**Chapter - 25**

As the sun peeked through the window, I woke up early, feeling invigorated and ready to embark on my journey back home. While I sat down to enjoy a scrumptious breakfast, I was greeted by Tyrion's arrival. He sat down at my table, looking distracted.

"Good morning," I greeted him. "I hope you slept well."

Tyrion nodded, a hint of doubt in his voice. "Yes, although I couldn't shake the feeling that yesterday was just a dream."

I couldn't help but chuckle at his skepticism. "Don't worry, Tyrion. I assure you that yesterday was as real as the sun rising this morning."

Despite my reassurance, Tyrion still appeared skeptical. "It still feels like a dream," he admitted.

I smiled slyly. "Well, if you're still in doubt, I could always punch you in the face."

Tyrion's expression shifted from disbelief to feigned offense. "No thank you, I'd rather not risk waking up or harming my perfect new face"

I laughed at his response before changing the subject. "So, are you and your men ready to set off?"

Tyrion nodded, his stomach growling in agreement. "Yes, but first I need to eat everything this place has to offer. I'm starving!"

I nodded in understanding before remembering to mention one of the side effects of my healing. "Oh yes, I forgot to tell you. Your body will require more sustenance until it has fully recovered. You may find yourself feeling quite hungry and needing to eat more than usual."

Tyrion looked surprised but relieved at the explanation. "Thank you for the heads up. We have plenty of provisions, so we'll make sure to stock up before we leave."

We left the Inn after breakfast, and as we were leaving, I saw Fenrir waiting for me at the edge of the town. The guards' and Tyron's reactions to seeing the massive wolf were amusing.

"No need to be afraid, this is my friend Fenrir," I explained.

"Quite interesting friends you keep, healer," Tyrion said warily.

After that, we were on our way.

As we journeyed onwards, Tyrion's inquisitive nature kicked in and he bombarded me with questions about my powers. I was more than happy to indulge him, revealing a few details about my abilities that should be common knowledge by now. In turn, I asked him about the history of Westeros, and was surprised at the wealth of knowledge he possessed. Even in a single day, I learned more from him than I had from Maester Luwin in months.

We delved into a long discussion about Valyrian magic, a topic I had been grappling with for quite some time. Though Tyrion himself knew nothing of their sorcery, he was well-versed in the significant events that had shaped their history. His insights helped me to better understand the mysterious and complex magic of the Valyrians.

We stopped to have dinner and were chatting about mundane topics when he suddenly threw me off guard with a question, "So, what did you do to my sister?”

I almost choked on the sip of water I had just taken. My mind raced with all sorts of possibilities about how he could have known, but I regained my composure and asked, "What do you mean?"

"Well," he said matter-of-factly, "the letter she sent to Casterly Rock contained some pretty… strong words."

My anxiety levels spiked as I asked, "What did she say exactly?"

"Nothing you haven't heard in the capital I assume," he replied, his tone dry. "Something about you using your vile magic to terrorize the city and usurp the prince's throne."

I let out the breath I had been holding, realizing that Cersei must have sent the letter after I had terrorized the septons, but before our little encounter. Or she was smart enough not to speak about what had happened.

Relieved that I hadn't just started an early war, I explained, "The Septons were being their usual annoying selves, and I had to show them a little bit of force. But I might have underestimated the range of my actions."

He raised an eyebrow and remarked, "If your little show of force caused so much chaos, I wouldn't want to be around when someone really pisses you off."

I gave him a small smile and went back to eating my venison, hoping the topic would be forgotten soon enough.

We had made good progress, thanks to Tyrion being healed, which meant he didn't need to rest as often. At this pace, we should reach Winterfelll tomorrow.

As the sun began to set on the following day, Winterfell came into view, and my heart swelled with joy at the sight of the familiar walls and towers.

We approached the entrance to the town and I couldn't help but feel happy as the people recognized me and greeted me warmly.

Slowly, we made our way to the keep, and it seemed word of my return had traveled fast enough that Ned, Robb, and Jon were waiting for us in the courtyard.

"El, welcome back," Ned greeted me with a smile.

"Glad to be back, Lord Stark," I replied, returning his smile.

"I hear that you've had quite the eventful time at King's Landing," he said with a hint of amusement.

"That's one word for it," I chuckled.

Ned then asked, "Come on in, we have a lot to discuss. Who are your companions?"

“Oh, how rude of me. This is Tyrion Lannister and his guards. I ran into them near the stony shore on my way back," I explained.

Ned paused and scrutinized Tyrion, who had been uncharacteristically silent until now. Finally, he connected the dots and said, "Ah, forgive me for not recognizing you, Lord Tyrion. I hope your journey to Winterfell was pleasant."

Tyrion, gracious as always, replied, "Not an issue, Lord Stark. I would have been more surprised if you recognized me in the first place. It's been an eventful journey, I would say. You have the healer here to thank for that."

The stable master arrived and took care of the horses, and Fenrir ran off to do his own thing.

I followed Ned into the keep, eager to continue our conversation and learn more about what had transpired in my absence.

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Ned walked back into the warmth of the castle with everyone following behind him. He had been expecting El for some days now, so he wasn't really surprised, but his arrival with Tyrion Lannister had caught him off guard.

The unexpected letter from Tywin Lannister had come as a surprise, but its purpose was clear. The old lion was known for his obsession with his legacy, and in his eyes, Tyrion Lannister was a stain on that legacy. Therefore, any chance to cleanse that mark was an opportunity he couldn't resist, and it seemed to have worked.

Despite Ned's suspicions that there was more to it, for now, all he could do was keep a watchful eye on Tyrion and his entourage. He knew he had to warn El about the Lannisters, although he suspected that El, having spent time in King's Landing, was already aware of their cunning ways. Nevertheless, it was his duty to alert him of the potential danger.

As they entered the meeting room, one of the maids brought them some bread and salt, as guest rights.

After everyone had partaken in the guest rites, Ned began."Welcome to Winterfell, Lord Tyrion," he said. "I hope your journey was not too taxing."

Tyrion replied, "Thank you, Lord Stark. Your hospitality is greatly appreciated. My father's raven must have informed you of my arrival, and my purpose for coming here."

Ned nodded. "Yes, your father mentioned that you were here to get healed by El. But it seems that you have already been cured."

Tyrion smiled. "Indeed, I was pleasantly surprised to discover that the rumors of his extraordinary healing abilities were not just hearsay. However, he has advised me that it will take some time before I am fully healed. I hope that I may impose on your hospitality for a few more moons."

Ned shook his head. "It is no imposition at all. You are welcome to stay here until you have fully recovered."

Tyrion bowed his head in gratitude. "Thank you, Lord Stark. I shall make sure to repay your kindness by making myself useful in any way that I can."

Ned nodded. "That is all I can ask for, Lord Tyrion. You must be tired from your journey. One of our maids will show you and your men to the guest quarters. Rest well, and let us know if you require anything."

Ned watched as Tyrion and his guards left the room, and with a subtle look to Robb and Jon, he signaled for them to leave as well, leaving only him and El as the remaining occupants.

"You do realize he's here for more than just healing, right?" Ned said, his voice low and serious. "He's probably here to spy on you and the North under his father's orders."

El shrugged nonchalantly. "Obviously, but I'm sure he holds me in higher regard than his father. Plus, he's a nice guy and very knowledgeable about history."

Ned nodded, satisfied that El was aware of the potential danger. "Very well. Is there anything else that happened on your journey?"

El thought for a moment before shaking his head. "Nothing really happened on the way to King's Landing, and I'm sure the Hand has already told you everything that happened there. Other than meeting Tyrion on the way back, nothing really stands out."

Ned raised an eyebrow at El's innocent expression, but didn't press the matter any further. Instead, he moved on to the topic of the forest.

"Jon told me you wish to buy the northern forest," Ned said, getting straight to the point.

El nodded eagerly. "Yes, just the part enclosed by the mountains. I don't want people wandering in easily, and I know people use the outer parts to hunt and for lumber."

Ned retrieved the documents from his desk and handed them to El. "I have the documents ready. You just need to sign them after you pick a name for the forest."

El's face lit up with excitement as he leaned forward. "Ah, I know the perfect name," he said, a mischievous smirk spreading across his face.

Ned couldn't help but feel a sense of unease at El's enthusiasm. "And what would that be?" he asked warily.

"The Forest of the Dead," El declared, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

Ned's heart sank at the ominous name. "No," he said flatly.

"But why?" El whined, clearly disappointed.

Ned let out a long sigh. "Just pick something else, please," he pleaded.

El began to throw out more ideas, but each one seemed to be just as foreboding as the last. Finally, he suggested "The Enchanted Forest."

Ned hesitated, but then nodded in agreement. "That will do," he said with a sense of relief.

**Chapter - 26**

As I stepped out of the keep, I couldn't help but feel thrilled for some reason. Probably because I had just become the proud owner of some prime real estate in this world. It wasn't just a small piece of land either, but an expanse that could be traced on a world map. I couldn't wait to start exploring every inch of it and make it fit what I had in my mind.

Although I still couldn't use my powers to shape plant life, I had a hunch on how I could do it. But for it to work, I would have to use my abilities to scan a "child of the forest." To do that, I would have to go north of the wall. However, that would have to wait for now, and I would have to be content with recreating the animals from my imagination and populating the forest with my creations.

While "Enchanted Forest" was not my first choice of name, I could live with it for now. I was also sure that once enough people started snooping into my business and began disappearing, the locals themselves would come up with a name that better fit the dark aesthetic I was looking for.

As I made my way towards my clinic, I saw the long line of patients waiting outside. I couldn't help but feel a little guilty about dumping all the work on Freya. As a good friend, I decided to take matters into my own hands and started curing patients with my powers. I didn't even need to ask what was wrong with them; I simply approached the end of the line and quickly made my way through the patients.

As I tended to the last patient in line, I couldn't wait to see Freya. I had been away for what felt like an eternity and I hoped to make up for it with a grand entrance. As I knocked on the door, I finally heard her voice from inside the clinic, "Come in".

As I stepped inside, Freya didn't look up from her paperwork and asked, "What seems to be the problem?"

Summoning my best pompous voice, I said, "I heard there was a beautiful maiden slaving away at the hands of a vile sorcerer here, and I have come to rescue her!"

Freya rolled her eyes and said, "I haven't seen you in a moon, and that's the first thing you say to me?"

Feeling a twinge of disappointment, I responded, "I was hoping to surprise you."

Freya finally looked up at me and deadpanned, "It would have been a surprise if you had come straight here instead of an hour after I already saw Fenrir curled up in his favorite spot."

I sighed. I had missed my chance to surprise her. "Aww, I was looking forward to that," I said, dejectedly.

"Anyway, did you miss me?" I asked, trying to lighten the mood with a playful grin.

Freya replied almost immediately, "Of course I did. You have no Idea how busy it gets around here when you're not here healing everyone instantly."

Her response made me feel a twinge of guilt. "I'm sorry for leaving you with all the work. I got caught up in some unexpected matters."

"Are those matters taken care of now?" Freya asked, raising an eyebrow.

"For now, yes," I replied. "But… I have a new project that I'm working on."

Freya's frustration was palpable as she spoke. "So, you're going to disappear again?"

"Not really disappear. I'll just be a day's ride away," I explained trying to calm her down.

"You're still going to be gone for weeks," Freya pointed out.

I knew she had a point, but I couldn't help feeling a little defensive. "I'll make it up to you, I promise."

"How?" Freya demanded.

"Well, you can keep all the money you made from treating the patients, and I'll take over for as long as I can so you can have a break," I suggested.

"I'm already planning to take a break and I have already taken the money. What else are you going to do to compensate me?" Freya asked, her tone still frosty.

I racked my brain for a moment before an idea struck me. "How about a date?"

Freya looked confused. "What's that?"

"Just a chance for us to go out, have fun, and enjoy each other's company, without talking about patients or studies, just, you know, talk and figure out what to do about... us?" I said, hoping she would understand.

Freya's face softened as she considered my proposal.

After an agonizingly long pause she finally answered with a smile "Okay, I'll meet you here early tomorrow morning."

I smiled back at her. "It's a date then,"

As she got ready to leave, she mentioned something that took me by surprise. "I have kept a few dismembered limbs in the freezer, as you instructed. Their owners will probably come by today once they hear you're back."

After that comment, Freya gave me a kiss and said, "I'm glad you're back," before leaving the clinic. I felt grateful for her understanding, and I knew that I had a lot to make up for after being gone for so long.

I spent the next hour going through my lab, checking on ongoing experiments and making notes for future work.

Excitement coursed through me as I created a dedicated section in my lab for integrating magic into small animals. The mere thought of imbuing different creatures with magical properties filled me with an insatiable curiosity, and I eagerly anticipated the experiments to come. With the endless possibilities at my fingertips, I couldn't wait to see what kind of new and unique animals I could create.

That reminded me that now that I had returned, my top priority was to start building pathways that would allow me to harness the full extent of my powers. However, I found myself struggling with a difficult decision. Should I focus on constructing the pathways within the slightly public setting of Winterfell, where I could get started immediately? Or should I take the safer route and venture into my newly acquired forest, where I could work in seclusion and potentially create more animals to guard me? It was a tough call, and I knew that the choice I made could have significant consequences.

As I pondered this dilemma, I knew that I couldn't leave anything to chance. I needed to be prepared for any eventuality, especially during the final stages of creating my dragon heart.

While I was contemplating that, a few of the patients that Freya had mentioned came by the clinic. They were relieved to hear that I was back and eagerly waited to be reunited with their missing limbs.

I quickly got to work, reattaching each limb to its rightful owner and ensuring that they were comfortable before sending them on their way.

After I finished up with the last patient, Skitter flew in and landed on my shoulders. "Hey there, girl. How have you been? Did anything interesting happen while I was away?" I asked her.

I petted her head while also looking through her memories and saw that she had been looking out for Freya and the clinic. She had also dealt with someone trying to break into the clinic at night probably to steal something. But I didn't really give it much thought and continued to work in my lab while feeding Skitter.

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Her life had taken a weird turn, despite having to heal so many patients on a daily basis, she didn't mind the amount of work. Healing people to the best of her ability was her passion now.

However, a few days ago, a group of men had come to the clinic and started demanding that she sell the books El had written for her. She had refused, obviously. She was never going to part with those books unless El asked her to or until she decided to take on an apprentice herself. Even then, she would probably write a copy herself to pass on.

Fortunately, the patients waiting in line had noticed the commotion and chased away the men before they could cause any more problems.

But in this moment, no amount of problems could bring down her joy. Freya couldn't believe how happy she felt.

Her feelings for El had grown beyond admiration she had felt when she first met him, and she had fallen in love with his kind nature and wonderful personality. It had hurt when he seemed to be ignoring her advances, and she had tried to convince herself that she was content with being his friend and student. However, she couldn't keep lying to herself any longer.

Even though he was not a noble, he was the White Mage, so why would he be interested in a lowborn girl like her?

But in the past few months, she knew he was attracted to her. His subtle glances at her were not so subtle, and she finally gathered the courage to ask him out. Unfortunately, that was when he was called to King's Landing, so she held off on asking him until he returned.

As El returned, Freya's heart was full of joy and longing. His absence had only made her feelings for him grow stronger, and she knew that she could finally act on her emotions.

To her surprise, before she could work up the courage to confess, El had asked to court her himself. Her heart leaped with excitement as she imagined what they would do on their upcoming date, and she couldn't help but daydream about what she would wear.

Her mind was so preoccupied with thoughts of El that she failed to notice the group of men who were following her.

**Chapter - 27**

The dimly lit tavern was filled with the sound of muffled conversations and the occasional clink of glasses. Ralf sat at a small wooden table, his eyes fixed on the hooded figure seated across from him.

The stranger was his client, and Ralf didn't even know his name.

But that was normal for this line of work. He had been hired to do a job, but the man's offer had left him with a mixture of suspicion and curiosity.

"So let me get this straight," Ralf said, leaning forward. "You want me to steal the books of a lowborn girl and kidnap her?"

The hooded man nodded, a sly grin spreading across his face. "Yes, that's correct."

Ralf asked, "And what is so special about this girl?"

"She is the White Mage's apprentice," the client said, getting straight to the point.

Ralf's eyes widened in surprise. "The White Mage, huh? I've heard some crazy tales about him. Is it true that he made the entire King's Landing piss their pants?"

"Yes, the tales are mostly true," the man said uncomfortably, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "And that's why the reward for this job is so high."

Ralf raised an eyebrow but didn't press the matter further. Instead, he listened intently as the client explained the details of the job. When the man finished, Ralf shook his head in disbelief. "This seems like a risky job," he said, hesitating.

The client leaned back in his chair, his eyes glinting with amusement. "I understand your concerns, but if you act quickly, the Mage won't even be in Winterfell. And I'm willing to double the amount of coin you'll receive."

Ralf's interest was piqued. "Double?" he repeated, considering the offer.

The man nodded. "That's right. But you'll have to leave tonight if you want to get it done."

Ralf immediately agreed, his greed not even allowing him to consider declining. He quickly called a few of his mercenary acquaintances, and they headed straight to Winterfell.

It only took a few days into the job for them to realize that it was going to be more complicated than they had expected.

His first plan of trying to buy the books off failed, and two of his best men disappeared in the process of trying to steal them from the clinic.

He still didn't know what fate had befallen them, but he had a job to do.

Undeterred, Ralf decided to improvise and focus on his second objective: kidnapping the girl.

However, just as he was about to act, the White Mage returned to Winterfell, throwing a wrench in his plan.

Despite the setback, Ralf knew he had no choice but to proceed.

So he and his team made their move. The tension was high as they made their way through the streets of Winterfell, following their target.

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Freya had made a grave mistake by stopping at the market before heading back home from the clinic. She was too consumed with happiness to realize that she was being trailed by a group of shady men, the same ones who had previously tried to persuade her to sell her precious books.

Despite her momentary lapse in judgment, Freya was no novice when it came to the ways of the world. She knew better than to trust anyone and had prepared herself for such a situation. Her instincts kicked in, and she bolted through the familiar streets, her heart pounding in her chest.

She could hear the pounding of their footsteps behind her, drawing closer with each passing moment. But Freya was quick and nimble, and she knew the alleys like the back of her hand. It wasn't long before she found herself at a dead end, with no escape in sight.

Most people would have been consumed by panic and fear, but Freya was different.

She had a plan. She reached her hand behind her into her satchel.

“You got nowhere else to run, girlie," one of the men sneered.

"Should have quietly handed over the books to us. Maybe then we would have been extra careful while grabbing you. Now, though, we are going to have to get a little rough," another one said.

"Oh please, you idiots have no idea who you are messing with," Freya said with a smirk. She drew her hand, and threw five vials of a colorless liquid, towards the men in front of her. Three were hit dead on, while two were missed by a hair's breadth.

She would have to get better with her aim.

She wasn't really worried about missing two, though.

She knew her plan would have worked even if she had missed all five of them.

The vials breaking on the floor would have been more than enough for her plan to work.

What was in those vials was some sort of milk of poppy variant El had created that he called morphine. One whiff of the vial would put anyone asleep for hours.

The vials shattered on impact, its contents scattering across the ground and the men. In seconds, the air was filled with a noxious cloud, and the men stumbled, their movements growing sluggish before they collapsed onto the ground, their eyes heavy with sleep.

Now came the small flaw in her plan, where all she could do was hope that someone had heard the commotion. She started feeling extremely dizzy, and wasn't completely sure about her hasty plan anymore.

Thankfully, her luck was good, and she saw someone running towards her. She almost cried in happiness when she saw Jon's face, and with her last breath, she warned him as she raised her hand to stop him.

"Wait!! don't come any closer, Jon.“

“Get… El."

"Don't come any closer," she repeated in a whisper, and then she passed out.

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Jon had barely heard her whispered words, and while he was desperately wishing his body would move so that he could help Freya, every sense in his body stopped him from getting closer. He could visibly see something wrong, mostly near the passed-out bodies of five men. Luckily, his brain started working again and began to process her last whisper.

“Get El.”

He could definitely do that and his body agreed immediately as he ran straight to El's clinic.

He must have run at record speeds, but it still felt like forever.

He finally reached the clinic and ran straight through the door. Not seeing anybody in the main hall, he immediately ran into the lab and saw El writing something down.

"Freya. Trouble!!"

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As soon as the words left Jon’s mouth, El felt a chill down his spine. He sprang to his feet and darted out of the clinic without another thought. Fenrir, sensing the urgency, was right beside him in an instant.

"Find Freya," El commanded, his voice firm and steady.

Without hesitation, Fenrir took off at a full sprint, racing through the streets and alleys with lightning speed

They reached the alleyway in a few seconds.

El surveyed what he saw and immediately realized what had happened.

The smell was a big clue.

He could smell the morphine in the air and he knew his lovely assistant always kept a few vials on her person.

It seemed to be a wise plan, but perhaps he realized it was time to give her an upgrade, she was important to me.

With his eyes fixed on Freya's prone form, he said, "Don't come a step closer, Jon."

He approached her and knelt down beside Freya, beginning the process of upgrading her. Even though she would never match his strength, he could make her resilient to nearly anything this world might throw at her.

He didn't even have to deal with the morphine in her bloodstream; her upgraded immune system took care of that.

A few seconds later, he saw her groggy eyes open and widen in shock, and immediately calm down when she saw his face.

"Did you miss me that much?" she immediately said.

"Maybe a little more than I expected," he said sincerely.

"So you were shopping for tomorrow, huh?" he continued, looking at her bags that were on the floor.

"Uh-huh," she nodded as she rose to her unsteady feet along with him.

"But you know that it's dark, and you wouldn't want this fair maiden to go back to her home in the dark alone, would you?" she said, looping her hands around his neck as she steadied herself.

"Of course," he said on instinct.

"Your clinic is closer though," she whispered in his ear.

"My fair lady makes a very interesting point," he replied.

He heard Jon cough and we turned our attention to him.

"You can continue that after we deal with the five unconscious men," Jon said dryly.

He agreed and asked, "Do you have some rope by any chance?"

Jon didn't even question it and brought the rope In the time it took for El to touch all five men, making sure they would stay asleep until he was ready to deal with them.

El tied all five men together and tied them to Fenrir and patted his back.

"You know where to take that, don't you, boy?" Fenrir woofed in agreement. He gave him one last pat, and he ran off with the men in tow.

El looked at Jon. "Tell your father what you saw and to make sure anyone doesn't go into this alley for two days. Tell him I'll talk to him tomorrow."

After saying that, he lifted Freya in a bridal carry.

Without wasting another second, he was off at speeds that were not meant for humans.

**Chapter - 28**

As I stepped into the clinic, she pulled me into a passionate kiss without a moment's hesitation. Our bodies pressed together, and the intensity of the kiss seemed to stretch on forever. When we finally pulled away, our eyes locked onto each other, and the world seemed to stand still.

Without any words, we resumed our exploration of each other's bodies, quickly discarding our clothes until we were both naked. I traced kisses down her neck and collarbones, my hands wandering over her back as she moaned in my ear.

Laying her back on the bed, her legs wrapped around me, I took a moment to appreciate her stunning form. Dark hair spilled over the sheets, and her gray eyes were clouded with lust.

She had always been beautiful, but after the upgrades I had just given her, she was on a whole new level.

Her skin was flawlessly smooth, her curves looked like a work of art. Her nipples stood perky with excitement. The sight was so breathtaking that it made me wish I knew how to paint, just so I could capture this moment and immortalize it forever.

I eagerly pressed my body against hers, savoring the sensation of her skin against mine. As I took her breast in my hand, I could feel the softness of her flesh and the weight of it as my mouth closed around her other nipple.

"Ahhh mhhhhh."

Her moans were like music to my ears, and I relished the feeling of her fingers in my hair, urging me on. With a playful bite, I pushed my face deeper into her chest, my other hand rolling her other nipple between my fingers.

But I couldn't resist the temptation of exploring further down. My fingers traced a path down her stomach, circling tantalizingly close to her nether region before straying away, teasing her with the promise of more.

Her breaths were becoming more ragged, and her face was flushed with desire.

"El~"

Her eyes begged me to take her to the brink, and I was only too happy to oblige.

With a mischievous grin, I plunged my fingers into her soaking cunt, marveling at the way her inner muscles gripped and massaged them. As I continued to stimulate her, my mouth continued to leave marks on her breasts, fueling her arousal even further.

After a few minutes of relentless stimulation, her body convulsed in pleasure, her hips arching upward as she experienced an explosive orgasm. I gazed at her with amazement. Her hair was disheveled, and sweat glistened on her face. As she panted heavily, her breasts rose and fell with every breath.

I leaned in to her, and she wrapped her arm around me, and we shared another kiss. It was a gentle and tender kiss, in contrast to the previous one filled with lust and passion.

When our lips parted, a thin trail of saliva connected us. We didn't need words to communicate what we needed to say.

Suddenly, she flipped me over, straddling me. I was surprised by her sudden burst of strength, but I didn't resist. Not that I had any intention of resisting.

"You're certainly eager," I teased, as my hands caressed her hips and squeezed her ass.

"You have no idea," she replied, her voice filled with anticipation as she lifted her hips and took hold of my shaft.

Without hesitation, she positioned herself and plunged down, enveloping me completely.

The sound of her lustful scream definitely echoed through Winterfell, and her eyes rolled back in ecstasy as her walls tightened around me, sending waves of pleasure through my body.

She began to move her hips in a slow and sensual rhythm, and I matched her movements, each thrust bringing us closer to the brink. Pulling her in closer, I deepened our kiss, the intensity of our connection driving us both wild. Within moments, she was moaning uncontrollably into my mouth, and I felt her walls clench around me as she reached the peak of her pleasure.

As I finally reached my climax, I emptied myself inside her. It took me a few moments to catch my breath, and I noticed Freya doing the same on my chest. The feeling of her laying down on me, and the way her nipples moved on my skin with every deep breath, made any thoughts of rest disappear from my head.

Rolling over, I pinned her beneath me, my hands firmly gripping her perfect waist. "I hope you weren't planning on sleeping tonight," I said, teasingly.

"You're going to regret saying that," she replied challengingly, wrapping her legs around me and pulling me inside her.

I let myself go as I pounded into her, savoring the exquisite sounds she made with each thrust. I watched as her hands gripped the sheets tightly, threatening to tear them apart, and the way her body moved beneath me only enticed me to go faster.

It took a while before I finally reached my second release, while Freya had already experienced several intense orgasms. But we did not stop there. Our bodies were consumed with passion as our hands and mouths eagerly explored every inch of each other, igniting a flame of desire that only burned hotter with each passing moment. We gasped and moaned with pleasure, completely lost in the bliss of each other's touch.

The night was long and filled with ecstasy, until we finally succumbed to exhaustion and drifted off into a peaceful slumber.

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The sun's first rays began to filter into the room, casting a soft glow over her peaceful form as she slept next to me. Watching her, I couldn't help but think to myself, ‘So… that happened,’ as I continued to gaze at her stunning features.

Without thinking, I reached out to brush a stray strand of hair away from her face, marveling at her face.

As I lay there in a moment of peace, my mind couldn't help but drift back to the disturbing events of the previous day.

Freya had been targeted by unknown assailants, and I knew that I needed to get to the bottom of it. I couldn't even imagine what I would have done if the same thing had happened a day before when I was not in Winterfell.

As I pondered the situation, it became clear to me that the culprits were likely the Maesters. The attack seemed too targeted to be the work of the septons, and I had a feeling that they were related to the break-in into the clinic a few days ago.

I was sure that was the conclusion I would reach after I interrogated the would-be kidnappers.

Although my anger and desire for revenge were intense, I knew that I shouldnt act hastily. This situation required careful planning and execution to ensure the best outcome. I had to strike back in a way that would send a message to the Maesters. They thought they were smart by targeting the clinic and Freya instead of me, but now they had pissed me off.

While I didn't have a complete plan yet, the beginnings of one were taking shape in my mind.

For the time being, I resolved to keep a close eye on them. I would take my time, stealing every tome of knowledge from the Citadel while taunting them. And once I had taken everything, I would tear down their ivory tower with them still screaming inside it as it crumbled around them.

Lost in thought, I was jolted back to reality as Freya embraced me, her warm body pressed against mine.

"I hope I was the only thing you were thinking about and not anything that involves you leaving this bed?" she whispered in my ear, her breath sending shivers down my spine.

“Well…”

Before I could answer, she silenced me with a kiss, her lips pressing firmly against mine. When she finally pulled away, she looked up at me with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

"So, how about now?" she asked in a seductive tone.

Without a word, I leaned in and pinned her back onto the bed, my body pressing firmly against hers as we resumed the passion of the previous night.

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After spending the entire night and most of the morning in bed, it was time to get up, as they both had important things that they needed to attend to.

She got out of bed and began to search for her scattered clothes on the floor, and as she did so, she realized something strange.

Despite the lack of sleep and the …strenuous activities they had engaged in, she wasn't tired at all.

It took her a few moments to connect the dots.

"You did more than just clear the morphine in my system, didn't you?" she asked with a raised eyebrow.

He looked surprised and responded slowly, "Yes?"

"What did you do?" she pressed.

"I made you immune to all poisons," he said, hesitating slightly.

"And...?" Freya asked, curious.

"I may have also made you slightly stronger" he trailed off looking unsure of what her reaction may be.

She had always known he could do more than just healing. Everything he had taught her had led her to this conclusion, and she understood why he had kept it a secret in the first place. Not that she had any complaints whatsoever, but she had noticed something that she was going to use to tease him.

Freya raised her eyebrow and asked, "Is that why my breasts are bigger?"

His eyes reflexively darted down to her chest, and said, "I have no idea what you are talking about."

"Sure you don't," she said with an amused smirk.

"How certain are you that we need to leave the bed?" he asked, his attention still lingering on breasts.

Despite the tempting thought, she knew she had to resist.

"Very certain. Right now, you need to sort out yesterday's mess, and I need to go explain to my parents why I didn't come home last night," Freya replied with a sigh.

He got up, came close to her, and gently kissed her while embracing her.

"Do you need any help with that?" he asked, expressing his concern.

"No, that would just make the whole situation awkward," she smiled at his offer. "Don't worry about me. Just finish everything you have to do, and I'll be here waiting for you tonight when you come back."

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A/N: Sorry for the delayed chapter, guys. I got sick yesterday and passed out before I could finish it.