Well, that was quite the reception. Here's another chapter, then, with a much slower pace. More to my style, I suppose.

Want to read three chapters ahead? You know where to find me.

I will reiterate that this is firmly AU. Not everything will be similar to canon; in fact, a lot of things will be rewritten due to the way Martin butchered the war. Tywin outpacing the blitzkrieg comes to mind.

I will leave a timeline of events post-chapter to get an idea of what to expect.

This chapter was edited by Gladiusx.

1st day of the 7th moon, 299,

Streets of Kingslanding,

Tyrion

The day was turning out worse by the minute, but not half as bad as being thrown into the sky cells. The omens were all there – he had awakened with a headache, and there had been no wine in his room to boot. Normally, Tyrion did not give credence to such signs, having never attended a sermon of his own volition, but when it came to his wine, he was willing to see the light.

His musings were cut short as the baying of the smallfolk nearly had him jumping from his tailor-made saddle. The surrounding streets were drowned in chaos as he urged his horse to gallop through the rioting peasantry. The Hand of the King had seen that rabble dragging Ser Aron Santagar from his palfrey and were already clubbing him to death. He would have faced a similar fate if not for his blessedly short legs and large steed. It only bought him seconds before he threw his coin sack at the crowd, instantly dispersing them.

The fools did not realize that it was all stags and not the kind that could be eaten.

Tyrion snickered again as he glanced around, only for his smile to vanish and his heart to nearly drop. His foolish nephew had just pushed the Stark girl off her mare, urging his destrier towards him.

"Make way for your king! Make way or die, damn you." Several white cloaks joined their king and echoed his warnings, cutting down anyone foolish enough to get in the way.

Tyrion was forced to continue riding in their wake lest he join the Hound on the ground. Only time would tell whether the shorter Clegane could survive the surging mob. With a grimace, he motioned for Bronn to guard his rear. The sellsword quickly circled him with a few other sellswords he recruited, warding off attacks.

Once they had made it out of the Hook and regrouped at the foot of Aegon's hill a few minutes later, the Lord Hand rounded on his nephew. "You damn fool! You just lost us our most important hostage!"

Predictably, Joffrey's unblemished face reddened with rage. "How dare you speak to me like that? I am the king! I should have your tongue ripped out for this."

Seven above, Tyrion had no time to deal with this pointless petulance now! Before he could retort with a well-placed slap, his sister's wheelhouse stopped beside them, the queen dowager sticking her head from the window. "Why are you dawdling about? We must make way for the Red Keep!"

"The Stark girl is missing," Tyrion hissed out, looking at the riot down the hill. "Without her, what stops Robb Stark from killing our brother?" Cersei might have been proud and arrogant, but she loved Jaime even more than he did.

Realization quickly dawned upon her face, judging by her widening green eyes. "Osmund!" She barked out. "Take the guards and your brothers and find the little wolf harlot, preferably before she's dead or despoiled. Bring her back to me no matter what, or I shall be greatly displeased!"

The three Kettleblacks, shadowing Cersei's wheelhouse as her guards, nodded before commandeering squads of red cloaks and gold cloaks. Tyrion noticed the King's Justice refusing to relinquish command of his Lannister men to the sellswords.

"Ser Ilyn, join the men. That's an order from the Hand." The mute man looked reluctant to follow the commands of a lowly sellsword. Yet the Payne knight knew better than to displease the son of Tywin Lannister and nodded stiffly after a few heartbeats. Tyrion glanced at Bronn, who subtly inclined his head. They had matched any coin that Cersei had given the sellsword brothers, and the Hand was certain they were firmly in his pocket.

Soon, a few squads were formed and split up, searching for the Stark girl. Joffrey had already ridden ahead, his Kingsguard in tow, before Cersei urged her coachman to hurry. Tyrion wasted no time to follow as he could see a mob approaching from a side alley.

The Red Keep was just a few hundred feet away.

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Tyrion finally sighed in relief as the bronze gates of the Red Keep closed behind them. After dismounting and ensuring all the gates were closed and the men-at-arms were on high alert, Tyrion found Joffrey and his mother atop the ramparts.

“I will have all of their heads on spikes! All those stinky, dirt-ridden traitors–” His nephew’s outraged shrieks were predictable but annoying.

Yet the fury did not seem to die off, and Tyrion growled in annoyance, “You set your dog on them! What did you imagine they would do?” Joffrey shook with rage, but his mother held his shoulder.

“They dared to strike their king – their lives were already forfeited!” Gods, did his foolish sister lose her wits entirely?! For the first time ever, Tyrion found himself speechless at this imbecilic behavior.

The Imp rued the day his nephew would turn six and ten and officially ascend to the Iron Throne. Sadly, that day was getting closer than any of them could prepare for.

Yet, for good or for bad, his words gave Joffrey some pause. “Yes,” the future king looked at the churning city curiously. “Where is my dog anyway?” A small mob had already gathered under the gates, hurling insults and curses up the curtain wall.

“Why are those traitors still alive? They dare insult their king, archers, take them down!”

For a painfully long heartbeat, Tyrion seriously considered smacking some sense into his foolish nephew, but his attention was drawn by the nearby guardsmen. Many were pointing south, and Lester, a petty captain in the Lannister guard, had taken out a Myrish Fareye and was looking at the River Gate, nearly a mile away. Tyrion commandeered one for himself and stood atop a chest box to see what the fuss was all about.

Being a dwarf had its downsides – even with the crate beneath his misshapen legs, the most he could see was the roofs of the houses, and he had to stand up on his toes, only to glean a lone man riding atop a very familiar horse. The Hound’s steed was easily recognizable with its size and unique barding, but the rider was new, with the crimson cloak he had clearly stolen and the naked body underneath. Not only that, but he was holding a small slip of a thing with red-haired curls that suspiciously reminded him of Sansa Stark.

A platoon of soldiers formed a shield wall in the center of the square, with archers and crossbowmen on the gate and walls aiming at them. A volley of steel-tipped projectiles was released, making Tyrion curse out loud.

The Stark girl was useless to them dead!

Yet, under his disbelieving gaze, Sansa and the rider did not turn into a pincushion filled with steel.

The rider swung the oversized greatsword with a single arm so fast eyes could not track and somehow managed to deflect the rain of arrows. The enormous horse below charged through the gold cloaks, crushing and trampling its way through while the greatsword danced through the air, it's unique dark ripples obvious even from this distance, relieving any who dared come near of their heads.

The rippled steel glinted through the sun, yet there was only one sword of that size and make in the city. What happened to Ser Illyn?

Tyrion's fareye was snatched, and he glared at his nephew as he watched the rest.

"They're getting away," Joffrey seethed, jaw clenched.

"They will never be able to make it past the gates." Tyrion sighed at his petulant nephew. He admired the rider's valor, but such things were fleeting in the end. No matter how skilled, the man would tire sooner or later, and the lack of armor would prove to be his undoing. Only he worried the doltish gold cloaks would kill the Stark girl in the process.

Alas, there was not much he could do but wait.

A terrible rumble came from the Blackwater Rush and drew everyone's attention. Tyrion blinked in confusion and rubbed his eyes, but the enormous wave that formed above the river did not go away. Shouts and cries of awe and panic filled the ramparts as the water rose and crashed into the city walls, washing away the defenders as if they were rats in the gutter.

For a painfully long moment, everyone grew quiet as the impossible unveiled before them. Yet the silence was pierced by an angry yet terrified shriek.

"I-It's her! The d-damned witch, I saw her! Sansa Stark called that wave!"

Joffrey's exclamation woke Tyrion from his stupor, and he stared at him incredulously. "Give me that."

Tyrion snatched the fareye back and looked at the ruined docks. Not a single ship was intact after that flash flood, and he lamented the failure of his plan before it could even take hold. How would he lure Stannis' fleet with fire ships now?

No, wait. There was one ship left, and it was already sailing away. Looking through the fareye, Tyrion glimpsed the dark-haired man looking towards the bay, his face hidden from him, but another figure was clear to him. The womanly figure of Sansa Stark, her tattered dress showing her

nubile form, with her red hair and blue eyes, glared murderously in his direction, and the Hand of the King knew what had to be done.

If they couldn't capture Sansa Stark alive, she was better off dead. Robb Stark could not be allowed to forge another alliance to strengthen his position against House Lannister.

Thankfully, to enter the Blackwater Bay from the city's harbor, any ship would have to pass under the Red Keep's walls, giving him the perfect opportunity.

"Man the Catapults. Sansa Stark is escaping on that ship, man those catapults, damn you!" The shocked men-at-arms finally started moving, but not fast enough for his taste. "Faster, damn it. I want that ship at the bottom of the bay!"

The men fumbled in a hurry, and Joffrey, of all people, was the one to support him. "You heard my uncle. I want that witch dead!"

Alas, by the time the catapults were ready and hurling stones, the ship was already too far. Tyrion gritted his teeth in frustration while Cersei comforted Joffrey as he bemoaned the *evil witch's* escape.

"Don't worry, sweetling. Your grandfather will bring those mutts to heel, one way or another."

Tyrion tiredly rubbed his temples. Doubtlessly, his dearest sister would foist the honor of informing their Lord Father of today's events to him.

Gods, the day had turned into a disaster. Too many nobles went missing from the royal retinue, including his cousin Tyrek. Did the Seven finally decide to strike down House Lannister for their numerous sins?

It mattered not; gods scarcely cared for mortals. He needed to revise his plans for the defense of the city, and he needed to-

Boom!

The world shook, causing many to fall painfully, including Tyrion. A few were clinging to the merlons, while a handful of guardsmen had lost their footing and fell off the parapets, only to meet the cobbled ground with a nasty wet *crunch*.

His ears were ringing, and it took Tyrion a couple of moments to struggle back to his feet, cursing inwardly. Nobody even bothered to help the poor dwarf.

Yet the moment he climbed atop the wooden crate, his mind went blank.

The River Gate was replaced by a steaming whirlwind of dust and fire as poisonous jade-like flames danced atop the water. Tyrion watched with morbid fascination as the massive green mushroom cloud climbed to the heavens before raining slagged rocks and debris down on the city.

He snorted at the rioting rabble that looked like rats trying to run away from the flash flood and the falling stones that smashed through houses as if they were made from straw. Alas, his amusement was short-lived – the city's curtain wall looked like some enormous giant had ripped off a hundred-foot-wide hole, leaving behind green flames dancing atop the water. The harbor was completely gone.

Defending the city from Stannis Baratheon had become far more challenging all of a sudden…

"Green piss! Didn't you plan to beat Stannis' fleet with that stuff?" Bronn's words caused everyone to stare at him, and Tyrion groaned at his guard's loose tongue.

A*H*M

Percy

He stood on a beach, unsure if he was awake or asleep, only that he came to be on the shoreline. The sky was roiling with tension as if someone had provoked Zeus, and the island he found himself on was rocky and barren.

Staring at the raging waves, Percy felt a deep sense of hostility, as if the sea itself *loathed* his very being. Looking around the beach, there was nothing of note but a single man sitting by a cliff's edge, dressed in a tattered green robe. He was holding a fishing rod with a line falling deep into the turbulent waves.

This was definitely a dream; with a sigh, Percy gathered himself and approached the desolate figure. Almost immediately, the demigod recognized him – even old, frail, and gray, his father was unmistakable.

Poseidon turned to face him and gave him a tired yet warm smile that filled Percy's heart with joy.

"Dad!"

"Percy, my son." Poseidon's voice was as tired as he looked. "I'm so glad to see you, hale and hearty."

Percy hugged his father tightly before letting go as he noticed how impossibly thin he was. "Why are you so…old?"

Even that was mildly phrased – the god of the sea was all but skin and bones.

“I am but the spark that resides in you, in all of my children,” his father’s voice was filled with something dreadfully heavy. “Even so, I barely survived your crossing to this world. I am all that remains from your father, Percy.”

Despite already suspecting, the words knocked the strength from his knees, and Percy had to sit down. Being in a different world altogether was daunting enough, but… His powerful father, who seemed so unstoppable, smashing his way through hordes of Oceanus’ minions, looked like a pale shadow of himself. Percy shook himself; his demigod instincts kicked in, helping him focus on the present.

“So I really am in a different world?”

“Indeed,” Poseidon grimaced. “I do not feel the connection to my divinity, and it took all I had just to protect your mind from the eldritch horrors of this plane.”

“Eldritch?”

“See for yourself,” Poseidon pointed at the stormy skies, where Percy could feel, if not see, a malevolent being glaring at him. It took him a moment to focus, but he finally *saw* what his father was pointing at. A malicious golden eye glared murderously from the heavens, and even as he watched, a face seemed to coalesce around it before dispersing. It was as if the being was trying to remember what it was like to have features.

“He reminds me of Zeus, but far more malicious,” Which was something that Percy never thought possible…

“Might be because it is the closest equivalent to a sky god in these lands.” Percy's father shrugged as he checked the line of his fishing rod. “Another twisted one lurks in the seas, hungering with greed. If I were not a part of you, I would have been long devoured.”

Percy grimaced – seeing his father wasting away was one thing, but hearing it felt like the last nail in the coffin.

His father tapping into his own powers to survive didn’t matter to him – the demigod had received indirect aid from his sire more times than he could remember. It was only natural for a son to support his father, just as the father had supported his son.

“Anyway, forget about me. How do you feel, Percy?”

“I'm not sure?” Percy shook his head as his mind wandered towards the last hour… or was it day? His memory was all jumbled up. “All I remembered was waking up in some back alley, rescuing a girl before sailing away on a ship. Typical demigod adventure, except everything else was a haze.”

His father chuckled, the voice coming as a wheeze, but it gradually gained strength to his familiar full belly laughter. A lopsided grin made its way to Percy's face – it was heartening to see his old man looking so cheerful despite everything.

"What happened on Olympus?" Percy asked once his father finished laughing. "In the throne room, after you sent Typhon on a one-way trip to Tartarus, what happened? The last thing I remember was giving the dagger to Luke. He was about to stab himself, but then… nothing."

"I can only guess, my son," Poseidon smiled wanly. "I could tell my father had somehow blasted you to Chaos. Yet such a move cost him his very being, as my main self could not sense him anymore. I can confidently say that we won the war."

"That's…good." Percy was not sure how to feel about it, and he still ended up sacrificing himself for Olympus despite believing in Rachel's words.

You are not the hero.

But it was nice to know his efforts ultimately helped secure victory.

"Unfortunately, Chaos is not to be underestimated. Through a combination of your protection, your sword, and a last-ditch effort from my main self, you managed to survive. How you ended up here, however, shall forever remain a mystery. I just woke up myself, you know. I was hoping you would tell me more about what you've seen earlier."

His hand automatically reached for his pocket but found it empty. A deep sense of loss drowned him like a tidal wave, and Percy's shoulders slumped. Achilles' curse was as much a burden as a blessing, and he would not miss it. Invulnerability paled before skill and personal strength. Not to mention, sleeping for a good part of his day was not worth it. Anaklusmos, on the other hand…

Flashes of the events of the past day flooded his mind, and Percy grabbed his head as he recollected himself.

"I remember now." Poseidon's sea-green eyes gleamed with interest. "I woke up in a city alley but knew something was off. I couldn't tell at the time, but I don't think there is Mist in this world."

"Oh? What makes you say that?"

"I had better senses for once." Percy grinned at his father. "I could even recognize a spark of divinity in a girl I mistook for Rachel. Although, now that I think about it, it might not have been divine at all."

Poseidon hummed as he flicked his rod upwards as something bit. After another moment of silence and visible struggle, the weakened god of the seas handed him the rod. “Your turn, Percy. I’m afraid your old man isn’t as strong as he used to be.”

The son of Poseidon hurriedly grabbed the rod and pulled. Whatever had bitten was strong and feisty. He felt his father place a hand on his shoulder, “Focus on the catch. I will scan your memories and see if you missed something.”

Normally, Percy would be appalled at allowing anyone into his mind, but this was his father. A heartbeat later, he could feel Poseidon’s presence in his mind as he recalled the memory of his escape from that city.

“I see. So that’s how it is. Nice catch, Percy.”

“What?” Percy distractedly replied, as whatever bit into the fishing rod was tougher than he expected. “I haven’t even reeled this thing in yet.”

“Oh, I’m not talking about that. Red hair? Blue eyes? And no freckles? Such a rare specimen, as expected of my son.” Percy could feel the smile on Poseidon’s face, and he groaned at the old lecher.

“Really, Dad? I barely know the girl. Isn’t it bad enough that I flirted with her barely a minute after knowing her?”

“Is that the only thing you feel embarrassed about? How about the hundreds of people you killed in your escape from the city?” His father’s voice quickly turned cold and Percy felt like a bucket of ice dropped on his back.

“I… I did kill them…didn’t I?” It was all Percy could do to hold on to the rod and not let his prey escape. “Oh gods, so many people…” Percy took a deep breath to calm himself. It was not the first time he had seen dead people, nor was it the first time he had killed. It had never been so close and personal before, and never had he caused the death of an innocent and so many of them at once.

“It is okay, my son. I’m glad you are at least feeling remorse.” His father’s voice returned to gentle and kind. “You would not believe how many people I would kill in a simple tantrum. When you have so much power at your grasp and little accountability, it is so easy to forget how fragile mortals truly are.”

“That doesn’t make it right.”

“No, it doesn’t. All you can do is to be careful in the future. Life is precious, but don’t be a fool about it. If someone threatens you and yours…”

“I’ll beat them down, of course.”

“Good lad. Still, you are taking this surprisingly in stride. Perhaps because the lovely lady you saved seemed a bit on the… ruthless side?”

“Perhaps. From my understanding, she was a hostage. Forced to watch her father’s murder,” Percy resumed his struggle against his prey with a vengeance, and he could feel it losing its strength. Soon, he would catch whatever it was living in a sea in his mind.

That sounded weird… also why the heck was his mind a barren island? Whoever decided that had forgotten to at least place some seaweed. Percy could almost hear Annabeth sighing *seaweed brain* in exasperation.

“Well, I’m afraid I won’t be of much help, son. I cannot reinforce your powers, nor can I speed up your healing in the water anymore. I can’t even help you to navigate this *foreign* sea, although I will certainly help you along with matters of knowledge, particularly when it comes to ships and navigation.”

“Thanks, Dad. You’re finally living up to the old mentor archetype.” Percy grinned as he pulled one last time, and a shadow sprang from the ocean. They both stared at the strange creature that was not a fish at all as it let go of the line and landed on the rocky cliff, hissing and spitting at them.

It was a cat.

“Well, I was never the best at explaining omens, but I think you might come upon a kitty soon.” Poseidon grabbed the admittedly large golden cat as it yowled loudly and patted its head, causing it to quickly calm down, close its green eyes, and purr. “A feisty kitty who is really a softy inside.”

“I see.” Percy dropped the rod and looked at his surroundings, noticing that they were getting a bit blurry. “I think I’m waking up.”

“That you are. Now, remember Percy. I am here if you want to talk, but I’m afraid to say I’m more powerless than a piece of steak in front of a hellhound. You are the one with all the power here, so don’t be afraid to use it, but know that it will drain you more than usual. I’m sure you have already noticed that.”

“Duly noted,” Percy nodded, the memory of the exhaustion from the flash flood still fresh.

“You are already in the sights of the divine in this world. If you try to hide your powers, they will think you are weak. Better to show off and make them think twice before causing you trouble.” His father petted the purring cat as he sat on a rock and threw him one final smile.

“I see, go on with life, kick the butt of anyone who bothers me, and cause storms and tsunamis. Got it.” Percy grinned at Poseidon, and he thought he saw the fading world gain a bit more color.

“Basically, yeah. By my mother, I was never a great planner. That was usually my dear Amphitrite.” Poseidon’s face fell as he thought about his wife.

“You too, huh? I miss Annabeth already.”

“Who knows, Perseus? This Sansa girl is a princess. Might as well stick with her and see where destiny takes you.”

He did not comment on using his true name, and Percy idly wondered if his father was trying to warn him against living up to the name. Perseus did mean destroyer, after all.

“I’ll talk to you later, Dad.”

Poseidon nodded, and Percy felt the world fade away as he woke up on the deck of a ship, face-to-nose with a large horse.

“Hey, boss. You're finally awake. You don't have a carrot on you, do you?”

The demigod of the sea sighed at the horse. He might have been concussed when he named him Blackjack, but it appeared he was correct on the name choice. This horse preferred carrots to doughnuts, although he was sure if he got the chance to try baking some, the horse would love them as well.

Or maybe he should look for peanuts instead?

“Let me check the hold.” He stood up and stretched before he grabbed the overly large sword with a fancy rippled blade and tied it to his back.

Looking around the ship, the son of Poseidon realized he had subconsciously put the vessel on autopilot, heading northeast. The problem was, as his father mentioned, he had no idea where exactly he was going. Nor did he know where the girl went.

“Sansa?” He called inside the galley. Percy remembered the events of the day so far, but he was not sure why he was sleeping on the deck instead of one of the cabins he was checking right now. If he had to guess, the ship was reserved for high command or perhaps nobility – he was unsure of the hierarchy of these lands. Still, the cabins looked clean and comfortable despite being a military vessel; clearly a flagship to lead other ships of a fleet but not expected to engage in combat.

“Sansa? Are you here?” He called again as he checked the fourth cabin room he came across. There were more cabins here than expected and little to no armaments to be seen.

“In here. Don't enter, I’m cleaning myself,” came the muffled voice from a cabin down the hall.

“Okay, once you're decent, come meet me on the deck. We need to discuss some things.”

A short pause before the girl replied, “Understood.”

Was the language barrier still confusing her? Percy recalled how she would stare blankly whenever he used modern slang, but there was no way he could bring himself to talk like he was in a drama play.

Shrugging, he went to check the hold and the pantry. Percy should have done that straight away once they were on deck, but they were busy sailing, and him sleeping.

Once he was in the hold, He groaned in annoyance. Of course, it would be empty of food or any supplies. It would make sense since they absconded with the ship while it was not even moored in the harbor proper. The *Silver Lady* must have been waiting for a chance to find a pier and resupply. Weren’t those people rioting because of lack of food as well? Thankfully, he did manage to find a bag of hard tack, salted meat, and some dried fruit. Too little for an actual crew, but enough to last the two of them for a few days.

Percy still needed to find something for his horse to eat.

After further investigation, he finally found an old bag of horse feed in a section of the hold that must have doubled as a stable. More of a stall than a stable due to its small size, probably built to host the steed of some noble. Judging by the extensive cobwebs, it had been quite a while since it had seen any use. Checking the bag of feed, it looked edible enough, but Blackjack would ultimately decide.

Stopping by the Captain's cabin, Percy checked inside, finding a large and comfortable swinging bed, a square table, and by the wall, a wardrobe, causing him to grin. Finally, he could wear actual clothes instead of the ridiculous make-shift… skirt.

A few minutes later, he abandoned his kilt for a white wool shirt that he left the top unbuttoned to bare half his chest in an attempt to fight the heat. He also had brown linen pants, a belt with a steel buckle, and weird leather sandals. Sadly, none of the boots fit his feet, but he definitely rocked the swashbuckler outfit well. Something was missing though and as he looked over himself he realized the problem. Not enough blue. Checking the wardrobe again, he found a blue sleeveless vest and wore but left the buttons untied. Much better.

Hesitantly, Percy placed his hand in his pants pockets, hoping to be wrong. A sigh of sorrow flew out of his mouth as he could not find Riptide. It appeared his sword truly was gone forever.

Shaking his head, the son of Poseidon tied Ice around his back again. He was glad for the special half-sheath that allowed him to easily unsheathe the blade one-handed without pulling the whole thing from his back. The wolf fur was comfy, but he could feel it fraying slightly from the sea air. A moment of focusing later, and Percy had sucked all the salt from the fur, making it good as new.

Once dressed, the demigod of the sea noticed one of those old-fashioned desks with a wooden cover; he was unsure what they were called, but he was happy to find maps and ledgers inside it. His happiness was cut short, however, when he realized he could not read a single thing!

It was not just his dyslexia at work, for the language looked like English, but it was such an odd dialect that he could barely make sense of it. Ironically, it reminded him of when he first met Zoe Nightshade. The Huntress of Artemis had spoken in a strange, antiquated way. His mind drifted towards Anaklusmos again, which housed Zoe's immortal essence. Gods, Percy had irreversibly lost another part of his friend…

Shaking his head, he did what a demigod did best – pushing the sorrow away to a deep corner of his mind. Sadly, no matter how he focused, Percy failed to make tails or ends of the maps. Well, it seemed like he would have to rely on his new friend – at least Sansa Stark seemed like an intelligent girl.

Returning to the deck, Percy gave his horse the bag of feed he found, receiving an unamused look from Blackjack.

"That's the best I could find, boy. Unless you want to try moldy bread or dried fruit."

The horse snorted something that sounded suspiciously like '*cunt'* as it lowered its head into the bag, but nah. There was no way… right? Percy looked on as it grumpily ate, wondering if he got saddled with a foul-mouthed steed.

Looking around the deck, the son of Poseidon took in the vessel they found themselves in.

It was strangely designed, as while it looked like a Carrack, It was missing the most obvious detail of a ship from his world with the same design.

Cannons.

Instead of a gun deck below, the ship used the space where the cannons would be placed for more cabins and storage rooms. There was a large empty room with plenty of folded hammocks where Percy guessed the sailors would sleep. He wondered about the technological level of this new world, for it seemed to combine elements of medieval, renaissance, and that fancy word Annabeth mentioned…

Bark?

Barack?

No, Baroque.

The maps he just saw were highly detailed, which hinted at a high level of cartography, and yet, he recalled most of the ships that were in the harbor were medieval galleys. Impractical things that required a lot of manpower to row and inefficient sailing designs.

The ship nerd in him wanted to redesign the whole thing, supported by the ship god in his head. Unfortunately, the fact he was dyslexic and did not know the language stopped him from using some of those parchment rolls and ink he found in the captain's cabin.

Shaking his head, Percy shuffled that for later, now – now he had to speak with Sansa and set a proper course.

Something stirred to the south, making him whip his head that way. The weather was beautiful, with no clouds and the sun shining brightly. Yet far to the south, where he could barely glimpse a shoreline, he could feel a storm brewing. Something inside told him it was not natural, as if *something* was actively forming that storm. Something divine.

Considering the discussion with his father, He had a solid guess on the culprit.

“Perseus? Are you here?”

“Over here.” He turned to the beautiful red-haired girl he saved, who might possibly be his ticket to some semblance of a stable and peaceful life. The girl had abandoned her tattered gray dress for a simple white shirt, where she was forced to leave the top half unbuttoned due to her ample chest. She also wore leather pants that were a tad on the longer side, clearly not meant for women. Her long hair was let down, reaching her elbows in slightly messy curls, and she had a dagger secured on a leather belt.

Give her leather boots, some freckles, green eyes, and Sansa could easily be Rachel's sister.

The thought had come like a blow, almost knocking the air out of his lungs. Would he ever see or speak to his mother again? Or his friends?

Was he lost to his world?

Or was he…? His dad had not raised the topic, and the demigod had not asked…

Regardless, Percy had promised to return Sansa to her home. If the titan war had indeed been won, getting back to Earth could wait a bit.

Only… he had to figure out how to do it first.

“What is it that you wished to discuss?” The girl leaned on the railings as she looked at him, speaking in what he would call a posh accent despite her attire. He felt Sansa did not know how to behave around him, though he was sure she liked him. At least enough to trust him with her father’s sword.

“Well, first, would you mind reminding me what happened after we sailed away from that city? My memory is hazy, and I might have gotten my head knocked too hard. Why was I asleep on the deck?”

The girl looked at him strangely before smiling slightly, forming cute dimples in her cheeks. “You said you were going to check the captain’s cabin but suddenly changed your mind and declared it was nap time. Do you expect a lady such as I to be able to drag you to a cabin? You seemed comfortable enough, and Str–*Blackjack* hovered over you protectively.”

Percy scratched his head as he nodded. Honestly, he already guessed all of that, but it was as good of an icebreaker as he could get. “Alright, second thing, there are hardly any supplies on the ship. Food is limited, and while there is a stove and oven in the kitchens, there isn’t anything fresh to use.”

His eyes were glued on the girl as she bit her lip in thought, and his demigod hormones started acting up at the sight. Sansa was beautiful, easily more so than any of the demigods he had met due to how natural her beauty was, but now was not the time; he averted his eyes from her curves as he buried his emotions.

Percy had no idea how far their destination was, but from what he knew of sea travel, their trip could take weeks, if not months. Even with his powers, he could only have a ship of this design sail at 15 knots an hour in the best-case scenario. Maybe 20 knots if the wind was on their side, but considering his limited powers, the son of Poseidon doubted he would be able to pull such a stunt off continuously. On the contrary, judging by that storm he felt earlier, the local sky god hated him more than Zeus.

“Do we have salt?”

“No, but that wouldn’t be a problem for me. I can separate sea salt from seawater. Same for fresh water, we will never run out of either so long as we are on sea.”

The girl’s brilliant blue eyes widened before sighing. “I nearly forgot how…*magical* you are. Why don't we catch fish and salt them?”

“Sure. We can keep the dried fruits for Blackjack while we settle for the tack and fish.” Eating fish was odd for him, especially since Percy could understand and talk to them, but he would do it if nothing else was on hand, just like now.

Then again, no marine life here owed him any allegiance, and he would admit to having a taste for his father's subjects.

"Anything else?" The girl was taking their survival seriously, and Percy grinned at her earnestness.

"I found maps and other ledgers in the captain's cabin." The girl perked up in interest. Even that was done with grace – Percy had to admit the somehow haughty facade looked good on her. She didn't even seem to notice as it came so naturally to her. "Unfortunately, I could not understand a single word written on them. I could identify the letters, but I couldn't read anything. I was hoping you would look them over and make sure we are on the right heading. I will help with navigation, of course."

"Sure, that is acceptable. Thank you, Perseus, for all you have done for me." Sansa smiled at him warmly, causing his grin to widen even as he acknowledged how beautiful the sight looked on her.

"Call me Percy, and don't mention it." The girl's face scrounged in confusion, accentuating her full lips and causing him to sigh at the language barrier. "Now, I think I am due for an in-depth briefing on this world I find myself in. Tell me everything."

"Everything?" Her impossibly blue eyes blinked in confusion.

"Politics, geography, history," a feral grin found its way to his face, "and most importantly, the religions and gods of this world."

The girl nodded solemnly and made her way to the captain's quarter, Percy following her for a long-overdue lesson, trying to steer his gaze away from her lithe hips and perky butt. Hades, his mother had taught him better than this!

A*H*M

An island in the Cinnamon Straits,

The man who would be god.

The sun had set hours ago, but the soft glow of the moon eerily fought with the darkness of the night.

Euron Greyjoy stood on the beach of the small island that he had conquered. It was so small that it only had one village, which now lay in ruins. His men had the surviving villagers and their families trussed up in binds and dragged to an altar, where one of his captive warlocks was preparing the ritual. His crew slit their throats, allowing pools of blood to fill the carved runes on the stone platform.

This was it. He had sailed all the way to Asshai and trekked the treacherous road to Stygiai for this ritual. This was a major step on his path to godhood, and nothing would stop him from succeeding. In his hands laid the treasure that would pave the way to immortality.

A dark gray gemstone with swirls of golden tentacles.

He could feel the heat and the life inside it even as he approached the altar. It had been a fossilized egg when Euron found it. His previous attempts to hatch the thing had all failed, but something had *changed*.

The world sang from two flux points, one somewhere near the Red Waste, and another, more recent far to the west – the ripples could be felt all the way even here. And just like that, his last attempt to hatch the thing had breathed life into it.

With luck smiling upon him, now, all he needed was to hatch it. But to do so required sacrifice, yet he wouldn't do it with the crude ways of the Valyrians. Sacrificing thousands of unwilling slaves to hatch a single dragon egg just because he did not have Valyrian blood…

Euron did not lack patience, but if he had to wait to collect those thousands of sacrifices, his egg would have turned to stone again.

He stopped by the warlock as his men dragged the last sacrifices – a father and his daughter.

“P-please, have mercy, at least for my daughter! You have already killed everyone else. What have we ever done to deserve this?” The man fell to his knees, head touching the sand in a position of absolute submission. The words were spoken in the regional common tongue of the Jade Sea, an amalgamation of Qartheen, Yi-tish and Lengii. It was vindicating for all the time Euron spent learning the myriad tongues spoken in every corner of the world.

After all, how could he truly enjoy reaving when you could not fully understand the victim’s despair and loathing?

Euron smiled. Ah, such a sweet opportunity. There was power in kinship, one of the long-forgotten reasons kinslaying was frowned upon.

“Your weakness is your sin, but I’m not merciless to deny the plight of a distraught father… So long as you show me your sincerity, I promise your daughter will live. Now, are you willing to die for your daughter? Such a beautiful lass, I guarantee she would become an excellent courtesan or even rise high in the court of the Shan of the Isle of Elephants!” Euron allowed the words to sink into the weathered man as he beheld his daughter, for she truly was a beauty with her olive skin, long locks of raven hair, large teats and even larger arse. Her eyes that were of the darkest amber stirred a heat in his loins for he could not wait to break her in. “No matter her fate, she will become the woman of someone powerful, this I swear.”

The girl's eyes were wide with terror, and tears flowed freely down her cheeks to her half-naked form. Those savages were barely dressed in clothes, and a bit of rough handling from his mutes, probably one of his own get, had the girl naked.

The man gazed at his gagged daughter, struggling in vain in the hands of his mutes before turning back to Euron resignedly, "How can I trust you?"

"A blood pact, with my dear Qartheen here as a witness. May the gods strike one of my sons down if I go back on my word." Euron pointed to a few of his bastards for emphasis. They stood silently on the side, looking like younger twins of him, albeit with no eyes covered.

The fisherman sighed before nodding, the girl struggling mightily as muffled screams came from her gag. The men released the father while the warlock beckoned them to a large empty basin set on an open fire that Euron placed his egg in. Soon, all three of them had cut their palms and grabbed each other's hands as they swore their oaths.

"I, Euron Greyjoy, swear to take care of Parawara's daughter and to see to her wellbeing so long as he completes our bargain. He shall slit his own throat and feed his blood to the dragon egg until the gods claim his soul."

The fisherman looked at the egg in the bowl in disgust, but a whimper from his daughter had him straighten his shoulders. "I, Parawara, accept this bargain, and if Euron Greyjoy reneges on the spirit of this deal, then may all the divines in this world and beyond feast on his soul."

Euron simply grinned, his lone eye gleaming as the oath took hold. The fisherman grabbed the offered obsidian dagger, gave one last look to his daughter, and then stabbed himself in the jugular. Parawara fell forward, and as the lifeblood of the most noble of sacrifices filled the basin, Euron's grin widened as the dragon egg vibrated. He looked on with bated breath as the egg's vibrations increased until it stopped for a moment, causing him to freeze in worry.

His fear was unfounded, for a gray wing burst out of the eggshell, and a soft screech heralded his success.

Euron's manic laughter as the dragon broke free of its shell and jumped to his shoulders reverberated over the beach. The pirate could feel heat in his loins rising from the sheer power he now held and turned to the fisherman's daughter. He grabbed the nubile girl and took her right over her father's still-warm corpse. Even as the sound of gurgling came from one of his sons, Euron did not care as he removed the gag from the girl's mouth, allowing her screams to sound out.

The sound of someone falling on the ground had him glance sideways, finding one of his whelps bleeding from all seven orifices before succumbing to death. Euron grinned in ecstasy. It was so

easy to fool the arrogant gods, and one like him would not care about curses or his countless get; He could always make more, just as he was doing now.

His dragon jumped from his shoulder to the corpse of his son, belching small streams of dark golden flame at the carcass and biting into the flesh. All the while, Euron rutted into the girl, and his crew watched on as he preferred them to be.

Silent.

He seeded the crying girl, knowing it would quicken before pulling his knife. It would not do to have a talkative woman onboard.

Poseidon shall be along for the ride, but don't expect any sort of powerups from him. He is but a shade in Percy's mind, there for advice as well as knowledge.

The first ripples of Percy's appearance are here! If Daenerys can bring magic back by hatching eggs, then what the heck do you think would happen if a demigod of the sea drops in to say hello and decides to stay permanently?

Our favorite insane pirate did not have to throw away that dragon egg he claimed to have gotten.

Now for the timeline, we know that GRRM planned for a five-year time skip but had to scrap it. If any of you read my editor, Gladiusx's, story, Shrouded Destiny, you would get an idea of what I'm trying to write here. So, here goes:

My main motive is to make some sense of the times needed for armies to muster and travel. Even with my adjustments, the times are still unbelievably fast. I probably won't get everything right either, but I will do my best.

One important thing to note about the Westerosi calendar in my story (complete headcanon and mainly for my own sanity). It's thirteen months of twenty-eight days instead of the confusing mess that is the Gregorian calendar. It comes out to 364 days, which is pretty close to the 365 days we have.

Robert's Rebellion starts two years early, and every event that could have happened in those years and were relevant to the story is pushed back by those two years. For example, the fight with the kingswood brotherhood happened in 277 instead of 279, and the defiance of Duskendale was in 275 instead of 277. Rhaegar marries Elia in 278 instead of 280, and Rhaenys is born that same year, 278.

Anyone born before 283 shall remain the same age, which means that Jaime was 13 when he fought the Smiling Knight (Good for him, the badass he is), and Lyanna was also 13 when she was kidnapped (Doesn't look so good for Rhaegar, eh?)

Here are other events of importance; some of them are earlier due to shenanigans (my whim), and others might pop up later in the story.

279: Tourney in Harrenhal. Year of False Spring

280: Robert's rebellion starts. Winter

281: Rebellion ends. Jon Snow and Robb Stark are born. Spring

282: Daeneyrs Targaryen is born. Loras Tyrell is born. Summer

283: Margery Tyrell and Joffrey Baratheon are born near the end of the year. Summer

284: Sansa Stark is born. Fall

285: Winter

286: Shireen Baratheon is born. Spring

287: Arya Stark, and Myrcella Baratheon are born. Summer

288: Brandon Stark and Tommen Baratheon are born. Summer

289: Greyjoy rebellion begins mid-year. Fall

290: Greyjoy rebellion ends six months later, with Theon becoming a ward of Ned. Winter

291: Winter

292: Rickon Stark is born. Spring

293-303: Long summer begins (lasts ten years).

297: Jon Arryn dies early in the year. Robert makes his way to the North, and Ned becomes Hand.

298: Jon Snow arrives at the Wall. Ned arrives in Kingslanding and is arrested barely two months later. War erupts, and Robb takes a few months to muster his troops and march south.

299: Ned is executed on the first day of the year.

These are the most important events to be aware of before reading the story. It combines both the timeline of the show with the aged-up characters but incorporates them into the book timeline and its events. I will not be using anything else from the show, neither events nor characters, for that matter.

Want to read three chapters ahead? Look me up on Patreon