

“What the fuck did you think was going to happen?” Robert muttered, shaking his head as he looked down at the defeated, bitterly angry man before him. “We outnumber you dumb cunts so severely it’s not even funny.”

“They thought we were still too divided, clearly,” Tywin rumbled, his hard, green eyes trained on the figure of Balon Greyjoy. “They were wrong, and that mistake has cost this fool two of his sons and his throne. It should cost him his head too.”

“You going to do it yourself, Lannister?” Balon spat. “I swore no oath to you, *King* Robert. No one of my line has ever sworn an oath to a Baratheon.”

“You’ll swear one now if you want to keep your head,” Robert glared.

“You’d let him live?” Tywin asked, bristling openly.

“My Lord, if we kill Lord Balon here, we will need to find someone else to hold the Iron Islands together,” Jon Arryn pointed out.

“You are the rightful Lord of the Iron Islands,” Ned added, looking at Balon’s furious dark eyes. “You’ve lost much already, my Lord; there is no reason to compound it further.”

“What would be the terms?” the pirate lord asked with a heavy sigh.

“The same as what all the others enjoy,” Robert muttered. “You collect taxes, send King’s Landing what it’s due, keep your people in line, and, preferably, stay out of my sight.”

“We’ll go over the specifics as needed,” Jon murmured, “but it would be the same as what your forefathers had with the Targaryens.”

Robert bristled at that but said nothing.

“We would, I trust, be taking some measures to ensure that Balon...lives up to his oath,” Tywin muttered, already aware that he wasn’t going to get his way here. “Hostages would be a must.”

“You have children left, I hope,” Robert said.

“I do,” Balon replied, his jaw tightening as he remembered just what his uprising had cost him. “A son and a daughter. She would...”

“*He* will stay in Winterfell,” Robert declared, and Ned’s eyes widened. “It’s further from the sea than the holdfast of anyone else here. Wouldn’t want anyone getting...ideas now.”

Balon trembled with rage, the thought of his last son being held hostage in the North enough to make him wonder, for just a moment, if he might be able to kill Robert with his bare hands before the others could stop him if he were quick enough, though he quickly dismissed the notion, knowing that he had no hope. He knelt freely and swore the same oath to the king before him that Vickon Greyjoy had sworn to the Conqueror after he was elected Lord of the Iron Islands in the aftermath of House Hoare’s extermination.

Once it was finished, Robert invited him to stand, and he was about to when a pair of Baratheon men-at-arms ran inside, looking panicked.

“Your Grace,” one of them breathed, panting for breath.

“What is it now?” Robert muttered.

“One of the rope bridges connecting these godsforsaken buildings together snapped as our men were trying to cross,” he replied, and as Robert swore loudly, Balon smiled, looking back down at the floor.

“The Drowned God can have a few more of the Greenlanders,” he thought to himself.

“Who did we lose?” Ned asked.

“I...er...” the man went to reply, and Jon furrowed his brow.

“Out with it, man,” the old man insisted. “We’re not going to punish you for telling us what happened, even if we lost kin.”

“It wasn’t one of your relatives, my Lord,” the man said. “The men were moving...well, *his* son.”

He gestured to Balon, who froze, feeling like his chest was caving in on itself. Theon was gone too, alongside Maron and Rodrik. He’d lost all of his sons trying to name himself King of the Iron Islands, and when he died, unless he managed to have another one, the throne would almost certainly go to one of his brothers, none of whom were particularly well suited to ruling. Before he even realized what was happening, his world went black, and he slumped down onto the stone floor below.

“Well, fuck,” Robert muttered, staring down at him. “He said he had a daughter, right?”

Ned sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose while Tywin, for the first time since he was a boy, felt the urge to laugh. He didn’t, of course.

Many years later Asha Greyjoy sauntered through the halls of Winterfell, the keep that had been her home for nearly half her life, with a very specific purpose in mind. Her life had been, from her perspective, ruined at complete random and without any warning at all when she was a girl. One day she had a mother, a father, and three older brothers, all of whom she loved deeply, and the next, her brothers were dead, her parents were out of her life, and she was bound for a place she’d never even heard of before to live with people she didn’t know. She’d learned in the years since just what had happened, as her mother did her best to keep it from her back then, but at the time, she was angry, hurt, and terrified, especially since the man taking her away from her home was one of the ones who fought against her father.

Ned Stark had been good to her, though, treating her as though she were fostering in Winterfell, rather than as a hostage. She’d grown up alongside his children, learned from Lady Catelyn, her annoying septa, and even the local maester as though she were one of them, and been allowed relative freedom within the keep’s walls. She couldn’t leave, of course, as she was a hostage, yet she was permitted to go out into Winterfell, watched and guarded as the Stark children were when they went, and she couldn’t say that she wasn’t happy there. Robb was friendly, and Sansa and her, got along rather better than she might have expected, given how little they had in common, but her greatest source of amusement was undoubtedly their bastard brother, Jon.

“Asha!” Arya exclaimed as she spotted her, rushing over and grinning up at her. “Did you escape too?”

“Are you sure you want to ask something like that so loudly?” Asha whispered, amused by the younger girl’s antics. “What exactly did you escape? It’s not like the septa wanted us for anything.”

“No, but because she’s still sick, Mother and Sansa went to the sept to pray for her,” Arya muttered.

“Lady Catelyn knows I don’t follow the Seven,” Asha murmured.

“If only she’d figured out that I don’t,” Arya scowled, making her chuckle.

“You’re still young,” Asha said, ruffling her hair. “Your mother will relent on things like that eventually. She did with me.”

“Before or after I’m her age?” Arya huffed. “I’d much rather watch the boys spar and train. Is that where you were going?”

“The training yard, yes,” Asha said, a slight grin forming on her face.

“I wish they’d let me join in,” Arya murmured. “They let you do it now and then.”

“I’m tall for a woman and stronger than most, and they still treat me like I’m lesser than them,” Asha pointed out with a scowl. “Grow a bit and they might let you do as I do.”

Arya scowled at that, and Asha giggled.

“You’re around as old as I was when I came here,” she said softly. “You’ll do some growing between now and when you’re my age, I promise.”

“I bloody hope so,” Arya sighed, shaking her head as the two of them reached the training yard.

There were a number of guards paired off, sparing with each other, and Asha licked her lips at the sight, appreciating the spectacle of muscular men working up a sweat even in the chilly Northern air as they honed their skills at arms. It was something she’d enjoyed watching since she was a girl, and she’d only gained more reasons to do so since, especially after she flowered. Looking away from them, she honed in on Jon and Robb and grinned at the sight of them. They weren’t the young, irritating boys she remembered them being when she first arrived, the years and their training having done them good since, and while they were both a little young for her tastes, that wasn’t why she had come to watch them anyway.

“That’s it, Jon!” Arya called out as the dark-haired boy parried his brother’s slash and successfully riposted towards his shoulder, making him hiss.

“If that were live steel, he’d have drawn blood, at the very least,” Ser Rodrik said flatly. “You must follow your opponent’s weapon and anticipate their moves better than that.”

“In his defense, I did feint to the right first,” Jon chuckled, raising his visor and looking at Arya, only to freeze as he spotted Asha too.

“My own sister betrays me,” Robb said dramatically as he rolled his shoulder and winced.

“You’re both my brothers, you idiot,” Arya replied and he laughed.

“Tis true,” Robb smiled. “Ser Rodrik, could I take a moment? This bloody aurochs got me good.”

“Are you alright?” Jon asked, concerned.

“I’ll be fine,” Robb replied, rolling his eyes. “I’d just like to continue after my arm stops tingling.”

“That’s not a luxury you’ll have in battle, young lord,” Ser Rodrik said gruffly, “but you’ve both been at it for a while, so I’ll allow it.”

“You still seem capable enough to continue, Jon,” Asha purred. “How about a spar?”

Jon froze at that and was about to say no when Arya cut in, saying, “That would be great! Please, Jon?”

“Aye, please, Jon?” Asha asked with a grin, making him sigh, much to her amusement.

“If we have any gambesons that fit you, I suppose,” Jon murmured, looking at Ser Rodrik, who failed to note the pleading in his eyes as he looked over at the armory.

“Are you calling me fat?” Asha asked teasingly, and he went still, looking back at her in alarm, only to scowl and roll his eyes when he saw how amused she looked.

“You know I’m not,” Jon huffed.

“Go arm yourself, Asha, and I’ll allow it,” Ser Rodrik murmured, having long since gotten tired of her begging and pleading.

Lord Eddard had left the matter of whether or not to allow Asha to train with the men to his discretion, and he, in turn, had decided to just let the hostage girl have her way. He sympathized with her, given everything she’d lost, and she was generally pleasant enough so he figured it wouldn’t hurt. Jon, meanwhile, stood there wishing that he had just said no, but he hadn’t been able to think of an excuse that wouldn’t make him look craven, and he couldn’t exactly give them all the reason why he didn’t want to spar with her. Swallowing thickly, he closed his eyes and recalled the moment a couple years earlier when his tempestuous relationship with the Greyjoy girl had gotten worse.

“Ugh,” Jon groaned to himself as he hobbled along through the grounds of Winterfell. He’d lost his footing earlier while sparing with one of his father’s guards and landed on his right hip, something that hadn’t seemed too bad in the moment, and he’d even been able to keep going afterward, but after sitting down at the feast and trying to get back up, he’d found that he was more injured than he thought.

“Maester Luwin did say it would heal on its own, but I won’t be able to sleep tonight if every time I move, my hip protests like this,” he thought to himself. “A quick soak in the hot springs should help, and then, hopefully, I’ll be back to normal by morning. I’ll be damned if I miss out on joining Father and Robb to go hunting later this week because I tripped over my own fucking feet.”

Grumbling to himself at that, he continued along the way, smiling as he found the familiar entrance to the most accessible underground spring they had. The Starks made use of it, from time to time, for bathing or just soaking away injuries, and just then, it sounded like a fantastic idea. He trudged his way in, absolutely focused on his aching hip, and because of that, he didn't notice until it was just a moment too late that there was already someone there.

He went still as a statue as a familiar head of long black hair poked up over the water, desperately trying to will himself to move. He wasn't sure if Asha Greyjoy was allowed in there, but he knew damned well who would get in more in trouble, even if she weren't, and he got caught spying on her as she bathed. She was facing away from him as she stood up and the way her hair clung to her smooth, pale back affected him in a way he'd never felt before.

Typically, he found her annoying, as he had since she first appeared with his father years earlier after her father's stupid rebellion. As a bastard, he was the only one there who ranked lower than a hostage, or so she'd seemed to think when she first saw him, and, miserable as she had been at the time, she'd taken to teasing and belittling him as much as she could get away with, making herself feel better at his expense. He'd given as good as he got, and within a year it was common enough for them to end up bickering most days. Alas, as she continued to stand and more of her back was revealed than her hair could cover, annoying was the last thing he thought she was.

His jaw dropped at the sight of her arse, plump and round, and more alluring than anything he'd ever seen in his entire life. Something stirred in him that he'd felt before but never as intensely, and as his cock swelled in his breeches, coming to strain against the material, it pulled them taut against his hip, and he nearly yelped at the pain of it. He stopped himself from making too much sound, but he still inhaled sharply, and as she whipped around, he barely managed to move in time to avoid letting her see him.

"Who the fuck is there?" Asha asked, and he winced, hobbling along as fast as he could and hoping desperately that, even with his buggered-up hip, he'd be able to get away before she managed to dry herself and get dressed enough to follow him.

He had managed to make it to his bed that night, and though he didn't get much sleep, it wasn't entirely because of his injury. The irony was that he actually felt better by morning anyway, and that entire misadventure could have been avoided easily, but it hadn't been, and though he was sure in the moment that she hadn't realized it was him, he'd since come to question that quite a bit. He'd spent the entire next day worried that he was going to be summoned to his father's solar to explain himself, but that never happened, and, indeed, no one was ever told of it, but that didn't mean there were no consequences.

His certainty that Asha figured out who had seen her in the nude that night was because of the subtle shift in how she treated him afterward. They still bickered from time to time, but she'd stopped picking fights with him, something that he would have rejoiced at, if not for what she'd started doing instead.

"Ready to get your arse kicked?" Asha called out as she approached, wearing the same training armor that the rest of them did.

Jon didn't comment, simply readying himself instead, though as he did, he couldn't help but wish that she dressed like that all the time. The heavy gambeson covered her completely, something that neither the dresses she occasionally wore nor the tunics and breeches that she preferred truly did,

and that was a relief, given how much she'd come to enjoy tormenting him. It started subtly, little touches that could be written off as accidental, or bending over when there was no one else around to draw his eyes to her shapely arse, but it had gotten worse since.

The last time they'd hosted another noble family, she'd worn a gown at Lady Catelyn's insistence, and she had, more than once when she saw him looking towards the high table, leaned forward to give him a clear view of her creamy breasts. He'd spent the whole evening hard as a rock and desperately uncomfortable, something that he knew she'd somehow realized and found hilarious.

"I expect a clean sparing match, you two," Ser Rodrick said warningly, and they both nodded as they took their stances.

Asha was on the taller side for a woman, only a few inches shorter than he was, and incredibly lithe. She wasn't as strong as a man, and she knew it, so she made up for that with speed, as he'd learned more than once when they sparred. The second their master-at-arms said to begin, she darted forward, feinting towards his right shoulder and stabbing at his hip. He sidestepped the blow and tried to move in closer as he riposted with a low slash. She parried the blow, doing her best to redirect it gently, rather than counter his full strength, and moved backward, swinging at his head to let her put some distance between them.

Jon pursued her, unleashing a flurry of blows meant mostly to keep her on the defensive, and gritting his teeth when she either parried or dodged them all. Nimble on her feet, and quick, she was constantly in motion as they sparred, leading him around in a circle as they continued to trade blows. The sound of their blunted blades clashing rang through the training yard, and when Jon actually managed to slash along her abdomen, having successfully goaded her into defending too high to stop him in time, he almost let out a laugh.

"In proper armor, that would have barely been a glancing blow," Ser Rodrik said, making his face fall. "Still, well done, Jon. You're as nimble on your feet as ever, milady."

"I have to be," Asha replied, grunting as she caught his downward slash on her blade and felt the strength of his arms reverberate through her own. Smirking to herself, she purred, "Such a strong man you've become, Jon. No wonder the servant girls all giggle about you when they don't think anyone's listening."

"What?" Jon asked, stunned, and she struck, quick as lightning, batting his blade to the side and jumping onto him. As he stumbled back, taken aback by the sudden weight of her, his heel caught on a rock, and he fell, groaning when he hit the ground and glaring up at her through his helmet when she pressed her sword against his throat.

"I win," she purred, lifting up her visor and smirking down at him.

He'd heard some of the servants say that she wasn't the most beautiful girl in the world, her sharp nose slightly too big for her face and her mouth slightly crooked, but as she gazed down at him, then, her full weight pressed against his body and her dark eyes alight with mischief, he couldn't help but disagree. His traitorous cock swelled rapidly under her, and he barely bit back a groan as it strained against his breeches. She'd looked like she was about to say something when she froze, and he felt his heart skip a beat, hoping against hope that she hadn't somehow felt him through both their gambesons.

"Any day now, Snow," Ser Rodrik drawled, and he blushed.

"I yield," Jon breathed. When Asha didn't move, he repeated more loudly, "I yield."

"Right, right," the Ironborn woman said, rolling off of him and rushing to her feet. "Arya, do you want to go see the horses?"

"Alright," the young girl grinned, and she nodded, going off to change out of her armor.

Ser Rodrick, for his part, just shrugged at that and ordered Robb to rejoin them while Jon shook his head, hoping that that wasn't about what he thought it was.

"Maester Luwin says that her fever broke in the night, thank the gods," Sansa sighed later that evening as they sat together in the great hall and enjoyed a simple feast.

"That's good to hear," Ned nodded. "I know you've been worried, Cat."

"It's a relief to know that Septa Mordane seems to be improving," Catelyn murmured.

Asha would have normally had to actively resist the urge to roll her eyes at that, not being terribly fond of the judgmental older woman, but she barely heard the comment, focused as she was on her own thoughts.

"I felt him through his breeches, my own, and both our gambesons," she thought to herself. "How fucking big is he?"

It was a question she'd have never imagined even considering before that day, as Jon Snow had been, first an annoyance and then a source of amusement to her. He was handsome, she could admit, but she'd known him when he was an irritating little boy, and on some level, she'd never stopped seeing him as such. Four years her junior, he and his brother had both been just boys when she was first brought to Winterfell, and as she was the youngest in her family, she'd not really known how to interact with them. Robb and she eventually came to be friendly enough, but the same was never true of her and his brother.

"Fucking hells, it felt huge," she thought to herself, rubbing her thighs together as she felt her inside clench hard at the thought. "I can't believe the little brat I've been making blush and stammer like a lackwit for years might actually be that impressive."

She smiled at the thought and returned her attention to the roast boar and mushrooms that she'd gotten for this course. It felt like her heart had leapt into her throat years earlier when she heard someone gasp behind her while she was soaking in the hot spring, and by the time she managed to get dressed and rush out to pursue them, they were gone. She'd nearly gone to Lady Catelyn in the hopes that she might be able to get the guards to figure out who it had been when she ran into Jon and saw how he reacted to her. Seeing him blush like a maiden hearing someone speak of sex for the first time and be physically unable to meet her eyes had been one of the funniest things she'd ever seen, and she immediately decided against getting him in trouble for what he'd done.

"What to do," she thought to herself, her gaze drifting out towards the servant's table where the object of her current obsession was seated, eating heartily. "He wants me, that much is clear, and if he is as impressive as I think..."

She smirked at that, sipping her beer. *"I have always wanted to see a really big one, and the only option I know of is Hodor, which...no. Gods, I hope he has a big cock; the gods were cruel enough with him as is."*

She shook her head at that, not wanting to think of the massive man and certainly not in that way. Turning back to Jon, she caught his eye and winked, smiling when he immediately blushed and looked away.

"Why did you do that?" Sansa asked, and Asha turned to her in alarm. "You winked at..."

"Just teasing, Sansa," she replied, irritated that she'd actually been caught, as she'd been quite good about that up to that point. Leaning in, she whispered, "Your brother is fun to bother at times."

"Half-brother," Sansa corrected her quietly, and she nodded.

"He's a bastard and hardly a fitting consort for a future lady, though the Drowned God alone knows what, if anything, I'll inherit down the line," Asha thought to herself, swallowing down the pain she'd felt since she realized that her mother and father were simply never going to reply to the letters she'd begged Lord Eddard to let her send them. Their silence, in combination with the fact that no woman of House Greyjoy had ever served as Lady Reaper of Pyke, had served to make her question if she ever was going to be allowed to take his seat after him. *"He'd never be my husband, but then, he doesn't want a wife, does he? The fool is going to freeze that impressive cock off at the Wall if he has his way. Perhaps I should let him use it first."*

Her mind made up, she grinned into her ale, figuring that, at the very least, he'd be a good distraction for a night or two.

"I can't believe I got hard in the training yard," Jon thought to himself, still absolutely thankful that his gambeson hid his erection as he went to sit down earlier. *"At least I won't have to worry about that at the Wall."*

He took a deep breath at that thought, knowing that, soon enough, he'd be on his way to join the Night's Watch. Given the close relationship between the ancient order and the North and how physically close Winterfell was to the Wall, they were visited by them often enough, and he intended to go with whoever showed up the next time, hoping that it was Benjen. Sighing, he sat down on his bed and was about to get under the covers when a knock came to the door, surprising him.

"Arya, if the guards catch you here, Father is going to..." he went to say.

"Jon, I need to speak with you," Asha said, and he froze.

"You...wha?" Jon asked, surprised.

"It's a good thing you want to join the Night's Watch," Asha teased. "Speaking like that, you'd never make it as a maester."

Jon rolled his eyes at that and went to open the door. As he saw the dark-haired beauty standing there, a heavy dark cloak wrapped around her form, he said, "I thought you lot didn't believe in maesters."

“Well, you see, I’ve met one so...” Asha shot back.

“You know what I mean,” Jon muttered, rolling his eyes.

“Just let me in; this won’t take long,” Asha whispered.

“If my father or Lady Catelyn were to learn that you were in here at night...” Jon hissed.

“Then hurry up and step aside before the guards return,” Asha muttered. “I know how to evade their patrols, but I can only stand in one place for so long.”

He knew he should say no and close the door in her face, but he also thought she might make enough of a scene to get him in trouble if he did so, and after taking another moment to think about it, he sighed and stepped aside, letting her in.

“What do you want, Asha?” Jon asked. “It’s late and I want to sleep.”

“We never did talk about that night a couple years ago,” Asha replied, sitting down on his bed.

Jon felt a chill go down his spine but kept his face blank as he asked, “What night?”

“The night you stared at my bare arse in the hot spring,” Asha replied, giggling when he paled. “Fuck, you would think I’d come to cut your cock off with how you’re looking at me.”

“I didn’t check you for weapons,” Jon said, and her grin widened.

“That would have been an adventure,” Asha murmured, pulling her cloak tighter around herself.

“What makes you think I was the one who...” Jon went to ask.

“For one thing, only the man there that night would know that I didn’t see his face,” Asha drawled, “and beyond that, I could tell from how you looked at me or...couldn’t look at me the next day.”

“Alright, it was me, but it’s not as though I tried to catch you,” Jon sighed. “I was going to use the damn spring myself that night and didn’t notice you were in there until I was already looking inside.”

“So you left immediately?” Asha asked, grinning when he winced.

“I left as soon as I could move,” Jon replied. “I was surprised.”

“First time seeing a girl’s bum, clearly,” Asha replied.

“Only,” Jon mumbled under his breath.

“Well, that’s just tragic,” Asha replied, and he swore internally at the proof that she’d heard him.

“Look, Asha, you didn’t tell my father or Lady Catelyn back then, so why come here now?” Jon asked.

“You’re going to the Wall, or so I’ve heard,” Asha replied. “Is that true?”

“It is,” Jon nodded. “Soon enough, you won’t have to worry about me ever again.”

“I also won’t be able to call in this debt between us,” Asha murmured, and he looked at her incredulously.

“You want coin?” Jon asked. “I don’t have much on me, but...”

“I don’t want your coin,” Asha replied. “I’m not a whore, thank you very much.”

“Then what...” Jon went to ask.

“Take off your clothes,” Asha said, and he blinked at her in confusion, convinced that he must have misheard.

“What?” Jon asked.

“You heard me,” Asha replied. “You saw me naked, and now I want that repaid in kind.”

“Wha...why?” Jon asked.

“Does it matter?” Asha asked. “Do this one thing for me, and I swear I’ll never mention that night to anyone for as long as I live.”

“Fucking hells,” Jon thought to himself, shaking his head and wondering why he had had to end up stuck with her as his father’s hostage.

Given that it was the night and he’d been about to go to sleep, he wasn’t wearing anything more than his tunic, and so, shaking his head at the bizarre request, he reached down and started pulling it up. Asha watched with rapt interest, the light of the full moon outside illuminating his room enough for her to see that his legs were bare, and when she started to see the first hints of his flaccid cock hanging halfway down his thigh, she barely suppressed a whimper. She had had the great misfortune, as a girl, of seeing a pair of horses fucking, and the image of the stallion’s member had burned itself into her brain so much that when she saw a human cock years later, she’d been more than a little disappointed.

“Obviously a horse cock wouldn’t fit inside me, but I knew there had to be some men who were better than others,” she thought to herself, watching as Jon pulled his tunic over his head and tossed it aside.

“There, are you happy no...what the fuck?” Jon asked as she stood up and unwrapped her cloak, revealing that she was wearing nothing at all underneath it.

That had been a risk, of course, but she’d known that she couldn’t get caught as is and that the only people who might have at that hour were the guards, who would just order her back to bed. Jon gawked at her openly, his eyes roaming over her body, returning multiple times to her sizable, perky breasts, and his cock reacted accordingly. He was so shocked by her sudden nakedness that he didn’t even seem to notice and didn’t attempt to cover himself, giving her a full view of his long, thick, veiny length.

“Fuck me, it’s huge,” Asha breathed, and her words seemed to snap him out of his shock. He squeaked and reached between his legs, and when the dark-haired woman saw that he needed both of his large hands to fully cover his shaft, she shivered and moaned.

“What...why...” Jon went to ask.

“I felt you earlier while we were sparring and wanted to see if the gambesons just made you seem larger than you were,” Asha replied, standing up and removing her cloak entirely, making him gasp. “If anything, they hid just how big your cock is. Did Lord Eddard fuck a giantess during the rebellion?”

“I...what the fuck are you talking about?” Jon asked, his irritation at hearing her mention his mother breaking through the spell he seemed to be under. “And will you put some clothes on?”

“I didn’t bring any,” Asha purred, stepping closer to him and chuckling when he backed up into the door. “You’ve thought about it, haven’t you? Experiencing a woman’s touch, a woman’s affection, a woman’s warmth.”

“You...me?” Jon asked.

“Jon, it will be an insult to whatever god blessed you with this big fucking cock to let you go to the Wall without ever using it once,” Asha replied, “and I don’t mean to piss.”

“But you hate me,” Jon breathed.

“I find you annoying,” Asha replied, “but you’re also handsome and tall, and...fucking hells, this cock.”

“Oh, gods!” Jon gasped, his jaw dropping as he felt her grasp his throbbing length.

“I can’t even fit my fingers all the way around it,” Asha breathed. “I’d have expected a cock like this on Hodor, but you...”

“Shit, that feels so fucking good,” Jon groaned, his objections to this fading by the moment as his brain seemed to slow.

“Feels better than your own hand, doesn’t it?” Asha asked, stroking him slowly and lightly.

“Wouldn’t...know,” Jon grunted, and she furrowed her brow at him.

“You’re saying you’ve never made yourself finish?” Asha asked, suddenly impressed that he hadn’t spurted the second she touched him.

“I’ve woken up to it a few times, but I’ve never done it myself,” Jon replied, and she grinned.

“So, I haven’t heard you say that you want it yet,” Asha murmured.

“I...” Jon went to say, the pleasure of her touch enough to make him give in already. Instead, though, he said, “I thought the Ironborn took what they wanted.”

"I pretty much have," Asha purred, raking her nails up along his scalp as she stood up on her toes to stare right in his eyes, "but I want to hear you say it. I want to hear the oh-so-moral Jon Snow, who would never go fuck a whore like the rest of the men that he wants me."

"I want you," Jon breathed, his knees nearly buckling when she ghosted a thumb over the underside of his cock. "I...I will not father a bastard, though."

"That's what moon tea is for, you idiot," Asha scoffed, letting his cock go and pointing to the bed. "Lie down and I'll show you everything you're going to miss at the Wall."

"I should say no," he thought to himself even as he went to his bed and settled down on his back. *"I should give her one of my tunics and send her on her way."*

He really, really didn't want to, though. The image of Asha's arse had been so burned into his brain that he'd dreamed about it multiple times in the years since he saw it. Irritating as he often found her, he'd thought she was beautiful for ages, and here she was, naked and wanting, and he just couldn't bring himself to say what he knew he should. He watched her walk towards him, trying not to drool at the sight of her wide hips, her bouncing breasts, and the forest of dark curls between her legs.

"Mmm, if I want to enjoy this at all, I'm going to need to make you finish first," Asha replied as she climbed into the bed and wrapped a hand around his shaft.

"That...oh, gods...doesn't sound right," Jon said, making her chuckle.

"Luckily, *finish* isn't as final as it sounds," Asha replied, leaning in closer until her head was right in front of his cock.

"What are...fuck!" Jon exclaimed as she wrapped her lips around his bulbous head.

She started bobbing her head up and down quickly, knowing that he was going to cum quickly, and sure enough, after a few seconds, he did with a strangled groan, filling her mouth with rope after thick rope of his seed. She swallowed as much as she could, gagging as the sheer volume of it overwhelmed her, and when she pulled back, the last little spurt hit her chin.

"Gods...fuck..." Jon panted, staring at her in wonder and blinking in confusion when he saw her glaring down at her hand as she wiped her chin. "Asha?"

"You cum like a fucking bull too," she muttered.

"That was incredible," Jon sighed.

"See now why every man alive is obsessed with their cocks?" Asha asked teasingly.

"Could I do that to you?" Jon asked, and she blinked at him in confusion.

"I don't know if you've noticed, but I don't have a cock," Asha drawled, making him roll his eyes.

"You know what I mean," Jon muttered. "Could I use my mouth on you like you did on me? Would it work?"

"I...guess," Asha shrugged. "No one's ever brought it up before."

“Lie down,” Jon said, and she nodded, settling down on the bed next to him.

“You can touch me,” Asha murmured, chuckling after simply staring at her for a moment.

“You’re beautiful,” Jon breathed, making her roll her eyes.

“I’m already letting you fuck me,” Asha said.

“I mean it,” Jon replied, reaching out and grasping one of her perky breasts, going still when she gasped.

“Keep going,” Asha murmured, and he nodded, grasping her breasts and digging his fingers into the soft, warm mounds gently.

He kneaded them experimentally, paying close attention to how she reacted, and when brushing her one of her nipples with his fingers made her moan, he figured that was as good a sign as any and decided to test out using his mouth on her. He captured one of her pebbled pink peaks with his lips, grinning when she gasped and started squirming in obvious delight, and figured that this was a very good idea. Going back and forth between them, he worshiped her gorgeous tits for a few minutes, her every pleased moan making his cock throb with need, and when she pressed her thigh up against his shaft, he groaned loudly.

“Need you inside me,” Asha breathed.

“First I want to try this,” Jon said, pressing his lips to the valley between her breasts.

He kissed his way down along her flat belly, smelling what he knew had to be the scent of her cunt grow stronger and stronger as he went, and when he finally reached her dark curls, the smell of arousal made him almost painfully hard. She spread her legs wide, wanting to see what this would be like, and when he started moving her hair out of the way, quickly figuring out that he should spread the curls aside, she gasped at the feeling. Pink and fleshy, her folds were slightly parted for him as he looked at them, and slick as she seemed to be leaking fluid from the hole he saw at the bottom of it.

“That’s not piss if you’re worried,” Asha murmured.

“I had heard enough about sex to know I should want you wet,” Jon said softly, leaning in and inhaling deeply. “Fuck, you smell good.”

“Really?” Asha asked.

“I’m as hard as fucking steel right now, and the smell of you is making it worse,” Jon groaned, kissing her sex and grinning when she gasped.

She burst out laughing a moment later, and when he looked at her, she said, “I just realized you kissed those lips first.”

Jon snorted at that and gave her another light kiss before swiping his tongue up along her folds.

“Oh, shit!” Asha cried, grabbing his head. “Fuck, keep that up.”

“Gladly,” Jon groaned, digging his fingers into her wide hips as he started lapping at her cunt.

She tasted like she smelled, tangy and musky with a hint of saltiness that he didn’t mind at all. Her nails pricked his scalp as her grip on him tightened, and her obvious enjoyment pleased him deeply. Keeping his eyes locked on her face, he explored her fleshy folds slowly and thoroughly, paying close attention to every single reaction he evoked in her in the hopes of seeing what she liked best.

“So can you...do what I did?” Jon asked.

“I can, though without the spurting seed, obviously,” Asha replied. “The few times I’ve done this, I’ve needed to do that to myself afterward, though, so don’t get all sulky and annoying if I don’t.”

Jon grumbled internally at that and redoubled his efforts, now desperate to do what no one else apparently ever had. He didn’t know how many men she’d taken to bed or when she started, but she’d already made it clear that he was better than them in one way and he wanted to see if he could exceed them in others.

Asha gasped and moaned, eventually clasping a hand over her mouth to silence herself as she found she couldn’t keep herself quiet any other way. Every swipe of his tongue against her sensitive flesh felt like a fire in her core was being stoked to burn brighter and brighter, and she could barely believe how good it felt or how eager he seemed to do it. As she’d said, she’d brought herself to orgasm multiple times in the past, and she knew the signs when she was getting close, something that she was shocked to realize she was after a few minutes.

“Jon, Jon,” she gasped.

“What?” Jon asked.

“There’s a little spot near the top of my cunt that feels fucking incredible when I touch it,” Asha said. “Don’t ask where; I don’t know, but it’s somewhere...hereish.”

She circled an area with the tip of her middle finger, crying out when she actually touched the exact spot.

“Oh, I think I see it,” Jon murmured, spreading her curls further and looking more closely. “There’s a little...nub here that.”

“That’s IT!” Asha cried, covering her mouth again as he licked the spot.

That felt better than what he’d done before, and he quickly realized that, focusing in on that one spot to the exclusion of everything else. The fire in her core became a blazing inferno, the pleasure more intense than anything she’d ever felt outside of when she actually came, and as she lay there, squirming and shaking in pleasure, it became so intense that she grabbed his pillow to put over her face.

“If I knew this would get her to silence herself, I’d have licked her cunt years ago,” Jon thought to himself, snorting at the thought as he continued to lick the taut little pearl atop her sex. *“I wonder what she feels like inside.”*

Deciding to find out, he pushed a finger inside her, shuddering at the thought of what her tight, wet warmth was going to feel like around his cock, and that proved to be just what she’d needed. With a muffled scream, she came, her back arching off the bed so quickly that Jon reared back in shock.

He watched her writhe and convulse in ecstasy and licked his lips, feeling a sense of pride he'd never known at having brought her to such heights when other men had failed to.

As it ended, she tossed the pillow aside and panted, "Lie...down...now."

Jon nodded, too excited for words, and did as she said, lying on his back and waiting for her to come down from her high. She traced her fingers softly over her chest as she did, still in awe that someone other than her had made her cum, and, acting on impulse, she rolled over and kissed him. Jon took a moment to respond, surprised that she'd done that, and he chuckled when he realized how silly that was, given what they'd already done.

"What's so funny?" Asha asked.

"Just still can't really believe this is happening," Jon replied.

"I didn't exactly see it coming either, but I can't say I'm unhappy with it so far," Asha replied, hooking a knee over his waist and grinning down at him as she started grinding herself on his cock.

"Fucking hells," Jon groaned, fisting the bedding on either side of him.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Asha replied. "If you spurt again quickly, I won't mind too much, given what you've already done for me, but try to hold back if you can. I want to really enjoy this as long as I can."

"Am I really that much bigger than normal?" Jon asked.

"At least twice my first man, and still quite a bit bigger than the other one," Asha replied. "You're going to stretch me so much."

She picked his cock up then and moved herself into position, rubbing his bulbous head through her folds and shivering as she felt his girth against her. Closing her eyes, she took a moment to savor the anticipation coursing through her, having finally found a man big enough to sate her curiosity about such things, and then pushed down. Jon gasped and groaned in shock as the first couple inches of his shaft were suddenly engulfed by her hot, wet inner walls, and she barely heard him, consumed as she was by the sensation of being stretched so far.

"Fuck!" she moaned, drawing the word out as she started to laugh. It was so much more intense than anything she'd felt with her previous lovers, and she'd barely even taken any of him so far.

"Asha?" Jon asked, feeling suddenly self-conscious, and she sighed, smiling down at him.

"You feel so fucking good, Jon," Asha purred, pushing down further and grunting when she felt another inch of his wrist-thick cock spread her open. "I always wondered if bigger men would feel better, and so far, you absolutely do."

"You feel incredible too," Jon groaned, grasping hips as she started wiggling them. "You're so hot and so fucking tight."

"Enjoy it," Asha breathed. "The memory of my cunt might be all that keeps you warm up at the Wall. Why do you want to freeze your balls off up there anyway?"

"I'm a bastard," Jon replied, as if that explained everything. When Asha just cocked an eyebrow at him, he said, "There's honor in serving the Night's Watch and potential for me to do something meaningful with my life. It's not as though my prospects are great, and at least in that way, I might remove some of the stain on Father's honor that I..."

"That's fucking stupid," Asha muttered, gasping as she felt him brush against a spot inside her that felt particularly great. "Robb would find something for you here if you stayed, you know that."

"Lady Catelyn..." Jon went to say.

"Is Lady Catelyn," Asha replied. "She's not the Lord of Winterfell, and she never will be. You know I'm right about Robb, and it's not as though Lord Eddard is going to kick you out anytime soon."

"Why the sudden interest in what I do with my life?" Jon asked, and before she could reply, she felt the last inch of him slip inside, drawing a sharp cry from her as his bulbous head pressed against something that made her see stars.

"Perhaps..." she panted, "having all this giant cock of yours inside me has me thinking of a few positions I'd like you in if you stayed."

She pulled up a little, whimpering as she felt his thick, veiny length scrape against her taut inner walls, sending sparks of pleasure all through her core, and then pushed back down with a grunt.

"I don't know how long I'm going to be able to hold back," Jon groaned, already feeling another orgasm building rapidly.

"Try," Asha breathed, grabbing the headboard above him for support as she started rolling her hips experimentally. "I want to...gah...feel this all night long. Fucking hells, there's just so damn much of you."

She picked up her pace, her face a rictus of ecstasy as she rode him hard and fast, and Jon groaned, trying to squeeze muscles he was only just learning he had in the hopes that might help. Her breasts began to sway and jiggle with her every movement, drawing his gaze, and, hoping to distract himself, he leaned in, capturing one of her hard nipples with lips.

"Oh, fuck, just like that," Asha moaned, her eyes rolling back in her head as she finally found the right angle for him to hit that really sensitive spot near the back of her cunt that she'd found by pure chance. "Don't stop...don't finish ye...ahh! I never want this to end."

"Neither do I," Jon groaned, switching to her other nipple and palming her arse. The pale, round cheeks that had haunted his dreams for years yielded to his fingers, and when he accidentally brushed one over her arsehole, she cried out in shock.

"Maybe I'll let you have that hole before you go," Asha grunted, and he stared up at her in shock. "What, you've never heard of fucking a girl in the arse before?"

"How would that...would it fit?" Jon asked.

"Might take half the butter in Winterfell, or whatever whores use to make it possible, but it should," Asha groaned, looking down at him in alarm as she felt his cock start to pulse inside her more. "No, don't..."

“Can’t hold...Asha!” Jon cried, hugging her to him as he came hard, and she sighed, annoyed but not wanting to make him feel bad for it just then. He came buckets again, spilling so much that she swore she could feel it splash against the back of her tunnel, and she made thought to herself that she really was going to need to take moon tea soon. “Sorry...Ash...”

“It’s fine,” Asha murmured, smiling despite her annoyance as he fell back and let her see the look of wonder on his face. “I think that makes you a man, though you were already twice one before.”

“You’re certain...that moon tea will work?” he asked.

“It will,” Asha replied, squeezing her inner muscles around him and chuckling when he gasped. “You...you’re still hard.”

“In my defense, you’re kind of naked,” Jon quipped, making her snort.

“You’ve finished twice, and you haven’t softened a bit,” Asha murmured. “That’s actually impressive. How’d you like to fuck me properly?”

“What would that...” Jon went to ask, trailing off in a hiss of pleasure as she pulled off of his still-throbbing length.

“Me getting on my hands and knees and letting you do what you’ve dreamed of since you first saw my arse,” Asha replied, answering his unfinished question as she repositioned herself next to him. “This is a bigger bed than I thought you’d have.”

“Robb and I broke my old one a couple years ago play-fighting in here, and he arranged for it to be replaced personally so Father wouldn’t find out,” Jon replied. “This was when he was in White Harbor.”

“Oh, I remember,” Asha murmured. “I’m not complaining, of course.”

“By the gods, your arse is beautiful,” Jon sighed, palming her plump cheeks.

“Fuck me hard enough and you should make it jiggle,” Asha purred, shaking her arse at him as she lowered her face down onto the bedding. “I’m waiting, Jon.”

Jon nodded and moved into position, spreading her cheeks wide and taking a look at her gaping cunt and clenched little rosette.

“I hope I don’t need to tell you which hole it is,” Asha drawled, and he rolled his eyes, fisting his cock and brushing it through her folds, making her gasp. “Aye, that’s the ONE!”

She cried out as he pushed forward, burying her entire length back inside her with one long thrust.

“No wonder men all obsess over this,” Jon muttered to himself, taking a moment to just enjoy the feeling of her heated insides clinging to him like a wet silk glove.

“It’s alright this time because we’d already fucked, but the next time we do that, push inside me slower,” Asha said, and he winced.

As he was about to apologize, his brain finished processing everything she'd said, and he asked, "Next time?"

"You're not leaving for the Wall on the morrow, are you?" Asha asked dryly, looking over her shoulder at him. When he shook his head, she said, "Then you and I are going to be doing this quite a bit in the near future, provided you're willing."

Those last words were said teasingly, and he chuckled, pulling most of his length from her depths before pushing back inside.

"I'm willing," Jon breathed. "Gods, I didn't know it would be this good."

"Try to keep your thrusts steady," Asha said. "Fucking is a...gah...dance, not a sprint."

Jon nodded at that, slowing down a little so he could work on keeping everything more measured instead of haphazard. Asha started moaning every time he thrust forward, the sounds of obvious pleasure making him throb almost painfully. Luckily, his prior orgasms had given him a measure of stamina, and he found that he could actually fuck her without fear of finishing again too soon.

"Love...your fucking cock!" she cried, burying her face in his pillow to muffle the sounds. *"I think I could have him daily for years and not tire of this. If I'd known I'd enjoy it this much, I'd have fucked years ago."*

She'd held perfectly still as he started fucking her, wanting to let him get used to what he was doing, and once she felt that he'd gotten a pretty good grasp of the concept, she started rocking herself back against him, making him gasp in surprise.

"Harder!" Asha cried, feeling herself racing towards her peak. "I'm close."

Jon nodded, picking up his pace a bit, and as his hips started smacking against her arse harder and he saw the cheeks begin to jiggle and ripple, the sight made him groan. His grip on her hips tightened, and he tried to maintain the sort of measured pace she'd mentioned before, even as he fucked her harder and harder, and when he felt her inner walls start to flutter around him, he hoped that was a good sign. Asha, for her part, just moaned and cried out in pleasure, burying her face in his bed as much as she could to muffle the sound.

"I'm actually going to cum," she thought to herself in amazement. *"Those other useless pricks didn't make me cum once, and Jon's going to twice at least. Maybe I should convince him to stay here."*

"More, more, more!" Asha cried. "I'm...I'm...FUCK!"

She bit his pillow to muffle that scream as she came hard, writhing and convulsing against him as her inner muscles spasmed around his pistoning length. Jon groaned at the feeling of her milking him and came inside her again, filling her up with another load of his thick seed. Falling forward, he caught himself on his forearms to keep from her crushing her and buried his face in her long dark hair as they rode out the waves of ecstasy together. By the time it ended, they were both spent, and he, after pulling his softening length from her still spasming depths, rolled onto his back, staring up the ceiling as he panted for breath.

"I'm...going to be allowed...to leave here...eventually," Asha panted, dragging herself over and resting her head on his chest. "You could come with me."

“Your people would never accept me as your consort, Asha,” Jon murmured.

“Fuck my people,” Asha sighed. “All I’d need is a ship and a crew, and those aren’t too hard to come by.”

“I wouldn’t want to be a pirate,” Jon said firmly, and she glared at him for a moment before looking contemplative.

“What about trading?” Asha asked.

“Trading?” Jon asked.

“I know we’ve both read *The Nine Voyages* before,” Asha replied. “Maybe we could recreate them.”

“You love my cock that much?” Jon asked, and she snorted, rolling her eyes.

“I can’t feel my legs, Jon,” Asha replied. When he looked immediately alarmed, she burst out laughing and flicked him in the forehead, saying, “That’s a good thing, you fool. Just think about it.”

“Alright,” Jon replied, wrapping an arm around her and closing his eyes, neither one of them remembering in their exhaustion that she wasn’t supposed to be there.