**Chapter - 21**

As I gazed at the strange scene unfolding before me, Fenrir, my faithful direwolf, was chasing a bear; which was not the unusual part.

The unusual part was that the bear was on fire - not in the way one would expect, but more like an anime character powering up.

Reflecting on how we got to this point, it had taken five more exploding bears before I finally figured out what I was doing wrong. Basically, I was trying to implement the changes slowly, but that was the main flaw. Instead, I needed to create and replace the existing system as fast as possible.

That's why I was surprised when the next bear I tried to change exploded in a different way. Instead of a shower of gore it was a literal explosion of fire. The bear was alive and tried its best to run away. The situation was so surreal that I didn't react, but Fenrir was hot on the bear's tail. The bear was considerably faster than before but still not as fast as my direwolf.

I seemed to have successfully created a magical heart in the bear, but I could still see some major issues. Although initially, the bear seemed immune to its own fire, prolonged exposure started to negatively affect it. Its fur was almost charred, and I could smell cooked meat.

Fenrir caught up to the bear and tackled it to stop it from getting further away. That seemed to be the trigger as the fire stopped, and the bear immediately went limp. I ran up to check on the bear because this was the most progress I had made.

After a quick scan, I was able to decipher that although I had created a working dragon heart, I had only partially implemented the magic circulatory system into the bear. The fire was the magic escaping through the incomplete channels, destroying most of the bear's internal organs.

While I could have saved the dying bear, it would have been a waste of time and effort, as I had already gathered enough information to begin my experimentation on humans.

I had spent several days getting to this point, and it was clear to me that I needed to start moving on before anyone stumbled upon the gruesome scene I had left behind. I quickly got to work, getting rid of most of the evidence and making sure to leave no trace of my presence in the area.

Once I was satisfied that I had covered my tracks, I set out of the forest towards the north, keeping a low profile as I went. Hopefully I would encounter some bandits along the way to figure things out before I got home.

As the sun began to set, Fenrir and I arrived at the nearest town, which was unexpectedly located on the coast. I realized that I must have strayed far from my intended path, as I had been closer to Harrenhal a few days prior. My lack of direction was apparent when I wasn't following a road, and I felt frustrated with myself for getting so off course but at least I was going in the right direction, somewhat.

Despite my fatigue and disorientation, I was relieved to see civilization again. I had grown tired of sleeping in the forest for several nights and was desperate for a proper bath.

To avoid attracting unwanted attention, I decided to let Fenrir run off somewhere while I entered the town alone.The scent of the sea mixed with the salty air reached me as I made my way through the bustling town, searching for a suitable place to rest and recuperate.

As I walked along the main street, I quickly spotted a cozy tavern and made my way inside, grateful for the warmth and the prospect of a hot meal.

As I settled into a corner table, I ordered some food and eagerly awaited its arrival. The scent of freshly cooked meat and bread wafted through the air, making my mouth water with anticipation. I couldn't wait to fill my stomach with something other than the meager provisions I'd been living off of for days.

After dinner, I got a room for myself and went to bed, exhausted from the long journey. However, I was rudely awakened in the middle of the night by the sound of screaming. At first, I tried to ignore it, hoping it would stop on its own, but the screams only grew louder and more frantic.

I sighed, realizing that I couldn't ignore the commotion any longer. I got out of bed and walked over to the window, peering out into the darkness.

The village was under attack.

Houses were on fire, their flames casting an eerie glow over the chaos below. Men were chasing people down on the streets, their swords glinting in the flickering light. Women were being dragged away, their screams echoing through the night as they were taken towards the ships on the coast.

I sighed in annoyance. These Idiots never learned. I got dressed and I made my way outside, I could hear the sounds of battle growing louder, drawing me towards the heart of the chaos.

Sure enough, the first pirate charged at me screaming, wielding a sword. I easily dodged the attack even though I didn't have to and delivered a powerful punch that sent the pirate flying. Another pirate followed, and I dispatched him with a swift kick.

One by one, the Ironborn came at me, and one by one, they fell. I was a blur of movement, my punches and kicks connecting with deadly accuracy. The pirates' swords and axes were no match for my speed, and I danced around their attacks with ease, turning their internals to mush wherever I touched them.

I finally reached the port and saw the Ironborn ship starting to sail away. They had noticed my rampage and were quickly running away as they had not expected resistance. ‘Well, I can't let test subjects who happily walked into my arms run away now, could I?’ I thought to myself.

Without a second thought, I sprinted towards the pier's edge and leaped 30 feet into the air, landing on the ship near the steering wheel. The pirates were caught off guard and didn't have the chance to react as I grabbed the man I believed to be the captain and held him up by his neck.

Lightning surged through my hand into the man I was holding, I watched his screams turn into silence as he became a charred husk. The other pirates, frozen with fear, stood still as I turned to face them, my eyes cold and unforgiving. "If anyone else wants to share the same fate as your captain, then come forward," I warned in a low growl.

No one dared to move, and I continued to stare at them, waiting for any sign of disobedience. After a few seconds, I spoke again, this time in a more commanding tone. "Turn this ship around, head back to the town you just raided, return everything you pillaged and release all the slaves you have taken," I ordered.

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It was finally time to deal with the dilemma that Jon Arryn had been trying to handle in the best way possible. Even though he had hoped to gather more evidence, especially regarding the location of the stolen gold, he had not been able to find it. It looked like it had been recently moved from one of the possible locations he had found, and Littlefinger had started looking more jittery than before.

So he had to act now before Littlefinger made a run for it.

That was why he was on his way to the usual small council meetings. He didn't want to spook Littlefinger. He had convinced Robert to attend, which had not been easy, but he had promised his foster son that it would be entertaining, if nothing else.

He entered the small council chambers and saw that everyone was in attendance. He greeted everyone and sat down.

“We have some important matters to discuss today, so the King will be present,” he announced.

Everyone looked surprised but did not comment. The king had attended more meetings in the past month than he had in the entire year.

They didn't have to wait long before Robert entered with Barristan in tow. He immediately asked, “So Jon, what is this interesting matter that I have to be present for?”

“We will get to that matter soon, Robert,”

“We have some other matters to discuss first, Lord Baelish, where are we on the latest interest payment to the iron bank ?”

Petyr confidently answers, “I have tried my best to make sure that we sent the amount to the iron bank but we have spent quite a lot on dealing with the aftermath of the epidemic, Lord Hand” still clueless about what was to happen.

“So you're telling me the Crown does not have the money to pay the iron bank even though the taxes from the seven kingdoms came in a few moons ago and you have borrowed more money from the faith?”

Petyr starts sweating a bit as he slowly realizes something was wrong.

“Lord Baelish, I have been concerned about the kingdom's increasing debts, and I had a banker from Braavos look through your books. He found some very interesting things,” he said, watching as Baelish's face paled. He knew he had been caught and started making excuses, scanning the room for any escape route.

“I can assure you, Lord Hand, that I have done my best to keep the kingdom's finances in order. It's just that there's only so much I can do when there are so many expenses,” Baelish stuttered.

“You continue to lie, Petyr. I have seen the books, and you have been overcharging the crown for every expense and taking loans from the Lannisters, the Faith, and the Iron Bank in the name of the crown. You have been funneling the coin into your own pockets,” he said sternly, his eyes fixed on Baelish's now trembling figure.

Robert's expression hardened as he grasped the situation at hand. His eyes narrowed and his jaw clenched as he stared at the maester of coin.

Petyr looks around at the council members to see if anyone would come to his defense but gets only blank faces in return, and a look of simmering rage from Robert triggers him to try to bolt out of the room. However, the guards that Jon had placed outside the room for this exact reason immediately catch Littlefinger and drag him back into his seat. The king, who had been silent up until now, finally speaks up.

"Your guilt seems to be apparent. Is there anything you want to say before I crush your head, for stealing from MY kingdom Littlefinger?" Robert asks, his voice low and threatening.

Petyr starts pleading, but it has no effect. Jon decides it would probably be best to stop Robert before he acts on his threat. "Not yet, Robert. Even though I have found all the evidence of his wrongdoing, there is one thing I still need to know before you can deal with him," Jon says.

"What is it?" Robert demands, his eyes fixed on Littlefinger.

"I need to know where exactly all the coin you have stolen from the crown is, Petyr. If you tell me, I might be able to convince Robert to spare your head," Jon says, turning to Littlefinger.

"I don't know. Someone robbed all the coin I had hidden away," Petyr says desperately.

"You continue to lie to me, Petyr. Nevermind, I'm sure a few days in the black cells will loosen your tongue," Jon says with a sigh.

With a cold stare, Robert commanded, "Take him away. Send someone to the cells with him, extract the truth from him, but make sure he survives. I want to know everything he's been hiding from me."

The guards sprang into action, seizing Littlefinger and dragging him out of the room.

His attempts to resist and plead his case were met with cold indifference by all those present, his voice fading as the doors closed, leaving the rest of the small council to deal with the aftermath.

**Chapter - 22**

The ship docked back into the town, just as I had ordered, and the raiders began releasing all the thralls they had captured along with everything they had looted from the town under my watchful eye.

I saw Fenrir running towards me on the port, and he seemed to have dealt with all of the strays that were left behind in the town.

As I watched the terrified faces of the little children and women running from the ship, any guilt I might have felt about what I was going to do to these scum dissipated.

After making sure that only the ironborn remained on the ship, Fenrir boarded it, and I instructed them to set sail. The moment they saw Fenrir, they obeyed all my instructions without complaint.

Once we were out in the open sea, it was time to start. I ordered everyone on the ship to gather, and there were about twenty men present.

From what I had seen so far, they only needed about five men to sail the ship, so that was the number I needed to keep alive.

I sent out a wave of melatonin to make them pass out, so that I could work on them one at a time without the rest jumping overboard once they saw what I was doing.

I picked one at random and started my experiments. I began the same process that I had figured out from the bear, but now I was doing it the other way around. I created the pathways first slowly and added the heart towards the end.

It still ended badly in my first few attempts. The first ten people died until I finally got the hang of it a few days later. It took a lot of trial and error before I finally felt confident enough in the process to stop. By the last person, I was confident enough to try it on myself, but I held off from that until we were on more stable ground.

I woke up the last person I had tried the process on to see some results and made sure to alter his brain enough that he wouldn't try anything funny and only obeyed my commands.

He only had the magic circulating through him, so he couldn't really do anything too complicated with it, just release it in bursts to cause some damage or move faster.

So it was finally time for some simple tests.

“Jump,” I commanded.

He bent his legs and with a burst of energy, he jumped about 20 feet in the air, leaving dents and splinters on the ship's deck.

I couldn't follow him with my eyes due to the glare of the sun, but a few seconds later, he landed back on the ship in a shower of splinters. I covered my eyes out of instinct and looked at the place he had landed, finding a hole instead.

I peered into the hole and saw him lying in the lower section of the boat, his legs broken in multiple places.

It was clear that something had gone wrong.

As I healed his legs, I examined what had happened. It seemed that he had exhausted all his magic into the jump, and even though he was slowly regenerating magic, it wasn't enough to reinforce his legs for landing. Or perhaps he hadn't even attempted to reinforce them since I had only given him the command to jump.

Either way, it was time for more tests.

It took him a few minutes to regenerate all his magic, and I had a fun time watching his glowing arm punch everything I could find while Fenrir tried to fetch the biggest pieces he could find.

Finally, a few hours later, I stopped after running out of things to destroy and almost breaking the ship's mast with a misfire.

It was time to do one last test.

"Gather all the magic above your palm," I ordered him.

However, he kept gathering it inside his palms instead of outside, like I wanted him to.

After a few tries to make him follow the command properly, I got fed up and grabbed his head to directly control his body.

He raised his hand and channeled all the magic he was producing into a red, swirling mass of power and destruction..

I took my time to ensure that he channeled every last drop of the magic he was producing into the glowing orb, which now had taken on a deep crimson hue.

Finally, as I felt my test subject's magic pathways beginning to wither and burn, and his heart beating so fast that I feared it was on the verge of exploding, I released the orb into the sea.

The orb hit the water with a thunderous impact, causing a shockwave so powerful that it rocked the ship violently, throwing me off balance. I struggled to keep my footing, desperately clinging to the railing and my test subject to avoid us both being thrown overboard.

For a few moments, all I could see was a blinding light and all I could hear was the deafening roar of the explosion. But as my vision cleared, I saw the aftermath - a massive column of water rising up into the air, and a ring of large waves radiating outwards in all directions.

The ship continued to rock back and forth as the waves reached us, and it took all my strength to maintain my grip on the railing. The violent motion of the ship made it feel like we were being tossed around like a toy in the jaws of a giant sea monster.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the ripples began to die out, and the ship gradually steadied itself. I took a deep breath, relieved that the worst was over, and slowly stood up straight once again.

Looking around, I saw Fenrir completely drenched and looking at me with an annoyed expression.

"Test success?" I asked tentatively.

Fenrir looked even more annoyed and came up to me, and started shaking himself dry.

"Stop, stop, I'm sorry!" I exclaimed, trying to dodge the flying water droplets.

After that exciting chain of events I decided to clean up the ship a bit and get rid of the pirates who survived my experiments and made sure they were very dead by literally melting them into biomass and chucking them out into the sea.

I didn't want any half-dead magic experiment to come back and bite me in the ass at a later date.

Then I woke up the five pirates who I hadn't used in the experiments who were surprisingly still on board after all the chaos I had created. They woke up confused and drowsy.

“Sail this ship to the nearest shore,” I commanded.

It took them a few moments to comprehend me, and a few more to remember the events before they had fallen asleep. They quickly got to work, not even questioning the absence of the rest of the crew or the poor state of the ship.

Observing the crew as they get to work, I take the opportunity to rest on the ship. However, after a few minutes of peace and quiet, I notice the crew whispering to each other.

I take a deep breath and sit up, observing the crew as they continue to whisper among themselves. If they were planning something foolish, I was ready to put a stop to it.

However, life had other plans in store for me. One of the crew members approached me, looking hesitant.

"What is it?" I ask, my annoyance evident in my tone.

"Well, ser, it's just that we can't navigate without being near any shores, and we've been asleep for a few days. We don't know which direction we've drifted in," the crew member explains.

I realize that this is probably my fault, as I've never been on a ship before, and I don't think compasses exist in this world.

Realizing the gravity of the situation, I know that I have to solve this problem before we drift off into the middle of the sea.

"I see. I'll take care of it," I reply.

Creating a few birds out of the biomass I have stored on myself, I have them fly off in different directions, hoping to get a sense of where we are. The crew looks on in awe and fear, but I ignore them, focusing on the task at hand.

"Make sure the ship is in a condition to sail. I'll give you the directions as soon as the birds come back," I instructed the crew, who quickly got to work preparing the ship.

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Olenna Tyrell had lived a long life, having witnessed the fall and rise of a dynasty, and surviving through three wars. She had clawed her way to positions of power and now ruled the Reach in all but name. She had been playing the great game ever since she had learned about it, and she was now one of the most important players in it.

However, over the past few years, some of her plans had been derailed by an unexpected variable - the North had gained the allegiance of a magic healer. That alone would not have been a problem, but the discovery of glass-making in the North had led to lower demand for food from the Reach. Although the drop was not significant at the moment, it was slowly rising, and it would eventually cause problems for her house.

She would have laughed at all the rumors she had heard about the mage during his brief stay at King's Landing, if not for the fact that all her spies were reporting the same story. This was no longer a problem she could ignore. She was going to have to find a way to make a deal with the mage and also the Starks.

While she briefly thought of finding a way to get rid of the mage, she highly doubted that was a possible avenue. The mage had been hiding his abilities for years, and his blatant use of them in the capital meant only one thing - he did not need to hide anymore. Her usual means of getting rid of people would not work on someone who had even half the healing abilities that she had heard about.

She could invite the Mage to the Reach to heal Willas, but she doubted he would come based on how quickly he returned to the North. She could send Willas with an escort; he had a good head on his shoulders, and she could teach him all he needed to know before he left. He was smart enough to think on his feet and not do anything stupid if anything unexpected happened. Maybe she could send Margaery too, hopefully to entice the Mage.

If she could do that, the Mage would be a better match for her than any prince, especially if his children could inherit his powers.

**Chapter - 23**

As Freya deftly stitched up yet another injured guard, she leaned back and took a moment to survey the remaining patients waiting in line. The clinic had cleared out significantly since she had started, but the sight of those still waiting reminded her of the seemingly endless task ahead. Even though the line was shorter than usual, thanks to El's absence and the prejudices of some of the southerners, who refused to be treated by a smallfolk woman like herself, she paid it no mind. She was busy enough dealing with the patients in front of her.

Despite her weariness, she worked tirelessly to attend to each patient, calling upon the knowledge and techniques that El had imparted upon her. She had not realized how different it would be to treat patients without the surety that El was always there to fix any mistakes. She found it difficult to diagnose patients at times, constantly challenged by the various diseases and ailments that presented themselves. She wished that El were there beside her, his presence a calming influence in the midst of the chaos.

The clinic was bustling with activity, patients shuffling in and out, the air thick with the scent of herbs and the sound of moans and groans. She moved from one patient to the next, her hands moving with practiced ease as she attended to their needs, cleaning and patching up wounds, and ensuring that broken bones were set correctly. Her primary concern was the wounded guards, as there had been some kind of altercation with the wildlings.

As she worked, her thoughts often drifted to El. He had been gone for far longer than usual, and she found herself missing him more with each passing day. Though he often disappeared for brief periods, this was the first time he had been absent for so long. Her concern for him grew with each passing moment, but Lord Stark had reassured her that El had completed his work in the capital and was on his way back. It was only a matter of time before he returned to her side, and she couldn't wait for that moment to arrive.

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As the day went on, my concern grew when none of my birds returned. It had only been three days since I had made the hasty decision to set out to sea, and I knew I had made a mistake. I had been so focused on my experiments that I neglected to consider that ships don't remain stationary in one location.

My worries were quelled as my birds finally returned, and I got a direction to go in. We finally set sail, but based on my calculations, at the speed at which we were going, it would take us a week to get back to shore, and I wasn't even sure which shore it was.

I was honestly getting tired of this ship. If I was capable of getting seasick, I would have been puking my organs out by now.

Although I could theoretically grow wings and fly back to land, I hadn't tested how long I could sustain flight. Doing so in the middle of the sea seemed unwise, so I considered other solutions.

In the end, I opted for the simplest one. I made some adjustments to my body, giving myself gills, and then leaped into the sea to search for what I needed.

As I dove deeper into the ocean, the scenery around me began to morph into a breathtaking realm of vibrant colors and teeming life. Swarms of iridescent fish flitted and twirled, dancing around me in a mesmerizing display.

I had set out in search of something substantial, perhaps a sizable fish or even a whale if such creatures existed in these waters. After swimming for a couple of hours, what I stumbled upon was beyond anything I could have ever imagined.

As I gazed upon the colossal creature before me, my heart pounding in my chest, I was struck by its sheer enormity. Its tentacles, each as thick as a tree trunk, writhed and coiled in the water like living serpents, their suction cups glistening menacingly in the dim light.

It was Kraken. Its body was a mass of rippling muscles, its skin slick and iridescent in the murky depths.

As I swam closer, its massive eye fixed on me with an unnerving intensity. In an instant, its tentacles shot out, reaching for me with lightning speed. I could feel their incredible strength as they latched onto me, threatening to crush me in their grip.

Despite the overwhelming power of the kraken, I remained calm and focused, knowing that I didn't really need to overpower it anyway.

I use my powers on the kraken's body and analyze it to see what I have to work with.

It was mostly as I had expected, but what really surprised me was the fact that this particular kraken was 300 years old and could live for a few more centuries due to its incredible cell regeneration. I was going to have to incorporate that into my own body later .

As the kraken firmly held me in its grasp, I wasted no time in taking control of its massive body. Its strength was incredible, and I could feel the power coursing through its limbs as it propelled us both upwards towards the surface.

As we emerged from the depths, the ship came into view, its tall mast making it easier to spot. The kraken followed my commands, and it swam towards the ship with purposeful intent.

As we approached the ship, the ironborn crew looked on in amazement, their faces twisted with fear and awe. They muttered something about their drowned god, but I paid them no mind, my focus entirely on the task at hand.

The kraken held me in its grasp as it breached the surface, its tentacle breaking through the waves like a mighty sword. It set me down gently on the deck of the ship, and it retreated back into the water.

The crew of the ship looked at me with a mixture of disbelief and fear.

With a determined stride, I made my way to the front of the ship and dropped the anchor with a resounding thud. The kraken responded promptly, its massive tentacles snaking around the anchor as it began to pull the ship in the direction I had instructed it to swim.

At first, there was a collective gasp from the crew as we were suddenly jerked back by the sudden momentum gained by the ship. For a moment, I was unsure whether the ship could withstand the strain, but it held its own. I grudgingly acknowledged that while the Ironborn may be scum, they certainly knew how to build a ship.

As the ship picked up speed, the rudders began to creak and splinter at the massive force that was pulling us against the flow of the wind. I could feel the kraken's immense strength as it propelled us forward, cutting through the waves with ease. With this speed, we were likely to reach the shore in half the time it would have taken us otherwise.

I commanded the crew to furl the sails, as at this point they were more of a hindrance than a help. This finally snapped them out of their stupor, and they got to work immediately.

From being lost at sea to riding on the back of a kraken on a pirate ship, all I needed now was a hat and a compass that didn't point north, and I could rename myself Captain Jack Sparrow.

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It took three days for the ship to finally spot land, and it was the moment of truth to see where I had ended up. Based on how cold it was, I had at least drifted in the right direction. However, there was no nearby port, but I was growing increasingly sick of being on the ship. So, I took a small boat with Fenrir and rowed towards the land.

As I got out of the small boat, my feet sinking into the solid ground, I felt a wave of relief wash over me. After days spent on a ship, the sensation of standing on solid land was almost overwhelming.

I laid down on the beach and watched as the ship slowly sailed away. Although I had told the Ironborn that I was going to the beach to figure out our location, I knew they would leave as soon as Fenrir and I were off the ship.

I might have felt a little remorseful for them if they had followed my instructions, but now I don't feel any guilt anymore. Besides, I never forgot the fact that they were nothing but reaving scum.

That's why I wasn't surprised when two massive tentacles emerged from the sea and wrapped themselves around the ship. The Iornborn on board could do nothing but stare in horror as the kraken pulled the vessel under the waves.

The sound of splintering wood filled the air as the ship groaned and creaked, dragged into the dark depths below. The sailors' screams echoed across the water, but they were soon silenced as the ship disappeared beneath the waves.

The kraken vanished back into the depths, leaving only the wreckage of the ship floating in the water.

I had no intention of letting the Ironborn live, even though I no longer needed to hide my powers. I was not willing to take any chances, particularly if they were Ironborn.

I waved goodbye at the kraken, even though I knew it couldn't understand me. It was probably diving back into the deep ocean after completing my final order. ‘I hope I'll meet the big guy again someday,’ I thought to myself before moving on.

Determined to find a proper place to rest before the sun set, I summoned a flock of crows to scout the surrounding area and locate the nearest town. As they flew off, I mounted Fenrir and set off in pursuit.

As we rode, I could feel the wind whipping through my hair, and I couldn't help but smile. Fenrir seemed just as eager as I was to not be cooped up on a ship, and he was running faster than I had ever seen him run before.

Before long, Fenrir and I arrived at a town, and I immediately struck up a conversation with some friendly locals. They were more than happy to chat with me, and I soon discovered that I had landed in the Stony Shore. This was excellent news, as it meant that I was only two days' ride away from Winterfell.

As I continued to chat with the townspeople, I suddenly noticed a familiar look in one person's eye. It was recognition. They had recognized me as the white mage who had healed him in the past.

Word of my arrival seemed to have spread quickly, and a small crowd had gathered around me, eager to see if I could heal them as well.

For several hours, I made my way through the crowd, tending to the sick and injured. Some individuals only requested a blessing, and while it seemed strange to me, I played along. I closed my eyes and concentrated, performing a thorough body scan on each person. I fixed any issues that might cause problems in the future, using my powers to ensure that each person left feeling better than they had when they arrived.

As I continued my work, I saw the last person I expected to encounter in the North. A dwarf with blonde hair and mismatched eyes stood among a group of soldiers dressed in red and gold.

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A/N: Hey everyone, surprise chapter! Basically, I'm trying to increase my writing speed to three chapters per week, so the normal schedule might be a bit inconsistent for a while. I'm thinking of posting on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, but I'm not sure yet. I'll need to get into the flow of it for a week or two before confirming the new schedule. Also, I'm going to change the posting time to 2am IST. Hope you enjoy the chapter!

**Chapter - 24**

Tyrion Lannister sipped on his wine and surveyed his surroundings. The quaint little town had a certain charm to it, with its narrow alleys and crooked houses made of stone and wood. It was a far cry from the luxurious halls of Casterly Rock, but Tyrion found himself enjoying the change of scenery.

He had been traveling for weeks, with a small group of men on their way to Winterfell. The journey had been arduous, with harsh weather and rough seas testing their endurance at every turn. But Tyrion was no stranger to hardship, having spent most of his life dealing with the challenges of being a dwarf in a world that despised him.

He wouldn't really consider himself the unluckiest person in the world. There were a few ways in which he was lucky. Mainly, he was born a noble, not just any noble, but the son of one of the richest houses in all of Westeros.

Despite his noble birth, Tyrion had always felt like an outsider among his own family. His father, Tywin Lannister, had never forgiven him for being born a dwarf while killing his mother in the process and had made it clear that he was a disappointment to the family name. His sister, Cersei, had always despised him for his deformity, and his brother, Jaime, had been the only one to show him any kindness.

But Tyrion refused to let his family's hatred bring him down. He had learned to rely on his wit and intelligence to get ahead in life, using his sharp tongue to outsmart his enemies and his quick mind to come up with clever solutions to difficult problems.

He had wondered a lot of times if his life would have been easier or harder if he was born as a normal smallfolk instead of a dwarf noble. The conclusion he reached was that it was probably better to be a normal smallfolk, then he wouldn't have to deal with his oh so loving family. But then again, he wouldn't be able to afford his drinking or whoring habits if he was born a smallfolk. On the other hand, he probably wouldn't have such habits if he wasn't born a Lannister in the first place.

As he sat there, savoring the taste of the wine, Tyrion had to begrudgingly admit that despite his deformity and the constant scorn he faced, he had been born into a position of power and privilege that most people could only dream of. He had wealth, status, and influence, and he had used them all to his advantage.

But he also knew that his luck could only take him so far. He was a dwarf in a world that valued strength and beauty above all else, and he knew that he would always be an outsider. But he refused to let that stop him from living life on his own terms, carving out a place for himself in the world and proving his worth to those who doubted him.

Tyrion inquired of one of the less boring guards in his entourage, "How long until we reach Winterfell, Ser Hugh?"

"At our current pace, my lord, it should take us about three more days," Hugh replied.

Tyrion groaned, "Ah, three more days of this frigid air biting into my face. These people say that it's summer but I'm starting to doubt if they even know what the word even means."

With a hint of sarcasm, Hugh offered a suggestion, "You could always ride facing backwards, my lord."

Tyrion couldn't help but chuckle at the idea. "And burden you with the task of dragging my lifeless body all the way back to Casterly Rock, only to tell my father whose idea it was for me to fall off my horse? I wouldn't dream of inflicting such misery upon you, good Ser Hugh."

"Ah, I doubt he'll even ask for an explanation, my lord. And I've done it for men twice your size. It would be easier than that, I guess," Hugh replied with a shrug.

Before he could even come up with a witty response to the cheeky knight next to him, he heard a commotion coming from the entrance of the tavern.

A few people were talking about the white mage being in town, and it seemed like they were on their way to see him. A few other patrons of the tavern followed suit, curious to see the famous healer.

"Well, what are the odds of that," Tyrion muttered to himself as he paid for his drinks and his men's drinks. He followed the small crowd out of the tavern and towards the larger crowd that had gathered at the edge of town.

As he approached the center of the crowd, he observed a young man in a white coat who he assumed was the white mage. The mage appeared to be around eighteen years old, with dark hair that fell messily around his face, and striking blue eyes that seemed to almost glow.

The scene before Tyrion was nothing short of remarkable. A group of smallfolk surrounded the white mage, who had his hands outstretched towards them. Tyrion watched in awe as the mage worked his magic, healing injuries and curing illnesses with a single touch.

After watching in amazement for a while and noticing the crowd beginning to thin out, Tyrion made his way over to the healer and struck up a conversation.

"Well, that was quite impressive," Tyrion said, trying to sound nonchalant.

The Mage turned to him with a smile and asked, "Greetings Lord Tyrion, my thanks for the compliment. I must say, it is a surprise to see you this far north. Is there anything I can help you with?"

"I was simply enjoying my wine before traveling to Winterfell when I heard that the person I was hoping to meet in Winterfell is actually here," replied Tyrion.

“A happy coincidence then. How may I be of help?” El asked.

"I have heard rumors of your extraordinary abilities to heal anyone, and witnessing your healing powers on the townsfolk today has solidified my belief in those rumors," Tyrion said before continuing. "If it is not too much trouble, do you think it would be possible for you to heal me as well?" he requested, his tone polite and curious.

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Craving for some refreshing banter after a while of boredom, I decided to mess with Tyrion a bit, just to see how he would react. "You look pretty healthy to me. What exactly seems to be the problem?" I asked, trying to hide a smile.

Tyrion looked at me incredulously. "Seriously!?"

I maintained a straight face and replied, "Well, from all the rumors I've heard about you, I wouldn't be surprised if you asked me to cure anything from a simple hangover to the most intimate of afflictions you may have picked up from a brothel," my tone laced with a hint of dry humor.

Most of his guards laughed, and Tyrion joined in a few moments later. "It seems that I have underestimated you, healer. If you can do all that, we might have more to discuss than I initially thought," he said, still chuckling.

"But what I mainly want to ask you is if you are able to do something about my short stature," he added, the mirth fading from his face as he looked at me hopefully.

I nodded and motioned for Tyrion to give me his hand. I grasped his hand firmly, closed my eyes, and began to scan him with my powers. After a few moments, I opened my eyes and looked at Tyrion with a serious expression.

"I can heal you, but it will take some time. I can fix the underlying condition immediately, but for you to grow to a normal height, it will have to be done over time," I explained, trying to sound as professional as possible.

Tyrion looked flabbergasted at my response, as if he couldn't believe what he was hearing. "You can cure me!!!" he asked in disbelief.

I nodded, "Yes, I can. But it will have to be done gradually. If you were a child, I could do it all at once, and you would grow normally after that. But since you're an adult, it will take some time. Making big changes like that too fast could lead to a lot more problems."

Tyrion's face fell for a moment, but then he nodded slowly. "I understand. How long will it take?"

"It's hard to say for sure. It could take a moon or three. I can't tell you accurately until I start treating you" I replied, looking at him with confidence.

Tyrion smiled and shook his head in disbelief. "Well, I guess I'll have to stay in Winterfell for a few moons then. I'm sure I'll be able to convince Lord Stark. When can you start?."

“I can start right now but the rest of the healing will have to be done after we get back to Winterfell,” I replied.

"No time to waste," Tyrion said, leading the way to the fanciest inn in this quaint little town, which didn't really say much.

Only two guards accompanied us into the room while the rest went elsewhere.

“Lay down on the bed,” I instructed Tyrion once we were inside the room.

I took his hand, put him to sleep and began with the main issue: his DNA. It had a mutation that caused his dwarfism. After making the necessary changes to his DNA, I ensured that the modifications would not lead to any other problems. The entire process took me an hour, but at least the hard part was done for now.

Moving on to the easier parts, I fixed his skeletal structure, evened out his uneven legs, and finally healed the long ugly scar on his face.

It took me barely a minute to do all that, and I finally looked at the result of my work. Tyrion vaguely resembled what he used to be, and the only three defining factors that made him recognizable as Tyrion were his blond hair, his heterochromatic eyes, and his height.

After giving him one final scan, I wake him up.

Tyrion owned his eyes slowly and tried to stand, but he lost his balance immedietly. I had expected that, so I was there to stop him from falling. “You're gonna have to get used to walking again. I have evened out your legs, so try not to run anywhere soon; you're gonna end up eating dirt.”

He didn't reply, still in a daze. He slowly walked up to the mirror and looked at his reflection, gingerly touching where his scar used to be.

Tyrion turned back to me, still looking dazed. “Is this real? Am I really cured?” he asked, almost in disbelief.

“Yes,” I said, “Well i've fixed what caused you to be a dwarf in the first place but like I said it's going to take some time before you are back to normal.”

Tyrion looked back at the mirror, his eyes wide with wonder. “Thank you, healer. You've done what no maester in Westeros could ever do.”

“You're welcome,” I replied with a smile.

Seeing as Tyrion was occupied with his own reflection, I looked back at the two guards in the room and asked, “So, what do you think?”

One of them, whose name I think was Hugh, replied, "He looks like a boy whose balls haven't dropped yet," his eyes wide as if he still didn't really believe what he was looking at.

"Huh, he does, doesn't he?" I said with a smirk and whispered, "How long do you think it will take for him to realize that with his looks, he won't be allowed in brothels anymore?"

Hugh almost choked on his own spit, trying not to laugh too loudly. "Depends on where the nearest brothel is," he replied.

I paused, thinking for a moment. "I'm not exactly sure where the nearest one is, but I do know there's one in Winterfell," I said with a sly smile.