

Chapter - 1

I wake up somehow knowing exactly what just happened to me.

A few moments ago I was just like any other 24-year-old fresh out of an engineering degree, half of which was done online due to Covid. I was excited to start my career and make a name for myself. However, my job quickly became overwhelming as I realized that I didn't have the skills or knowledge that I thought I did. I was filled with self-doubt and fear that I would be fired, and eventually, I made the stupid decision to quit. The next six months were a struggle for me as I struggled to find employment and felt like a failure. My parents, who had always told me that I was a genius, were disappointed in me, and I fell into a deep depression. To cope with my emotions, I turned to my old unhealthy habits of drinking and getting stoned. One night, after drinking heavily, I made the reckless decision to get behind the wheel. The bright lights and loud noises were the last things I remembered before everything went black.

Now, I had read a fair share of fanfiction in my life, but I was still not prepared to wake up as what I assumed to be the body of a 15-year-old boy in an alleyway in a medieval town covered in snow. Whatever being that landed me here at least drilled into my head that I had been "isekaid" so I wouldn't waste time denying the truth. The fact that it was a medieval world was probably some sort of lesson about how bad life could actually be because of all the complaining I had done in my last life. I lay in the snow for a few moments, trying to wrap my head around what had happened.

I knew I couldn't just stay there. I had to try and figure out where I was and what was going on. So, with a mix of fear and determination, I got up and ventured out into the snowy town. As I walked through the streets, I couldn't shake the feeling that I was completely out of my depth.

After walking around for a good hour, most of which was spent admiring the snow (I was originally from India and had never seen snow with my own eyes before), I had gathered some information about my surroundings. From what bits and pieces of conversation I could overhear on the street, the good news was that everyone was speaking English, albeit with a British accent. The bad news was that I also heard a few mentions of the name Winterfell and Stark, which could only mean one thing.

"Fuck... I'm in Westeros," I thought as the realization dawned on me.

While some people might cheer at that discovery, I was on the verge of a panic attack. The logical part of my brain made my legs walk towards the outskirts of the town, so I could have my mental breakdown in a place where no one could see me, instead of on a busy street. Once I found a secluded spot, I sat down on the ground with my back against a wall and tried to think of what I could do from the situation I found myself in.

As I sat there, a wave of emotions crashed over me. I was overwhelmed by the sudden change in circumstances and the realization that I was now in the world of Game of Thrones. Fear, anxiety, and confusion all competed for dominance in my mind. I knew I needed to come up with a plan, but I wasn't sure where to start.

As I sat there, trying to come to terms with my situation, a sense of despair and hopelessness washed over me.

"So I'm in Westeros, in the body of a 15-year-old peasant with no food or money. I'm not sure what year it is, but based on the vibe of the town, I don't think there is a war going on. Ideally, this is the time when my gamer system would activate and I could chill with the knowledge that I'm eventually going to be an overpowered god...

...

...okay, fuck it, no gamer system. But I've gotta have some superpower, right?"

As I muttered the words to myself, I couldn't help but feel frustrated and angry. I had no idea what had happened to me or how I was going to get out of this mess. All I knew was that I was completely out of my depth, and that filled me with a sense of fear and uncertainty.

After twenty minutes of doing stupid power-up poses, I got nothing. Frustrated, I punched the wall, and all I got for my efforts was a bleeding knuckle. Just as I was watching my bleeding knuckle and about to have another mental breakdown about dying from an infection, it finally happened: my hand stopped bleeding and the torn skin just got instantly fixed.

It takes some time for me to process what just happened, I finally laugh like a maniac.

"I think I can work with that."

After I realized that I had some kind of healing ability, I felt hope and excitement inside me. Suddenly, my situation didn't seem quite so dire. I had a superpower, and that meant I had some control over my fate. I still had no idea what I was going to do or how I was going to survive, but at least now I had a fighting chance.

I decided to go out of town to a nearby forest to practice my powers, as I didn't want anyone to see me trying to mutilate myself. After walking about thirty minutes into the forest, I looked for sharp stones that I could use to test the limits of my self-healing powers.

After a few cuts all over my body, I realized that basic cuts and deep wounds on muscles healed almost instantly, but they still hurt exactly as much as they should. Not having the courage to cut off my fingers, I started thinking in a different direction and saw if I could extend my powers beyond myself. I spent about five minutes looking for a squirrel and another hour trying to catch

it before I gave up and started looking for smaller animals. I eventually found a few insects that I could start experimenting on.

As soon as I touched a small spider and tried to exert my powers, I staggered as a wave of information got downloaded into my brain about the functions of each and every cell present in the spider. It took me a few moments to orient myself and I realized that my powers were much more than just self-healing. I basically had the powers of Panacea from Worm, meaning I could completely change the biology of any organic creature, as long as I had the biomass for it.

As I absorbed this new information, a mix of excitement and fear coursed through me. On the one hand, I had the potential to do some amazing things with my powers. On the other hand, I had no idea how to control them or what the limits were. I knew I had to be careful and not get carried away, but I couldn't help the thrill of possibility that ran through me.

After playing around with my powers for a few hours, I was now holding an unholy abomination in my hand. It looked like a mosquito-spider hybrid, twice as big as my hand, with really sharp legs whose main function was to turn things into pincushions rather than for mobility, as legs were pointless for walking when you have wings. Normally, holding a giant bug would have scared the shit out of me, but my powers had made sure that it was asleep and I had somehow programmed its brain to follow some basic commands from me.

As I woke up my creation, it opened its eyes immediately and I flinched as I saw its black eyes staring at me. After waiting a few seconds to make sure it wouldn't attack me, I gave it a command to go hunt a squirrel and bring it back to me. It instantly flew away at speeds that should not be possible for something of its size. It returned in about thirty seconds with a dead squirrel in tow, hanging off two of its legs inside the squirrel's neck, and lands in front of me for further instructions.

As I inspected the dead squirrel, I noticed that it had only two small wounds on its neck and was otherwise fine. I smile at my creation,

"Your name shall be Skitter, my little friend, for you are absolutely terrifying."

As I gave Skitter her name, a sense of excitement and wonder filled me. I had created something truly amazing, and I couldn't wait to see what else I could do with my powers. At the same time, I knew I had to be careful and not get carried away. The potential for my powers was immense, but I also knew that if I was careless I could accidentally create a plague. I knew I needed to think carefully about how I used my abilities and make sure I didn't cause any harm. But for now, I couldn't help but feel a sense of accomplishment as I looked at Skitter, my very own, unique creation.

As I started to think about experimenting with the dead squirrel, I was hit with a wave of exhaustion and hunger and remembered that I hadn't eaten anything since arriving in this world,

about eight hours ago. I felt like I would pass out any second now and knew I needed to eat something fast before that happened.

As I looked at the dead squirrel, I came to a realization about what I had to do, and almost vomited at the thought. I knew I had to eat the squirrel, and I didn't have the ability or time to cook it over a fire. But I knew I had to do whatever it took to survive. So, I begrudgingly used my powers to turn the entire squirrel into a thick, green biomass paste and tried to make it as tasteless as possible before gulping it down. It took all of my willpower not to throw up the disgusting paste, and a few minutes after trying to get the taste out of my tongue, I felt the exhaustion hit again.

"Kill anything that comes near me."

As I gave Skitter one last command before passing out, a feeling of desperation and protectiveness washed over me. I knew that he was vulnerable in my unconscious state, and the thought of something attacking me while I was defenseless terrified me. I hoped that Skitter would be enough to protect me, and with that thought, I let the darkness take me.

Chapter - 2

I wake up to the sound of someone screaming, a sense of panic and confusion washed over me. I look around and see the gruesome scene in front of me, with dead bodies of all kinds of animals scattered around me in a circle, my heart begins to race. Another scream draws my attention away from the dead animals, and I see a person screaming and trying to stop their eyes from bleeding. My mind struggled to make sense of what was happening, and I felt scared. I finally find the cause of all this death, hovering over the dying person like an Apathetic God.

A feeling of pride swelled up in my chest as I looked at Skitter just hovering over everything without a care. The screams of the man who is most likely a bandit, based on his attire and the dagger he was holding, interrupted my thoughts again and I started to get annoyed. So, I walked up to the flailing bandit, touched his head, and stopped his heart, silencing the screams immediately. But then, a moment of clarity hits me and I realize that I needed a live human to test my powers on before using them on myself. So, I started the bandit's heart again and just paralyzed him from the neck down.

I called Skitter to me, feeling grateful for her help, and gave her some upgrades by giving her longer legs and a denser exoskeleton using the biomass of the dead animals nearby.

As I searched for dry twigs and leaves to start a fire, my stomach growled loudly, reminding me of how hungry I was. The thought of eating another bland, green biomass paste made me shudder, and I knew I had to find something else to eat.

After a few unsuccessful attempts at trying to start a fire by using two rocks I found I have a brilliant idea and called Skitter over. I asked her to scratch her steel like legs against a rock, and the sparks were enough to start a fire. I quickly roasted some boar meat, and although it was bland, it tasted like heaven after the disgusting paste I had eaten the previous day.

As I sat there, eating the boar meat, the severity of the actions I was about to commit hits me like a sledgehammer. "I've been in this world for less than a day and am already going to experiment on a person, kill him, and use his corpse to make myself stronger." The thought made me feel guilty and uneasy, but I knew that I needed to do everything I could to survive in this harsh world. Despite my moral qualms, I knew I had to be practical and do whatever it took to survive in this new world.

I, after a few minutes of internal debate, decided to adjust my moral compass a bit. "I will try my best to help the people that need it, but it will not be at the expense of my safety."

With that decision made, I approach the paralyzed bandit lying on the ground and start to test my powers. After a few hours, I realized that I wasn't skilled enough in my control yet to mess with sensitive organs like the brain or eyes, but I could definitely make my bones dense enough that a sword would not even leave a mark on them and I could make my muscles strong enough

to lift almost anything. While a sword could still cut through my muscles, albeit with some difficulty, my regeneration would fix it in an instant.

To upgrade my bones and muscles, I used the bandit's corpse and almost all the dead animals in the clearing, leaving only a few pieces of boar meat to be eaten later. I then looted the bandit's corpse, found a decent knife, a few copper coins, some clothes, and a satchel to carry everything in.

I packed everything into my new satchel and prepared to leave the forest. I couldn't help but feel a mix of excitement and fear for the unknown adventures that awaited me in this strange world.

After telling Skitter to stay hidden in the edge of the forest and to come only when I called her, I ventured back into the small town with more confidence than when I left it. I figure that I had put off finding out which stage of the plot I was in for too long, so I went to the most reliable source of information in a medieval town: the local tavern.

As I take a seat at a table in the corner, a friendly waitress approaches me. "What can I get for you, dear?" she asks with a warm smile. I place three copper coins on the table and request the cheapest meal I can get, along with a large mug of water.

The waitress returns shortly with a hearty stew, a pie, and an overflowing mug of water. I ravenously devour the food, feeling a sense of relief wash over me as I satisfy my hunger. As I finish, the waitress returns to ask if I need anything else.

"Well, I'm a little lost. Could you tell me what town I'm in?" I ask.

"Oh, you're in Mole's Town," she replies with a kind smile. "Where were you supposed to be?"

"I was on my way to Winterfell when I got a little lost on the way. Could you give me some directions?" I ask, hoping for any bit of information.

"Hoping to see the Northern army come home, are you? You're not that far off. Just take the Kingsroad out of the village. If you leave now on foot, you'll reach Winterfell in two days," the waitress replies with a hint of excitement in her voice.

Even though I am almost sure why there would be an army returning to Winterfell, I feel it is prudent to confirm my suspicions.

"The rebellion is over?" I ask, my heart racing with excitement.

"Haven't you heard? You must have been lost for a long time. The King and the lord paramounts defeated the Greyjoy rebels a moon ago," the waitress explains, a look of concern crossing her face as she realizes how much I have missed.

"I see. Thanks for the stew and the news. Here's another copper," I say, pulling out another coin and placing it on the table as a tip. She gratefully accepts it and returns to the kitchen.

After confirming that I have a few years before the plot could begin, it is time to decide if I should interfere with the plot.

I am torn. On one hand, I am curious about what would happen if I disrupted the events that are already set in motion. It is tempting to see how things would play out if I interfere with the story. On the other hand, I am afraid of the unknown and the potential consequences of my actions.

But as I walk towards the edge of the town, a feeling of excitement begins to grow inside me. I can't shake the feeling that this is my chance to make a difference, to leave my mark on this world.

With a surge of determination, I make my decision. "Fuck it," I say aloud. "It would be boring to keep the plot intact anyway. I'm going to go to Winterfell, and see where the wind takes me."

My heart is racing as I consider the possibilities that lie ahead. I know that this decision will change the course of the story, and there's no telling where it will take me. But that's part of the excitement - the unknown, the potential for adventure.

As I leave the town, I call Skitter to me and tell her to follow me discreetly. I walk along the Kingsroad for a few hours, feeling a mix of excitement and anxiety at the prospect of interfering with the plot. I'm not sure what to expect, but I'm determined to make the most of my time in this world.

However, my thoughts are interrupted when Skitter notifies me of three bandits lying in wait for me a few meters ahead. My heart races as I prepare myself for a confrontation, the adrenaline coursing through my veins. I know that with my abilities, I have the upper hand. I approach the bandits with a sense of confidence and determination, ready to take them on.

I smile and continue walking while mentally commanding Skitter to deal with two of them while I deal with one on my signal. As soon as I get close enough, they jump out of their hiding spots, surrounding me and pointing their swords at me.

"It's your unlucky day, boy," one of them sneers. "Give us all your coin and we might let you keep your head."

I stand tall, my fists clenched at my sides and smile. "You'll try," I say, my voice filled with confidence. "But you will fail."

The bandits looked at each other and chuckle, clearly thinking the boy was an easy target. But I was ready for them. At my command, Skitter emerged from the bushes and attacked two of the bandits, while I focused my attention on the third one.

I moved quickly, dodging his sword strikes effortlessly because of my speed and size. He was skilled, but I had the advantage of my powers and the element of surprise on my side. After dodging one more strike I close the distance and touch his uncovered face, he drops like a puppet with its strings cut off, completely paralyzed.

I turn to check on Skitter and saw that she had already taken down the other bandit. They lay on the ground, their eyes destroyed and holes in their necks.

I loot all of their money and look at the corpses in front of me. Instead of letting all of that biomass go to waste, I start dragging them into the forest and ask Skitter to scout around for an animal, preferably a predator, that I could upgrade. I know that I can't upgrade myself or Skitter anymore without months of practice fine-tuning my powers.

Skitter returns after I have dragged the corpses a bit deeper into the forest and beckons for me to follow her.

As I walk, I come across a shocking sight that fills me with a mix of emotions. A direwolf pitch black in color, half my height, lies on the ground, breathing slowly, with two arrows sticking out of its stomach. I approach the animal cautiously, and as it spots me, it has no energy to do anything other than slightly glare at me.

I slowly reach out to touch it, putting it to sleep and stopping the bleeding. The feeling of relief that the animal is no longer in pain washes over me as I make sure it is asleep. I slowly remove the arrows, making sure not to do any more damage and heal its wounds.

I then loot the corpses of the bandits, finding some more coin and a decent-looking sword. After that I start working on upgrading my new companion, excited at the thought of having another powerful companion by my side.

As I work on the direwolf, I realize that adding any extra organs or appendages to the direwolf would work against the predator who has naturally evolved over time. I feel a sense of respect for the animal's natural abilities and decide to give it basic upgrades, such as stronger muscles, denser bones, and sharper teeth. I also make it almost twice as big as it originally was, using all the biomass the bandits provided.

Just like that, after a few hours of work, I have a huge, overgrown dog that is trying to lick my face. I had always wanted a dog in my previous life but my dad did not like dogs so it never happened.

"You shall be named Fenrir, because my creativity in naming leaves much to be desired."

The feeling of affection and bonding towards my new companion washes over me as I calm it down and mentally give it a command to go and test its new body while trying to hunt

something. After Fenrir runs off into the woods, I notice that it's almost dark, so I start looking for twigs to start a fire. I find a nice clearing not too deep in the forest and start a fire with the help of Skitter, and just in time, Fenrir comes back dragging a dead deer bigger than him with his mouth. The sight of the proud animal with its big catch fills me with a sense of pride and accomplishment.

I whistle in amazement at the size of the deer, and it drops the animal at my feet and sits down like the good boy it is. I pat its head affectionately for a job well done and separate the good meat from the animal to be cooked over the fire.

Just as I am resting while waiting for the meat to cook, Skitter, who had been flying over the trees, informs me of some people running in the direction of my temporary camp. My heart starts racing and my mind instantly goes into flight mode, but then I remember that I have powers now, and I have Skitter and Fenrir with me. So, with confidence in my ability to survive, my curiosity wins over, and I decide to go see who they are.

Chapter - 3

I tell Skitter to stay out of sight, and she instantly flies and hides in a tree while Fenrir, who was sitting next to me, goes from friendly dog to terrifying hunter mode. I can see the protective instincts of my companion kicking in and feel reassured that we can handle whatever comes our way.

It didn't take long for me to reach where the commotion seems to be happening and my anxiety turns to surprise as I see a group of bandits surrounding a young boy who was lying in a pool of his own blood, with an arrow protruding from his chest. I couldn't help but think, 'This place sure has a lot of bandits, this is the third group I've run into and it's only my second day here.'

He regretted everything. The day had started like any other, after waking up he had heard the news that his father would be returning home in just one more day while he was breaking his fast. With a smile, he had gone to the courtyard to train with Robb using wooden blades. He was getting better in swordplay, as evidenced by the fact that he finally disarmed Robb.

However, before he could celebrate his victory, he heard a word that brought him down. A word that had been thrust upon him at birth, a word that he had no say in.

"Bastard."

He didn't see who had said the word nor did he care, it wouldn't matter anyway. Normally, it would not have affected him any more than usual, but this particular day was different. It was his nameday. He had finally turned ten and one, and before the day even began properly, he was reminded of what he was born as. Unlike in previous years, his father was not there to help him.

The weight of the word was too much for him to bear. He couldn't take it anymore. He ran away from the courtyard, ignoring everyone shouting his name, with no care for where he would end up. He was certain that anywhere would be better than being here where he was only known by that accursed term.

But he was wrong. Oh, how wrong he was. He had run out of Winterfell and hadn't stayed on the road for long, and ran into the forest to hide in case anyone came looking for him. It had seemed like a smart decision at the time. "Stupid...stupid," he kept muttering as he continued to run through the forest, motivated by the noises following him.

He tried to take in large breaths of air to keep running, but the cold northern air just kept biting into his lungs, and his stomach kept reminding him that he had not eaten anything all day.

"You can stop running, little bastard. We won't harm you...much," one of the men chasing taunted him.

"It entirely depends on how much you run," another added.

"Yeah, we mostly want you alive. Can't ransom a dead body, can you?" another chimed in.

He kept hearing the voices taunting him, and their voices seemed to be getting closer. His mind unhelpfully connected the dots, telling him that there were probably bandits who were in Winterfell, had seen him run away, and decided to follow him so that they could ransom him off later.

Panic set in as he realized that he could not keep running for long. He pushed himself to run faster, but his legs were growing weaker with every step. The bandits' laughter grew louder, and he could hear them getting closer.

He looked around frantically for a place to hide, but the dense forest offered no refuge. He stumbled and nearly fell, but caught himself just in time. He knew that he couldn't keep running much longer.

Suddenly, he felt a sharp pain in his chest, and he lost his ability to breathe. He tumbled to the ground, unable to do anything anymore other than listen to the footsteps approaching him.

"Fuck, Rolf. Why the fuck did you aim for his chest?" one of the bandits cursed.

"I wasn't. I was aiming for his leg, but the little runt wouldn't stop running," Rolf replied.

"Now what the fuck do we do? We can't ransom the Stark bastard if he's dead and has an arrow sticking out of him," another bandit added.

'Oh, so that's what that pain was. I have an arrow in my chest,' he thought numbly as one of the bandits used his legs to roll him over.

"He ain't dead, Will," one of them said.

"With how much he's bleeding, he won't be for long," Will replied.

"What do we do now?" another asked.

"Best we kill him and get the fuck out of here before someone sees us," Will sighed at the lost coin and suggested.

He felt helpless, lying there on the ground unable to move a muscle with an arrow in his chest. He didn't want to die, not like this. He had always thought that he would meet his end in battle, fighting in a great war, not at the hands of a bandit with bad aim.

"Awwoooooooooooo...."

Just before Jon felt like he was going to pass out, he hears the howl and the bandits freeze in their tracks.

He feels a glimmer of hope that maybe he could live to see another day. But that hope is instantly crushed when he hears a growl from behind him and he realizes that the bandits were scared of something very big and dangerous behind him and he was in no position to turn and look.

From his very limited vision he sees the biggest Direwolf he had ever seen striding into view, letting out a fierce growl that sends shivers down the spine of the bandits.

"What the fuck is that thing, Why is it so big?" One of the bandits whispered, his voice trembling with fear.

Before they could think of running, The bandit who had shot an arrow at him starts screaming when something flies into his face and everyone turns to look at him.

"Rolf, no!" One of the bandits shouted.

That seemed to be their final mistake as he sees the massive direwolf jump and use the bandits distraction to its advantage and quickly lunges at Will, and rips his throat out with a sickening crunch, before anyone else could register what had happened.

The remaining bandits panic and try to flee, but direwolf was too fast for them. The not so small bug which had started the fight picked off the remaining archers with its sharp pincers, while the direwolf took down the rest by dismembering whoever was closest to it. The sound of flesh being ripped apart and the screams of the bandits filled the air as the battle raged on.

"Run!" One bandit shouted as he tried to flee, but was quickly taken down by the bug.

The battle was intense, and the sounds of howling, growling, and screams filled the forest. The bandits tried to fight, but they were no match for the animals. In the end, none of them managed to escape, they lay dead or dying on the forest floor.

Jon stays paralyzed in fear and shock as he looks at all the death in front of him, the giant wolf and the scary insect that had been mercifully ignoring him until now. He prays that they keep ignoring him but that's when he sees another boy, slightly older than him, come out from the trees and walk towards the direwolf. He tries to warn him to run away, but no sound comes out of his mouth.

After the boy reaches the wolf, the entire air around the wolf changes from dangerous to friendly, and the huge insect just hovers around him. The boy pets the two animals who still had blood dripping from their mouths and legs like it was the most normal thing in the world.

I look at the boy, who is most definitely Jon Snow, laying on the floor looking at me trying to comprehend what he had just seen while still unable to make any sound courtesy of the arrow in his lung. I send Fenrir and Skitter away to start collecting the bodies that were spread about in the forest and approach Jon alone and ask, "Are you alright? Nevermind, Stupid question" .

I shake my head and place my hand on his neck to numb his chest. Before he can protest, I quickly remove the arrow from his chest and heal the wound. He takes in a deep breath, sitting up slowly and staring in disbelief at his chest, which was now free of any holes. It takes him a few moments to speak again.

He looks up at me in awe and asks, "Who are you?"

"The name's El," I reply. "What's yours?"

"My name is Jon Snow," Jon said.

"Are... Are you a Mage? You can do magic, can't you?" he asks nervously, both afraid and excited about the answer to come.

I chuckled, "You could say I'm more of a Healer than a Mage."

Jon looks at me in awe, "I've never seen anything like this before. How do you do it?"

I shrug, "It's just something I can do. Not really sure how."

"Can you show me!?" Jon exclaimed, jumping up to his feet and nearly bouncing in his excitement.

"Unless you are leaking blood from anywhere else I'd rather not" I say which calms him down a bit

Jon nodded, "Thank you, El. For saving me."

I shrug, "No need to thank me. So you hungry?"

I hadn't expected to run into Jon Snow outside of Winterfell as I had never heard about anything like this happening in the story, so I improvised and helped him by dealing with the bandits and healed him so that he doesn't die and to show him a small portion of my powers.

Now, I could just go to Winterfell with Jon and that would guarantee me a meeting with Eddard Stark. I could show him my healing abilities to get a place to stay and a job at whatever the equivalent of a hospital was in this world. I could stay there and experiment with my powers until the plot begins, which should be about eight years from now after I got a good look at Jon, who looked about eleven years old.

I continued to act like I didn't know who Jon was and tried to make small talk.

"So, where are you from?" I ask, trying to sound casual.

"I'm from Winterfell," Jon replied, still trying to process everything that had happened.

"Oh, nice. I'm on my way to Winterfell too. You'll have to show me the way though, I've gotten lost twice already," I said sheepishly, feeling a little embarrassed.

Jon sat next to a fire, eating some cooked meat, opposite of El and Fenrir, who were also eating. He still couldn't quite believe everything that had happened in the past few hours. He had foolishly ran away from Winterfell in order to get away from the people calling him a 'bastard' and see his father

His idiocy had almost led him to be kidnapped and killed, only to be saved by a boy only a few years older than him who had healing magic and two very scary pets. His mind was still filled with a mix of emotions, fear, gratitude, and confusion. He was still trying to make sense of the events that had just transpired. He felt grateful to El for saving his life, but at the same time, he couldn't help but wonder what kind of person was capable of such power and control over dangerous creatures. He decided to take it one step at a time and go back to Winterfell with El.

"Do you want to rest for the night or are you in a hurry to get back home?" El asks Jon after they finished eating.

Jon looks a little embarrassed as he explains that the reason he left Winterfell was that he wanted to see the army coming home and meet his father and conveniently leaves out the main reason. He adds that if they left now, they might be able to find the camp of the army. El give Jon his best 'Are you fucking stupid' look, but then sighs and agrees, as he is also curious to see what a medieval army looks like with his own eyes.

They pack up and set off into the night, with Jon taking the lead and El and Fenrir close behind, Skitter following them in the air.

Chapter - 4

They walk for a few hours in the night and finally around dawn they see the tents of the army camp in the distance.

It takes them another half an hour until they reach the camp and a few soldiers stop us from getting any closer when they spot us after they see Fenrir and I facepalm cause Jon had gotten so comfortable around Fenrir that I forgot other people would freak out if they saw a Direwolf as big as Fenrir, especially a fully armed army on their way back home.

So I tells Fenrir to sit down and I sit down with him while using him as back support and I tell Skitter to fly high so that she couldn't be spotted, the soldiers look like they couldn't process what they were seeing and Jon goes up to the few soldiers he recognised to explain the situation before any misunderstanding could happen.

Jon approaches the soldiers, his heart pounding with a mix of excitement and anxiety. "Jory it's me Jon" he says, trying to keep his voice steady.

One of the soldiers, a tall man with a thick beard, looks at him in surprise. "Jon? What are you doing out here? And who's that with the direwolf?".

"I wanted to see the army coming home and meet my father," Jon explains. "I got lost on my way back and they saved me from some bandits."

The soldier looks at him in disbelief, "I'll take you to Lord Stark right away. Tell your friends to wait where they are until Lord Stark decides how to proceed"

Jon nods, relieved. "Thank you," he says, and tells Ei to wait there before following the soldier into the camp.

Seeing Jon go into the camp I continue to rest on Fenrir without any care for the increasing number of soldiers coming to gawk at us, and think of one of the problems that I had been putting off until now.

I touch the grass under my feet and try to use my powers and I scan it. I get the information about its cells immediately but frustratingly I also learn that trying to change anything even small in the grass would leave me exhausted immediately almost as if it resisted my powers to an extreme degree. It was something that puzzled me but I wasn't in any immediate rush to figure it out.

Jon followed Jory into the tent and saw his father, Eddard Stark, sitting at a table writing some letters. Ned's eyes widened in surprise as he looked up at his son.

"Jon, what are you doing here? Did something happen at Winterfell?" Ned asked, concern etched on his face.

Jon's stomach twisted with guilt as he explained what had happened. He told his father how he had foolishly wandered out of Winterfell to see the army and meet him, only to get lost and nearly be killed by bandits.

Ned's expression turned from concern to anger as he listened to Jon's tale. "You foolish boy! What were you thinking? You could have been killed!" he exclaimed.

Jon hung his head, ashamed of his actions.

"And what of this mage you mentioned? The one with the direwolf?" Ned asked, his voice calmer but still filled with anger and suspicion.

"He's waiting outside the camp, Father. The soldiers were frightened by the direwolf," Jon replied.

Ned let out a sigh and shook his head. "I'll send for him and we'll hear his story. But you, Jon, I'll decide your punishment after we return to Winterfell."

Jon nodded, knowing his father was right. He had acted foolishly and was lucky to be alive. He vowed to be more careful in the future and to listen to the advice of those wiser than himself and not let what others call him affect him.

After a few minutes, one of the soldiers slowly approaches me and says, "Follow me."

"Can I bring Fenrir with me?" I ask, gesturing towards the large direwolf by my side.

The soldier hesitates for a moment before asking, "Are you sure he's not going to attack anyone?"

I nod confidently, "As you can see, he hasn't done anything yet and he won't do anything unless someone comes at us with a sword or something."

The soldier nods, "Alright, you can bring the wolf."

"What's your name?" I ask while following him, trying to make small talk.

"William," the soldier replies without saying anything else and just leads the way.

The soldiers create a path, and I confidently walk behind William, my heart beating with excitement. They reach what looked to be the main tent, and Jon and Eddard Stark walk out. Eddard looks as surprised as everyone when he sees me and Fenrir.

"Father, this is El and Fenrir. They saved me from the bandits! Fenrir fought off the bandits, and El healed me after I was shot with an arrow in my chest!" Jon said, trying to hide his nervousness as he introduced us.

Eddard Stark looked exactly as I had imagined, down to the smallest detail, especially his expression. He looked at me and Fenrir, and then lingered on my direwolf for a few moments.

Finally turning back to me, he asked, "El, do you not have a last name? Where are you from?"

"I'm just an orphan, not from any particular place," I answered, shrugging carelessly as I improvised a generic backstory.

"And you just happened upon some bandits trying to kill my son?" He asked me suspiciously.

"I was on my way to Winterfell and had decided to make camp in the forest after dusk when I heard all the commotion. The bandits were not trying to be stealthy," I explained.

"And what were you planning to do in Winterfell?" He asked.

"Nothing much, really. I've heard a lot about the amazing castle and wanted to see it for myself. After that, I was planning to head further north to see the Wall. I've heard it's quite the sight. Maybe I can offer my healing services in exchange for coin along the way," I replied.

Stark continued to look at me, searching for any signs of deception on my face, but I was quite skilled at playing poker, so he wouldn't find anything.

Finally, he stopped looking and said, "You saved my son's life, El. House Stark owes you a debt of gratitude. I invite you to rest at Winterfell until you are ready to move on."

I slightly bowed my head in response, and saw Jon smiling at me from the side. "Your offer is much appreciated, my Lord," I said.

He nodded before continuing, "You mentioned that you have the ability to heal. Would you be willing to heal some of my men in the camp?"

My lips curled upwards. "Certainly, Lord Stark. I am happy to assist."

'Showtime,' I thought to myself.

Eddard Stark had seen a lot of things in his life, but what he was witnessing at the moment was not something he had ever seen before. He would happily admit that when Jon first told him of the boy who said he was ten and five name days old, had healed his chest, which had an arrow going through it, he was skeptical. But witnessing the boy heal about fifty of his soldiers, with various wounds varying from cuts, stabs, and broken limbs, with just a touch, was not something he would ever forget. Looking at the expressions on his soldiers' faces he was not alone in that regard.

Eddard Stark looks at the boy, El, with a mix of amazement and confusion. He had heard stories of sorcerers and magic in the world, but he always dismissed them as stories. But here he was, standing before a boy who could heal anyone with just a touch. He couldn't deny the evidence in front of him.

He decides to deal with it later, now that there were no more injured in the army; he could march at full sprint to Winterfell and reach it by sundown. So he gives the order.

The army packs up the camp and sets off.

Lord Stark had apologized for not having a horse for me to ride and offered to have me ride on one of the wagons. I decline and just ride on top of Fenrir instead.

As the evening approached, the magnificent castle of Winterfell came into view. It was a sight to behold and beyond what I had imagined. I had seen the castle shown in the show but comparing it to what was in front of me would be an insult. The fortress was far more awe-inspiring.

The first thing that struck me was the two sets of walls that protected the inner city. The outer wall was made of gray granite and was estimated to reach a height of nearly 80 feet. The inner wall was even taller. I noticed that the only entry point was a massive gatehouse on the northern side of the fortress, which was guarded by a real moat, 'I wonder if it has crocodiles in it'.

As I followed Lord Stark through the gatehouse and into the inner workings of Winterfell, I couldn't help but whisper "Awesome." The inner courtyard was expansive and surrounded by numerous structures that made up the bustling heart of the castle.

I was completely in awe of the grandeur of Winterfell and couldn't wait to explore more.

As we entered the courtyard, directly across from us was what could only be the primary keep within Winterfell. The keep stood twice as tall as any of the other buildings in the immediate vicinity.

Finished with my sightseeing, I straightened myself as the horses I was riding beside began to slow to a stop. As I start paying attention, I become aware of the group of people standing just before the entrance to the main keep.

At the front of the group he saw the rest of the Starks. He saw Catlyn Stark holding a baby he assumed was Bran along with Robb, Sansa, and Arya.

I kept myself concealed among the horses, observing Eddard Stark and his family as he dismounted with Jon and approached them. Catelyn greeted her husband warmly and affectionately, but her expression changed to anger when she saw Jon. The younger children ran up to hug their father, while Robb whispered with Jon after giving his father a quick hug. It appeared that the younger children were unaware of Jon's recent disappearance.

There was another boy who I noticed for the first time and I heard Lord Stark introduce him as Theon Greyjoy. 'I had completely forgotten about him'.

"We stumbled upon Jon this morning," Lord Stark spoke to someone wearing chains, who I assumed was Maester Luwin. "He would have died if not for the intervention of his newest friend."

That was my queue "I was just at the right place at the right time my Lord" I respond respectfully

It was then that almost everyone noticed me sitting on a giant direwolf and freaked out as expected until Lord Stark calmed them down again and assured everyone that the wolf was tame.

He then proceeded to introduce me to his family. "El, this is my wife Lady Catelyn Stark of House Tully."

"A pleasure, my Lady." I reply, bowing slightly.

"These are my children; my eldest and heir, Robb Stark. And my daughters, Sansa and Arya." Lord Stark continued.

"It is an honor to meet all of you," I greet them kindly.

Robb, Sansa and Arya however both merely stared at Fenrir in wonder and said wolf seemed to be enjoying the attention 'Is he striking a pose??'.

It was Arya who asked the most obvious question. "Can I touch him?"

"Arya!" Lady Stark snapped, turning sharply towards her youngest child.

Chuckling, I reached up and started petting Fenrir.

"You can go ahead," I said, smiling at the young girl. "Fenrir won't hurt you. He's very friendly."

Arya tentatively reached out her hand and stroked the wolf's fur. She looked up at me with a wide-eyed expression of wonder. "He's so soft," she said.

Lady Stark looked at me with suspicion. "Where did you come by this creature? And how did you tame him?" she asked.

"I found him wounded in the forest my Lady, I healed him and he's been with me ever since," I replied, still petting Fenrir.

She didn't look like she believed me but didn't want to create a scene in front of everyone so she just decided to leave with the children "Come, children, It is late, and you need your rest. You can speak to your father again tomorrow."

Lord Stark sighed, bearing a look of resignation, at his wife's behavior.

He then calls for one of the servants and says "See to it that El here is assigned a room in the guest quarters for the time being."

"Of course, my Lord." the servant says, bowing slightly before holding a hand towards the side building next to the keep. "If you will please follow me, I will show you to your room"

I gave Lord Stark one last nod and turned to follow the servant towards what he could only assume were the guest quarters. 'This is going to be fun.'