

Chapter - 17

As I lay in bed, I pondered the circumstances that led to this situation. I had finished everything I had planned to do in the capital, and now, a few hours before I planned to leave, I had fucked up.

With a heavy sigh, I turned my gaze to the left, where the source of my vexation lay sprawled naked in my bed, still unconscious. Memories of the previous night flooded my mind.

The moment I entered my room, after I finally stopped acting drunk, I saw that I was not alone.

Sitting on my bed, with a lustful expression on her face, was the Queen of the Seven Kingdoms, draped in a sheer garment that could barely be considered a robe.

As I entered, I noticed a flicker of fear cross her face, but she quickly concealed it behind a mask of lust that didn't seem entirely fabricated.

Given the shock she must have felt during the feast earlier she was understandably drunk.

As I tried to comprehend the situation, she rose from the bed and sauntered towards me with an enticing gait.

She stood before me, her gaze locked onto mine, and for a moment we simply stared at each other in silence. The air was thick with tension and I could feel my heart racing as I struggled to understand what was happening. Then, with a sultry smile, she spoke.

"What are you going to do now?" she asked, her voice low and husky.

(This section has been removed to conform to SB's NEFW rules. You can find it on Questionable Questing in the NSFW section.)

I pause, considering my next move. I was aware of her methods, attempting to manipulate me through seduction after her previous attempts to have me assassinated failed.

However, before I can form a response, she moves closer, pressing her body against mine. The heat from her skin radiates through the sheer fabric of her robe and the fragrance of her perfume is irresistible. I am caught off guard by her boldness, but I cannot deny the attraction I feel towards her.

In that moment, I was torn between desire and caution. On the one hand, I was acutely aware of the potential consequences of succumbing to my carnal desires, plus this bitch was obviously crazy. Who else was mad enough to try to sleep with someone they had just attempted to assassinate, while also failing and getting caught by said person?

On the other hand, It was always the crazy ones that were the kinkiest, so the sex was definitely going to be mind blowing.

As I struggled to make a decision, she reached up and ran her fingers through my hair, pulling me closer for a kiss. I didn't offer much resistance, and as our lips met I was consumed by a fiery passion that threatened to overwhelm me entirely.

The kiss was intense, our bodies pressed together as we explored each other's mouths with our tongues. I could feel the heat building within me and I knew that I was quickly losing control.

It was at this point that I decided to throw caution to the wind and take full advantage of the situation. I lifted her up, she quickly wrapped her legs around my waist, and I carried her back to the bed. We continued making out furiously as I laid her down on the bed.

She gazes up at me with a look of lust and pride, and slowly lets her robe slip from her shoulders. Her eyes gleam with a challenge. "I imagine someone as young and powerful as you, would love to prove their prowess to the Queen of the Seven Kingdoms, right here in the heart of her castle," she says with a smirk.

I was going to wipe that smirk from her face, and show her what it feels like to be truly pleased. With my powers, I make her nerve endings hyper-sensitive, and I can see her eyes widen as I kiss her and begin to tantalize her nipples. The thrill of dominating her is a rush like no other, and my only goal now was to make her scream with pleasure.

I continue to explore her body, using my powers to make each touch, kiss, and caress more intense than the last. She moans with pleasure, her body responding to my every touch. I can feel her arousal growing, and I know that I am about to take her over the edge.

With each movement, I can feel the tension building inside of her, until she finally erupts in a climax that leaves her gasping for breath. I continue to pleasure her, drawing out her orgasm until she is a quivering, satisfied mess in my arms.

As she catches her breath, I lean in close, whispering in her ear, "You were almost right, *Queen Cersei*. I am a young mage, and while I do love proving my prowess to a beautiful woman like any other man." I kiss her once more, before continuing "What I love more than anything is to show arrogant sluts like you their rightful place."

I look at her face as she comes out of her post-orgasmic haze and comprehend what I had just said to her. Her expression contorts into anger, and before she has a chance to speak, I pull her body to me, spread her legs and shove my cock deep into her wet folds. Whatever she was going to say is lost as she screams wordlessly and I watch her back arch as I fully sheathe myself inside her.

As she was lost in pleasure, I took a moment to fully appreciate the work of art that she was. I couldn't help but be entranced by the luster of her long, wavy hair, reminiscent of shimmering strands of pure gold. Her exquisite face, highlighted by those enchanting green eyes, left me in awe.

Her every curve was in perfect harmony, enticing and alluring. She had legs that seemed to go on forever, legs that were currently wrapped around my waist trying to keep me deep inside her as I pulled my hips back. It was a sight to behold and I savored every moment.

I leaned over to suck on her breasts as I continued to mold her insides to fit my dick perfectly while making her feel things that she had never felt before.

When I notice her fingernails trying to claw their way into my back unsuccessfully I feel that she was close so I push her over the edge by biting her nipple and her walls clamp down on my dick. Her loud moan echoes through the room and I see her eyes roll back into her head as she passes out, her brain unable to handle the pleasure her hyper-sensitive nerves were sending her.

I wake her up with a simple use of my powers "I didn't give you permission to pass out did I? Especially since I'm not done with you" and continue thrusting inside her without any mercy.

Her eyes widened in surprise, and a sudden shriek escaped her lips as she was jolted awake. But within moments, her demeanor transformed, and she appeared to relish the experience. She moved in sync with my rhythm, and her legs got tighter around my waist.

I stop moving my hips and I hear her almost whine in frustration. As much as I wanted to see her to beg for my dick I didn't really have the self control for that at the moment. I flip her on her front and thrust back into her while watching her shapely ass ripple from my thrusts. Her moans are music to my ears.

I use one of my hands to grab her neck and lift her back against my chest, tilt her head and kiss her again while using my other hand to knead her breasts.

I was very close and judging by how tight she was getting, she was close too. After a few more thrusts I feel her cunt squeezing my dick in a vice grip as she cums letting out a scream of ecstasy, so I stop holding back and drown her insides in my cum.

I feel her body shudder against mine and go limp once more.

I laid us both back down on the bed and I saw her desperately trying to catch her breath and the only thing keeping her conscious was the adrenaline I had filled her with to keep her awake.

As the intense workout came to an end, my mind gradually regained its rationality, and I started contemplating the potential repercussions of my actions.

While I was lost in thought, Cerci rose from the bed with unsteady legs, and turning towards me, she declared with a smug expression on her face, "Now that you've experienced pleasure like no other, you'll remain in the Red Keep and comply with my every command if you wish to feel it again."

At first, I was taken aback by her audacity and couldn't believe what she was saying. I paused for a moment, hoping that she was just joking, but her expression didn't change. Instead, she continued to stare at me with that smug smirk on her face.

Eventually, I burst out laughing, unable to contain my amusement at her preposterous demand. I laughed heartily for a good minute even after I noticed the anger building in her eyes.

After my laughter had died down, I composed myself and responded with a hint of amusement, "Sorry, but I'm afraid I'm not interested."

My mocking tone seemed to ignite Cersei's anger, and she retorted with a sinister tone, "Well, if you refuse, I'll inform the entire castle that you forced yourself onto the Queen of the Seven Kingdoms. By dawn, your head will be mounted on the walls of the Red Keep."

Her venomous threat gave me pause, not because I was afraid, but because it was a stark reminder of the kind of woman she truly was. Her tone stirred a realization within me of the kind of depraved and vain monster that I was dealing with.

For the first time since my arrival, something inside me snapped.

Unable to tolerate her grating voice any longer, I acted on impulse. Without a second thought, I grabbed her by the neck and dragged her towards the mirror that adorned my chamber.

Her eyes widened with terror as she realized the direness of her situation. As I loomed over her from behind, I whispered into her ear with a cold, menacing voice, "You seem to be misunderstanding the situation you are in right now. You think that by accusing me of having my way with you, you'll be able to summon the guards and have me killed. But you're forgetting a very important detail."

My fingers tightened around her throat, cutting off her breath as I drove home my point.

"You seem to be under the impression that me being alone in the heart of the Red Keep makes me vulnerable."

"It would take me a mere minute to turn all of King's Landing into a place that would make the ruins of Valyria more habitable in comparison," I said, my voice dripping with a cold, dangerous edge. "And I wouldn't even have to lift a finger."

I could see the fear in her eyes, but it only spurred me on. "I've made it quite clear that I don't like killing indiscriminately, but you seem too dim-witted to pick up on the subtle clues I've given you."

Leaning in close, I whispered my warning into her ear. "So I'm going to teach you a lesson. While I could simply threaten to kill you, death is too quick and easy for someone like you. No, I'm going to show you exactly what I'll do to you if you dare cross me again."

I looked at her terrified reflection in the mirror and used my powers on her. The changes become visible immediately, her luscious blonde hair turned into a dull, lifeless gray. I shifted the shape of her face, adding wrinkles and lines until she looked like an ugly old woman. Her mouth hung open in wordless horror.

"Now," I said with a cold, finality. "Do you understand who you're dealing with?"

"I'm going to drop you in the middle of Flea Bottom like the whore you are," I spat, my voice laced with venom. "And then I'll find some random maid in the castle, give her your face, and make her the Queen of the Seven Kingdoms. Meanwhile, you'll be screaming your lungs out, trying to convince anyone who will listen that you're the rightful Queen, while they laugh and jeer at you."

The horror on her face was very satisfying, and I could feel her legs beginning to give out. But I held her up by her neck, forcing her to look at her own reflection in the mirror.

"This is what I'll do to you if you test my patience again," I continued, my voice low and dangerous. "I'll take away everything you hold dear by taking away everything that makes you Cersei Lannister, and give it to someone else. And then I'll leave you begging in the slums without a way out, while no one notices anything amiss."

I leaned in close, making sure she heard every word. "And when you finally give up and try to kill yourself, you'll realize that I've taken that choice away from you too. You'll feel the pain of every attempt to end your miserable existence, but you'll never die. That's how you'll spend the rest of your days, trapped in a living hell without any hope of escape."

With a final threat, I released my hold on her throat, and she crumpled to the ground, sobbing uncontrollably. I watched her for a moment before turning on my heel and leaving the room towards the balcony, feeling a dark satisfaction wash over me.

I stand on the balcony, my heart still pounding in my chest. I try to calm my racing thoughts, taking deep breaths of the cool night air. I've never lost control like that before, and a part of me wonders if I've gone too far.

After taking a moment to compose myself, I heard the sound of Cersei rising from the floor. Slowly, she walked up to me and stopped a few steps behind, still trembling and crying.

With a desperate voice and tear-filled eyes, Cersei pleaded with me, saying, "Please... please, change me back. I'll do anything you ask of me."

The sound of her broken voice tears at my heart, and for a moment, I feel a pang of guilt.

But then I remember all the things she's done, all the people she's hurt and will hurt in the future. And I know that what I've done is justified.

I didn't look back at her and continued staring out at the city. It seemed like I had completely crushed her. She hadn't even noticed that I had changed her back the moment I had taken my hands off her neck.

Seeing me not reply, she gets down on her knees to continue pleading. Finally, I turn to face her, and I see the broken, terrified, and desperate face of the once proud woman before me. While I didn't feel any joy in what I did, I knew that it was necessary.

I simply stare at her, letting the weight of my silence hang in the air between us.

After a few moments I bent down and gently lifted Cersei's chin, causing her teary gaze to meet mine.

"I will change you back," I said, "I will even make it so that you actually become the most beautiful woman in all of Westeros, but... there is a price you will have to pay."

I paused for a moment, considering my words carefully. "The price is that you will never be able to feel pleasure ever again unless I allow it. Do you think that's a fair deal, Cersei Lannister?"

Cersei nodded her head in furious agreement, her desperation obscuring her ability to understand the gravity of what she had just consented to.

I gave her a smile and patted her head, "Good girl".

Gradually, her body started to give in to the weariness brought about by the events of the night, and she began to slip into a state of unconsciousness.

Chapter - 18

As much as I wanted to blame my hormones for my lack of control, I couldn't really lie to myself. I could have easily used my powers to control my urges and stop myself, but ever since I landed in this world, I had been so focused on figuring out my powers and making myself unkillable that my dry spell had finally caused a lapse in judgment.

It wasn't a complete mess though because I had been smart enough to have some contingencies in place to look out for eavesdroppers in case I was doing something I should not be doing in my room, like, you know, fucking the Queen.

The Red Keep was filled with spies, and I had sent out a command to my rats to knock out anyone eavesdropping on my room, and thank god I did that because Cersei was certainly very loud.

While I couldn't really alter people's memories without turning their brains into soup, I could knock them out and wake them up later thinking they had only zoned out. That's also how I managed to sneak Cersei back into her room without any of the guards noticing. She was still passed out when I dumped her on her bed because I didn't really want to deal with her at the moment. I gave her body one last scan to make sure all the changes I had made had stuck while also making sure that she wasn't pregnant, 'cause that is how shit like this normally comes to bite people back in the ass.

And I still wasn't sure how she had snuck out in the first place because I doubt her brother would have been very pleased about her plan of seducing me, so maybe the Kingsguard who was standing outside her room was one of the idiotic ones. I don't really care anymore.

I still had to wake up the tongueless kids, maids, or whores (I'm not really sure which) who were lurking around my room. They might suspect something had happened, but they wouldn't know what had happened.

After I made sure I had removed all the evidence of what had happened in my room the night before, I began to pack everything as I had to leave soon. On my way to the dining room to have breakfast before I left, I ran into Littlefinger again. I looked at his face and immediately noticed that his usual fake smile was absent and there was a scowl on his face, indicating panic.

He noticed me and tried to put on his smile again, but it just made his face look constipated. His expression brought a smile to my face as I figured out what had happened. The Hand had definitely not confronted him yet, or he would have been on the run already, so he must have noticed that his vast wealth was missing.

I realized that now would be a good time to mess with him, and I couldn't just let him run away with my fun. "Ah, Lord Baelish, good morning. I was on my way to have breakfast. Would you care to join me?"

"Ser Healer, I would love to join you, but I have some urgent matters to attend to," he stammered, trying to get out of the situation. But I wasn't going to let him off that easily.

"What a shame. I wanted to discuss the business proposition that you were trying to talk to me about yesterday, but I was pretty drunk to conduct business at that moment. Now that we've run into each other at a better time, how about we sit down for a talk before I leave the city?"

I saw him pause, and I knew he was hooked. There was no way someone who had just found out that the majority of his stolen wealth was missing would miss out on trying to discuss a very profitable business venture. Not that I was going to give him anything remotely useful.

"I might be able to make some time," he conceded.

"Excellent," I replied with a smile. "Let's eat first. I am starving, and then we can talk about it."

Littlefinger hesitated for a moment before nodding in agreement. We made our way to the dining room and sat down at a table. As a maid brought us some food, I could sense Littlefinger's unease.

After a few moments of awkward silence, I decided to break the ice. "So, Lord Baelish, what was this business proposition that you came to me with? I don't remember much from last night."

Littlefinger cleared his throat before replying, not doing a good job of hiding the greed in his voice. "Well, as you know, the epidemic has been spreading in a lot of the major cities. If you could make the cure or even give me the recipe, then with my connections, we would be able to spread the cure all across the realm and help save the lives of a lot of people while making some coins for us both."

Raising an eyebrow, I wondered whether he underestimated my intelligence or assumed that I had no interest in money and only cared about helping people. I feigned interest and replied, "It does sound intriguing, but I'm afraid the recipe is not something I can share. Besides, I've already made a deal with Lord Stark for the distribution of the cure, and it should be shipping by now. I'm making a decent profit out of it."

I could sense his frustration, stemming from his bitter rivalry with the man who had not only stolen his love but also the fortune that should have been his.

Nevertheless, he persisted. "Trust me, I can make you much more coin than what you're making in the isolated North. With my vast connections, I can even spread the cure to Essos."

Observing his desperation, I pretended to be intrigued. "I'll need to consider your offer, Lord Baelish."

But my lack of enthusiasm was evident, and he realized it. He glanced around for any eavesdroppers before approaching me with a different proposition.

"By the way, I might have some information that could interest you."

Now curious, I asked as I leaned in, "What is it?"

"There are rumors that the Queen is plotting to assassinate you," he disclosed, looking serious.

I suppressed a laugh and put on a convincing surprised expression. "Really?"

He seemed to have taken the bait. "Yes, it's said that the Queen convinced the High Septon and his followers to carry out the deed."

I pretended to look worried for a moment before replying, "Thank you for bringing this to my attention, Lord Baelish. I'll be sure to keep my guard up even though I'll be leaving the city after my meal."

He nodded, clearly satisfied that he had succeeded in gaining my trust. "Of course, Ser Healer. I always have everyone's best interests at heart."

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes at his patronizing tone. "I won't keep you any longer, Lord Baelish. I'll let you know if I decide to take you up on your offer."

He gave a nod and made his way out of the room, leaving me alone with my thoughts.

As soon as he left, I allowed myself a small smile. Littlefinger may be shrewd, but he was not nearly as clever as he thought he was.

After watching Littlefinger squirm, I decided it was time to leave. Anyone important that I needed to say goodbye to was either passed out or hungover, so I figured they wouldn't mind.

I soon reached the stables where Fenrir was waiting for me. We were going to leave King's Landing and head back north, but unlike my journey here, I had planned to make a few stops along the way.

It was time for me to properly figure out magic. I had already figured out some of the basic theories behind Valyrian magic, but to test my findings, I needed to be far away from the population. I couldn't hold in my urge to do magic before reaching the North, so I planned to find a dense enough forest in the Riverlands and spend some time conducting some simple experiments to start with.

Most of the Valyrian magic involved either sacrificial rituals or fire. I'm not sure whether that was because I had extracted the information from dragon DNA or if that was all they were interested in.

My main issue was that my powers gave me access to the information about the end product. By that, I mean that if I wanted to breathe fire, I could just make an exact replica of the dragon's fire-breathing organ and scale it down. However, if I wanted to shoot blue fire, I had no clue how to do that.

It was like doing math in reverse. If someone told you the answer was 2, the question could be as simple as $1+1$ or some form of nightmarish integration.

If I needed to figure out the ritual part of the magic, I would need to grab a shovel and travel to Valyria to start digging. I would probably have to do that eventually.

But that didn't mean I couldn't do anything at the moment. First, I needed to make my body capable of using magic, which meant I had to create a dragon heart and somehow make it compatible with my non-magical body.

Once I had the heart, I could start building the flamethrowers. While I could put one in my throat, it would not be very practical, so I would have to put one on each of my palms instead. The process would take time, but it was the first step if I wanted to be able to use magic.

Then, I could actually start using magic to figure out how this works because I was pretty sure that the Valyrian's solution to magic not working was to just sacrifice more slaves.

As Fenrir and I rode off into the distance, leaving King's Landing behind us, the only thought I had in my mind was, 'I hope the Riverlands has a lot of bandits because I was going to need a lot of test subjects.....' I never said I wasn't a hypocrite.

Chapter - 19

Eddard Stark sat in his solar, using his hand to massage his forehead. Ever since a few years ago, the pile of paperwork he had to deal with had been increasing with no end in sight. Luwin was a great help, but there was only so much that the Maester could do.

He could curse EI for being indirectly responsible, but he knew that the increase in his paperwork was a result of the prosperity of the people under his care.

However, the reason for his current headache was not the paperwork. It was the letter he had received from the Hand of the King, which painted a complicated picture of the events that had transpired in the capital.

Straight away the letter stated how EI had dealt with the epidemic in just two days after he had arrived, which, while a little surprising, had been expected. But what shocked him was the fact that he had also dealt with the smell of shit that had been plaguing the city for centuries, mostly as an afterthought because he didn't want to deal with the smell for his stay in the capital.

Normally, he would have been skeptical about the claims made by his foster father, but he had been dealing with EI's bullshit for a few years, so it was not outside the realm of possibility.

If the two feats of magic were not enough, EI had decided to reveal that it was not just healing that he was capable of by unleashing a terrifying display that left the entire city in shock.

No one knew for sure what he had done, but those who had been near him when he used his power felt as though the Stranger was standing in front of them, ready to end their existence at the slightest twitch.

While the effect was not as pronounced in those who were further away, everyone in the city had felt the wrongness of the situation and knew that he was the cause of it.

Ned had always known that EI was capable of much more than he had shown, but he didn't worry too much because observing him had given him a good read of his character. Even though EI enjoyed messing with people who annoyed him, he never acted without reason. Jon's letter had clearly stated that EI had been acting in self-defense against the septons who had threatened to burn him on the pyre that he had built to cure the city.

While Ned was sure that EI had never been in any danger in the first place, as he would have never let him go to King's Landing alone, he believed that EI was completely within his rights to deal with the situation as he saw fit.

But this also meant that he was going to be swamped with even more letters asking for information or requesting him to deal with the situation, as well as surprise visits from lords and

heirs from different realms who normally didn't care about anything that happened above the Neck.

In his interactions with El over the past few years, Ned's instincts told him that while El had initially stayed in Winterfell for safety and to gain power, he had now reached a point where if Ned gave him orders he didn't agree with, he would lose any goodwill towards him. However, Ned was certain that El genuinely enjoyed living in Winterfell and would defend it with all his powers if the situation called for it, even if he wasn't sure El would follow his orders and fight for him in a war. This was enough for Ned to realize that he should not jeopardize their good relationship.

Jon had also informed him about the reward that El had asked for, and although it was slightly confusing, it was consistent with what he knew about him. It wouldn't be difficult to fulfill the request as he was already considering granting him lands in exchange for the glass recipe. However, El's request for an uninhabited forest was oddly fitting.

He was also fairly certain which particular forest El had his eyes on - a dense forest located in the heart of the northern mountains that he had visited before. It was situated north of the wolfswood, and for some reason, El seemed to enjoy visiting it. The reason for his fascination with the forest was unclear to him.

His thoughts are cut off as he hears frantic knocking, followed by Cat barging into his solar with a worried look on her face.

"Ned, have you heard what the sorcerer has done in the capital?" Before Ned got a chance to respond, she continued.

"He attacked the Sept of Baelor and would have killed the High Septon and all the faithful within the sept if the king had not stopped him!."

Ned just looks at her in confusion, and she just continues. "I had warned you about him, Ned. I knew that anyone capable of doing such unnatural things would be up to no good, and now the King is going to demand answers from you, and we will be dragged into this mess." She just keeps muttering nonsense about how everyone was going to go to war with the North now for the mage's actions.

He finally has enough. "Stop."

He doesn't yell at her but says it in a firm enough voice that it makes her shut up.

"Now, who told you about what happened in the capital?"

She looks confused but answers, "A childhood friend of mine who is currently the Master of Coin in King's Landing named Petyr Baelish."

"And what exactly has he told you?" he asks, extremely suspicious of this Petyr Baelish already.

"He told me that the mage threatened to destroy the Sept and kill everyone after the High Septon protested about his use of magic on the city."

"That sounds like an interesting tale, if not for one slight problem."

"What?"

"I'm currently reading a letter written by the Hand of the King, who tells me quite a different story about what happened." He said in a firm tone.

"Yes, according to Jon Arryn, while El was in the middle of curing the city from the epidemic, the High Septon and the mob he had gathered tried to burn him on the pyre El had set up to heal the city. Then he defended himself without physically harming anyone."

She looked more confused and a bit worried, but he continued.

"I don't know about you, Cat, but I am more inclined to believe the words of the Hand of the King and my foster father than your friend."

"So either your friend is not as well-informed as you would like to believe, or he's trying to manipulate you for whatever reason."

Cat looked shocked and did not seem to believe what he was saying, but he had to put his foot down. He had assumed that after Bran got healed, Cat's behavior towards El would have improved. And even though it had for some time, it took the smallest push in the wrong direction for her to forget all rationality and go back to how she used to act the first time he had explained the situation to her.

And now, more than ever, it was important that she didn't do anything rash to destroy the goodwill El had for Winterfell, especially after the entire realm was now aware that he was barely showing what he was capable of. He had to make sure that Cat understood what was at stake.

"Listen to me, Cat. I'm not going to say this again. El has been a blessing from the Old Gods to the North ever since he came here. The people have more food and are not afraid of disease or injuries, so if every time you hear something negative about him that you believe, which sets you off to say or do something you regret, it will cost us a lot of goodwill that has taken years to build up. I can't let that happen."

He pauses for a moment to let his words sink in before continuing. "I understand that you're worried about the mage's power and what he could do, but we have seen firsthand the good that he can bring. He is not an enemy, but an ally, and we need to treat him as such. I need you to trust me on this, Cat."

She looks at him, still unsure, but he can see that his words are reaching her. "I'll try, Ned," she finally says. "But it's hard to ignore what he's capable of."

"I know," he says, "but we need to look at the bigger picture. The North needs all the help it can get, and El has proven that he can provide that help. We can't afford to lose him."

She nods, seeming to understand. "I'll do my best, Ned. I won't let my personal feelings get in the way of what's best for the North."

"Good," he says, relieved. "Now, What else has Baelish been telling you?"

After spending a day riding into the Riverlands, I had become lost in the treeline. Though I had sent my faithful companion, Fenrir, off to hunt, I had ventured out to gather some firewood and was unable to find my way back to the clearing I had first chosen. With a resigned sigh, I dropped the firewood and started a fire. While I didn't really need the fire for warmth or light, I found comfort in watching the dancing flames and cooking whatever Fenrir could catch for dinner.

As I sat there, missing the forms of entertainment I had in my past life, I heard a sound approaching me from the trees. To my surprise, it was a massive bear charging towards me. However, I didn't feel any fear and didn't bother to get up. Instead, I stopped the bear's charge with just an outstretched arm, which barely even twitched.

After the bear had been stopped in its tracks, I decided to put it to sleep rather than kill it since I wasn't particularly hungry at the moment. However, I had been curious about whether I could create a magic heart in a live animal, so I used this opportunity to test my abilities.

After spending an hour working on the bear, I finally managed to begin creating the magic heart. I made good progress for the next hour until I suddenly felt something go terribly wrong. Before I could even begin to understand the problem or figure out how to fix it, the entire bear exploded in a horrific shower of gore and blood.

Looking down at the gore on my skin and the blood on my clothes, I let out a sigh of frustration. While I could easily clean myself, the blood on my clothes was going to be a pain to get out. The worst part was that I had no idea what had gone wrong to elicit such an explosive reaction.

Just as I was about to go look for a place to clean my clothes, I saw Fenrir approaching me with another bear in tow. He looked up at me with a tilted head, seemingly curious about my new look.

"I didn't do it on purpose. It was an accident," I tried to justify myself to my direwolf.

Fenrir continued to look at me with a judgmental expression, and I sighed in defeat.

Chapter - 20

Several days had passed since the Healer had left King's Landing, yet Cersei couldn't shake off the memories of that terrifying experience. She longed to convince herself that it had all been a fever dream, but the evidence was impossible to ignore. Her reflection in the mirror revealed a face that had grown more beautiful, with her golden locks radiating a new brilliance.

Although the change was not apparent to anyone else yet, she could clearly see the effects of whatever the Healer had done to her. Under different circumstances, she would have been overjoyed by the changes.

However, she could not escape the haunting memory of her withered face and gray hair. Every time she blinked, she was reminded of that night. Whenever she tried to sleep, she was plagued by nightmares of the Healer carrying out his threats to strip her of her identity and abandon her to rot in the slums. The mere thought of it made her shudder with fear.

In her distress, Cersei had not left her chambers since that fateful night. Her brother, Jaime, had grown increasingly concerned for her wellbeing and attempted to inquire about what had transpired. But Cersei was unable to articulate a single word.

She had sought solace in Jamie's embrace, but then a grim truth dawned on her - no matter what Jamie did, she remained numb and devoid of any pleasure. It was at that moment that she remembered what the mage had said about the cost she had willingly paid in her state of desperation and confusion to reclaim her beauty.

The mage's ominous last words to her echoed in her mind, haunting her with their stark reality: 'You will never be able to feel pleasure ever again unless I allow it'

They were a constant reminder of the cruel price she had paid. Rage surged within her, and she hurled the cup she had been holding at her own reflection in the mirror, shattering it into shards that flew in every direction. She was incensed that the mage had dared to take away her ability to feel pleasure and was determined to make him pay. She would prove that he had not broken her spirit. After all, she was the Queen of the Seven Kingdoms, a lioness: fierce and strong, and she would not cower so easily.

However, in that moment, she caught a glimpse of her face in one of the broken shards on the ground, and for a brief instant, her beautiful visage turned into the withered, scarred version that haunted her nightmares. Her anger dissipated, replaced by an overwhelming sense of sorrow. She screamed and broke down into tears, realizing the gravity of the mistake she had made in her desperation. All thoughts of revenge vanished, leaving only regret and despair.

In that moment of vulnerability, she couldn't help but wonder if things would have been different if she had chosen a different approach. Perhaps if she had seduced the mage slowly, instead of

threatening him, she could have had a powerful mage eating out of her hand. She could have become the most powerful woman in the seven kingdoms.

However, beneath the layers of regret and anger, a sense of shame gnawed at her. She couldn't ignore the fact that a part of her had enjoyed what had happened that night, and a small voice inside her whispered that it was looking forward to it happening again. It was as though she knew it was inevitable. Why else would he make her more beautiful? Why else would he tell her that only he was allowed to control when she felt pleasure?

Shireen Baratheon lay in her bed, watching Maester Cressen as he examined her gray, scarred arms. She noticed that the old man seemed lost in thought, troubled by something. She decided to break the silence and ask him a question that had been on her mind for a while.

"Maester, have you ever heard of the White Mage?" she asked, her voice small and hesitant.

Maester Cressen paused for a moment, his brow furrowed, before he put down his tools and turned to face her. "Yes, child, I have heard of him," he replied with a deep sigh.

"He is a healer, isn't he? I have heard people say he can cure any disease or wound and how he cured the whole of King's Landing in one day. Do you think he could cure my greyscale?" Shireen's eyes were bright with hope.

Maester Cressen hesitated before responding, his gaze fixed on her scarred face. "The White Mage is said to have extraordinary powers, but I have my doubts. As a man who has studied the higher mysteries, I have seen and heard many things, but nothing like the rumors of what he is capable of," he said, stroking his Valyrian steel chain link. "His white-flamed pyre is an anomaly too. It is very different from the fire made by worshippers of R'hllor, and according to accounts, it didn't seem like he was praying to the gods."

Shireen nodded, understanding the maester's skepticism. "But do you think it's worth a try? Maybe it would give me a chance to be normal and not scare people away."

Maester Cressen looked at Shireen with a heavy heart. "I have failed you, child. I should have found a way to help you. But maybe, just maybe, there is hope. I will write to your father and ask him to talk to the White Mage. Perhaps he could help you."

Shireen's eyes widened with hope, and for the first time in a long while, she felt a glimmer of happiness. "Thank you, Maester Cressen. You always know how to make me feel better," she said, a small smile gracing her lips.

The old maester returned her smile, but his heart was heavy with doubt. He knew that the White Mage was a dangerous man, with powers that could not be explained by any rational means. But he was willing to take the risk, for Shireen's sake.

Varys had made a conscious effort to steer clear of the mage's presence in the capital. Initially, his reluctance was due to a desire to assess the situation before making his approach. However, after witnessing the mage's formidable abilities, Varys found himself consumed by a familiar sense of terror, dredging up memories from his past that he had long since suppressed.

The mage's stay in the city had been brief, and Varys was grateful for it. Though the chaos he had left in his wake unsettled Varys, he was relieved to be away from the mage's presence.

But what unsettled him most of all was the realization that something had transpired between the mage and the queen on the night of the feast. His little birds had reported seeing the queen enter the mage's chambers, but none had seen or heard anything afterward. Even some of Littlefinger's whores had confirmed the same tale, and no one had seen either of them leave.

The queen's behavior was an unmistakable indication that something significant had occurred. Varys could only speculate about what it might be, but he knew that if he could uncover the truth, he might be able to leverage it to turn the realm against the mage.

In a dimly lit room surrounded by their exclusive walled library, a group of elderly men with chains around their necks had gathered. As the last member arrived, one of them addressed the group, "Now that we're all here, let's begin."

The portly old man brought up the first topic on their agenda, "The White Mage of Winterfell."

Another member scoffed, "I've read the reports on him. He seems like nothing more than a charlatan preying on the ignorance of the northern savages."

Several of the Archmaesters nodded in agreement.

However, the head of the table interjected, "At first glance, that may be true. But I've received reports from Pycelle regarding the events that have transpired in King's Landing since the Mage's arrival."

The mood in the room shifted, and the members began to read the letter that was passed around. Skepticism, fear, and revulsion were evident on their faces.

"Are we certain that Pycelle hasn't gone senile?"

"While that may be a possibility, similar reports have been received from other sources," countered another.

"Indeed, the Mage appears to possess great power. However, we have no knowledge of his intentions and objectives. We cannot risk the potential consequences of having a magical practitioner amongst us," added a third member.

"We are scholars and men of learning. Magic has no place in our age," agreed yet another.

"So, what is the best way to handle this situation?" inquired the head of the table.

"After considering the limited information we have on his abilities, assassination seems to be the most viable option, and we must act swiftly to prevent any further spread of his influence," proposed one of the members

Many of the Archmaesters agreed to the proposal, nodding their heads in agreement. However, one of them let out a sigh, which caught the attention of the rest of the group.

"Do you have anything against the idea, Archmaester Vance?" asked another member with a curious tone.

Archmaester Vance replied, "If the rumors of him being able to heal everything are true, does it not make sense to get any knowledge he has for ourselves before we get rid of him?" He sounded curious and interested in the mage's abilities.

"You do bring up a good point, Archmaester Vance. Your curiosity is evident, as healing is your subject. But how do you propose we get access to the mage's knowledge?" asked another member with a hint of skepticism.

"I have been keeping up to date on the news about the healer, and I have heard about how he has been teaching some lowborn women how to deal with minor wounds and some of the smaller diseases. I hadn't given it much thought initially, but now that we are sure that most of the rumors about him might be true, we might be able to get the knowledge we need through her," Archmaester Vance suggested with a sense of excitement.

"Your idea does have merit. I'm sure a few gold coins are all we need to make the girl tell us all we need. If not, we can use other means to persuade her," said another member in an amused tone.