

GOT - Cat On The Snow [Catelyn Stark X Jon Snow] - One-Shot

Synopsis - ***Catelyn hated how easily her husband agreed with the King to journey south. She hated how she couldn't convince Ned. She hated how similar Jon looked to Brandon. Mistakes were made after a few cups of wine and a visit to the bastard's chamber.***

Tag - Dominant Catelyn

[Note: Jon Snow is eighteen and a tall, strong, broad-shouldered man.]

The wine was sour, the feast was loud, and Catelyn Stark was watching.

She watched King Robert Baratheon lean too close to a serving girl and whisper something that made the poor thing flush scarlet. She watched the Queen sit rigid beside him, beautiful and bored, her green eyes fixed on nothing. She watched her lord husband laugh at something one of the King's men said, his face open and honest as it always was when Robert was near, more alive than he ever seemed with her.

She watched her children. Robb, proud and upright, playing the young lord. Sansa, glowing, stealing glances at Prince Joffrey. Arya, flicking peas at her sister when she thought nobody was looking. Bran and Rickon, half-asleep against each other.

And she watched... the eyesore.

Jon Snow sat among them at the long table because King Robert had willed it. The King had clapped the boy on the shoulder upon arriving in Winterfell and declared, loud enough for the entire courtyard to hear, that the lad had the look of a proper warrior and ought to sit with fighting men.

What was Catelyn to do? Refuse the King in his own feast?

She drank her wine.

She had to admit, if only to herself in the privacy of her own mind, that the boy had grown. He was eight and ten now and stood six feet, broader in the shoulder than Robb, quicker with a blade than any of Winterfell's young men. There was even talk of making him a member of the Kingsguard. Ser Barristan was aging; a place would open soon.

Good riddance.

Catelyn scoffed as she finished the cup and poured another.

He was the curse of her marriage, yet she could not stop looking at him. The dark hair that fell across his forehead. The stubble on his jaw. The way he smiled, rare and careful, at something Robb said.

He didn't look like Ned.

That was the thing she had never spoken aloud to anyone, not even to the silent walls of the sept where she prayed. Jon Snow did not look like her husband. He looked like Brandon. Her Brandon. The man she was meant to marry before the Mad King burned him alive.

The same jaw. The same long face, but sharper. The same dark eyes that held something wolfish in them.

I should rest.

She drank the cup dry and retired to her bedchamber.

Ned came to their bedchamber not long after. He sat on the edge of the bed and told her that Robert wanted him to be the Hand of the King.

"No!"

The word came out harder than she intended, but she didn't soften it.

"Starks do not fare well in the South, Ned. Your father!... your brother.... They went South. Neither came home."

He listened and nodded. She could see it on his face; he had already made up his mind, and her words wouldn't change it. The decision had been made the moment Robert asked, and that did nothing but infuriate her.

"You and your King!" she spat.

She grabbed a robe, donned it over her thin nightgown, and left the chamber. She needed air, cold air to still the anger shaking in her hands.

The walkway above the courtyard was empty and dark. She leaned on the stone railing and breathed, and that was when she heard it. The grunt of a man and steel in the air. The shuffle of boots on dirt.

She looked down.

Jon Snow was alone in the yard below, stripped to a shirt and trousers, his sword cutting shapes through the cold. His breath came out in white clouds that caught the torchlight, sweat had darkened his shirt across the chest and shoulders.

Catelyn's hand tightened on the robe, holding it closed. She watched him move his sword, the strikes, the grunts, and something in her chest clenched, low and unwelcomed. The way he turned, the way the torchlight caught the line of his throat.

It was Brandon, all Brandon... her first love.

She watched until he sheathed the blade, ran a hand through his damp hair, and left the yard. Then, without knowing why, she followed.

She kept her distance. Through the east corridor, past the kitchens, out the small door by the glass gardens. He was walking toward Godswood.

She followed him in. She stopped behind a wide trunk and watched Jon strip out of his clothes. Shirt over his head, trousers pushed down, boots already set aside. He stepped naked into the steaming pool, and the moonlight caught every line of him, pale skin over lean muscle, before the dark water swallowed him to his chest.

I shouldn't be here.

But Catelyn remained. She watched the way the steam drifted off his shoulders. She watched him tilt his head back and close his eyes. And she took one step closer to see better.

Crunch!

"Who's there!"

Jon sat upright in the water, body tense, hands beneath the surface.

Catelyn's stomach dropped. She had stepped on a twig.

But she was Lady Stark. She did not hide.

She stepped out from behind the tree and walked to the pool's edge with her chin raised. She watched the boy sink lower in the water, covering himself, and she let out a quiet scoff.

"Who allowed you to use this pool for bathing?"

"Fa-Lord Stark, m'lady."

"Of course he did." She sneered as she looked down at him. The moonlight on his wet hair. The dark eyes stared back.

"You must hate me, don't you?"

She'd never bothered speaking to Jon before. She'd never bothered to take his first name ever. She couldn't even imagine it. In passing, she called him a bastard, nothing more.

"I used to, m'lady." His voice was steady. "But I understand it now. I must remind you of my father's sins often."

The honesty of it surprised her. She frowned, not in disgust but in something she couldn't name. The sadness on his face, and still, the way he held her gaze without flinching. She gulped. *This is wrong.*

"Seems you've gained a mind, boy."

"I'm not a boy anymore, m'lady."

Her eyes dropped to his shoulders. Broad, wet, and steam curling off them. She smirked without realizing.

"I can see that."

With that, she turned around and returned to the castle. Sadly, she was more conflicted than before.

She didn't sleep well that night.

Over the next few days, Catelyn found herself looking for him.

Not seeking... looking. There was a difference, or so she told herself. When she walked past the training yard, she halted to watch the men spar, and if her eyes lingered on Jon longer than the others, it was only because he moved differently. When she crossed the Great Hall and found him reading alone in a corner, she let her gaze rest on his lowered head for a moment too long.

Each time, the same pull. Each time, the same disgust with herself for feeling it.

The fights with Ned grew worse. He was already planning his departure and choosing which men to take South. Catelyn begged him not to go, and he kissed her forehead, telling her it was his duty, but hearing that, all she wanted to do was scream.

On the night he told her he would leave within the fortnight, she walked out of their bedchamber again.

She had been drinking. She followed the path she now knew by memory, past the kitchens, through the east corridor, but not to the Godswood.

She was moving towards his room.

It was in one of the smaller towers, close to the stables. The smell hit her before she reached the door. Horse, hay, and cold stone.

Knock! Knock!

The door opened, and Jon stood there in a simple tunic and trousers, surprise evident on his face. She walked past him without a word and heard the door close behind her.

The room was small, a narrow bed pushed to the wall. No carpet on the stone floor, a table, a chair, a few books stacked on the corner, and a wardrobe with a cracked door.

"It reeks."

"It's close to the stables, m'lady."

She sneered and eyed the boy, no, the man. He was a man now, eight and ten. He was in a simple tunic and pants. He was more than a head higher than she, and she found it delightful, just like Brandon.

Her cheeks flushed, and she was absolutely drunk. And something gave away. The lines blurred.

"Tell me," she said, stepping closer. "How far would you go for this family?"

"As far as duty demands, m'lady," Jon replied.

"Would you die for it?"

"If it were asked of me." There was no hesitation in his voice. "Protecting House Stark is my duty."

She stared up at him. Her hand came up on its own and pressed flat against his chest as she felt his heartbeat through the tunic.

"Who do you think you are?" She whispered, and then her voice cracked in rage. "Why do you look like him?"

"M'lady?"

"Why are you this way?"

Her eyes filled. She hated it. She hated that she was crying in front of this bastard, this stain on her marriage, but she couldn't stop. She fell forward against his chest and felt his arms close around her, hesitant at first, then steady. Strong enough to hold her whole. His palm pressed to her back and moved in one slow circle.

She closed her eyes and drew a shaking breath. Her cheek against his tunic. His heartbeat against her ear.

This feels right.

But the next moment, something woke inside her.

"Unhand me!"

She pushed back and wiped her eyes. She met his gaze with the coldest look she could muster. Then she left, her cheeks burning, the warmth of his arms still on her skin all the way back to her chambers, where she told herself that it wouldn't happen again.

Yet, it happened... again... and again.

She found herself in his room on three separate evenings, speaking to him about things she couldn't speak to Ned about, things she could not speak to anyone about. This was the loneliness of a lord's wife: the fear that her children would grow up in a world she couldn't shield them from.

On that particular night, the fourth, she had fought with Ned worse than ever before, drunk more wine than she should have, and when she came to Jon's door, she was wearing a thick cloak over nothing but a thin cotton nightgown.

The cloak was on the floor now as she sat on the edge of his bed while Jon knelt before her because she had commanded him to, as it made her feel strong and less ashamed. The door was locked as a single candle burned on the table.

"Will you become a Kingsguard?"

"The decision hasn't been made yet, m'lady."

"Would you accept?"

She watched him go still, before he replied.

"I... I have no future, m'lady. I'm a bastard."

"That is true."

She leaned back on one hand and looked at him. Her cheeks were flushed from the wine. Her eyes dragged down the shape of his chest. She could feel her heartbeat between her legs, heavy and insistent, a pulse she had been ignoring for days. She had suppressed those thoughts... this was forbidden, yet her body, which her husband hadn't even touched for weeks, convinced her otherwise.

She didn't want to ignore it tonight.

"But you may not be as useless as you think." Her voice dropped. "Come closer... crawl."

"..."

Jon didn't move. His dark eyes searched her face, looking for the trick, the cruelty, the test. She gave him nothing. She held his gaze, parted her knees, and gathered the thin gown in her fists, pulling it up her thighs.

Inch by inch, her skin appeared. Pale and soft, thick with the weight of motherhood, the hips that had borne five and kept their shape regardless. She bunched the gown around her hips and let him see.

She wore nothing beneath.

Her cunt was framed by a neat patch of soft dark curls, her lips flushed a pale pink and slick with what she had been building toward all evening. The marks of five births were faint but there, thin silver lines on the lowest part of her belly.

"Use your tongue," she said. "Show me your worth."

Silence.

Jon stared at her, and she watched the shock move through him. The widening of his eyes, the slight parting of his lips, and his throat bobbing as he swallowed.

For a long time, he didn't move. She waited as she would not ask twice.

Then he moved.

She flinched. He was doing it... he was finally doing it. She watched him lower himself onto his hands and knees on the stone floor, crawl to her like a hound, and settle his face between her thighs. He used no hands, just brought his mouth straight to her.

"Mmmh!"

His tongue was hot and clumsy. He licked flat and broad across her, and it wasn't right, nor precise, but the heat of his mouth on her after so many weeks of wanting made her hips jerk forward.

"Is that all?" She gripped the edge of the bed. "Use that tongue better. You aren't licking a wound."

She felt him try again and adjust. Found the site above her opening and circled it with the tip of his tongue, and 'there', that was better. She exhaled through her nose and let her head fall back. Her thighs pressed against his ears.

He learned quickly; she had to grant him that. Within minutes, he had found a rhythm, his tongue working in short, quick strokes where she needed it, his breath hot and damp against her.

The sounds were wet, shameless, the sounds of a mouth on soaked flesh, and they echoed off the stone walls of his cramped little room.

Schlick! Schlick! Schlick!

Catelyn looked down. His dark hair between her thighs. His hands were flat on the floor. His face buried in her, his nose pressed against the curls above her clit, his jaw working.

Brandon would have done this, she thought. If they had married. If the world had been different. He would have knelt for her, and she would have let him, and it would have been right.

Her hand came down on the back of Jon's head. She gripped his hair and pressed his face harder into her, grinding against his mouth. His grunt tremored through her, but he didn't pull away. She rolled her hips, smearing her wetness across his lips, his chin, his stubble.

"Mmh... yes. Like that. Don't stop."

The build was heavy, a deep ache low in her belly that spread down through her thighs. She ground on his mouth and felt his tongue flatten obediently under her, letting her ride it, letting her use him.

She tightened her grip in his hair and pulled his face flush against her and held him there.

"Drink it. Every drop. That is an order."

She came.

Her thighs clamped shut around his head. Her hips bucked against his mouth in tight, shaking spasms. A wet rush pulsed out of her, and she felt it smear across his lips and chin, felt him swallow, choke slightly, swallow again. His tongue kept moving, slower now, lapping up what she gave him.

She held him in place through all of it. She didn't let go until the last tremor had passed and her thighs were shaking on their own. Then she released his hair, and he pulled back, face shining, lips parted, breathing hard.

Catelyn looked down at him, kneeling between her legs, the lower half of his face glazed and wet, his dark eyes staring up at her. She felt powerful... She felt like a Queen.

She loved the way it felt. This was her revenge, the perfect revenge for the shame Ned brought her.

"Disrobe," she orders. "Get on the bed."

Jon said nothing. He stood and pulled the tunic over his head. His chest was lean and hard, muscles defined by years of training in the yard. He pushed down his trousers and stepped out of them.

He was hard, and she looked at it plainly, the way she might inspect a blade. Long and thick enough to stretch. A faint vein along the underside.

He lay down on his back on the narrow bed.

Catelyn stood at the foot and undid her sleeping gown. She pulled it over her head in one motion and let it fall. She stood naked before him, and clearly unashamed.

Her breasts were large and full, heavy with the weight that years of nursing had given them, the nipples dark and wide. Her waist dipped elegantly, her wide hips flaring out into a lush, fuckable curve that begged to be gripped, her long legs smooth and strong, thighs thick enough to smother a man between them. Silver marks on her belly and the insides of her thighs. She was forty years old, still beautiful, and she knew it.

She watched the way his eyes moved down her body. The way his jaw tightened. The way his cock twitched against his belly. She sneered with pride, knowing that she still had the charm.

She climbed onto the bed, swung one leg over his legs, and settled on top of him with her weight on his thighs. She looked down at him and placed both palms flat on his chest. Firm and warm. She ran her hands down his belly, feeling the ridges of muscle, and then back up to his face. Her thumb traced his lower lip.

They're all the same, she thought.

She nearly laughed at the way his eyes were locked on her breasts. She didn't mind. She rocked her hips forward, sliding the length of him along the slick crease of her cunt, coating him. Back and forth, slowly, until she could hear it. The wet drag of flesh on flesh.

She reached between them, angled his cock, which twitched in excitement, and sank down.

"Mmmh..."

"M'la..."

"Shhh. Not one word."

Catelyn took every thick inch of his cock to the hilt in one greedy slide. His cock stretched her cunt wide, stuffing her completely, the fat head kissing so deeply that it made her belly ache with that perfect, filthy fullness.

Two hands came up and cupped her breasts.

Slap!

She swatted them away.

"How dare you!?" Her voice was ice. "Ask for permission."

"May I, m'lady?"

"May I 'what'?"

"Touch you?"

"Where?"

Jon faltered. His face flushed. "Your... your breasts?"

Catelyn smiled, a thin, satisfied thing. She grabbed his wrists and slammed his hands onto her heavy tits, forcing his fingers to sink deep into the soft, yielding flesh, making her stiff nipples poke hard against his palms.

"Gently."

She began to move.

She ground her hips in long, rolling circles, keeping him deep, using the base of him against her clit.

His hands squeezed her breasts, thumbs brushing her nipples, and she let him because it made her soaked cunt throb and clench around his cock like a hungry mouth. Another reason was that she had decided he had earned it.

She set the pace. She lifted until only the tip held her drooling petals open, then sank back down in one smooth drop.

Plap! Plap!

She felt his hips roll upward to meet her.

She let him thrust up from below, desperate and careful all at once, as if terrified she might stop him. She leaned back, palms braced on his strong thighs, and rode him harder.

She felt his thick shaft drag along her dripping walls with every bounce, stretching her open, rubbing against that sensitive spot deep inside until her cunt drooled even more slick nectar down his shaft.

Plap! Plap! Plap!

The wet sounds of flesh slapping flesh echoed through the tiny room as her slick juices ran down his shaft and coated his heavy balls. Her thighs quivered uncontrollably, her soft belly fluttered with every deep thrust, and her greedy cunt clenched and fluttered around his cock.

He was close. She could feel it in the tension of his thighs under her hands, in the way his breathing went ragged and his jaw clenched.

"Don't you dare," she said.

Jon shook his head, teeth gritted.

Catelyn leaned down. Her breasts pressed flat against his chest. Her mouth found his, and she kissed him, her tongue pushing past his lips. She tasted herself on him, and something jolted through her at that.

She moaned into his mouth and ground down hard.

"Nngh!.. haa!... haa!"

This is what it would have felt like. If fate had been different... if Brandon had lived.

She came with her mouth on his, a low, shuddering wave that locked her hips tight against him and made her fingers curl into fists on the sheets beside his head. She broke the kiss and pressed her forehead to his and panted, feeling herself clench around him in slow, heavy pulses.

Beneath her, Jon was trembling, every muscle taut, holding back because she had told him to.

Catelyn sat up and looked down at him. His face was wrecked, lips swollen from her kiss, jaw locked so hard the muscle stood out under his ear.

"Time for your reward, bastard."

She climbed off him and settled between his legs on the narrow bed. She knelt there, one hand wrapping around the base, and she stroked once, feeling the slick of herself still coating him.

She leaned down and licked from root to tip in one long, flat stroke. Salt and musk and the taste of her own body. She didn't hate it and did it again.

She took his cockhead into her mouth and sucked, her cheeks hollowing, her hand twisting at the base. He was thick on her tongue, hot, the skin stretched tight. She looked up and saw his head press back into the thin pillow, his throat working.

She gobbled his flesh with greed. Her lips slid down his length, taking more of him. Her tongue pressed flat to the underside, her hand stroking what her mouth couldn't reach. Wet, sloppy, saliva running down to her knuckles endlessly. She twisted her wrist and sucked and licked the tip and took him deep again.

She stared at it hungrily. It was thick, veined, glistening with her juices and spit, still twitching with need. It was warm and alive in her mouth. She could feel it throb with every heartbeat; the taste was not unpleasant.

She felt his thighs tense under her free hand.

"Ugh! M'lady!"

Catelyn didn't pull off; instead, she pressed down, taking him deeper, and mumbled around the thickness filling her mouth.

"Mmmm... let... itshhh... out."

He spilled.

The first thick rope of cum blasted straight into the back of her throat, hot and salty. She swallowed reflexively, her throat squeezing and milking around the swollen cockhead.

The second spurt was even heavier, flooding her tongue with thick, creamy seed that coated every inch of her mouth in warm, sticky bitterness. She held it there for a moment, tasting it, before gulping that too.

Her hand kept stroking, milking him, coaxing more out of him, and each throb brought another thick ribbon that she caught, swallowed, and chased with her tongue.

This was her revenge.

This was the bastard of Winterfell, shaking and spent beneath her mouth, and she had taken everything he had and devoured it, and she wasn't ashamed. She licked him clean. Base to tip, slow, thorough, until he was shining with nothing but her spit.

Catelyn let him fall out of her lips and sat back on her heels. She ran her tongue over her own lips, tasting the last of it.

Then she rose from the bed and lay down beside him on her side, her breasts pressed warm against his arm.

"This must never leave these small walls. Understood?"

"Not even in death, m'lady," Jon panted, voice hoarse and ragged, chest heaving, sweat glistening on his skin as he struggled to catch his breath.

Catelyn smirked. She lifted one hand and gave his cheek a light slap, almost gentle, the way one might pet a loyal hound. She had made up her mind already.

"Good, I shall visit when I please. Be clean."

She rose from the bed and got dressed. She took her time stepping into the sleeping gown, turning so he could see the curve of her hips, the shape of her arse, the soft weight of her breasts before the cotton covered them. She bent forward to pick up her cloak from the floor and held the pose a beat longer than necessary.

She pulled the cloak around her shoulders, opened the door, and left without looking back.

Thud!

Jon Snow sank back onto the bed. He stared at the ceiling, his chest still heaving, his cock softening against his thigh, a smile spreading slowly across his face.

"I'm never leaving Winterfell."