

He didn't quite know how to react. Jon wasn't prepared for this woman's ethereal, ancient beauty.

It had been a long journey to Dragonstone. He was exhausted, worried and tense. Jon had been warned by the Lords of the North, by his own sister and by that little voice inside his mind against accepting such an invitation. And yet there he stood, in front of a great, dark throne, surrounded by dangerous, savage looking men, protected from flying dragons only by the roof over his head and the will of a young Targaryen heir.

The only friend he could count on was behind him, and perhaps another ally stood to the Queen's left, but he could not be certain Tyrion could manage a possible temper tantrum from the Mad King's daughter, should she be inclined to follow her father's footsteps.

And yet, instead of thinking of the danger he faced, instead of hearing the warning his most trusted allies had roared and whispered back in the North, he was dumbfounded and speechless, not quite sure how to react.

She was supposed to be pretty, it was known. Why should he be surprised? The problem was, Daenerys Targaryen was not simply pretty, not even beautiful. She was breathtakingly stunning, the single most beautiful creature he had ever laid eyes upon.

He could not be distracted by matters of the flesh, though. He knew it all too well. The last time he had opened his heart, opened his arms to embrace a young beauty, he had lost everything. Why would he -how could he- ever trust his heart again in such matters, particularly when the situation was so dire? The dead to the North and the Lannisters to the South, a Targaryen and her dragons in the middle. No good could come from this, any of this.

The meeting had, of course, been an utter disaster. She wanted him to bend the knee to her, he wanted her to believe his unbelievable story, and neither of them seemed to have any desire to change their ways.

He was, by all accounts, a prisoner on this island, not locked away in a small cage, but unable to leave and go back to Winterfell all the same.

He wished she would simply listen to reason, accept his claim that an incoming doom was lurking just behind the Wall. Why should she, though? He would not believe such stories herself if he was in her shoes. No sane person would, not without evidence.

His warning about an ancient enemy that threatened all of civilization seemed to better fit a rambling old man who had long since lost his wits than the Warden of the North and Lord protector of Winterfell.