

“Edmure agrees, we must pay Gregor Clegane back his bloody coin,” Ser Marq declared, “but old Lord Hoster commanded us to come here and beg the king’s leave before we strike.”

Thank the gods for old Lord Hoster, then. Tywin Lannister was as much fox as lion. If indeed he’d sent Ser Gregor to burn and pillage and Ned did not doubt that he had—he’d taken care to see that he rode under cover of night, without banners, in the guise of a common brigand. Should Riverrun strike back, Cersei and her father would insist that it had been the Tullys who broke the king’s peace, not the Lannisters. The gods only knew what Robert would believe.

Grand Maester Pycelle was on his feet again. “My lord Hand, if these good folk believe that Ser Gregor has forsaken his holy vows for plunder and rape, let them go to his liege lord and make their complaint. These crimes are no concern of the throne. Let them seek Lord Tywin’s justice.”

“It is all the king’s justice,” Ned told him. “North, south, east, or west, all we do we do in Robert’s name.”

“The king’s justice,” Grand Maester Pycelle said. “So it is, and so we should defer this matter until the king-”

“The king is hunting across the river and may not return for days,” Lord Eddard said. “Robert bid me to sit here in his place, to listen with his ears, and to speak with his voice. I mean to do just that... though I agree that he must be told.” He saw a familiar face beneath the tapestries. “Ser Robar.”

Ser Robar Royce stepped forward and bowed. “My lord.”

“Your father is hunting with the king,” Ned said. “Will you bring them word of what was said and done here today?”

“At once, my lord.”

“Do we have your leave to take our vengeance against Ser Gregor, then?” Marq Piper asked the throne.

“Vengeance?” Ned said. “I thought we were speaking of justice. Burning Clegane’s fields and slaughtering his people will not restore the king’s peace, only your injured pride.” He glanced away before the young knight could voice his outraged protest, and addressed the villagers. “People of Sherrer, I cannot give you back your homes or your crops, nor can I restore your dead to life. But perhaps I can give you some small measure of justice, in the name of our king, Robert.”

Every eye in the hall was fixed on him, waiting. Slowly Ned struggled to his feet, pushing himself up from the throne with the strength of his arms, his shattered leg screaming inside its cast. He did his best to ignore the pain; it was no moment to let them see his weakness. “The First Men believed that the judge who called for death should wield the sword, and in the north we hold to that still. I dislike sending another to do my killing... yet it seems I have no choice.” He gestured at his broken leg.

“Lord Eddard!” The shout came from the west side of the hall as a handsome stripling of a boy strode forth boldly. Out of his armor, Ser Loras Tyrell looked even younger than his sixteen years. He wore pale blue silk, his belt a linked chain of golden roses, the sigil of his House. “I