

# Tyrion chapter

1. Noun
2. Noun - Plural

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"Who admitted you to my \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup>?"

"Your tower? This is my \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun - Plural</sup> royal castle."

"So they tell me." Tyrion was not amused. Crawn would be even less so; his Moon Brothers had the guard today.

"I was about to come to you, as it happens."

"Were you?"

He swung the door shut behind him. "You doubt me?"

"Always, and with good reason."

"I'm hurt." Tyrion waddled to the sideboard for a cup of wine. He knew no surer way to work up a thirst than talking with Cersei. "If I've given you offense, I would know how."

"What a disgusting little worm you are. Myrcella is my only daughter. Did you truly imagine that i would allow you to sell her like a bag of oats?"

Myrcella, he thought. Well, that egg has hatched. Let's see what color the chick is. "Hardly a bag of oats.

Myrcella is a princess. Some would say this is what she was born for. Or did you plan to marry her to Tommen?"