

“It’s not murder I find amusing, Lord Stark, it’s you. You rule like a man dancing on rotten ice. I daresay you will make a noble splash. I believe I heard the first crack this morning.”

“The first and last,” said Ned. “I’ve had my fill.”

“When do you mean to return to Winterfell, my lord?”

“As soon as I can. What concern is that of yours?”

“None... but if perchance you’re still here come evenfall, I’d be pleased to take you to this brothel your man Jory has been searching for so ineffectually.” Littlefinger smiled. “And I won’t even tell the Lady Catelyn.”