**Chapter - 29**

Despite his hopes for a few peaceful days after El's return to Winterfell, he knew that was wishful thinking.

Those hopes were predictably shattered when Jon burst into his solar, breathless and wide-eyed. Jon recounted a harrowing tale of a group of men who had attempted to abduct Freya, but she managed to fend them off.

However, in the process, she sustained some injuries. The news sent a chill down his spine.

He was mollified when he found out that El had already healed Freya and had Fenrir take care of the perpetrators, but it still left him concerned.

His worries were not about what El would do to the kidnappers, but rather how such an incident had happened in his territory, under his watch.

Before he could dwell on that thought, he turned to Jon and said, "Take me there."

Without a second thought, he followed Jon to the scene of the crime.

As he surveyed the area, he could see the noxious cloud that had been described to him, the very same one that had incapacitated those who had attempted to harm his people. According to El, the cloud would dissipate in two days, and all he needed to do was to keep people away from the area for that duration. That seemed simple enough to do.

As he was about to make his way to El to inquire about his plans and check on Freya's condition, Jon called out to him urgently.

"Father, wait!" Jon's voice rang out, and he turned to look at his son, confusion etched on his face.

"Um, Father," Jon began hesitantly. "El said he'll come see you tomorrow, and I don't think you want to catch him in the state they're in right now."

Ned furrowed his brow in confusion. "What do you mean?"

Jon struggled to come up with an explanation before giving up and saying "Just come with me, we'll go close to the clinic and you'll understand," Jon replied, leading the way.

As they got closer to the clinic, he heard a lustful scream emanating from the direction of the clinic.

Ned felt a wave of annoyance wash over him as he realized what was happening.

"You were right, Jon," he said with a sigh. "I think it's best if I wait until tomorrow to speak with El."

He made his way back to the keep, where he found Jory in the courtyard. "Assign a guard to the alleyway that Jon will show you," he instructed. "Make sure they know not to enter or allow anyone else to enter for two days."

"As you say, Lord Stark," Jory replied, calling over one of the guards and following Jon's lead to the alleyway.

Ned made his way to his solar, hoping that this incident wouldn't spiral out of proportion.

-----------

After getting ready at the clinic, I made my way towards the keep to deal with everything that had happened.

As I strolled along, I couldn't help but notice the sly glances thrown my way by some, and the hushed giggles and whispers from groups of girls. It quickly became apparent that my nocturnal activities had become the latest gossip in town, and there was no hiding from it.

With a resigned sigh, I decided to embrace it and smiled back at everyone.

Before long, I arrived at Ned's solar and knocked on the door. "Come in," he called out.

As I entered, I could see the slight twitch in his lip and knew exactly what he was thinking. "I was expecting you this morning, but considering what the whole town's talking about, I guess it's understandable," he said.

I let out a weary sigh.’ Already? I suppose I should have anticipated that,’ I muttered to myself, realizing that my not-so-silent activities from the previous night and this morning had likely spread throughout the town like wildfire.

"I suppose it's time we discuss what occurred yesterday," I said, becoming more serious.

Ned adopted a solemn expression. "Indeed. Jon has already told me the details, so there's no need for you to repeat the story. What I want to know is how you plan to handle the situation."

"I intend to interrogate those responsible and get to the bottom of who orchestrated this whole ordeal," I replied firmly. "And then, I will take …appropriate action."

He paused for a while before "Very well," he nodded, seeming to trust my judgment.

"Really?" I asked, taken aback by his sudden agreement.

"Yes, why do you seem surprised?" he inquired.

"Well, I suppose I was expecting a bit more resistance from you," I admitted.

"Don't worry about me," he reassured me. "As long as your actions don't cause any further issues, I trust that you will handle the situation appropriately."

"That's a relief to hear. If you have no further questions for me, I will take my leave and begin the interrogation," I said, eager to get started.

"Actually, just one more thing," he added. "Is Freya alright? I heard she was injured in the incident."

"Yes, thankfully she managed to take care of the assailants herself before any harm could come to her," I explained.

"Good to hear. Alright then, go ahead and do what you need to do," he said, signaling the end of our conversation.

----------

Freya approached the front door of her home, hesitating before reaching for the handle. She took a deep breath and opened it slowly, the creaking sound of the door announcing her arrival. As she stepped inside, she was greeted by the familiar scent of home - a combination of freshly baked bread and lavender.

"Freya, you're back!" Her mother's voice called out from the kitchen. "Would you like to have some lunch?"

Freya was taken aback by the offer. Her mother had never been one for small talk, especially not about meals. She looked down at her feet, unsure of how to respond.

"Um...I'm good?" she finally managed to say.

Her mother paused for a moment, then turned to face her daughter. "Are you sure, dear? You look tired."

Freya's confusion grew. This was not the conversation she had anticipated having with her mother when she returned home. She hesitated for a moment before responding. "I'm good. I'll just be in my room doing some...work."

Just as she was about to make her way to her room, her mother spoke up again. "Oh, and dear, you might want to get married soon if you're going to be spending a lot of nights at the clinic."

Freya froze in her tracks.

Before she could say anything, her mother continued, speaking in the same tone as if they were discussing the weather. "No need to be embarrassed, dear. I know you've been in love with him for years. I'm just surprised it hasn't happened sooner."

Freya's face flushed red. She couldn't believe her mother was discussing her personal life so casually. "Mother!" she yelled, completely flustered.

"No need to yell at me, dear. The whole town heard you yesterday," her mother responded calmly.

Freya spluttered, at a loss for words.

"Relax, dear. There's no need to be ashamed. I know you have good judgment, and I trust that you'll make the right decision. After all, you're a smart girl," her mother said, taking a seat across from her daughter.

Freya sat down, feeling a mixture of shock, embarrassment, relief and confusion. She couldn't believe her mother was so accepting of her situation. "So, you're not mad?" she asked tentatively.

"I would have been if you had done this with anyone else, but I've known the boy for years. I know he'll make you happy," her mother said with a smile. "You can make your own decisions, Freya. I trust you."

"Frankly, I had anticipated this to happen earlier," her mother said with exasperation evident in her voice.

"I wanted to, but he was always occupied or away," her daughter replied in frustration.

"I understand, my dear. Men like him are always busy, and that's what makes them so desirable. You just have to cherish the moments you get," her mother said, a knowing smile on her face.

----------

I made my way out of the keep and headed towards the new forest, excited to explore its depths and interrogate the prisoners I had captured. However, I knew that it wouldn't be much of an interrogation, as they would blabber everything they knew without any hesitation before I started experimenting on them.

As I walked, my attention was drawn to a commotion on the street next to the brothel. I couldn't resist the urge to investigate and see what was happening.

There, I saw Tyrion Lannister engaged in a heated argument with the lady in charge. She was refusing to let him into the brothel, claiming he was too young.

"I'm telling you that I am Tyrion Lannister, woman, not some child," Tyrion protested.

"It doesn't matter what you say, kid. I'm not allowing you into my brothel. You have no idea how many snot-nosed brats like you, who haven't even had their balls dropped yet, try to get into my brothel. But it's not going to happen," the lady replied, unyielding.

"And I'm telling you that I am not - " Tyrion broke off as he spotted me nearby. "El, please tell this woman who I am."

I looked at him seriously, trying not to laugh at the absurdity of the situation. "I don't know what you're talking about, kid. You shouldn't be hanging around the brothel. Run along now, go home."

Tyrion's expression turned from frustration to one of betrayal as I walked away. I tried my best to stifle my laughter, not wanting to give away the ruse.

As I reached the edge of the town, I paused and realized that I had a problem. I had no way to get to my forest. Fenrir was already there, and I had no way of calling him from such a distance. Riding a horse would take too much time, and I wouldn't make it back before nightfall.

I couldn't bear to leave Freya alone after I had just returned, so I knew I had to find a faster mode of travel. Otherwise, I would have to abandon my plan altogether. That's when a sudden idea struck me.

I decided to head deeper into the Wolfswood for some privacy. There, I removed my coat and shirt and concentrated on what I wanted to do.

As my wings slowly emerged from my back, I marveled at their sight. Six feet long and black as night, with a bat-like appearance. Once fully formed, I flexed them experimentally, causing a gust of wind that blew away the snow and leaves on the forest floor.

A grin spread across my face, as I had been waiting for this moment for a long time. With a mighty flap of my wings, I lifted off the ground, soaring into the sky at an astonishing speed. The sensation was indescribable - the wind rushing past me, the trees below me shrinking in size, and the world opening up in a way I had never experienced before.

It was exhilarating.

**Chapter - 30**

As soon as I took flight, my mind was consumed by the sheer thrill of it all. The world below me became a blur, and I found myself soaring higher and higher, propelled by the pure joy of flying.

However, I soon realized that I had flown too high. The air grew thin and icy, and my wings could no longer sustain me. I couldn't ascend any higher. I stayed there for a few moments, taking in the crisp, cold air and the breathtaking view of the planet's curvature. It was nothing short of mesmerizing.

With no other choice, I let myself fall, relishing the rush of adrenaline that coursed through my veins. It was a moment of pure exhilaration, as I plummeted towards the ground.

At the last moment, I unfurled my wings, gliding gracefully through the air and taking in the beauty of my surroundings. It was a moment of peace and tranquility, as I enjoyed the breathtaking scenery around me.

Finally, after an hour of flying, I arrived at my destination - a clearing in the woods.

My landing was anything but graceful, as I stumbled and tumbled, crashing into trees and creating a cartoonish crater in the earth.

I quickly picked myself up, hoping that nobody had seen my clumsy landing. I retracted my wings and tried to regain my composure, brushing off all the dirt off my clothes.

I walk deeper into the forest, following the signs of life, and soon come across the mercenaries still passed out at the base of a tree. It appears that Fenrir was not gentle with them while dragging them into the forest.

I couldn't see Fenrir anywhere nearby, but I could sense his presence lingering in the area.

I wake them all up and stand in front of them. They take a few moments to wake up, get their bearings, and try to figure out where they are. Once they see me standing in front of them, they quickly realize the predicament they are in and flinch in fear at the sight of me.

As one of the mercenaries turns and bolts in the opposite direction, I don't bother to stop him. Instead, I focus my gaze on the remaining ones, who look like they're about to follow suit.

Just as they take a step back, a blood-curdling scream pierces the air from the direction their friend had run off to. The sound stops them in their tracks, and they stare at each other in fear, unsure of what to do next.

"Anyone else?" I say, nocturnally.

As I surveyed the trembling trio before me, a sly smile crept across my face. It was time to begin.

"Let's get started," I declared, my voice dripping with menacing charm. "I have some questions, and I expect truthful answers. If not, well...let's just say things won't end well for you."

Turning to the first man, I sauntered over and gripped his face in my hand, leaning in close. "You seem like a man who knows something interesting. Something that might interest me."

The man stammered, his eyes darting around nervously. "I...I don't know much. It was Ralf. He planned everything."

I raised an eyebrow, intrigued but not quite satisfied. "Interesting, but not quite enough," I murmured, and suddenly, I made every single one of his nerve endings react as if his skin were on fire.

The man screamed and writhed on the snow-covered ground, the heat of the imaginary flames searing through his body. But even as he writhed, I was already moving on to the next man.

"Ralf, was it?" I said, my voice deceptively calm. "Do you have something interesting to say?"

The man trembled, his eyes wide with fear. "I don't know who gave me the job," he insisted. "I was just told to get the girl's books and abduct her."

With a bored tone, I brushed off the man's response. "Meh, that's not really that interesting to me. I already knew that," I said, turning away as I left him to writhe and scream on the ground beside his friend.

I moved on to the last person and began to ask, "Well, do you have anything interesting to say-" before I could finish my question, he pulled out a dagger and stabbed me straight through my heart.

----------

Lem knew he was in big trouble when he woke up in a forest with the rest and saw the white mage standing in front of them without any expression on his face.

He was seconds away from bolting before he heard the screams of his friend who had tried to run, which promptly made him reconsider. He knew running was no longer an option.

He looked at the thrashing forms of his fellow mercenaries, and he knew what he had to do.

As the mage approached him and began to ask his question, Lem drew the dagger he had hidden at his waist and stabbed the mage straight through the heart. The mage fell to the ground, his smug expression replaced by wide-eyed shock.

Lem stared in disbelief at the body before him, unable to believe that his desperate move had actually worked. His two companions, now standing up from their previous writhing, looked at him in amazement.

"How did you do that, Lem?" they asked, clearly impressed.

Lem sneered at them. "You two were too scared to do what needed to be done. So I took matters into my own hands."

Ralph cackled, "Well, now we've got something even better than that mage's whore. I bet the maester will pay us a fortune for bringing back the white mage's head."

Before he could say anything more, the sound of deranged laughter echoed through the forest, causing them to freeze in their tracks.

"Did you morons really think it would be that easy?" The white mage slowly rose to his feet, still laughing hysterically, with the knife still sticking out of his chest.

"I was honestly thinking about adding blood to the whole act, but blood is such a bitch to clean, you see, and this is a white coat that was a gift. Someone would be very mad at me if It was stained with blood when I returned."

Lem fell on his ass as the mage started walking towards him while slowly pulling out the knife.

"Thanks for that. It was itchy in there, and for the life of me I couldn't figure out how to scratch it," he said and dropped the knife in front of him.

Lem noticed that there wasn't a single drop of blood on the knife.

"M…monster," Lem whispered in terror.

The mage let out a chilling laugh, his eyes locking onto Lem's as he approached.

"That's right," he spoke with a sinister tone, "I am a monster." The words were like daggers in Lem's ears, his heart racing with fear.

The mage leaned down, his face inches from Lem's. He held his gaze, revealing a grin that sent shivers down Lem's spine.

"And now that I have all I need from all of you," the mage continued, his voice low and menacing, "the next few days are going to be a living hell for you."

Lem felt his body go limp, his mind unable to process the terror he was experiencing. He met the mage's gaze one last time before darkness overtook him, his body collapsing to the ground.

----------

Petyr fought to keep his eyes open, despite the searing pain and the bruises that covered his battered body. Each day had brought new rounds of merciless beatings, and he longed for it to end. If only he knew where the gold was hidden, he would have gladly given up its location to his tormentors, just to be spared the agony.

But he also knew that the only reason he was still alive was that he hadn't given in. As long as the location of the gold remained a mystery, he still had some value to his captors. So, he gritted his teeth and bore the pain, determined to hold on for as long as he could.

He traced everything back to the arrival of that blasted mage in the capital. He was convinced that the mage had somehow discovered his gold and stolen it.

As a result, his power and wealth had taken a major hit. He had to sell some of his assets to keep his network afloat, but just when he had managed to stabilize things, he was caught by Jon Arryn and thrown into a cell.

He had no idea how long it had been. His body was now covered in scars, even larger than the one Brandon Stark had left him with.

Just as he was contemplating how it all went wrong, he heard footsteps approaching his cell, and he prepared himself for another beating.

When the cell door opened he saw a face he was not expecting to see Janos Slynt, the head of the city watch, unexpectedly entered his cell.

"Get up, Littlefinger. You don't have much time left," Slynt said.

Petyr slowly got up, knowing that even though Slynt was on his payroll, he wouldn't have acted on his own accord to free him. "Why?" Petyr asked.

"Same reason as always. I got paid. Now, get moving. I'm sure you know how to get out of the keep. There's a ship waiting for you," Slynt replied.

Petyr didn't waste any more time with questions. He would get his answers later. It was dark outside, and he quietly made his way to the port without getting caught.

As he reached the port, he saw a figure waiting for him, and things started to make sense.

The figure noticed him and immediately ran towards him, hugging and kissing him repeatedly.

"Oh my Petyr, what did they do to you?" she asked.

"I'm fine," he said, grabbing her hands and getting them off his face. "Thank you for getting me out, but what are you doing here?"

"We can run away together, Petyr. We can go outside the Seven Kingdoms and live together happily," she said, with feverish excitement in her voice.

He grimaced at that. Lysa Arryn was one of his most important pawns; she was the reason he had become the maester of coin so easily, and she would be useless if she ran away. He was going to have to handle this matter carefully.

"Lysa, my love," he began, his tone softening, "you know how much I care for you, but we both know that we must be strategic in our actions. If you come with me, it will only make things worse.”

"But...how will I live without you?" she asked with tears in her eyes.

He almost slapped her for being so dumb but held himself back.

"I promise you, I will write to you every chance I get. And once everything has died down and my name is cleared, we can finally be together. You have my word," he said.

Tears streamed down her face as she nodded, her expression a mix of sadness and understanding.

Petyr breathed a sigh of relief, knowing that he had one less problem to deal with now.

He held her in a brief embrace, his mind already racing with plans for revenge. As he turned and disappeared into the night, his thoughts turned to the chaos he would unleash upon his enemies.

"They will all burn."

**Chapter - 31**

Doran Martell sat on his balcony overlooking Sunspear, thinking about the news he had been receiving about a certain healer. The sound of his door opening broke him out of his thoughts, but he didn't turn around to look. He knew who had just entered; he had called for him.

"Oberyn," he said.

"Brother, how are you this fine morning?" Oberyn asked.

"I am as well as I can be, but a certain matter has been clouding my thoughts," Doran replied.

"Do tell," Oberyn said.

"What do you know so far about the White Mage?" Doran asked.

"I've heard quite a few tales about him, not sure if I completely believe them, though," Oberyn said.

Doran sighed deeply, "Believe me when I say that there is truth to the stories. I have been hearing more and more about him lately, and I believe that he could be a valuable asset to our cause."

"I see. Is that why you called me back?" Oberyn asked.

"Yes. I have been taking this particular matter lightly so far, but it's time to see if he can fit into our plans," Doran said.

"So you want me to go north to meet up with the healer and do what exactly?" Oberyn asked.

"Find out everything you can about him, what makes him tick. We need to make sure he will not affect our plans, and if possible, even help us in it," Doran replied.

Oberyn smiled, "Consider it done, brother. When do I leave?"

"Tomorrow morning. And Oberyn, make sure you don’t cause any problems," Doran warned.

"No promises," he replied with a smirk, and then he turned and left the room.

-----------

After finding out all I could from the mercenaries, including when and where they were supposed to meet the guy who hired them, I came up with a plan to best make use of that information. However, I had some time before I needed to act.

I looked around the clearing and saw that I would have to build some kind of house to stay in here because I couldn't keep working in the open for long. But that was an issue for another day.

I spent an hour conducting some last-minute tests on my new subjects. They were still alive, and I had some more uses for them.

But for now I had something important to do After testing it for weeks, It was finally time to unlock my magic.

I checked all the pathways that I had created and glanced back at Fenrir, who was sitting behind me. "If I pass out and don't wake up by dusk, go back to Winterfell and bring Freya here," I instructed him.

I wasn't sure what she would be able to do if something did go wrong but better safe than sorry.

Fenrir nodded his head in acknowledgement before going back to chewing on whatever animal he had found.

Taking a deep breath, I sat down cross-legged, closing my eyes, and began to concentrate.

I focused on the intricate details of the schematic in my mind. Every muscle and lining had to be perfect; every nuance accounted for. I had been working on this project for weeks, and now it was time to put my plan into action.

Taking a deep breath, I closed my eyes and visualized the cavity that would house my new heart, the one that would give me power beyond my wildest dreams. With a steady hand, I began to shape the heart, following the pathways that I had carefully constructed. It was like molding clay, but with the added weight of my entire life on the line.

As the heart took shape, I felt an energy building inside me, like a coiled serpent ready to strike. The magic was flowing through me, filling me with an indescribable sense of power. I could feel every nerve ending come alive with the rush of energy.

And then it happened. The heart gave its first beat, and the magic exploded outwards, engulfing me in a bright aura. My body felt like it was vibrating with electricity, and I let out a euphoric scream. I had done it. I now had access to something most would only dream off.

But then, just as quickly as the joy had come, it was replaced by a searing pain that shot through my brain like a bolt of lightning.

Before long darkness consumed me.

----------

I woke up in a completely unfamiliar place.

'Unfamiliar' was putting it mildly; I was floating in a sea of stars.

As I drifted in the empty space, I couldn't help but feel an overwhelming sense of confusion and fear. Had I died for the second time? Was this some sort of afterlife?

But before I could spiral further into panic, "You're not dead. In fact, you completed the process perfectly," a voice reassured me.

As I turned towards the source of the voice, my eyes widened in surprise at the unexpected sight before me. Standing there was a man who bore an uncanny resemblance to the eleventh Doctor.

My mind couldn't quite make sense of what was happening.

"Hello, I'm the Doctor," the man said with a playful grin.

"What the fuck?" I blurted out, still trying to wrap my head around the situation.

The man chuckled at my reaction. "The look on your face! I love doing that. And to answer your question, no, I'm not really the Doctor or Matt Smith. I am what you might call a …"

I finished his sentence for him, "Random omnipotent being?"

The man grinned and gave me a mock salute. "Ding, ding, ding! Ten points to Slytherin."

"Uh, aren't you a little late on the introduction? Shouldn't this conversation have happened when I first got here?" I asked.

He winced at my question. "Yes, but you see, I was kind of drunk and not in any position to have a coherent conversation at the time."

I give him a deadpan expression, “Right.”

He just pouts at me.

“So…” I ask.

“You can call me Matt,” he says with a wide smile.

“Okay, Matt, so what's the grand plan here? Why me? Why did you send me here?” I ask him the main question.

“Well, you see, I have been observing your life, and you were such a fun guy. I mean, I've heard of people causing forest fires by accidentally throwing away their cigarettes, but you, my friend, decided to defy logic and started a forest fire to light your cigarette. I have honestly never laughed so hard in a long time.”

I blush at the memory and mutter, “It was an accident.”

"You can't lie to me, El. I know that you are an arsonist at heart," he said in a sing-song voice.

"After all the honestly insane shit that you used to do, I was not ready for you to stop everything and become so fucking boring, man. So, I had to get you out of there and put you in a position where you could do anything. And yet, it still took you four years to start doing mad shit again," he continued.

I looked at him in incredulity and said, “Jesus Christ, are you the god of insanity or something?”

As soon as the words escaped my mouth, I knew I had messed up. The entity's goofy expression twisted into an eerie blankness, and the void around us began to fracture. I felt a primal instinct in my brain, warning me not to focus on whatever lay beyond those cracks.

The entity's warning snapped me back to reality. "Do not say that name again," it cautioned, "He and I have some unresolved issues."

The cracks disappeared as quickly as they came, and the entity's face returned to its former silly expression.

Relief washed over me, and I made a mental note to be more careful with my words in the future and put a pin on the implications of his statement.

“And yes, I am *The God of Insanity*,” he said proudly.

I looked at him in disbelief, “That's just perfect,” I said with a sigh.

“So all I'm supposed to do is some insane shit in this world?” I asked.

“While I would like that, I know you don't plan on doing much again until the plot starts, so I'll give you that. But in four years, I expect some insanity,” he said without any room for compromise.

“Yeah, I can do that,” I said reluctantly.

“Wonderful! Now, as you may have suspected, your powers are incomplete, and you are on the right track to unlocking them completely. Just analyze all the weird shit in this world, and you'll be all good.”

“Okay,” I replied. It made sense that my powers worked on data, so the more I explored, the more versatile I would become.

“And if you collect them all, you get a prize from me. Isn't that exciting?” he said with a grin.

“Sounds fun,” I replied in a deadpan tone.

“Now, now, you don't need to take that tone with me, young man.” he said, trying to sound stern.

“Was there anything else you wanted to tell me?” I asked, getting a bit used to the entity before me.

“Hmmm, not really.” he shrugged

“One last question then?”

“Yes, go on,” he replied.

"I'm curious, when you said you were drunk when I died, what exactly do you drink?" I asked, genuinely intrigued.

He looked at me with a puzzled expression before bursting out laughing once again. "You really crack me up, kid. To answer your question, beings like me drink stars."

"Stars? You mean those giant balls of flaming gas?" I asked, still trying to wrap my head around it.

"Yes, that's right," he confirmed, as if it were the most normal thing in the world.

I took a moment to process this before asking the most obvious question. "What do stars taste like?"

He thought for a moment before answering. “Have you ever held a battery to your tongue? Oh, why am I even asking, of course, you have. That's exactly what they taste like.”

I was intrigued. "Huh, sounds delicious, I wanna try that someday."

He chuckled, "Sure, eventually you might be able to. If you do reach that stage, the first one's on me. But that's all the time I have for now. Have fun! Bye!"

As he said that, I started falling, and before I knew it, I passed out again.

----------

I woke up back in my forest laying on the floor, thankfully it wasn't dark yet, and I saw Fenrir curled up next to me, probably because I was warm. The aura of fire was still around me, making me feel very strong, as if I had just gotten a step closer to divinity.

Lost in thought, I sat in silence, pondering over the revelations from my encounter with the strange entity. It was hard to tell how long I had spent lost in my thoughts when Fenrir nudged me gently. I turned to him and followed his gaze to the sky, where the setting sun was painting the sky in a riot of colors.

Realizing it was time to head back, I looked at Fenrir and grinned. "Race you back!" I exclaimed.

He gave me one of his wolfish smiles and set off immediately.

In the next moment, my wings sprouted from my back, and with a powerful beat, I took off into the sky, leaving a trail of crimson behind me as I soared towards the horizon.

**Chapter - 32**

He was a man of duty, always steadfast in his decisions and actions. So when the raven arrived from the maester in Dragonstone, he knew he had to act fast.

Without hesitation, he took care of his affairs in Kings Landing and took the fastest ship back to Dragonstone and made his way to the castle as quickly as he could, his heart heavy with worry and fear.

As he stood by his daughter's bedside, his eyes focused intently on her, he couldn't help but feel a sense of helplessness wash over him. Her once-beautiful face was now marred by the dreaded grayscale, and the pain she seemed to be enduring was almost too much for him to watch.

"How long did you say it would take for the raven to reach Winterfell, Maester Cressen?" he asked, his voice unwavering.

"It should be any day now, my lord," the maester replied, his eyes full of concern.

"And my daughter will be fine until then?" he pressed, his tone steady with a hint of urgency in it.

"Yes, my lord, I have been able to slow down the spread, but it has left her very weak and susceptible to other diseases that would normally not be an issue. The pain and discomfort will not disappear unless she is completely cured," the maester explained, his voice gentle.

He couldn't help but wonder what he had done to deserve such punishment from the gods. If only he had received the raven earlier, he could have asked the white mage to come and save her.

But now, all he could do was wait and hope that the message he had sent to Winterfell would arrive soon enough to cure his daughter's ailment.

"Is there nothing else you can do?" he asked, desperation creeping into his voice.

"I am sorry, my lord. I wish I could do more for her, but it is beyond my abilities," the maester replied, his expression solemn.

"Very well, then. All we can do now is hope," he said, his voice firm.

He turned away from his daughter, his eyes betrayed nothing. He knew he had to be strong for her, to keep her spirits up in the face of such pain and discomfort. But deep down, he feared the worst, and could only pray that the gods would show mercy on his beloved daughter.

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I flew higher and faster than I ever had before, using magic to expel energy from my hands and legs to thrust myself through the air. My new aura protected me from the air resistance on my face, preventing me from needing new eyeballs from traveling at such speeds.

I would have spent more time messing around with my new powers, but I had made a promise and I intend to keep it. My new speed allowed me to reach the outskirts of Winterfell in record time, even though I wasted a lot of time going up instead of straight ahead.

As Fenrir came running out of the forest, I was waiting for him with a cheeky expression on my face. "There, there, slow and steady wins the race," I said while patting his snout patronizingly.

However, Fenrir was not in the mood for jokes and bit my hand in response.

"Ahh, son of a bitch," I exclaimed, cradling my injured hand, which now had two giant holes in it. Although my wounds healed immediately, it was still irritating.

"That's it, no more head pats for you, bad dog," I said, scolding Fenrir.

Fenrir huffed and walked away from me, but I chased after him, jumping on his back to playfully continue our game of chase. It was a sight to behold as we entered Winterfell, with me desperately clinging onto Fenrir as he tried his best to throw me off.

But my fingers eventually lost their grip, and I was launched off his back, skidding along the road. I looked up to see Freya's exasperated expression, and I was quick to point fingers at Fenrir, blaming him for my fall.

“It's all his fault” I was quick to point fingers but Fenrir had already made his escape to god knows where.

"Are you a child?" Freya scolded me, but I couldn't help but smile at her concern.

"A little bit," I admitted with a grin.

She helped me up, scolding me for ruining the coat she had given me.

As I dusted myself off, I asked her, "What are you doing here?"

"I was on my way to the clinic when I heard all the noise," she replied.

"Ah, sorry," I said.

"It's fine. I honestly didn't expect you to be back tonight after I heard you had left Winterfell," she said.

"I gave you my word that I would be back." I said as we made our way toward the clinic.

"That you did, but you still forgot about the patients," she said with a raised eyebrow while looking at the line of people waiting outside the clinic.

"Oops," I said sheepishly.

"Not a problem," I assured her. "I'll be done with this lot in a moment."

As we entered the clinic, we quickly went to work and efficiently dealt with all the patients. I took care of each one until my last patient arrived.

As I finished up with my last patient, I noticed Tyrion approaching Freya with a charming smile. "Ah, you must be the lovely Freya. I've heard so much about you," he said.

Freya seemed surprised but composed herself quickly. "Hello Lord Tyrion, how may I help you?" she replied politely.

"Just your presence alone has been all the help I would need," Tyrion replied, causing Freya to blush lightly.

"Careful there, Tyrion. I can make you even shorter, you know," I said pointedly.

Tyrion raised an eyebrow. "Are you implying that I am complimenting your acolyte as some sort of twisted revenge for you not helping me out at the brothel today?" he asked, his tone laced with amusement.

Before I could reply, Freya asked me with a dangerous glint in her eyes, "What were you doing in a brothel?"

"It's not what you think. I just passed by this idiot trying to convince the lady in charge that he was not a child and wanted to enter," I hurriedly explained myself before she got the wrong idea and threw a dirty look at Tyrion, who was whistling innocently like he didn't know what he had just done.

She looked at me suspiciously but moved on to Tyrion. "El told me that you have been healed but it will take time for you to grow."

"Yes, I was here for my, what did you call it, ah yes, a check-up," Tyrion replied.

"How have you been adjusting so far?" I asked.

"You mean other than everyone treating me like a child?" Tyrion said, whining.

I rolled my eyes. "Yes.”

"I'm slowly getting used to walking. I trip a lot, but it's manageable so far," he said, excitedly.

"Sounds about right. Give me your arm."

I scanned him and saw nothing wrong with the changes I had made.

"Everything seems to be fine. Come back in seven days if you can walk and run without tripping, and I'll make you taller. We'll keep doing that until you're the most handsome Lannister there was," I said with a smirk.

Tyrion grinned. "I can't wait."

He then became serious. "So what do I owe you?" he asked.

"I normally only charge a silver, mainly because that's all most people can afford to pay," I hummed.

"But you are not most people, and this situation is not normal, now is it?" I continued.

"Very well, healer, state your price."

"Hmm, I honestly don't know what to ask. Gold doesn't really appeal much to me, so how about this: I'm going to ask you for a favor someday, and you complete it for me without any question." I said with a wide smile.

His expression became more grave, but it looked quite funny on his childlike face.

"That sounds too ominous for my tastes so how about this I will owe you a favor within reason in my lifetime, plus fifty thousand gold in whatever form you want it to be," he countered.

"Interesting offer. Make it a hundred thousand plus the favor, and we have a deal," I said.

I knew he wouldn't have agreed to my first offer. He was too smart for that.

"I thought you weren't interested in gold," he asked.

"Then why did you offer it?"

"Fair enough. We have a deal," we shook hands.

"What are you going to do with all that gold?" he asked me.

I just shrugged and replied, "No idea, probably dig a hole, dump it all in, and dive into it to go swimming."

He looked at me like I was insane and asked in genuine confusion, "But it's gold. You will just land on it. How will you swim?"

I just sighed at the lost reference and said, "Never mind."

"So what interesting things do you do around here?" he asked lightheartedly now that we had dealt with all the serious stuff.

"You're asking the wrong person. He spends all day cooped up in his lab, setting things on fire or in the forest," Freya said in a dry tone.

“I most certainly do not. I'll have you know I am a very fun person,” I said in mock offense.

“My most recent achievement being that I outdrank King Robert during my recent visit to King's Landing.” I boasted

Both Tyrion and Freya looked at me in disbelief for entirely different reasons.

"That's because you can't get drunk," she said.

"Wrong, I can get drunk if I choose to, but I can never get hungover." I explained.

“I was impressed at first. Now, I'm just jealous,” Tyrion said.

With that, he got up and said, "Well, I'll leave you kids to it. If rumors have to be believed, you two have a lot of catching up to do," he said with a smirk followed by, "And I need to go drink a lot and figure out how to break into a brothel."

“That is not going to end well,” Freya said, watching the literal manchild walk away.

“No it's not” I said with a smile. “Odds on him ending up in the stables tonight?”

Freya snorted and replied, "I know a sucker's bet when I see one," as she grabbed my hand and dragged me towards my room.

"Enough of that," she continued. "You have a lot to make up for after ditching me today. It's better you get started now."

I stayed silent as a dumb grin spread across my face and followed her lead.

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A/N: I know, I'm sorry about the late updates for the last few chapters. I kinda got selected into Uni and my dumbass thought that now I would have some free time to write in peace. Boy was I wrong, anyway my goal now is to update every three days cause that's the most realistic estimate I can give you all. I hope you've enjoyed the story so far.