

# Daeneria-in-Westeros

a *Game of Thrones* fanfic

by **Rodo**

THE GREAT QUEEN finally stood in the city her ancestors built with fire and blood, in the realm they conquered on the backs of dragons, the greatest city of the Seven Kingdoms. Before her, at the end of the throne room, loomed the Iron Throne; it was the centre of power and she took it with all her might. Finally, she could sit on it and listen her people's accolades that praised her for freeing them from the yoke of the Lannisters and the threat of the White Walkers.

"All hail Daenerys Stormborn, First of her Name, Queen of the Andals, the Rhoynar and the First Men, Protector of the Seven Kingdoms, the Mother of Dragons, the Breaker of Chains, Khaleesi of the Great Grass Sea, Queen of the Astapori, the Yunkai'i and the Meereenese, the Unburnt," Missandei announced, and the nobility of Westeros bowed before the Iron Throne as one, with Daenerys' three children cheering her outside the Keep.

Daenerys and her advisors retired to the small council chamber afterwards, to start making plans for the future of her realm. Daenerys, of course, took her seat at the head of the table, with Tyrion, Varys, Ser Jorah, Missandei and Lord Snow arranged around it.

"I think we should commemorate this monumental day in history, my lords and lady," she announced, "by renaming this city my honour."

Daenerys watched with narrowed eyes as Tyrion emptied the cup of wine he'd just poured for himself. Varys sighed and looked up at the ceiling, while Missandei lowered her gaze and Ser Jorah stared straight ahead, his shoulders slightly hunched. Only Jon Snow seemed suitably confused by his fellow advisors' reactions.

"Is that really necessary, Your Grace?" Tyrion asked delicately.

Jon Snow nodded in agreement. “King’s Landing already has a name, and people have used it for generations.”

“But my kingdom is a new kingdom, a better one, and its capital should reflect that.”

Lord Snow frowned a moment, and then nodded. Finally someone who understood her!

“I have thought about its new name long and hard, and I’ve decided on Daeneria.”

Lord Tyrion groaned, poured himself another cup and drowned it just as fast, while Missandei began picking at the hems of her sleeves.

“Are you sure this is a good idea, Your Grace?” Varys asked.

“Of course it is!” she told him. What else would she name a great city such a this?

“Only, it is becoming slightly confusing, Your Grace,” her master of whispers explained. “You have conquered so many cities already, and renamed so many of them, it is starting to get a bit confusing, from an administrative standpoint, you understand.”

“There is Daeneria – formerly called Astapor,” Tyrion reminded her, putting up a finger and raising a new one whenever he named a new city. “Daeneria – formerly known as Yunkai, and of course Daeneria – formerly the great city of Meereen.”

“We never know which city in the Bay of Dragons you are referring to, Your Grace,” Missandei helpfully added.

“But Daeneria will be in the Seven Kingdoms, I think there’s no reason for confusion here,” she argued.

“And let’s not forget Vaes Danero,” Ser Jorah muttered under his breath.

“Is that Dothraki?” Jon Snow, who sat next to the northern knight, asked him in a whisper.

Ser Jorah nodded.

“For Daeneria?”

Ser Jorah – and the rest of the advisors – nodded with an air of resignation around them, much to Daenerys’ consternation. They really were forgetting what they were here to do.

“Very well, if all of you dislike Daeneria this much, what would you suggest?”

“Lyksoktion?” Missandei suggested.

“Paletilla?” Varys added.

“New Valyria,” Tyrion said, although he clearly didn’t mean it, going by his sardonic smirk and the way he kept drinking.

“Queen’s Landing?” Jon Snow proposed with a helpless shrug. Ser Jorah just stayed quiet and they all looked at their queen while she glared back at each of them in turn. Outside, she heard Drogon roar with all his might.

“Daeneria it is, then,” Tyrion sighed, and Daenerys smiled.

*Fin*