



DAEMON would sometimes rouse from his cold bed, thinking that it was just a bad dream. That at any moment, he would reawaken and she would be there next to him. With the sunlight cascading across her skin in a myriad of sparkling gemstones. Her hair splayed against his like the advent of dawn's kiss.

But he never did wake from that dream.

Baelor was inconsolable during the nights, as if he too knew that something had gone awry. That a part of him was missing. Daemon never gave him over to the wetnurse unless it was to feed. He was the last thing she had left to him and he was determined that their son never felt the sting of her absence.

Every year on her nameday, he would bring Baelor to Winterfell. His grandsire was always pleased to see them. A wreath of winter roses would be waiting for him to bring down to the crypt. They had never found her remains to inter within the tombs. So Lord Rickon requisitioned a statue in her likeness to be erected instead.

With pale hands of stone covering tearless and unseeing eyes, she stood in silent vigil over her cousin's tomb. Daemon replaced the wreath of roses atop her head. She would always be his queen of love and beauty. Until the end of his days.

The years passed and soon, Viserys had ascended the throne as ordained by the Great Council of 101 AC. The celebrations had seemed hollow to Daemon. Unlike their father or uncle before him, Viserys had never worn or known true glory. Daemon would sometimes wonder what it would be like if he were the firstborn instead.

Then again, it might have fallen on Viserys to marry Lyra instead of him. And for that, he changed his mind. He would never trade her or Baelor for anything else in the world. Not even the crown. Though he still thought that it would have looked better on him.

It was sometime after Baelor's fifth nameday when Daemon woke up to a wintry morn.

A chill blew in from the northern winds, signalling a coming storm. Daemon went to close the doors to the balcony, only to take pause at its threshold. He felt his blood run cold, petrifying within his veins. Daemon was never one to believe in ghost stories or nighttime terrors.

But he still trembled at the sight of it. Fresh as spring, blue as frost. A wreath of winter roses sat on top of the balustrade.

He sought for answers that entire day, questioning the servants and the knights. Yet none could tell him how it had ended up in his bedchambers. Or indeed where it had even come from. Winter roses were rare, even in their home of Winterfell. But Baelor adored them. He would always give a handful to Rhaenyra when he could.

At the turn of three moons, Daemon had chanced across another wreath. This time, they were waiting for him at the outlook. He had not been there for a spell but the roses were undeniably fresh and crisp. He had questioned every single person that he could think of that knew Lyra.

Until realisation struck him one night.

With haste, he donned his cloak and hood. The passages leading to the Hill of Rhaenys were familiar winding routes. He could traverse them with his eyes blindfolded. It was a wonder why he had not connected the signs any sooner.

He emerged onto the street of cloying perfumes and rhythmic carouses, slipping his way past the romps and larks. The last house soon came into his sight and he entered without a word. Crossing the dim halls, up the stairs and into the private chambers at the end.

The Lysene girl turned to him with expectant eyes. "At last you come," she whispered.

In her hand was a letter that he took with bated breath. And when he read its contents, the dead thing in his chest finally started to beat again with renewed vigour.

Until the sun grows cold and the stars grow old.



AUTHOR'S NOTE

omg short chapter but it's meant to be the epilogue. new character list up next, let me know what else you wanna see too! xx

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