

# Field of Fire 5.0

Old Blood Triumphant





# Maelor Ascendant



131 AC - 143 AC

Aegon Targaryen, second of his name, sits triumphant upon the Iron Throne after the vicious bloodletting that was the Dance of the Dragons. But this victory is hollowed out by the horrific personal cost, not the least of which his own children.

As fate would have it though, the cost of victory would come discounted. Arriving triumphantly in King's Landing mere weeks later was none other than Rickard Thorne, with the young Maelor Targaryen in tow.

After the unsolved murder of King Aegon, Maelor ascended to the throne and a Regency was established, and with it a faint hope of peace and continuity.

# First as Tragedy

143 AC - 146 AC

Peace, of course, would need to be much harder fought.

The Black Faction was defeated, but not destroyed. Across the Narrow Sea King-in-Exile Viserys rallied allies and armies for their cause, including their old foes in the Triarchy and Dorne.

The invasion to follow would be the last True Dance, the last time dragons met above the field of battle. Despite the early successes of the exiled Targaryens, King Maelor and the Greens prevailed once more.

And yet again, they remained unable to extinguish the pretenders, who slinked across Cape Wrath to crown King Aemon.



# Then as Farce

164 AC - 165 AC

The Blacks' next attempt would have to be without dragons, as the Second Dance had guaranteed their extinction for both sides. And so they once again turned to the only people that dragons could never conquer.

Marrying Myrcella Fowler to secure an alliance, the King-in-Exile Aemon began the Third Dance with a thrust up the Boneway, leaving Stormlanders and Reachmen reeling in the wake of the Red Mountain Lords.

Momentum would not be enough in the end, and the armies of Westeros under King Maelor threw the Blacks and their Dornish allies back into the desert.



# The Fate of the Blacks



*186 AC - 187 AC*

The Fourth Dance, more commonly known as the Red War, was the only one of its kind begun by the ascendant Greens rather than the Blacks.

When Princess Helaena died under suspicious circumstances, King Aemond wasted no time in laying her death at the feet of the Blacks in Dorne. What resulted was a bloodletting unseen since the First Dance.

Both branches of House Targaryen stared annihilation in the face before the Greens claimed victory. Both kings met their end, as had their heirs. The Lords of the Red Mountains were brought into the fold, a final humiliation for the Dornish and the Blacks; what looked to be a final, pyrrhic victory for the Greens.

# The Final Compromise



# The Festering Wound

187 AC - 208 AC

An end to war did not bring an end to suffering. The sudden death of Prince Daeron, and the Queen's continued pregnancy troubles pushed King Maelor II to take drastic measures.

Dragonstone and Aegon's Valyrian Steel Dagger would go- unthinkable- to the Last Black, along with a betrothal to his only daughter.

With this unprecedented pact sealed, the King believes that he solved the issue of succession and the seemingly ceaseless turmoil in one fell stroke.

Of course, such things are never easily resolved. Many turn their nose up at this generational foe turned Crown Prince, scandalized and furious that he had been given such favor.

Still, for the realm the brief respite has been welcome, but already ill tidings begin to creep in from the edges of the kingdom, whether it be the discontent of their recent conquests in the south or a horrific plague striking the Iron Islands, the hopes for peace and security once entertained at the end of the Red War seem to be fading once and for all.



# Maelor the Mild

R. 133-168 AC



His father's heir ever since the brutal murder of his elder brother, King Maelor Targaryen, First of His Name, was a man molded by the horrors of his early life even though he could scarcely remember them. Often reminding himself that his own mother had chosen him for slaughter rather than his elder brother Jaehaerys, he was wracked with anxiety and self-doubt. Always certain that Jaehaerys would've made the right choice where he had erred, Maelor was indecisive, and as a result of his long regency, all too willing to defer to the judgment of his council for good and ill.

No true warrior, or even a Knight, Maelor showed potential in his adolescence with swordplay, but his grandmother's anguish at the thought of his loss kept him from further pursuing his training. When the Second and Third Dances broke out, Maelor did not depart King's Landing, much to his chagrin in the former case, and by his own choice in the latter. As a father and husband, he was his own sire's opposite.

Ever faithful to his sister-wife Jaehaera, his gentle disposition reportedly made him a strong match for the quaint and quiet girl who grew into a quaint and quiet queen. To his two children he was attentive and nurturing without being easily manipulated by the whims of his offspring, often bringing both, but especially his heir Aemond, to court with him daily. His relationship with Princess Viserra showed signs of strain towards the end of his life as a result of her destruction of many potential betrothals, but even in his frustration he was never cruel.

Westeros might have longed for a New Conciliator in the aftermath of the First Dance of the Dragons, and that was most certainly not Maelor, but they benefited from him nevertheless. While not remarkable in his own right, his ability to defer to those better suited for tasks was. Though not deeply loved, the commons nevertheless mourned his passing from sickness in 168 AC. It is said the last sound of mind act of the King was to hold his grandson and namesake, the future Maelor II, in his arms one final time.



# Aemond the Red

R. 168-187 AC



More his father's son than he cared to admit, Aemond made every effort to appear strong, iron-willed, and fearless. He was none of these things, but there was a charm in the trying. Coming into his crown not long after his knighthood, Aemond had gone to fight the would-be usurpers in Dorne for their Third Dance, and it had been to him that Dark Sister was returned. Despite the commons thinking him a bloodied warrior, Aemond was a competent swordsman and commander, but never one of true skill.

Averse to conflict and rather dependent on being liked by others, the young king was easily pushed to and fro by the whims of his friends, council, wife, and eventually his children. His marriage was a warm one, but the strong-willed spitfire that was Queen Alysanne Velaryon was clearly the dominant personality. This idle submissiveness was not the case with his children, all but one of whom clearly took after their mother, much to his dismay.

The one child that reflected his true nature, that of a softer, quieter man than he forced himself to be, was Princess Heleana. Doted on by her father from the first, when she died eating foods with exotic spices.

So bereft with grief was the King that the only explanation for her sudden asphyxiation he'd accept was poison. Consumed and blinded by vengeful rage, he led the realm to war once more, plunging deep into Dorne to root out his kin whom he blamed for his daughter's death.

In the end, the war was not worth the cost, though his reputation as an avenging father gained him much adoration, and new territory was taken for the first time in a century, it was not a sufficient trade when weighed against what was lost. His second son Valarr was slain by Dornish knives, and it is said the sight of the young pretender King's body set Aemond to weeping in horror at what he had ordered. Then he died. Caught in the neck by a stray arrow, Aemond I Targaryen bled to death clutching his son's hand, begging him to spare the remaining child of the Black Line.

King Maelor II Targaryen would oblige that wish, returning from the Fourth Dance with the last of his foes as a ward, rather than a prisoner, short a bright-eyed brother, and a father who'd seen through his grief too late.



# Maelor II

R. 187-208 AC



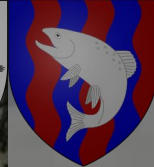
“On the blood of my son I **will have peace!** The House of the Dragon stands on the brink of failure, Black or Green, red dragon or gold, it matters not, the Old Blood must prevail!”

“Black as sin that boy might be, but he is the Blood of the **Dragon**, as much as me and mine, as much as the Conqueror, and he will rule after my death bound to my daughter, and House Targaryen will continue on.”

- Maelor II Targaryen, declaring that the Black Prince will be his heir



# The North



# The Trident

Sidelined and sidetracked from many of the defining events of the past decade, the North remains isolated as ever.

During the Red War and the Royal Incursion itself, the Starks were forced to contend with a rebellion at the hands of the half-wild Skagosi. While ultimately victorious, the Northmen suffered a number of surprising defeats, the most dramatic of which taking place at sea, with Skagosi Warriors infiltrating the Northern warships atop of fishing boats and canoes.

Lord Stark ordered the wholesale destruction of the Skagosi, killing the Magnar of Skagos in personal combat while the Northern Lords squabbled over who would have the honor of finishing off the rebellious islanders.

Even after that, however, the Northmen face yet another threat from their own north, now in the form of Wildling raiders pushing past the Night's Watch, even raiding as far as Bear Island and Last Hearth.

Factional and squabbling, the status quo in the Riverlands has hardly changed since the days of the First Dance.

In the wake of years of warfare, bandits and highwaymen grow ever bolder, with the most threatening band of such holing up in the molding ruins of Oldstones, whereupon they prey upon travellers and lordlings alike. Many call for the Tullys and Crown to intervene, but greater threats hold their attention.

Not the least of which being a feud thousands of years old, and no closer to resolution than it had begun all those days ago. Blackwood and Bracken squabble over a border dispute that seems to escalate endlessly, to the death of a Blackwood Knight, to the assault of a member of House Bracken, to the killing of another Bracken at the hands of a Blackwood in a tourney. The Lord Hand Baratheon arrives in the region in a desperate, last-ditch attempt to smooth over relations.

Even then, House Tully finds itself more concerned with nursing wounds and scheming with their Whent Vassals against their neighbors to the West...

# The West



House Lannister finds themselves at odds with their neighbors, both at home and further afield. It will take skill- or strength, perhaps- to navigate the choppy waters ahead.

Houses Lannister and Whent were to be joined together in marriage, but the wedding is brought crashing down as a brother of the Whent Groom slays a Son of Lannister after discovering an illicit affair between the Son and the Groom's sister. Banners were called, and forces were arrayed on either side of the Golden Tooth before the Small Council put an end to the budding conflict.

As if that was not enough, desperate Ironborn Reavers from their plague-stricken islands harry the coastline, and now they find themselves with an enemy within their own borders as well. The Red Lions of Reyne.

A festival is held to try to smooth over relations with their strongest vassal after a dispute over a once-thought depleted mine emerges. It was not to be. Before the night was out, the Reynes had slew another Golden Lion in a fit of rage before fleeing into the night...



# The Vale

Isolated in their cold, lonely mountains, the Arryns of the Vale find themselves in an unfamiliar position, a pariah of the realm on account of their previous allegiances.

It was not for a lack of trying, however, that the Arryns were unable to reintegrate themselves into the realm. The victorious Greens and their descendants spat in their face when offers were made, and they attempted to take hostages rather than wards.

As if the displeasure of the ruling family was not enough, the Mountain Clans began to grow bolder in the aftermath of the Dances and the Red War, even going as far as to kidnap a number of highborn maidens and slay their entourage. House Royce would lead the effort in punishing the wildlings for their crimes, but no trace of the kidnapped Maidens were ever found...

Now the Vale must chart its own path, without allies and with enemies to all sides, they threaten to close off even further, until such time that the Knights of the Vale are needed once more.

# The Reach



# The Stormlands

It was not the blood and suffering of the Red War that incensed the Lords of the Reach, but the failure to attain any of the spoils. Though as many Reachmen as any died in the Red Mountains, it would be the Stormlanders who attained sole wardenship over the newly conquered lands.

In secret, the Marchers of the Reach launch raids into the newly-conquered Dornish territories in order to undermine Stormlander control of the region. This policy leaves the Reach divided along factional lines, however, as more and more of the more northerly Reachlords grow tired of bearing the cost of such activities.

All the while, Ironborn Reavers continue to slip past the Shield Islands and raid further and further inland. The seeming nearsighted priorities of House Tyrell provides ample opportunities for their most brazen and ambitious of bannermen, such as House Hightower, to rally malcontents to their side.

The Lords of the Stormlands got everything they wanted and more from the Red War, only now perhaps they wish that they had not.

Storm's End was granted Wardenship over the Red Mountains, but now finds itself unable to partition the conquered lands and vassals amongst their own vassals in a way that leaves all parties satisfied. As the question of who governs the Prince's Pass continues to escalate, the tension in the Stormlands grows ever tighter.

On top of their internal squabbling, the Stormlands also gets the task of securing their Wardenship by needing to deal with the Vulture King, who still occupies the Red Mountains and continues to raid into the Dornish Marches, pushing the Marcher Lords to demand more and more resources to crush the mounting rebellion.

The Stormlands has profited immensely from the Red War, but unless these questions get answered, no amount of extra taxes will be enough to save them...