

## Chapter - 13

After my first real display of power, I understand why people would get addicted to this feeling. The rush I felt as I looked at hundreds of people on their knees, looking at me in awe and fear, was something I would not forget anytime soon. And knowing that what I had used was barely a fraction of my power did not slip my mind either.

I was already close to being at the top of the food chain in this world, it would only take me a thought to start the end of all life in this world. But that would be pretty pointless, so I was going to slowly escalate my show of power to make the players of this game feel like they had some hope before I showed that this was not a game they could ever win.

I initially did have some thoughts of taking the iron throne for myself, but that would be only fun until I got it, and actually taking care of the kingdom was going to get boring very fast. So my plan was to let the war that was going to start eventually start, or maybe start it myself if it was taking too long. Then I would just help whoever I liked get the throne and keep doing my own thing.

I hadn't even planned on staying in Winterfell as long as I had, but living there was oddly peaceful. I had grown to like the cold. Nobody bothered me much and I had delegated most of my tasks to Freya.

Now that I had a whole new direction of knowledge to explore, I couldn't wait to leave the capital and start to integrate magic into my body. I knew that after my latest display of power, a lot of people would be happy to have me leave the city as soon as possible.

However, I had unfinished business in the city. I knew that someone high up in power probably enticed the High Septon to act, as he wouldn't have done so when he clearly knew I had the King's blessing in setting up the pyre.

The only people who came to mind were Varys, Baelish, or Cersei. Now, for some reason, this didn't seem like Varys' method of operation. It was done very sloppily, so it was probably the other two. And among them, I was leaning more towards Cersei.

I wonder why the queen bitch herself would want me mobbed. I hadn't done anything against her. In fact, I thought that the vain cunt would actually appreciate not having to smell the city's waste all the time. Maybe I should kick the hornet's nest a bit more before leaving.

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Jon Arryn was frustrated and disturbed by the schemes he had been hearing about. Despite his efforts to stay informed, he often found out about them too late to take action. When he first heard about the healer's plan to set up a pyre, he was skeptical and even a little scared. But after seeing the results the next day, he couldn't deny the effectiveness of the healer's methods.

The high septon's stunt had caught Arryn off guard; he had expected some problems from the faith but nothing so brazen, and he realized that he needed to re-evaluate what he knew about the healer. He was no longer the simple healer that everyone had expected him to be, and he couldn't help but shudder as he remembered the primal terror he had felt even though he was deep in the heart of the red keep.

Initially, Jon had planned to give the healer a prominent position in the capital as a healer, knowing that the smallfolk would be overjoyed to have someone who could heal all ailments in the city. But after witnessing the healer's recent display of power, that idea was quickly scrapped. Instead, Jon knew that they needed to send the healer out of the capital as soon as possible, and as politely as possible. Not only for the sake of his own fear, but also in hope that none of the other so-called "players" in the game would become too antsy with bruised egos and do something stupid that would anger the healer again.

He hoped that Ned could keep the healer loyal to the crown while he was in the North. He wondered if Ned knew about the healer's true power, or if he had been kept in the dark as well.

One good thing he had managed to figure out was that the healer, or rather, the mage, didn't seem prone to violence. Based on the fact that it was the first time he had used such power and that too only when he was confronted, He genuinely believed that the mage could have killed everyone in that mob if he had wanted to. But he was relieved that the mage had shown restraint and didn't resort to violence.

Now Robert's suggestion of giving him a lordship didn't sound so absurd. It would still be better to ask the healer himself what he wanted. Hopefully he wouldn't ask for something too outlandish.

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I find one of the balconies with a better view of the bay and sit on the edge, admiring the view. As I take in the peaceful scenery, I feel the hand of the king approach me. I look back to him, nodding my head in greeting.

"Lord Hand, what brings you here this fine evening?" I ask, keeping my tone casual.

He nods his head at me, a hint of a smile on his face. "We haven't really talked to each other properly, Ser Healer. I thought I'd come by and get a good measure of the man who had all of King's Landing singing his praises one day and shaking in fear at the mere mention of his name the next."

I let out a snort, my smirk starting to show through. "So what's the latest rumor going around? I'm sure since it's been a few hours, you've come across at least ten by now."

The hand chuckles "You undersell yourself again. I've heard more than ten just on my way here from my solar. Last I heard, you were the Stranger's son who rebelled against the Seven and came down to the mortal plane to kill the devoted."

I whistle in surprise. "That sure escalated fast."

The hand's smile fades and he looks at me seriously. "They do that most of the time, healer. Although I can't call you that anymore, can I?"

I shrug, still keeping my tone very casual. "You can call me whatever you want, Lord Hand, but I prefer to be called El."

"Well then, El, I can tell from what I have observed that you are a straightforward person, so I will ask you this directly: what is your objective?"

I hum and give the question some thought, "I'll answer your question truthfully, if you tell me what it is that you think I want."

"My first guess was the Iron Throne, but your actions have not been in that direction, so I genuinely do not know," the Lord Hand said, his tone curious.

I chuckled softly before responding, "To be honest, the idea did cross my mind. There's no denying that the throne is a sight to behold, and it would be exhilarating to claim it through force. However, the truth is that once I sat on that throne, my life would become a never-ending cycle of monotony and frustration. The grandeur of the throne would be nothing more than a gilded cage, and I treasure my freedom far too much to be confined in such a way."

"So there is your answer, Lord Hand. My goal is to be free and I came here in King's Landing to show all these so-called 'players of the great game' that you call them that I don't really care much for their games. And whatever illusion of power they think they hold is nothing in front of true power. I wanted to show them a mere glimpse into what was waiting for them should they ever try to play their games on me"

He looks like he had expected that answer which somehow surprised me "I see. No wonder you have lived peacefully in Winterfell. Does Ned know how powerful you are?"

"I haven't told him, but I'm sure he suspects. He doesn't like playing games, and he doesn't bother me much. He doesn't give me any orders that he knows I will not follow." I said with a hint of amusement.

"I see... Robert wanted to give you a Lordship for your work in the capital, but judging by your answer, it is not something you would care for. So, what do you think would be a fair payment for your work in the city?" he asked, his tone becoming more serious.

"You are right in assuming that I wouldn't care for an existing lordship, but there is something I want, similar to that. It's something I haven't discussed with Lord Stark yet, but there is an uninhabited forest located in the northern mountains that I would like to claim. My aim is to acquire the entirety of the forest along with the surrounding mountains. I had been planning to approach Lord Stark about this matter, and having the approval of the King would undoubtedly expedite the process," I replied.

"An odd request, but one that can be easily granted," he said, nodding in agreement.

"To be honest, Lord Hand, this is not how I had expected our talk to go," I admitted, a hint of surprise in my voice.

He laughed, "I'm sure you expected me to call you a heretic for harming the High Septon of my faith and banish you from the kingdom under the threat of execution."

"Frankly, yes," I replied, a hint of amusement in my voice.

"I'd like to think that I'm old and wise enough to recognize a fool's errand when I see one. Now, if you would like to satisfy the curiosity of an old man, how powerful are you?" he asked, his voice filled with genuine curiosity.

I contemplated the question and thought of a way to answer it. "I do not think King's Landing is ready for another show of my power, Lord Hand, so if you would humor me, let me show you a different form of power, one that you are intimately familiar with," I suggested a hint of a challenge in my voice.

"Go on," he says, intrigued by my proposition.

"It's simple. I will ask you some questions pertaining to the realm. Please give them some thought," I explained.

"Before the rebellion happened, you and I both know that the Targaryens lived quite a lavish lifestyle with no shortages of tourneys and celebrations, and still had overflowing treasuries," I begin.

He nods, "Yes, that would be a fair assumption."

"So my question to you is why is it that after the new king took the throne, the kingdom is suddenly in serious debt? While I don't doubt the new royal family lives more lavishly than the last, it is quite an achievement to completely empty a 300-year-old dynasty's treasury in less than a decade on just ale, whores, and tourneys," I say, my voice carrying a hint of sarcasm.

He frowns as he considers my words. "While I'm not going to ask you how you know of the kingdom's finances, are you telling me that there is foul play at hand?"

"I'm not telling you anything, Lord Hand. I'm just asking you some questions. After all, coin does not just disappear. It has to go somewhere," I reply, trying to keep my tone neutral.

"Now, let us assume for a moment that there is some foul play at hand. If so, then who would be the first person to find out about such an issue?"

"The Master of Coin," he says, his expression serious.

I smirk. "Yes, the Master of Coin, Petyr Baelish, or Littlefinger, or the man who can rub two coppers together to make a gold coin. Now, if someone's been stealing from the crown and the man responsible for the coin doesn't know anything about it, then there are only two conclusions that I can come to. One is that Petyr Baelish is very incompetent, or..." I trail off, leaving the implication hanging in the air.

"That is a serious implication," he said, his frown deepening.

"I'm not implying anything, Lord Hand. I'm just sharing some thoughts that I had in exchange for the wonderful conversation that you have provided me with," I say with a wide smile on my face.

Before he can ask me any more questions, I get off the ledge and make my way into the keep. "Have a good day, Lord Hand. You don't have to worry about me causing any more problems in the city. I'll be leaving tomorrow," I say, trying to sound nonchalant but inside I was giggling like a kid who had just thrown a rock at a beehive.

## Chapter - 14

Petyr Baelish had not been having a good time ever since that blasted mage set foot in the capital. He was furious that his fake medicine-selling business, which was meant to bring him more coin, had crashed and his plan to steal the pills that the healer was supposed to bring had gone up in smoke. But now, he was glad he had been patient and not gone through with his more obvious plans of getting rid of the healer. He realized that those plans probably wouldn't have worked and he may have even been caught doing so.

He had been wanting to get rid of the healer ever since he had confirmed the rumors about him. His work was enriching the North by bringing in a huge influx of smallfolk and merchants who came there for his healing and that did not play well into his plans.

The latest incident in the capital had caused a lot of turmoil, he hadn't felt such fear for his life ever since Brandon Stark had nearly killed him years ago; his spies had not given him any indication that he was capable of such feats. It had been unexpected but the incident did give him an opportunity to sow discord in the North.

He had sent a raven to Catelyn after he had first heard rumors about the sorcerer and subtly asked her to confirm them. She had given him a lot of information about the mage. He had been feeding her unease about the mage, but that had stopped working a few moons back after the mage had apparently cured her youngest spawn of his fever.

But now that the entire capital had felt what the mage was capable of, he could use that to his advantage. He would send a version of the story that subtly painted the healer as someone who attacked the followers of the Seven. 'Yes, that should work perfectly,' Baelish thought to himself with a sly grin.

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Cersei Lannister slammed the door shut behind the last of the servants, leaving her alone with her brother Jamie. She paced the room, her hands twitching as she struggled to control the terror that still gripped her heart.

"Cersei, what's wrong?" Jamie asked, concern etched on his face. "I felt that... dread too, but you seem to be taking it much harder."

She took a deep breath, trying to steady herself. "That mage... he... he unleashed his powers and it was... it was terror like I've never felt before."

"I was going to go and take care of him," Jamie said, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword. "But you stopped me. Why? He might be able to use magic but I highly doubt he would be able to cast any spells with a blade sticking out of his gut"

"No, Jamie." Cersei said, her voice shaking. "You didn't see what I saw. The entire mob that the septon had riled up just fell to their knees in terror. He was never bothered by them. He could have just killed them as easily. If you go charging in with your sword, you will meet the same fate. He needs to be dealt with in other ways - with poison or assassins. But first, we have to kick him out of my city. I won't be able to sleep in peace knowing that he is that close to us."

"You're right," Jamie said, his expression grim. "We can't let him pose a threat to our rule. I'll send a raven to father and maybe even hire the Faceless Men to take care of him."

"Yes, that's exactly what we need to do," Cersei said, her determination returning. "We can't let him continue to do whatever he wants in my kingdom and threaten us."

Cersei sat down in her chair, her mind racing with thoughts of how to protect her children and her throne from that feral mage. She would make him feel the same fear that she had felt. After all, a Lannister always pays their debts.

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After my conversation with the Hand, I set out from the Red Keep and headed towards the Kingswood, where I sensed Fenrir was taking a nap.

The talk had been honestly different from what I had expected. The Hand was not what I thought he would be, and it was clear why he was able to overthrow the Targaryen's and keep the kingdom running smoothly under a seemingly uninterested king. He was able to analyze the curveball I had thrown at people's belief and understanding of power, and adapted to it in just a few hours.

That's why I threw another curveball at him, to see how he would handle it. If he isn't careful in dealing with Baelish, he might not make it to the start of the plot. Speaking of Baelish, that sneaky little weasel was starting to annoy me. Firstly, his face was one of those that just automatically made you want to punch him, and secondly, I found out that it was he who was selling the fake pills in my name. He had made a significant amount of money in the short time it took me to come here, so I set Jon Arryn on his tail. He was totally going to be on his case from now on.

That was only half of my revenge. The next part was just mostly for my amusement. Since the hundreds of rats I had spread throughout the city were idle after completing their previous task. I sent them to find where Littlefinger had hidden all the gold he had stolen. It was surprisingly easy, as rats are excellent diggers. They quickly uncovered where he had buried the gold. It was directly under his brothels... Now that was just lazy, I doubt it was all of it but it was enough to make him start panicking.

I then instructed the rats to move the gold to a different part of the city and bury it somewhere in a deeper hole that only I could find, in case I needed the gold in the future. I took a few hundred gold coins for myself, just in case I needed to spend it somewhere..

I had accomplished all my objectives in King's Landing, and more. I hadn't given much thought to what the king would reward me for my services, but owning the forested mountain would prove extremely useful for my private, grisly experiments without fear of discovery. I doubt Stark would refuse me, considering he still owed me a favor for the glass-making process.

Legally owning my own experimental grounds would help avoid problems when others start poking their noses into my business, and more importantly It would be the best place to create and raise my dragon.

Now, all I had to do in the capital was probably present myself in the throne room to receive my reward and politely be told to fuck off.

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Walking into the Small Council chamber which looked more packed than normal, Robert Baratheon lets his annoyance be known to everyone the moment he sits down. "I haven't been called to this many meetings since the rebellion. What the hell is the matter now?"

"You know what, that's a stupid question, I know exactly what the matter is about."

His shrew of a wife is the first to start screeching "You must have this mage put to death. He used such malicious magic on the entire city. Who knows what he'll do next?" She abandons her typical covert insults and openly attacks the mage.

He couldn't see why she was overreacting so much. He himself had felt the wave of fear, but he was quite far away from the market. It was pretty similar to the feeling he got when he was in the middle of a hunt or battle, so it only took him a few moments to shrug it off. But after looking at the state of the mob, with most of them trembling on their knees and pissing themselves, he realized that maybe the ones closest to the mage probably took the brunt of it.

The mage had not appeared to have cast a powerful spell. He was just standing in front of them nonchalantly, completely unperturbed by everything going on around him, as if he knew there was no way anyone in the city could touch a single hair on his head.

He still remembered the conversation he had with Selmy after their first meeting with the mage.

"That's something I've noticed about the mage too, Selmy. There's something odd about the way he acts." he said.



"I've noticed that too, Your Grace. What's unsettling about him is that he walks around with complete abandon, especially in the Red Keep. I've never seen anyone act so carelessly," Selmy replied.

"Why do you think that is?" he asked.

"I'm not entirely sure, Your Grace, but my guess is that either he doesn't care if he lives or dies or he's completely confident that nothing in King's Landing can harm him... Knowing his abilities, it's probably the latter," Selmy said.

After that enlightening conversation, he started paying more attention to the mage's behavior and came to the same conclusion. Nobody walked around the Red Keep with that level of self-confidence, and the smile that was always present on his face seemed to imply that he knew something that nobody else did.

Returning to the present, he noticed that the cunt was still speaking, so he slammed his hand on the table to silence her because he had heard enough.

"You have made your point very clear to everyone at this table; now stop bloody screaming. What are you even doing in a Small Council meeting? Last I checked, you don't have a seat here."

Cersei rears her head back as if she's physically struck "I am the Queen of the Sev- "

"And I am the bloody King, so either sit down and keep your mouth shut or I'll have you thrown out." He roars back at her.

"If anyone else has any bright ideas to execute the mage who has merely followed my orders and defended himself against idiots without causing any physical harm, go ahead, but make sure to inform him that you are acting independently so that the rest of the city is not held accountable for your foolishness."

"So, Cersei, go ahead. I know you want to execute him. Send the Kingslayer to challenge him to a trial by combat." he taunted.

Cersei falls silent and sits down, seething with anger. He would have been worried about getting stabbed in his sleep, but they haven't slept in the same room for a long time.

Seeing her finally shut up and no one else willing to speak he says "That's what I thought. Now, is there anything else we need to discuss, or are we done?"

That's when Jon starts, "One last matter, Robert. I had a quite enlightening conversation with the mage just before this meeting, where I discussed the rewards with him."

"I thought we agreed to give him a lordship of his choosing."

"Well, I thought it would be better to just ask him what he wanted."

"What does he want then?"

"He doesn't want a lordship where he would have to be responsible for the people under his care. He told me he would much rather have the deed for an uninhabited forest in the north."

He frowns. "I can understand him not wanting to deal with people, but shouldn't that be something he needs to discuss with Ned first?"

"Yes, he told me he's planning on talking to Ned about that, but having the crown's approval would help him get it faster."

"Fine, write up something saying that as long as Ned agrees, he can have his forest. Wait, does that mean he's planning on leaving soon?" He asks, sounding intrigued.

"Yes, he informed me that he has duties to attend to in the north and doesn't want to cause any further trouble with the Faith in the city," Jon explains.

"He's at least considerate. If only his departure would silence the Faith's whining," he says, sounding frustrated.

He gets up from his seat. "That's all the patience I have for today. I need a drink now."

As he exits the room with Barristan following him, he thinks, 'Maybe it's time for a private chat with the mage. If Jon's words are true, it will be interesting, at the very least.'

## Chapter - 15

I spent my time, as usual, in my room, making notes on the different organs in the dragon that worked of magic and their functionalities from the information I had gained from the dragon bones. Suddenly, someone knocked on my door. I opened it to find Barristan Selmy standing there.

"Ser healer, the king would like to have a private chat with you," he said respectfully.

"Sure, lead the way," I replied, following him.

"So, what does the King want from me?" I asked.

"He has learned that you will be leaving tomorrow and wanted to have a dialogue," Barristan replied.

"Ah, by the way, there has been something that has always bothered me. Do the Kingsguard always have seven members?"

"Yes, that has always been the case," he replied.

"But doesn't it make more sense to have, like, two or three guards per member of the royal family?" I asked.

"While your idea makes more sense and has merit, there are other factors to consider when choosing the number," Barristan replied.

"Ah, politics and preachers, I suppose," I said. He just smiled and didn't say much after that.

We reached the room where the king was waiting for me while drinking some ale.

"You called for me, Your Grace," I asked, offering a small bow.

The King raised an eyebrow, his expression growing serious. "Why do you do that?"

I was taken aback by his question. "I'm sorry, Your Grace?"

"The kneeling, the bowing, the whole facade you keep putting on," he said, his tone growing more annoyed.

I took a moment to consider my answer, choosing to be candid. "To be truthful, Your Grace, I don't mind the act of kneeling or bowing. I wasn't born into nobility and don't see myself as one. I don't possess the arrogance that prevents nobles from showing deference to those less

powerful than themselves. I bow because it's a simpler option than dealing with the annoyances that will follow if I don't do so."

"Is that the same reason you have kept the act of being just a healer?" the king asked.

"I am mainly just a healer, whether you believe me or not. But I do have a few tricks up my sleeve. After all, I would be a poor mage if I didn't," I replied with amusement.

He snorted "Sure you are," he said, "are you certain I can't convince you to stay in King's Landing? It's quite refreshing talking to you instead of all the sycophants living here."

"I'll have to disappoint you in that regard, Your Grace. I hate this place more than you do, and I've quite grown to like the cold. And I'm sure that if I stay here for another day, the city will probably be set on fire by someone trying to kill me or pissing me off."

"You're definitely onto something. If no one else, I'm sure my wife is going to try something."

"Really? I don't recall interacting with the queen, let alone doing something to slight her?" I asked in genuine surprise.

"Well, you just answered your own question," he told me. "The cunt probably got mad that you didn't try to suck up to her."

That really stopped me short. I knew she was self-centered, but seriously...

"Well, then it'll probably be best if I leave as fast as possible," I said.

"Why? You scared of some Lannisters, Mage?" he asked, more amused.

"Not really. I just don't trust myself to keep my mouth shut in front of people with very elevated opinions about themselves, and like to keep reminding everyone," I replied dryly.

He snorted at that. "Shame. I would have paid good money to watch that."

He then reached for one of the scrolls on the table and passed it to me. "Here's your reward for your services to the crown. As long as Ned agrees to it, that forest is yours."

"Thank you," I said, accepting my reward

"Are you sure that's all you want?" he asked.

"Yes, Your Grace, there isn't much you can give me that I need," I replied, with a shrug of my shoulders.

"Very well then," the King said, his tone hinting at disappointment. "When do you plan to leave?"

"I'm planning to leave at dawn tomorrow," I replied. "I've completed all my tasks here, and my journey to King's Landing has given me much to think about and do, so it's best I get to that as soon as possible."

"Ah, but before you go," the King interjected, his eyes alight with mischief. "There will be a feast tonight in your honor, a celebration of your services to the crown."

I chuckled at the King's request. "Are you sure, Your Grace?" I asked, my voice tinged with amusement. "I doubt many in the Red Keep will be happy to attend such a feast in my honor."

"Nonsense," the King replied with a chuckle. "It will be the most entertaining feast yet, and it's the least I can do to show my gratitude."

"Very well, Your Grace," I finally said, a smirk playing at the corners of my mouth. "I will be happy to attend the feast tonight."

I left the King's chambers with a sly grin on my face, excitement buzzing through me at the thought of the feast that was to come. This would be my final chance to create a stir in the capital, and I was sure that I would be the center of attention. Everyone would be looking to get a piece of me, to figure out my secrets, or win my favor. The idea of being surrounded by the power-hungry elite of the Red Keep was tantalizing, and I couldn't help but relish the thought of playing my last game in this grand arena.

I halted my steps, taking a moment to reflect on my inner thoughts. It was then that I realized that I was entertaining the thoughts of a megalomaniac. Was a mere two days in King's Landing corrupting me? Back in Winterfell, I would have never thought such thoughts. But my time here seemed to be changing me in ways I never could have imagined. I knew that I needed to leave this city soon, before I went full emo.

"Darn it," I muttered to myself. "Old habits certainly die hard. It appears that I'm still unconsciously adapting my behavior to fit in with my surroundings."

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Lord Tywin Lannister, head of House Lannister, Warden of the West, and father of the Queen, was sitting in his solar seat in the great castle of Casterly Rock, going over some concerning letters he had received from his daughter and spies in King's Landing. The letters talked about the newest sensation spreading across the realm: The mysterious figure known as the White Mage of Winterfell, whose miraculous healing powers had caused quite a stir across the continent.

According to the letters, this person was more than just a simple healer and if the letters from his daughter were to be believed, this mage was growing in power.

Tywin had heard about the mage's work in Winterfell but hadn't given it much thought. However, as time went by, he started hearing more and more disturbing news from the North, with many small folk and traders either shifting to the North or visiting it to receive healing from the mage, which was enriching the otherwise isolated part of the realm. The other surprising news from the North was its rising glass trade, which even had the Myrish worried about their new competition on their existing monopoly.

He didn't know how the Northerners had gotten their hands on the method to make glass, but they had been doing a good job of keeping it under wraps. Tywin had his suspicions that it was the healer who had provided the Starks with the method because the healer apparently did not have the accent of anyone from Westeros and could be from Myr.

As for the rumored healer, Tywin was initially skeptical. However, after seeing firsthand the completely healed spies, some of whom he had scarred himself to test their healing, he was eventually convinced of the healer's extraordinary abilities.

Despite his impressive talents, Tywin wasn't overly concerned about the healer's potential impact on a potential war with the North. After all, he was only one person and could be dealt with accordingly if necessary.

The recent news from King's Landing was concerning, however. The healer had everyone fooled, and he was never a simple healer but was actually a mage, who was probably growing in power by healing people. Tywin had initially thought the healer was a simpleton for only charging a silver for healing, but it could be possible that the healer didn't care about the money, and it was just a distraction. The healer wanted as many people as possible to come to him for healing so he could get more powerful by using his magic on them. Now, the healer was powerful enough that he didn't need to hide anymore.

Now, if the letters were to be believed he was no longer a simple healer but a mage who could send entire armies to their knees with ease, and with a bit more effort, he could probably kill an entire army.

He could no longer just sit back and treat this like a minor issue. He needed to act now. The mage was too powerful to be left in the hands of potential enemies, so he either had to entice him to join the Lannisters or have him eliminated. But before doing either of those, he needed to get better information on the mage. Something better than whatever the shite his daughter had written about him.

"Come in," he said as he heard a knock on the door. He sees Tyrion enter his solar.

As the younger Lannister took a seat in front of him, Tywin handed him the letters he had received from King's Landing.

Tyrion skimmed the contents of the letters, a smirk forming on his face as he read. "It's been a while since my dear sister has been this colorful in insulting someone other than me," he said with a chuckle. "I wish I could meet this Mage just to see how he managed to make her so angry."

"Well, you are in luck because I have a task for you, Tyrion," he continued. "You will go north under the guise of needing healing. Maybe he can cure your dwarfism, but your main task will be to find out everything about him. Find out how we can entice him to work for the Lannisters and also discover his weaknesses."

"Wow, you sure have your priorities in order," Tyrion said sarcastically. "You haven't really allowed me out of Casterly Rock in so long, and you want your disgrace to handle such an important task?"

"Disgrace you may be, but you're still a Lannister, so you will do as you are told," Tywin reminded him sternly. "You leave on the morrow."

Tyrion sighed, but stood up from his seat. "Very well, Father. I will set off tomorrow as you wish."

"Good," Lord Tywin nodded, satisfied. "This is a critical mission, Tyrion. The information you gather will be instrumental to the success of our family."

Tyrion left the solar, his mind already racing with plans and strategies for his journey North. He was eager to travel after being confined for so long and deep down, he had a glimmer of hope that this healer could make him normal, even though he had come to terms with his short stature long ago. He had heard tales of the great healer and his legendary powers, and he couldn't wait to see if it was all true.

The next day, he set off on his mission with a small entourage of men. He knew that the road ahead would be long and dangerous, but he was determined to succeed.

And with that, Tyrion Lannister, the Lannister disgrace, set off on a journey that would change the course of his life forever, even though he didn't know it yet.

## Chapter - 16

I stood outside the grand hall where a feast was being held in honor of the city's recent purification from the plague. I was the guest of honor and as such, I had to make a grand entrance. Fashionable lateness was the law, after all.

I was dressed to impress, or at least as impressively as I could with my nonexistent wardrobe. I doubted having my actual wardrobe would have even helped. The guards outside the door noticed my presence and promptly opened the door, causing all eyes to fall upon me.

As I entered the room, I was met with familiar faces, but unlike last time something was different. The expressions on their faces were no longer filled with a mix of curiosity and disdain like the last time I was in the throne room. Instead, I could see fear and terror etched upon their faces as they relived the dread they had experienced just a day prior.

Despite their attempts to hide their emotions, I could see right through them and I couldn't help but smirk at the change in their behavior. 'Where did all that haughtiness go?'

The King was the first to greet me. "Well, look who is finally here," he sounded a bit annoyed that I was late, as he had been looking forward to the drama that was going to unfold after my arrival.

He then called me up to the high table and gave me a seat in between him and Jon. 'Wow, I was moving up in the world!' By the look on The Hand's face, he seemed like he wanted to talk about the hot potato I had dropped in his lap.

I look around and spot Littlefinger at a lower table, still smiling. 'So, Jon probably hasn't confronted him directly,' I'm almost disappointed, but that is probably the smart way to deal with the situation. He will need evidence and look for the stolen money before any accusations can be thrown around.

Judging by the relaxed face of Littlefinger, he had not noticed his missing wealth as well. 'Dammit, that's more disappointing. I wanted to watch him panic.'

As soon as I take my seat, the King stands up and raises a toast. "To the White Mage of Winterfell, the man who saved the lives of half the capital and is also the sole reason that King's Landing doesn't smell like shit for the first time in centuries."

The second part of the toast got a lot more enthusiastic cheers than the first part, which was pretty messed up to be honest, but also expected. It reminded me that I needed to activate the kill switch on the shit-eating bacteria before I left the city. No matter how much I trusted my safety precautions, it was probably a good idea to pull the plug as I wouldn't be here to fix



anything if things started to go wrong. It probably meant that the city was going to start smelling like shit again in a few years, but that wouldn't be my problem anymore.

I planned to send out the signal for them to kill each other and then themselves tonight, and everything should be done by the time I leave tomorrow.

After some casual conversation with the king, he got drunk and was distracted by the maids giving him alcohol. I turned to Jon and asked casually, "So, how enlightening was our earlier conversation?"

He obviously knew what I was talking about, so he also started talking vaguely, as a feast was not a good place to discuss confidential information.

"I've given it some thought and found some discrepancies, but I will need more time to put everything together so that the opportunity doesn't slip by if I start without proper confirmation," he said.

I hummed a little disappointedly at the lost opportunity of getting to watch the drama, but it was the correct way to get things done properly, so credit to that. I guess I would have to settle for hearing the story of how that went down at a later date.

"I would call someone uninvolved in the issue but still competent and trustworthy to do the task," I suggested.

He considered my advice and replied, "Finding someone with the first two characteristics might be simple enough, but trust is a scarce resource here."

"You have a point. There's not much I can help with that," I said, shrugging.

"It's fine. You've been enough help in pointing out the issue," he said, and that was the end of that discussion.

I didn't mind the silence after that, and by the looks on everyone's faces around us, I could tell that they were curious about what we were discussing but had the tact to not ask.

Looking at some more faces, I could tell that they had different issues they wanted to talk to me about. I decided to get the food out of the way in case I didn't get a chance later and start eating. The food was pretty good. They had a wider range of spices available than what was found in Winterfell.

A server approached me and asked if I wanted some wine. I thought, why not. I had tried the wine available here and while it wasn't as good as some of the wine I had in my previous life, it was better than I had expected.

The server filled my cup and moved on. I took a sip to taste it and immediately realized what had just happened.

I had tasted the wine in this world before. What I had just been served barely had enough wine to make it the right color; the rest of it was poison, a very concentrated version. I hadn't done much research on poisons in this world, but based on the way it was rapidly trying to swell and clench my throat muscles to suffocate me, I could safely assume it was The Strangler.

Just as I came to this conclusion, my enhanced biology went to work immediately. It isolated the poison and started breaking it down into harmless components and healed the very little damage that had been done to some of my throat muscles, which was surprising, but it was probably due to the concentration of the poison.

I didn't really mind it much. I only had a little irritation in my throat. Even if it had succeeded in restricting my airway, it wouldn't have achieved much because, while I did need oxygen, I could easily breathe through my skin due to my somewhat redundant biology.

Just as my body goes to work on fixing the mild nuisance, I take a subtle glance around the room.

Very little time had elapsed, and the cup was still at my lips, so no one had yet noticed anything amiss. However, my quick glance was enough to identify who had attempted to poison me.

The Queen was trying hard to conceal the smirk that had appeared on her face the moment the cup touched my lips. Meanwhile, the server who had poured me my wine was attempting to leave the room quickly and inconspicuously.

I had several options on how to deal with the situation, but I went with the option that any sane man would do if they were in my place.

Slowly, I brought the cup down from my lips but still held it in my hand and called out to the server.

He stopped in his tracks and looked back at me. I could see from my peripheral vision that his face was contorted in contemplation about whether he should start running, but when he looked at me and saw that I was fine, he probably assumed that I hadn't drunk it yet, so he hadn't been caught. Slowly, he walked towards me, thinking that I hadn't figured out what was going on.

I stop paying attention to the server and look at the Queen, who still has a smug look on her face, but is slowly realizing that something was wrong.

I lock eyes with her and down the entire cup of poison in one go.

I see the disbelief and horror spreading across her face, and it's a better high than any I've experienced before.

I raise the empty cup in a salute towards her and never break my gaze. I flash a smirk and say,

"That was the best fucking wine I've ever had. Fill me another cup and leave the bottle." like an absolute Legend.

I'm too busy relishing the shock, disbelief, and horror spreading across the Queen's face to care about the server's reaction.

I hear the King laugh at my proclamation and say, "Now you're talking, healer. And here I thought that living in Winterfell had made you dull."

The Queen breaks our gaze first and looks down. I can see that she is terrified, as evidenced by her trembling hands.

I look around the room and see that the only people who know what has just happened are me and the Queen. The server has turned tail and disappeared, but I doubt he'll get far. Cersei wouldn't let anything tie back to her, especially since it was a failed assassination attempt.

I stop looking at the Queen for now, not wanting anyone else to notice what had just happened or misinterpret the situation. I look back at the King and say, "I don't know what gave you that idea, Your Grace. I can assure you that I am the life of a party."

The King replied in disbelief, "You say that, but I have yet to see you drink properly?" His challenging tone brought back memories of my college days.

Instead of replying, I grab the bottle of poison and down it in a few seconds, mostly out of reflex and also to prevent anyone else from accidentally drinking it.

I wipe my mouth, act a little tipsy, and say with a slight slur, "Is that proof enough, Your Graces?"

While I could temporarily shut down my body's ability to break down alcohol instantly to actually get drunk, there was no fucking way I was going to be even slightly drunk in the middle of this vipers' nest, especially minutes after I had just been poisoned.

From that point on, as you can imagine, the King and I got into a drinking contest. He lasted longer than I expected, and I continued to act more drunk as the night went on. 'I should get an Oscar for this,' I thought to myself.

A lot of people had approached me to talk after they saw my drunken state. Littlefinger was one of them. He tried to extract information from me through seemingly innocent questions, credit

where credit was due he was quite good at it. But I just continued to act more drunk and give him meaningless answers. Eventually, he saw the encounter as a lost cause and just left, while trying to hide his frustration.

The Queen I had noticed had left slightly earlier than it was polite to do so but everyone was too drunk to care or notice.

After a few hours of drinking most of the people had left. I looked at the quiet hall and saw that a few of the guests had passed out on the tables and the floors. The King had just been hauled out by two Kingsguards, and I decided it was time to leave as well.

As I made my way back to my room, still acting drunk, I realized something 'The Strangler was surprisingly fucking tasty and I might have to try it again sometime.'

I couldn't help but snort, 'That's probably the first time anyone has said that sentence in this world.'

Just as I opened the door to my room, I realized that someone unexpected was waiting for me inside.