

Daenerys was over the moon, brimming with happiness. There were ample reasons to be happy and celebrate despite the war looming over their heads. Even now, their armies were marching out of King's Landing to wage war against the false dragon in the Stormlands. There were plans in motion to face other enemies in the field and destroy them, as the Golden Company was not the sole enemy threatening her and Daeron's reign. But such matters did not worry her too much. The burden of the crown was solely on Daeron's shoulders. Despite Daeron's many attempts to rope her into attending the Small Council meetings, she was uninterested in the happenings of the council. She had enough of those in Mereen and wanted no further part, especially now.

"So, the Small Council charged Ser Edwyn Manderly to take Highgarden in the crown's name and function as its castellan until a suitable lord could be found."

"Yes, your grace." Grand Maester Marwyn said patiently. "His grace suggested that Ser Edwyn had shown remarkable skill in organising the Red Keep, and someone like that would function well in taking proper control of Highgarden."

"I see. Was that the only reason?" Daenerys asked curiously while she continued to look into the mirror as Missandei arranged her hair.

"No, your grace. The Manderlys have had some historical grievances with the Reach. They were originally a house of the Reach that served the Gardners. House Gardner exiled them, and the Starks gave them refuge in the North. His grace believes sending a Manderly to take charge of Highgarden would be a subtle signal to other Reachmen to get in line."

Daenerys wondered whether that was Daeron's true intention. It was more likely that Ser Edwyn was given a chance to prove himself by tackling the Ironborn problem plaguing the Reach. She was told Baelor Hightower had managed to beat back the Ironborn from the Shield Islands, but the Ironborn raids ravaged the coasts of the Reach. Some of these Ironborn had turned into petty bandits cut off from their ships. The Tyrells were incapable of restoring peace to their lands, and the Dornish invasion of the southern borders did not help to improve their prospects. There was mass discontent against House Tyrell, even among their most loyal bannermen, and Daeron was most likely using it to reclaim House Targaryen's influence. Her husband had shared his plans to expand the Crownlands at the expense of the Reach. For that to happen, Daeron needed the control of Highgarden. The threat of the Iron Throne holding Highgarden in perpetuity should make the Reach lords comply without protest when the Crownlands swallow large tracts of land.

Now, the only thing she did not know was who'd get Highgarden. She knew Daeron was not hoping to hold onto the castle for long. No doubt Daeron had some options before him, but he had not divulged that detail to her.

"Hmm. Was there anything else, Grand Maester?"

"I've received some word from the Citadel. The Masters of the Citadel have learned that Euron Greyjoy carries a dragonhorn in his flagship, Silence. For some reason, the Ironborn king claims he can bind dragons to him with the horn."

Dany frowned as she heard such a fanciful tale.

"Only those carrying dragon blood can bind dragons. No stupid horns can bind dragons." she said a bit angrily.

"Of course, your grace. I was merely passing on the information I shared with the small council." Marwyn hurriedly explained.

"Hmm. What was the council's reaction?" Dany asked, adjusting the jewellery Missandei placed around her neck.

"Varys advised caution. The Spider claims Euron Greyjoy holds many sorcerers as his prisoner aboard Silence. Others were dismissive of the claim and advised the king to end the Ironborn menace for good this time around."

"Oh!" Dany raised a delicate eyebrow. "What was my husband's opinion?"

"His grace didn't make his thoughts known to the council. I suspect his grace is of the opinion to leave the Ironborn alone for the time being. There are other far more terrible threats in the mainland to worry about." said Marwyn.

"Hmm. I'm sure it has nothing to do with House Hightower and Redwyne exhausting themselves by fighting the Ironborn." Daenerys mused aloud, throwing a smirk at the old maester.

"I suspect his grace also thinks along the same vein." Marwyn smiled.

"I thank you, Grand Maester. Although, it's unnecessary for you to inform me about the small council meetings."

"His grace's orders were clear, my queen. You were to be informed of the council's happenings should you find yourself unable to attend the meeting in person." said Marwyn. "Now, may I take my leave, your grace?"

"You may, Grand Maester. But be sure to inform my husband that I'll expect him to be present in the throne room within an hour, ready to exchange gifts."

"As you wish your grace." Marwyn bowed before taking his leave.

Missandei giggled, making Dany chuckle as well.

"His grace tries hard not to give offence." Missandei said.

"No. He tries to involve me in small council matters to seem fair to my supporters." Dany corrected.

"It's not bad to involve you in the small council, your grace." said Missandei.

Dany shrugged her shoulders as she didn't particularly have an opinion on the subject. On the one hand, she was comfortable with her arrangement with Daeron. Her husband would act as the inflexible steel while she'd be the reasonable and merciful good queen. She never thought Daeron would still need her presence in the small council meetings, especially after they came to an accord by merging their armies, gold, and supporters.

"Has Grey Worm said anything?" Daenerys asked, knowing that Grey Worm would confide in her friend more than anyone else.

"Ah, your grace. It's not my place...."

Daenerys gave her longstanding friend a look.

'Well, Grey Worm did tell me he was busy with the changes to the Unsullied. After all, the Unsullied need to familiarise themselves with the city if they take up the duties of the City Watch and as the Royal Guards."

“Understandable. Anything else?” Dany raised a delicate eyebrow at her friend, who became flustered under the scrutiny.

“He said there was talk among your supporters, your grace.”

“What talk?” Dany frowned.

“Umm... They think his grace is dismantling your armies to strengthen his influence in the capital and the Crownlands.” said Missandei, with a troubled look.

“I see.” Daenerys returned to adjusting her blue dress and looking for any flaws in the mirror as if nothing had happened.

Daenerys already knew who the culprits were to blame. She had warned them not to butt their heads into issues that do not concern them. But if they were still making things difficult for her husband, she supposed it was time for her to act.

But not today. Today was not the day for politics and who has more power in King’s Landing. Today was a day that was special for her and her husband. She would not spoil it with politics and baseless allegations of her advisors.

‘I suppose I’ll also have to make up with Daeron for all the trouble he was getting from my advisors.’ Daenerys thought, her eyes drifting off to her bed.

The thoughts that drifted through her mind made her blush like a newly wedded virgin. She considered it a matter of pride when she exhausted her husband in their bed so that she could enjoy her husband’s warmth in her bed long after the first light shined in their shared chambers. She could afford to be a little more adventurous tonight as today was a special day for their journey ahead as husband and wife.

“So, what do you think, Missandei? How do I look?” Daenerys asked, taking to her feet and slowly twirling before her friend, letting the hem of her blue silk dress fly a few inches from the floor.

“You look beautiful, your grace. His grace will be hard-pressed to take his eyes off you today, my queen.” said Missandei, happily smiling, seeing the excitement of her queen.

An hour later, she strolled through the Red Keep towards the throne room with all her ladies-in-waiting. She had sent for her husband’s cousin Arya Stark, but the young Stark woman was nowhere to be seen. Arya was last seen attending the small council meeting, and after that, no one seemed to know of her whereabouts. Already the courtiers seem to have come up with a name for Arya.

The wild wolf, they called her. A fitting name in Daenerys’ opinion for the Stark woman come and go as she pleased like the great tides of the Blackwater Bay. There was also that pack of wolves that followed around her husband’s cousin like puppies that had the servants of the Red Keep on edge. But Daenerys was not afraid. She looked to her side, where her husband’s direwolf companion Ghost was escorting her.

She had wondered whether Ghost was staying with her out of his own volition or on her husband’s orders. She hoped it was not the latter because she fed the wolf with rare fish and pork, which kept Ghost very happy. She had even set up a small bed for the wolf adjacent to the chambers she shared with her husband. She’d be cross with Ghost if she was to learn the wolf did not like her enough to follow around and merely follow her husband’s orders.

Reaching out with her hand, she scratched Ghost behind his ear, earning a pleased soft purr from the fluffy white direwolf. On the other hand, her ladies-in-waiting were scared out of their minds. She couldn't fault them for fearing the direwolf. While Ghost was no troublemaker, he was massive and shy of a few inches from her shoulder in height. His massive claws and sharp teeth put everyone else on edge in the Red Keep.

"Missandei. Is there any word about Arya?" she asked as they neared the throne room.

"I'm afraid not your grace."

Daenerys shook her head at the antics of Arya. She knew her husband's cousin did not enjoy formal functions but hoped Arya would attend the ceremony.

"So, I heard tell you were looking for me."

Her eyes widened, and she whirled around to see Arya standing a few paces behind her. Her ladies-in-waiting all let out a collective gasp as they, too, were taken by surprise.

"You... how did you do that?" Gwyneth Brune said, pointing a shaky finger at Arya. "There was no one behind us when I looked."

"Then your eyes were wrong." Arya said, shrugging her shoulders.

"I'm thankful that you came, Arya. I sent a search party after you."

"You needn't have bothered. I was walking the streets of the city." said Arya dismissively.

Sylvia Boggs gasped dramatically. "The streets of the city are not safe. You could've been dead or worse."

Arya scoffed but otherwise remained silent until her eyes found the ornate plate and the object on it held in Missandei's hand.

"Is that the gift?" Arya asked, a spark of curiosity shining in her grey eyes.

"Yes. That's why I was looking for you. I wanted to show it to you." said Daenerys, looking accusingly at Arya.

"No. You wanted me to pick out dresses for you." Arya deadpanned.

"Ha! So, you admit you ran away from the Red Keep purposefully." Dany jabbed her finger accusingly at Arya.

"We are wasting time. Let's get this over with." said Arya, walking ahead, forcing Daenerys and her ladies-in-waiting to catch up.

As they walked into the throne room, the royal crier announced their arrival for the whole court to hear.

Daenerys' eyes immediately fell on the Iron Throne, expecting to see her husband, but it was empty. She ran her eyes around discreetly but could not see her husband anywhere in the crowd. Despite that, she walked forward boldly, climbed steps that led her to her silver throne and made herself comfortable. Her lady companions dutifully stood at the base of the thrones waiting patiently.

They didn't have to wait long as Daeron walked into the throne room accompanied by Ser Barristan, Ser Corbray, Samwell Tarly and Grand Maester Marwyn. Daeron smiled at her as he climbed the

steps to the throne and sat carefully on the Iron Throne. Unlike her, Daeron could not afford to sit on his throne mindlessly. While her silver throne was afforded every comfort, like the smoothest silks and cushions, her husband had the jagged and sharp edges of the Iron Throne to consider. Her attention didn't stay on Daeron's discomfort for long as she searched for the gift Daeron was to give her. Search as she might, she could not find any sign of such a gift. She looked from Unsullied soldiers standing guard on every corner to the courtiers and servants assembled in the throne room. But she never found any sign of her gift.

For a moment, she worried Daeron could not procure a gift for her. She had, after all, sprung the ceremony on Daeron relatively recently. As Grand Maester Marwyn and her husband's friend Samwell Tarly began explaining the ceremony, Daenerys was a little afraid that she'd inadvertently humiliate Daeron. So lost in thought, she didn't notice the Grand Maester finishing his explanation. She was only brought out of the stupor when Daeron offered her his hand.

"My love. Come, let me give you your gift." said Daeron, a slight grin on his lips.

Surprised and relieved they would not get embarrassed in front of the whole court, Dany happily took the offered hand and stood up from her throne.

"From the times of Aegon the Conqueror, this valyrian steel dagger was passed down from heir to heir. On its blade, Aegon carved his dream so that the heirs of the Iron Throne may never forget their duty. Aegon called his dream the Song of Ice and Fire. And now, I pass on Aegon's dagger to my queen as a gift." Daeron declared.

Daeron nodded at a servant who brought a pot full of red-hot ember. He took out the valyrian steel dagger and pressed the blade into the ember. The heat from the pot made the finely carved valyrian letters visible. Daeron raised the blade for all to see and offered it to Daenerys.

She carefully took the blade into her hand by holding on to the dragon bone handle of the dagger. She was mindful of the hot blade as she no longer possessed the gift of resisting heat. Thankfully, a servant brought her a pot full of water where she quenched the hot valyrian steel. She left the blade inside the pot, and Ser Barristan took the pot away from her and the sheath her husband so generously provided.

She was pretty overwhelmed to have received the dagger of Aegon the First. It was an important artefact that holds immense value in the family. It also did not escape her that Daeron was declaring her his heir. With the dagger in her possession, she was responsible for passing it on to the next heir.

"Thank you, Daeron. I'll cherish it for as long as I breathe." she told him lovingly. "Now. Let me give you yours."

Daenerys nodded at Missandei, and her trusted friend brought forth Daeron's gift. She removed the golden silk cloth that covered the object and the plate that carried it, but anyone with eyes could see the gift for what it was. It was a sword safely stored away in a red and gold sheath. Taking the sword with both hands, Daenerys presented her gift to her husband.

Daeron took the sword from her hand and unsheathed it before the whole court for all to see. The sword's handle was plated with gold and a red ruby at the hilt. The customary ripples commonly seen in a valyrian steel sword were also present on this sword making its origin clear.

"This is no ordinary sword, husband. I acquired it in the Red Waste. Its name is Lightbringer. When you wage war against death, this sword will light your path in the darkness." Daenerys said, reaching out and touching the blade with her fingers while whispering what Quaithe told her in the Red

Waste. “To claim the light of this sword, you need only give the ruby a drop of blood carrying ice and fire.”

Daenerys withdrew from her husband and looked expectantly at him.

Daeron looked suspiciously at the blade and then at her, but in the end, he decided to make a small cut on his thumb using the sharp edge of Lightbringer and smeared the blood on the ruby. The ruby glowed in a dark red colour that drowned the throne room in its light, and then the red light disappeared just as suddenly as it came. Daenerys blinked, and the next moment, golden flames engulfed Lightbringer burning as bright as a thousand suns.

“All hail Azor Ahai, the blade of light in the coming darkness.” Melisandre declared, prostrating herself on her knees at the base of the Iron Throne.

The rest of the Red Priests chimed in with the same prayer falling to their knees as Lightbringer ignited in her husband’s hand, ostensibly after the Age of Dawn.

XXXXXXXX

Ariane walked the halls of Sunspear with measured strides with Ser Daemon Sand and an assortment of Dornish lords and ladies by her side. She could’ve never imagined a day when Dornish lords and ladies would look to her to protect Dorne—but the last few years had been a time of miracles. It seems the Targaryens were not the only ones to be touched by miracles. She had told her father that throwing their support behind Aegon, Connington, and the Golden Company was folly. She said so because she wanted to rule Dorne and simultaneously avoid becoming the breeding stock of another generation of Targaryens like her deceased aunt Elia Martell. But her advice fell on deaf ears, and Dorne was suffering for it.

As always, her father pretended to hear her out but didn’t listen to a word she said. He threw the armies of Dorne at Connington’s feet and had nothing to show for it after a year but rebellion and total collapse of the Dornish army at the Marches. It was a disaster the likes of which Dorne had seen at the Trident when they fought under the Targaryen banner. But where most people saw disaster, she saw an opportunity. Her father’s long years of inaction and the apparent failure in this recent misadventure had shown Dorne her father was not fit to lead the Dornish people from Sunspear. Men in House Nymeros Martell had ruined their chances at revenge against those who wronged them, and it fell to the women of the House to restore Dorne and make it whole again.

The situation was dire as Lord Yornwood was now in open rebellion, as were House Dayne and House Wyl. Yornwood, she could understand as Cletus Yornwood was killed in her brother’s journey to Mereen, and Lord Anders wants revenge for his son’s death. This was the second Yornwood being killed because of a Martell and House Yornwood was baying for blood. She had no idea why House Dayne of High Hermitage rebelled against House Martell.

Not that she cared all that too much about the reason, but the word was that Ser Gerold Dayne was trying his hand at taking over the seat of Starfell and becoming Lord Dayne overthrowing the natural succession laws that placed the Darkstar third in line to inherit after Edric Dayne and Allyria Dayne. Besides, the Darkstar already had High Hermitage. She could not fathom why the knight would want to take Starfell. Some of her supporters claim the Darkstar seeks to become the next Sword of the Morning. But she was not confident that was the reason, as House Martell had nothing to do with

bestowing the title to a Dayne. By all the reports she had gathered from the Marches, the Sand Snakes were taken by surprise from their backs by the Darkstar after taking Nightsong. In their usual manner, the Sand Snakes decided to make an example out of the Lannister lackey Philip Foote, the new lord of Nightsong. In the process, they let their guard down, making it easy for Ser Gerold Dayne to destroy their army and take the Sand Snakes as prisoners.

The reason for House Wyl's rebellion was beyond her or her supporters. Most thought they were doing it because there was nothing else to do as the war had collapsed, with Houses Yornwood and Dayne turning against the war effort.

The rest of the Dornish houses were not interested in pursuing the war supporting Connington, and almost everyone was convinced Aegon was a Blackfyre because of the Golden Company's presence. No other kingdom in the Seven Kingdoms loathes the Golden Company more than Dorne. Dornish lords had fought with House Targaryen to protect the inheritance of Daeron II's children against House Blackfyre. The Golden Company had always been filled with the enemies of House Martell. Those sellswords had no love for Dorne, as the Golden Company was formed chiefly out of Reachmen and Stormlanders.

To make matters worse, the news coming from the capital was disconcerting. Daenerys Targaryen had come to an understanding with Daeron Targaryen. Rhaegar's secret son with, Lyanna Stark, had swept away the Lannister army with his large army, fleets, and dragons. The Iron Throne was now in the hands of Daeron Targaryen, and if the rumours were true, Daeron and Daenerys were to unite their claims through marriage.

Two Targaryens commanding large armies, fleets and dragons were a nightmare. There was no way for the Golden Company to win this war. The Golden Company had never won a war against House Targaryen when the Targaryens had no dragons. Now, with dragons.... The result was as clear as dawn.

In such conditions, the course ahead was clear for Arianne. Waging a losing war would not earn her anything in the long run. She knew what she wanted and was ready to take it by force.

Arianne marched into the court of Sunspear with her supporters at her back. The court became eerily silent as everyone witnessed the Princess of Dorne march in with an assortment of soldiers and some of Dorne's major lords and ladies. Lord Franklyn Fowler was her most influential supporter in the group. She had Nymeria to thank for that, and she'd repay that by having her cousin released from the Darkstar's custody. Myria Jordayne, the heiress of The Tor, was also by her side. Lady Larra Blackmont also supported her claim. There were others from houses Qorgyle, Snatagar, Toland and many others.

"Father. You know why I'm here. Enough tragedy has visited our house. I'll not have it suffer further by throwing Dorne at the feet of a pretender in a losing war." said Arianne, boldly taking a few steps towards Prince Doran, sitting in his wheelchair guarded by Areo Hotah.

The trusted Norvosi guard moved to guard her father with his spear.

"No, Areo. Stand aside." Doran ordered.

The loyal Norvosi obeyed without question and allowed Arianne to pass. She stood before her father, her head held high, wearing glittering red silk.

"I ask that you relinquish your position, father. Dorne no longer trusts your leadership."

“And you believe you can make Dorne listen?” Doran asked, raising an eyebrow.

“I know I can.” Arianne said confidently.

Doran let out a sigh. “You are not ready, daughter.”

“Then stand by my side and help me instead of trying to use me for your petty schemes.” said Arianne.

Doran stared long and hard at Arianne before he slowly nodded, giving his assent.

Arianne walked around her father and sat on the throne of Sunspear to the applause of the court. She basked in the court’s and her supporters’ approval, but she knew it would not have been possible without Lord Fowler. Lord Franklyn Fowler was also going to be very useful as he had the third largest army in Dorne after House Martell and Yornwood. If she was to exert her will over Dorne, she’d need his support more than anyone else. There was no formal ceremony for her ascension as the ruling Princess of Dorne. She accepted the oaths of allegiance from her supporters in the court one after the other.

After receiving the oaths of fealty, she held a council of her immediate supporters to discuss what would be done with the rebelling houses. Almost everyone agreed that the priority was to bring Lord Anders Yornwood to heel. But the question was how. Her father suggested fostering Trystan at Yornwood, which she vehemently opposed. She was not the only one to oppose any further appeasement. No one forced Cletus Yornwood to accompany Quentyn, and her supporters believed that Lord Anders needed to be met with force, not further appeasement.

“Capturing Yornwood and bringing Lord Anders to heel should also send a strong message to High Hermitage and Wyl.” Lord Franklin said, gaining sounds of agreement from the rest of her council.

“Aye. We can also march to Wyl quickly from Yornwood once Lord Anders dips his banners.” Lady Blackmont chimed in.

“It’s decided then. We’ll march against Lord Anders and, if need be, put Yornwood on a siege.” said Arianne. “I’ll muster a second host in Sunspear, but someone must lead them.”

Arianne’s eyes naturally turned to Lord Franklin Fowler. The Lord of Skyreach was able-bodied as he was in his early forties and looked physically fit. Nymeria was intimate with Lord Fowler’s daughter, and that closeness need not necessarily be reciprocated all the time. Arianne knew that, and she was in dire need of some trusted supporters to rule Dorne in the days ahead.

“If the Princess agrees, I’d be more than happy to lead the army.” Lord Fowler offered.

Arianne could see the Lord of Skyreach’s eyes trailing discreetly over her body in a familiar way. She barely held back a smile as she realised she could easily influence Lord Fowler. Nonetheless, she looked to others to see whether they disagreed, but they were all in agreement.

“If everyone here agrees, Lord Fowler shall lead the army. But I want you to give Lord Yornwood a chance to yield his castle. Perhaps, he might see sense seeing the host arrayed against him outside his wall.”

“I’ll make sure to offer him terms that the Princess finds agreeable.” Lord Franklin said, his onyx eyes trained on hers and looking at her hungrily.

“Let’s adjourn for a few moments, after which we may discuss the exact terms of Lord Yornwood’s surrender.” Arianne suggested.

Her councillors dispersed from her chamber save for Lord Fowler.

“Lord Fowler? You wish for something?” Arianne raised a delicate eyebrow even as she took to her feet.

“Ye Princess. I wish to know how we shall proceed with the Targaryens in King’s Landing.”

“What is your suggestion?” Arianne asked curiously.

“We must negotiate peace with the dragons. Dorne can ill afford a war with dragons when we are fractured. I suspect this simple fact emboldens Lords Dayne, Wyl and Yornwood. They expect House Martell will see the dragons as the chief threat and give in to their demands. We should prove them wrong.”

“It’ll be a blow to our pride to crawl on our knees to please the Targaryens, especially those two. My brother died in Meeren under Daenerys’ watch, while this Daeron is a living disgrace to the memory of my aunt.”

“Your aunt is dead, and so is your brother. The people of Dorne would face dragonfire should the dragons wage war against our people.” Lord Franklin reminded her.

Arianne was thoughtful for a moment as she carefully studied the words of Lord Franklin.

“You’re right, of course. You give wise counsel, Lord Fowler. I shall reach out to the dragons for peace talks.” Arianne slowly nodded, despite her desire to avoid the Targaryens and pretend they never existed.

“I’m glad to hear that. Princess. War always brings ruin and death, and nothing makes it more horrifying when we have full-grown dragons as enemies.” said Lord Franklin, moving closer to Arianne. “Now, I suspect my loyalty shall be rewarded.”

“Always. Your support is cherished, my lord.” Arianne grinned. “What shall I give to a man such as you?”

Arianne gasped when Lord Franklin boldly reached out, grabbed her by her hips, and pulled her against him. She giggled when his wandering hands traced the delicate contours of her body.

“What greater price is there than the Princess of Dorne?” Lord Franklin breathed huskily against her skin as he pressed a stinking kiss against her neck.

Arianne was breathing hard and filled with arousal. She peeked at the Lord of Skyreach beneath her dark eyelashes. Standing on her tiptoes, she pressed her lips against Lord Fowler’s ears.

“My chambers shall be open for you at night, Lord Franklin. I shall wait most eagerly for you in my bed.” Arianne whispered coyly.

The dark lust and desire she could see in Lord Franklyn’s eyes made her smile sultrily.

‘Perhaps I might keep him in Sunspear as consort if he proves worthy enough.’ Arianne thought.

XXXXXXXXXX

Daeron finally breathed a sigh of relief as he pressed the seal on orders dispatching some gold from the royal treasury to be transferred to the Alchemist guild. On his orders, the Alchemists had found a way to temporarily suspend Wildfire's potency, making transporting the substance far safer. The gold was also for producing fresh batches of Wildfire, which would be escorted North for the war against the Others. Some of the Alchemists would have to travel with the caches of Wildfire as the substance would need to be restored once they are safely stored near the Wall.

Other issues were plaguing the capital, and the most important one revolved around Visenya's Hill. After the wildfire explosion, the smallfolk refused to inhabit the hill, fearing for their lives. It was creating a housing crisis in other parts of the capital. If this persists, he'd have no other choice but to open up Rhaenys' Hill for further settlements, which would open up another can of worms. For now, the dragons were roosting over the remains of the Dragonpit. Having more people settle near the dragons' lair was not wise.

For now, he had no choice but to issue some permits for land grants in Rhaenys' Hill. He'd have to see whether he could build three small tunnels in Visenya's Hill, which should be enough for housing the dragons.

Putting away his seal inside his drawer, he arranged all the parchments in order and called for his squire.

"Give these parchments to Lord Grafton." he gave them to Hoster Blackwood, who promptly left his office to deliver them.

Leaning back in his chair, he cracked his shoulders and neck to alleviate the stress that was building up. While doing that, his eyes caught sight of three swords sitting on the shelf of his room. There was Dark Sister, Widow's Wail, which he reclaimed after capturing Ser Bronn, and finally, there was the recent gift by his wife, Lightbringer. All three were Valyrian steel blades, but he didn't require all three.

'I'll have Widow's Wail handed over to Arya. It belongs to House Stark anyway.' Daeron thought.

That still left him with two Valyrian steel swords.

'Perhaps I could give it to a trusted knight for the duration of the Long Night.' Daeron thought, eyeing the dragonhead pommel of Dark Sister.

Shaking those thoughts away, he locked the cupboard and his office before retiring to his royal chambers. After closing the door behind him, Daeron went straight for the stand, where he hung his cloak and secured his boots. He threw away the gloves, the black doublet he was wearing, and the cotton underneath. He looked at his bedroom, but the door was closed.

'Hmm. Maybe Dany went to bed early.' Daeron thought.

Pushing open the door to the bedroom, he was halfway through unbuckling his belt when he froze upon seeing the nearly naked figure of his lovely wife. He knew his wife was arguably the most beautiful woman on this planet. At least he knew she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. But tonight, she was not just beautiful. She was almost divinely beautiful.

"I've been waiting for you, my husband." Daenerys purred, crossing one long leg over the other in a way that made him gulp audibly. "Why did you leave me unattended for so long?"

Daeron could feel the back of his neck sweating. He was tongue-tied momentarily as his eyes drank in the beauty sitting on his featherbed. Daenerys was wearing only a sheer purple robe held together by a black leather belt at her waist. The pink robe left nothing to the imagination as his eyes traced the delicate contours of her body. His eyes went up from her long smooth legs to her thick creamy thighs, shapely hips, sizeable round breasts, long neck, full red lips, cute nose, amethyst eyes and finally, her sinuous silver mane.

"I was a bit busy. Umm.... lots of petitions to address and decisions to be made." he said lamely.

"Um-hum. And?" Daenerys asked, slowly climbing to her feet.

"And what?"

"Are you finished with your petitions?" Daenerys raised a delicate brow in his direction as she made small steps towards him, her hands fiddling with the belt on her waist.

"Yes. I've resolved the.... petitions." he breathed out as he watched with bated breath as Daenerys pulled the belt free and threw it away to a corner of their bedroom.

Without the belt holding the purple robe together, the robe exposed almost half of his wife's body before his eyes.

"I hope you don't have any distractions, my love. Your queen needs you in her bed." Daenerys breathed hotly into his ear before she pulled him into bed with her.

It was safe to say he didn't get much rest that night, but his lovely wife's warmth warded away the night's cold.