Obligatory disclaimer: I don't own ASOIAF; that honour goes to GRRM.

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I also want to thank everyone for their support and encouragement.

10th Day of the 13th Moon

Robb Stark, Winterfell

"I dreamed Father was fighting together with the stone-faced men," Rickon had muttered when they broke their fast in the solar one morning. The words quieted all of them.

"Stone-faced men?" Mother's voice was filled with trepidation.

"Aye," his younger brother nodded, hungrily swallowing a piece of bacon. "The ones in the crypt."

It had happened two days ago, and ever since, Catelyn Stark had been inconsolable. They had all suspected when no word of Eddard Stark arrived from White Harbour, no matter how many ravens they sent, but they had all clung to hope.

Robb said it could have been Rickon's childish imagination, but his mother believed it. Omens, superstitions, signs from the gods - the Lady of Winterfell was more inclined to take heed of such things.

Yesterday, Karstark was the last to arrive, and Robb feasted him on the eve. All the big mountain clans were here, along with Mormont, Umber, Ironsmith, Bolton, Hornwood, Cerwyn, Tallhart, and their vassals. Together with House Stark's forces, Robb had seven thousand soldiers gathered outside the walls of Winterfell–Three thousand heavy lancers, half of the rest light cavalry, and the other half mounted infantry.

In contrast, Ryswell, Manderly, Locke, and both Flints of Widow's Watch and the Fingers were all ordered to muster at the Moat, and if Robb had the right of it, he'd end up with thirteen thousand men ahorse at most, a quarter of which mounted infantry and archers.

Wrangling with his bannermen had been difficult, but Robb had managed with his father's lessons under his belt. Greatjon Umber had blustered and postured, demanding a specific place in the march column to test the limits of his patience, accusing him of being a boy so green he pissed summer grass.

Robb had simply drawn Ice and pressed the Valyrian Steel on Umber's throat enough to draw blood, promising to raze Last Hearth to the ground. As his father had said about Umbers in general, show them enough steel and guts, and they would follow you into Seven Hells, and Greatjon Umber had become his greatest supporter since.

Roose Bolton had asked for a commanding position, and Robb had promised one… when the time for battle came. As a childless widow, the Lord of the Dreadfort had approached quite a few lords subtly, but none seemed eager to give away any daughters to the Leech Lord, who had already buried two wives.

Three disputes between the mountain clansmen and two murders in Wintertown had to be solved, but he maintained iron discipline and dealt with the infractions as soon as they arose, and the problems melted away. Robb had chafed under his father's heavy lessons, but now he saw why they were necessary.

Eddard Stark had talked to him at great length about any problem that arose, with myriad possible solutions and consequences. And when woes happened, Robb found himself spoiled with a wealth of solutions.

Alas, while his decisions were met with no resistance from his bannermen, his wife, mother, and siblings were another matter.

“Robb… must you go?”

His very pregnant mother, tears on her face, had gathered herself a hefty retinue to confront him in the solar at breakfast. Myrcella stood beside her, garbed in a golden gown, unable to hide her swollen belly. Even Sansa, Arya, Rickon, and Luwin were there, along with Grey Wind, Shaggydog, Nymeria, and Lady.

"We cannot lose you too!" Sansa pleaded.

Catelyn Stark ought to have known better, but grief… grief had made her unreasonable.

“The North and House Stark have been graced with so many honours and favours from the crown, including the Realm’s Delight,” Robb reminded softly, his wife’s beautiful green eyes filled with some unwillingness. “If I do not answer the call, my bannermen shall lose respect for *mine* own word. Should I cower here and let Renly Baratheon’s vile slander towards my wife’s good name stand unpunished? Only the gods know what would happen should such a man ascend to the Iron Throne.”

“That is true, Lord Robb,” Luwin bowed his head, tugging nervously on his chain. “Alliances must be honoured. But you’re a young man still, and none would think lesser of you should you give the command to another. There are many seasoned veterans here. Ser Rodrik Cassel, Lords Karstark, Umber, Bolton.”

His siblings all looked pleadingly at him, with Myrcella and Catelyn also nodding, tears swelling in their eyes.

Robb Stark steeled himself. This was not what his father taught him. Numbers would not cow him.

“Aye, I can do it; that much is true. But would my bannermen respect Bolton, Karkstark, or Umber for fighting my battles or a green boy of *seven and ten* hiding behind Winterfell's walls? What happens when

they get used to taking orders from them instead of me? My father led a war when he was my age, and men would name me craven if I cower away from it now."

"None shall begrudge you staying here, Robb," Catelyn wept. "No man can fight two battles at the same time. The Wall cannot stand alone… the Watch is fighting a fierce battle northwards, and even Jeor Mormont has fallen. Dark things crawled out of myth and legend and battles that might need a Stark to fight them."

Robb rubbed his face; he didn't want to deal with this now. But it was his closest loved ones who were worried about him - his siblings, his wife, his mother. They could not be dismissed or cowed like errant bannermen.

"They have a Stark to lead them," he said. "Benjen Stark, the 998th Lord Commander of the Night's Watch—my uncle is a veteran ranger and can draw on all Northern foot remaining here if the need is dire." The raven arrived a few days prior, and to nobody's surprise, Uncle Benjen had won the Watch's election. "Besides, Father might yet return. Missing does not mean dead."

His mother only sat down on one of the chairs and wept harder; Sansa and Myrcella went by her side, trying to console her. Arya, however, looked at him with a face full of hope, and Grey Wind seemed torn whether to come to his side or follow Myrcella.

"The Narrow Sea is a capricious place in autumn," Luwin coughed. "Storms are not rare, and its waters are vast and deep. If Lord Stark had met a mishap there… there might not be any remains to be found."

Robb knew that all too well but was unwilling to acknowledge it out loud lest it become true. It was not only House Stark's loss—almost every Northern House would have lost kin, and Prince Tommen would be lost, too. It was too heavy, too grievous a loss. Yet everyone around him was crying and mourning, and someone had to remain strong.

"I… I don't want you to leave too," Rickon tugged on his cloak, his eyes full of unwillingness. Shaggydog was rolling down on the ground pitifully next to him.

"I must," Robb tussled his brother's hair. "It is my duty. A Stark has always led the North into battle for millenia, and so must I."

"But… Father always said there must be a Stark in Winterfell. What if you don't return?"

Robb kneeled, face to face with his brother's angry blue eyes. "While I'm gone, the Stark in Winterfell shall be you. You must stay strong and protect your sisters, mother, and Myrcella. Can you do this for me?"

Rickon nodded angrily, brushing tears from his eyes, but stood straighter.

His mother had finally managed to wipe away her tears and looked at him pleadingly. “Robb, you can’t have-”

“I have made up my mind.” he interrupted, and Grey Wind padded over to his side. “Mother, you always said a woman can rule as well as a man. I shall leave Winterfell in yours and Myrcella’s capable hands. I mislike this as much as you do, but the war must be fought.”

They didn't understand. Someone had once said that war seemed terrible and foolish to women and children, and he could see it now. It mattered not, for they didn't *need* to understand, only accept his word as the Stark of Winterfell. His mother feared those words inked in blood, those ominous warnings left by his brother, but in vain.

It was not the same foes they were facing, and Robb… Robb had spent all of this time training, learning, and preparing.

11th Day of the 13th Moon, 298 AC

The sky above had been clear for a sennight now - a good omen, for snow or clouds would bode poorly for the march and even the war. Not that Robb would be deterred by bad weather, but some said even the Old Gods were on their side.

Today was the day his army would depart. Everyone was adequately rested and ready for a long march, and Robb had organised the logistics and many other details. He couldn't afford to linger too long - seven thousand horsemen and more than twice as many horses were eating the surrounding pastures clean. Winterfell's biggest herd of cattle had been butchered to feed the men so far. Let them leave with full bellies now because if half of what his father had told him, forage was not as easy to always find on the march.

Rodrick Cassel would remain in Winterfell as its castellan, with explicit orders to train more recruits and keep the garrison in place, no matter what. If it meant opening Winterfell’s coffers, then so be it. His mother and father had used the long summer to great effect; House Stark was in no lack of coin and was more than prepared for winter… and war.

The garrison duty was supposed to be for greybeards and green boys, but Robb had decided to leave hundreds of hardy veterans in Winterfell, men who had fought and lived through Robert's or Greyjoy's Rebellion.

Luwin and even Ser Rodrik had advised him otherwise, but his wife, mother, siblings, and unborn child were here, and as long as there were stalwart men to hold Winterfell’s walls, the fortress would never fall. It pained him to leave them all behind, but needs must.

Robb now understood his father’s question.

What is honour?

If Eddard Stark stood before him, Robb could look him in the eye and reply without hesitation.

Honour… it was the worth of your *word*. What good were empty boasts, loud words, and striking oaths if a man's deeds did not measure up to them?

The crown had lauded the North with many honours and benefits this year alone; lands were restored, the Watch - reformed, and the Stark bannermen would wield their swords and spears with fire in their belly.

"What of your Lord Father?" Some had asked. "Shall he come North to lead us? What of our kinsmen that went South with him?"

"They have yet to return after more than two moons," Robb answered grimly. "Lord Wyman is still waiting for them at White Harbour."

While some held out hope, many mourned the passing of Eddard Stark and the many Northmen he had brought, and none were too angry. Or if they were, they were not angry with House Stark, as far as Robb could see.

After all, what use was raging against a storm? The gods made Eddard Stark, and they decided they wanted him early.

Oh, Robb had been furious about the unfairness. But now, the weight of the North had fallen upon his shoulder, and he could not show tears. Deep inside him, there was a grain of hope that his father had survived and would return sooner or later.

Was this how Brandon the Burner had felt when his father had gone missing at sea? Clinging for years upon years to vain hopes that would never come true?

"You have your lords eating out of your hand," Theon noted as he pulled on his padded black surcoat with the golden kraken. Robb decided to take the Greyjoy heir with him lest he make trouble around Winterfell. Besides, Theon had been all too happy to join him in the war.

"I have yet to give any orders that I know won't be followed," Robb muttered, donning his chainmail over his arming doublet. Like every Lord of Winterfell, he had a suit of full plate, but it was too cumbersome to wear during the whole march. "Or tell them things they do not like hearing." His father's lessons on how to deal with every single one of them didn't hurt either.

"True," his friend agreed slyly, then his face turned grave. "But is it enough?"

"Enough?"

“You have plenty of horse,” Theon waved his hand towards the courtyard where Hallis Mollen, Winterfell’s new captain of the guards, was organising a hundred horsemen - part of House Stark’s finest lancers, clad with heavy armour and barding that Robb had decided to bring with him from the household guard. “Ten, maybe twelve thousand by the time you leave the North. But the Reach is said to have a hundred thousand swords to its call and nearly a third of that cavalry.”

“Well, it’s good that I’m not fighting alone,” Robb snorted. “I could call over twenty thousand footmen more, that is true. But that would only slow me down, and the Wall might need assistance. Not to mention, war is an expensive endeavour.”

Every man serving directly under House Stark was paid accordingly on the march. According to his father's teachings, loyalty and honour were important, but no army could last without coin or food. Of course, every one of his vassals took care to pay their men.

It went both ways - if Mace Tyrell mobilised the full might of the Reach, they would be bleeding coin and food by the day. And while the Reach was rich and did not lack grain or foodstuffs, nobody had more gold than Tywin Lannister.

“You can always pay your men with loot as the Ironborn do,” Theon clicked his tongue. “Every man deserves as much as they can win.”

“Well, the Ironborn don’t have to march for moons over thousands of miles, Theon,” he reminded. The words made the Greyjoy heir glum as he silently fiddled with his white leather belt.

The last half a year had soured their friendship some. Robb knew *this* Theon was not the same Theon who had burned Winterfell and slain his brothers, but he *saw* the possibility. While the older boy accepted that Robb was busy with his marriage, the training, and the duties of the Stark of Winterfell, it did not mean he liked it.

His mind wandered towards the Ironborn. The squids were no good at a straight fight; Robb could see they sought soft, weak targets and would fall at the first open battle. They were good warriors but had poor discipline and no cavalry - any competent commander would make short work of them on land. Even Theon had not shed his cockiness after ten years in Winterfell and would lose spars to Robb, even before he had started training hard.

There was another reason he left so many men-at-arms unmustered in the North, and he would not share it with Theon, no matter what. His father had told Robb aplenty of the Ironborn, Balon, Victarion, and Euron Greyjoy. As the new Lord of Winterfell, he had to ensure the North remained well-protected from this threat. It was also why he had not called the Glover banners; instead, the Lord of Deepwood Motte had received a raven, telling him to prepare against a possible attack from the sea or to be ready to aid the Watch.

Ryswell, Tallhart, and Dustin were also warned to bolster their defences silently.

Shaking his head, he went down to the yard; if he lingered any further, he would be too reluctant to leave. His mother was once again praying in the sept, while Rickon, Sansa, and Myrcella were there to send him off. His wife's ladies-in-waiting were also there, watching from the back.

Myrcella hugged him, kissed his lips, and nestled her chin over his shoulder.

"Come back to me," the shaky words were whispered in his ear.

"I shall," Robb promised as he reluctantly broke off the embrace. "I don't intend to lose."

Her green eyes were swimming in tears, but his wife bravely held them in and reached out to offer him a piece of red silk, a grey direwolf embroidered facing a smaller golden lion and a black doe. "For luck."

He decisively tied the favour to his wrist and turned back to the reluctant Rickon, Sansa, and Myrcella. "Don't let mother waste away in grief."

As he was ruffling Rickon's hair, Robb's gaze was drawn to a familiar short figure clad in mail that fell like a gown by the stables. Nymeria was lazily sprawled on the stone stairs nearby.

Shaking his head, Robb went to the figure and pulled off her helmet.

"Arya, what are you doing?"

His sister froze before slowly turning his way with a hopeful face. "Coming with you?"

The words made his head throb. Gods, let his child be a dutiful son or daughter, not a wild thing like his sister.

"War is no place for a child, let alone a girl." Even he did not feel as confident as he portrayed, despite his hefty preparation, let alone Arya with her small bow.

"But I want to join you!"

Unwilling to deal with the childish tantrum, Robb ignored the protests, grabbed her by the scruff and brought her to the stone-faced Ser Rodrick, who promised not to let her out of his sight.

Saying farewell to his wife and siblings was the hardest thing Robb had ever done. But it had to be done. The war had to be fought.

Half an hour later, the new Lord of Winterfell rode down the Kingsroad, Grey Wind running by his side, and seven thousand men ahorse in his wake.

14th Day of the 13th Moon

The Golden Rose of Highgarden

In a sennight, the muster would finish, and the army would finally leave. Renly kept hosting jousts and melees in celebration and had only picked up two more members for his rainbow guard - Ser Bryce Caron the Yellow and Ser Parmen Crane, now called the Purple.

Leonette Fossoway, Garlan's bright-eyed but now sad wife, was chased away at the door as Olenna Tyrell entered her quarters. Margaery suspected her brother had forgotten the poor maiden. Garlan had only a short night of bedding before he had rushed to accompany them to King's Landing for the Grand Northern Tourney.

"So," her grandmother hobbled over and dismissed Alysanne Bulwer, one of Margaery's ladies-in-waiting who was braiding her hair. "How does it feel to be queen, dear?"

"It's… harder than I thought," she admitted as Olenna Tyrell sat on one of her chairs in her quarter and waved away the last servant after pouring her a cup of lemon water. "I have decided to depart with His Grace on the march."

"So, our strapping fool of a king has yet to bed you?"

"Grandmother!" Margaery's outrage, however, quickly died at Olenna's snort. "Well, yes."

"Young men should have no problem performing," the Queen of Thorns tilted her head. "Or has he found a lover prettier than you?"

"I'm afraid so," the young queen wrung her hands with worry. "I think he has found a paramour, but I'm unsure who. It's hard to remove an opponent when you do not know their face."

Her grandmother wheezed out a chuckle. "We can hardly do away with the new commander of the… rainbow guard, dearie."

"Loras?" She muttered faintly, realisation setting in. The subtle closeness that went beyond the propriety of friendship, the protectiveness that she had attributed to Loras being a sworn sword…

"I know a sword-swallower when I see one," the old woman clucked her tongue. "Renly reminds me of my betrothed, Daeron Targaryen, a little too much for my liking. That one wouldn't even touch the Maiden herself if she danced before him naked."

"But… but, Loras? He's mine own brother!" Anger roiled through her chest, a hot, searing feeling that Margaery didn't even know she possessed.

"Oh, fret not, dear," Olenna waved dismissively. "Either way, Renly is tied with house Tyrell for good. Now, there are ways to ensure Renly gets you with child."

The words barely placated her wroth, but then Margaery could only listen with mortification and a flushed face as her grandmother spoke further and further.

Margaery didn't think she could look her brother or Renly straight in the eye ever again, and they had yet to do anything or even talk. Alas, the conversation with her grandmother was not some nightmare to be forgotten, but her own life and Olenna Tyrell's words would be seared into her mind for decades.

She was queen, but the dignity and pride she took in the golden wreath encrusted with jades atop her head, in her new title, now stung like thorns.

It was only fitting, for she was the golden rose of Highgarden in the end. Even her silent prayer in the Green Sept did not wash away the feeling of *wrongness*. How the world would mock her if it came out. The Queen-Who-Got-Cuckolded by her brother.

How… how could her father allow for something like this to happen?

Did he even know or care?

But Loras had always been Mace Tyrell's favourite child who could do no wrong. Even if Margaery went before her father now, he would deny it with a jovial smile. And she had no strength to confront her brother.

With half an ear, she listened to the king's council discuss something with her husband about thousands of refugees and the Mountain. Oh, how that proud word now felt foul upon her tongue. Oh, how proud she was when Renly and her father had agreed to involve her more closely in the realm's matters, even if she was in the council just to listen.

The meeting chambers were freshly refurbished. One of the many large chambers in Highgarden, lined with white marble, now had banners of Baratheon and Tyrell hanging on the walls. The council was all gathered around a round table of varnished oak, and she uneasily sat on the wooden throne to Renly's left.

To his right was Mace Tyrell, her father, and the Hand of the King.

Paxter Redwyne, clad in a burgundy doublet, sat by the Lord of Highgarden as the master of ships.

Next was the stern Randyll Tarly, the Lord of Horn Hill, appointed by Renly himself as master of laws.

The dashing Baelor Hightower, her uncle, was here with a thoughtful smile as the master of coin.

Last was Loras, commander of the rainbow guard, clad all in white with a solemn face. He smiled at Margaery, but she averted her eyes.

There was no master of whisperers appointed just yet, leaving the seat to her left empty. Margery was secretly glad as she had no desire to speak, let alone entertain any of the councillors.

One of Maester Aro's acolytes quietly entered the room and urgently handed a scroll to her father.

"Edmure Tully has married Cerenna Lannister," her father's words finally grabbed Margaery's attention.

"Now Tywin will be able to link up with the North and the Riverlands," Renly frowned.

"But neither Hoster Tully nor Eddard Stark is leading those hosts," Mace Tyrell pointed out. "Hoster Tully hasn't shown his face in two years now. And word has spread that the Lord of Winterfell has yet to arrive in White Harbour and is lost at sea along with Prince Tommen."

"The Seven themselves struck down the abomination and the heathen lord," Baelor clasped his hands in prayer. Margaery had loved to see her uncle, but under his kind smile hid a piousness that scared her.

"The Narrow Sea has always been dangerous in autumn," Paxter Redwyne coughed.

"Still, the might of the Riverlands, North, and the Westerlands is not to be underestimated," Mace Tyrell cautioned.

"What good are sharp swords without stalwart men to lead them?" Renly laughed and took a mouthful of wine from his cup. "My brother won the rebellion with his hammer, Jon Arryn's experienced hand, and Eddard Stark's cunning, and we're not facing any of them now."

"Brynden Tully is a veteran of many battles and will advise his nephew," Tarly pointed out. "No battle is ever certain until swords are crossed on the field."

"Perhaps… we can send an envoy to Tyrosh, Your Grace?"

"And what purpose would such a thing serve?"

"The Iron Throne owes a debt to—" Margaery again tuned out her father's ramblings—something about fleets and enticing the Archon of Tyrosh to join their side.

The whole day passed into a blur until something monumental happened again.

Forty-nine of the Most Devout had arrived to petition her husband in Highgarden's Green Hall, septons and septas clad in plain silver robes with crystal crowns atop their heads. Most of them usually resided in the Great Sept of Baelor, but there were dozens more spread across the Riverlands, the Vale, the Reach, and the Westerlands.

It had also grabbed everyone's interest; having the Faith appear with such numbers was rare, even in King's Landing. Renly's court and the Reach's knights gathered in Highgarden grew solemnly quiet in a way Margaery had never seen before as the priests walked forth.

Apparently, Joffrey Baratheon did not care to denounce Gregor Clegane's vile deeds - putting Septs to the torch, killing believers and clergymen, raping septas and even silent sisters.

"Fear not, your holiness," Renly stood up gracefully. "Tywin's mad dog will be brought to heel and punished for his sinful ways."

The words were met with cheers, and the bannermen started chanting his name.

An old man with a shaven head and a wrinkled face, who seemed to be the Most Devout's leader, stepped forth, and the Great Hall slowly quieted again.

"There are more problems of even greater import, Your Grace." His words were hoarse but echoed strongly in the Green Hall. Acknowledging Renly as the rightful king was surprising but not unwelcome. "The High Septon has fallen to the temptation of sin and corruption. He takes Lannister gold to close his eyes when the boy sitting on the Iron Throne spits on the Faith and his duties to the Seven and worships the vile trees like some savage! The Faith shall not let such a heavy insult stand!"

16th Day of the 13th Moon

The Kingswood, The Kingslayer

Kingslayer.

Sisterfucker.

The words followed him like a shadow.

Green commander, they whispered, knight of summer. Always behind his back, at the edge of his hearing.

Only good for tourneys and stabbing kings in the back.

Jaime Lannister had fought no battles. A squire killing some brigands calling themselves the Kingswood Brotherhood did not count, nor did Jaime count it. Robert's Rebellion, he spent by Aerys' side. Greyjoy's Rebellion, he was in King's Landing, holding the city… and fucking his sister, of course.

Morale was not too high, and he barely had eleven thousand men, scarcely a fifth of that horse.

His uncle did not expect much from him, just to slow the Stormlords like some brigand.

His men did not expect much from him either - the odds were not in their favour, for Penrose outnumbered them by over five thousand men. The Crownlands muster was meagre; the king's principal bannermen barely provided the minimum that would not be considered treasonous.

His foe, Cortnay Penrose, most certainly did not think much of Jaime either; the castellan of Storm's End continued with his steady but quick pace, content to butt heads through the outriders and scouting parties.

They all underestimated him.

Jaime had managed to wrangle control of the woodland west of the kingsroad with his men, while the Stormlords had the eastern side.

"We shall continue marching," Jaime declared, looking at the map in his command tent.

"That shall have us reach Penrose's camp at night," Lord Symon Staunton cautioned. A stout man with big hands, two years older than Jaime and one of the few lords who had answered the call to arms directly and with full muster. "We were supposed to slow the Stormlords, not fight them!"

"Are you afraid of fighting, my lord?" Jaime tilted his head.

"No, Lord Commander." The words came out stiffly from the man; none would be fool enough to admit to cowardice.

"Good, because sitting around won't win the war. I shall lead the horse to the west and go around Penrose to strike him at the rear while Ser Greenfield shall lead the foot."

"But," Lord Rykker pointed at the map, "'Tis hard to lead men ahorse through a forest, let alone at night."

Jaime put a hand on his gilded hilt, "Are you doubting my abilities?"

"No, Lord Commander," the greying man reluctantly bowed.

It took him half an hour to corral the reluctant fools into order. After a full hour, Jaime had finally organised the flanks–Rykker would lead the centre, Staunton the left flank, and Thorne the right one with the sellswords. It would be an easy battle.

Even if Penrose's scouts saw the foot approaching in the darkness, armies in the night took longer to prepare and line up. If the castellan somehow managed to do it, Jaime and the horse would run him through by the western flank.

Hour of the Ghost

Leading the horse through the forest at night had been more challenging than Jaime expected. Some of the horses had broken their legs in the dark. Dozens of knights and many more freeriders had been knocked down from their steeds by a lower branch in the darkness. More than one rider had died when their horse tripped in the dark and fell on them.

After four hours of struggle and more than two hundred horses crippled, Jaime reluctantly admitted that Renfred Rykker had been right. The men had become disgruntled, and with every passing minute, it was harder to force them to follow his orders, even after executing three outriders who outright dared to suggest they turn back.

“We shall leave the horses here with the squires and continue on foot,” Jaime declared. The mighty steeds had turned into an obstacle, not a boon. But it did not matter; his foot was already marching ahead, and he had no choice but to soldier on and hit Penrose’s from the side or rear.

Author’s Endnote:

We see some of Winterfell and what goes on in Robb's head. News of Eddard Stark’s demise has spread across the realm…

Renly’s small council is taking shape. Mace Tyrell is making waves already. Margaery gets a rude awakening. The Faith shows some teeth.

Penrose is steadily approaching King’s Landing.

Jaime has a *brilliant* plan to prove everyone wrong but finds out that leading cavalry through a forest… at night… isn’t as easy as he thought.