

Rhaella found herself waking up surrounded by a thick, deep darkness. Frightened, she tried to move her head towards her surroundings, trying to find out where she was, but the darkness was so thick that she couldn't even see through it. Her first instinct was to get up and try to escape from the horrible place she was in, but for some reason, she found herself unable to do that. Her body did not respond to her commands, her arms and legs seemed to be restricted by a strong grip, and no matter how hard she tried to move them, they did not give an inch.

In addition to not being able to move her limbs, Rhaella felt an incredibly heavy weight crushing her chest, making her equally unable to get up. With great effort she tried to move her head to see in front of her, so she could find someone to help her, but there was nothing but darkness. With every second she was trapped, her fear and anxiety increased drastically, her breathing became heavy and erratic, not knowing what to do in such situation. Unable to free herself, scared and helpless, Rhaella did the first thing that came to her mind, which was to scream for help. And the first name that came to her mind was none other than Jon's, but she got another surprise when she tried to shout the name of her knight to come and save her. Her mouth opened and she screamed at the top of her lungs, but no sound escaped out of her.

She tried countless times, she tried to scream as loud as she could, but no matter how hard she tried, she did not seem to be able to produce any sound. But, despite that, she did not give up, she kept screaming the name of her protector and kept on doing so until her throat began to burn, and she felt limp. Defeated, Rhaella laid her head against the mattress, sweat covered her forehead making her platinum hair cling to her face. Tired and not knowing what else to do, fear took over her again, tears began to fall from her face in helplessness.

*This has to be a nightmare, soon I will wake up and everything will be fine. I will be fine.*

But her fear rose to new heights, when she realized she was no longer alone, especially when she recognized those crazed, glowing purple eyes watching her from the shadows.

Rhaella jerked violently as the presence began to slowly approach her and the closer it got, the darkness began to recede, allowing her to analyse her surroundings, quickly recognizing where she was. It was her room, but not the room she had used the last few years at Dragonstone. No, this was her luxurious and spacious room she had occupied in Kings Landing, when she was Queen, when she was married to her brother, where she had suffered the worst horrors, a woman could suffer and the person responsible for her suffering and pain was right in front of her.

*No no no no no no no no no no no no no no no, this can't be. Please Gods, no.*

Rhaella was completely terrified, she was back in the same place where she was abused and mistreated, in the same position, completely vulnerable and alone, no one who could save her from this monster. Aerys kept advancing towards her, looking at her with that same look of hatred and rancour, always blaming her for all his misfortunes. That look she had tried to escape all these years, all those memories she had tried so hard to forget came back instantly as she looked into her brother's eyes. Aerys looked the same as the last time she had seen him, his madness had not only affected his mind, but had also taken its toll on his body. Instead of having the golden-platinum hair that characterized the Valyrians, his had turned a dull white, more akin to the hair of a common man as he reached old age. His body had also withered in the same way, the old age was much more noticeable on his brother even though they were the same ages. His face was full of wrinkles, at the same time that it clung to his body, marking

clear signs of malnutrition. In his final days, his brother's paranoia had grown so much that he did not even trust the cooks, fearful that they were going to poison him.

While this was not exactly a lie, Aerys had earned the hatred of everyone from the Great Lords of the Realm to the common folk, but her brother had earned that hatred by his own actions.

With every step her husband took, Rhaella kept trying to free herself from her invisible bonds, trying to shake her body from the useless and helpless state it was in. But try as she might, she could not succeed, and when her brother was only a few meters away from her, that was when she heard his voice again, after all these years.

"You worthless fucking bitch, did you really think you can escape me? Did you really think you can live without me? It seems that after all these years, you've forgotten who you really belong to, and I guess I have to remind you all over again." Aerys' voice echoed throughout the room and in her mind, Rhaella shook her head effusively, not wanting to believe those words as she kept convincing herself, that this was just a nightmare, he could no longer touch her, he could no longer hurt her.

But words could hurt too, especially to someone as vulnerable as Rhaella was, and even more so if they came from her abuser. "Because if it weren't for me, who else would take you in, sweet sister? Would that foolish knight you fell in love with when you were young? Oh, you don't know how much I enjoyed it when I had that poor fool tortured, for trying to take what is rightfully mine. You don't know how much I wish I could do the same to your bastard, those damn dogs never seem to learn their place, but just the same. They all die screaming when they are consumed by the flames."

Rhaella's eyes widened in surprise as she heard those words, despair and sadness flooded her, as she heard the horrible fate her beloved Ser Bonifer suffered, because of her. The tears would not stop and neither did her brother's horrible words.

Clicking his tongue in disappointment, Aerys said. "You were always a disappointment Rhaella. As a Targaryen, as a wife and as a woman. You weren't even able to give me a proper heir" Rhaella gulped to silence him, make him shut up, yell at him, make him leave and disappear forever. To scream at him that he was already dead and had no power over her, but again, no sound could escape her. Leaving her no choice but to continue listening to her brother.

This time, raising a long, bony finger at her, with extremely long, rapacious fingernails, Aerys pointed accusingly at her. "You gave me only weakness that would not survive past their first breath, and if they did. You made sure to turn them against me. You raised a traitor who always sought to dethrone me, and you encouraged him to break our ways by marrying a foul Martell serpent, producing tainted spawn. All because you could not fulfil your duty to give birth to a female, so he can fuck her and breed her. Perhaps if it had been so, our son would have acted like a true Targaryen and not the disgrace he is now. It was not enough of an insult for him to have offspring with the serpent, he also decided to taint our bloodline by doing the same with the northern bitch." Aerys' hand kept moving forward until he could finally touch her. Rhaella shuddered and cringed as she felt his cold touch against her soft, warm skin again, she again tried to pull away and escape from him, but again without succeeding. Aerys leaned over her, his face only inches from hers, Rhaella could feel his putrid breath against hers as he said. "Perhaps it was an acquired taste from his mother. What can I expect from my son, when his whore of a mother craves for a bastard and touches herself like a slut while fantasizing about some filthy Northerner's cock."

"How low have you sunk, dear sister. After all I did for you, I did my duty and took you as my wife, even though you had already spread your legs for that knight of yours." Aerys accused her again, even though it was a lie. She never slept with Ser Bonifer, even though she wished she had. But at the time she was betrothed to Aerys and though she did not love him, she respected him and did not wish to insult him, and he returned the favour, making her life a living hell.

"I took you as my wife, even though the woman I always wanted was Joanna, I made you my Queen even though you could never do your duty and give me proper heirs. And now look at you, look how you ended up without me, alone and banished. Forgotten by your sons, after the old man died, they only deigned to send you a bastard to watch you die, look at you, sister, you are nothing without me."

Rhaella kept trying to raise her voice, to silence him, not wanting to hear any more hurtful words, but again, no sound escaped her.

"The only side you belong on is mine, Rhaella. Your body is mine, your soul is mine, you will always be mine, my dear sister." Aerys told her with a ghoulish, lustful smile as his hand began to descend upon her. His long nails scraping her delicate skin, but before he could abuse her again. Rhaella made one last attempt to raise her voice and defend herself, only this time she succeeded, with great difficulty, but finally she was able to speak.

"You-you are dead, A- Aerys. I am no longer n- not longer yours."

His brother's hands stopped in place, as she was finally able to make herself heard, raising a murderous glare at her. Aerys asked her, in a dangerously low and angry voice, "What did you say?"

"I am no longer yours, Aerys. I am a free woman now, free from you" When she spoke again, her voice came out firmer and clearer, she no longer wanted to fear her brother.

But her words did not please Aerys at all, for his hands moved again, only this time upward. Until they encircled her slender neck and began to tighten their grip on her, slowly beginning to choke her.

"Is that what you think, sister? Do you really think you're free of me? Did you not understand anything I said? Who would take you, if not me? Do you really think even that filthy bastard from the north would take you?" Aerys sneered at her as he continued to tighten his grip on her throat, "You are a used and defective product, sister. The bastard would only use you as a whore and when he grows bored of you, he will discard you. Understand this, sister. We only have each other, no one else will want you or take you, you only have me.

With each hurtful word, his grip around her throat tightened further, preventing her from breathing. Slowly, Rhaella felt life slipping away from her, but having lived a life of submission and always at the mercy of her brother and what other people dictated for her. Rhaella would not let her death be the same, despite the lack of her oxygen, she looked with hatred and contempt at her husband and for the first time, without feeling any kind of fear towards him, she told him.

"I would rather be his whore, than your Queen."

Aerys gave her a look of pure hatred, his grip on her throat grew impossibly tight. But just as she was about to lose consciousness, Aerys withdrew his hand and in return gave her a sharp slap on her cheek, before shouting angrily at her as he climbed over her.

"You will never belong to anyone else, Rhaella. You are mine alone, and no one else."

Her brother began to undress her, ripping off her clothes, at some point just as she regained her voice, she also regained mobility in her limbs. Rhaella did her best to fight Aerys. She scratched, pushed, and kicked him, but it was not enough. Her brother was always stronger than her, no matter how hard she tried or fought him, she was never strong enough to defend herself against him.

Aerys held her hands with one arm and hit her again with the other, trying to make her submit to him. The loud sound of her dress tearing echoed through her room, Aerys cupped one of her breasts in his hand, abusing and clawing at the delicate flesh, making her cry out in pain. A thing that gave his deranged brother immense pleasure, "I am the only one who can mark your body, I am the only one who has the right to use you, I am the only one who can touch you." As he said those words to her, Aerys kept tearing at her dress trying to strip her completely naked, during the whole process, Rhaella kept fighting him, kicking, and punching him, but her blows didn't seem to have any effect on him.

Tears flooded her eyes, Rhaella felt completely weak and limp, about to give up. In the end, her brother, always got his way, and no one came to her rescue, but refusing to let that happen again, she gave one last try and cried out for help, cried out for the only man who could save her.

"Jooooooooooooon!"

"Jooooon, please. Help me."

"Please, Jon. I need you!"

She cried out desperately, wishing that somehow, he could hear her, but the only voice she heard back was Aerys' mocking laughter.

"Your bastard won't come, no one will come to save you little sister. He's just a watchdog, just like the others, he'll just have to stand at the door and listen to me fuck you. That's how it's been, that's how it will always be, it will just be you and me."

By the time he finished saying those words, her dress was already almost completely torn, leaving her completely exposed, but despite that, she didn't give up. She kept kicking and kept fighting him, trying to stop his advances as she continued to scream, for Jon. Fully trusting that he would come, that he would come to save her.

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Jon was standing outside the Queen's chambers as was his duty as a Kings guard, his only companion on this cold and dull night was his faithful Ghost. As were all the nights he had been in the service of the Queen mother, today was a quiet night, he could be sure of this, due to Ghost's passivity. That although it would appear that he was just sleeping, not caring in the least about what was going on around him, Jon knew that Ghost would be the first to spot any situation or individual that posed a threat to the Queen. Although remembering the previous

events, he couldn't quite say that this was a peaceful night. In fact, it was a very challenging night for him, as a Kings guard.

For, although I knew from the beginning that one of the perks of this job, being a royal guard and guarding and protecting the King's chambers. It was very normal, to be able to get to hear the King and Queen *fuck*. In fact, it was very common and one as a Kings Guard, had to have the seriousness to follow your duty and ignore the private 'affairs' of the monarchs.

At least that was what his uncle Ser Arthur had advised him, and as it was always his goal to see him serve as a royal guard. He gave him as training, shifts guarding the gates of the royal family. Although it was not very common for a newly appointed knight to get to directly serve members of the royal family but being the Queen's nephew and being recommended by the Sword of the Morning itself, he was given some privileges. And besides that, when he presented himself before the members of the royal family, he made sure to make a very good first impression, which he did, especially with Princess Daenerys. Who it was that very effusively asked her brother, King Rhaegar, if he could be her guard, even though he wasn't technically an official member of the Kings guard, yet.

King Rhaegar could not refuse his sister's request, especially when Queen Lyanna supported the idea, and so he ended up as Princess Daenerys' temporary guard. In the short time he was under her service, he became very close to the beautiful and noble princess. Although he was technically her guard and escort, the princess treated him more like an equal, on multiple occasions practically forcing him to break protocol. Ordering him to sit next to her, instead of standing guard or even going so far as to invite him inside her chambers, without there being a valid reason for him to be in her chambers.

Jon quickly realized her intentions, as whenever it was just the two of them, the Princess would get a little playful with him, starting with light touching and rubbing, and slowly escalating to sharing a light, but passionate kiss with the Princess. Though she tried to deepen it and tempt him to go further, Jon had enough mental strength to resist the princess's charms and pull away before he could do anything he might regret. Though it was no easy task to reject the advances of a woman like Daenerys Targaryen, most likely the most beautiful woman he had ever seen and ever will see. But despite her radiant beauty, Daenerys was a passionate, funny, and very compassionate woman. For the moments where he took most seriously his role as Kings guard, was when he accompanied her on her visits to Flea Bottom. There she played with the children, gave money to the poorest and always thinking of new projects for the crown to help the neediest people of Kings Landing, undoubtedly a very special woman, just like her mother.

Both women had more in common than anyone would think, especially if they got to know him the way he did. And he wasn't just talking about their looks, as the only differences between the two women was that Rhaella was a bit taller and curvier than Daenerys, but other than that. Mother and daughter, they shared the same features, long silky hair of a golden-platinum colour, vibrant violet eyes, pale skin without any visible imperfections. As for their measurements, Rhaella's bust was considerably larger than Daenerys', her hips were wider and her bottom thicker and rounder.

But that was where the differences ended, both were arguably the most beautiful women in the Kingdom, Daenerys was a radiant woman in the full flower of her youth, full of charm and joy. And although Rhaella was a mature woman and much more reserved than her daughter, that did not detract from all the male attention she was capable of attracting, even though she

may not be able to notice this. But what they were most alike, mother and daughter, and perhaps him being the only man capable of knowing this, was how similar their erotic moans were.

After Jon technically rejected the princess's advances, the princess, instead of giving in, tried to tempt him in different ways. And one of those ways was that whenever he was on guard at her door, she would take the opportunity to touch herself, deliberately being very vocal with her moans, especially when she moaned his name. Jon so far didn't know how he had managed not to barge into her room and have his way with her delectable body, no doubt that being the seductive princess's goal. Though as they said, 'there are no secrets in the Red Keep'. And somehow the King and Queen ended up finding out about the princess' growing interest and blatant advances towards him. Fortunately, he had not been punished, as he had technically never touched the princess, but neither could they leave him as her guard, and the perfect solution presented itself when news of Ser Barristan Selmy's passing, reached Kings Landing.

Jon was sent to Dragonstone, in order to keep him away from the princess, but ironically, he was sent to the only other Targaryen who was as or even more beautiful than Princess Daenerys. No doubt like anyone with two eyes in front of them, he was completely captivated when he saw the Queen mother for the first time. Rhaella was a woman in her late forties, but she did not look that age at all. Except for a few visible wrinkles on her face, she could fool anyone for a woman of thirty or even younger, they were certainly not exaggerating when they said that the Valyrians had stolen their beauty from the gods. For there was no other way to describe women like Rhaella or Daenerys.

Aside from her appearance, her body was also very well maintained, in the middle of summer, the Queen mother enjoyed wearing long silk dresses from Lys. And although they were not as revealing as those worn by Princess Daenerys or even Princess Rhaenys, the Queen did not need to show as much skin to bring out her beauty. The dress managed to cling by itself to her seductive and curvaceous figure, her large breasts managed to stand out despite the modest cleavage, looking completely full and without any hint of sagging. The way the dress marked her slim waist, then widened as it reached her hips, and like her personal guard, Jon always walked behind her, but he always had trouble keeping an eye out for any danger. As he was always distracted by the hypnotic sway of her hips and the movement of her bubbly ass, and the way it seemed to call out to him.

Jon had lost count of how many times he had fantasized about pounding that round, full ass, making it ripple with each impact of his hips. As he held a handful of that platinum Valyrian hair and with the other, squeezed one of her huge breasts. To be able to see what the Queen's normally calm and peaceful face would look like flooded with lust. Jon didn't know why, but for some reason, he had more trouble controlling himself around the Queen than when he was with Princess Daenerys.

Although this time, Jon tried not to make the same mistake he made with the princess. He tried to be as formal and reserved as possible with the Queen, not wanting to form a bond, or become too close, as he had done with Daenerys. Jon really tried to keep their relationship as formal as possible, her as his Queen and him as her Kings guard, but he just couldn't do it. Not after seeing her disappointed and discouraged expression, when he was very curt with her with his answers, to her friendly attempt to get to know him better.

Obviously, he could not continue with his original plan and inevitably began to get closer and get to know the Queen more and more each day. Jon found great enjoyment in every time he

managed to draw a light laugh from the Queen, as he told her one of his childhood stories from Winterfell. To see Rhaella's face light up with joy and amusement was surely one of the best sights any man could behold, especially after all the horrors she had had to suffer under her own brother and husband.

From the first time he met her, Jon could sense the aura of pain and torment that surrounded her, as if a shadow was always looming over her, tormenting her, never allowing her to forget and be happy. For that reason, Jon was glad to make her forget the pains of her past, at least for a few minutes. At the same time, he also promised himself, that he would never let anyone hurt her again, no matter who it was. From a simple bandit or the King, himself. Jon would never let anyone, or anything hurt her again. He also promised himself that he should stop pining for her and that he should only focus on being her protector, for just as with Princess Daenerys, he simply could not have her.

Oh, at least that's what he thought, until tonight. It quickly went from being a quiet night, to a few minutes into his shift when he began to hear muffled, erotic gasps coming from the Queen's room. With each passing minute, the sensual moans and gasps increased in intensity. His first thought was of how similar mother and daughter could moan; Rhaella's needy mewls were so sensual that just hearing it was enough to make him painfully hard in his pants. Jon tried to ignore those delicious sounds the Queen was capable of producing, but he found it almost impossible to ignore her, not with how needy she sounded.

Jon wanted so badly to be able to barge into her room, so he could give her the relief she so desired. Jon would eat her to satiation, be able to lick that sweet, delicious nectar she would release. Jon would take her again and again, making up to her for all those years of loneliness. Jon was sure that, if she moaned his name the same way his daughter had, he wouldn't be able to resist this time, but after several agonizing minutes, the Queen finally seemed to climax with a loud, muffled cry, but his name never escaped her lips, Jon couldn't help but feel disappointed at that.

All that had happened a couple of hours ago, Jon supposed the Queen must have fallen asleep long ago, all had been quiet since then and he had just been lost in thought. At least until Ghost abruptly stood up and went into warning mode, Jon quickly did the same and his grip moved to the hilt of his sword ready to be drawn, just waiting for Ghost's next action, but Ghost stood still, not quite sure what to do or where exactly the danger was.

"Ghost, what's up boy, do you smell something?" Jon asked his wolf, but he ignored him and as opposed to spotting the hallway, as he thought he would. Ghost turned around and stared at the Queen's door before advancing towards it and began clawing at it, desperately trying to get in. Jon quickly tried to stop him, as there was no possible threat in there for the Queen, it was simply impossible. There were no secret passages in Dragonstone, as there were in Kings Landing, its windows were hundreds of feet above the ground, built on stones impossible to climb.

"Ghost, bloody hell, stop!" Jon said to his wolf as he tried to pull him back, but before he could remove him completely. He began to hear faint muffled sounds coming from the Queen's room that were getting louder and louder, but this time they were not sounds of pleasure, no this time they were exactly the opposite, they were sounds of pain, the Queen was in danger.

He quickly released Ghost and quickly opened the door, entering the Queen's chambers and at the same time drawing his sword, Jon scanned the room for any threat, but found none, there

was no one inside except for the Queen herself. But when he laid eyes on her, he knew something was terribly wrong, tears overflowed from her eyes, a terrified expression covered her face, her hands were hitting and fighting against the air, as if she was fighting with an invisible presence. But that caused, she hurt and scratched herself, Jon quickly moved to her side, first holding her arms, preventing her from hurting herself any further.

"Your Grace, your Grace" He cried out, shaking her slightly, trying to wake her from whatever terrible nightmare she seemed to be suffering from. But by holding her, it only seemed to worsen her condition, as she began to struggle harder against him, trying to wriggle out of his grip, writhing violently.

Jon didn't know how to proceed in a situation like this, so he just did what his instinct told him and hugged her tightly against him. It broke his heart to see her in such a state, and not knowing how to help her, he thought the best thing to do in this situation would be to ask the maester for help, but he couldn't just leave her like that. He ran the risk that she could hurt herself again, besides she needed him, and he didn't plan to abandon her. So simply having to fend for himself to help her, he moved his grip to a tighter one, trapping her arms next to his chest and closing his grip around her back. Jon pressed her against his torso in a firm grip, but not enough to be painful and bringing his face close to the side of her neck, Jon began to speak into her ear.

"Your Grace, it's me Jon. You need to wake up, my Queen. Just focus on my voice, just focus on my voice, and open those beautiful eyes, my Queen. Please, Rhae, you need to wake up, I can't defend you where you are right now" Jon told her, while rubbing her back soothingly. Fortunately, his efforts were successful, as little by little, she stopped shaking and fighting him, until finally Rhaella managed to open her eyes, and say, "Jon?"

Her voice came out terribly frightened and weak, but at least she was now awake and free of any suffering. Jon did not release her from his grip when he replied, "It's me, your Grace. It's okay, it's all right now, you're safe. It was just a nightmare."

Rhaella didn't answer him and simply collapsed against him again. Clinging tightly to his presence, it didn't take long for Jon to feel her trembling as she cried, after a few minutes, she finally answered him.

"It wasn't a nightmare, Jon. It was a memory, a memory I can never escape from."

Jon felt a great sense of helplessness again, as he didn't know what to say or do to help her, although this time he was sure there wasn't something he could do or say to help her. So, he just made sure to hold her, comforting her as much as possible with his presence, until she could calm down. Jon didn't know how long he held the Queen in his arms as she cried until she ran out of tears, but he stayed there, by her side. After several minutes, where she seemed to finally calm down and relax in his arms, to the point where he thought she had fallen asleep.

Jon shook her lightly before asking, softly next to her ear, "Your grace?"

Rhaella opened her eyes and looked up as she blinked at him tenderly.

*Fuck*

How could he let go of her if she looked at him like that, he wished he could be able to hold her against his chest and protect her from any danger or ghosts from her past, but sadly, he



couldn't do that. So, he only refrained from asking her, "Do you need anything, should I bring the maester?"

To which Rhaella instinctively tightened her grip on him, fearful that he was going to leave her, before telling him. "No, no. I'm fine, I just..." Unable to maintain eye contact, Rhaella tore her gaze away from his, before asking, "Please don't leave me."

Raising his hand to hold her face and bring her gaze back to his, Jon stared at her before assuring her, "I'm not going to leave you, your Grace" Jon told her, moving his hand from her warm cheek to entwine his hand with hers he added, "No matter what, I'm going to stay by your side."

Rhaella stared at him for a few seconds, before finally saying, "Thank you, Jon. I'm really grateful you were here." To which he replied very awkwardly with, "It's my duty, Your Grace." Rhaella's expression seemed to falter at his response, and she looked away from him again. To which he quickly hastened to add, "And I wouldn't rather be anywhere else." Reaching back to her cheek, he used his thumb to lightly wipe away the traces of her shed tears, "Being under your services, it's one of the best things that ever happened to me."

For the first time, a very slight smile formed on the Queen's face, before she said, "Now you're just being flattering."

With a smile of his own, Jon replied, "No, I'm not. Dragonstone is certainly a better place from the snake pit that is the Red Keep, and no doubt the company here is much better." Jon said, giving her a meaningful look.

Rhaella couldn't help but melt and blush at the intensity of his gaze, and even more so when she noticed that their hands had remained clasped and she made no effort to pull away from him, before finally forcing herself to do so. "Thank you, Jon, for everything. And I'm sorry you had to see that unpleasant side of me."

"No, please, your Grace. None of what happened is your fault, none of this is your fault" Jon told her, strongly reiterating the last. With that said, they finally both broke apart and Rhaella quickly missed the feeling of having his strong, protective arms around her.

Jon also stood up and for a moment she thought he would leave her, but instead, he walked over to her basin and taking a clean rag, soaked it in the water, before returning to her. Realizing his intentions, Rhaella backed away slightly before telling him, "You don't have to do that."

"Please, my Queen. Allow me," Jon requested, causing her to smile easily to him.

Using the rag dampened by the water that still remained warm, Jon wiped her down. He ran the soft fabric of the handkerchief over her face, taking away the traces of tears and blood, Rhaella kept her eyes closed and let Jon take care of her. When he finished wiping her, Jon stood up and set the damp cloth aside, before taking another handkerchief, this time dry and handing it to her, so that this time, she could dry her face herself.

"Thank you" she said again.

"Are you sure you do not wish to see the Maester, your Grace?" Jon asked her again.

Rhaella shook her head before telling him, "I'd rather people didn't see me in this state." To which Jon replied, saying, "He doesn't necessarily have to come to see you, your Grace. I could go ask him for some herbal tea to help you relax and get some sleep."

When she heard that, Rhaella only just noticed that it was still dark outside, possibly a few more hours before dawn, still deep in thought, Jon spoke again. "Ghost could stay with you, while I'm gone. I assure you that you will be completely safe with him."

Rhaella turned her head towards the door and noticed the large animal that had entered along with Jon, but cleverly he had given them both their space. But now, that they mentioned his name he quickly approached them, wagging his tail happily, he sat on his hind legs in front of her, before resting his head on her knee. Rhaella couldn't help but let out a smile at the animal's natural charm and began petting him.

"I promise it won't take me long," Jon told her, to which Rhaella nodded. With a quick pace, Jon left, and Rhaella watched him go as she clung to his wolf.

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Rhaella was now lying back on her bed as she finished drinking the herbal tea Jon had brought her. It certainly helped her nerves a lot to relax, but she knew the real reason she had been able to pull herself together from the horrible night terror she had suffered. It really had been a long time since she had suffered a similar one, and she remembered how the last time, it had taken her a long time to recover. Having after-effects for days, not even being able to leave her room, but now with Jon's help and presence, she recovered much more quickly.

*She really didn't want him to leave, she wanted him to stay by her side.*

When she had enough of the tea, she handed the cup to Jon and he set it down on her nightstand, before asking, "Is there anything else you need, your Grace?"

"No, thank you Jon. I think you've done more than enough for me already." She told him, lifting her gaze and giving him a grateful and sincere smile.

Jon nodded at that and started to leave, watching him go, Rhaella's heart shrank at the feeling of him leaving her alone with her demons, so before her mind could even process it, she yelled out to him sounding a little desperate and scared.

"Wait!"

Hearing her, Jon stopped abruptly, and half turned to her with concern, quickly asking her, "What's wrong, your Grace?"

Rhaella had difficulty putting her feelings and what she wanted from him into words, her mouth opened, only to close again seconds later. It stayed that way for several seconds, before finally being able to say, what she really wanted to say. "Can you stay with me tonight?"

Jon was surprised at her unexpected request and before he could think to answer, she beat him to it by adding a very needy, "Please?" To finish, weakly confessing, "I don't want to be alone tonight."

"Of course, your Grace. Anything for you," Jon answered her, not believing there was any man who could say no to her, "I'll leave Ghost outside, so he can stand guard." He finished by adding as he stood up and heading for the door to leave Ghost there on guard duty.

Closing the door, he was left alone with the Queen, Rhaella had already finished lying down on her bed. Jon, thinking that the Queen only meant that she needed someone close by, so he decided to stand by the door, both of them being able to stare at each other.

With a slight smile, Rhaella told him amusedly. "I won't be able to sleep if you stand there all night watching me in the shadows."

"I can turn around, if you wish" Jon offered.

Tightening her grip on her blankets, Rhaella gained the courage to say to him, "And how about, just for today, you join me in bed?"

"I don't think that would be appropriate, Your Grace," Jon shot back.

"It would just be for tonight, please?" She asked him again, even though she could simply command him to do anything she wished. And Jon unable to deny her anything, did as she asked.

Rhaella watched intently as Jon began to approach her, her heart thudding in her chest again, but this time not from fear, but from excitement. She could not believe that she had actually asked him to join her in bed, Rhaella had not shared a bed with a man since Aerys. Although she excused herself by saying that nothing sinful needed to happen, she was only in need of company.

*Of Jon's company.*

Rhaella couldn't take her eyes off him, as Jon began to undress, first starting with removing his sword belt. Leaving his weapon resting against her nightstand, what followed was his whitish cloak, Jon removed the bindings that held it from his breastplate, letting it fall to the floor. He then began to untie the straps of his armour, as he was about to offer his help, Jon managed on his own and finished removing the shining armour.

Now only remaining in his leather pants and linen shirt, Rhaella thought he would join her like this, but he surprised her when he also removed his shirt. Revealing his impressive body before her eyes, Rhaella couldn't describe Jon in any other way than an absolute specimen of nature, his abs and torso were full of muscles developed from intense training, and scars dotted his otherwise flawless skin, though she thought these only made him look more rugged and dangerous. When Rhaella realized she was practically ogling him, she looked away quickly and turned to face the other side of the room, at the same time moving on the bed, to give him room so he could join her.

It only took a few seconds for her to feel the bed sink, indicating that Jon had laid down next to her.

"Are you comfortable, your Grace?" She heard Jon ask her.

She was more than comfortable with Jon's presence, but she wasn't as comfortable as when he held her in his strong arms. So, a little nervously, she asked him. "Can you hold me?"

Without even answering her, Rhaella felt his arms begin to wrap around her slender waist until he pulled her to him and pressed her against his strong, solid chest. Rhaella could feel his warm, muscular body perfectly through the thin fabric of her robe and instinctively Rhaella melted against him. Jon moved his huge, calloused hand slowly and teasingly across her flat

belly and Rhaella had to bite her lips to stifle a moan when she felt him whisper in her ear, "That's better, Your Grace?"

"Yes, thank you, Jon" she answered him, already losing count of how many times she had thanked him tonight. Rhaella felt Jon let out slight snort in her ear before replying, "It should be me, who should be thanking you, your Grace. Because of you, I am here instead of standing outside in the cold and my wolf as my only companion. In return, I am now lying in a very warm and comfortable bed, with the most beautiful woman in Westeros in my arms. Were it not for the unfortunate situation that brought me here, I would say I am the luckiest bastard in the world."

"I doubt very much that an old woman like me is the most beautiful woman in Westeros" Rhaella told him, even though his words made her cheeks flush again. "My good daughters are incredibly beautiful women, and not to mention my granddaughters, both radiant young ladies and in the prime of their youth."

"Aye, you're right. I had the honour of meeting and serving all those women you named, but the one I became closest with, was Princess Daenerys. I remember being totally blown away the first time I saw her, I had never seen such a beautiful and perfect woman in my life, from her eyes, her body and without a doubt, how kind she was. It was then, when I couldn't help but ask myself, where does such beauty come from, from whom did she inherit it and I finally got my answer when I met you. Those vibrant violet eyes that are capable of melting the most stoic man, are yours, my Queen. She inherited them from you, as well as that platinum hair, as soft as the finest silk and shining in an ethereal way when under the light of the stars. A noble and kind heart that would make any man die to defend it" Jon recited beautifully, but before continuing his hand moved lower, to the level of her wide hips, almost brushing his fingers over the roundness of her ass, before continuing, "A body that instils lust in the holiest of men."

Rhaella let out a choked gasp at his words and the sensation his touch left on her skin, "The only difference is, your Grace. You don't smile as often, as the princess does, I wish my Queen would smile more often" Moving closer to a closer to her ear, Jon said in a husky, accented voice, "I would do anything to see you smile, my Queen."

Rhaella slowly turned her face towards him, so that she could see him from the side and looking him straight in the eyes, she told him. "How about a kiss."

Jon slowly moved his hand up from her hips to hold her chin, his warm breath sweeping across her face for a moment before he gently touched his lips to hers. Rhaella moaned into his mouth before relaxing and kissing him back, for several seconds, their kiss became more passionate with her hands running through the back of his hair to hold it in place, he could practically feel her trying to concentrate all her feelings into this one act, surely fearful that she wouldn't get another chance. Jon didn't know how long they kissed for, but it was definitely for a long while. When they finally broke apart, they were both breathing heavily, and her lips were swollen and wet.

Without a word, Rhaella turned forward again, facing the other end of the room. Her face burned and her heart pounded a mile a minute at the thought of what she had just done.

*By the gods she was a grown woman, she had grandchildren. And here she was, cuddling and making out with a man half her age and feeling like a maiden in love.*

"Good night, your Grace" Jon said to her, still wrapping his arm around her.

"Rhae" she said.

"Uh?" Jon asked her in confusion.

"That's what you called me before."

"Oh, I apologize, I won't call you again-"

"No" Rhaella quickly interrupted him, "I like me. No one has ever called me that before. And if it's just the two of us, you can keep calling me that."

Rhaella couldn't see the huge smile that formed on his face at hearing that, "Good night, Rhae" Jon said to her again, moving his hand back to hers. And this time, Rhaella didn't hesitate to entwine her fingers with his, holding his hand lovingly, before also wishing them goodnight.

*Somehow, Jon had transformed one of the worst nights she had experienced in years to undoubtedly one of the most memorable nights of her life. She only wished he could hold her and kiss her in the same way, for the rest of her life.*