

Love Song of Ice and Fire

by H.T. Yim

Game of Thrones SPOILER ALERT

May as well share, since HBO confirmed the theory. A vision of how $L+R=J < 3$

‘Remove helm,’ he commanded, ‘or find it lifted from fallen body.’

Slowly, the mystery knight pulled off the headpiece, sending dark tresses falling in cascades.

He nearly dropped his sword for shock. ‘Lady Lyanna?’

‘Prince Rhaegar,’ she greeted coolly, as if they had not attempted to hack each other to pieces a moment past. She pushed a lock of hair from her eyes. ‘Truly, your prowess in battle is matched only by that with the harp. I must needs thank the gods that we did not meet on the jousting grounds.’

‘My lady ...’ His tongue felt a stranger in his mouth. ‘Why ... what were you ... the jousting grounds is no place for a lady,’ he finished lamely.

‘Must I needs a cock to chastise those without honour? If so, I should gladly grow one.’ She feigned melancholy and shrugged. ‘Alas, I cannot, and thus must rely on wiles alone.’

‘You were certainly blessed with more than wiles, my lady,’ he remarked, laughing. His arm throbbed where she had struck him.

She looked at him sharply. ‘Do you mock me, sir?’

The laughter died in his throat. ‘No,’ he assured her. ‘I meant no harm, only ... only ...’ Had he ever been so slow-witted?

‘Only to flatter?’ she finished for him, frowning. ‘Do you think me so vain?’

‘No,’ he said miserably. ‘I only meant ...’

Her face broke into a smile. 'I only jest, my prince. 'Tis a rare sight indeed, to see the solemn Prince of Dragonstone so vexed.'

'My lady is cruel.'

'I am of the North, my lord – and thus as cold and cruel as winter.'

'And as beautiful.' The words escaped upon his breath.

She stared at him a moment then broke her gaze, biting her lower lip. 'Many call the North cold and cruel. Few name it beautiful.'

'And I name her merciless and haunting, mesmerizing in her ferocity.'

'The dragon prince has many talents and queer tastes, conjuring sweet words for maids in armour.'

'The lady wolf is as mysterious as she is wild and breathtaking.'

She turned her eyes from his once more, flustered.

'His Grace believes you a foe. He has commanded me to retrieve you, to be unhorsed and unmasked.'

'And will you reveal me, my lord?'

'I shall take your secret to my grave.'

'Then ... in your hands, I place my trust.'

He drew closer and took her hands in his, feeling as if he had emptied a flagon of wine down his throat, blood rushing to his face.

This time, she did not turn her gaze.

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