daemyra shippers. I liked the book version more.
3. Otto didn't take back his position at the hand of the king. Viserys still remembers Daemon's words.
4. I wanted to think that Rhaenyra, after the wedding, tried to be a sister with her brothers, but Alicent's paranoia didn't help.
5. Yes, the title is based of 'Cardigan' by Taylor Swift.

And I think that's it. Thank you for reading!

Helaena I

Chapter Summary

Previously, in the last chapter...

“...why?” he finally says, with pain, in his words, in his heart. “Why are you so kind to me?”

He started to cry louder, as he feels his half-sister embrace him. More like, a motherly embrace.

Chapter Notes

Surprise. A bonus chapter. This time, Helaena's point of view. And I think a little longer than the first one.

Before we start, I have to say thank you for the kudos and the comments. I didn't know it was going to blow up! I hope you like this chapter.

As I say in the first chapter, I'm not team black or team green. I write what I think the characters would do in my history planning.

As the first chapter, there are other notes at the end of this chapter. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Driftmark was different from her dreams, she thought.

Laena Velaryon's funeral was different from what she knows as a funeral, but it was beautiful, even in those circumstances. His aunt returned where she came from, being the dragonrider of Vhagar, the most larger dragon.

If I was the same brave enough as her...

Helaena observed the sea when she finished hunting that spider for her collection. When she looked at another side, the princess only see her betrothed. His brother Aegon only drinks and fucks every skirt he sees. Even he had the impertinence of touching her – and forced her to touch him – when he was drunk. That makes her sick.

“Where's Aemond?”

“I don't fucking know. Why don't you search for him?” he replied, with the same tone.

The princess only lowers her head, moving to a destination where she can be alone.

“Princess, wait” the voice of her cousin Baela makes her look around “you almost fell”

“Oh... sorry...” she mumbles, not knowing what to say. “And... sorry about your mother. But I think you are not looking for that words right now”.

“Don't worry, I think Prince Aemond did the work for everyone” the princess looked at her cousin.

“My brother was here?”

“Yes, and he goes to the beach. I tell Prince Jaegerys to look after him. I think he's not well”.

“Surely not... our brother is drunk as always” the princess replies, as she caresses her bug collection box. “Maybe he says something that makes him feel bad”

“Yeah, they told me. And I feel sorry for you”.

The Princess denied it, as she tried to contact her eyes, but did not achieve. Baela possibly notices, making her a little smile.

“Your parents are in the great salon. You can go turn left and enter the door”.

“Tha... Thank you” she smiled “I see you at dinner”.

The silver-haired nodded, as the girl runs to the door, trying to reach somewhere to be peaceful. Like the sea.



The tide wasn't favourable, so the King decided – with the permission of Lord Corlys, of course – to stay until the weather was good. They could have taken their dragons and gone without a problem, but the princess knows was to be a little more with her sister.

The night was calm, as she was focusing on her boarding. She cannot sleep with his brother Aegon around. She looked at the tinny bottle she has in case his brother takes her maidenhead. Likewise, she asked the maester a moon tea, saying it was more for her maidens than her. Even her mother praised her when she finds out.

But Helaena sees that she and Aegon will not have kids. Her kids were from his brother. Aemond. The one that truly understands her. She loves him so much, that she tried too many times to be brave when Aegon comes to her bedroom, but she can't.

If he was the oldest...

The door opens, and she shivers from the sound. As was expected, his brother Aegon appears, heavily drunk. Surely, he must be through up everything he has eaten for the dinner. Helaena swallowed, as he almost fell.

“My dearest sister,” he says, with the same drunk tone. “Come here”

Helaena took a deep breath. Does it have to be always like this? He had to force her to do something that she didn't want to? The princess wanted something different from what she dreamed. She wanted to be happy, have a family with the person she loves most, so that fate doesn't take them away. Falling on the ground.

"No," the Princess said, not moving an inch from where she was.

"What did you say?" His voice becomes authoritarian and angry.

A different emotion started to make her different. Her blood was bowling, a wave of strange anger and frustration came on, as the Princess stand up from the couch slowly. Helaena sees, for the first time, that Aegon was afraid of her. A bit.

"I said no" she repeats, with a higher voice, "Get out, or I will call the guards, brother. You decide".

"Ha! You are making me decide when you are mine" he says, "mother says so".

"Get out, Aegon"

"No, you will obey me, as your future king!"

Helaena moves, making him fall to the ground when she took a fast run to the door and gets out of the room. The princess started to run, wanting to reach the door of his brother, Aemond.

Maybe... perhaps he was claiming Vhagar. Her thoughts make her run to another site. *The beach? Mother?*

"Come here, you little whore!" She hears his brother, running after her.

Dreamfyre. Running to somewhere.

The princess reaches the sand of the beach, not knowing where she goes.

You must run from him, you have to -

A collision makes her fall.

“Hel?” The voice of her brother makes her look at him, shaking. “Hel, what happened?” the prince repeats, as he helps her to stand up off the ground. “Are you okay, Lucerys?”

“Yes, don’t worry” the silver-haired hair looked at the situation. The princes Jacaerys and Lucerys with her cousins were there, and they weren’t fighting. “The princess seems scared, it’s normal that she isn’t paying attention”

“Why... why are you here?” she asked, very lost in the situation.

“We’re trying to claim Vhagar... but Aemond was her chosen one” Jacaerys responded and Helaena blinked, as she was scared. They don’t seem mad about that.

“And you aren’t mad? I mean...”

“No. Why? We have tried and she chooses. The prince helped Rhaena, but it seems he likes him more”.

“So I give him the blessing,” Rhaena says.

The dreams...are changing. Maybe he doesn't have to lose an eye.

“Did you see something?” Aemond asked, as he gently holds her.

“She is a dreamer? How cool!” Says her cousin Baela.

“Helaena!” The voice of Aegon makes her back to reality.

Aemond looks at her, as she shrunk in fear. Her brother understands perfectly, as Helaena sees how his blood was almost bowling of anger. She took his hand.

When Aegon comes to the scene, Aemond puts her behind him, as Jacaerys and Lucerys did with her cousins.

“Finally, here you are. Thanks, brother. Ah, the bastards are here too”

“What do you want, Aegon?” Aemond asked, with a dark voice. Helaena never heard him like that.

“I only want to spend time with my betrothed, isn't it bad?” Aegon can't stand, as he was drunk. The smell of wine makes her sick.

“Depends on what you think what was ‘spend time’,” Jacaerys took the response from her brother “The princess is scared, and it appears to me that you are the reason, prince Aegon”

“We are only playing, right, Helaena?”

“You're drunk, brother, go to bed”

Helaena shrunken more when she sees that Aegon didn't want a no for a response. The prince looked like he wanted to have his trophy at any cost. That scares her.

Then, everything happens so fast in her eyes. Aemond pushes her to protect her, as their nephews help his brother to contend Aegon, that he had drawn a knife, and their cousins started to help too. In a blink, Aemond fell to the ground, as well the others. Then, instantly, a scream. Helaena screams like she was feeling the same as Aemond.

"Aemond!" The silver-haired hair screamed as she reached him, who have on the ground, touching his eye. Aegon was in shock.

"What the hell is this scandal?"

Everyone looks at the voice of Uncle Daemon. He has candlelight, and it seemed that he's looking for his daughters. The twins run to their father, as Lucerys comes with Helaena and Aemond.

"For all the gods, what happened?" The voice of Rhaenyra's husband, Sir Laenor, comes behind. Then, she sees the guards.

Uncle sees the situation, running at them and disarming Aegon.

"Call a maester Jace, quickly!" shout out the older, as the other boy goes running.

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Aemond was a disaster.

Blood comes from his wound. He was attended by the maester, that was sewing the wound, his breath was raging, trying to hold the pain.

“What do you think you are?!” Exclaimed the king, out of anger. “Why do you hurt your brother, your blood?!”

“Rhaena, Baela!” Helaena hears Princess Rhaenys and Lord Corlys come down the stairs, running with them.

Also comes Rhaenyra, looking at his sons. It was a mess. The princess has the blood of his brother on her hands. Shaking.

“How's the prince, maester?” asked the queen, with very high preoccupation.

“He'll be fine, your grace. But unfortunately, he has lost his eye” her mother gasped, as she shakes more.

The sound of the slap makes her cover her ears.

“Why did you attack your brother? Have you lost your mind?!”

“I wanted to speak with Helaena!” He said, still drunk.

“You want to rape her, your piece of asshole!” Aemond shouted as he moves a little on the chair. “And I swear if you weren't my brother, I would have killed you with my bare hands for trying to touch her!”

“What do you think you are now? Her shining knight? She's my betrothed!”

“I don't care if you're her fiancé! it's not an excuse!”

“Enough.”

All the present looked at Helaena, who was almost crying, and she believes her heart was going to explode. Shaking, with the same emotion as before. Moreover, a mix of guilt and frustration.

“Helaena...” say her mother, trying to reach, her, but she apart her hand.

“I will not marry Aegon, mother. Not after what he has done, even if he is drunk every cell of his body. He did an unforgettable crime”

“Helaena...”

“I will not marry Aegon,” she repeats, taking a few steps back. “Hand turns loom; spool of green, spool of black. Dragons of flesh, weaving dragons of thread,” she murmurs, as she was touching her chest, moving across the room.

“What did she say?” Asked the King, probably amused by what she was saying.

“Helaena, please, calm down” her mother says again.

“Hand turns loom; spool of green, spool of black. Dragons of flesh, weaving dragons of thread,” she repeats. Helaena was trying to breathe.

Moreover, her mind and vision became black.

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Many things appear before her eyes.

Fire. Blood. Dragons, torturing each other. Cries, a plea. Sunfyre burning everything that was in his chance. People rebelling against the dragons, dying.

“An eye for an eye, a son for a son. Our son will be avenged”.

Two blazons, two sides, a tragic end.

Falling onto the ground, blood watering the red keep.

“Burn it all!”

Then, a light, a blue light, despairs all the images, blurring them.

Helaena opens her eyes. She was not in King's landing. Not even Driftmark. She stands up, looking everywhere. A sapphire light invades the room, calming her. Then, she recognizes the place.

Dragonstone. Why was she there?

“Ah, you have awakened” a voice, changed, but familiar to her makes her turn her body.

It was Aemond, the one she sees in her dreams. He was in a nightgown with a dressing gown over it, without an eye patch, looking out at the morning light. His sapphire eye made his stand-out a bit in the room. He had a smile, he seemed pleased, happy. Not with that layer of bitterness, of unhappiness, that he wore in her dreams.

Was she dead? Maybe the seven make her be free of her curse?

“Hel, are you okay?” Aemond asked, with a tone of preoccupation, approaching her.

Gently, the prince touch her cheek. "... sorry. Bad dreams again" she murmurs, as he looked at her.

"The same as always?"

"... strange ones, not really a specific one"

*"Since you're with child, you seeing more bad dreams." Then, he touched. A little belly
"Maybe we have to relax a little today, wife".*

Wife. She was Aemond's wife.



When she wakes up, her body was tensed, like a thousand emotions have taken over her, and makes her feeling sick. Everyone – her uncle, Aemond, the king, the queen, princess Rhaenys, her sister Rhaenyra, her husband Laenor, and a few more she could see in the background—stood around her, looking worried and scared.

Oh, I must have had one of those vision attacks, the princess thought instantly.

"Easy, little one" the king told her, taking her hand. It was the second time he had noticed her. The first was when she rode Dreamfire for the first time. He gave her a gift of her choice. And she noticed, that he had sat on the floor, sick as he was. Her uncle had her on his lap, surely he would have caught her before she fell to the ground.

Helaena felt her mother stroke her hair, carefully. She couldn't refuse her contact. She ached all over her body.

"Mother, I think she doesn't want contact" she heard Aemond, making her mother stop. "Hel, can you talk?"

Helaena took a deep breath, so she could say no. She was in a lot of pain, and she could tell by the tears that were coming out of her.

“We should move her carefully to her room” commented her sister Rhaenyra, “she needs to rest”

“Yes, I think it would be for the best,” her mother murmured. She had fear in her voice.

“Uncle, do it carefully”

“I know”

It was then that she saw the small pool of blood that she seemed to have released from her trance. Helena was tired. She just wanted to sleep.

That day, she still dreamed with the blazons. But she wasn't in a cage of green. She was in the sky, with fire and blood.

Chapter End Notes

Other notes of interest:

1. I tried to everyone have a good relationship despite the circumstances.
2. Aegon being drunk and abusing everything that it moves it's something not new. And I think, apart that Helaena has autism, she doesn't want contact because of the abuse of her brother.
3. Yeah, I know Aegon couldn't do that to his brother. Read the tags. Also, he was angry because of Helaena.
4. Helaena collapsed because many visions come to her so fast. I headcanon this on the ones who inherit the dream vision. Also, she has a panic attack.
5. Yes, Aemond and Helaena will change the band, even if they love their family.

And I think that's it. See you on Sunday. Thanks for reading!

Aemond II

Chapter Summary

Previously, in the last chapter...

"The same as always?"

"... strange ones, not really a specific one"

*"Since you're with child, you seeing more bad dreams." Then, he touched. A little belly
"Maybe we have to relax a little today, wife".*

Wife. She was Aemond's wife.

Chapter Notes

Okay. Another surprise chapter. This will be my end. The obsession this series gives me. Wow.

Anyways, hello.

As I said in the last chapter, thank you for your comments and kudos. Means a lot. Maybe I'll post two chapters per week, but I can't promise you.

Also, as I said before, I'm not team black or green. I'm only writing the characters according to what happened in this history. At this rate, I will remember this in every chapter...

At the end of the chapter, as always, other notes of interest. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The wind hit her body like a faint warning of something. She couldn't tell exactly, but surely, it was because they were getting closer to the female dragon who conquered the seven kingdoms. Vhagar, oldest of the dragons.

She was asleep on the beach, almost silent and as if she were in mourning for her former rider, Laena Velaryon. They all hid in the grass, a safe distance from her, so she wouldn't do something they might later regret.

“Okay...” the prince began, trying to explain how he was trying to tame the dragons, to no avail. “Do you know something in High Valyrian?”

“A little...” his cousin muttered to him, as he made a face.

“First you have to approach her. If she sees her attacking you, you have to say '*Dohareas*' and '*Lykiri*' respectively”.

“It means 'serve' and 'calm' I think,” Lucerys muttered, thinking to himself.

“In truth, it has many meanings, but that is one” Aemond told him, as the brothers looked at him. “If she calms down, try to mount her. Then, you have to say '*Soves*'. If you see that she doesn't want to, run back and done”.

“Okay... will you come with me?” murmured the silver-haired girl, “I'm too nervous...”

“I and the prince will go with her” Jacaerys spoke, while he looked at the others, “you stay here in case you have to warn”

Baela and Lucerys nodded, bringing the three of them down closer to the dragon. Aemond looked at her closely for the first time.

Her scales were bronze with blue-green reflections. She was even bigger than Dreamfyre. She was breathing heavily, and seemed to be in a deep sleep. They hadn't even taken away her easel. Although he had heard that she was very difficult to control.

Aemond watched as Rhaena took breaths until she reached where the dragon was. She went at a slow, calm pace, trying to dissipate the nerves of what was to come. Vhagar seemed unfazed by her presence, and that was appreciated. When the girl tried to touch the easel, the

dragon woke up, making Rhaena more frightened, but she stayed still for her to smell her. Then, she turned her head to hers, still looking at her.

She seemed as if she understood something, so Rhaena went back to where the boys were.

“Don't worry, it's normal for you to be nervous” commented Jacaerys, while she made a face.

“It's just that I think she doesn't want me as a rider”

“Why so?” Aemond spoke, not understanding what his cousin meant.

“I think she has let me live because I am the daughter of her former owner, but nothing more. I don't think she let me ride her” she murmured, looking back at the dragon.

She had gone back to sleep, or so it seemed.

“What happened?”

“Luke, I told you to be upstairs” the brunette muttered, while Aemond watched as both the boy and his cousin Baela had come down to watch.

“Vhagar doesn't want me as a rider. I'm not worthy,” Rhaena muttered, as her sister reached out to comfort her.

“Then we should go back” commented Jacaerys, as he looked at the dragon again.

“Wait,” Rhaena said, as she looked at Baela. The twins seemed to understand each other because her sister made a slight nod with her head. “The prince has not tried yet”

Aemond blinked, confused. *Did they want me to try to claim Vhagar? Why?*

“But... I promised not to meddle”

“You're not meddling” Baela spoke, as she glanced slightly at Jacaerys. “We are granting you permission and blessing. You never lose anything by trying”

Aemond looked at his nephew, who finally nodded.

Now, the one who got nervous was him.

He slowly got up from the grass, moving slowly towards the dragon. He could do this. Furthermore, he could do this.

Silently, he moved closer to the easel, causing Vhagar to wake up again. Aemond took a few steps back, standing still.

She's like everyone else, she won't want me to ride her, why am I more nervous than other times?

Vhagar returned to his place, and it seemed that she had calmed down. Aemond decided to try again, and this time, she opened her mouth to try to breathe fire at him. The prince raised his hand.

“*Dohaeras*” he says, trying to be calm as possible. “*Dohaeras, Vhagar*” he repeats, trying to calm her “*Lykiri! ... Lykiri*” he repeated, as he lowered his hand.

They were both making eye contact. It seemed different from when his cousin Rhaena tried it a few minutes ago. He felt something different, something strong. Like a connection, that

they were to seal.

Aemond took a deep breath as he moved to the easel, climbing onto it. He felt too strange, he had never got past that point. When he sat down, he noticed that he was many meters above the ground, and had not yet taken flight. The prince looked one last time at the others, who were impressed. They all nodded, while he wet his lips, taking the reins.

“*Soves!*” the prince exclaimed, as Vhagar looked at him. “*Dohaeras, Vhagar! Soves!*”

And then, the dragon began to move. Aemond grabbed onto the easel, seeing that it was too big for him. She shook off the sand, while little by little, she was getting up. He couldn't describe in words what he was feeling. Rather, he couldn't believe it.

He nearly fell over, as she began to ascend into the sky, as Aemond tried to control her. He even hit a few birds, but it didn't change his resolve. She was giving him an opportunity that he wasn't going to waste.

He tightened his grip on the reins, trying to control her. And she got it. He was able to fly across the sea near Driftmark, which was bathed in a full moon and the sun was almost breaking the horizon.

That feeling of freedom, he had never imagined. He felt so full, so happy. He wanted to show it to Helaena.

When he reached land, he still had many emotions floating in his mind.

“That was a blast!”

Aemond smiled at them, as he climbed down. They decided that they would all go to Driftmark in silence, so they wouldn't get caught.

“By the way...” Aemond looked at Jacaerys, who was the one with him. “I’m sorry... about the pig”

“...Don't worry. I know it was my brother's idea. At least now we can fly together when we can, right?”

His nephew nodded at him as they continued up the hill.

•❧❧•

Everything happened fast. The fight with Aegon, the loss of his eye. He didn't care, he did it to help the person he loved the most, his sister.

“We were...trying to claim Vhagar for Rhaena...and” Lucerys muttered, looking a little scared as he explained the situation. Normal, they had just seen the dark side of what was their favourite uncle “The prince did it, with the approval of the cousins... we were coming back, when we ran into the princess and the prince... we asked him to leave... But he ignored us”

“Easy, Luke” he heard her sister's husband speak, “you were very brave, yes?”

Shouting, people arriving. He was only concentrating on enduring the pain, while the milk took effect.

“How is the prince, maester?” her mother spoke, with much concern in her voice.

“He'll be fine, Your Grace. But unfortunately, he lost his eye”

His mother slapped his brother.

“Why did you attack your brother? Have you lost your mind?!”

“I was trying to talk to Helaena!” his brother's voice made him move from his chair.

“You want to rape her, your piece of asshole!” Aemond shouted as he moves a little on the chair. “And I swear if you weren't my brother, I would have killed you with my bare hands for trying to touch her!”

“What do you think you are now? Her shining knight? She's my betrothed!”

“I don't care if you're her fiancé! It's not an excuse!”

“Enough.”

Helaena's voice made everyone look at her. Her hands were full of his blood, and it seemed that she had covered her ears, as it was also on her face. She was staring at nothing, as if something was consuming her.

“Helaena...” say their mother, trying to reach her, but she apart her hand.

“I will not marry Aegon, mother. Not after what he has done, even if he is drunk every cell of his body. He did an unforgettable crime”.

“Helaena...”

“I will not marry Aegon,” she repeats, taking a few steps back. “Hand turns loom; spool of green, spool of black. Dragons of flesh, weaving dragons of thread,” she murmurs, as she was touching her chest, moving across the room. Aemond have never seen her like that.

“What did she say?” Asked the King, probably amused by what her sister was saying.

“Helaena, please, calm down” his mother says again.

“Hand turns loom; spool of green, spool of black. Dragons of flesh, weaving dragons of thread,” she repeats. Helaena was trying to breathe.

Then, she almost fell to the ground. Uncle Daemon caught her before him, who had risen from his chair.

“Get my dream herbs, quickly!” ordered the king, as he slowly approached the girl.

Aemond positioned himself next to his sister, who was convulsing. She was bleeding from her nose.

“Has this ever happened to her before?” the king asked the queen, while she denied.

“It's the first time I've seen her like this...”

“Here are the herbs, Your grace”

Her father placed one of the leaves under her tongue, trying not to let her slip away.

“She's having many visions at once. This reminds me of...” his uncle trailed off, as his father sighed.

“To father, yes”

“Grandfather also had the gift of dreams?” asked Rhaenyra, who had moved to their father's side.

“Like me, yes. He had one that was too strong when he was young, mother told us once” The man, who had sat down—the guards helped him—looked at his mother “You should have said it. She must take these herbs”

“I never thought...” murmured the queen, on the verge of tears, “that it was her dreams... she has always been so in her world... I didn't know how to help her, my lord”

The king didn't say anything, basically everyone waited. Aemond took his sister's hand. He noted that Aegon was standing in the corner, still in shock at what had just happened.

Finally, the princess woke up.

•❧❧•

Aemond did not want to be separated from Helaena. He couldn't.

It was my fault. If I was stronger, then-

“Aemond” his mother's voice made him turn slightly, “I'm not going to tell you to rest, but... does it hurt? I can give you milk of the poppy.”

“I'm fine currently” he murmured, as he looked back at his sister, who was sleeping. “Don't worry, mother”

The woman didn't say anything, she just stayed silent. The sound of the door made her look up. It was Rhaenyra.

“Your grace, you should sleep. I'll stay with them”.

“...” the woman turned, as she looked at her. “Thank you, Rhaenyra”

His sister denied, while the woman left the room and everything was silent. The light footsteps of his sister made her approach him.

“I have spoken with the king. He has told me that because of the situation, it is better that you two stay in Dragonstone, with me. At least, until they find a bride for Aegon”.

“And who will train me then?” he looked at her, “I was training with sir Criston...”

“Uncle has offered to do it. He wants to live on Dragonstone, despite his role because the court reminds him of how he met his wife. The loss still hurts.”

“Role?”

“He will be the hand of the king. But he says that he will make time for you every day. He seems to be interested in you”

Aemond blinked. Being the pupil of the rogue prince, his uncle, the one he admired, was a great honour for him. He would rather not disappoint him.

“And... who will marry Helaena now?”

“You” Aemond felt a pang in his chest at those words. He believed, in the depths of his being, that he would never hear them. “When you are of age, of course”

He nodded, while he thought that, now, he would spend more time with his sister Rhaenyra. He would miss his mother, but it was for the best.



When he woke up, due to a slight prick in his eye, he noticed that his sister was not in bed. She worried, looking around. However, the sound of the door made her turn around.

“Be careful, princess. One of your leg still feels numb” was one of her sister's maids.

“I know” her sister's voice was harsh, almost serious. She was still wearing her nightgown, with her robe over it. “Aemond”

“Sister... how are you?” he asked her, as he helped her.

“Some parts of my body are asleep... but I'm fine. Thanks, Alana. Now I'll call you to get dressed”.

“Yes, your highness” the woman bowed, as she left.

The prince helped her sister to sit on the sofa. She hesitated, but she lightly touched the scar that had been left on his eye. The prince closed his eye as he let her touch it.

“It hurts?”

“Bearable” he told her, as he looked back at her. “Why did you get up? You should be resting”.

“Mother summoned me...to ask me some questions. And from what I've seen in my dreams...” she muttered, looking away, “Aegon is only going to be punished for a few weeks. Then, he'll do the same as always”

“Even if he doesn't say it, mother loves him. Not like us”

“Don't say that. She just wants him to be the king”

“But father chose Rhaenyra, even before we were born.”

“I don't know, brother... I only see the future”

Aemond shook his head as he took her hands. “Don't worry. We'll go to Dragonstone and be away from Aegon for a while.”

Helaena smiled slightly at him, as she lightly caressed his fingers. Something told him that things were about to change.

Chapter End Notes

Other notes of interest:

1. Rhaena is very afraid of Vhagar. That's why she doesn't choose her, and she understands it. Also, she wanted that Aemond has a dragon too, so the sisters give the 'blessing' to Aemond.
2. The high valyrian was the one my subtitles were. I hope that was okay.
3. I wanted to write about what happened after Helaena collapsed in the last chapter, so here it is. Normally, Helaena has these attacks alone, and in a short period, that's why Alicent don't know
4. Daemon will live between Dragonstone and King's Landing because he won't support Alicent (and also, be with Rhaenyra, we know). Also, Aemond it's in debt with Rhaenyra because he knows that she interviewed for them.
5. Helaena feels numb because of what happened to her, but it's temporally.

And I think that's all. See you soon!

Rhaenyra I

Chapter Summary

Previously, on the last chapter...

Aemond took a deep breath as he moved to the easel, climbing onto it. He felt too strange, he had never got past that point. When he sat down, he noticed that he was many meters above the ground, and had not yet taken flight. The prince looked one last time at the others, who were impressed. They all nodded, while he wet his lips, taking the reins.

“Soves!” the prince exclaimed, as Vhagar looked at him. “Dohaeras, Vhagar! Soves!”

Chapter Notes

Hello again. Not a surprise at all, I must say.

This time, it's Rhaenyra's POV. It was interesting trying to interpret her mind, between the books and the show. I hope I do her justice.

As always, I'm not in team black or green and other notes of interest will be on the end of this chapter.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Rhaenyra has lost a friend. A very close friend. And a love. Very fast.

The night was different in Driftmark than they were in Dragonstone. The sound of the sea made her relax somehow. She thought she must still have the guard on her back. The queen's gazes were too cold, bought from what they once were.

She had to talk to her father about Aemond and Helaena. Her brother felt bad, for not being with her. If at least she couldn't be with whom she wanted, at least her brothers if they were.

“Where are you going?” asked her husband, who was still somewhat depressed.

“I'm going to talk to my father. Could you see that the children are asleep, please?”

“Yes, of course. I'll be right there”.

“Thank you, Laenor”

“You know you don't have to thank me, Rhaenyra. We did our duty. And the others are as if they were mine”.

The woman smiled, as she moved in the direction of where her father was the last time she saw him. With luck, he would still be there.

Thanks to the gods, there he was, sitting on the fireplace. The king noticed her presence, giving her a smile, which he knew he did only to her. She sat next to him.

“Tell me, my daughter, what ails you?” he asked her, knowing her perfectly.

“It's not from me, father. I wanted to talk to you about something before, but the queen came” he commented, looking at the fire. “It's from Aemond”

“...Helaena and Aegon's marriage, right?” she nodded, as he sighed, “I've tried to change Alicent's mind a few times. But she won't give in”.

“She wants to ensure her offspring. I understand” murmured the princess, making her violet eyes meet her father's “but Aegon is not a good candidate for Helaena. He spends his time going to brothels and drinking. Or he changes, or we will have problems”.

“... I'll talk to my hand, see what you think of this” Rhaenyra shook her head, surprised.

“Have you chosen your new hand yet?”

“Yes... your uncle”

“...that's fine father. I know you want to reconcile with him”.

“The blood of the dragon must be gathered, Rhaenyra. Though, he has told me, he will speak with you. He wishes to be between Dragonstone and King's Landing. He still would like to honour his wife.”

“I get it. I talked to him before dinner. He says it was quick to take it in.”

“It's a pain that never goes away. But you survive with it” the king looked at the fireplace.

The knock on the door made them both look at who was entering.

“Your grace, your highness. The queen beckons you”

They both looked at each other as he nodded and left. Then, she heard screams, so she leaned out. Seeing her children, she ran towards them.



“Then, it is decided. Prince Aegon and Princess Helaena's engagement is broken off. Prince Aemond will marry the princess when they come of age.”

Rhaenyra looked at her brother Aegon, who seemed quite affected by everything that had happened. Still, he deserved it, for trying to outdo his sister. Alicent didn't seem happy either, furious about the situation.

“And due to events, I have decided that Princes Aemond and Helaena will be left in the care of the heiress, Princess Rhaenyra. They will be in Dragonstone until Aegon finds a wife.”

“But, my lord...”

“No more talk” cut her father. “As for you, Aegon, I hope you learn the lesson that will be imposed on you in punishment.”

“... Yes, your grace”

“The punishment will last a week, if he continues under his mother's tutelage” his uncle's voice made her turn her head a little.

“I hope that being a hand, you can control that”

“We'll see about that. Many are supporters of Alicent. We'll see if I can win allied forces against the greens”

The green ones and the black ones. Those sides that marked the difference between one and the other. Those who favored her brother and hers. Something that, if it explodes, would end badly, horribly.

“As to...”

“Father told me you wanted to be in Dragonstone. I'm not kicking you out, Uncle. It's our ancestral home. And so, I can take care of the girls if you see that you don't have time” his uncle smiled at her, as he kept leaning where he was.

“I also wanted to talk to you about my nephew's training. I want to be the one who personally trains him”

“Oh. If you wish so, so it will be. Can you handle it with all your obligations?”

“I'll make time, don't worry”

Rhaenyra nodded, as she continued to watch the scene.



When Rhaenyra goes back to Dragonstone, she feels lonely again. But it can be helped. The decision to be away from the court makes her better than before. She has a baby boy to care for, alongside four young boys. The woman always hoped to have a girl, someday. But now, the man she loved was gone.

Harwin and she always had been in a good relationship, before and after. Only they have to make appearances in front of everyone. Rhaenyra has done her duties to the kingdom, and Leanor as well. Even Aemon and Corwys are her sons, they were of the kingdom. Jacaerys, Lucerys and Joffrey were for her. A last gift from Harwin.

“Your highness” the lady of the keys spoke, causing her to raise her head. “The rooms of the princes are ready”

“Next to each other, how did I order?”

“Yes. The queen has written to us saying that in a few days, they will have their belongings”

“... Likewise, I want the couturier to come. I want to cheer up the princess a little for what she has suffered”

“I'll let him know. If you don't need anything else, I'm leaving” The woman bowed, leaving.

It was time, to love her siblings like she never could, now that she had the opportunity.



“What is your favourite colour, Helaena?” Rhaenyra asked her, causing the girl to look at her.

“Blue. I like blue. But I wouldn't mind wearing the Targaryen house colours too” Helaena looked away “Well, I asked mother for one of her dresses from when I was little... she always looked beautiful in those dresses, what little I remember”.

Rhaenyra remembered, that in the first years of marriage with her father, Alicent wore the colours of the Targaryen house. However, at her wedding, that war began that made no sense.

“Do you think we could do something similar, sir Marson?”

“Yes, Your highness. We can even do it as the princess wants”

“So be it. Do you already have the prince's measurements?”

“Yes. Right now, he is in his training with the prince”

Rhaenyra nodded, then looked at her sister. She seemed to like to look at the fabrics, those colours that she loved, happy. Her sweet sister was happy. It was what mattered.

“I have a gift for you, Helaena”

The girl looked at the woman, her violet eyes wide with curiosity, but not for long. Rhaenyra took the box, showing it. The princess gasped.

“According to what I have been told, it is a Pentos butterfly. They say that it is the most beautiful in the world” her sister took the box, excited about the gift.

“Thank you, sister. It's beautiful, I didn't have it in my collection” she whispered, she is happy.

Rhaenyra felt pleased, knowing that she was building a bond with her younger sister.

Chapter End Notes

Other notes of interest:

1. Rhaenyra is suffering from two losses: for one part her lover; Harwin Strong and her best friend; Laena Velaryon. I like the relationship between Rhaenyra and Laena in the book more than in the show.
2. She sees the relationship between Aemond and Helaena as something pure, also, it remains her of his relationship with her uncle. That's why she wanted to help (and succeed in it).
3. She doesn't want to go to war, but it seems inevitable. Rhaenyra hates it, so she tries that Aemond and Helaena to grow up without the influence of her mother, making a relationship with them.
4. Rhaenyra is still mad, after all these years, with Daemon. But now she has the support of Laenor.
5. Helaena remember something of the years that Alicent wore black and red. She desires that times come again.

Daemon I

Chapter Summary

Previously, on the last chapter...

“I also wanted to talk to you about my nephew's training. I want to be the one who personally trains him”

“Oh. If you wish so, so it will be. Can you handle it with all your obligations?”

“I'll make time, don't worry”

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone. A new chapter, this time in Daemon's POV. Hope I do him justice.

As I say always, I'm not in team Black or team Green, I only write this based on the question of what happened if. I know the many possibilities, if you're not liking the story so far, you can go to write something more canon. This is a canon divergence, after all. Also, as always, other notes of interest are at the end of the chapter.

Hope you'll enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Daemon lost his wife and his son in a day.

He loved Laena, not in the way he loved Rhaenyra, but he loved her. She was a good companion. Laena always listen to him, being his advisor in those years when he distanced himself from the court and live in Driftmark.

The night was silent. As always, he looks at the fire, trying to be strong for his daughters. The little conversation with Rhaenyra only open old wounds that he believe were closed.

“You abandoned me”

Daemon closes his eyes. At least, his nephew makes an appearance and the discussion doesn't go so far. The sound of the door makes him look.

"You don't have to stand up," says his brother, as he approached him.

He looks so bad. That leech of Alicent Hightower was taking him slowly. He sits alongside him, in silence. "I told you I want nothing"

"I know what it feels when you lost your wife. I intended to accompany you in silence, brother" the king says, as he looked again at the fire.

"It's not only that, isn't it?"

Daemon looks at how Viserys make a face. He knows since the beginning that something was happening, and inviting him to court again was one of the signals. His brother sighs, as he positioned himself better.

"I don't want Lord Otto Hightower becomes the hand of the king again"

"Ah. My words of years before are resonating now, huh?" he asked, with a little grin on his face. He loves when he has the right.

"Yes." He admitted, finally, "My marriage with Alicent only brings a silent war. She is well-disposed to make Aegon king".

"If I am honest, I only see that boy drink and look at the maids. Poor Helaena, indeed".

"I always think Helaena matches more with Aemond. It was like Grandma told us about father and mother".

“And your wife what say?” Viserys make a face “of course not” *she's so unhappy that she has to make unhappy the people around her*, he thinks in his mind. “You're the king, Viserys. A weak one, but a King. You can say no”.

“I know, but...” he sighs, looking at the fire. “I think the Grand Council didn't make the right choice. Cousin should have been the queen”.

“Viserys...”

“Thanks to Rhaenyra, I also started to think, that I don't know anything about my other sons. What are his hobbies, what do they like”.

“You are not late, Viserys. You can know them and make them true Targaryen. With Alicent in their education, didn't know anything about our customs, our ancestors. You can do it, Viserys” Daemon encouraged, looking at his brother.

“... you asked me, that time, why I didn't ask you to be the hand”

“I fucking know that was because of that leech of Otto Hightower” he responds, moving his hand, “I never wanted the throne, brother. I only wanted your approval” he admitted, maybe because of the pain he was feeling about the recent events of his life.

A brief silence installed between the brothers.

“... I want to ask you to be my hand.” Daemon look at Viserys, very surprised. “You did well as Master of the coin and as Master of laws”

“Viserys, most of the court hates me”

“I spoke with the small council. It was between you and Otto. And I prefer you” Daemon licks his lips, looking to another side. “I want to... emend what I've done. I have to prevent this war, Daemon. I cannot let the house of the dragon falls”.

“... I have to speak with Rhaenyra, but I wanted to live in Dragonstone. I'm still wanted to mourn Laena” he says, “about the hand... it will be an honour, my King”.

He nodded, smiling a little. The sound of the door makes them look.

“What happened, brother?” Asked Daemon to his brother-in-law.

“My boys, Jacaerys and Lucerys, aren't in their beds. Your daughters either” Daemon stands up of his chair, worried. “I'm came to search them together”

“Go, Daemon. We can talk later”.

The prince nodded, as he goes with Laenor searching for the kids, before everything explodes.



The next morning, Daemon woke up early, strange for his habits. But now he had to change, he no longer had Laena by his side to take care of his daughters. He was alone now -in quotes because Rhaenyra was going to look after them when he was busy.

He got dressed and went out, hoping the walk on the beach would help clear his mind a bit. However, he ran into the first problem being the Hand of the King.

“Helaena” the prince approached his niece, who was moving thanks to her maid. She tried to bow, “No need. What you should do is rest”

“The queen has summoned me to talk about some things...” she murmured, avoiding his gaze.

Daemon tried not to explode, to draw the sword at any moment. What was Alicent thinking? She had seen her daughter collapse and bleed because of her gift. He winced as he shook his head.

“Let me accompany you, niece. Your sister will still be asleep, I will go as your protector”

“... Alright”

The prince nodded, as he helped the princess to reach the queen's chambers. He told her that if she would rather not answer something, she didn't have to answer, to which the girl agreed. When they arrived, the queen was undoubtedly surprised.

“Prince Daemon” she told him, in an annoyed tone. She didn't want him being there, it was obvious. “I didn't expect you here”

“I have come as a protector, Alicent” he told her, smiling at her as he always smiled at his enemies.

“How dare you talk to the queen like that?” of course, her little dog, Sir Criston Cole intervened.

“As the new hand of the king, it is my duty to protect the royal family, especially if the princess is still recovering” he replied quickly. “Also, the queen and I are family, formalities are not my thing”

Daemon could see Alicent clenching her jaw. Surely, she did not expect that, that his brother asked him to be the hand of the king. She surely expected her father to be the hand again. And he was seeing, in her eyes, how her plans were falling apart.

“... Okay. I just wanted to ask you something that Prince Aegon has confessed to me” the queen answered. “And it's something intimate”

“Yesterday it already took off the intimate, Alicent” refuted the prince again, taking the dagger that he had on his waist. They certainly made him nervous. “Ask before I tell the king if he is aware of this interrogation.”

Alicent took a deep breath as she looked at her daughter, her expression changing slightly. “Helaena...your brother told me...that he was sneaking into your room. Is that true?”

Daemon could see that the princess was getting a bit nervous, nodding.

“...was he forcing you into something?” she nodded, “...did he take your maidenhead?”

“No. He just wanted me to play him there. He said he would take care of that at the wedding” answered the princess, not looking at her mother. She seemed to be angry with her.

“...alright, you can go. Prince Daemon, I hope to see you at the council”

“It will be a pleasure, Alicent”

Daemon picked up his niece, thanks to her maid, to leave the room.

It looked like the queen, still wanted to go to war.



Daemon didn't know that the position he had to made him more satisfied. Help his brother, his family, and the kingdom, the one his grandparents fought for make to what today was. It also distracts him from his pain.

The only headache he could have, it's when the council was reunited.

"I don't think it's suitable lower the taxes. We have to have funds when a war it's presented"

Alicent was a headache, indeed.

"We have the arks overflowing, your grace," says Lord Beesbury, master of the coin. "We can lower, for at least, one year for a try. The poor of Kings Landing are revolting for a piece of bread"

"What about the food we gave the last week?" the king asked.

"It didn't fulfil all the people who live here, Alicent" Daemon responds, as Alicent poses her gaze on him. "We have to give more provisions. More pay for the extended work"

The conversations in the small council were always like this. Alicent don't give her approval, the council was standing by and everything isn't on point. He's starting to get tired, and he didn't take the seat for years.

"Lord Beesbury, can you give us a budget for what we have discussed in the next reunion?" Daemon asked, trying to continue the point.

"Yes, of course, your highness"

"Do it, then we decide. If the peasants don't come to kill us"



When he carried things home, on the back of Caraxes, it reminded him of when he went to Pentos to spend time, bringing gifts to his family. Now what he was carrying were most of the documents that he had to look at before his brother would give him the necessary approval.

Going to Caraxes was a feeling of freedom that could never be described. Fly over the sky, feel invincible. Every so often, he still took his little ones, and they went for a ride together, since Moondancer was still too small for Baela to ride. Besides, going back and forth on her friend made his mind clear.

When he spotted Dragonstone, it pulled the reins to land. He had training with his nephew, and it was his first session. He had left a little for him to get used to and recover. Now, Prince Aemond wore an eye-patch and the people whispered “one-eye”.

When he finished getting ready, he arrived at the beach, where training sessions normally took place. His nephew was waiting, and he could tell he was anxious. In the background, he could see Rhaenyra's children training with Sir Laenor and some teachers.

“Your Highness” spoke a squire, as he nodded his head. His nephew, hearing him, got up.

“Have you been waiting for me long?”

“Enough to see my nephew fall over a few times”

“Falling is something natural in life. However, what you have to learn is to get up and dodge your enemies” replied the prince, while he took some weapons to train “What were you learning on King's landing?”

“Sir Cole was teaching me how to dodge. I haven't beaten him yet” Daemon grimaced as Aemond picked up the sword to practice. “Also a bit of fencing”

“Okay, we'll keep going. But first, I want to show you something” The silver-haired man took one of his swords, moving it quickly and easily. “In battle, you must learn to dodge and attack, yes.” He shook his head, making Aemond try to do the same. “However, I have learned that if you make your sword an extension of yourself, you will achieve everything you propose”

“How did you do in the battle against the stone steps?”

“That helped, besides Caraxes. Moreover, a good strategy” he smiled “I'll teach you some tricks so that you are more at ease, so we can continue with your training”

The young prince nodded, as Daemon began to teach him. If he couldn't have sons, at least let his teachings go to that nephew, who saw something of the rogue prince himself reflected in him.

Chapter End Notes

Other notes of interest:

1. I like the book version, aka Daemon and Laena, who live in Driftmark and not in Pentos in those ten years. Daemon could be a part of the court not being so far.
2. Viserys are moving around because he wanted to express condolences to his cousin and his spouse. When Daemon leaves, some after, Rhaenyra comes.
3. Viserys is a shitty father with the greens, I know. But I wanted that he had the reflect on everything now that Rhaenyra isn't with him and he's alone.
4. Daemon as the hand of the king was something that came when I was writing the other chapters. He wanted to have the approval of his brother, after all.
5. I have to remember you, this is a mix of the show and the books. Alicent isn't much of a victim here. Even if she's manipulated by her father. She asked Helaena as an opportunity of forcing the marriage between Aegon and Helaena.
6. I always wanted to know how the relationship between Uncle and Nephew goes, they're the two sides of the same coin, in my opinion.

And I think that's all. Thanks for reading and see you soon!

Helaena II

Chapter Summary

Previously on the last chapter...

“I have come as a protector, Alicent” he told her, smiling at her as he always smiled at his enemies.

“How dare you talk to the queen like that?” of course, her little dog, Sir Criston Cole intervened.

“As the new hand of the king, it is my duty to protect the royal family, especially if the princess is still recovering” he replied quickly. “Also, the queen and I are family, formalities are not my thing”

Chapter Notes

Chapter 6, this time, we return to Helaena.

As always, I'm no team black or green, I only write as I see fit for this story. If you don't like it, don't read it then. As always, there are other notes at the end of the chapter.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dreams. Dreams bathed in blue light. With shades of red and black. With some green, too.

“I never saw this side of you, my daughter. I have doubted her existence”.

“What should we do, father?”

“Aegon's new bride must be chosen wisely. To your misfortune, Alicent, we will no longer be able to count on the support of Aemond and Helaena”

A wedding. Reproaches.

“I think I already have a name for the baby if she is a girl”

“Oh yeah? And what is it?”

“Visenya”

Laughs, dances. Celebrations. Also cries and mourning. Silence.

Dreamfire letting out a cry of pain. Fire. Blood.

“King Aegon Targaryen, Second of His Name, King of the Andals, Ryomar, and the First Men, Lord of the Seven Kingdoms and Protector of the Realm”

“We want our queen!”



Helaena woke up to a loud noise. Sunlight was hitting her window, and she looked like she was already through the night. She pulled the rope that was next to her, for her maids to come. The door opened, minutes later.

“Good morning, your highness” She lifted her lightly from the bed. “Breakfast is almost ready. They are waiting for you in the dining room”.

Something that she had learned those months in Dragonstone, was that her sister liked to spend time with them. Neither did she force them to pray nor follow rules. They studied and had their lessons, but she also let them play and have fun. She had become somewhat friendly with Rhaena and Lucerys.

“Which dress do you prefer to wear today?” The silver-haired girl stared at those two dresses. One was blue with gold tones, the middle one was pink and green, and one was like the Targaryen house colour.

“The blue” she decided this, as her bowl filled with water so that she could wash her face.

After combing her hair and dressing, the princess walked towards the dining room. They weren't all there yet, only her sister and her husband. She saw Rhaenyra sitting in her chair, next to Sir Laenor.

“Good morning...” murmured the princess, with some suspicion. Her sister raised her head, while she smiled slightly at him.

“Good morning, Helaena. You got up early today”

“I've had many strange dreams today,” she admitted to him, as she sat up.

“I'll have the maester administer herbs to you. You're still recovering” she nodded.

“I'll go for you,” Sir Laenor commented, as he stood up. It seemed that they were tense. “I'll also go see if little Joffrey needs anything”

Rhaenyra nodded as the man left. Helaena settled into the chair, while she waited for the others to appear.

She had noticed, that she and Aemond were somewhat distant. She wanted to avoid burdening him, but she knew that she was feeling complex because of her eye. Likewise, she had heard the maids call him “One-eye” and that “it was a shame because he was handsome.” Besides, those dreams of hers were making her nervous.

“Something's wrong?” Helaena looked at her sister, shaking her head slightly.

“I constantly try to interpret the dreams I have, but nothing ever comes to mind” the princess began to play with her silverware. “These are pretty bad dreams, different from the ones I had before, but they haven't changed”

“I don't know what to tell you. I don't have that power. Maybe you should write to the king. Uncle can give him the missive”.

“Do you think he would listen to me?”

“Sure. He always tries. And he told me he wanted to reconnect with you.”

“... I could try” she murmured, as she shook her head slightly.

That breakfast, was one of her favourites.



Helaena arrived at the beach, with her collection. She had been scouring Dragonstone for new additions to her collection. Now she was going to fly away with Dreamfire for a while. The sound of the swords made her look where the sound was headed.

Aemond was training with his uncle. They seemed quite focused, and he seemed happier than he when he trained together with Sir Cole. He also saw his uncle enjoy it.

At least they are together. Their destinations have changed.

“Very well, nephew. You still have to loosen up a bit, but you're better than the first few weeks” his uncle commented, making him turn his head. “Ah, good afternoon niece”

Aemond turned his head, as she bowed. “Uncle” she replied, as she listened to the waves of the sea breaking on the sand.

“We're done today, nephew. Go have fun, come on”.

Aemond nodded, as he walked over to his sister. Jacaerys and Lucerys were still training a little further away. His brother was sweaty, but he seemed happy.

“Have you been searching?” she nodded, as she took something out of the box.

“I got a centipede that only grows here. It likes to be in the warmth of the caves, with the dragons” she mentioned, excited, while her brother looked at what she had in her hand.

“You must be careful. Here are some who have no owner”.

“I know, I've been careful” Helaena put the centipede back in her box. “Also, I've been to see Dreamfire. I wanted to go flying now, are you coming with Vhagar?”

Her brother gave her a slight smile. “Why not?” he commented on this, as they both went to prepare to ride. Without realizing it, it became a habit for both of them.

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"You have it!"

"Careful cousin!" Says Baela, as the princess almost fell on the sand.

Aemond helped her sister stand up, making her sit on a rock. She looked that she and her dress was fine, and started to play again.

“Dad!” Rhaena yelled, causing both brothers to watch your uncle's arrival. He looked as if he had returned from King's Landing, after his duties as a hand.

Her uncle smiled at her, opening her arms to hug her. No doubt he loved his daughters equally, but he would always have a predilection for Rhaena.

“Have you finished studying yet?”

“Yes, in addition, our father is not here today, he went to spicetown”

“True, he tell me he bring me something. Ah, princess, this is for you, from the King and from the Queen for you two” Aemond looked at her, as she took the letter. “Come on guys, the sky is cloudy, and it looks like it's going to rain”

“Okay!”

They all walked to the fortress, and scattered. Helaena had the letter in her hand. She hadn't told all of her dreams to her father, but perhaps a word would encourage her.

"Did you write to father?"

"About my dreams, yes. Since we have the same gift, I thought..."

"I understand... maybe it will help you interpret them"

"I don't want to bother him too much either. He is the king, after all"

Her brother nodded, as they passed to the lounge.



“And his queen consort, Queen Oriana Dondarrion”

“Thank you for welcoming me in your wing, your grace”

“Don't worry, Oriana. I want to be that mother who couldn't be with you when she did her duty”

Helaena opened her eyes. She looked as if she had cried. She looked down at a letter that she held in her hands. Not only that, but she knew where she was, she. King's Landing.

“Aemond, you can't blow up over this”

“I want to avoid blowing up, uncle” she heard Aemond, who was in front of them, “what hurts me is that because we live now in Dragonstone, our mother seems to disown us. Don't you remember what her firstborn did in Driftmark?” a light laugh resounded in the room, “It seems that now we are the disowned, for wanting to be with our family, now that our father...”

“Now she sees you as enemies, Aemond. I'm sorry, but it's the truth”

“From my blood...”

A wedding. Different than she knows. Uncle Daemon. Her sister Rhaenyra.

“Comes the prince that was promised”

“D-Daemon please-!”

Something blurring, in a distance.

A man stood in front of million people. Leading the march. A woman, rebirthed of fire and blood.

“And his will be the song of ice and fire”

•❧❧•

Helaena awoke to a noise in the room, her heart sinking and tears streaming down her face. It was still at night, and it seemed that the candles had been extinguished. The extra weight of her bed told her it was Aemond coming from his room. She still remembered that her mother was going to send him to Antigua, along with her grandfather and her brother, Daeron. But things had changed a lot.

A faint candlelight let it be known that he was doing something, putting it on the small table next to its corresponding side of the bed. She moved towards him.

“Aemond?” she asked him, still drowsy from sleep.

“I woke you up?” her brother asked, as she shook her head in the dim darkness.

“Did you bring your medicine in case your eye bleeds?” the princess asked, as he nodded.

Afterwards, he blew out the candle and placed himself on the bed, on her side facing her. The silence of both was interrupted by the waves breaking the cliffs of Dragonstone. That day they were quite tumultuous.

“...”

“It doesn't bother me that you touch me” she told him, as always, her dreams giving her the premise of what was going to happen.

“Are you sure?” she nodded, while he began to caress her hair, then brush away the tears on her cheeks with his thumb. “Did you dream something?” a little noise from her was her answer.

“It's still bloody, but still, not so much for us” she looked at her “you won't cross the rivers any more”

He made a face. Surely, he was trying to figure out what he had told her, and what it meant. Helaena moved slightly up, while Aemond settled back down.

“What did mother say in her letter?” he asked, as she made a face.

“If we were fine, that she wanted to see us... that if we prayed” Aemond made a noise, while she slightly moved her hands. “That we don't trust Rhaenyra”

“... I understand that she is afraid, she is the second wife and father...well” he murmured, looking away “but Rhaenyra tried to be a sister to us, even while she made her own family”

“I don't know, brother. Maybe there was something that changed things and started this silent war”

“...and father? Has he helped you? It's weird that he talks to us. It's like he misses us”

“What did he say to you?” she asked in response.

“He told me that he was aware of my progress with uncle. And he has been explaining to me about the rider-dragon bond because he had Balerion. He says that I have to be patient with Vhagar, that she will surely still miss her old riders”

“It must be sad... that you live so long and see so many people die around you”

“The truth is that yes, especially Vhagar... he also told me that he wanted to be all together as family”

“I see...” Helaena looked at the ceiling, “He has been helping me decipher my dreams, yes”

“Oh. Did you figure something out?”

“He says he's sad about this silent war. And it looks like it'll continue” she grimaced, “I have to tell him about these new dreams...”

At that moment, they heard a cry of pain. It looked like it belonged to her sister Rhaenyra. They both stand up from the bed, going outside running of the hallway, and she saw that Daemon was faster than them.

When they reached the great hall, Rhaenyra was on the floor, crying, with a lord beside her. Her uncle came to her side, to comfort her.

"What happened, Sir?"

"Sir Laenor, your highness. He has been killed while visiting the fair."

"How?"

"Have they found the culprit?" Aemond spoke, as Helaena cautiously approached her sister. She could almost feel her emotions.

It seemed that her poor sister had no respite.

Chapter End Notes

Other notes of interest:

1. The prophetic Dreams of Helaena don't are very defined, sometimes yes, sometimes not, because of the change of events.
2. As always, I wanted a relationship between the siblings.
3. Helaena has more freedom in Dragonstone than in the capital to collect more insects for her collection. She likes to reach the island.
4. As in the last chapter, Viserys is trying to reconnect with his children.
5. Yes, I kill Laenor. It's a mix of the books and the show, after all.

And I think that's it. See you soon!

Viserys I

Chapter Summary

Previously in the last chapter...

"What happened, Sir?"

"Sir Laenor, your highness. He has been killed while visiting the fair."

"How?"

"Have they found the culprit?" Aemond spoke, as Helaena cautiously approached her sister. She could almost feel her emotions.

It seemed that her poor sister had no respite

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone. A new chapter, this time in Viserys POV. I hope I give him justice.

As always, I'm no team black or green. I write as the actions took place in this fic. If you don't like it, go read another fic that you like. The tags are there. Also, as always, there's other notes of interest on the end of the chapter.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

That first month was strange for Viserys.

Above all, having his brother by his side, giving him support as the hand of the king. Undoubtedly, he had exceeded the expectations of many of the nobles. Although he was an extremist when he wanted to – the blood of the dragon was very present in him – he tried to control himself. Especially if Alicent was in the discussion.

No doubt, Alicent missed Aemond and Helaena. She seemed almost a different person as if something had been taken from her.

“I already reviewed the documents. All that remains is for you to sign”

“Okay. I hope it doesn't take time away from being with your daughters” her brother smiled at her.

“Not really. Yesterday we went to Driftmark to throw flowers into the sea for Laena” he murmured “Normally, I let them play with her cousins”

“Are they getting along with each other?” Viserys asked. He was still worried about the possible enmity of his children with those of his daughter.

“They get along quite well. They play a lot and have a lot of fun studying. Sir Laenor tells me that he sometimes goes out with them to walk with his dragons and that Rhaena takes turns in the chair”

“No eggs yet?”

“I've been told no. I hope soon, Rhaena deserves a dragon of her own”

Viserys nodded, as Viserys looked at the documents to put his signature. Daemon sat up, while he continued looking at the landscape. No doubt, he had changed a great deal since his daughter's wedding.

“How is my daughter?”

“Taking care of Joffrey. She doesn't like nannies to take care of him. Deep down, she has a maternal instinct” the king laughed.

“She reminds me more and more of Aemma, may she rest in peace” Both men looked at each other.

“Aemma was an unforgettable woman, brother. It's normal that you still miss her”

“Even so... my grief is passed on to my wife and children”

“Well... if I'm honest, You know that Alicent was a distraction of Otto. And every time she is becoming what he wants her to be” Daemon sighed “You are more alike than you think, brother. You are both weak, and she, being a woman, wants the approval of men”

“Do you think I would have a chance to change things?”

“You can try... but if others don't make the effort, we can't do anything”

“... The years with cousin have done you strangely good. Do you know how she is?”

“Rhaenys is taking it from day to day. Lord Corlys has gone on an expedition. Sir Laenor has to be the representative for the fair in Spicetown”

“Rhaenyra will go with him?”

“I think not this time,” said his brother, “It was once, and it didn't end very well, I remember”

“Oh right, you went with your wife once in a while” Viserys finished signing the last page.
“Call when you can the small council”

“Right away, your grace” Daemon got up, took the things and left with a bow.

It was going to be a busy meeting, but there was no other option.

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Viserys liked to dawdle in his construction of Old Valyria. It was something that distracted him from everything around him, now that his daughter had gone to Dragonstone.

“The queen wishes to see you, your grace”

“Let her enter,” said the king, as he left the things in his place.

The queen appeared, with that green dress that always characterized her. Viserys gave her a slight smile as she bowed.

“You called me, your grace?” said this, while she was walking. He offered her the seat next to her.

“Sit down, Alicent. I know that the hobbies of a man like me will not amuse you, but I wanted to talk to you”.

The queen sat where she had told him, and Viserys couldn't help but remember, those days when she came here, expressly for her father.

“I know I'm not the husband you expected” he started to tell her, while she turned her head to look at him. “I also know that I have not been the best father for my children. I have flaws as a person”.

“ ... ”

“It is unclear to me why you wanted to start this silent war. I understand it's because you knew I didn't treat you the same way as Rhaenyra” he looked at her “That's why I want to apologize. I want that when Aegon has a wife, they all come back to live here. May you have our children with you”

“... I just want to keep the pure blood of Valyria, as your family has done. Even if it's one brother or another” she replied, “What happens is that... Rhaenyra has done something that for me is not forgivable”

“And why don't you talk about it? I think it's for the best, I don't want a war for the throne that is slowly killing me, Alicent”

The redhead looked at her husband, while she moved her hands. “It's not that simple. I tried it in Driftmark, but... it's complicated”

“... I would like you to fix up. You were good friends and I know that deep down, you want to recover that friendship”

Alicent nodded slightly, as she took a deep breath, “Your grace... I have received a letter from Antigua. My father is in bed. I would like to go see him... since my uncle has given me little hope.”

Viserys blinked at that. She knew of the plague in Antigua, and she knew that she was being very deadly. “But... you could get infected”

“There is something... that we left halfway, years ago. I would like to say it to the face and not on paper”

Viserys took a deep breath thoughtfully. “Okay. You can take your escort with you. You'll be in quarantine as soon as you arrive.”

“Thank you, my love” the woman smiled at him, while she kissed his cheek. “Also, I’ll think about how to talk to Rhaenyra. And... I forgive you”

The king nodded, while everything fell silent.



“Do you think it was a good idea, to let her go with Otto Hightower?”

Viserys looked at her brother. “I can’t have her more at odds than she is” Daemon took a deep breath, as he moved, “Besides, we can’t rush at the moment. We can avoid war”

“I don’t know what to tell you, Viserys. Westeros is too... patriarchal. They will always measure everything your daughter does. And what your son does, he will be forgiven, for being a man”

“I know... but I’m not going to change my heir, even if they force me”

His brother didn’t say anything, just nodded slightly, while Viserys opened the letter he had given him, from his daughter Helaena.

“How are they?”

“Happy. Aemond is still getting used to having partial sight, but he’s fine.”

The man nodded, while he began to read the letter, carefully.



Going back to Driftmark for another sad situation hurt. And more, if it was for her daughter. She seemed to be torn with pain, as her eldest son, Aemon, held her. The silence was almost thunderous.

Her cousin was not in a good state either, surely, she was even worse than Rhaenyra because it was her son. Her heir. And even if he had left Corwys as his heir, it wasn't the same. Surely, no father should bury his children.

Viserys walked over to her daughter, who hugged her as she continued to cry. He could see his children in the background, a little apart. What had happened here was still fresh, months ago.

“Cousin...” Daemon spoke, comforting his cousin Rhaenys. “If it pleases you, I can leave you Baela, so you can take care of her. So you are not alone until your husband comes here, and after”

“... Thank you, cousin” Daemon nodded, moving to speak to his daughters. Hearing Viserys walk towards her, Rhaenys wiped away tears and tried to bow.

“You don't have to hold back your tears with me, cousin. I know this year hasn't been kind to you. Laenor was my son-in-law, after all. Always dedicated to my daughter, and you could tell they had a special bond.”

“The only thing I have left of them are their children. At least, I'm not so alone” she smiled slightly at him “And the queen?”

“It seems that her father is very ill, and she wanted to talk to him”

“...” Rhaenys thought for a moment, “Sometimes it's better to talk things over before they're too late. I still regret not having been able to talk to mine”

“I'm sure Uncle forgave you. You were his precious princess.” The woman smiled again. “If you'll excuse me, I'm going to talk to my daughter”

Her cousin nodded, while the man walked towards her daughter, her brother, who was consoling her pain. Viserys were aware that between them, there was a flame that had not yet

been completely extinguished. And that maybe she never would.

Possibly it would have been a bad idea not to let them get married.

But it was already a little late – at least, in past times – for that.

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“Well, I wanted to talk to you” commented the king, leaning on his staff. “How are you? I know you have a lot of fun at Dragonstone”

Both brothers looked at each other. It seemed strange that his father wanted to talk to them, but it was Aemond who took charge of the conversation. Undoubtedly, Helaena looked a lot like him when he was young.

“Good. We usually study, I do training, and we play on the beach”

“We also flew Dreamfyre and Vhagar, along with our nephews” commented Helaena, as she continued to look at the insects she had caught on the beach.

“From time to time we are joined by our uncle and our sister. Sir Laenor too, but not that much.”

“Keep in mind that Sir Laenor was Velaryon. They are from the sea, even if they had Targaryen blood”

“Prince, Prince Daemon is looking for you for a moment”

Aemond looked at his father for a moment, who nodded and left with the guard.

“How are you, Helaena? Have you had many dreams?” the princess nodded. “Are they still as you described them to me?”

“...” Helaena grimaced, not knowing if she could talk about it, looking elsewhere. “... I saw him”

“Whom?”

“The Prince that was promised”

Viserys blinked in surprise as Helaena put the animal back in her collection box. It seemed that her powers were strong. But he already knew that women were stronger than men to have those prophetic dreams.

“I didn't see it very well” She murmured, “I also saw a woman. With dragons. And I also know what blood they descend from”

“From your sister, I suppose” She nodded, “and from sir Laenor” she denied.

“The black queen and the Rogue prince; with fire and blood, they'll be split the river, to the prince that was promised; as their love blooms from the ashes again”

Chapter End Notes

Other notes of interest:

1. Daemon says that of Alicent, because it's what he sees about her. But the Queen has changed so much these years.
2. The trip to Antigua it's planned by Otto. You know, they won't let down the possibility of Aegon on the throne.
3. Viserys talk to Alicent in the hope to influence her, a little.
4. I like to think that Rhaenyra has a conversation left with his father, Prince Aemon, about some things about his succession. She knows that Westeros didn't accept a

woman.

5. Aemond and Helaena felt strange talking with their father, after years of not doing so.

And I think that's all. Enjoy!

Alicent I

Chapter Summary

Previously on the last chapter...

“...” Helaena grimaced, not knowing if she could talk about it, looking elsewhere. “... I saw him”

“Whom?”

“The Prince that was promised”

Chapter Notes

Hello, everyone.

Sorry for not posting two chapters last week. I'm writing NaNoWritmo and my life is focusing on that. So from now on, it's one chapter per week.

Here's Alicent's POV. Hope to make her justice (or make someone hate her more omg.)

As always, I'm no team green or black, I'm only writing a canon divergence situation. As always, other notes of interest at the end of the episode.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Alicent arrived in Antigua nervously. She was afraid that her father would scold her for not influencing her husband more. But as always, Viserys was someone she found hard to handle. If he had been another noble, perhaps.

The silence of her carriage made him think too much. He didn't know what his father's plan was. And why she had summoned her to Antigua, after so many years. And undoubtedly, she felt at home, where she really felt.

When she saw the tower that indicated that she was already in Antigua, a smile escaped from her lips.

“Your Grace, we are arriving at your uncle's castle” Ser Criston warned her, to which she agreed.

When she arrived, everyone in the main hall was waiting for her. It felt nice.

“Niece, welcome”

“Thanks, uncle” the queen smiled, realizing it.

Her little Daeron was there for her, which made her move from her and hug her, causing her to pat her head. She seemed as if she had grown too much, since the last time she saw him.

“My little prince” she smiled, looking at him. “Have you been behaving well?”

“Yes mother. I've been studying hard.” Alicent's smile widened, as the prince moved towards Ser Criston. “Long time no see, Ser Criston.”

“It's an honour to see you, his highness.”

Alicent turned, to see her father. Ten long years without seeing him, with some letters in between, but still, he felt strange. He had aged. The woman's eyes moistened while the man approached her, caressing her cheeks.

“My daughter, welcome” then, she looked at her brother “You too, my son. Forgive me”

“Don't worry father” Gaywane replied. “Our queen needs your guidance”

Otto smiled as they began to put things away. Alicent wanted to stay there, forever. With all her children.



Alicent explained in detail everything that had happened during those months to her father, who was listening attentively. She had explained to him how she had tried to change the disembarkation's opinion, how she had tried to get the king to change his mind, what happened at driftmark.

“That Daemon is the hand of the king, it is a problem. It's too dangerous”.

“He's constantly trying to discredit me in the council, father,” Alicent spoke. “I have attempted to speak to our grace, but there is no change. Aemond and Helaena continue with... her.” The woman clenched her fists. “She doesn't deserve the throne. She has been lying to the court for years. The last children of her are born of sin”

“...I've never seen you with determination in something, my daughter” spoke her father “And I see that now, you want to fight for it”

Alicent looked at her father. “What should we do, Father?”

“We must forget about Aemond and Helaena. I am deeply sorry, my daughter. But they are still impressionable children,” Alicent brushed away the tears that were coming out of her eyes. She hated to leave them. “We must find a bride for Aegon, and fast.”

“I have been searching for candidates. I have a list here” she told him, as she opened her book. Her father squeezed her hand, almost understanding her pain. “I think if we handcuffed him to someone from the lands of the storm lands, we would have a future.”

“Princess Rhaenys has Baratheon blood. You have to discard them. You rest and enjoy your son. I will study these candidates in depth”.

Alicent nodded, as at last, she felt at home.



Alicent stared at the letter her father had given her, from the king. She sighed, putting the letter down.

“Ser Leanor is dead”

“That gives the prince a better chance of marrying the princess”

“His majesty of him hates that possibility. You know what happened ten years ago ” the queen she sighed“ But yes, it is a danger. Although she still wears mourning ” he kept watching her.

“What happen?” Daeron's voice made her turn her head, smiling.

“Do not worry, honey. Have you finished your training with Ser Criston yet?” The boy nodded.

“Mother, is there any chance that I will return to King's Landing with you?” Alicent was surprised at that request. “I like being here, but I know that Aemond and Helaena are not there. You must be alone with Aegon alone.”

Alicent looked at her father, who made her smile slightly. “We'll talk about that. Come, I have something for you”

The prince smiled, as she moved with him.



Alicent stared out into the night in Antigua. She was beginning to have memories of her early years, where her mother was still alive, and she told her stories every night. She now understood the pain of her mother.

“It's starting to get cold, Your grace”

“Ser Criston, do you think anything would have changed if we had married?”

“... can. But we both went our ways. We made mistakes”.

“The path of the seven is difficult” The queen made a sigh. “...Aegon will handcuff himself to Oriana Dondarrion. She must be protected from Aegon, Ser Criston. I tried everything, but... I can't love that monster that is my son” She wiped away the tears. “However, the seven pointed him to king”

“... The seven know our way, Your grace. You have to stay strong. We can't make that spoiled princess ascend to the throne.”

Alicent stared at Antigua. She was right. Aegon was the heir, not Rhaenyra. And she would never be.

Chapter End Notes

Other notes of Interest:

1. Otto, as always, manipulates Alicent. Nothing new.
2. Alicent never feels King's landing her home. She was more relaxed in Antigua.
3. If Aemond won't be Alicent's favorite, it will be Daeron. She will never love Aegon, even if it's his son.
4. Criston and her talk about marriage as a far possibility, even before he unites the king's guard. They always have a platonic relationship, because they know their duties.

And I think that's it. Thank you for reading!

Daemon II

Chapter Summary

Previously on the last chapter...

*"The path of the seven is difficult" The queen made a sigh. "...Aegon will handcuff himself to Oriana Dondarrion. She must be protected from Aegon, Ser Criston. I tried everything, but... I can't love that monster that is my son" She wiped away the tears.
"However, the seven pointed him to king"*

"... The seven know our way, Your grace. You have to stay strong. We can't make that spoiled princess ascend to the throne."

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone. Here's chapter 9. Daemon again.

As always, I'm no team green or black, I'm only writing the characters as the story follows. In the end of the chapter, there will be other notes of interest.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Daemon watched with peace, the time that Alicent was not in the private council.

But he knew that it would not last.

"Alicent wants to marry Aegon to Oriana Dondarrion"

"Have you talked to the boy about it?" Daemon asked, looking at his brother.

Since he was being the king's hand, he could have more access to the masters, to everyone's health in general. He knew that the disease he had was from the iron throne, but he couldn't do anything about it. Perhaps the seven wanted to take him away and have a civil war declared.

"Has Rhaenyra heard you? About going back to court?"

"Still...she's hurt. She stays for hours looking at the sea" Daemon murmured "They argued before she left. I think that eats her up from the inside out."

There was a silence. Without a doubt, that year had been a black year for everyone, especially for his cousin Rhaenys. Daemon had let Baela stay with her, just as Rhaenyra had decided that Corwyn would go with her grandparents, since he was the future lord of Driftmark.

"I'll talk to her. Maybe her siblings can help too."

Viserys nodded, as they continued to discuss matters of government.

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Seeing Rhaenyra in that state hurt.

She walked along the beaches. She looked like a living ghost. Even his nephews had noticed. Aemond, who was training with him, stared at her sister and it seemed that he more or less empathized with the pain.

They were both surprised when they saw Helaena reach her sister, asking her if they could walk together. Her sister nodded slightly as they walked along the beach.

"Oh!" Damon turned his head. Jacaerys and Lucerys were fighting.

"Be careful" Aemon replied "You can hurt each other"

Surely Lucerys was not into swords. Aemond moved closer to the boy, saying something or other so that he could keep his balance. Since Laenor left, he was the one who trained the boys.

They seemed almost like a small family.



Waiting for his nephew Aegon was almost torture. He hoped he wasn't drunk or anything.

However, he surprised him, arriving sober. He had cut his hair, perhaps forced by his mother. He seemed nervous. His brother Viserys got into position, while Daemon motioned for him to sit down, which he immediately agreed to.

"Your mother has been looking for a candidate in Antigua," he began to say, "she has told me that she wants you to marry Oriana Dondarrion." Aegon grimaced.

"May I ask then why am I here?"

"We want to know your opinion, nephew. It doesn't change what you did in Driftmark. But if you can be happy, we want you to be."

The young man was looking at the two, father and nephew, while he made a face. "There is... someone I'm interested in. We spoke little, at my brother-in-law's funeral..." he murmured nervously "And we talked a lot. It was the first time that someone cared about me as a person and not as..." then, he was silent.

"How?" his father encouraged him to continue.

"Like what they want to see. The heir to the crown." He grimaced. "Father, I don't want the throne. I just wish that... I was recognized for what I try to do."

Both brothers looked at each other. It seemed that they were seeing a side of Aegon that they had never seen before. The boy looked away, almost intimidated by the two.

"Say her name and we'll see if we can arrange a marriage with her"

"And the one mother who chose me?"

"That we would see" Daemon spoke. "Say her name"

"...Lady Daella Velaryon"

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To Daemon's surprise, Rhaenyra agreed to return to King's Landing with her father. Daemon, seeing that he would not have time to take care of his daughter, decided to move as well.

Negotiations with Ser Rhogar were fruitful, and the marriage between the maiden Velaryon and her nephew would take place in a few months. Hopefully, Alicent wouldn't come in a rage - she would. When his brother put a letter on him, he thought that he must not have thought of that so soon.

Daemon glanced over the letter. "She is angry. And no wonder" he put the letter aside.

"Do you think I should tell her something?"

"The truth: That her son is comfortable with her and is the one he wants to marry. Also, we do what she wants, keep the Valyrian blood pure."

"I don't know what to tell you, Daemon. I am very tired of this dispute"

"You have to calm down, brother. I'll come up with something to end this stupid separation" which deep down I enjoy, he told himself.

Viserys excused himself to go to his chambers, while Daemon remained thoughtful. When the door opened, he was surprised to see his niece.

"Something wrong?" Helaena looked at him. She seemed like she was nervous.

"The tower claims, the chair that is not its own. Emerald green, claim what is not yours, with another puppet in its place." Daemon frowned. "...I'm sorry."

"Don't worry" he kept thinking about those words. The tower is the Hightower, of course. Green is when they declare war. Another puppet...

Daemon rose, nodding for his niece. Also, he would have to call an old friend of his, to help him.

It was time to pay a visit to the flea bottom. And Mysaria.

Chapter End Notes

Other notes of interest:

1. After the death of Laenor, Viserys wanted that Rhaenyra comes closer to him, to help her in her grief. Finally, with Helaena's intervention, agrees.
2. Aegon started to be another person since the first chapters. He felt guilty of what he do. Also, he liked the conversation he has with Lady Daella.
4. Daella is another original character, as well Aemon and Corwyn.
5. Alicent (and Otto) are very against the marriage between Aegon and Daella.

And I think that's it. Enjoy!

Aegon I

Chapter Summary

Previously on the last chapter...

"Do you think I should tell her something?"

"The truth: That her son is comfortable with her and is the one he wants to marry. Also, we do what she wants, keep the Valyrian blood pure."

"I don't know what to tell you, Daemon. I am very tired of this dispute"

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone.

I know, I know I took so long to update. But between Christmas, Life, and other stuff don't make to update until now. It is a shorter chapter, but I hope you'll like It.

Also, I will update when my life permits me. So, enjoy!

Aegon could only think that he was going to marry someone he did love. That at least he was interested in her and it wasn't his sister. Although he had to admit it, he had treated his brothers badly. And the clear proof was the emptiness they made of him, how they fled from him.

Seeing his brother's face with a patch made him feel even more guilty. Despite the fact that he had Vhagar, the oldest dragon, the one who conquered the seven kingdoms with Queen Visenya, something told him that he felt uncomfortable. As if it weren't the same.

His sister Rhaenyra had returned from Dragonstone to make herself more noticeable as heir. Ser Laenor's death was quite recent, and despite the fact that he had spoken to him a few times, he seemed pleasant.

Aegon timidly approached his sister, sitting in the gardens. She seemed to be in her world, but she realized her presence when she got a little closer to her.

"Aegon," she murmured, surprised that he came close to her "Something wrong?"

"... I'm sorry... about your husband" he spoke, with a shy tone.

Rhaenyra simply gave him a sad smile. "We cannot change fate, Aegon"

Well, my mother wants to change ours a lot, he thought to himself.

"... How is it?"

"About what?"

"That your best friend is now your enemy" they both stared at each other for a while "I'm sorry, it's just..."

"Painful, even though I now have friends, it's not the same. I felt it like a betrayal" answered the heiress, while she sighed "Over the years ... I would have wondered what would have happened if we had not distanced ourselves "

Aegon was silent, as Rhaenyra grimaced and patted him next to her seat and he sat down next to her. It was the first time that both were together more than necessary, even in silence.



That dinner was being quite silent, and well, although they had had their moment of prayer, he could hear his uncle Daemon laugh. He had never been religious, it seemed.

Aegon preferred to be silent throughout dinner, so as not to screw up. His wedding was getting closer and it seemed more like a dream than reality.

"Soon it will be your wedding, boy" the uncle spoke of him, making him look at him "nervous?"

"...a little," he admitted.

"It's normal to feel nervous about marriage, Aegon" his father commented. It seemed that he had recovered a bit.

Aegon just nodded, as he continued to eat in silence.

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"Hey"

Aegon blinked, turning to see Helaena, with her bug box of hers and a smile.

This blink before speaking. "Hello Sister. Something wrong?"

"I just wanted to tell you that I forgive you. Aemond will take a little longer"

"..."

"Sea and fire; united again, this time calming fires, flourishing in silence"

Aegon said nothing, he knew it was one of the thousands of his riddles that surely, between the lines, said something about his future. He nodded slightly, while she moved and left, probably to continue with her collection of bugs.

This one moved towards the training field, to continue practicing. He felt too weird to go without being drunk, but it was a promise he had made to the seven gods when all this happened.

In the end, he was going to have something of his mother in him. Although she no longer love him.

Important news

Hello everyone!

First of all, I'm sorry for not updating the work. I have been moving, with all that entails, without the internet, etc. And to top it off, my laptop broke. I don't know if it will be fixed or not, or if I will have to buy another one. So I hope you have patience.

When I can, I will update the remaining chapters and the upcoming ones, which will be replaced by this warning.

Thank you all for reading my story and giving them kudos. I hope to see you soon.

-Aiyu

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!