

None could argue destiny has a sense of humor. Kronos blasting his grandson across space and time might have spelled doom for the prophecy, yet in a world of ice and fire, the tangled threads of fate are unravelled as the Hero awakens for the Maiden.

Introducing my PJO Xover with ASOIAF Plot Bunny!

Enjoy this chapter that has been edited by Gladiusx.

This story is crossposted on other websites, and I will be releasing a chapter every once in a while, until I catch up.

The Marooned Hero

Percy woke up with a gasp. Years of intense training and his demigod instincts had him on his feet instantly as he looked around, taking stock of his situation. His head was pounding, and his muscles ached. He held his head to stave off the encroaching headache as he found himself in some sort of deserted and filthy alley. It was midday, with the sun high in the sky, trying its best to scorch the earth. He could smell the scent of the sea hidden among piss and shit. Not too different from a typical Bronx alley, but the brick buildings seemed alien to him. Not to mention, something was *missing* in the air? Something he had gotten used to for a long time, but as he tried to recall it, his headache intensified.

The last thing he remembered was giving the dagger to Luke, trusting Annabeth's words that he would redeem himself. He would never know if Luke was being genuine, as the Time Lord had managed to wrest control at the last second, unleashing a mighty roar, and then... nothing.

No, not nothing. He thought hard as his head felt like it was going to split. Something happened, but his memories were fuzzy. Annabeth... where was she? Instinctively, he knew that she was gone. Unreachable. He wanted to rage against such a thought, yet at the same time, he had the distinct impression that he had already had this argument with himself and had accepted the inevitable.

Percy wandered towards a nearby street, where he could hear loud noises. He froze as he stepped on something slimy. Looking down, the demigod was shocked that he was completely naked, although his body sported signs of healing bruises and blackened marks of fire. It confused him, as the curse of Achilles should have kept him safe from any damage. He looked around for anything to at least cover his privates, ignoring the slimy feeling on his bare feet as he didn't even want to know what he stepped on.

After tearing away a curtain from its window and then tying it around his waist into a makeshift kilt, Percy made his way outside the alley... only to gawk at the scene in front of him.

There were people. Many people. All of them were filthy and dirty and stinky. An entire crowd of thousands of hungry and angry-looking men, women, and children dressed in rags and dirty clothes were throwing shit and debris at a well-dressed group. With his six feet in height, Percy could easily see over

most of the crowd of shorter mortals. He didn't know how, but he could tell with a glance that almost everyone around him had not a single drop of divine blood in them.

Almost.

The folks in fancy costumes were mostly taller than the surrounding rabble, but Percy could feel a tiny, almost untraceable amount of divinity in one of them. A legacy, perhaps?

He observed his surroundings, and for a moment, he thought he had entered a set for a medieval movie of sorts. A quick glance, however, told him that there were no cameras, no actors, and that tall blonde kid with the punchable mug certainly had murder and hatred on his shit-drenched face.

"HOUND! Cut through those filthy peasants! I am their King, and they dare strike me?"

Gods, the brat sure had a whiney voice to match his face, and his headache really didn't agree with it. Percy noticed a tall man in plate armor and wearing a helm in the shape of a snarling dog, immediately urged his massive black stallion forward threateningly, but the crowd would not budge. The man seemed to shrug, uncaring, the act showing half his face covered in burn scars, then he cut a swath among the poor folks with his longsword, starting with the woman who had been blocking the road.

It was then that Percy fully acknowledged that this was real as he stared at the bloody bodies of men and women and how the nobles didn't bat an eye at the violent death. Except for one familiar-looking red-haired girl who gazed in muted horror at the bloody scene.

"What are you waiting for, dog? I said kill them. Kill the traitors. KILL THEM ALL!"

The crowd suddenly went ballistic at the brazen order and charged at the royal party, while others stood back and chanted the names of kings. There was a King Robb, a King Stannis, and a King Renly; whoever they were, their names seemed to incense the blonde king and what looked to be his mother or maybe older sister.

Percy looked on in growing revulsion at the group as the beautiful blonde noblewoman shouted from the window of a carriage. "Back to the Red Keep, Sers. Do what you must to protect your King!"

"At once, Your Grace. Men! Shields up, present spears. Make way for the King or suffer the consequences." A man in a gold cloak and an iron prosthetic hand moved in a shield formation with his troops and shouted warnings at the crowd. They were unheeded as the crowd pelted them with projectiles.

Percy ignored the retreating royals as the surrounding crowd descended into a bloody frenzy. People were pushing each other to the ground as one of the nobles, either a child or a dwarf, threw a fistful of silver coins while he rushed off. Another group had dragged a short Hispanic-looking man from his horse

and were in the process of clubbing him. Yet another daring group charged the man with the scarred face, only to be cut down with a horizontal slash of his longsword. Percy silently hoped his horse would buckle underneath him, and to his surprise, it faltered as it stared at him inquisitively. This caused the man to overextend on his next swing and miss. Before he could recover, he was dragged down from his massive horse by another group, cursing and swinging his sword wildly.

“Whoops.”

Instinctively, Percy called out to the impressive stallion with his mind to come to him. The horse looked at him, then back to its master, then back to him. It gave one last look to its master before shaking its head with a snort and cautiously made its way around the crowd towards him.

So many people were getting killed and trampled, and Percy didn't even know where to start to help if he could. There were too many unknowns, so for now, he would focus on his own safety. It would help if he was on horseback, and that horse looked fully kitted for war, with at least one dagger strapped to its saddle. If only he had Riptide, though sadly, he would need to find pants with pockets to know if the sword would return to him from whatever happened to him.

Suddenly, A feminine shout grabbed his attention. The bratty king looked terrified from the shouting crowd and, even as he rode away, pushed the red-haired girl riding next to him, causing her horse to rear up in a panic and for her to disappear into the crowd.

Percy had no clue where he was or when he was, but he knew one thing for sure. That girl looked just like Rachel, and he could sense that drop of divinity burning brightly from her.

Even before a plan formed in his head, his legs were already on the move at the sight of the girl getting dragged by a trio of men into an alley. The men reminded him of the worst drug addicts he had to deal with on the streets back home. Filthy, scummy looking, half their teeth rotten, the other half missing. Utter leeches on society whom no one would miss.

One of the trio was pawing at the girl's chest as he ripped off her dress, while the other two were trying to both drag her and unbuckle their pants at the same time. The girl was a tough cookie, however, and struggled mightily, biting the fingers of the one covering her face and elbowing the bastard undressing her.

“Hey, assholes! Let her go.”

That grabbed their attention, and Percy could safely tell that the girl was not Rachel. Not with her bright blue eyes and the lack of freckles on her face. That would not stop him from saving her, however, especially as now that he was close, he could tell that the divinity he sensed in her was burning brighter by the second. Or was she touched by the gods somehow? Even as he gazed at her, he could feel the divinity in her almost turn to him in curiosity.

“Whatchu want? Want a bit of noble whore cunt? Then wait fer your turn, you fooking whoreson.”

Horeson? It was a strange way to insult someone. The dialect, while sounding English, was like nothing he had heard before. More importantly, how did they know that his father was the lord of horses? Wait.

It took him a couple of seconds to understand that the son of a bitch in front of him just called his mother a whore. For Percy, who prided himself on his talent in taunting others without resorting to such low blows, this caused him to instantly see red.

A*H*M

The Little Bird

Sansa Stark did not believe in heroes. Her stay in the South had shown her the hard way that beneath all the glamour and finery of Southron Chivalry, they were *all* deceitful and shameless; Honor and justice were simple words that were given lip service, if at all. She herself felt it as she slowly but surely turned into a monster like them.

It all started when she betrayed her family near the Ruby Fork to protect her *golden* prince. The gods surely cursed her at that moment, for she had lost her dear Lady due to her own cowardice. It felt like a hole had formed in her heart at that moment that had yet to heal.

It was all her fault. She should have helped Arya instead of someone she thought she knew. No hero would come out of the woods to help her, for she did not deserve it.

Then there was the accursed tourney. While many disregarded her as she sat in the stands and watched the joust, she listened as the surrounding nobles conversed with each other with a polite demeanor, swearing oaths and making promises as easily as breathing. Only to curse and insult each other once they believed they could not hear, cackling with their other *friends* how they planned to backtrack on their words. Mayhaps they couldn't hear, but Sansa heard it all.

Then, it culminated with her father's betrayal by the men he trusted. She was unable to learn much, but she knew that the Gold Cloaks' commander had sworn an oath to her father to obey his commands, yet he betrayed her father regardless. She was in attendance in court when the shameless cur named Slynt *bragged* to Joffrey about how he so easily turned his cloak on her father. Then the *nobles* in court praised him, actually praised him for his *bravery* in deceiving the dumb and barbaric brute of a Northerner.

Served the oathbreaker right to be banished to the Wall when he tried something similar with the Imp.

It was all her fault. She should have trusted her father that there must have been a reason he needed to smuggle them out of the city. No hero would come to her father's aid as he helplessly watched his men get cut down.

If only Sansa could know who else betrayed her family that day, for surely many had let her father down. Where was Lord Renly with his smiles and easy promises? Where was Ser Barristan with his stoic duty and kind words and tales of glory and honor? Where was Lord Baelish, who swore to help them as a favor to his foster sister, her mother?

It didn't matter. Lord Renly was dead, Ser Barristan was gone, and Lord Baelish had done nothing as she suffered. Always there with his smirk or silly quip.

Then there was *her*... for how would her family prepare for betrayal from within?

How could Sansa have been so foolish? To disobey her father's orders and tell the queen his secrets? The gods were surely fair, for they had punished her in the worst ways possible, as she was forced to see everyone she knew from Winterfell get killed for her treachery. Her father, losing his head to *Ice* of all things? Oh, how Sansa longed to hold her sister Arya one last time, but she was gone. Presumed dead by all.

She was a kinslayer in all but the deed itself. None as accursed as the kinslayer. It was all her fault. No hero would come from the crowd to stop her father's execution, for it was the gods' decree that she should suffer for her sins.

Then the humiliations came. Joffrey, in his *mercy* and *generosity*, forced her to watch her father's head every day. Then, once court was in session, he would have her continuously swear fealty to him and curse her family publicly. She couldn't stand it. Sansa regretted dearly when the Hound stopped her from pushing the royal bastard off the rampart the first time he showed her Eddard Stark's head on a spike. Every time afterward, the guards had been too vigilant, and she suspected the Hound had warned them.

Then... Robb descended from the Neck like a winter storm, shattering Ser Jaime's army and taking him captive. Sansa didn't have the luxury to celebrate or feel any joy from the news, as Joffrey had taken that as a direct insult. The craven cur would not dare attack Robb himself, so he satisfied himself by having her publicly beaten when he held court.

It was all her fault. She could have ended this war by pushing the bastard to his death. It was the one chance for Sansa Stark to be the hero she wished others would be, yet she failed.

Sansa thought she could handle the humiliation of swearing fealty to the false king. The surrounding nobles *must* have held a smidgen of sympathy for her family and her father, for they had never harmed them and treated all honorably.

The beatings showed her their true worth. Knights and ladies, noblest of the lands, sycophants, and lickspittles, all of them eagerly jeered at her as she was stripped half-naked and then beaten by the knights of the Kingsguard. How the mighty have fallen, not a single noble dared to speak up in the defense of a fourteen-year-old girl.

It was all her fault. Her fault, Her fault, *Her fault!* Oh, how she wished she could kill herself and deny the Iron Throne a valuable hostage, for surely Robb was hampered by the fact she was imprisoned?

However, Sansa Stark was craven. Death terrified her; it would be so easy to jump from her room's window headfirst into the ground. Would she feel any pain? Maester Luwin had described the human body to her once and explained how the brain controlled pain. If her head shattered like a melon, would she feel it?

She looked on in muted horror at the chaotic scene before her, her brooding temporarily forgotten. How did it come to this? They had just left the docks as Myrcella Baratheon's large escort sailed to Dorne. The blockade had caused the price of bread to nearly triple every moon, which culminated in her current conundrum. Joffrey could have simply walked away or at least pretended to help the poor mother with the dead babe. Instead, he ordered the Hound to kill them, and the brutish dog didn't hesitate to cleave that woman in half, her dead child abandoned on the streets.

Worse, Sansa was not even feeling surprised...

Joffrey was a monster in human flesh, and she had learned to always expect the worst from him. He surrounded himself with similar monsters, and like son, like mother, she thought as she glanced at the Queen Regent and the ugly look on her face as she commanded the retinue to return to the castle. A reckless man had then charged out of the crowd and tried to drag Joffrey from his horse, only for Ser Moore to separate his head from his body.

It all descended to chaos from there. Joffrey, the craven, had panicked and galloped away screaming like a child, but not before pushing her off her horse. Why would he even do that? A scapegoat? As Sansa was dragged to an alley, she wondered if this would be her end.

Raped over and over in a filthy alley before having her throat slit and then dumped in the gutters? Or would they preserve her body for the pot of brown? To feed the filthy rats they call humans who populate this wretched city?

Something primal howled inside her in denial. She would not accept this! Sansa struggled with all her might, biting at the filthy hand covering her mouth and tasting vile blood. She kicked and elbowed, even as she felt her dress rip and warm air hit her skin.

There were no heroes. None will come for her. She had to become her own hero. There were no—

“Hey, assholes! Let her go.”

Her captors froze at the sudden shout, and Sansa couldn't help but halt her struggling for a moment as she stared at the source of the voice that dared stop her assailants. It was a man.

And what a man he was.

The stranger was practically naked, with a single red and green kilt designed in alternating squares around his waist to cover his modesty. He was tall but not as tall as her father, yet his tanned body rippled with muscles and power. Then her eyes found his face, and she was shocked to see how young he was, he couldn't be older than sixteen! Even younger than her brothers.

His disheveled, coal-black hair was swept to one side. Sansa's eyes lowered to meet eyes that looked as green as the sea in the early morning sun.

The boy, no, *man*, for even if his face was boyish, his body was definitely that of a warrior, met her eyes and frowned at her captives.

They said something to the man, but she couldn't catch it. Whatever it was, it enraged the man, and within a heartbeat and the next, she found herself unhandled as two of her captors were struck so hard that their jaws shattered. Sansa quickly recovered and elbowed the third man holding her in the guts, using his surprise to her advantage. The raper quickly turned tail and ran, while her savior picked up a pebble and threw it with deadly accuracy at the running man's head.

Sansa watched with morbid fascination as the pebble sank into his skull in a burst of blood, and the man fell like a puppet with its strings cut. Her heart beat fast as she tried to preserve her modesty and redress herself.

Her savior frowned slightly. “Was aiming for the legs.” He quickly turned to her. “Are you alright? Did they hurt you?”

“I'm fine. Thank you for saving my life.”

“It was no biggie.” He smiled gently, but the phrase confused her. “When I saw you being dragged off like that, I moved without thinking. My mom always said to help anyone in need, especially if it's a beautiful girl like you.”

Whatever Sansa was about to say was interrupted by the arrival of the massive black horse that the Hound blasphemously named Stranger. For a moment, she worried its master was right behind it. Only, the horse slowly trotted to her savior, who gently held his hand forward as he stared into the stallion's eyes.

“Be careful! I’ve seen that horse bite the fingers off anyone who wasn’t its—” Her eyes widened as she saw the normally bad-tempered horse whinny softly before allowing the man to pet his nose.

“You’re a good horse, aren’t you? Wanna ditch Scarface and become mine instead?” Sansa was shocked to find the horse reply with a nod and another happy neigh. The man turned to her, “Sorry about that.”

He had a lopsided grin that did things to her chest, and she could feel heat rushing to her face despite the situation. She shook her head furiously. No. Sansa will *not* be tricked by another pretty face, no matter the circumstances of—

“I’m Perseus Jackson, but call me Percy. What’s your name? Will you be alright out there by yourself?” She froze at the question. Was he serious? He didn’t know who she was.

Schooling her face, she carefully inspected the man as he patiently waited by his new horse, while the streets beyond were ravaged by mayhem.

For a short moment, Sansa almost believed this to be another trick designed to let her guard down, but something inside her told her otherwise. She had learned the hard way to properly judge people from her stay in this wretched city, and everything about the man told her he was the most genuine person she had met so far in the South.

“I am Sansa Stark.” His face betrayed nothing, showing absolutely no recognition of her name, which further flummoxed her. “Why do you ask? Are you offering to escort me back to the Red Keep? If so, I can promise that the royal family will pay you handsomely for saving my life and returning me unharmed.”

She couldn’t hide the bitterness of her words, and Perseus – no, Percy’s smile didn’t waver, but he must have noticed how reluctant she was to return to that cage.

“Well, I just woke up a while ago in a strange land, in a strange time and with strange people. No clothes, no money, no food, so I wouldn’t mind a reward and some directions. Are you sure you want to go there, though? I don’t mean to brag, but I’m quite strong, you know,” his grin turned delightfully feral. “I can take you anywhere you need, people like us need to stick together, after all.”

Percy flexed his impressive muscles as if giving a show, and Sansa couldn’t help but be endeared to the boyish charm of the man. She did not believe in heroes, but she needed to think about this rationally. The man saved her for a purely altruistic reason; He did not know her name, and she had never heard of a house Jackson. Could he be a foreigner? His manner of speech was odd in a manner she never heard before, along with the queer words and odd dialect.

“What do you mean, people like us?”

He blinked. "You know, like us? Got a bit of extra power? A bit of voodoo? What do you call it in these lands? Hmm, perhaps with how faint it is, you never noticed?" The man thought aloud in low whispers that she barely caught. Power? If she had any kind of power, then it would have saved her from the many times she was beaten on Joffrey's orders.

Before she could formulate a response, they heard hurried footsteps from the opposite end of the alley they were in as a squad of Red Cloaks, fully armed and armored, approached. They were led by a tall man with a hooked nose and a cruel smile. His long dark hair and drooping black mustache were matted with blood and mud, and his drawn sword was still dripping red.

Sansa recognized him as one of those new Kettleblack sellswords that Cersei surrounded herself with after Lord Tyrion sent most of the Lannister guard out of the city. The precise name eluded her, neither did she care to know it, for her eyes were set solely on the grim visage of the man who killed her father.

"You!"

The no-name sellsword smirked, thinking she was talking to him. "Indeed, it is I, Ser Osfryd Kettleblack. We have come to retrieve you, Lady Sansa. The Lord Hand has even lent us the King's Justice, just for you. Now, please come here, and we shall be off to the safety of the Red Keep. King's Landing is not safe at the moment, I would suggest you avoid dealing with the riff-raff."

He sneered at Percy, who stood protectively next to her, holding a dagger she had seen the Hound use to cut his chicken. The five men slowly approached them, walking over the corpses of her potential rapers. Sansa noticed that only Kettleblack had his sword drawn, with three of his squad mates walking languidly with no worry. Ser Illyn, however, seemed unsettled as he looked at Percy and drew Ice from his back.

"That's a nice blade you have there." Percy whistled in appreciation. "Where did you get it? You don't look very comfortable holding it, methinks."

Ser Illyn remained silent, though he did twitch his arms awkwardly, obviously unused to the length of her father's blade.

"Silence, beggar! Leave now, and we might spare your life. Or don't. What did the king say earlier? Kill them all, eh?"

"Aye, let's just kill the fucker. Do you think the king will let us rough the girl up again? Maybe he would let us have some fun for a change." One of the men cackled menacingly as he drew his sword. They were barely ten feet away now and itching to attack.

"You dare?" Yet Sansa was still focused on Payne. "You dare bare the ancestral sword of House Stark at me? My father's sword, whom you killed?"

The men cackled again, "Your father was a traitor, girl. Now stop wastin' time and come here." One of the red cloaks rushed the last few feet toward her, and Sansa flinched.

A flash of white, and suddenly, the hand was no longer reaching to grab her but lay on the ground instead. *Severed.*

Silence struck the alley before the guard screamed in agony. Another flash had his throat slit. Percy flicked the blood on his dagger away with a wave of his hand. Sansa could almost swear she saw the blood flow away unnaturally, but that couldn't be.

"I don't usually use a dagger." His earlier playful voice was gone, replaced with a slight baritone full of menace. "I don't like killing either. Mortals are much more fragile than I remember."

Mortals?

The red cloaks looked at Percy warily, their weapons drawn. The sellsword took a step back as he hid behind the other three guards, "Y-you! You dare kill a guard under the king's command? You're fuckin' *dead!*"

They attacked, and Percy charged at them with nothing but a dagger and a kilt around his waist. He dodged a savage slice from Payne, which cleaved into the ground from how sharp *Ice* was.

"Sansa." Percy turned to her, and at the same time, he threw a quick jab with his offhand at Ser Ilyn's chin, but the old knight was wary and retreated behind the other guards. "Do you want out of this city?"

She gaped at him. The question was so simple, yet the answer was so complicated. Did she want to get out of here?

Yes, a thousand yes!

How would they do it, though? There were too many people who wanted her dead and even more who wanted her alive. No matter how strong Percy was, he couldn't fight an entire city on his lonesome. No, there were no heroes. But the man in front of her might just be—

"Don't think." His confident voice broke through her thoughts as he effortlessly evaded the attacks from two guards at the same time. "Just answer me. Do you wish to leave this city?"

The answer came easily enough as she cried out, "Yes! I want to leave this wretched city and watch it burn to the ground!"

Percy blinked as he dodged three attacks at the same time, almost flowing around them like water. "Well, that's extreme, but sure, I'll take you out of here and get you home. Do you want that big ass sword as well? Sounds like it should belong to you."

"Fuckin' cunt! Stand still already, n' stop talking like we ain't here."

Kettleblack charged through the rudimentary formation the guards had created to box Percy in. Her savior simply sidestepped a slash from the false knight before throwing a mighty punch at his head that dented his steel halfhelm. While the knight was dazed, Percy had overextended, and the other red cloaks rushed him to capitalize.

Only for Percy to jump many feet over them and stomp feet first on their faces, bringing the two guards to the ground with a shattering crack. The pouring blood, broken helms, and the gory remains of their brains - they were dead before they even knew it. Sansa could even see a stray eyeball rolling on the ground.

Ser Ilyn tried to cut Percy in half, only for him to jump again, contorting his body horizontally and delivering a powerful kick to the King's Justice's right shoulder, breaking the armor through sheer strength and rendering the bones to pieces. The man gave a rasping scream yet still held onto Ice with his offhand despite being knocked into the brick wall to the side. Yet, Percy followed relentlessly, stabbing Payne's left shoulder, cutting through tendons and ligaments, then backhanded his face, knocking a few teeth out. The King's Justice collapsed on the ground, dead or not, Sansa did not care.

Kettleblack had recovered enough to back away, although he kept stumbling along the wall. "S-stay away, you-you monster! What kind of demon are you? N-no, don't come near. Please, just spare my life. I swear I won't tell anyone I found you."

Percy ignored the bumbling man as he picked up *Ice*. He lifted it with one hand and gave a few experimental swings. "Good sword. Much bigger than I'm used to, but also a lot lighter than I thought." He turned back to her as he walked after the sellsword. "Would you mind if I use it for a while? I promise to take good care of it."

Sansa stared in disbelief as the man who came out of nowhere and saved her from a terrible fate, easily and effortlessly beat five veteran warriors, just looked at her expectantly. It was almost as if he believed she would refuse him.

"You can't expect me to use it myself," Sansa forced her weary body to do a curtsy that would probably make even Septa Mordane tut with disappointment. "Please, wield it in my name and the name of House Stark."

Percy gave her that crooked grin of his that she was really starting to like. "As you command, princess."

A swing of the sword and Kettleblack's screams were cut short, his head rolling uselessly on the ground, paving the dirty cobblestones crimson.

Sansa gazed impassively at the bloody scene in front of her. She should have been horrified at the strewn guts and cut limbs in the alley, yet she felt nothing at all as she stared at the sellsword's horrified face etched into his decapitated head.

Except for a primal sort of satisfaction.

"Are you alright, Sansa?"

She turned to Percy, no, her *savior*, "I've been better. Are *you* alright? You didn't hesitate to kill all these men."

The man shrugged as he ripped Ice's fur-lined half-scabbard, the same one that belonged to her father, from Payne's body and tied it around his back. "While I'm not used to killing people, I have learned to live with it. Death and struggle come hand in hand with people like us."

People like us, this is the second time he mentioned that. She wanted to ask him what he meant, but she didn't feel this was the right place or time for this.

"By the way, this guy's still alive." She turned to find Percy pointing to Ser Ilyn Payne. Indeed, he was still breathing, yet with his crippled arms and broken jaw, he would never be able to harm anyone.

"Leave him. The fool doesn't even know how to read or write, and without a tongue, he won't be able to tell anyone what happened here." Her cold voice echoed in the alley, yet a part of her was disgruntled. It called to have the man suffer in life instead of enjoying the mercy of a quick death. Without a word, she grabbed a brick from the ground and shattered the man's kneecaps in two savage blows.

She breathed heavily for a moment before throwing the brick away. Sansa wasn't sure if her father's murderer could still recover from this. Perhaps she should—

"A bit overkill, don't you think?" Percy's calm voice broke through her thoughts.

"He killed my father, an honorable man who always taught me to treat people well and in the same way I want to be treated. Yet the people in these lands still betrayed and killed him in a sham trial."

"Wow, cold much?" She turned to glare at Percy only to see him grinning in jest. Sansa couldn't stop the grin that appeared on her face.

"Your father sounds like a good man."

“He was the very best the North had to offer.” She moved to the still patiently waiting stallion; noticing Percy's confusion, she gestured to his half-naked body, “Maybe you should get some actual clothes to wear?”

“You expect me to dress in dead men's spoiled underwear?”

It didn't take a genius to translate that to small clothes, and now that he mentioned it, all the men he killed had soiled their clothes before expiring.

“At least grab a cloak or something. Also, help me get on this horse.”

Percy chuckled, “Your wish is my command, princess.”

Swiftly, he grabbed one of the red cloaks from the ground and wore it around his shoulders, then moved to hoist her on the stallion's back before sitting behind her. Sansa blushed when he held her waist with one hand, the other holding Ice.

“Alright, uhh... whatever your name was,” Sansa bit her tongue in amusement as Percy was talking to the horse. “Okay, I will name you after an old friend of mine. Take us to the docks, Blackjack.”

The horse whinnied, and they galloped away from the alley towards the docks. The further they rode, the more chaotic the streets were, with fighting and looting everywhere. *Stra* – no, *Blackjack* was amongst the most powerful horses she had seen, and the Hound was not frugal in armoring him in the best barding he could find. Idly, she remembered that he had won the joust in the tourney of the Hand. Clearly, some of that gold was spent on his horse as it easily trampled anyone foolish enough to obstruct them. Percy did not hesitate to ruthlessly kick away any grabbing hands or slash at them with Ice, quickly clearing a bloody path as the rest of the crowd decided to take their chances elsewhere.

They had been riding for a while now, and they could already see the gates leading to the Blackwater Rush and the harbor. Cersei Lannister might have insisted on sending a large portion of the Royal Fleet of Kingslanding to escort her daughter, yet there were still many ships moored at the docks. The gates were thankfully open, as the rioting had not yet spread here, and the harbor was always busy, yet its defenders were clearly on high alert.

“It's the Stark girl. She's escaping!”

The shout caused terror to rise in her heart as she saw a company of red cloaks led by another one of the Kettleblacks, supported by nearly a hundred gold cloaks, block their only way to the gate through Fishmonger's Square.

“Keep going, buddy.” Sansa fidgeted as her savior didn't slow down and urged *Blackjack* to continue galloping.

“Percy, they have crossbows and pikes! They will easily kill us.”

Sansa couldn't hide the fear in her voice. The only reason she wasn't truly panicking was Percy's confident demeanor.

“Do you trust me, Sansa?”

The red-haired girl looked forward as the guards called for the gate to close and shouted at them to halt.

“In the name of King Joffrey, halt. Halt, I say, or we shall shoot!”

The gate would take at least a few minutes to close due to its massive size, so she wasn't worried about it. No, her fear stemmed from the archers and crossbowmen on the walls and the shield wall that was forming to block their path. There was no way they would be able to get out of this unscathed, yet she was well beyond stopping now.

Sansa swore to herself right then and there. She will get out of this wretched city, or she will die trying.

“I do!”

Percy closed his eyes for a moment of concentration before they snapped open, and Sansa could swear his eyes gleamed with power. She even thought the air started to shake around them with the sound of rushing water, but it must have been her imagination.

“Then hold tight. Things are about to get bumpy.”

The twanging sound of bows and mechanical clicks of crossbows interrupted whatever question she had. Time seemed to slow down as she found a veritable rain of arrows heading to them. Before Sansa could even breathe, Percy swung Ice multiple times in quick succession, causing all the bolts and arrows to either shatter on the Valyrian Steel blade or be deflected to the ground.

The guards stared in shock at the inhuman strength and reflexes the black-haired rider showed, yet they did not have the time to call for another volley before Blackjack crashed into their lines, Percy swinging Ice in devastating arcs. Heads were separated, including Kettleblack's, and limbs flew everywhere, yet Blackjack didn't stop. And neither did Percy's swings.

Sansa was covered in blood and gore, but she did not care one bit. Her eyes fell on some of the surviving guards, and their shocked faces caused her to burst out in hysterical giggles.

Gods, the world was going crazy, and she felt just as mad!

“Onwards, my loyal steed. To the docks!” Sansa pointed at the harbor... just as a resounding roar came from upriver. She stared in utter bewilderment as the forty-foot-tall walls were drowned in a large shadow. Slowly, Sansa looked up to find a sight so ludicrous that she could do nothing but continue laughing.

It was like a wall of brackish water. A massive wave, easily over fifty feet high, crashed into the top of the wall dousing the braisers and dragging dozens of gold cloaks and other guards along it as it rushed back into the river. Blackjack flinched for a second, but a soothing, “Keep going,” from Percy urged the horse to gallop through the wide open gates and into the rushing water.

For a moment, Sansa held her breath, only to find herself dry and capable of breathing normally. She looked around and found herself inside some sort of bubble, Blackjack riding through the water like it didn’t exist for a few more seconds before the water receded back to the river.

They were met by a scene of utter chaos.

“W-what was t-that?”

She hated how her voice quivered, but none could blame her for the sight in front of her. The harbor was utterly wrecked. Of the dozens of ships that were still docked a few hours ago, barely a handful were still intact while the port facilities themselves were washed away. She could see cranes and crates and many other things floating downriver.

Along with dozens of dead guards and dockworkers.

“Something people like us can do, though it had never tired me so much before.” Came the exhausted voice of her savior. She turned around the saddle and gasped. Percy was breathing heavily, but that wasn’t what worried her. It was the two bolts sticking out of his left shoulder.

“You’re hurt!”

“It looks worse than it actually is,” her reckless savior chuckled. “I guess my protection really is gone.”

She wanted to ask what he was talking about, but the sound of groaning caught her attention. There were many dead, but even more still alive.

“We need a ship.” Percy’s voice was weakening, and Sansa feared for the worse.

“There’s no way any crew will accept us when all the city is after us.” Sansa refuted, but she still searched for any ship that looked seaworthy.

“I don’t need a crew. I can pilot any kind of ship by myself.”

Another queer word, but the meaning was pretty clear. Sansa would have wondered if he was crazy, but after seeing in person his prowess and the seeming power he held over water, she decided to trust him.

He was her only hope to get back to her family.

“Does it matter the size of the vessel?” Percy shook his head, “Then what about this one?” Sansa pointed at a massive Carrack with two main masts, one smaller front mast and a similar one in the rear.

She was sure they had proper terms, but she never had to learn what those were. The only reason it grabbed her attention was the name. *The Silver Lady*. She wasn't sure who its owner was, but it appeared empty enough.

“Good choice,” Percy nudged Blackjack towards the ship that was moored the closest to the sea, which allowed it to avoid getting damaged from the flash flood.

They rode onto the open gangway to find the ship deserted. Once they dismounted, Percy sheathed Ice and pulled out the quarrels from his shoulder.

“Are you sure you're alright?” She asked hesitantly.

“Yeah, I'm fine. Just give me a sec,” He raised his hands and closed his eyes, and instantly, Sansa could see the whole ship come alive with ropes untying themselves. The anchor miraculously ejected itself from the river, the sails unfurled, and the ship started moving away from the destroyed harbor.

They could hear alarmed shouts from deeper in the ship, and a door burst open to allow a dozen sailors led by an officer clad in the split colors of House Baratheon of Kingslanding. To think the one intact ship was a part of the Royal Fleet.

“Who the fuck are—”

That's as far as he went before Percy waved his hand with an annoyed grunt and caused a wave of water to splash onto the deck and wash the men away into the sea. Another wave had the water splash on his injured shoulder, and Sansa was shocked to find his wound visibly knit itself together.

“Sorry about that. I should have checked to see if the ship was empty.” He gave a strained smile as he looked at his visibly healing shoulder, “not sure why it's so slow to heal.”

Oddly enough, Sansa couldn't muster any sympathy for the sailors that were just washed into the river.

“You call that *slow*!?” She was more surprised at her unexpected bout of calmness despite the insane *magic* that she had seen Percy casually use. Yet, for some reason, she felt like this was completely

normal. As if some part of her had always known this was possible, and she ought to accept it as a commonplace.

“Uh, yeah? I’m built different, you see.” Another one of his crooked grins caused her to blush, despite the completely nonsensical explanation. “Let’s get out of here. Got any directions?”

The ship was quickly sailing away from the city, although as they passed by the Red Keep, a few catapults started firing at them. They were too fast for anything to reach them, however, and soon they were out in the Blackwater Bay.

“North,” seafaring was not a part of her education, but she tried her best to remember the maps Luwin had taught her with. “I think if you could just sail to the north-east, we should be able to leave Blackwater Bay. From there, we just follow the coastline northward until we reach my home.”

Any of her knowledge of the coastline was rudimentary at best. Her curious looks over the occasional maps of Westeros only gave her surface knowledge of the land and its coasts.

“But we should be fine so long as we sail in that general direction for a couple of days?”

“Yes,” Sansa nodded as the ship turned north-east.

“Good.” Percy sighed wearily, “I’ll check the captain’s quarters later to see if they have a map or something.”

That... seemed like a great idea, and she couldn’t help but berate herself for not thinking of it first. It was also soothing to know that the man before her knew what he was doing.

“Percy?” The Stark princess hesitantly called out to her savior, causing him to turn to her from where he was unbuckling Blackjack’s barding.

“Yeah?”

She ignored the strange phrasing, there were a million questions warring in her mind right now, but Sansa settled on the most important ones. “Why did you save me? Who are you really? What did you mean by us being the same?”

The man’s smile turned forlorn, “I don’t think I’m from around here... But I feel that you’re my only hope to figure where the Hades am I. There’s a sliver of divinity in you, but it feels like it’s been dormant for a long time.” Sansa was struck speechless at her savior’s words which only confused her further. “As for what I am? I’m a hero.”

It was said so matter-of-factly that Sansa could do nothing but wholeheartedly believe it. At that moment, nothing really mattered anymore, and she burst out into a bout of hysterical laughter once more.

Heroes did exist after all.

The world suddenly shook as a massive shockwave reverberated through the bay, causing the ship to slightly list before stabilizing. Sansa and Percy quickly moved to the stern of the ship to witness the River Gate that they just escaped from be covered in a conflagration of green flames that consumed all of the harbor. So high was the green mushroom cloud that it even dwarfed the Red Keep, though sadly, the fire didn't reach the cursed castle where her prison was, nor did it spread to the rest of the city. There were, however, plenty of rocks and debris falling on those who had oppressed her, and she watched with glee as the city that was her nightmare was shattered like never before. It was a few minutes later that the cloud dissipated, but the flames raged on, and Sansa could see the massive gap along the walls that was once the River Gate.

"Well," Percy's voice was full of mirth as he turned to her. "You did want to burn the city."

Sansa's uncontrollable giggles and cackles echoed across the bay.

Some may wonder why Percy can so easily kill people, and I will reply that by The Last Olympian, Percy had already bloodied his hands with demigod blood. Essentially, this is an AU Percy who does not need to worry about his books getting cancelled for an adult rating.

Which brings me to a bit of headcanon towards Percy's mindset, Percy had stopped seeing mortals as fellow humans. Not in a derogatory way, but rather in a realistic and fatalistic way. They are just too fragile compared to him or other demigods.

Wildfire was placed under all the gates of Kingslanding and we know that the older it gets, the less stable it is, though not necessarily more powerful. Its a miracle that no one bumped into any of the jars causing an explosion and I'm starting to think earthquakes aren't a thing in Planetos. If Daenaerys could revive magic by hatching dragons a million miles away, what do you think Percy's presence would cause? His stunt caused structural damage that caused one of the jars to explode, taking the whole cache under the River Gate with it. At least I didn't cause a chain reaction, lol.

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