I want to be the queen

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Summary

As cersei has to deal with her angry son, she must also have to deal with the tyrell girl getting on all her nerves.

But one dreadful night, the tyrell girl shows up at her chambers.

The queens, private, chambers

This is not canon and the first chapter came to me at 2am so dont judge the terrible writing. Mk thanks and enjoy :)}
Cersei, finally after a long and busy day, filled with dread, annoying tyrells and the small council, she was able to lay her sweet, golden locks down onto the bed.

But as soon as she did, a knock on her door rang out through her room. She sighed frustrating, still laying faced away from the door, she called out. "What" in her best angry tone.

"Cersei" a small, female toned voice chimed in, cersei sat up quickly, startled.

"What woman decides to come to my chambers this late at night she thought.

"What do you want?" Cersei's voice spat like daggers through the hearts of her enemies.

"Please, cersei." The female voice spoke again, this time more panicked and resembled a voice she had grown far too familiar with.

She sits for a moment, wishing the girl would just walk away. Cersei is too good for helping peasants. Peasants? Cersei did not much care for the use of those words. The only words she used were about her enemies, and her family.

Or about the bitch Tyrell girl.

Her stomach fluttered at the thought of Margaery. She never quite could find herself to explore more about this manipulative bitches personality.

She couldnt care, could she?

Margaery tyrell was just another bother and enemy to cersei, another block in the road but otherwise, said rock was easily avoidable. It does not take long to learn how to ignore her smiles and generosity, and see the whore underneath.

Cersei wasnt quite the one to call ladys whores, but thats what margaery is.

Another knock at her door and cersei groaned, standing up out of her warm sheets and pouring herself a cup of wine in her magesyic goblet, and walked over to the door.

She opened the door, expecting to find some whore, peasant or maid, not Margaery Tyrell.

Cersei smirked to herself as she watched the woman eye her body, she knew she had a good body, she always had. And she always will. Cersei smirks and tilts her head. Shifting her weight to one foot.

"What do you want?" She asked. Margaery looked back up to the woman. "Oh uh.." she studdered. "Oh hush, now." Cersei smirked, playing coy with her. She grabbed her shin with her thumb and index finger, pulling Margaerys up from roaming cersei's body.

Margaery had never seen cersei like this, she looked so calm, so rested. And as Cersei's soft fingers made contact with her skin, Margaery fell for her. As she thought about it, margaery had been slowly falling for the queen ever since her arrival. Their rivalry was so bleak yet strong, it would stand in her
Margaery pushed past Cersei and into her chambers. "What are you doing?" Cersei spat as she turned to face the beautiful young woman in front of her, there was no surprise to Cersei that Margaery was as beautiful as she was, no no. It was the pull that she had on her. Cersei hated it. Yet loved it. She found the tension between them thrilling. Her stomach fluttered inside thinking about it, but this time, far deeper.

"You know," Margaery began, grazing her fingers across the desk before sitting atop it.

"In high garden, it isn't looked down on two of the same gender loving each other." She began, twiddling her thumbs.

Cersei scoffed, pouring herself another drink after closing the door. "And why so?"

"Because its natural."

"Its against the lords"

"No it isn't, Cersei"

"Stop calling me Cersei." Cersei spat. Margaery chuckled and watched the woman tap her fingers on the desk out of annoyance.

"Don't think you can just come by my chambers late at night again. You still haven't explained why your here."

"Oh uh" Margaery began, not sure why she decided to bother to appear here. She shrugged. "Then leave." Cersei demanded. Something inside both of the girls was pulling the ties to not be separated. Cersei's eyebrows furrowed as Margaery got closer and closer to the woman.

So close, in fact, that they could hear each other's breaths. Inside, Cersei knew, she had always known Margaery envied her, afforded her. But never this much. But for some reason, Jamie had never made Cersei feel the way she does with Margaery at this very moment.

Something bad was going to come out of this, and both girls knew it

Cersei decided to toy with the girl, not express her admiration to her like a normal, civil person.

She rested one of her hands on her hip. The other, still with the glass of wine.

Cersei turned away, not being able to handle the heat radiating between them and betwixt her thighs.

But this only was an opportunity for Margaery to sink her teeth into Cersei's collar bone. The shock had her frozen but it felt like magic. No way in the seven hells had any man made Cersei feel the way she does

"No...mm..stop" she whispered, as Margaery made her way to her neck. "No" Cersei said louder, pushing the girl away.

"Its wrong." She spat. "Your going to tell me you didn't like that?" Cersei stayed quiet, cause she knew Margaery had won this battle.

"Leave." She mumbled.

And as Margaery left, she felt saddened, for some reason. She couldn't quite figure out why. She
should be glad that whore had left but, she knew she didn't want her to leave. She knew she didn’t want Margaery to stop.

Was this love?
Cersei sat at the table, her young boy, Joffery, sat across it as well. For some reason, Lady Olenna and Tywin had arranged a dinner. For the two houses.

But the incident that had taken place just a few days ago, was enough to make Cersei shudder.

Tywin sat beside his daughter and grandson, waiting on the Tyrells. This dinner was also for Cersei to meet Loras. Supposedly they were to marry but Cersei wasn’t intrigued at all by his demeanor or posture.

The doors at the end of the hall opened, the three lions looked toward their prey, ready to feast on their weakness.

Lady Olenna was first, her gown was dark and modest, unlike her daughter. The three lions stood up, as to greet the Tyrells.

Cersei, still with a glass of wine in her hand, eyed the young woman following her brother. A look of boredom and annoyance on her face.

That incident in the queen’s chambers still shook both the girls. Cersei, now knowing little Margaery’s sweet desire, knew how to bully the girl.

Margaery sat across the table, beside Joffery, her soon to be. Leaving Loras beside Cersei. "Madam" Loras spoke gently, and calmly, as to not disturb the sleeping lion.

Cersei just nodded her head as she took a sip of her wine.

Margaery stared at her brother, she laughed to herself at her brothers stupidity. His charm and looks were quite only successful on men.

Cersei was a lion. He was a small little rose in a giant garden.

Margaery knew how to get to the queen, something she wouldn’t share with anyone. She knew Jamie would forever be in the back of the queen’s mind,

"So the wedding is taking part in four days." Tywin begun. "Here is the start of our ancient houses." His powerful voice echoed.

Margaery watched out of the corner of her eye, Cersei watch her. Stalk her, almost.

There was no doubt to either of the girls that they would forget that dreadful night. Margaery cursed herself every minute since then. She had no idea what had overcome her.

As the food was served, Cersei whispered to one of the lady servants, Margaery paid closer attention to her from the corner of her eye as Joffery went on about his new crossbow.

She stood up, quietly tucking her chair in behind her, she glanced at Margaery quickly before turning and walking away, her long dress flowing behind her and her gorgeous golden hair glistening in the candle light of the chandelier.

Each day she looked more beautiful and each day she became more hostile.
As least the roaring beauty was still a beauty, and a mystery to Margaery.

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Three days later.

Cersei sat apon one of the many balconies in the Red Keep. Watching over the gardens as Margaery made her way around. A quill in one hand and a parchment in the other.

Cersei had no time for leisurely pleasures now. The wedding was to be tomorrow, and trying to sort everything out was quite the hustle.

She stood up and walked to the end of the balcony, baby haors from her forehead sway in the wind as she watched the gardens. Olenna and Margaery walking around and smiling was not what she intended on spying at. But it was what she did.

Margaerys low dip dress and slim straps were nothing less of modest.

Cersei thought back to how gentle she was to her, how soft her hands were and how smooth her lips were against her collar bone.

Having to hide the red spots was a hassle, and she knew if Margaery could tell she tried to hide it, the bitch Tyrell would gain more power of Cersei.

Thats what was stopping them from anything. From being nice, to agreeing, everything. Power.

How do you tell two woman who are willing to risk everything for the same thing, to get along. You cant.

Cersei walked back inside, and down the corridors. She had yet to a destination, she just needed to clear her head. Thoughts swarming around her wise intentions.

There was no coming back from the night, was there?
That night was a cold one, a cold night in Kings Landing wasn't rare but not common.

It was odd to feel cold as the winds drifted throughout her room. Even though she was underneath the covers.

The blonde goddess sat up, shivvers wrapped around her, engulfing her as she got closer to the balcony windows, closing the giant glass paines that made up the doors.

She sighed, the wind died down and now it was just her room. The smell of the cool night escaped from Cersei's grasp and had disappeared.

She sat at the end of her bed, think about the morning. It will be busy, she has to pay a visit to both Joffery and Margaery. Something she is dreading.

Cersei cannot deny the saddened attitude she had been exploding from these past few days. Its almost as if Cersei had feelings for the young woman back. But that was impossible,

Was it?

Yes yes, but of course. She had only ever truly loved one person, and that is Jaime. It still is. But Cersei could never pin point exactly why Margaery made her feel conflicted inside. She was just a dumb woman, her soon to be Daughter in Law.

Hearing those words come from herself was shuddering. Daughter.

Myrcella was still off in dorne, most likely dead and here Cersei was, conflicted in herself. Myrcella was special to her, Cersei's only daughter. She loved Myrcella with all her heart, she confided in the young girl, and the thought of her only daughter dead, it brought tears to her eyes.

However there was no sane way of telling anyone any of this. At least with leaving out the intimate encounter between Margeary and herself.

Cersei was conflicted, there is no doubt. But how long until she decides her feelings?

Margaery gently sat up, careful not to wake the horrid boy beside her. Joffery was terrible. Margaery could tell. It would take her life time to change him even the slightest. But one person she could manipulate the most was his mother.

She had no idea why she decided to go to the queens chamber. If she hadn't, none of this would happen, she might not even consider bailing on her wedding. Margaery wants to be queen, that is a certain, but, she wants yo be the queen with someone she loves.

She stood up, carefully walking out of the room. She walked down the corridor, passing her grandmothers chamber and many more until she met the one she was aiming for.

Her brothers.

She opened the door, groaning immediately. "Loras use the covers!" She called, turning and sitting in a chair that faced away from his bed, him and his naked lover were atop eachother.
The boy climbed off her brother, quickly running away, Loras put linins on to be modest. The young peasant boy ran out the room and Margaery looked up to see him

"What do you want?" He asked, clearly angry. "You know the queen, of course you do, who doesn't, uh-"

"You admire her," the words slicked out his mouth. Margaery remained silent. "Its quite obvious, sister." He chuckled, walkig over and sitting across from his sister.

"What happened?"

"I dont know," margaery responded. "Im not sure how, or why, but shes constantly on my mind. I dont know why, how, when it started? Ha, dont ask. Im still trying to figure it out."

Loras nodded, listening to Margaery explain. "Its alright sister, you'll be fine"

"Will I? Of course its okay back home but apparently its not normal here. Its looked down apon. A sin."

Loras scoffed. "No."he said flatly. "A sin is wanting to sleep with me. Not the queen."

"I never said i wanted to sleep with her. Keep your voice down."

"Margaery, I know you more than these people do. You are curious, its normal. You're exploring. Its only human nature. Although, the queen is a risky target, it shouldn't stop you." He shrugged

"Also, you guys constantly stared at one another the other day during dinner. I'd be scarced if no one else seen."

Margaery stood up. "We shouldn't be talking about this. I am to marry Joffery tomorrow."

"Do you want to? Do you love him or his title?" He asked angerly. Almost too aggressive.

Margaery kept silent.

"You want to be The Queen Of The Seven Kingdoms, Protector Of the Realm" loras exaggerated, using hand motions. "But you cannot be thag if you arent on that throne. So make yourself on that throne. I love you, I do, but you are stupid sometimes." Loras says, begin ing to put clothing on.

"Where are you going?" Margaery asked.

"To get Sam back. You can leave now."

Margaery scoffed and left, walking around the castle.

The castle was scary at night, it was dimmly lit with hollow sounds. Although her room was only a few corridors away, it felt like forever walking there.

But what her brother said to her, stuck to her. She knew these feelings would never go away. But she also wanted the throne.

My goodness, why couldnt there be two queens. There could be in high garden.

The stairs were echoing her footsteps, as she quickly made her way up the long staircase.

She knew what she was doing was wrong. She knew Cersei would react negatively, lets only hope.
She knocked on the door, a low groan came from inside, maybe this was too risky, maybe it was a mistake.

"Come in, Margaery." Cersei's powerful voice echoed. Margaery, shocked Cersei knew it was her, slowly opened the door, to find Cersei staring outside, a glass of wine in her hand.

"Do you ever stop drinking?" Margaery scoffed, closing the door behind her. "No, I'm afraid not." Cersei smirked, still with her back turned to the woman.

"What do you want now, to humiliate me again?" Cersei scoffed, turning to the woman and sipping her wine. She regretted her words, however.

She implied in that whatever activities they had in their last, private, encounter, got to her, and she thought about them. That they affected her, and she was weak for them. That she approved of them. In a way.

Margaery lifted her chin up, sitting down in one of the many chairs Cersei has in her room. "Why can't I just visit my mother in law? Oh- soon to be, in about, how many, 16 hours?" Margaery mocked.

Cersei gritted her teeth, any excuse for Margaery to leave would be admirable. But she didn't want the young woman to leave, she enjoyed their rivalry and commodities.

She liked her company.

Cersei chuckled, a toothy smile escaped her perfect lips and Margaery could help but stare at her smile. She had never seen her smile before, but oh lords, was it lovable.

"Will you stop staring at me like that?" Cersei asked, her smile dropping and she turned away, sitting on the other side of the desk from Margaery.

"Like what?"

"Like you admire me, it's quite laughable" Cersei rolled her eyes, sipping her wine.

"Is it?" Margaery asked. "Well of course it is, how would you feel if you were eyed all the time?" Cersei became defensive. This is not what Margaery planned. She stuttered.

"I'm just joking child." Cersei scoffed. "Tell me. What is so interesting that you wish to marry Joffery. It's not as if you like him."

Margaery gasped. "What? My queen, of course I do"

Cersei only raised her eyebrows. She knew Margaery was lying. She lied all the time. About the peasants and the poor, about Joffery, about her admiration for Cersei. She could tell.

But Cersei, she still hadn't decided. In playing this game of pretend with this woman, blocking her out or caving in. Two out of the three wouldn't make her any happier.

She sighed. "I'm tired. Would you mind leaving one last excuse as to why you are here?" Cersei asked, rubbing her forehead of stress.

Margaery swallowed her words, unsure how to approach this, "well," "well what child"
"I was speaking to my brother earlier. About.."

"Did you tell him about what you did?" Cersei spat. "To me?"

"No. Oh lord, no. Just, relationships in general. About the Marriage tomorrow."

"Yes i know, you want to be the queen. " Cersei bit inside her cheek. She stared at the woman "i just dont understand..." Margaery cursed to herself. Cersei stood up, leaning on the desk with one hand, she sighed. "What do you mean."

A pause.

Cersei gently grabbed Margaerys chin, pulling her face up, "what?"

"Why cant there be two queens. There used to live two Ladies in high garden. What has the rest of Westeros have against it?

Cersei shrugged. She honestly didn't know. However she understood Margaerys feelings, surprisingly. "I dont know dear. But its best if-

"Like what if my brother had wanted to lead his house with another man. Why is that looked down apon? His nocturnal desires dont affect any of us. The same for two women."

Cersei grunted, slightly angry. She didn't like to be cut off. "What are you implying? That we burn down all that disagree with your brothers behavior?" Cersei remarked.

Margaery, without thinking, responded. "Not necessarily his behaviour.." Margaery trailed off. But Cersei knew what she ment.

She was talking about eachother. She was talking about her desires with Cersei. And she knew it. They both knew the desires one shared with another.

Cersei couldn't hold in her feelings. She hated herself for this. She hated herself for thinking of, despicable and desperate endeavors with Margaery. Cersei may be lying a small bit if she said she never had feelings for another woman, but that was years ago. When she was 10. Her and her bestfriend. But she always had Jaime.

"Cersei i don't want to marry your son." Margaery confessed. Not surprising Cersei, however. Her child was quite the deviant.

"I-" Margaery studdered. Cersei placed her wine down, and with one hand she cupped Margaerys face. "Whats wrong dear?" She swallowed her true words. She knew what Margaery was going to say.

"I want to marry you."

Cersei sighed. She didn't expect it as quite abrupt, or even that at all. They hadn't even kissed and Margaery was confessing her love already.

She thought Cersei would hate her. Demand she was evil and vile, however, Cersei's undeciding hand stayed on her cheek.

She cursed herself in her head. She didn't want to admit it. But she had to. "I know." Cersei whispered.

Margaery was expecting a slur. "Im sorry." Margaery studdered, horrified on what she had just said.
She stood up quickly, cersei's hand fell from her face, catching the woman off guard, and pulling from her thoughts.

How do you tell someone, who only knows you as a fierce, heartless, ruthless Queen, that you feel the same. You cant.

Cersei cant.

But she can try.

"Margaery!" Cersei demanded. Harsher than intended but it kept Margaery from leaving.

She stalked across the room like a lion, about to devour its prey. Margaery tensed up as the queen strutted closer. Her walk intoxicated the young woman even more.

"Im sorry Margaery. I know its what you want." Cersei sighed, not knowing how to say 'i do too.' Or 'can I kiss you'

For Cersei, its hard to express her admiration. Her brows tensed as she griped the young woman, pulling her in for a hug.

The last time she hugged this woman, was when she began to question her feelings for her.

Tears escaped Margaerys eyes, saddened by everything. "Im sorry." Cersei whispered in her ear. Although it sounded like Cersei was denying her feelings, or batting them away, she was just cursing herself. For what was to come next.

She loved this girl too much. Its hard to admit, butsn can no longer deny the longing for this woman

She pulled back from the hug, wiping a tear from Margaerys face, she sighed. "Oh,. Dear." Is all she whispered.

"I ruined your view of me, im sorry." Margaery turned away, beginning to leave

"Margaery." Cersei called across her giant chamber. "Margaery! My god doyou expect meto walk after you?" She cursed unde rher breath.

She grabbed Margaerys wrist and pulled her around, their faces barely touching. "Cersei-

"Shh" she whispered, wiping the girls face with her hand once again. The heat from Margaerys woman hood was intense and hard to cool down.

"No but really.-" Margaery began.

She stopped however, when the queens lips pressed themselves against her own.

Margaery's eyes widened before closing. Her hand fell to Margaery's waist and Margaery pulled her hands around Cersei's upper back.

In this moment, it was just them. No one else. They enjoyed this moment, savouring it. However, maybe a little too much. The echoing of footsteps werent heard until the last second

When Jaime Lannister opened the door, just to find the two woman staring at him, looking quite guilty.

"Cersei." He said lowly. Margaery shoved past him, quickly running down the stairs. Cersei smirked
"Cersei!"

"Oh leave me alone you big baby." Cersei laughed at her brother, walking back to her wine, she finished the rest. "Leave me alone."

"No cersei. Why was she up here."

"We were talking about the wedding." She lied.

"You hate her." Jaime pushed.

"Just leave. Its quite late." Cersei ushered him out.

"Your playing with fire." He cursed to his sister, before she slammed the door on him.

She smiled to herself, a genuine smile. A happy one. She took a risk, and it had a positive outcome. If this is how Margaery makes everyone feel, she cursed herself for not caving in, confessing sooner.

a/n

Hey srry for the long chapter. I really like how this story is coming along.
The next morning was quite hectic. Cersei often found herself surrounded by maids, dishers, cup bearers and cleaners.

Today was her sons wedding. Her eldest son.

And after today, she would now longer be a queen, or a queen mother. Her power would be ridden from her by the sweet, young Margaery Tyrell.

And she would be left, never been able to stare at the new queen normally again.

Cersei only felt comfortable alone. At least, at this moment she did. She did not want to see any faces, not her son nor her brother. Not even Margaery.

She made her way, quietly and carefully, to the Balcony overseeing the peaceful gardens. Which weren't infested with young tyrells.

She took in the fresh air, and her dark red wine slid down her throat as she clear her head, forcing all thoughts that clutted her brain, away.

"Hello"

Cersei sighed, turning around she was met with the woman who was to replace her and take all she held dear.

"Hello!"

"what" cersei spat. Her stomach turned seeing Margaery. Knowing for sure the feelings that Margaery had for the woman made her smile, knowing she had control over her, but it also was upsetting. Rightfully so. Since even if Cersei caved in and loved her as open as Margaery has done for her, they would have to hide it.

As if they hated eachother even.

Margaery frowned at Cersei's agressive encounter. "What is the matter? Today is lovely. Want to walk with me in the gardens?"

"Of course! Please."

"no" Cersei cursed herself as she couldn't say how she felt. "Oh please, your grace." Margaery’s smile fell, she took a step toward the queen, placing a hand on her arm. "It will be relaxing."

Cersei sighed. "Fine" she placed her glass of wine down, following the woman down the staircases and into the elegant archways of the gardens.

Margaery took hold of Cersei's left arm, as she did with most she walked along side.

"The gardens are so peaceful when no one is in them. Aren't they?" Margaery asked. Trying to start a conversation, although with Cersei, it appears easier than is. "Of course." Cersei smiled, it was brief and lasted a millisecond but to Margaery she was the most beautiful she had ever been.

"Aren't you to be getting on with your wedding duties? Today will be quite exciting for you" Cersei tried any excuse to leave the gardens. "Thats until later. Its just the morning now." Margaery
breathed in deeply, the cool morning air drifted through her nose, reminding her of her home away from the captial.

Cersei huffed in defeat, and as they walked through the giant gardens, full of hedges and flowers, the morning dew still present on them.

"Cersei."

"Yes?" She responded. Infact, Cersei was quite surprised with herself, in the context that she was allowing Margaery call her by her name. Although, Margaery was quite persistent and would have forced the queen to let her, as she was that manipulative.

But Cersei could smell her ways as herself to, does those mischievous actions.

Margaery took hold of Cersei's long fingers, interlacing them with her own. Cersei looked from the woman, then back to the Castle. Noting to herself we are quite far.

Although Margaery's feelings for Queen Cersei were nothing less than strong, she wouldn't force her into submission. As Cersei may have been in the past. Margaery, she wanted to prove to the woman that boarding yourself up and locking others out is an act of toxicity towards yourself. She wanted Cersei to want to be Open and share her feelinngs, rather than bottle them up and away.

"I-" Margaery began, wanting to say something. Anything to break the tension that was in the air.

Cersei was plain, not impressed with the extra walking she had to do, all for an hours conversation.

Where they were, the fareast point away from the red keep in the gardens. The only sound was the hustle of the water along the cliffside.

Cersei felt as if she had to speak, for some reason. She wanted to talk, which was rare. They stood underneath a small, open building at the edge of the gardens, it was covered in a thin concrete ceiling and the only walls were eight small columns holding the roof from collapsing.

The hedges around the entrance blocked the wind and overseers.

"A quaint place." Cersei hummed, staring at her surrondings. The warmth of Margaery stayed at her arm when she turned to face the woman.

"Yes, it is" Margaery responded lowly. The blonde beauty could feel the womans breath. The hot, moist air from her small response was heat inducing.

Cersei had never quite been im the gardens herself, rendering her not much exploring the Gardens, as she didn't much care for the endless hedges and flowers that were ever so gracefully tended to.

"We best be-" Cersei stared at the young woman, Margaery looked to her, the waves crashing in the distance. She knew what she felt was panging in her chest, and the time they spent together was indeed formal only, she could still like her. Stare at her, and maybe, kiss her?

No...no thats the opposite. Stupid girl.

Margaery stared back at the raging water, leaning her head to the queens, resting against one another.

The low hum of the wind sang through the air. It was almost as perfect scenery for an adored moment, but this was not to be a moment.

"Cersei.." Margaery whispered, her lips ached for the queens on hers again. The queen looked to the
woman out the corner of her eye, quickly glaring back to the waves of the crashing, harsh, rushing waters.

A storm was comming.

"Yes?" Cersei responded. Hoping that Margaery would ask a risque question. As if she would, however. Cersei only wished for power over the woman, right?

Right?

Wrong.

Margaery quickly slipped around the woman, as is she was a serpent, destroying the beautiful plants around her.

She faced Cersei, hugging the woman tightly. The queens long arms soon wrapped around Margaery shortly after. They swayed back and forth.

Cersei rubbed circled with her thumbs on the womans shoulders, as if shushing her of her stress, or as a gesture of kindness. Either worked.

Margaery pulled back from the hug, planting a soft, careful kiss on Cersei's cheek.

The queens face tinted darker. Margaery cupped her face, smiling.

Both knew what today was, but as if they didnt care, once again, they connected their lips to one another. It was brief, no way they could be seen in the public with this, luckily no one saw.

Margaery smiled, looking down. Cersei just nodded. As if it were their way of saying

'I love you'
"Shes gone."

They were waiting for the Queen for quite the while now. Cersei shifted in her chair, sat beside her son, whom was growing impatient for his soon to be.

A murmur drifted through the crowd. The two houses, was this it? Thousands of dollars and countless hours spent planning wasted.

"What do you mean she's gone?" Joffery spat to the man, standing up quickly. The man bowed his head, "she has fled Kings Landing, your grace."

Cersei stared at the man, her heart sunk to her stomach and she became quite dizzy and puzzled. *its my fault* Cersei cursed herself. It was all her fault. She should have strayed far from the woman.

She stood up, pulling her dress up as she stepped behind chairs. Her heels clacked against the ground as she stormed through the castle.

"Theres no way she left. She has to be here somewhere!" She murmured to herself.

"He has to be lying!" She cursed, as she opened the door to the Tyrell Girls room, and to her horror, it was empty. Ridden of clothing, papers, trinkets and all others traces of Margaery Tyrell.

She yelled, open and loud. Frustration turning her face a flush colour of red. She cursed loudly to herself as she slammed the door to the room, her breaths heavy.

She feels anger and tears break her. She closed her eyes, rushing away.

However, she bumps into a mysterious figure. She opens her eyes, stepping back. Jaime, followed her.

"What happened?" He asked.

"Shes gone. She left. What d'you think!?" Cersei spat at her brother. He grabbed her shoulders, staring at her. "Calm down!"

"Dont touch me."

She locked the door, sliding against it as she fell to the floor. She ripped the pins, clips and curls from her hair, letting it fall down her shoulders. Hours of time and care, gone. It hurt her, ok? It really did.

She truly cared for Margaery. It was surprising to her that she felt this overwhelmed with emotion, but she couldn't hide her pain. She locked herself in her room. Not daring to open for anyone. No matter the cost.

She groaned to herself as she stood up, staring at her desk. A small note was folded, alone sitting there. The Tyrell sigil stamped on with wax, sealing it.

She pulled the wax back, it was still quite warm. Flexible. She unfolded to letter and begun to read the gracious handwriting. As she read, she pased her room, her balcony, unable to sit still without hurting inside.
my queen,

Im quite sure you know why I left. Although my love for your son is indescribable and not questionable, I fear my presence will only cause of disturbances and disappoints. I have fled back to my home. Back south to High Garden. I will remain Lady there until my family is to return, if they do. Your marrige to my brother seems unlikely for their return if it is to take place. Send your son my love and condolences. I just could not find it in me to take time. For I will only ever, truely love one person. You.

Your dearest,

Margaery.

Cersei crumpled to the floor, her pain and sadness overwhelming her. Shall she write back? Or ignore, move on with life and marry her brother? She couldn't decide. She wouldn't. A state if depression falling over her. The loss of Margaery seemed to take on more a toll than she thought. Even if Margaery stayed and married Joffery, bound as family by marrige, she could still see her.

Be around her, talk with her, eat with her, walk with her, breathe in her aroma of gardens and wine.

Margaery arrived at her castles doors. The tears dried against her skin. The castle was overwhelemr with joy seeing her return. "Wheres the others?"

"I left." She told her advisor. "I couldn't go through with marrige." She sighed, thinking of Cersei's smirk, her perfect smile, voice, eyes, jaw, skin, body, dresses, everything. She missed already.

"Oh, ok madam." He smiled. She nodded her head and walked through the many corridors of the castle, finding her chambers, she ducked inside. Hoping Cersei saw her note. It took her three days to get here. She wondered what the capital would be like. Chaotic? Who knows.

All that mattered, was if she was to get a note back from her beloved. Although not bound by marrige, she still called her that. Her love for the queen grew too strong for her willingness. She hated leaving Cersei. Knowing everything. She lost her mother, her daughter, and now, if Cersei ever cared for her, Margaery.

Rumors had spread through Westeros, the many reasons to why Margaery left. Most being either death, fear, abuse or adultry. Although they were far fetched, all were considerably close to the reason. A combination of all, if you will.

She loved the Queen Mother, fear of being struck down, beat or killed for her, she left.

Although no words of that had been spoken, she hoped the queen missed her and would write back. Every night for almost 3 weeks, Margarry prayed, at every meal. Everytime she awoke and everytime she slept.

Prayer, a funny thing.
Three weeks.

Can you believe that?

Three weeks and all she had written down was

*My Dearest, Margaery*

although Cersei was not one to write letters of love or appreciation to others, in fact the was no way of sending this to highgarden. As ravens can be easily intercepted and the letter, addressing love to Margaery, signed by the Queen, could be caught, spread and ruin both women's reputations in general. It wasn't abnormal though, both houses were subjected to speculation and rumours that proved true. The three royal children being products of incest, and Lady Tyrell's brother and his closested affairs.

But news of the two woman loving each other was extreme. All of westeros would be baffled and appalled at their 'inhumane' behaviours.

Cersei stared at the parchment, the three words mocking her. She was sad, that was true. But she was mad. How dare Margaery just leave like that. Up and gone as if she was never there, never made impact on the older woman's life. But she did.

It should have came as no surprise to Cersei, knowing the matriarchy and manipulative endeavours that engulfed the sweet Tyrells, but nit still hurt. She had a right to feel hurt. It was normal to feel hurt. To feel broken and sad

Given the situation, the queen had hardly slept or ate the past 3 weeks. She became thin and nimble. Her body didn't quite fill out as it did, and she was constantly tired.

She always felt sicken and weak but that was entirely her own fault, as she didn't take care of herself. She locked the wooden doors and only let people in who brought her wine and the rare bowl of fruits. She was too saddened by the loss of Margaery to do anything however. And she didn't know how to address the issue to the woman herself.

She couldn't leave kingslanding either. Or the state of the captial would plummet.

Her hand shook as she handled the quill. The Queen cursed herself. In one hand, a quill. In the other? A glass of wine. The candle light illuminated her golden hair. She thought back to Margaery's soft hands, her smile and her youthful lips. Oh how she would wish to be held by the woman once again.

A knock rang on her door. She responded with the usual response. "Leave."

"Your Grace, a rider from Highgarden." The man said. Cersei's ears pricked up and she sighed. Walking over and opening the door to see the man, indeed, had a note with the infamous rose sigil stamped on it.

She took it, closing the door on the man, and opening to read. This time, it wasn't in Margaery's writing. Rather an advisor of hers.

*Dear Queen Cersei Lannister.*
You and your family, along with the other Tyrells, have been requested to Highgarden for a dinner as an apology from Lady Margaery, her behaviour was quite dispute and she wishes to recover from her actions. If you are to ride for Highgarden, you must right away.

Lord Advisor.

Lady Margaery Tyrell

Cersei read the different handwrittings, Margaerys signature was more endearing. She looked to the top, if Margaery written this, or, approved it, she made sure it was sent to Cersei, and not the king.

Cersei's breaths were heavy, and she crunpled the note, throwing it in the fire, she knew what she was going to write

Margaery unfolded the note, the royal Lannister sigil seal held the paper together. She thanked her Advisor and paced her room as she read. The Queens handwright was neat and lovely. Alluring, almost.

She read;

My Dearest, Margaery.

I have gotten both letters of yours to say, no Lannister or Baratheon will ride south to Highgarden. Your brother, father and grandmother will not be subjected to stay as the wedding for ser Loras and I, will not occur in the near future. It is quite awful of you to flee the capital, it should be a crime. Joffery misses your sweet and seductive company. He has yet to stop complaining about such activites. He prays for your return.

Yours Dearest,

Queen Cersei of house Lannister.

Margaery sighed, pain panging in her chest. She knew the affect of her behaviour had quite the negative toll on the Queen. Her admiration for the queen lurked and taunted her. Almost as if to ride back. But would she? To sneak out of Highgarden was easy, but to maneuver and saunter in the red keep, quietly climbing stiars and opening doors and avoid being caught, that was the challenge. But Margaery Tyrell did not fret away from challenge.

She wrote on a parchment, leaving for her advisor to read. She grabbed a black cloak and draped it over her. She climbed down the stairs, taking one of the fastest horses, she rode off. Fleeing for a second time. However, fleeing in the night was much easier than fleeing in the day. The cool nights wind hit her as she rode fast through forests.

This is insane.

Is it?
Cersei laid with her back facing the door. It had been weeks since she sent the letter. Rumours of Margaerys fleeing have already crossed all of westeros, aside from the queens chambers. She didn't know.

Yet.

There was a small knock on her door, however the deep sleep she was endured in blocked it out. Cersei meerly shifted in her sheets. Counting the months, its been almost four months now. She has yet to get better.

The door slowly unhinges and opens, spreading open to reveal a cloaked figure.

Soft echoes of familliar footsteps walked towards the queen. The door clicked shut and Cersei shifted. Her dream turning sour.

The cloaked figure pulled the hood down to reveal Margaery. She walked over to the queen's bed. The crackle of the fire radiated heat and light in the room.

Margaery lightly brushed the Queen's face with her soft fingertips. The queen looked different from what she once did. Pale, hollow. Margaery began to worry.

The blonde beauty shifted, to face Margaery. Her eyes fluttered open softly and her breath hitched. She stared for a moment, tensing as if this were a dream. But Margaerys soft contact with her cheek confirmed that her assumtion was false, and this was reality.

Margaery was there.

Cersei sat up quickly, gripping the woman so tightly, Margaery became unstable. Cersei held the woman tightly. Never in her life would she have ever thought about missing the Tyrell girl, but she did.

Then she turned sour.

Pushing the Tyrell away, she cursed herself. Standing up to reveal her pale and slim figure. Margaery grabbed the queens arm. It wasn't as full as it used to.

"Have you been eating?" She asked

"Why did you leave!" Cersei spat back. Not the answer Margaery wanted

"Cersei-

"Get. Out" she spat through gritted teeth.

Margaery just stepprd forward, holding the woman against herself, "let me go!" Cersei demanded. Beating on the womans back.

"Shh" Margaery hummed. Calming the queen down, she ran her fingers through the golden, alluminated hair that majestically fell over Cersei's shoulders and back.

"Im sorry" Margaery whispered. Her hand held Cerseis waist.
Cersei stopped. Tears threatening to break her. She let her arms fall and she buried her face in Margaery's shoulder. "Hey" Margaery smiled. She pulled away and grabbed the Queen's cheek. Rubbing circles around her cheek.

The queen stared at the girl. Confliction once again talking over her body.

Margaery kissed the queen's forehead. "Sorry to wake you."

Cersei looks down. Her eyes on the floor. She sighed. "Its nothing." She pulled away from Margaery. Her soft linens rubbed against the woman's body to reveal her curves. Margaery stared at her as she walked back to the bed.

Margaery stood for a second. Before untieing the cloak from her shoulders and following the queen.

She lightly placed her hand underneath the queen's chin. She bent down, leaning into Cersei's face, their lips brushed. Merely.

Margaery went to pull away. Guilt overcoming her. But Cersei stopped her. Pulling her down for a proper kiss.

Margaery fell atop the Queen. Her hands stayed on the sides of the Queen's face. And Cersei's rested one on her hip and one on the girl's face.

"Stay in here." Cersei whispered against Margaery's lips. The woman pulled back. Smiling.

Margaery fell beside the queen, staring at her.

"Gladly." She smiled.
Your Highness

All the sweetness, all the love, washed from Cersei's mind from the other night when she woke. Margaery lay flat on her bed.

The queen fixed herself into her dress, tussling and fussing with her hair. Having her handmaidens would have been helpful, but Cersei had no desire to be seen with Margaery in her bed.

She gripped the door handle, the cold metal sent shivers through her spine. She took a breath, turning back to the burnette, she left.

Her shoes clacked against the cold stone floors of the castle. She found herself avoiding everyone at all costs. All she wanted was fresh air. The damp morning air was always refreshing.

Cersei stepped outside by the sea. A small port. She stood on the edge, the wind blowing her hair everywhere. Her brows tensed as she thought of all her actions that lead her to this point.

She sighed as the hollow wind blew through the air. The clamor of the the city behind her. The soothing sounds of the waters filled her ears and rang through the sky as she tried to find peace in all the madness.

"Its nice to see you out." A husky voice came from behind her. She turned. Jaime stood there, full kingsguard armor. Cersei nodded. Not wanting to see anyone for the brief time she had left her room.

Her body was slim, almost too slim. Her curves were gone and her face was hollow. No sleep along with an unbalanced diet, she looked dead.

Even with makeup on.

"Why are you out here." Jaime asked. Trying to get words from her. Cersei shrugged her shoulders. Jaime grunted. "Will you speak?" He shouted. Cersei turned to him, glaring. "What do you want." She spat. Jaime was taken aback. Cersei was defensive, yes but never to Jaime.

Or at least not to this extent.

Jaime wrapped his arms around Cersei's incredibly small waist. He rests his head on her shoulder, watching the sea with her. Cersei shifted. She always felt comfortable around her brother but, the tingling feeling of love she felt around him was dimmed. Almost gone.

"Stop" Cersei groaned. Wiggling from his grasp. He spun her around, kissing her. She pulled back. His dry chapped lips felt, almost sickening, to her. "Leave me." She walked around him and back up the shore. He stood there dumbfounded.

Why didn't she love him back? He knew she did. And he would get to the bottom of this.

Margaery walked into the gardens, greeting her family, and eventually making it back to the small covering. Where her grandmother sat. "Oh Margaery dear!" Her grandmother cawed. She stood up, walking to the young woman and holding her tight against her chest.

"Grandmother" margaery stammered out. Smiling at the woman.
"Why did you leave the wedding? Joffrey is utterly annoyed." Margaery sighed, not wanting to say the reason why. "Although you don't deserve a boy of his...stature." she hummed. Sitting down.

"Now why did you leave dear?" Olenna asked, after quite a long pause. Margaery shifted in her chair. All she could do was shrug. "I don't know."

"Yes. You do." Loras's voice swung from around the hedges. "Ah yes my other grandchild. Why not make it a whole reunion?" Olenna spat. Loras laughed and held Margaery's hand, pulling her to walk in the gardens.

"You did it."


"You know I can always tell when you're lying." Loras responded with a smirk. "Just admit it. You said your feelings and left."

Margaery shook her head. "It didn't turn like that." She admitted. The only one she could confide in at this moment was Loras. He was and always will be an extraordinary listener.

"Oh? Then the Queen may still be your mother again?" He asked. Implying she was to marry Joffrey again. Margaery scoffed lowly. "Perhaps." She walked ahead her brother. "Perhaps?" He repeated.

"Perhaps"
A stroll

Cersei woke up earlier than usual that morning. Tossing in her sleep, she just couldn't rest.

The sun just barely crept over the horizon of Kingslanding, hollowing out the sky and making itself bold. Cersei walked out to a cobblestone balcony that overlooked the water on one side, and the gardens on the other.

Her shoes clicked as she walked across the balcony. The warm sunset breaking down the cold shadows of the cliffs. She wondered, how did life become less innocent? She sighed, closing her eyes and breathing in the moist morning air.

"G'morning." Cersei turned around, startled. The curly blonde Ser Loras stood, his hands behind his back. Cersei rolled her eyes. "Is there something you would like?" Cersei muttered, turning back around to see the sky move with the sun over the horizon.

"Would you like to walk with me through-"

"If I have to walk through those damned gardens again I will have my throat slit in my sleep." Cersei shut the boy up, stating an angry response, hoping to startle him off.

The boy stammered, standing there awkwardly. Cersei, noticing he was still there, spat at him "what." His breath hitched as the Queen glared at him. He shifted his wait, scratching the back of his head. "Uh...my sister-" Cersei raised her hand, scoffing to herself. "Oh your sister." She smirked to herself. "Why should I care?"

"She asked for you." Loras responded. Cersei rolled her eyes. "She did? Why." Cersei asked- more as demanded. Loras shifted "I'm not sure your grace. She wants you for a reason." He snarled. Cersei's chest went heavy. "Pardon?"

"Oh sorry, your Grace, it was quite the ride here. I'm sure she'd love to catch up" he hinted. Cersei saw red. Anger boiling her chest. She knew what she implied. But who was he to speak. But that would mean Margaery spoke up. She wouldn't. No. This was punishable. For both them. She snickered to herself.

She then smiled. "Follow me, boy" she whispered. Walking down the stairs. She led the boy to the edge of the cliffs.

"Isn't the ocean beautiful?" She asked.

"Of course. As always."

"Ah yes. Such mysteries. Such depth." Cersei sighed, tilting her head to her left, away from Loras.

"A death must be painful. Reaching for your throat as you chest fills with water. The feeling of fire blazing up your throat. The salt serving through your veins." Cersei spoke tautly. Loras swallowed his spit, shifting his wait as Her Grace made him nervous.

"Your skin bloats. Turning purple and yellow. Black veins would rush to the surface of your skin as your organs began to decompose." Cersei turned to Sire.

"If you ever accuse me of such affairs again-" cersei began, speaking through his soul. Piercing him like daggers. "I will fling you from these cliffs into the water." She threatened. She push past the
boy, walking away. She returned to the keep. Satisfied with her tone.

When Cersei returned to her bedchambers that night, she found another woman in there. A familiarity in her figure and scent. "Lady Tyrell." Cersei spat. Margaery lifted her head to face her, Cersei expected a snarky response, or a manipulative comment, not tears. Cersei's chest panged as Margaery stared at her with tears streaming down her lovely plump cheeks.

She closed the heavy wooden door behind her, setting her glass of wine down, she rushed to the girl, who laid on the floor by her bed. The cold stone made Cersei shiver.

Margaery leaned into the woman, holding her tightly as she began to cry. Cersei's eyes widened as she did this action. Not prepared to deal with this much emotion at once, she just rubbed Margaery's back, but the woman winced.

Cersei quickly drew her hand away, "what in the seven hells...-" The woman's dress was torn. Cersei hadn't noticed. "Turn around." Cersei demanded. Margaery held her tears back as she turned, pain striking through her body with every move.

"My god.." the queen muttered to herself as she pulled the slit dress open. Dark bruising blemished her back. She was obviously hit with a blunt object. Most likely multiple times. The dark purple bruise was giant. A thick strip down her back.

Cersei also noted the lack of shifts she hadn't worn. Margaery's tears had come to a minimum, her sniffles radiating the room.

"What happened?" Cersei asked, carefully standing up, walking to her wardrobe. The crying made it hard to speak. But Margaery managed to. "J-Joffery-" she croaked. Cersei turned. "Joffery did this?" She gawked. Margaery shook her head, standing up. "He sent guards. To take me? I'm not sure." She stammered, walking to the woman.

Cersei took out a light night gown, unfolding it, "here. Let me dress you." She offered. Margaery turned "continue."

"They did so much more." Margaery said flatly. Angry and pain pulsing her veins.

As the dress slid off, it revealed blood dragging down her thighs, answering Cersei's question of "like what"

Cersei put the light night gown on, the silky cold fabric, almost soothed Margaery's pain. But not for long. Cersei sat the woman down on the bed. Margaery groaned in pain. Cersei tied the ties at the back and opened the fabric, applying ointment that was cold and startled Margaery.

"This will help." Cersei reassured. Margaery sighed and nodded, her cheeks try from the tears.

Margaery's body was quite on fire as Cersei's touch felt her up. Even if it was aid. Cersei closed the ointment container. Margaery turned to her, staring her in the eyes.

"I'm sorry." Margaery sighed, in the moment, cersei felt pity. "For leaving." Margaery stated. "Oh shut it about that." Cersei whispered. Margaery knew she meant good, although it was quite harsh, her tone.

Margaery stared at the queen's face. Her side angle was beautiful. Such alluring views. Margaery was quite infatuated. Cersei turned back to face Margaery.
The woman grabbed Cersei’s face, pulling her to herself, she brushed her lips against the queens. "Thank you." She whispered against Cersei’s lips, just barely being able to taste the wine she drank. A rich wine from Dorne.

Delicious.

She pressed their lips together, as Cersei did not fight back. The kiss was tender. Cersei leaned forward, missing the sweet taste of the Tyrell woman.

However she pulled away, quickly. But their hands still held each other. The fire screamed from the wall a front them. Cersei stared into the fire. The reality and angry setting in. Her blood boiled hotter than she realized. She went to turn to Margaery, only to find the burnette resting her head on Cersei’s shoulder, staring into the fire as the ointment lulled her asleep.

Cersei found herself sipping wine at the side of her bed, Margaery laid asleep on her side. Cersei walked closer to the sleeping woman. Brushing hair behind her ear, she stared at the youthful woman.

There was no doubt that Cersei had feelings for her. The more she looked at her and spent time with her, the more she fell for her. As much as she would hate to admit,

She loved her.

Beauty. Shame such abuse would be forwarded on her. That was what she was to do tomorrow. Execute the guards who harmed the woman she loved.

Privately.

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