

From Across the Great Sea

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From Across the Great Sea

by [EnigmaAuthor](#)

Summary

The War of the Five Kings has begun. Stannis Baratheon sits upon his lonely island, falling to the sway of the Red Priestess. Renly Baratheon feasts his way up the Reach, gathering tens of thousands to his cause. The Lannisters defend the throne they have claimed through treachery and deceit, seeking any way in which to secure their power. Balon Greyjoy plots in his crumbling castle, stirring thoughts of a new rebellion. Robb Stark fights his way across the Riverlands, seeking justice for his father's murder and security for his nascent kingdom.

And yet, as these high and powerful men clash across the land, thousands of ships emerge from the Sunset Sea. Ships bearing a power unlike any ever seen in the known world. The last of Númenor has come.

Notes

My first attempt at a fanfiction.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Prologue

“Javet. Get the other line. This one’s ‘bout ta snap.” Avros shouted. Inwardly, he groaned, this would be the fourth broken rope in as many weeks.

“Yes father!” His son jumped to obey, digging through the untidy pile nearby, though not before tripping over said pile and nearly tumbling over the edge of the dock. He didn’t bother to suppress his groan this time. Nor did his brother suppress his amusement.

“Haha! I swear, that boy grows quicker every day.” Kavran laughed, looking up from the deck of their small fishing craft. Avros just rolled his eyes.

“Clumsier more like. What sort of fisherman catches himself in his own net.” That incident had been perhaps the most ridiculous and embarrassing sight in all his life. Javet still could not, or would not, explain how it had happened.

“Hmm. Least your son is still here to embarrass you.” Kavran grumbled, turning back the nets he was collecting.

“Maybe. But I have to say, I miss Jonat’s ropes far more than his company.” Looking out across the harbor, not many could have seen the change. But Avros and Kavran had lived on Oakenshield all their lives, docking their small craft at the harbor with his brother as their father had before them. And so he could see which ships were missing men, how Lord Hewett’s ships were always prepared to sail.

“What was the name of that King they were joining? The one at Bitterbridge.” Kavran asked. “Stannis Baratheon was it?”

“No. Stannis is the one on that island in the Blackwater Bay. Dragonstone.” Avros stated, shaking his head. “It’s his brother at Bitterbridge. Renly Baratheon. From Storm’s End. He’s the one that Jonat and the other’s will be joining.” The call for men had come by raven just a few weeks ago. A call apparently spread across all the Reach. A good number of young men from Oakenshield and the other Shield Islands had answered the summons and led by Lord Hewett’s sons; they had set sail for the mainland. His nephew had joined them.

“So there are three kings now?”

“Four. Lord Stark’s son claimed a crown too. And the Riverlands are supporting him.” Avros replied. The questions were starting to become annoying, so as he bent down to begin carefully untying the weakened line, he asked, “What do you care about all this anyway?”

“Well, you think the Greyjoys will try and rebel again?” There it was. It was an honest concern. The Shield Island had a long history of either repelling Ironborn reavers headed for the Reach, or being brutally raided themselves. As the largest port in the isles, Lord Hewett’s town was a common target for those raids. The smallfolk of Oakenshield had profusely thanked the Seven that the Greyjows had been more interested in attacking the Westerlands and Riverlands than raiding the Reach.

“Naw. Doubt it. King Robert stomped them hard last time. Heard they’re still rebuilding.” But even if it never did touch them, war always seemed to suck the land dry of every resource. It would be best to conserve as much as they can. Even a frayed rope could have its uses.

“Still, if the Tyrells and Lannisters are fighting each other, then the... Redwyne fleet... could...” Avros paid little attention to his brother’s words as they trailed off. The line was being stubborn, but he resisted the urge to cut it. It would be worth more intact.

“Father.” He heard his son speaking next to him. “Father, look!” This time Javet had grabbed his shoulder. Looking up, he found his son pointing out towards the sea. His brother was also staring out to sea, his expression one of bafflement. Turning his gaze to follow theirs, he noted nothing other than another ship entering the harbor. He looked back to his son.

“What are you on about, there’s nothin-” He abruptly cut himself off and whipped his head back towards the port entrance to ensure his eyes had not deceived him. The craft entering the harbor was unlike any he had seen before. It seemed about 40 feet length maybe 25 feet across. Smaller than any warship or true trading vessel, but larger than a fishing boat. But what was most striking was that it was pure white in color. Hull, deck, and mast. The sail, however, was a deep blue, almost black, and across it like a house sigil was the white outline of a tree and seven stars.

Avros soon realized the strange and obviously foreign ship was moving towards the berth across the dock from his own ship. As they pulled along the dock, two men jumped from the ship and began tying lines to the deck. From where he stood, Avros could see they were dark haired and pale skinned, perhaps lightly tanned. Their clothes were dark and simple, yet clearly well made. When they finished, a third man climbed across to the docks. He seemed much akin to the others, but his clothes looked richer and more decorated, trimmed with what looked like silver and blue cloth, and a cape was draped across his shoulders.. This third man looked around for a moment before locking his gaze and walking forward and, with a start, Avros realized they were walking towards him. One of the others who had jumped to the dock moved to follow a few steps behind.

As they neared him and his boat, Avros noticed several things about the strangers. First was that they were tall. Very tall. All of them were at least a head taller than him, maybe two. Second, they were likely rich, as both who approached him wore rings and bracelets encrusted with jewels. Third, while the caped man appeared unarmed, the one following behind him had a long sword sheathed by his side. Lastly, the caped man seemed older than the others, small streaks of grey running through his hair and his face held more obvious lines.

The pair stopped a few steps away from Avros. Javet was half hiding behind him and Kavran had yet to move from his position on their boat. The elder of the pair looked them over, his light eyes settling on Arvos, and a kind smile appeared on his face. When he spoke, his voice was soft yet deep and rich, calm and strong in a way Avros had never heard before.

“Greetings friend. May I make a few enquiries upon you? I have several questions and as of yet no other means of acquiring answers.” His speech was accented, but only slightly. After a few false starts, Avros finally managed to respond.

“Ah, well... um... milord, I suppose I can try my best, but I’m no maester or learned lord.” Avros internally kicked himself. This was no time for rambling speech! The lord, however, simply nodded before speaking.

“That is no matter. What is the name of this port and island. And, if one should exist, what country or land is it part of.” When Avros blinked in confusion, the lord spoke again. “I’m afraid my companions and I are quite lost. These lands were not our intended destination, nor do we know how we arrived here instead.”

“Well, milord, this island here is called Oakenshield, and this port is called Lord Hewett’s Town. As for the name of the land or country we belong to, well, Lord Hewett owes fealty to the Tyrells, who govern all the Reach, so I guess that makes us Reachmen.” The strange lord seemed to consider this for a time. Avros could feel his son trembling behind him.

“The land to the west and north then, it is called the Reach, and it is ruled by these Tyrells?”

“Part of it, but if yer talking bout the land as a whole, then its name would be Westeros.” Avros scratched his chin, thinking over a few things before he continued. “Usually the king on the Iron Throne rules all the land. But there are few kings fighting over it now. The Tyrells swore their support to King Renly Baratheon, so I guess that makes him our ruler.” The caped man nodded along as he spoke.

“This Lord Hewett you mentioned, would he be the governing authority of this island?” At Avros’s confirmation, he inquired, “Where might I find this Lord Hewett?”

“Knowing the Lord’s habits he’ll probably be up at Oakenshield castle, holdin’ court or somethin’ the like.” As he spoke, Avros pointed up and across the town, towards the stout fortress above the port. The stranger followed his gaze.

“Thank you, good friend. I mean no offense, but I believe shall take my further inquiries to this Lord. However, I do thank you for the answers you have provided, and I wish you all a fine day.” When Avros returned the farewell, the lord turned and began moving up the dock towards the town. Avros turned back to his ship, letting out a breath he had not realized he was holding. His son had finally stopped trembling, but Kavron’s mouth was still agape in shock. “Ah! Forgive me!” Startled, Avros spun back towards the lord who had turned back towards his family. “It seems my time at sea has eroded my good manners. I did not ask for your names nor offer my own.” Avros blinked in yet another shock before regathering his wits.

“Ah. Of course milord. I’m called Avros, and this is my son, Javet. The gaping fool on our ship is my brother, Kavran.” The lord smiled at his answer.

“Well met, Avros of Oakenshield. I am called Amandil. Amandil of Andúnië.”

Amortonos 1

Chapter Summary

The Great Armament arrives in Westeros

“If these are the Undying Lands, I will swallow my sword.”

One of their guards snorted in response to the claim. Normally no common soldier would have dared let such an impropriety in their display slip, but these men they protected were unlike the common nobles, and they knew they would face no consequence. Perhaps this lapse in discipline was unfit for a soldier of Númenor, but Amartonos did not care. He had fought alongside many of these men in Harad where he was their Captain, and he would not insult them with such trivial matters. Besides, the response was not unwarranted. For his part, Amartonos simply hummed in indifference.

“What, you think I jest?” Mahtano, his friend and fellow Captain, turned his head to look at him. “I assure you, I am most serious in this pledge. After all the tales and legends, the gifts of the Eldar and the powers they displayed, the thought that this is where they are from?” Mahtano waved his hands towards the not so distant shore. “No, I cannot believe it. I refuse.”

“It is not that we think you jest, my friend,” Amortonos responded, “but rather the fact that we too cannot believe that these are the lands that were our goal, and so your oath has little worth.”

For a plethora of factors, it was plainly obvious that some manner of catastrophe had befallen their armada. As soon as they had emerged from the fog, the rising sun to their front had made clear that their course was far astray. But when they turned back to make a second attempt, the mist of the Shadowy sea had vanished, and the Enchanted Isles were nowhere to be found. And so the Great Armament sailed east, though the King had not favored the course, to regroup with the secondary armada and return to Eldalondë and discover what had occurred.

“Do you believe this to be some trick of the Valar? Perhaps some ploy to distract and frighten us?” Mahtano inquired.

“That this is the work of the Valar and their Powers, I have no doubt.” He let out a defeated sigh. “But I fear this work to be far more lasting and grievous than a mere trick. All the legends declare them beings of great might. It was foolish to think we could sail so brazenly into their waters and not expect retaliation. Foolish. ”

As they sailed, they had not encountered the secondary armada, nor did they arrive at Eldalondë or any other haven of Númenor. No sign of their Blessed Isle had been seen, not

even the peak of Meneltarma had been spotted in any direction. Instead, they had arrived at the coast of these lands. The scout craft had sailed up and down, reporting on rocky shores and sandy beaches and river mouths the shape of form of which none among the fleet had yet recognized. No map or chart or ancient text they had among them matched these coasts. Soon, their situation had become somewhat clearer. They were beyond the known world.

“We should have stayed behind in Armenelos.” Mahtno’s face formed a scowl. “At least then we would have been spared this disaster.”

“If we had refused the call to arms, we would already be dead by execution. And even if such had been allowed, we would have had to contend with... him... and his puppets, alone.” Both men shuddered at the thought, and Mahtno made no argument, for the creature that was the King’s favored counselor and priest was a cruelty neither had the heart to cross.

“I have begun to believe that Amandil was the wisest of us all,” Mahtno began, “taking his family east, leaving the troubles of our land behind.”

“That is a thought I have long known to be true.” Amortonos stated. “But I was not willing to stand in opposition to Pharazôn. I should have. We should never have turned our backs on the-” A sharp cough from one of their guards disrupted his statement and drew them to look back from the rails. A Herald of the king was approaching their deck.

After a subtle nod in thanks to the guard who had just saved them from accusations of treason and blasphemy, both men straightened and moved to address the approaching officer.

“Hail good man, what words have you for us!” Mahtno called out.

“The King has commanded that all his Lords and Commanders should attend Him in conference in the council chamber as immediately as they may arrive.” The Herald declared.

“Then we shall make our way aft at once.” Amortonos responded. As he signaled their guards to disperse, both he and Mahtno moved to obey their king’s command.

The King’s flagship, the Alcarondas, Castle of the Sea, was with no doubt the grandest of vessels ever to sail, save perhaps the islands that ferried the Valar and the armies across the Belegaer. Nearly nine hundred feet in length and a hundred in width, driven by many golden masts and uncounted oars, it truly was a fortress of the waves. Even a great throne had been fitted to the command deck, from which the King could direct his amrada in battle. Many thousands crewed this vessel, and many thousands more were passengers, soldiers and Commanders, engineers and scholars, all the men necessary for an invasion of unbelievable proportions.

Even the chamber Amortonos now sat within was far grander than any within his own mansion in Amrenolos, or his villa in Nindamos. It was long and wide, protected by the ship’s armored decks and hull, but well lit with torches, candles, and open windows. Strewn across the long table were many papers and charts. Reports on the state of the fleet, and reports from the scout ships from which the scholars had drawn rough sketches of the coast.

There were many chairs along the table, a few dozen at most, and all save the throne at the head were filled. Amortonos's own seat was near the middle, not among the favored counselors near the throne, but not among the scorned towards its opposing end. A position which satisfied one of his moods. Some occupants were men that Amortonos knew at a glance, such as Cendo the chief scholar, his friend and fellow Captain Mahtno, and Hyando, Captain of the King's guard. Others he did not recognize, but he could guess their purposes, for all within this room were the leaders of the Great Armament. Its Admirals of the fleets, Generals of the armies, and the Captains of the famed companies. All of whom now waited on their king.

They did not have to wait long, for soon enough a door at the end of the hall opened, and a single man entered. Upon his head sat a shining crown, golden and encrusted with bright gems. His robes were dark and long, lined with gold, silver, and mithril. His hair was mostly grey, few streaks of black remained, and many lines creased his face. Despite his apparent age, he moved swiftly across the room and took his seat upon the throne.

Here was the Lord of the West. Descendent of Elros Tar-Minyatur. Master of the Land of the Star. Grand Captain of All the Seas. King of Númenor. Ar-Pharazôn the Golden.

With a wave of his hand the meeting began.

Most of that which was discussed were the normal logistics of the fleets. What ships had been damaged or lost in the fog, how many men were injured, how many remained ready for battle. The news was mostly good. Casualties were light and the armada's numbers remained well above the more than a million men they had set out with. The scout craft had not found any hostile craft in the nearby waters, though the ships they did spot were foreign in design and tried to flee when spotted.

But the best of news had come in the form of reports that the secondary armada had been found and were now moving to join them. It seemed they had suffered a similar fate, sailing west into the fog of the Shadowy Sea, emerging with great confusion to the rising sun at their face. This was a great relief for all in the armada, for not only did the secondary fleet hold the majority of their food and other supplies, but also the families of most of the men in the Great Armament. Amortonos's own second son and daughters-in-law were among those in that fleet, aboard his family's vessel. His eldest son was captain of a ship under Amortonos's command.

This perhaps seems strange to most, for men to bring their families to battle, but the greater idea of Ar-Pharazôn made all clear. It was not the simple conquest and domination of Valinor alone that he intended, but also to settle and colonize the Undying Lands. Land was to be the payment for his soldiers' service.

Then came the question of what they would do now.

"According to the reports, there is a bay just to our northwest," spoke Felmon, Admiral of the Third Fleet. "It is large and sheltered from the open sea, and a river empties into it, so there is freshwater within range. It would be a good place for the Armada to anchor for a time while our small craft continue to scout and we make a true plan for the future."

“The only true concern,” declared Húto, Admiral of the First Fleet and Captain of the Alcarondas, “are these four islands to the north of the bay.”

“Explain.” the King commanded.

“Each of the islands have at least a small dock and fortress,” Húto explained, “Each dock has a number of large craft we assume are warships, and each fortress could house a decent number of soldiers. If we shelter in the bay, these ships could be used in an attempt to trap us within.”

“Of course,” Felmon continued, “it is unlikely that they could cause any true harm to the armada. The craft are most inferior in design. Yet, with consideration to our current situation, any damage at all would be unacceptable.”

The council became silent as they waited for the King’s response. For a time he made no word or movement, looking down at the reports and crude maps. Then he spoke.

“The solution is simple. Admiral Felmon, you will take the Third Fleet and a company and take control of those islands.” A wave of surprise crossed the chamber, though Amortonos was not among those shocked. “You will seize the docks and fortresses, killing any who resist. If they have leaders, take them and their families alive. If they have any maps or documents or wise men with knowledge of these lands, seize them as well.”

“Your Majesty!” A voice near Amortonos called out. It was Cendo, the chief scholar. “We are not in conflict with this land or its people! Surely a peaceful approach would be more wise.”

Silent was not an apt description of the council now. Terrified would be more suitable, as they stared in horror at Cendo, who in turn grew less confident at the lack of support and the sudden shift in mood. All whose gaze were not upon Cendo, looked to the King in anticipation. Hyando in particular looked quite eager, his fingers tightening around the hilt of his sword.

“As you are new to my court and are not a martial man,” the King stated, brow low and eyes hard, “you shall be excused this moment insolence. But not again. So when I speak, you shall listen. I am the King of Men. All men. My word is law in every land. My will is absolute in every heart and every mind. Any and all who would resist me and Officers of my authority are rebels and deserve naught but death. Any who act so and live exist only by my mercy. Do you understand?”

Cendo’s reply was quiet, almost a mutter, so the King spoke again, and his voice was like thunder. “Do you understand!?” Cendo started in place, shouting his affirmative and nodding profusely. “Good.” The King stood from his throne, the council followed suit. “Admiral, you have your orders. The rest of the armada shall harbor in this bay and await your report. Carry out my commands, all of you, and do not fail. Go.”

End Notes

All comments and feedback are appreciated. More chapters coming soon hopefully.

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