

 ★ (**HOUSE OF THE DRAGON**) ./'

★ MARISYA WATERS

Alias(es): The Lady of Threads

Status: Alive

Culture: Crownlands

Born: c. 111 AC, King's Landing

Age: in 129AC, she is 18 years old

Titles: Mistress of the Atelier (informal), The Lady of Threads (rumored)

Occupation: Seamstress, artisan couturier, blacksmith, covert information broker

Location: King's Landing

Allegiance: None officially (serves and sells to various factions)

Gender: Female

FC: Aubri Ibrag (as Lizzy Elmsworth in *The Buccaneers*)

001 ★ (BIOGRAPHY) .'

Marisya Waters is a lowborn but highly skilled seamstress operating within King's Landing during the tumultuous era preceding and during the *Dance of the Dragons*. Born the baseborn granddaughter of a blacksmith and a seamstress, Marisya carved a name for herself in the capital's social and political undercurrent not through birthright, but through talent, wit, and ambition. Orphaned of her maternal lineage and raised primarily by her grandparents, she grew up in a humble atelier nestled in the shadow of the ruined Dragonpit.

Following the early death of her grandmother Illora—a seamstress renowned among the smallfolk for her simple yet enduring garments—Marisya inherited the woman's trade, but did not abandon the other half of her bloodline. From her grandfather Torrhen, a master blacksmith, she learned the secrets of steel, giving her not only practical skill in metallurgy but also a deeper sense of structure, utility, and power.

By her late teens, Marisya had become the sole caretaker of both the family shop and her ailing grandfather. Her garments, a blend of Illora's elegance and her own experimental craftsmanship, soon caught the attention of minor nobles, merchants, and eventually the court. Despite her low birth, her reputation for precision and beauty led many highborn women to seek her work in private, often under the pretense of anonymity.

Unbeknownst to many, Marisya used these visits as a quiet opportunity to observe, converse, and extract secrets. Over time, she began trading information—initially to fund her grandfather's medical care, and later to secure her own position in the political web of the capital. This dual identity earned her the elusive moniker *The Lady of Threads*, a whisper on the tongues of courtiers and spies alike, though few know the name belongs to the seamstress working quietly behind the bolts of silk and the scents of rose-oil and ash.

002 ★ (PERSONALITY) .'

Marisya is known for her street smarts, quiet ambition, and disarming charm. Outwardly warm, sociable, and witty, she has an uncanny ability to lower the defenses of those around her, especially the highborn who regard her as harmless or invisible. Beneath that personable exterior lies a calculating and pragmatic mind, honed by hardship and necessity. She is fiercely loyal to those she loves—chiefly her grandfather—but is also deeply aware of the dangers and hypocrisies of nobility. She operates in the shadows not out of cowardice, but by choice. Control and discretion are her weapons.

Unlike many who seek to rise above their station, Marisya does not crave recognition or titles; she desires leverage—power that is quiet, untraceable, and effective. She is known to be meticulous in both craft and speech, and has little tolerance for waste, sloppiness, or sentimentality that impairs survival.

003 ★ (APPEARANCE) .'

Marisya is a young woman of striking but understated beauty, often dressed in modest yet finely tailored clothing of her own making. She has dark, almond-shaped eyes that observe everything, and full, expressive brows that lend her an air of constant thoughtfulness. Her skin is olive-toned, often bearing faint smudges of soot, thread lint, or powdered dyes—a testament to her dual trades. Her hair is thick and dark, typically pinned back or braided in practical styles. She carries herself with quiet poise, moving with a dancer's economy, and often smells faintly of lavender, leather, and iron.

Though not formally educated, her voice carries the cadence of someone who has learned by listening carefully. She uses her appearance as armor: always composed, always in control, often wearing gloves—not just to protect her hands, but to conceal the calluses and burns of her labor.

005 ★ (SKILLS & ABILITIES) .'

- **Master Seamstress:** Marisya possesses exceptional talent in sewing, embroidery, tailoring, and garment design. She combines aesthetic elegance with utilitarian structure, often designing clothing that conceals small weapons, armor plates, or hidden compartments.
- **Blacksmithing Knowledge:** Though not a practicing smith in the traditional sense, she has retained much of her grandfather's teaching. She can identify metalwork, assess

weapon balance, and even shape small tools or blades when needed.

- **Information Gathering:** Her true power lies in her mastery of social navigation. She excels at drawing secrets from others through charm and calculated conversation. She remembers everything—faces, names, slips of the tongue—and maintains an internal map of rivalries, betrayals, and alliances.
 - **Discretion and Survival:** Marisya is highly cautious, never revealing too much of herself. She changes her appearance slightly when meeting clients outside her shop, and has a network of trusted go-betweens who help maintain her anonymity.
-

006 ★ (RELATIONSHIPS) .'

- **Torrhen (Grandfather):** Her only living kin, Torrhen is her anchor and burden. A once-great blacksmith now ravaged by illness, he remains the moral compass Marisya occasionally drifts from. Their relationship is tender, though strained by the secrets she keeps.
 - **Illora (Deceased Grandmother):** Though long dead, Illora remains Marisya's guiding star. Her teachings, both spoken and unspoken, define the principles of Marisya's craft.
 - **Clients & Courtiers:** While Marisya remains officially unaffiliated with any noble house, she counts multiple highborn women among her clientele—including ladies from Houses Velaryon, Strong, Lannister, and even whispers of members of Queen Alicent's court. Some are loyal customers. Others are her prey.
-

007 ★ (BEHIND THE NAME) .'

Though her father is unknown, and her mother died in childbirth, Marisya was given the surname *Waters*—the traditional bastardy name for those born in the Crownlands. It is a name she rarely uses herself. To most who know her, she is simply *Marisya of the Atelier*, *Mistress Marisya*, or *The Lady of Threads*, depending on what side of her they encounter.

008 ★ (LORE) .'

Marisya Waters was born into *smoke and stitchwork*, cradled in a home where *fire danced on steel and silk shimmered under candlelight*. Her earliest memories were not of lullabies or noble tales, but the *rhythmic beat of hammer on anvil*, the *rustling whisper of thread through cloth*, the *mingling scents of scorched metal and lavender-scented linens*. She came into the world not with a cry, but with *wide, dark eyes* that absorbed everything—the *glint of molten iron*, the *sheen of dyed silk*, the *quiet magic* of hands shaping raw material into art.

She was the *only child* in a household shaped by *craft and grief*. Her grandmother, **Illora**, was a *seamstress renowned* in the shantytowns that clung to the base of the *Hill of Rhaenys*. Though she worked from a *single-room atelier* above a *crooked shopfront*, her work carried a *reputation* that traveled further than she ever had. Illora's hands were *slight but skilled*, her fingers *moving like dancers across cloth*. She favored *rich, dusky colors*—mulberry, deep blue, ash-gold—and her *embroidery* mimicked the *delicate symmetry* of leaves, constellations, and constancy. Her clothes were not draped in jewels or gold thread, but in *quiet dignity*, sewn with a *reverence* that made even a milkmaid feel like a *queen*.

Torrhen, Illora's husband and Marisya's grandfather, was the *forge's fire* to Illora's *silken grace*. A *blacksmith of uncommon strength and restraint*, he rarely spoke, preferring the *language of steel and smoke*. His *forge*, built into the *stone foundation* beneath their home, *never slept*. The floor *trembled with its heat*, the air always *thick with iron dust and sweat*. He made horseshoes, yes—but also *hunting blades with elegant balance*, *chainmail so fine it rippled like water*, and on occasion, *armor of such symmetry* that lesser knights swore it must be *Valyrian*.

Though *humble in coin*, the couple were *lords in their own dominion*—Illora of *needle and thread*, Torrhen of *fire and anvil*. Their shop stood near the *ruins of the Dragonpit*, where *dragons once died and dreams were turned to ash*. *Smoke clung to the air like a ghost* there, and yet within their home, *warmth endured*.

For a time.

When Marisya was *seven*, the house began to *darken*.

Illora's illness *crept in slowly*, like a *fraying hem*. A *cough that would not leave*. Skin that grew *pale and papery*. No healer could name the sickness, but Marisya watched her grandmother *waste away like a bolt of silk left too long in the sun*. Her eyes, once *sharp as needles*, *dulled*. Her voice, once *velvet*, *rasped*. And one quiet morning, beneath the *crackling hearth* and the scent of *rose-oil*, Illora died—*her thimble still looped around one finger*.

Marisya *never forgot the silence* that followed.

Torrhen did not weep. He *pounded steel with a fury* that made the *shop tremble*, and the forge *glowed day and night*. He did not speak to the girl much in those first months, and so she *learned to study him silently*, *mimicking his movements*, *watching his sorrow hammer itself into iron*. She found *scraps of silk in drawers* and *practiced stitching with shaking hands*,

guided only by *memory*. She patched her own dresses. She began to sell *small purses, mended cloaks, buttons sewn back into place*. No one taught her—she simply remembered.

Marisya inherited both legacies.

By the time she was *ten*, her days were spent *knee-deep in fabric*, her nights by the *forge*. Her fingers *callused from both thread and blade*. She stitched with *Illora's softness, tempered by the sharp symmetry* she learned from *Torrhen's work*. She made *dresses with sleeves that mirrored dagger hilts, corsets laced like chainmail, and brooches etched with the swirling lines of forged sigils*. There was a rhythm to it—*metal and thread, strength and subtlety*.

By *seventeen*, she ran the shop alone.

Torrhen, once *mighty*, had been *undone by age and grief*. His hands *trembled* now, no longer strong enough to *hold the hammer*, his legs *swollen and stiff* from years spent *standing at the forge*. He spoke more often, *in riddles and memories*. His *cough lingered*. *Maesters came and went*, offering *expensive treatments and hollow hope*.

The *forge grew cold*. But *upstairs, the atelier flourished*.

Marisya's *creations* no longer belonged to the *smallfolk*. Her name found its way to the *mouths of noble daughters and ladies-in-waiting, carried in whispers through the Red Keep* and across the court. Her gowns bore none of the *gaudy excess* favored by *highborn lords' wives*; they were *precise, elegant, provocative in restraint*. She learned the *curves and insecurities of each woman*, tailoring not just to the *body* but to the *soul*. A *dowager mourning her third husband* left with a *velvet cloak* that made her *stand tall*. A *maiden anxious for her first court ball* received a gown that *shimmered like dragonfly wings*.

Marisya's *boutique*, tucked behind a *crooked alley near Rhaenys's Hill*, became a *sanctuary* for women with *secrets*—whether of *vanity, vengeance, or ambition*.

And she *listened*.

Oh, how she listened.

She had a *talent for putting others at ease*. Her *laugh was light but never foolish*, her *questions simple but sharp*. Nobles forgot their station in her presence, *lulled by the soft hush of fabric and the intimacy of fittings*. They spoke of *broken betrothals, bastard sons, gambling debts, whispered alliances*. *Secrets poured forth like wine*, staining the air.

At first, she collected them like a *seamstress gathers pins—out of habit*. But when *Torrhen's health declined*, and *coin bled from her coffers* to feed the *greedy hands of maesters and alchemists*, Marisya saw the truth:

Information was worth more than anything she had ever done.

So she began to *trade in whispers*.

A minor lord paid a purse of silver to learn of his cousin's debts. A lady slipped a garnet ring across the counter for confirmation that her betrothed had taken a paramour. Slowly, discreetly, Marisya spun her web. She never lied. She never revealed her sources. And no one ever suspected the quiet girl with ink-dark eyes and a measuring tape slung around her neck to be the hand behind so many ruined reputations.

*She became a ghost among the nobility—**The Lady of Threads**—a name spoken with curiosity, fear, envy. No one quite knew if she was real. No one quite knew if they had met her. That was how she wanted it.*

*Her only tether to tenderness was **Torrhen**.*

He, who once shaped steel with godlike strength, now wasted in a bed of blankets that stank of sweat and pine sap. She loved him as fiercely as she feared losing him. His mind, though clouded, remained sharp in flashes. And he watched her rise with unease.

“Power,” he rasped one frostbitten morning, **“doesn’t ask permission. It just takes. And my girl, when it comes to collect...—will you be ready?”**

She didn’t answer him.

She couldn’t.

Marisya had seen the world for what it was: a loom of cruelty and ambition, where the threads of mercy were often cut. She had been born among ashes and cloth. She had clawed her way into the orbits of dragons and kings. She would not be caged by guilt or sentiment.

She was no longer the girl who stitched beside her grandmother’s fire.

She was a woman who could weave beauty and ruin in equal measure.

The Lady of Threads.

009 ★ (QUOTES) .’

“Needle and blade—two tools for the same task.”

“You’d be amazed what spills out when a woman undresses—regret, fear, betrayal. I’ve stitched all three into sleeves.”

“They call me dangerous because I listen. It’s the quiet ones that burn kingdoms.”

“The Red Keep wears masks. I simply happened to sew them.”

“They say I dress queens. But queens undress themselves in my presence. Aren’t I lucky?”

“A lady’s hem and a lord’s pride fray the same way—with time and a little pressure.”

“I’ve mended torn silk, broken bones, and bruised pride. Only one of those can’t be patched.”

“Every client wants to be made into something they’re not. That’s the real work.”

 ★ (**GAME OF THRONES**) ./'

★ MARISYA WATERS

Alias(es): *The Lady of Threads*

Status: Alive

Culture: Crownlands

Born: 280 AC, King's Landing

Age: 18 at the start of *Game of Thrones* (298 AC)

Titles: Mistress of the Atelier (informal), The Lady of Threads (rumored)

Occupation: Seamstress, artisan couturier, blacksmith (non-practicing), covert information broker

Location: King's Landing → Pentos → Meereen

Allegiance: None officially (serves Lannisters, Tyrells, and eventually Daenerys Targaryen)

Affiliations: Formerly one of Varys's "little birds"

Faceclaim: Aubri Ibrag (as Lizzy Elmsworth in *The Buccaneers*)

001 ★ (BIOGRAPHY) .'

Marisya Waters is a lowborn yet uniquely skilled seamstress who rose to quiet prominence in the political and social undercurrent of King's Landing. Born in 280 AC to a baseborn lineage, she was raised in the smoky shadow of the Dragonpit by her maternal grandparents: Illora, a humble seamstress known among the smallfolk, and Torrhen, a proud blacksmith with a craftsman's soul and a soldier's silence.

After Illora's early death, Marisya inherited her grandmother's needle—and her grandfather's forge-bred precision. By the time she was ten, her nimble fingers stitched silk with Illora's gentleness and Torrhen's hard-earned symmetry. She was self-taught, resourceful, and had an instinct for both clothing and people.

Around the age of 11, her intelligence and discretion caught the attention of Varys, who brought her into his fold of "little birds." Though she aged out of the typical role, her services to the Master of Whisperers continued well into her teen years—primarily through the quiet collection of secrets from noble clients and courtiers visiting her atelier. Varys protected and used her carefully, seeing in her not only a talented couturier but a potent source of courtly intelligence. She owed him a debt—monetary and otherwise—which she continues to repay through service.

At 14, her skill earned her a place in the queen's confidence. Cersei Lannister, recognizing the precision and discretion of the girl's craft, employed her as a personal seamstress. Marisya designed and fitted many of the queen's gowns during Robert Baratheon's reign and the early rule of Joffrey. Her presence at court—always just behind the curtain, never in the spotlight—gave her unique access to whispered rumors and dangerous truths. She remained mostly invisible to the men of court, but among noblewomen she became both an asset and a curiosity.

By the time Sansa Stark arrived in the capital, Marisya had already established herself as a quiet fixture within the Red Keep. She worked closely with the young Stark girl, subtly altering her dresses and gently offering advice veiled in stitching metaphors. While others saw Sansa as a pawn, Marisya saw potential—and danger. She protected her in small, nearly invisible ways: better stitching to keep gowns from slipping at court, hidden threads for emergencies, whispered warnings stitched into hems.

Later, during the Tyrell rise, Marisya found herself in Margaery's service as well. Though the queen-to-be rarely acknowledged her directly, her handmaidens and mother Olanna saw the value in Marisya's work, both for appearance and for quiet information. Her garments became tools of diplomacy and intrigue—each one tailored with as much meaning as material.

Around **300 AC**, following the poisoning of King Joffrey and the subsequent accusations against Tyrion Lannister, Marisya's life was again upturned. Her beloved grandfather, Torrhen, finally succumbed to a slow, undiagnosed illness, and Varys—knowing the capital was growing too dangerous for someone of her value—encouraged her to leave. She departed for Pentos under the pretense of grief, but in truth it was a calculated escape.

There, in a small atelier she had quietly maintained over the years (used previously to acquire rare Essosi silks and embellishments), she began a new chapter. When Varys and Tyrion later joined Daenerys Targaryen's cause, Marisya followed suit—first out of loyalty, then out of conviction. In Meereen, and later Dragonstone, she became the seamstress to the Dragon Queen, designing garments fit for a conqueror and navigating yet another royal court with silken charm and steel-eyed precision.

002 ★ (PERSONALITY) .'

Marisya is known for her street smarts, quiet ambition, and disarming charm. Outwardly warm, sociable, and witty, she has an uncanny ability to lower the defenses of those around her, especially the highborn who regard her as harmless or invisible. Beneath that personable exterior lies a calculating and pragmatic mind, honed by hardship and necessity. She is fiercely loyal to those she loves—chiefly her grandfather—but is also deeply aware of the dangers and hypocrisies of nobility. She operates in the shadows not out of cowardice, but by choice. Control and discretion are her weapons.

Unlike many who seek to rise above their station, Marisya does not crave recognition or titles; she desires leverage—power that is quiet, untraceable, and effective. She is known to be meticulous in both craft and speech, and has little tolerance for waste, sloppiness, or sentimentality that impairs survival.

003 ★ (APPEARANCE) .'

Marisya is a young woman of striking but understated beauty, often dressed in modest yet finely tailored clothing of her own making. She has dark, almond-shaped eyes that observe everything, and full, expressive brows that lend her an air of constant thoughtfulness. Her skin is olive-toned, often bearing faint smudges of soot, thread lint, or powdered dyes—a testament to her dual trades. Her hair is thick and dark, typically pinned back or braided in practical styles. She carries herself with quiet poise, moving with a dancer’s economy, and often smells faintly of lavender, leather, and iron.

Though not formally educated, her voice carries the cadence of someone who has learned by listening carefully. She uses her appearance as armor: always composed, always in control, often wearing gloves—not just to protect her hands, but to conceal the calluses and burns of her labor.

005 ★ (SKILLS & ABILITIES) .’

- **Master Seamstress:** Marisya possesses exceptional talent in sewing, embroidery, tailoring, and garment design. She combines aesthetic elegance with utilitarian structure, often designing clothing that conceals small weapons, armor plates, or hidden compartments.
 - **Blacksmithing Knowledge:** Though not a practicing smith in the traditional sense, she has retained much of her grandfather’s teaching. She can identify metalwork, assess weapon balance, and even shape small tools or blades when needed.
 - **Information Gathering:** Her true power lies in her mastery of social navigation. She excels at drawing secrets from others through charm and calculated conversation. She remembers everything—faces, names, slips of the tongue—and maintains an internal map of rivalries, betrayals, and alliances.
 - **Discretion and Survival:** Marisya is highly cautious, never revealing too much of herself. She changes her appearance slightly when meeting clients outside her shop, and has a network of trusted go-betweens who help maintain her anonymity.
-

006 ★ (RELATIONSHIPS) .’

- **Torrhen (Grandfather):** Her greatest love and loss. His death marked her departure from Westeros. His words remain in her mind, a quiet warning: *Power does not ask—it takes.*
- **Cersei Lannister:** Marisya worked closely with Cersei from age 14. Though never equals, they had a curious understanding: both women navigating male-dominated

worlds with claws behind smiles.

- **Sansa Stark:** A softer spot in Marisya's memory. She admired the girl's quiet strength and offered silent protection through needle and thread.
 - **Margaery Tyrell:** A client, not a confidant. But Marisya respected Margaery's political brilliance—and knew better than to cross her.
 - **Varys:** Her patron, protector, and debt collector. Their relationship is transactional but built on mutual respect. He values her not just for what she hears, but for how rarely she speaks.
 - **Daenerys Targaryen:** Eventually becomes her seamstress in Essos. Marisya's allegiance grows stronger the more she witnesses Daenerys's vision—though she remains cautious of all those who seek power too quickly.
-

007 ★ (BEHIND THE NAME) .'

Though her father is unknown, and her mother died in childbirth, Marisya was given the surname *Waters*—the traditional bastardy name for those born in the Crownlands. It is a name she rarely uses herself. To most who know her, she is simply *Marisya of the Atelier*, *Mistress Marisya*, or *The Lady of Threads*, depending on what side of her they encounter.

008 ★ (LORE) .'

Marisya Waters was born into a world of fire and fabric—a small crooked home nestled near the ruins of the Dragonpit in King's Landing, where the ash of fallen dragons mingled with the grit of tradesmen's sweat. Her earliest memories were not of lullabies or courtly songs but the sound of hammer on anvil, the whisper of thread through linen, and the mingled scents of scorched iron and lavender-oiled cloth. She did not enter the world wailing like other babes. She opened her eyes and simply watched—taking in the flicker of forge-fire on stone, the shiver of silk under her grandmother's fingers. From the moment she could stand, Marisya was absorbing the rhythm of labor and legacy.

She was raised by her grandparents, Illora and Torrhen—an old, quietly formidable pair who lived not by coin, but by craft. Illora was a seamstress of exceptional grace, known to the smallfolk of the Crownlands for garments that dignified without opulence. Her designs bore no gemstones or lions' gold, but her embroidery carried meaning: constellations stitched into sleeves, mourning violets on collars, and hems that told stories in thread. Her color palette was

rich but muted—deep garnets, ashen silvers, and stormy blues—and she worked from a single sunlit room above their forge.

Torrhen, Illora's husband and Marisya's grandfather, was a blacksmith of quiet legend. Broad-shouldered and taciturn, he was a man of very few words and very precise steel. He spoke in the language of heat and weight. His forge, carved into the stone beneath their home, was a place of constant thunder. He made everything from hinges to hunting blades, from chainmail like spider silk to armor so balanced it rivaled Valyrian smithwork. He taught his granddaughter not only how to temper metal, but how to respect it—to understand its weight, its shape, its function.

When Marisya was seven, illness crept into their lives. Illora began to fade, slowly but undeniably, her laughter thinning to coughs, her vibrant skin turning as pale as candle wax. She died quietly one morning, still holding a needle between her fingers. The warmth in the household dimmed with her. Torrhen threw himself into the forge with brutal intensity, and Marisya—left to wander the empty halls of their home—began to stitch.

By ten, she was making and mending garments on her own, using scraps of old commissions and practicing on her own clothes. She stitched the way others prayed—carefully, silently, reverently. By thirteen, she was quietly running the household business, selling fine cloaks and mended jerkins while Torrhen's forge cooled with each passing season. Her garments grew more refined, more daring—mixing softness with structure, beauty with blade. Corsets reinforced with hidden bone like armor. Sleeves cut with a smith's geometry. Silks that flowed like molten metal.

At eleven, her quiet cleverness and discretion caught the eye of Varys, the Master of Whisperers. He had no shortage of spies, but Marisya offered something rarer: placement. She was invisible in the rooms where secrets were whispered—the fitting rooms, the chambers of noblewomen, the hallways of half-dressed royalty. And she had an ear like a stitched seam—drawn tight, unbreaking. She joined the ranks of Varys's "little birds," though she never chirped or fluttered. She listened, remembered, and passed what was useful.

Unlike most little birds, she aged out with purpose. Her talents became more valuable than her silence. Varys recognized that, and kept her in his shadow—offering protection in exchange for debt and continued service. She never truly escaped his web, but she used it well. He placed her carefully, fed her whispers, and she spun them into silk.

By fourteen, her work had reached the queen herself. Cersei Lannister demanded gowns that commanded fear, and Marisya delivered—constructs of shadow-dyed velvet, lion-threaded collars, and bodices stitched so tightly they dared anyone to breathe wrong in her presence. Cersei admired Marisya's quiet nature, her precision, and her ability to vanish into the background. It made her useful. Trustworthy, even.

As Cersei's favored seamstress, Marisya became a permanent fixture in the Red Keep—always just behind the screen, lacing bodices, measuring for mourning gowns, brushing ash from velvet hems. To the lords, she was unseen. To the ladies, she was indispensable.

When Sansa Stark arrived in the capital, soft-voiced and full of Northern dreams, Marisya watched her with wary empathy. She stitched the girl's court dresses, offered quiet advice hidden beneath layers of formality. She admired Sansa's resilience, and protected her as best she could—in small, invisible ways. Dresses stitched to prevent exposure during public punishments. Secret loops for emergency escape. Messages sewn in floral code. Though the girl never knew the full extent of her guardian, Marisya remained a watchful presence through her darkest days.

Later, under Queen Margaery Tyrell, Marisya's work evolved once more. The Tyrell court favored light, gleaming silks, complex floral embroidery, and gowns that seemed spun of perfume and ambition. Marisya obliged. She was not Margaery's confidante, but her handmaidens often passed through her shop, and through them, she learned more than most spies could dream of.

Throughout her time in King's Landing, Marisya's shop near Rhaenys's Hill remained her sanctuary and stronghold. There, she stitched not just fashion, but influence. Her clients ranged from petty noblewomen to brothel madams, and her creations became known not only for beauty, but power. People began to whisper of *The Lady of Threads*—a ghost of a woman who could mend a torn reputation with a well-cut cloak, or ruin one with a single whisper sewn in silk.

By the time she reached her twentieth year, her world was on the cusp of collapse.

In **300 AC**, after the tumult of King Joffrey's poisoning threw the realm into chaos, Torrhen's long battle with illness drew to its quiet, merciless close. The once-mighty blacksmith, whose hammer had shaped steel as surely as the years had shaped his resolve, lay frail and broken in the same bed where Illora had breathed her last decades before. His hands—once calloused and strong enough to forge blades and horseshoes—were now trembling and weak, barely able to hold a spoon. The forge was cold, its fire extinguished, and with Torrhen's final breath, the warmth that had anchored Marisya's world seemed to slip away.

On that dim morning, his eyes—clouded yet piercing with the last spark of clarity—fixed on his granddaughter. His voice, rasping and thin, barely more than a whisper, carried a final charge: ***“Power... doesn't ask permission. It just takes. And my girl, when it comes to collect... —will you be ready?”***

Those words settled heavy in Marisya's heart, a solemn testament and a challenge she could neither refuse nor escape. The fragile softness she had clung to shattered completely in that moment, replaced by the cold steel of resolve.

Varys, ever watchful from the shadows, soon appeared with a lifeline. He urged her to flee King's Landing, warning that the city, aflame with intrigue and danger, was no place for someone so valuable—and so vulnerable. Her usefulness was too great to be lost to wildfire or the shifting tides of court politics. With a heavy heart cloaked in grief, Marisya left the only home she had ever known.

She retreated to Pentos, to the modest atelier she had quietly maintained for years—a haven and a conduit for the rarest Essosi silks and fabrics. The exile was disguised as mourning, but the woman who arrived was no mere refugee. Even far from the Red Keep’s dangerous halls, Marisya remained vigilant, weaving a new web of influence with every stitch.

When Varys and Tyrion later aligned with Daenerys Targaryen, Marisya followed their path across the Narrow Sea. In Meereen, she did not arrive as a noblewoman or a courtesan, but as a weapon concealed in silk and thread—a maker of armor hidden beneath gowns, a whisperer armed with a needle. As Daenerys rose from exile to conqueror, Marisya crafted garments that were more than mere clothing; they were declarations of justice, power, and rebirth. Each stitch bore the weight of dragons and fire—robes that commanded respect, cloaks that radiated strength, dresses that whispered of a new world forged from the ashes of the old.

009 ★ (QUOTES) .'

“Needle and blade—two tools for the same task.”

“You’d be amazed what spills out when a woman undresses—regret, fear, betrayal. I’ve stitched all three into sleeves.”

“They call me dangerous because I listen. It’s the quiet ones that burn kingdoms.”

“The Red Keep wears masks. I simply happened to sew them.”

“They say I dress queens. But queens undress themselves in my presence. Aren’t I lucky?”

“A lady’s hem and a lord’s pride fray the same way—with time and a little pressure.”

“I’ve mended torn silk, broken bones, and bruised pride. Only one of those can’t be patched.”

“Every client wants to be made into something they’re not. That’s the real work.”