

Chapter - 9

After making sure that nothing in my lab was actually on fire, I made my way to the keep and knocked on Lord Stark's solar.

"Come in," he called out.

I enter and see the Warden of the North go through the ever-present stack of paperwork.

"You called Lord Stark?" I ask, curious. It was very rare that he called me to the keep unless it was an emergency.

"The King has summoned you to King's Landing," he says, getting straight to the point.

"What, why?" I ask in confusion. I had gotten quite famous in the last two years, but I didn't think I had done anything to warrant the attention of the stuck-up nobles in the capital so suddenly.

"There has been an outbreak of the Winter Chill in the capital. Almost a fourth of the smallfolk are infected, along with quite a few of the residents of the Red Keep." he explains.

I blink in surprise. I hadn't seen that coming. I hadn't heard of anything like this happening in the story, so I must have messed up the plot already without kno- Ah, fuck, I see what happened, or at least a vague idea of what happened.

There was probably a Patient Zero somewhere who has now certainly passed away. In a world where I did not exist, he would have died in the place where he first contracted the disease, without spreading it. However, because I do exist, he attempted to travel to Winterfell to seek healing from the magic healer, possibly with a group of people. He died on the journey, but not before spreading the disease to others. And due to the increased traffic from merchants to Winterfell, which was also a result of my existence, the disease rapidly spread to all major cities.

'Im either correct or being overly narcissistic but whatever, no point in trying to figure out how it happened'

"I see. But why do I have to go in person? Can't I just send them a supply of the medicine I have made?" I ask, still feeling a bit bewildered.

He sighs, "That would have been the case if you weren't so well known throughout the realm already. My guess is that the lords in Kings Landing want to get a measure of you and see if they can use you in their games. And the King probably feels that the problem would be solved the fastest if you were there in person." Lord Stark explains with a frown, clearly unhappy with the situation.

I shrug, "Makes sense, I guess. When do I have to leave?" I asked, keeping my voice steady on the outside, but inside I felt a mix of annoyance and excitement. Although I was irritated about being summoned by the King, I had been contemplating traveling for a while. I was growing a bit bored of staying in Winterfell. Now, I finally had the perfect excuse to go on a journey.

"I will have a group of soldiers ready to escort you by tonight. You should reach the capital in a few sennights," Lord Stark replied.

"Um, Lord Stark, if time is of the essence, it would be best if I leave alone with Fenrir. You have seen how fast he is compared to horses, and he's probably the only escort I need. The soldiers would only slow us down, no offense my lord," I suggested.

I hardly needed an escort. I was pretty much invulnerable, if you don't count magic shenanigans, and I wouldn't have to do much fighting anyways if I had Fenrir with me.

I was extremely excited about the trip, but I wouldn't be able to do things freely if I had to babysit a group of soldiers. I also had no intention of spending an entire month just traveling. I could even make some detours on the way back, just to see the sights and mess with some infamous characters.

"Are you sure you will be fine all alone in the capital? It is not a place where even I would be comfortable being alone," Lord Stark said, looking at me with a concerned expression.

"It's alright, my lord. I'm smarter and stronger than I look, and if things go pear-shaped, it will be easier for me to escape if I only have Fenrir with me instead of a group of soldiers," I replied, trying to reassure him.

He contemplated my reasoning for a few moments and hesitantly agreed.

I took my leave and walked back to the clinic to prepare for my journey.

As I was leaving the keep, I saw Arya running down the hallway. Her eyes light up when she sees me, she runs past me without a word and hides in a room to my right. I was confused by her behavior until I saw Robb come into the hallway from the same direction, looking annoyed.

"El, have you seen Arya? She ran away from her lessons, and they sent me to track her down," Robb said.

"I have no idea, Robb. I just came from having a talk with your father in his solar," I say with a smirk, tilting my head towards the room Arya was hiding in.

Robb gets the message and plays along while slowly moving towards the room and catches her before she could run away.

Arya gave me a look of betrayal. "Traitor," she said.

"You wound me, little wolf. I clearly tried very hard to deceive your brother," I replied, trying to sound fake and sincere at the same time.

She just pouts at me until Robb asks, "What brings you to visit father? You normally don't come out of your clinic unless it's for training or hunting."

"I have to go to the capital," I replied nonchalantly. "There's been an outbreak and I've been summoned to help."

Arya's eyes widened in shock, "You're leaving?! When?"

"Tonight," I answered. "But don't worry, I won't be gone for long. I'll be back in two moons at the latest."

Despite my attempts to reassure them, it took a few more promises and bribes before they were satisfied and I was allowed to leave.

When I arrived at the clinic, I had a similar conversation with Freya. It took some time to calm her and assure her that I would be fine and would return soon. I explained to her that she couldn't come with me, as she was the only one who knew how to run the clinic.

After I finally got her to calm down, I told her I had to leave tonight, which caused another argument about how she was supposed to help me get ready for the capital. I got confused

"I didn't really need anything other than food and water for the journey."

She looked at me like I was an idiot and said, "You're going to go into Kings Landing in the same clothes you are wearing now??"

"Um, yes?"

She gave me a look that people give to kids when they say something particularly dumb.

"You're not going to meet the King and his court dressed like someone who lives in a forest. You are the White Mage, you need to dress the part."

"White Mage???" I asked, incredulous.

She lets out a weary sigh. "It's what people in the south call you."

My eyebrows furrowed. "Since when? And I thought they called me a heretic or demon worshiper or something equally unimaginative."

She rolls her eyes "You rarely pay attention, and the only ones that call you that are the septons. The rest of the southerners that come here to get healed by you call you the White Mage."

As Freya called me by the nickname I didn't even know I had, I couldn't help but feel disappointed. "That name is so plain and doesn't make sense. I never wear white, it's a nightmare to keep clean. I'd much rather be called the Black Mage," I grumbled.

Freya appeared exasperated with my failure to grasp the importance of my name and appearance. My confused and crestfallen expression only seemed to annoy her further.

"I'll be back," she said, before leaving the clinic to gather the things she deemed necessary for my journey to the capital.

So I grumbled to myself and headed to my laboratory to take a look at some of my experiments, since I wouldn't be there for a while. I also made the decision to destroy some of the dangerous experiments to prevent any accidents from occurring in my absence. Then I went to pack some food for the journey.

As I entered my bedroom, I was greeted by the sight of Skitter perched on my windowsill.

"Hey girl," I said, "I'm going to have to leave you behind this time. I need someone to protect Freya and the clinic in case anyone tries their luck when Fenrir and I are gone."

Skitter dipped her head once in agreement, and I took a moment to pet her before she disappeared off to who knows where.

While having an invisible assassin in the Red Keep might sound like a good idea, I didn't plan to kill the annoying characters before the plot started. That would be too easy and life would get boring too soon. Instead, it would be better to mess with people and watch their reactions.

It took a few hours to gather everything I needed for my trip, but finally, I was ready. Just as I was packing my last item, Freya entered the room, holding a white trench coat.

"Wow, that looks nice," I said, trying to make a joke. "It would look even better if it was black though."

Freya looks displeased with my comment. "Just take it, okay?" she says, her voice cold.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it that way," I quickly apologize, trying to make amends. "It's just that I was surprised you managed to get it so quickly."

"I've been working on it for a while," she says, her tone softening.

"You made this?" I ask, impressed.

"Of course, why do you look so surprised?" she says, her tone now sounding a bit offended.

"I didn't know you could sew," I say, surprised. She looked insulted by my comment, so I didn't say anything more on the topic.

"Thank you for the coat, Freya. I truly don't know what I would do without your help," I say, expressing my gratitude and appreciation for her.

She smiles warmly in response, "You're welcome."

"So, when do you plan on leaving?" she asks, looking at me expectantly.

"I've got everything packed and ready to go," I answer, feeling a mix of excitement and sadness. "I just need to speak with Lord Stark before departing."

As I put on my new coat, I couldn't help but admire it, despite white not being my preferred color. Freya takes my old coat and mentions something about burning it. I wisely decide not to voice any objections.

Together with Fenrir, we set off towards the keep to inform Lord Stark of my upcoming journey. Upon arriving in the courtyard, I was surprised to see the entire Stark family waiting for me.

"You're traveling light, I see," Lord Stark comments, observing my modest satchel.

"I don't really need much," I explain. "I'm just bringing some medicine for the Winter Chill. It's easier to make it in the capital than to bring it all the way here and then across the continent."

Lord Stark nods and hands me two scrolls, each bearing the emblem of a direwolf. "The first will ensure that you reach the capital without any interference from lords who might try to stop you," he explains, his voice serious. "The second is a message for the King."

I thank Lord Stark and say my goodbyes to everyone. I nod at Lady Stark, while she had stopped trying to condemn everything I did after I healed Bran, we still weren't really on friendly terms, you could say.

I exchange farewells with the children, promising to bring back gifts from the capital.

As I turn to bid farewell to Freya, I am at a loss for words. But to my surprise, she leans in and gives me a kiss. A warmth spreads through me, and I can't help but smile. "I'll be back soon," I promise her, as I gaze into her eyes.

I climb on top of Fenrir, pat him on the side,

"Let's go, my friend. Adventure awaits," He sets off like the wind, excited for our journey ahead.

Chapter - 10

It had been three days since I left Winterfell, and Fenrir had been blitzing past landmarks at an incredible pace. I stopped briefly near the Twins, at the entrance of the Riverlands, to contemplate whether I had the patience to deal with the Frey's version of nonsense or whether I should swim the river instead. In the end, I decided to swim the river and maybe mess with them on the way back. At the pace I was going, I knew I would make it to King's Landing in about four days.

As I looked at the landscape blurring past me, I began to plan what I could do when I arrived at the capital. I knew enough information to start a war within five minutes of meeting the king, but I decided to hold on to that for now as it would be too straightforward and suspicious on my part. Instead, I needed to focus on the main issue I was summoned for. I could just make the pills and hand them over to be distributed, but I was almost 100% sure that most of the pills I gave out would end up missing or stolen to be later sold to the highest bidder. I didn't really care much about money after I came to the new world, but I wasn't going to let someone exploit me so easily.

This was going to be my debut in King's Landing, so I would have to do something big and flashy that would make the "White Mage" known across all of Westeros. A grin spread across my face as a plan began to form in my head.

Four days later, I could see King's Landing in the distance and I told Fenrir to slow down as the smell hit us both. "Oh boy, if this is how strong the smell of shit is this far away, Fenrir might just die when we make it to the city," I thought as I looked at Fenrir trying to bury his nose in the ground. Taking pity on my friend, I just touched his fur and dampened his sense of smell to a huge margin, and I did the same to myself. He looked a lot better now, but was still uncomfortable at having one of his main senses dulled. But there wasn't much I could do at the moment and it would only be for a few days if everything goes according to my plan.

As I approached the gate, I knew I must have been quite the sight, my white coat contrasting quite well with Fenrir's black fur. I would have to remember to get something nice for Freya as a proper thank you before I returned. I went past the long line of people waiting to get inside the capital and approached the guards. One of the braver ones finally spoke up.

"H-Halt, state your business in the capital," he said.

I smiled at him, "The King has summoned me," and handed him the scroll that Lord Stark had given me.

He took the scroll with shaky hands and read it. His pale face paled even more as he apologized for the inconvenience, "Ser Healer, w-we weren't expecting you for another sennight."

"Ahh, considering the situation, I decided to come post haste and my mount is pretty fast," I said, patting Fenrir. Although I was a bit confused about being addressed as a Ser, I didn't dwell on it too much.

"Of course, Ser Healer, one moment," he said, returning the scroll to me and yelling at the other guards to open the gate.

I nodded at the guard and moved past the gate, aware of all the eyes on me. I had been quite a shy kid in my previous life, but I seemed to be turning into quite an attention whore in this life. Fenrir walked slowly down the road, giving me ample time to take in the scenery around me. At first glance, it looked like one would expect, but it only took a second glance to see the poverty and hopelessness of the people living here, on top of the foul odor that I could still smell, even after dampening my senses.

I went through what looked like the marketplace to look at the wares and noticed something interesting. I smirked, as I had just found the perfect excuse to not make the pills, just as I had expected. Now, if the king or the members of the small council asked me to mass-produce or "asked me to anyway," I had a valid reason to deny them.

As I arrived at the Red Keep, I couldn't help but be awed by its grandeur. Made of a stunning pale red stone, it commanded a majestic presence, overlooking the mouth of the Blackwater Rush. The Keep boasted seven colossal drum-towers, each adorned with iron ramparts, serving as a testament to the might and power of the kingdom's rulers.

'Maybe I should become the king just to be able to call this castle mine..., Na, the rest of the city is shit and it'll be too much work to take over and fix everything. I'd rather just make sure to subtly let everyone know not to fuck with me,' I thought to myself.

As I reached the stables, I realized that someone from the gate must have alerted everyone important of my arrival because I wasn't stopped by a single guard and no one tried to stop me from taking Fenrir, which was unexpected. I rolled with it and kept going. I dismounted from Fenrir, as I didn't want to be too rude. I reached the entrance of the castle with Fenrir, and a servant greeted me nervously, taking sideways glances at Fenrir, but didn't say anything. Instead, he wordlessly gestured for me to follow him.

We reached what I could only assume was the throne room given the sheer size of the room and the herald announcing their arrival.

"Your Grace King Robert Baratheon of House Baratheon, her Grace Queen Cersei of House Lannister. Announcing the arrival of El, the White Mage of Winterfell!"

As I stepped into the throne room of the Red Keep, a hush fell over the people present, and they quickly scurried to the sides, creating a path. While it would have been flattering to believe

that their actions were due to my reputation and imposing presence, the reality was that everyone was likely awed by Fenrir's imposing size and menacing aura.

As I stepped foot into the throne room, I couldn't help but feel a sense of...awe. The room was enormous, perhaps even large enough to fit the entirety of the great hall of Winterfell within and still have room to spare. Tall, vaulted ceilings. Glass windows with intricate works of art decorating their surfaces. Pillars with ornate carvings embellished with gold and jewels. The room was like a work of art ...with one notable exception. The monstrosity that was the Iron Throne perched upon the dais at the far end of the hall.

I remembered from the story that after he'd conquered the Seven Kingdoms, King Aegon I had taken the swords of over a thousand men from his fallen adversaries and used them, along with the fire from his dragon, to forge the Iron Throne. The throne was designed purposefully to be uncomfortable, and that many kings had cut themselves on the throne.

The unsymmetrical monstrosity in front of me wasn't the pathetic imitation from the show, It was the real deal and words could not describe how glorious it looked and I could somewhat understand why so many people died for a chance to sit on it.

Standing in front of the throne, separating it from the rest of the crowd, were seven men wearing gold tinted armor with heavy white cloaks around their shoulders, the Kingsguard. The best knights of the realm.

Just behind the Kingsguard were a handful of others that I was almost sure were the members of the small council.

There was only a single woman standing amongst them, and she was standing closest to the throne of the group. 'Cersei Lannister,' I thought as I walked closer to the throne.

Looking at her now, she somehow looked more beautiful than I had expected. However, I knew that beneath that beauty was a cold, heartless bitch who would do anything to keep her power. I also remembered a wise man once saying to never stick your dick in crazy.

Standing on the opposite side of the queen was an old man who was wearing a golden hand pin on his chest. 'The Hand of the King,' I thought. 'Lord Jon Arryn. I don't remember his face from the shows, probably because he died before episode one.' The man was not what I'd expected. He was old, very old. And going by the look in his eye, extremely tired.

The only other person standing beside the throne that caught my attention was the extremely old man that stood hunched over with more chains wrapped around his neck and shoulders than I had ever seen before. The Grand Maester. Though it was odd. The man was hunched over and he was shaking, but I could sense that he was angry, probably because I was called here for doing his job better than him by using "Magic".

And lastly, sitting atop the Iron Throne was the King, Robert Baratheon, First of his Name. He looked as fat as expected and not very impressive.

"El the White Mage of Winterfell!" the King bellowed from the throne.

"Your grace," I said, bowing. It would be annoying if people started yelling at my lack of respect so soon after my arrival.

"Rise," the King commanded.

I straightened up, and the King shifted his gaze from me to Fenrir, who was now looking around curiously at all the new faces that paled whenever his eyes passed over them.

"A fucking direwolf... bigger than a horse too." the king stated curiously. He then became serious.

"You sure it won't just start ripping people's throats out?"

"Yes, your grace," I replied. "He listens to me and won't attack anyone unless provoked."

The King's expression grew contemplative, "Very well you can keep him close but the moment he attempts to remove anyone's limbs I'll have him put to the sword".

I do my best to not laugh at the threat and just reply "Sounds fair your Grace" with a nod.

"Well then moving on to important matters, Healer," the King began, "I believe Ned has told you the gist of the situation. Do you think you can use your magic to cure one hundred thousand people of the winter chill?"

I knew it was time to put on a performance, so I confidently replied, "Definitely, your grace. I have thought of a few ways to deal with the epidemic on my journey here. Depending on which method you allow me to use, I can tell you how long it will take to do so."

"Go on," the King prompted.

"Well, the first method is quite simple, your grace," I began. "It just involves me going from one person to another and healing them individually. The only issue is, based on the number of people, it will take around two moons."

The King's face showed dissatisfaction, "Too long, I'm sure you have ways to do it faster."

"Of course, your grace," I quickly responded. "The second one is that I make the pills that you have seen I made in Winterfell. While I can make enough pills by tonight, I see some troubles arising with this method."

"What troubles? It worked in Winterfell. It should work here too," the King asked.

"I had the same thought, your grace," I said, sounding a little disappointed. "But after I reached Kings Landing, I saw quite a number of people in the market selling what they swore were pills made by the White Mage for eight silvers. Now, I am pretty sure that Lord Stark or I haven't sent anyone enough pills to be sold on the market and they were of the wrong size and color. So if we go through with this method, I am pretty sure most of what I make will end up getting lost or stolen and sold to the highest bidder, and the city will still be sick and dying."

The king looked very angry, his face darkening with rage, he turned to Varys "Is what he said true?"

"Sadly, yes, your grace," Vary replied, his voice filled with regret. "Ever since news of the White Mage's pills reached the capital, many swindlers have been using such a ruse to trick the people."

The king slammed his fist on the throne and yelled, "Renly, I want them found and thrown in the cells by the end of the day!"

Renly stammered in agreement, and I continued.

"I have one more option, your grace. I can make the medicine in a form where breathing it in would be enough to heal a person. But to make sure it works quickly and properly, I would need a pyre set up in the middle of the city." I threw in the bait and waited for the fish to bite and I didn't have to wait long.

"He's going to sacrifice the smallfolk in the pyre to practice his vile magic, your grace!" the Grand Maester shouted, his voice filled with fear and anger.

"Keep your mouth shut, Pycelle," the King said, glaring at the oldest man in the room with a look that made me realize that, despite his appearance, there was still quite a bit of strength left in King Robert.

"I have called him here to help the city with a duty which you have failed to perform. And, unlike you, I seriously doubt he is stupid enough to ask me to allow him to make human sacrifices in my kingdom?"

After shutting the grand maester up, he shifted his attention back to me and gestured for me to continue.

I smirk at Pycelle and continued, "I won't really need any human sacrifice, your grace. It's just a simple pyre, and any amount of animal meat you can spare. It doesn't really have to be the

edible parts, too. Bones work as well. With this, I can guarantee that in two days there will not be a single soul in Kings Landing suffering from the Winter Chill."

"Preposterous! Such medicine does not exist!" Grand Maester Pycelle exclaimed in disbelief.

"Pycelle!!" the King yelled, and glared at the Maester "I have already warned you once, the next time I will just cave your face in. Maybe that will finally shut you up!" the fury on his face was so evident that the Grand Maester started trembling as if his legs were about to give out.

"I hope you are not lying to me, Healer," the King said, after turning to me, his voice filled with suspicion

"I have no reason to lie, your grace," I reassured him. "And even if I am, you only need two days to confirm my words," I added.

"I see, Ned seems to trust you so I'll do the same for now, when can you start?" the King asked.

"It'll take me a few hours to get everything ready," I replied. "And if the pyre is set up by then, we can get started tonight," I added, my tone confident.

"Very well then," the King said, nodding his head. "Someone show him to a room where he can work and get the bloody pyre set up," he commanded.

Chapter - 11

After my declaration in the throne room, a servant showed me to one of the unused kitchens where someone had already brought in all the animal meat I needed to get myself started.

The plan I had uttered in front of everyone in the throne room was utter bullshit. I couldn't help but giggle to myself at the absurdity of setting shit on fire to spread the medicine in the air. I haven't lied so much in a long time. Even if I could make an aerosol version of the cure, the amount I would need to cure an entire city without it being blown away in the wind was not something that was comprehensible.

So why did I lie? You may ask. Well, my best plan to get rid of the chill was very efficient but not very grandiose. So I had to improvise and split it into two parts. The real plan to cure the disease was by using rats. I would make a lot of rats using the biomass I now had access to and use them to spread the cure just like they normally spread diseases. Except my rats would be designed to just spread the cure as much as possible instead of doing it by accident. I also made them able to spread the cure to existing rats in the city. But the cure to the winter chill was only one of the two things I was going to spread using the rats.

You see, over the span of my journey, I was thinking of the best way to leave an impact on Kings Landing, and the most obvious answer that came up was that I had to make the city stop smelling like shit. Now, how would I go about doing that? Very simple, I created a bacteria that literally eats shit and multiplies. Now, while this was actually very simple to make, it was very hard to later put a lot of kill switches on it, in case they somehow end up eating the planet. So I had to balance their lifespans with their multiplication rate and how long they could last without eating shit. I also made sure that they could not survive in an environment close to the normal body temperature of humans.

After I was sure I wasn't unleashing the end of the world, I let my army of rats run free and do their jobs. Now, the other side of my plan. The pyre, I hadn't really given it much thought. I just wanted to make something that looked like a magic ritual. I was going to make a flammable mixture of biomass, containing a lot of magnesium and aluminum, which would burn very hot and slow, and have an ethereal white flame to really just stay in theme of the white mage.

I take the remaining biomass and convert it according to my needs and transfer it into a container. I had enough of it to burn for about two days. I looked outside the window and saw that it was almost time.

Lord Stannis of all people comes in to inform me that the pyre was ready. I nod and tell him to lead the way while I carry the container.

We make our way outside the Red Keep in silence and Fenrir rejoins me, he had gone off somewhere after he got tired of watching me an hour into my prep. Hopefully, he had stayed out of trouble.

We ended up in the marketplace I had passed through when I got here. Although there was a larger crowd gathered along with what looked like the entire court that I had seen earlier.

I notice the king and queen standing near the huge pyre, 'Daim I didn't expect the queen to be here, she definitely thinks all this is beneath her. Well, maybe everyone is just curious to see a magic ritual I guess.'

That's when the King notices me "Healer, I see you made it. Are you done with your preparations?"

"I am, your grace," I replied, trying my best to hide the excitement in my voice.

"Very good," the King said. "When can you begin?"

"We can begin right away," I responded.

With purposeful strides, I made my way towards the unlit pyre and dumped all the fuel I had made. Looking up to the vast expanse of the night sky, I paused for a moment, as if offering a silent prayer to the powers that be - though truthfully, it was more for my own amusement than anything else.

As the sound of the gathered crowd faded into the background, I channeled the bioelectricity within me, illuminating my hand with a bright and crackling energy. With a steady hand, I made contact with the waiting fuel below, and in an instant, an otherworldly white flame erupted with a sudden burst of intense heat and light.

The gathered spectators gasped in awe as the flames rose higher and higher, their faces bathed in the ethereal glow of the blaze. A sense of satisfaction swelled within me as I watched everything unfold before my eyes, my inner smirk hidden behind a facade of calm composure.

We all watch the beautiful flame for a few minutes before the King asks "What now healer?"

"Now we wait, your grace. You should be able to see signs of it working by tomorrow, and it should have done its work by the day after," I say confidently as I can already sense my rats getting to work.

After all that, everyone went their separate ways. I was shown to one of the guest rooms. I fell asleep with a smile as I could already sense the smell decreasing by a small margin.

The next morning I woke up and went out onto the balcony and took a deep breath. It smelled immensely better than what I had to deal with yesterday. The bacteria were doing quite a fast job of getting rid of the shit, and the wind from the bay was doing a good job of blowing away

the existing smell. And with most of the shit gone, there was no more foul smell to keep replacing it.

One of the rats comes into my room, I pick it up, and look through the information it has for me. They had done a good job, the cure had been spread to about eighty percent of the sick and they were all on their way to get better. And because most of the rats traveled through the sewers that were filled with shit, the bacteria had thrived and exploded in numbers. 'I probably have to keep an eye on the little buggers, exponential growth is good and all but can get out of hand very fast.'

But I wasn't very worried, I had created quite a few kill switches on them. The main one was I just had to release a command and they would all start killing each other instead of multiplying.

Well, I could worry about that later. I had my fill of sunlight on the balcony and now I just needed something to eat before I got to see everyone's reactions. It had been odd that no one other than the King had spoken to me yesterday. Then I realized that a lot of them were still skeptical of me and were waiting for me to succeed or fail to deliver before trying to play their games accordingly. So today will probably be filled with me talking to all the important players in the capital. I couldn't help but feel a sense of amusement at the thought of all the political maneuvering that would happen as a result of my actions.

In the chamber of the small council, sitting in a high back chair with his head propped up by his hand was King Robert. The King was surprisingly sober for once as he stared down at the rest of the people in attendance.

Barristan Selmy stood silently at the King's back, while the remaining council members - Jon Arryn, Grand Maester Pycelle, Petyr Baelish, and Renly Baratheon - listened intently as Stannis Baratheon took up a report and began to speak.

"I have received confirmation from all the houses that have been collecting the sick in an effort to curb the spread of the disease," Stannis announced, his tone grave but steady. "As the Healer claimed, most of those afflicted have made significant strides towards recovery - or have already made a full recovery - since yesterday."

The weight of his words hung heavily in the air, and for a moment, no one dared to break the somber silence that had descended upon the council chamber.

The heavy silence in the council chamber did not last for long, as King Robert's chuckles soon filled the room.

"Fucking hells," Robert laughed and looked over at Pycelle. "You got anything to add to that report Pycelle"

The Grand Maester kept sputtering excuses "S-surely it's just a coincidence your Grace"

"A hundred thousand people getting better the day after the healer does his ritual, i thought you were more learned than that Pycelle" Stannis says in a dry tone, his expression showing a mix of frustration and disbelief.

Lord Arryn, sat up straighter. "Ignoring the Grand master's incompetence, we have another matter to discuss, a matter you all should have noticed by now".

"Yes, the fact that my city does not smell like shit anymore!" Robert said, looking around the room, most of them had already noticed the matter and didn't know how to bring it up or were just noticing the matter.

"It must have been the healer's doing, it's the only thing that makes sense," Lord Arryn said, looking around the room as the others nodded in agreement.

"What has he been doing this morning?" Robert asked, looking towards Varys for an answer.

"He went to the pyre after breaking his fast, your grace," Varys informed the king. "He is back in his quarters now."

"Well, summon him here then," Robert ordered, his tone firm and commanding. Everyone in the room could sense the king's excitement and anticipation to hear what the healer had to say about the recent developments.

I made my way to the small council chamber. I had hoped this discussion would have taken place in the throne room but we can't have our way all the time.

As I pushed open the doors, I immediately felt the weight of the council's gaze upon me, each member showing a different emotion: admiration, scrutiny, and fear.

Their expressions only fueled my sense of satisfaction and control, as I made my way towards the King with confident strides.

I approached the King and gave him a small bow. "Your grace," I said, "You summoned me?"

Robert Baratheon looked at me with a mix of admiration and curiosity. "Yes, healer, I did. I have received reports of people suffering from the Winter Chill getting better. You have my thanks for that but all of us have also noticed that the city does not smell like shit anymore. Was that your doing as well?"

I couldn't help but smirk at the King's question. "Of course, your grace. I had heard of that particular problem before I had reached Kings Landing but only after I set foot inside the capital did I see the extent of it. It would have also led to more diseases later down the line. It was an easy problem to solve for me, I just had to add a few more ingredients to the pyre so that it accomplished both the tasks," I said confidently, with a hint of pride in my voice. The council members looked at me with wonder, unsure of how to react to my revelation.

"This is incredible!" Robert exclaimed, his eyes wide with amazement. "You have done something that we have been struggling to do for years. You have my thanks, healer."

"No thanks are needed, your grace," I replied, bowing my head humbly. "I am just doing my job."

The King's expression softened, and he let out a small chuckle. "Well, I'll be damned," he exclaimed. "I must admit, I wasn't entirely convinced of your honesty from the start. But you have certainly proven me wrong, and I shall be sure to reward you for your diligent efforts."

"Since you have finished the task you were called for, what other plans do you have in the capital?" the King asked.

"I plan on staying until the job is done completely, your grace," I replied. "The pyre will burn for one more day, and I shall have to go heal anyone still sick after that, as they might have some other ailment along with the chill."

"I also offer my services to anyone in the Red Keep if they have a need for healing," I added.

The meeting ended with the King expressing his gratitude again and promising to discuss my reward later.

Once I got back to my room I just sat on the balcony to enjoy the beautiful view.

Chapter - 12

As I sat on the balcony, basking in the warm sun and feeling the gentle breeze on my face, my mind wandered to something I had been thinking of ever since I left Winterfell.

I rose from my comfortable perch and set off with a determined step. One of my rats had already found what I was looking for and I knew exactly where to go.

As I made my way through the winding corridors of the keep, I couldn't help but feel as though I was being watched. A quick glance over my shoulder confirmed my suspicions; a few servants were discreetly following me, their eyes trained on my every move.

Not wanting to draw any attention to myself, I altered my course and began to wander aimlessly, occasionally stopping to ask for directions or feigning interest in some minor detail of the castle's architecture.

It wasn't long before I reached the room I had been seeking. I approached it with caution, taking care to make it seem as though I had stumbled upon it by chance.

My heart raced as I stood before the mammoth skull of Balerion, the Black Dread. Its size was overwhelming, taking up the entirety of the room and leaving me in awe. "Damn, that is one big dragon," I whispered to myself, marveling at the sheer scale of the ancient creature.

Hiding my excitement, I approached the skull and placed my palm on its surface. Suddenly, a rush of information flooded my mind, threatening to overwhelm me. I nearly lost my footing, but managed to remain standing and focused.

However, I quickly realized that this was not the place to analyze the vast amount of data I had just received. I knew I had to get out of there and find a suitable space to sift through the mountain of information at my fingertips.

Quickly Making my way back to my room, I lay down on my bed, closing my eyes as I began to sort through the incredible wealth of knowledge I had collected.

And as I sifted through the information, I came to two monumental conclusions that sent my mind reeling.

The first and very obvious one was that now I could make my own dragon. While I could have made a dragon before, it would have been more trial and error and me stumbling in the dark along with years of work until I could finally have a decent dragon. But now that I had a template from the Black Dread himself, I could skip all the unnecessary attempts and start with the last step immediately. I could hardly contain my excitement as I thought about the possibilities that this new knowledge opened up for me.

Now, I was going to have to wait until I was out of King's Landing before I made my own dragon, for obvious reasons.

In the meantime, my mind was consumed with the second conclusion I had reached.

Dragons did not come to exist in this world naturally.

Some lunatics in Valyria had used blood magic and a countless number of human sacrifices in a grand chimera-esque ritual using mainly firewyrms and a multitude of other apex predators that I had no idea of what they were even called to create the very first dragon.

It also turned out that the dragon's abilities were not just the result of biological processes, but rather, actual magic. Most prominently, its fire breath was not the result of an organic fuel that ignited on exposure to air, but rather, the dragon converted literal magic energy into fire.

While my twenty-first century brain could not understand such a concept, my broken powers on the other hand seemed to understand it perfectly.

This was just a small part of the puzzle though, the main part was the dragon's heart, which functioned in a way that was completely different from what I had expected. Instead of pumping blood, it acted like some kind of magic reactor, creating and pumping magic energy throughout the dragon's body.

While I knew that this world had magic in it, I never thought that I would be able to wield it. I was content with the powers I had, even though I had somewhat reached the limits of what I could do without altering my physical appearance or going full on chimera garden.

But that was all about to change.

With the newfound knowledge that I had gained from studying the dragon bones, I had unlocked a whole new level of understanding about magic. It was like a game changer, a sudden twist in the story that opened up a world of possibilities that I had never even considered.

My powers, which I had previously thought were limited to the biological world, now had the ability to quantify and replicate magic, at least in ways that would still technically be called biology. It was an astounding revelation that left me reeling, as I tried to imagine all the incredible things I could now do.

"I can actually use magic now!!!!!" I exclaimed with excitement and disbelief.

"Well not now but soon" I laughed like a maniac just like the day I had entered this world

It also probably meant that I would have to venture into Valyria to uncover more secrets, but that's a problem for another day. I couldn't wait to see what other discoveries and possibilities awaited me in this new world of magic.

I spent the rest of the day studying and analyzing every bit of data I had collected, making a list of all the things I would need to do once I was out of the capital. My mind was racing with excitement as I thought about all the new paths and opportunities that lay ahead.

I finally had a new purpose and I focused solely on the task at hand.

I spent a good few hours studying the new branch of knowledge I had just unlocked. Suddenly, one of my rats informed me of something interesting happening in the city.

I had been waiting for this exact situation to happen, even though I didn't expect it to happen too soon.

I was still riding high off my latest discovery so I finally decided to do something I had been wanting to do for a long time.

"I guess it's time to make some holier-than-thou septons shit their pants,"

I make my way out of the keep and head to the market, casually waiting near the pyre for the commotion to start. I don't have to wait long as I see a mob approaching the market with a fat balding man with a crystal crown on his head who I assume is the High Septon at the lead, followed by a few more septons and a large group of smallfolk that soon fill up the street.

"We will not tolerate the heathen sorcerers' magic being cast on us!" the High Septon yells, riling up the crowd. "We, the followers of the Seven who are one, will not stand by and watch this blasphemy be committed!"

They try to extinguish the fire by throwing buckets of water at it, but the heat from the flames pushes everyone back before they can come anywhere close to it. They start throwing anything they can get their hands on into the flame, but it doesn't even flicker.

I see the High septon frown at his plan not working but he then spots me standing near the pyre and smiles.

The High Septon, though occupying a position of great religious significance, lacked true devotion. His ascension to power was achieved through cunning means, and he now sought to exploit his position for personal gain. When faced with the task of dealing with the White Mage

from the north, he would not have acted with such haste and directness. However, enticed by the promise of a handsome payment from interested parties, who had made it clear that a generous donation awaited him upon completion of this seemingly simple task, he felt encouraged to proceed.

It had been very easy to rile up the smallfolk of King's Landing, but that's when the first problem appeared. The pyre was too hot, so no one could get very close to it. The only option was to throw water at it to put it out, but that had not been as effective as he had hoped. Even the mob taking charge and throwing anything they could find into the pyre seemed to only feed it.

That's when he spotted the mage standing next to his pyre, and it seemed that the Seven had heard his prayers. It wasn't a problem if they could not put out the pyre. If he could get rid of the main problem itself, the rest would fall into place.

He starts yelling, "Burn the mage in his pyre!" The crowd roars in agreement, their faces twisted in rage as they begin to move towards me.

The Mage raises his hand and speaks. "Stop! I am a mage but I am also a Healer. I built this pyre under the orders of the king to heal the sickness plaguing the city! I mean you no harm."

Seeing the crowd hesitate, he steps forward. "Lies! He is a mage, he is using magic and such powers must only belong to the gods so he must be burned!"

The Mage just shakes his head still trying to look brave. "I don't condone violence but if you come at me with the intent to harm you will not like the consequences."

He sneered. "You are a liar and a fraud. Burn the heretic, burn him in-!"

His words died in his throat as the mage turned his gaze on him. He froze as if he had been plunged into an icy abyss. Light faded from his vision as darkness started to claim him as if he were staring down a narrow corridor whose torches were being extinguished one by one. His body refused to move. He couldn't breathe. He couldn't talk. He - He couldn't move. All he knew was darkness. Darkness and...and fear. He'd never...never felt this fear before. This bone chilling, heart clenching all-encompassing fear tha -

As quick as it came, the darkness and the fear passed, leaving him gasping for breath and he noticed that he was on his knees. Breathing rapidly, He looked around desperately for help. That's when he noticed everyone who were in the vicinity were all on their knees looking at the mage in fear. 'What? How?!!!

I looked at the terrified crowd barely able to stand on their knees in front of me, some of them had even pissed their pants.

'I might have overdone it a little,' I think to myself, but I can excuse it as it was the first time I had used that little trick on a group of people and I didn't know how well it would work.

That little trick was something I had figured out about a year ago. To be brief, I created a lot of concentrated Cortisol, a hormone that the body releases in stressful situations. In small doses It would only make someone feel stress and fear but the amount I had released would shut down their bodies momentarily and make them feel like they were on the brink of death.

I struggled to contain my glee at the magnificent success of my first attempt at using the terror wave, I managed to replace it with a disinterested expression.

I remained standing there, I knew the effects had worn off in a few seconds, but nobody seemed to have the balls to stand and leave.

A few moments passed in silence and I tried not to appear awkward and ruin my badass moment.

When I was very close to just leaving I finally noticed a group of men approaching. The King led them, flanked by his Kingsguard.

The king asked me to explain what had happened. I quickly recounted the events that led up to the mob forming and me using my powers to protect myself.

The King listened attentively and then spoke to his Kingsguard, "Make sure the septons are dealt with. They have overstepped their bounds and started this mess. I will speak with them personally." He then turned to me and said, "You have already done a lot to help my kingdom, healer. I will make sure your safety is guaranteed." Glancing at the trembling crowd still on their knees, he added, "Not that you seem to need it."

I thank him and walk back to the Red keep happy with the show I had put on. As I walk towards my room I notice a lot more people staring at me. They used to stare at me with awe, now there was a healthy dose of fear mixed in with it as well 'Damn I might have underestimated the range of the terror wave.'

From her balcony in her room, which had a perfect view of the city, Queen Cersei Lannister observed the hauntingly beautiful pyre burning in the middle of the marketplace, waiting for her plan to unfold.

The White Mage of Winterfell was all everyone could talk about, but he was just a mere flavor of the moment, a nuisance that held no real power when compared to the true rulers of Westeros. However, she was forced to endure him for the day, as she was forced to hear her 'beloved

husband' go on and on about how his new friend from the north had healed the smallfolk of the city and gotten rid of the smell. While she could appreciate the healer for cleaning up her city, she didn't really care much about the lives of the smallfolk.

Her husband, in his infinite wisdom, was going to give the savage from the north a lordship for his meager service to the crown, something he should be happy to just be given the opportunity to do. So, she had hatched a perfect plan to show everyone that this so-called White Mage of Winterfell was nothing more than a court jester.

She watches the high septon in front of the mob, whose ears she had whispered into to follow her plan to reach the market. She smiles as she sees the healer in front of the pyre without his beast to protect him. She had not planned for this, but this would make her plans work even better.

She smirks as she watches the mob rushes towards the defenseless mage, she says "That should show the insolent mage how to..."

She grew confused as they suddenly stopped and kneeled in front of him. "Why are those peasants —"

A gust of wind stopped her short. Her words died in her throat as she felt her breath freeze in her lungs, as if she was a little girl standing defenseless in front of a dragon. The mere thought of making a small whimper or even a twitch, would be enough for the beast to devour her whole, and all she knew was fear. It was a paralyzing dread that she had never felt before. The pressure of it all stopped just as quickly as it came, leaving her feeling confused and scared.

As she came to her senses, she realized she had fallen back into her chair, spilling her wine in the process. As she rose unsteadily to her feet, she was met with a daunting sight:

The Mage stood tall and unwavering, a towering figure amidst a cowering crowd of people who trembled on their knees in abject fear. His commanding presence seemed to fill the entire space, as if every inch of the room was imbued with his power.

Despite the chaos and terror around him, the Mage appeared utterly calm. His eyes remained fixed on the trembling masses before him, seemingly scanning their every thought and feeling, with an air of omniscience that left everyone in awe.