

"It's so beautiful!" Sansa gushed as she stared at herself in Myrcella's mirror, finally seeing one of the silver gowns she'd commissioned. It was in a southern style, light and sleek, and cut in a way that showed off hints of her creamy, growing breasts. She'd never have been able to wear something like it back home, as even in summer, it would have been too cold, but in King's Landing, she could, and she almost teared up at how lovely she looked.

"You're beautiful," Myrcella murmured, taking in the visage of her dear friend in her new dress and trying not to let her eyes drift back to her plump ass again.

"Harder!" Sansa cried, gripping the bedding before her so tightly that the princess was sure her knuckles were white as snow as Jon continued to thrust into her from behind again and again. The wet sound of flesh smacking against flesh echoed through the room, and the scent of sex, a scent that Myrcella was becoming increasingly familiar with, was thick in the air.

"Princess?" Sansa asked, startling Myrcella, who jerked backward as she saw the redhead staring at her in confusion. "Are you quite alright?"

"I'm perfectly well," Myrcella replied. *"I feel as though there is a fire burning low in my belly and I can barely wear small clothes these days without them becoming annoyingly wet, but other than that..."*

"Are you certain?" Sansa asked, sitting next to her and resting a hand on hers. "You've seemed so...distracted the past few days. Did...did I do something?"

"It's more about what your brother's done to you and how incredibly alluring I find it," Myrcella replied. "No, you haven't, but...there is something we need to discuss."

"What is it?" Sansa asked warily and the princess sighed.

She'd tried to start this conversation numerous times over the past couple weeks, but each time she'd stopped herself at the last minute, knowing that once she did bring it up, her sinful new form of entertainment would be lost to her. She did care about Sansa, though, and while she knew that her friend was very enthusiastically willing to let her brother do all those things to her, she also knew that if their secret got out, it would be the end of them.

"A fortnight ago, I was exploring some of Maegor's tunnels," Myrcella replied after a moment, and Sansa froze, feeling a terrible pit form in her stomach. "I started to hear these noises, and when I went to investigate...I found you and your brother together."

"Oh, gods!" Sansa exclaimed, jumping to her feet.

"I swear, I'm not angry," Myrcella said, holding up her hands calmly as she stood up.

"I'm so sorry," Sansa breathed. "I thought I was being discreet like a proper southern lady, but clearly it wasn't enough. I swear, though, I'll keep learning everything Joffrey will want me to know without getting caught again."

Myrcella blinked at her slowly, feeling in that moment as though the redhead had responded in some bizarre foreign tongue she'd never heard about before.

"This...is about Joffrey?" she asked.

“Yes, I...wait, has your mother not had this discussion with you yet?” Sansa asked, and Myrcella’s eyes narrowed.

“How is my mother involved in this?” the blonde asked, and her friend sighed.

“I guess since you’re not yet betrothed, she didn’t feel the need to,” Sansa replied. “When she tells you about all this down the line, please act surprised. I don’t want her to be upset with me.”

“I need you to tell me everything about these conversations you had with my mother,” Myrcella said firmly as she sat back down and gestured for Sansa to do the same.

“Our septas tell us that a woman’s virtue is her greatest treasure,” the redhead began, “something to guard zealously because without it, no man of good standing would ever want us.”

“Yes,” Myrcella nodded, gesturing for her to go on.

“Yet men...partake of the services of whores,” Sansa continued, reddening as she did so. “They want women like that, but they don’t want to wed women whom they know that other men have...er...partaken with...”

“I’m guessing that my mother provided you with a solution to this contradiction,” Myrcella murmured, already considering the possible fallout of this if she ended up being right about what her naive friend had been told.

“The solution is to get the...experience you need...discreetly,” Sansa replied. “What the queen told me is that discretion and skill in bed are the two greatest assets any woman could have. She was never taught this, and that’s why your father...”

The redhead froze at that, suddenly fearful that she’d said the wrong thing, and Myrcella barely resisted the urge to groan unladylike.

“What in the seven hells have you done, Mother?” the blonde thought to herself, already knowing how her father was going to react when he learned about this, which he would. Her mind raced, trying to think of a solution that might save her family from ending up in open conflict with each other, for she knew damn well that her father would take the Starks’ side over her mother’s, her status as his wife and queen be damned.

“Mother did have that conversation with me,” she lied after a moment. “I just...didn’t think that your mother would have told you all of that. She seemed...”

“Too much like the septas?” Sansa asked, shaking her head. “She is, in truth, and I don’t understand it. The Faith of the Seven preaches that bastards are products of sin and husbands and wives should be faithful to each other, yet it also preaches that women should stay perfectly chaste until marriage. How is a woman supposed to avoid making the sort of bad first impression that pushes men to cavort if they go to their wedding night not knowing the first thing about what to do? I know the queen says that men are simple creatures with fragile egos, but...”

“This is cataclysmically bad,” Myrcella thought to herself as Sansa went on explaining every mad thing her mother had put in her head. *“Do you truly hate the Starks so much that you’d risk creating needless conflicts between us just to prevent Joffrey from having to wed one?”*

She knew her mother well, and though she loved her, she knew that it was from her that Joffrey got his cruelty. In their mother, it was balanced out by a deep and genuine capacity for love, for she did love them and their uncle Jaime, but she could be wrathful as easily as she drew breath and she never forgot a slight. She'd heard the stories of the rebellion, of how her father went to war and ended the Targaryen Dynasty because Rhaegar Targaryen abducted the woman he loved. His efforts to betroth Sansa to his heir were, in part, because of how he'd loved the late Lyanna Stark, she was certain, and she was equally certain that that was the crux of the problem.

"You'd truly doom an innocent young girl to a life with the Silent Sisters just out of petty hatred for a woman who's been dead for more than a decade?" Myrcella wondered, closing her eyes. Sansa wasn't the only one dooming themselves, because of her mother's actions either, for if they got caught, and she'd wager quite a bit that her mother was actively trying to catch them in the act, Jon would be gelded at minimum.

"Princess?" Sansa asked.

"I've told you, Sansa, in private, it's Myrcella," Myrcella replied, taking her hands in hers. "In truth, you've been very discreet. I only caught you because I enjoy exploring the tunnels, something that very few others are interested in, trust me there."

"That's a relief," Sansa sighed. "So do you have a man?"

"What?!" Myrcella gasped, only to wince when she remembered that she had chosen to play along with this insanity. "I mean, no. None of the ones around here strike me as the discreet type."

"You're a princess, though," Sansa said, blinking in confusion. "Touching you would mean death for any man if he got caught, and they'd all know that."

"In truth, I just don't think I've found one yet that I'm attracted to," Myrcella replied. "At least, not one who isn't attached to another."

"If I told her that it was all a lie, that my mother had deceived her to trick her into ruining herself, she'd fall to pieces," the princess thought to herself. *"She'd tell her father, who would tell mine, and then the gods know what would become of my family, and frankly, she might very well throw herself out of the nearest tower in sheer horror. I need to figure out a way to fix this without anyone finding out, but what?"*

There were other, less noble reasons for her choosing to go along with it, though, and as she sat there trying to think of something that could let her undo what her mother had done without conflict coming from it, Sansa unwittingly touched on one of them.

"So, when you saw us...what was that like?" the redhead asked, and Myrcella froze. "I mean, it's all so very intense for me, but I've wondered what we look like since the first time."

"It was...it's hard to describe, really," Myrcella replied, suddenly feeling hot. "What is it like?"

"It's...it's the most extraordinary thing," Sansa breathed, feeling heat pool low in her belly as she thought about Jon. "The way that he fills me, it's like nothing you can imagine. You feel...complete if that makes any sense, as though there's been a piece of you missing all this time and you just never knew it, and it feels so good."

“Really?” Myrcella asked breathlessly, her fear for the state of her family fading rapidly as Sansa described the very thing she’d been obsessing over for weeks by then.

“Mmhm,” Sansa nodded, rubbing her thighs together as she felt her small clothes grow damp. “Men are...much larger than I would have expected, and you’ll fear the first time that it couldn’t possibly fit, but it does, and every time Jon moves inside me, it’s just the most wonderful thing, though it’s not the only one. He does this thing where he licks me down there and...”

“I noticed,” Myrcella said, making both of them blush. “Does that not...I mean, he seemed to be very willing.”

“I worried about the taste after the first time, so I...promise not to think I’m bizarre?” Sansa begged. When Myrcella nodded, she said, “The next time I bathed, as I was drying myself, I...I stuck a finger inside myself and tasted it.”

“Really?” the blonde breathed. “What was it like?”

“Odd, certainly, a little salty, and I honestly don’t know how to describe the rest of it, but it wasn’t bad, and Jon seems to downright love it,” Sansa replied. “There’s this little spot that he licks all the time, and I swear that every time he does, I feel like I’m going to die; it’s so good. It just gets better and better until you swear if it becomes any more intense it might kill you, and then this burst of pleasure hits you that you can’t help but scream because of. I swear sometimes, afterward, my whole body tingles almost like when my mother used to scratch my back but so much more intense.”

“Gods, I haven’t had anyone scratch my back in ages,” Myrcella sighed, remembering the pleasure fondly.

“I could if you like,” Sansa said, and the blonde smiled at her.

“I don’t know how, but I swear I’m going to find a way to save you from this,” Myrcella thought to herself. “You...you are taking measures to stop yourself from ending up with child, right?”

“Of course,” Sansa replied. “We found the recipe for moon tea, and Jon brews it for me. My moonblood has continued as before.”

“Thank the gods,” Myrcella thought to herself as Sansa stood up and sat on her bed. Going to join her, she said, “When Mother used to do this, it was always when she was helping me change my clothes or bathe. It will be strange doing it with clothes on.”

“I could help you out of your gown first,” Sansa offered. “I helped you into it, after all.”

“If we both undressed, I could scratch your back afterward,” Myrcella offered, trying not to think about why that particular thought made her heart flutter.

Choosing to blame that on the conversation they’d just had, she put it out of her mind, and the two of them quickly helped the other out of their gowns before sitting down on the bed. The princess shivered as Sansa brushed her hair over her shoulder and actually gasped when she started gently tracing her nails over her smooth skin.

“You’re so beautiful, Myrcella,” the redhead said softly as she started using both hands to gently, softly tickle the other girl’s flawless skin. “Your hair is like spun gold.”

“Straight from the mines,” Myrcella giggled, making the other girl laugh. “Gods, I had forgotten how good that felt.”

“It really is lovely,” Sansa murmured. “I should get Jon to do it to me.”

“Are you sure?” Myrcella asked. “He is a man, and they’re not the gentlest creatures in the world. Your skin is so flawless, I’d hate to see scratches on it.”

“Jon can be gently,” Sansa whispered, feeling her pale pink nipples harden further as she thought about him again. “The first time, I was so nervous because he’s so big, but he took his time and everything was just wonderful.”

“What made you choose him?” Myrcella asked. “He is your brother.”

“He was planning to go to the Wall and I figured we’d never see each other again,” Sansa replied. “Then we really enjoyed it and, well...”

“You are still going to wed Joffrey, though,” Myrcella murmured, and the redhead’s hands went still. “You know that you couldn’t continue to...take him to bed then, right?”

“I know,” Sansa replied, trying not to focus on how much her heart ached at that thought. “He still plans to join the Night’s Watch eventually. We’ll just continue letting me practice my skills in the meantime.”

“I wish I could confront Mother about this,” Myrcella thought to herself. She knew better, though, as her mother would not accept a lecture from her daughter and there wasn’t anything she could say to her that would change her mind if she felt strongly enough to go this far. She would have to work around her somehow and figure out a way to ensure that her plan, obvious as it was, failed.

“Are you ticklish?” Sansa asked, gently tracing her nails around the princess’ ribs, and making her shiver.

“Not terrib...oh,” Myrcella gasped as she felt her friend just barely graze the sides of her breasts.

“Sorry,” Sansa winced. “I wasn’t aiming for them, but I forgot that yours are bigger.”

“Not by much,” Myrcella murmured. “I’m sure Jon adores yours.”

“He’d adore yours too,” Sansa said without thinking, and they both froze, neither knowing quite what to say in response to that. “Myrcella?”

“Yes,” the princess replied.

“Jon...is he one of the men you’re attracted to?” Sansa asked. “You can’t wed him, obviously, but...”

“Would you be upset if I were?” Myrcella asked, and the redhead shook her head.

“No, I wouldn’t be,” Sansa replied. “He and I...as you said, it has to end eventually, and maybe that would be easier if I knew I wasn’t the only one he was...helping.”

“Say no,” a voice that sounded suspiciously like her mother’s hissed in Myrcella’s head. *“Say no, you fool. It would be the end of you.”*

She knew that she should, as no good could possibly come of entering into the same sort of arrangement with the bastard boy that Sansa had, especially since she knew that everything her mother had told her was aurochs shit, but she couldn’t help feeling tempted. Jon was tall, lean, and almost impossibly handsome, and ever since that day in the woods where she saw him fight against Joffrey, she’d found him alluring in a way no other man had ever seemed. Watching him commit sinful acts with his own sister should have diminished her attraction to him, yet it seemed to do the opposite, and as she sat there in that moment, feeling Sansa’s hands on her as the redhead waited for her answer, she found that she couldn’t bring herself to say what she knew she should.

“If...I said yes,” Myrcella murmured, shivering as Sansa leaned in so closely that her breasts brushed against her bare back, making her gasp at the unexpected pleasure, “I’d want you there.”

“What?” the redhead asked.

“I’ve come to greatly value your friendship, Sansa, and I don’t think I could bring myself to enjoy this any other way,” Myrcella replied, turning around and looking into her blue eyes. “I’d spend the whole time wondering if you were in your room, regretting the whole thing terribly.”

The two noble girls, clad only in their smallclothes, sat across from each other, a whole ocean of unspoken feeling seeming to exist all around them.

“You’re so good to me, Cella,” Sansa sighed, reaching out and running her fingers through her long blonde hair.

“Gods, and you called me beautiful,” Myrcella murmured, looking the other girl up and down. “No wonder your own brother can’t get enough of you.”

“You...think so?” Sansa asked, as her heart rate quickened.

“Mmhm,” Myrcella nodded, smiling as Sansa blushed. “Turn around and I’ll scratch your back for a while.”

“Alright,” the redhead replied, moving around.

Myrcella took in the bare expanse of her friend’s porcelain skin and barely suppressed a whimper as she felt her insides flutter pleurably. Fully convinced that she was just thinking about how she’d seen Sansa and Jon together, she started scratching the other girl’s back, giggling when she let out a moan and flushed scarlet.

“If I join them, I’ll be able to help them hide things more directly,” she thought to herself, knowing that she knew the secret passageways of Maegor’s Holdfast better than anyone. True as that was, though, she also knew that it wasn’t really why she was saying yes.

“Robert, I still say this is an unnecessary expense,” Ned sighed, and Robert rolled his eyes.

“Fuck the expense,” the king spat, wishing he had a cup of wine in his hand as he and his old friend strolled onto the castle grounds together, trailed by Ser Jaime and Ser Barristan. “Jon was my Hand

for more than a decade, and you're about forty years younger than he was when he started. Even if I throw a tourney like this every time I get a new Hand, what really are the chances that I'll have to throw another one in my lifetime?"

"Slim, the gods be good," Ned admitted.

"Right, now stop being so damn serious and let's see what counts for training these days," Robert laughed, leading him down to the training yard where Ned immediately spotted Jon on horseback, practicing with a lance.

"Still too high," Ser Mandon barked. "You're looking to knock your opponent off his horse, not his head off his shoulders."

"Right," Jon nodded, turning his horse around and moving back into position.

"He didn't tell me he was planning to join the joust as well," Ned muttered, pinching the bridge of his nose. "I will have to remind him that the vanquished in jousts forfeit their arms and horse."

He hit the target square in the center that time around, earning the barest nod from the cold, emotionless knight.

"Why's Ser Mandon helping him?" Ned asked, realizing how odd that was.

"My niece's doing," Ser Jaime replied before Robert could. "As a favor to your daughter, she's commanded half the Kingsguard to train him."

"Kingslayer, go chat with Ser Mandon," Robert commanded, making his goodbrother bristle. "You too, Selmy."

"Yes, your Grace," Ser Barristan replied, leading Ser Jaime away.

"In truth, I think my Cella finds your bastard rather handsome," Robert whispered, and Ned's eyes went wide.

"Robert, I swear, Jon would never..." he went to say, and the king burst out laughing.

"Oh, relax, Ned," Robert chuckled. "Given how much he looks like you, I'm sure he's equally allergic to fun. I could never arrange anything between them, of course, but then, she's not my only daughter, is she?"

He whispered that last part, and Ned looked at him in shock. "Mya..."

"It's why I sent the Kingslayer on," Robert whispered. "I don't want my darling wife hearing about this. Mya's a few years older but not many, and it's not like she's swimming in prospects, given what she is."

"Robert, what brought this on?" Ned asked.

"I don't like the idea of your blood at the Wall," Robert muttered. "It's bad enough Benjen decided to freeze his wolf balls off on that frozen pile of shit and scum. You're more my brother than either of my actual brothers, and you clearly care for the boy, given that you took him in and endured, I'm sure, years of scowls from Catelyn for it, not that she's anything like Cersei, of course."

“I don’t know what to say,” Ned replied, his mind racing.

“Then say yes,” Robert chuckled. “I’ve long lamented the fact that I can’t do all that much for Mya anyway, and your boy seems like a fine lad.”

“Where would they live?” Ned asked. “Surely you don’t intend to bring her here.”

“Gods no,” Robert muttered. “I wanted to...years ago, but...I can’t trust that Cersei, spiteful creature that she is, wouldn’t try something.”

“Ah,” Ned nodded.

“You know old Tywin tried to wed her to Rhaegar back in the day?” Robert asked, his eyes flashing furiously as he mentioned the prince. “I shudder to think what monsters those two would have spawned together.”

“This might be a conversation best had elsewhere,” Ned said pointedly, and Robert chuckled.

“I’m keeping my voice down,” the king sighed. “As for where they’d live...the North is a big place, and if I assisted in financing something...hells, you could give them that ruined castle we passed on the way back.”

“Moat Cailin?” Ned asked, his eyebrows shooting towards his hairline.

“That could work,” Robert murmured. “I’ll be honest, Ned, I hadn’t given your bastard much thought over the years, save for to laugh at the fact that you made him, but seeing how much he looks like you did back when we were at the Eyrie together...it’s just brought back old memories. Good ones...my best, honestly.”

“Robert,” Ned sighed, and the king shook his head.

“Bah, ignore me; I just need a drink,” Robert muttered. “So, what do you think of my plan? Is it good, or has it turned out that that ugly throne is actually what causes madness and not the dragon’s blood?”

“You say that like you don’t have dragon’s blood,” Ned couldn’t help but think to himself, “or that you ever actually sit on the throne for that matter.”

“Keep in mind that Jon does still plan to join the Night’s Watch,” he said, and Robert just laughed.

“I haven’t seen her in a while, but I somehow imagine my Mya will be pretty enough to lure your boy away from wasting his life at the Wall,” Robert chuckled. “Give it some thought and let’s see if I can’t convince one of the feckless cunts in the training yard to hit me with something.”

“As you will,” Ned replied, knowing that he wouldn’t.

“You’re certain this is the place?” Joffrey asked, adjusting his cloak to ensure that his face was obscured.

"This is the Broken Anvil, Prince," Sandor replied. "I don't like the idea of you going in on your own..."

"I don't care what you like," Joffrey spat. "The man I'm meeting with wouldn't dare hurt me and I'll be safe with him. Stay here and guard the door like a good dog."

Sandor looked away at that and was about to reply when he noticed a very familiar horse, and he froze. It was a massive stallion, nearly half-again as large as the average horse, with a chestnut coat, a temper nearly as bad as its rider's.

"Why the fuck is meeting with Gregor?" he wondered to himself. *"And why does he not want me with him?"*

He shook his head at that, knowing that it really wasn't his place to question his charges, and while he knew that it would be his hide if anything happened to the little shit because he let him go inside alone, he also knew that his brother wasn't nearly stupid enough to let anything happen to him.

"Of course, if Gregor did lose his temper and rip the prince's head off, at least he'd die screaming for it," Sandor thought to himself, smiling at the thought. He didn't hate Prince Joffrey, unpleasant boy as he was, but he loathed his brother, and it would actually be worth the torture that would be in store for him if it meant Gregor went with him.

As the Hound continued to fantasize about his brother being brutally executed, Joffrey walked inside, quickly spotting the Mountain sitting in a corner and making his way over to him. The inn was relatively loud, and no one other than his own men was seated anywhere near the Mountain, so he was relatively sure that the conversation they were about to have would be private, despite being done in public.

"Ser don't want to be bothered by little..." an unpleasant man the prince recognized as one of the Mountain's men-at-arms went to say, only to freeze when he saw his green eyes. "Sorry, my..."

"Chiswyk, fuck off," Gregor said without heat, and the other man nodded before returning to his own seat. Gregor looked down at Joffrey, noting how much his eyes looked like his grandfather's, and nodded at him. "I'd kneel, but you clearly don't want to be recognized."

"I don't," Joffrey nodded as he sat down across from his grandfather's greatest weapon. "You got here quickly."

"We arrived sooner than we'd wanted to, but when the heir to the throne writes to summon you, you go," Gregor replied. *"If for no other reason than to see who he wants dead."*

The Mountain That Rides was a relatively simple man, and he knew very well that Joffrey Baratheon wouldn't outright demand that he come to King's Landing and inform no one that he wanted to see him unless he wanted him to kill someone for him. It was what he did, as surely as Valyrian men fucked their sisters and horses shat where they liked.

"You're going to be participating in the tourney," Joffrey said. "There will be another man in it, near to my age."

"And you want it to be his last?" Gregor asked, and Joffrey glared.

"His first and last," the prince spat, and Gregor chuckled.

“His first,” the giant knight murmured. “He must be as young as you say. Who is he?”

“Jon Snow,” Joffrey whispered, and Gregor furrowed his brow.

“Why do you need my help killing some bastard?” he asked. “Just get one of your guards to run him through in the night and be done with it. My weakling brother could handle that for you.”

“He’s Ned Stark’s son,” Joffrey whispered, and Gregor’s eyebrows shot up towards his hairline.

“That could be complicated,” he murmured. “Aren’t you betrothed to his sister?”

“Men die in tourneys all the time,” Joffrey whispered. “Make it look like an accident and I’ll see to it that you’re well rewarded. My name might be Baratheon, but I am a Lannister’s son, and Lannisters pay their debts.”

“I know that well,” Gregor murmured. “He has the Stark look, yes?”

“He does,” Joffrey scowled, knowing that that was very likely why his father had paid so much attention to the otherwise unremarkable bastard. He’d overheard his mother complain about how fond he was of the Starks before, but even that hadn’t prepared him for how bad it was.

“As his broken body lies dead on the ground, Father will see that he was never anything special after all,” Joffrey thought to himself. “With luck, Ned Stark will resign from his post afterward and run back to the frozen north with his daughters. Sansa’s pretty enough, I’ll admit, but she’s annoying and her sister is insufferable.”

He smiled at that thought, as he prepared to leave. His mother had always said that the only person he could trust to handle problems for him as well as his uncle was the Mountain and he fully intended to put that to the test. His uncle had been his first thought, but he’d decided against it, figuring that it would be too obvious if he were the one who killed Jon. He’d never even spoken to the Mountain directly before, so no one would assume that he’d arranged the upcoming tourney accident. His plan was perfect.

“Gods,” Jon sighed to himself as he soaked in a tub of surprisingly warm water a few hours later, letting his sore, tender muscles relax in the heat.

It wasn’t the hot springs of Winterfell, which he’d slipped into more than once over the years, but it was quite close. As a Northerner, he had a better tolerance for the cold than most, but he’d always been rather drawn to heat as well, able to endure warmer baths than any of his siblings. That had proven to be just as true in the south, where he’d had an easier time adjusting to the late summer heat than either of his sisters, much to Sansa’s annoyance.

“Must be my mother’s blood,” he thought to himself, frowning as he did so. “Maybe I should make a wager with my father about the tourney; if I somehow win the damn thing, he’ll finally tell me her name.”

He sighed at that, as irritated as ever with his father’s perpetual refusal to tell him the truth about his mother. He didn’t know who she was or if she was even still alive, and not knowing that had eaten him up inside for years.

“The king might know,” he thought to himself, sitting up suddenly at the thought. “Maybe I could get Sansa to ask Myrcella to ask her father about it. It’s worth a try at least, and the gods know those two are close these days.”

It didn’t surprise him that his sister, having been obsessed with the south her entire life, would latch onto the princess as she did, but it did surprise him that the two ended up being so similar. The few times he’d seen the queen, she’d seemed perpetually irritated and less-than-pleasant, and the princess, who looked so much like her, he’d have expected to take after her mother, but she clearly didn’t. Perhaps she might be willing to help him try to answer the greatest question he had in life. The gods knew she’d helped him out otherwise.

“I’ve been trained by four separate members of the Kingsguard since I got here,” he thought to himself, shaking his head. “I’d tell Robb in my next letter, but I doubt he’d even believe me. I’d sound like Theon talking about girls.”

He chuckled at that and settled back down in the cooling tub. The truth was that he could barely believe it, and yet Ser Jaime, Ser Barristan, Ser Mandon, and Ser Arys had all trained him. He felt more confident about how he was going to do in the tourney, which he’d already decided to enter, than he ever would have before, and while he didn’t necessarily think that he was going to win the melee or the joust, he believed that he was good enough to go far in them, and that was itself great.

“If I did, though...” he thought to himself, smiling at the fantasy. “Forty thousand gold dragons. Gods, I can’t even picture that.”

And that was just for the joust. It was an obscene amount of coin, and he knew it was going to draw in knights from all over Westeros, something that would only further diminish his chances, but the sheer spectacle of it was going to be incredible, and having a chance to truly test himself was going to be invaluable too. He didn’t have to hold back here for fear of drawing Lady Catelyn’s ire. He was unlikely to be the only bastard in the tourney, in truth. In a contest of that sort, his name mattered less than his skills, and for that, he was truly looking forward to it.

“Is there room for me too?” Sansa asked, and Jon barely managed to stop himself from yelping as he felt like he was about to jump out of his skin. He turned around and glared at her, making her giggle, only for his face to go blank when he saw what she was wearing.

“Sansa, what in the...” he went to ask when she placed a finger over his lips and smiled down at him.

“I took the tunnels, obviously, so I hardly needed more than a nightgown,” Sansa replied. “I carried a cloak with me too, so if I really need to get out of here quickly, I can throw that on too. Stand up for me?”

“If you insist,” Jon grinned, standing up as she dipped a finger in the water.

“It would cool too much before I managed to enjoy myself,” Sansa declared, and he grinned.

“I could keep you warm,” Jon rumbled, reaching for her, only for her to jump back.

“Not with wet hands,” Sansa muttered.

“As my princess commands,” Jon snarked, stepping out of the tub and immediately setting about drying himself off.

“I’m not a princess,” Sansa said softly.

“You’re betrothed to a prince,” Jon reminded her, making her sigh.

“I don’t want to talk about Joffrey,” Sansa muttered, reaching for him. “Come, I need to talk to you about something.”

“I didn’t think that talking was what you had in mind,” Jon rumbled, and she licked her lips.

“It isn’t all I have in mind,” Sansa cooed, leading him to his bed and gesturing for him to sit down. “Let me get through everything I have to say without overreacting, and I’ll take your cock in my mouth until you spurt.”

Jon’s cock twitched and grew at that, even as he became wary.

“Why would I overreact?” he asked flatly.

“Because what I’m about to tell you comes in two parts, and the first one is significantly scarier than the second,” Sansa replied.

“Just tell me the second part first, then,” Jon muttered, and she scowled. “Alright, alright, what is it?”

“Myrcella saw us together,” Sansa replied, and Jon swore he felt his heart stop.

“What?” he asked, horrified.

“It’s alright, though, because she’s not going to tell anyone,” Sansa continued, and he just stared at her.

“Why would she not tell anyone?” Jon asked incredulously. “You’re betrothed to her fucking brother.”

“I don’t think those two particularly like each other,” Sansa replied. “More than that, though, she understood why I did what I did. I’m not the only one who knows that men whose wives bore them in bed are more likely to seek out whores.”

“I…” Jon went to say, only to sigh.

He’d honestly only barely given any thought to the reason that his sister started warming his bed since the first night, but in truth, he thought her reasoning was more than a little spotty. Men who were regularly unfaithful to their wives were, he figured, either wed to women they despised, as seemed to be the case with the king, or men who did all their thinking with their cocks, like Theon. Good men took a woman to wife and kept their cocks either in their breeches or in her. It wasn’t as though men like that didn’t exist, after all.

“I’m Father’s one mistake in life, and even in that case, he hardly knew Catelyn by that point,” he thought to himself.

He really didn't want to argue about it, though, largely because he doubted Sansa would change her mind and because he really didn't want to stop fucking her.

"How certain are you that the princess isn't going to say anything?" he asked, still contemplating whether or not it would be best to take his horse and ride straight to the Wall before their father found out what they'd been doing.

"Completely," Sansa replied, cupping his cheek. "I would be telling you to run now if I thought otherwise."

"And does she want anything in return for her silence?" Jon asked pointedly, and Sansa glared at him before looking contemplative.

"She's not using the secret as leverage, if that's what you mean, but there is one thing that she'd like," Sansa replied, and he sighed.

"What is it?" Jon asked, hoping that his sister wasn't going to end up in the thrall of a princess because of him.

Instead of answering with words, Sansa wrapped a hand around his half-hard cock, making him gasp.

"Sansa!" Jon exclaimed, groaning as she started stroking his cock. "Stop that and tell me what she wants of you."

"It isn't what she wants of me, brother," Sansa purred, and he froze.

"No," Jon breathed.

"What do you mean no?" Sansa asked petulantly. "Myrcella's beautiful. If I were a man, I'd..."

"Sansa, I'd be drawn and quartered," Jon hissed.

"Only if you got caught," Sansa replied. As he glared at her, she quickly added, "Which you wouldn't."

"We already got caught," Jon growled.

"Yes, but only because she knows the tunnels so well and explore, them regularly," Sansa replied. "She'd be able to help us keep everything hidden better than anyone and think of it this way. If she was taking the same risk with us, she could hardly tell anyone. I know she wouldn't anyway, but this should make you feel safer about her knowing."

"Absolutely nothing about this makes me feel safe," Jon muttered, and Sansa sighed before smirking as she felt him pulse in her hand, having hardened at the thought of fucking Myrcella as well despite his fear.

"It does make you hard, though," she purred. "She wants me there, you know."

"What?" Jon asked, groaning when she leaned in and pressed her lips to his swollen head.

“When you fuck her the first time, she wants me there with you,” Sansa replied, flicking her tongue over his slit and grinning when his legs twitched. “You’d have the both of us together, naked and yours to enjoy as you please.”

“Gods, your mother would hand me over to the Boltons for punishment if she knew how much I’d corrupted you,” Jon groaned, and she glared.

“Mother had set me up for a life like the queen’s, where I would wed a man who noticed how little I knew of bedplay and dishonor me at every turn,” Sansa muttered. “I will not have a marriage like that, I swear it, and neither should Myrcella. She’s sweet and kind and good, not to mention beautiful. Fuck her for me, Jon. Fuck her and I’ll let you do that thing we talked about.”

“You...really?” Jon asked. He’d made the mistake, when she asked if he’d heard of anything else they could try in bed, of mentioning one of the times that Theon mentioned fucking a whore in the arse. She’d been horrified at the time, not understanding how a cock could even fit back there, and he’d quickly dropped the subject. “Wait a moment; do you want her?”

“What?” Sansa gasped, blushing heavily. “No, I...I’m a girl.”

“You were about to say what you’d do to her if you had a cock earlier,” Jon reminded her, and she glared at him, letting his cock go.

“I don’t, as you know all too well,” Sansa huffed. “I merely meant that any man should want a girl that beautiful. Now, come to my chambers in an hour and be prepared to entertain us both.”

With that, she marched out of the room, grabbing her cloak and lantern before ducking back through the hidden door in his chambers, leaving Jon hard as a rock and more than a little irritated. Glaring down at his cock, he muttered, “You are going to get me in terrible trouble.”

As if in answer, his cock twitched, and despite his mood, that made him snort.

“I am going to be brutally killed,” he thought to himself as he made his way through the hidden tunnels towards Sansa’s chambers a while later. That didn’t stop him, of course, as the prospect of bedding his sister and the princess together was too tempting to say no to, but it did was something that he was aware of. *“Apparently I am one of those men who lets their cocks do their thinking.”*

He shook his head at that and turned a corner, only to pause as he saw another light in the distance.

“Finally,” Sansa muttered. “I was beginning to think you weren’t coming.”

“Good night, Jon,” Myrcella smiled, blushing slightly as he approached them.

“Princess,” Jon nodded, and she giggled.

“Tonight, it’s Myrcella,” Myrcella insisted. “Now come along. I have a better idea of where we can go than that odd hidden chamber you two found.”

“Where?” Sansa asked.

“The guest chambers,” Myrcella replied. “The part of Maegor’s Holdfast where important enough guests are kept is left largely unguarded when we aren’t hosting anyone and there’s one suite of rooms that no one would dare enter without express permission from my parents.”

“Why?” Jon asked.

“Because they’re kept for my grandfather,” Myrcella replied. “He rarely ever comes to King’s Landing, but my mother ensures that his chambers are kept empty for him just in case. They’ve been cleaned several times since he was last here a few years ago, and they’ll be cleaned again soon enough, so we can use them without issue. They would be cleaned extensively if he wrote to say he was coming, so we really don’t have to worry.”

“Won’t they notice that someone fucked in the bed, though?” Jon asked bluntly, and she giggled.

“You don’t need to worry about that,” Myrcella chuckled. “It would be strange for these particular chambers, since my mother would be livid if she learned, but the servants do occasionally make use of empty chambers.”

“Seriously?” Sansa asked, aghast, and the blonde giggled.

“Let’s just say I’ve stumbled across some very interesting things over the years, even if I was never brave enough to actually look at them,” Myrcella chuckled. “If they got caught, they’d be flogged, but that’s why the servants who notice what we did won’t say anything. They’d be making themselves a target for all the others in turn.”

“The servants at Winterfell never do anything like that,” Sansa muttered. “Right? Jon, tell me servants never fucked in my bed.”

Jon laughed at that, earning a glare from her, and said, “I’m sure they’d only take that kind of risk in chambers not currently in use. Of course, since you’re not in King’s Landing…”

Sansa shrieked at that and punched his arm, making him laugh. He took her in his arms and kissed her suddenly, and as she felt his lips against hers, her irritation disappeared almost immediately.

“You two really are like normal siblings,” Myrcella commented, “save for the one minor difference, of course.”

Jon and Sansa looked at each other at that and sighed.

“Funny as it might sound, that minor difference is what made us be more like siblings again,” Jon murmured, and Sansa looked away guiltily.

“I’m sorry about that,” the redhead said, and he wrapped an arm around her.

“I’ve forgiven you,” Jon murmured, kissing her again.

“We’re almost there,” Myrcella smiled.

Sure enough, a moment later, they reached the entrance to a set of chambers that, as she led them inside, they knew at once were kept for someone who almost never used them. They were clean and spacious, but there wasn’t a single indication that they’d been lived in recently, and as Jon looked around, he was glad about that.

“This part of the keep will be completely unguarded at the moment,” Myrcella murmured. “The guards are focused on the perimeter, as they always do, and on the parts of the keep where people are actually living, so we should be safe for a while. The doors are locked too, so even if someone did try to get in, we’d have enough forewarning to be able to slip into the tunnels. All this is to say that we can pretty much do anything in here without fear of being caught.”

“And what exactly do you want to do?” Jon asked, and she blushed as Sansa slapped his shoulder.

“You can guess,” the redhead purred. “In case it bothers you, know that my grandfather hasn’t actually slept in this bed before. The old one was ruined when this part of the keep was flooded a couple years ago.”

“Your grandfather is the last thing I want to think about right now,” Jon rumbled. “As much as I can guess what you want. I’d like to hear you say it, Princess,” Jon grinned, feeling safe enough just then to be bold.

“I want you,” Myrcella breathed, stepping closer until he could see the vibrant pale green of her eyes. “Ever since that day in the forest, when I stumbled across you and Joffrey, I...”

Jon cupped her face, brushing his rough thumb over her cheek, and her breath hitched.

“I could get in a lot of trouble over this,” he murmured.

“You won’t get caught,” Myrcella promised. “We’ll use the most hidden, closed-off places I know of and I’ll drink moon tea. I just want to feel what it is that made Sansa moan and scream for you.”

“Cella,” Sansa whined, her face going red at that, and the blonde giggled, only to freeze as Jon wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her in.

“Tell me again what you want,” Jon murmured, his lips right by hers, and she shivered, staring into his gorgeous, dark purple eyes.

“You, Jon,” Myrcella replied. “I want...”

Before she could finish that, he captured her lips with his, and she squeaked. She froze again in his arms, standing still as a statue, and so he kissed her softly and slowly, coaxing her to relax for him. Next to them, Sansa whimpered, her eyes going wide as the sight of her brother kissing Myrcella made her soak through her small clothes in mere moments.

“No,” she thought to herself as the princess relaxed in Jon’s arms and started kissing him back. “*I was supposed to resent this at least a little bit...to make it easier to...oh, gods, they’re hot as fire together.*”

Myrcella moaned into Jon’s mouth as he brushed her tongue with his, and returned the gesture, pressing herself against his strong, hard body as she felt the heat in her core become almost maddeningly intense. She’d never felt this hot in her life, the feeling of his strong arms around her and his lips and tongue toying with hers making her hunger for things she’d never known and never desired nearly as much. He could kiss; that much was clear, and she felt her brain tingle with pleasure as she responded with equal passion, if not skill. Just as she felt like she needed to breathe and was about to pull back, she felt something very large and very hard press against her and gasped.

“Is that...” she went to ask, reaching down and palming him through his breeches, only to pull back when he gasped.

“That’s his cock, yes,” Sansa replied breathlessly. “Take it out for us.”

“Yes, I want to see it up close,” Myrcella breathed. “That’s a command from your princess.”

“As you wish,” Jon grinned, undoing his belt.

As he tossed it aside, his breeches fell and Myrcella let out a gasp, staring down at his rock-hard cock in awe.

“That’s...” she breathed.

“Bigger up close?” Sansa asked, and she nodded.

“I can’t believe this fit inside you,” Myrcella replied, sounding utterly awed.

“It will fit inside you too,” Sansa promised, and the princess turned to look at her, a slight grin forming on her face.

“You want to see me take your brother inside me, don’t you?” Myrcella asked impishly, making the redhead freeze. “There’s more to this than I thought, isn’t there?”

“N...no,” Sansa spluttered, flushing scarlet. “I...”

Myrcella snaked her arms around the other girl’s neck and stared into her eyes, smiling when she saw the desire radiating from them that she’d seen in Jon’s, and without hesitating for a moment, she leaned in and kissed her softly. Sansa froze, whimpering as she felt her knees buckle. This was wrong; girls didn’t kiss girls; it just wasn’t done.

“Girls don’t let their brothers fuck them either,” she thought to herself only to be drawn out of her panicked musing when she heard Jon groan.

She and Myrcella both looked at him hungrily, seeing his cock, which was so hard it almost looked purple, twitch in the air, leaking clear fluid that made the blonde furrow her brow in confusion.

“Is that piss?” she asked, and Jon chuckled, shaking his head.

“No, and it’s not seed either,” he replied. “It happens when I’m particularly hard.”

“And watching us kiss did that to you?” Myrcella asked before turning back to Sansa. “I think your brother wants us to continue.”

“Alright,” Sansa replied at once. “I...if it’s what you want, Jon.”

“Let’s undress each other,” Myrcella purred, kissing the redhead again.

Jon watched in awe, feeling harder than he ever had in his life as he watched the two most beautiful women he’d ever seen kiss as they helped each other out of their gowns. He wanted desperately to take himself in hand, yet he feared if he did so even a little, he’d not last more than a moment after

burying himself inside Myrcella, and he didn't want to disappoint her like that. As Sansa finished undoing the laces holding her green gown together and pulled it down to reveal the smooth, creamy skin of her back, he joined them, wrapping his arms around them both and peppering the blonde's neck with hot, wet kisses.

"Oh gods, I feel like I might burst," the princess moaned, throwing her head back and moaning in pleasure as Jon's large, rough hands came up to grasp her full breasts.

Sansa, absolutely lost in the sea of her desire, started kissing her friend's neck, copying what Jon was doing, and moved in even closer, accidentally brushing the blonde's hot cunt with her thigh. She cried out in pleasure, her legs shaking as she felt someone touch her so intimately for the first time in her life, and the redhead froze.

"Sorry, I..." she went to say.

"Do that again," Myrcella commanded, and Sansa quivered, grasping the blonde's hips and pulling her flush against her as she pushed her knee between her legs.

"Gods, you're both so beautiful," Jon groaned, kneading the princess' breasts as she ground her mound against his sister's thighs, feeling like a dog in heat. She was trapped between them, and for reasons she couldn't fathom, she liked that.

"Inside me, please!" Myrcella cried, and Jon nodded, gesturing for Sansa to go to the bed.

The redhead nodded and walked backward, sitting down the moment her legs touched the bed. She moved further back, her eyes locked onto Jon and Myrcella, and when he turned her around and cupped her cheek, staring into her eyes, the sheer heat and desire between them made her gush.

"How do you want me?" Jon asked, and Myrcella whimpered.

"I'd...the first time, I'd like it to be on my hands and knees," the blonde replied, and he nodded, twirling her around and pointing towards Sansa.

"When you're ready," Jon whispered in her ear, grinning widely as the princess climbed onto the bed and started crawling towards his sister. Her plump round ass swayed with her every movement, and he watched her eagerly, knowing that, while this might be the thing that ultimately killed him, he was going to enjoy himself while he could.

"I never should have gotten my first taste of pleasure," he thought to himself. "I'd never have even contemplated anything like this before. Hells, I'd be at the Wall right now if I hadn't learned the wonders of a woman's warmth."

"You don't need to keep your legs closed like that," Myrcella said, palming Sansa's knees. "You're going to see everything of me tonight, after all."

"Alright," Sansa replied weakly, spreading her legs and revealing her cunt to her friend.

Myrcella looked at the thick forest of red curls covering her friend's mound, so much like her golden curls, and was struck by a sudden desire to brush them with her fingers. Before she could act on that, though, she felt Jon's hands grasp her ass, and she froze, growing tense in anticipation of being filled by him, only to, instead, feel a tongue brush against her sensitive flesh. She cried out in surprise, lurching forward, and Sansa caught her, looking down at her with a wide smile.

“Doesn’t that feel marvelous?” the redhead asked.

“That...gah!” Myrcella cried as Jon’s long, dexterous tongue swiped across something that made sparks of pleasure race throughout her entire lower belly. “Oh, gods, why does that feel so good?”

“You taste amazing,” Jon groaned, noting the subtle differences between her and Sansa.

“Does she taste better than me?” his sister asked, feeling suddenly self-conscious, and he chuckled as he stared into her eyes, looking over Myrcella’s arse.

“Not at all,” Jon replied. “Gods, you’re so wet.”

“Is that good?” Myrcella asked.

“That’s very good,” Jon replied. “Feel how wet Sansa is.”

Both girls froze at that, unsure of how to respond, but as Myrcella continued to bask in the ecstasy of having someone explore her fleshy, pink folds with his tongue, she felt bold enough to reach out. Sansa nodded almost imperceptibly, wanting her friend to touch her there and yet not feeling comfortable asking for it. As the blonde spread her red curls aside with her thumbs, she threw her head back into the pillows and moaned.

“I don’t think I ever realized how much these look like lips,” the princess murmured, looking at a cunt up close for the first time that she could remember. “Does this...oh, gods! Jon, don’t stop...whatever you’re...fuck!”

Jon grinned, continuing to suck on the princess’ taut little pearl, and he pushed a single finger inside her. She was as hot, tight, and wet as Sansa, and yet as his long, meaty finger continued to push further into her, he eventually found an odd barrier she didn’t have, and it took him a moment to realize what it was.

“Her maidenhead,” he thought to himself. *“A princess has asked me to take her maidenhead for her.”*

He could barely fathom what had become of his life, and while part of him still realized that this was a terrible idea, he was too hard and overcome by his own desires to even consider backing away. He continued to eat her out, driving her closer and closer to her peak, and just when he thought that she was right on the edge of ecstasy, he quickly grabbed his tunic, shoved it between her legs, and, after taking a moment to line himself up, pushed inside her.

Myrcella had been lost in a world of bliss she hadn’t known existed when he stopped. The feeling of his tongue on her sensitive folds and whatever that incredible spot he’d found was, was incredible and something she didn’t want to ever end. When Jon stopped, she’d whipped her head around, wanting to command him to continue, but as she saw what he was doing, she went silent and looked away.

It would hurt, she knew, to have her maidenhead broken, and yet when she felt him push inside her for the first time, she was so close to orgasm that the slight sting of it, combined with the sudden fullness she felt, sent her over the edge. She screamed in pleasure, feeling ecstasy beyond anything she’d ever known thunder through her entire body, and Sansa, wanting to keep her quiet, did the only thing she could think of, capturing her lips with her own.

Jon groaned in pleasure, feeling the princess's tight, slick inner walls engulf his cock as Sansa kissed her. He gripped her wide hips as she writhed in their arms, holding her steady as he continued to push inside her spasming tunnel, slowly burying his shaft within her tight heat. Myrcella kissed Sansa back hungrily, their tongues tangling in their mouths, but as she came down from her peak, she moved back so she could pant for breath.

"What...by all the gods...was...oh!" Myrcella cried when she realized how incredibly full she seemed. She looked over at Jon, and her eyes went wide when she noticed that his hips really were pressed against her ass like she'd thought.

"I took it all?" she asked, and he nodded, reaching under her and cupping one of her breasts.

Pulling her back, he kissed her softly and said, "How do you feel?"

"Like I'm floating," Myrcella sighed. "It hurt a little when you pushed inside me, but I barely felt it before...that happened and now..."

"I broke my own maidenhead before I took him to bed," Sansa murmured. "You still had yours?"

"I did," Myrcella nodded, looking down at the blood on Jon's tunic. "I can always find a little blood to spill in its place. It's not like there's much here."

"Why'd you ruin your tunic?" Sansa asked.

"I figured it was probably best that the servants not find blood on these sheets," Jon replied. "I can always burn the tunic."

"I'll have it replaced," Myrcella promised, clenching her inner muscles around him and moaning loudly. "Gods, I feel so full."

"You feel incredible," Jon groaned. "Do you want to be on top for a while? You could control everything like that."

"No," Myrcella replied, shaking her head. "Later, certainly, but for now, I'd like you to show me what you just did to me, demonstrating on Sansa. If she moved closer, you should be able to lean over me and lick her."

"Not that I'd complain, but...why?" the redhead asked, and Myrcella looked away, blushing slightly.

"I...if you don't object...I'd like to...try it," the princess replied and Jon groaned, feeling his cock swell at the thought. "Oh, I felt that. I think your brother likes the idea."

"If...if you want to..." Sansa replied, and Jon grinned, leaning over Myrcella and burying his face between her legs.

It took the three of them a moment to figure out a position that would let him eat his sister out while allowing Myrcella to watch without having to pull out of her, but eventually the two of them moved onto their sides, and he started exploring her slick folds with his tongue. The princess watched, completely engrossed by the display, and as she felt her inner muscles start to relax around him, she began to move, rocking herself against him. Jon felt her start to move and, figuring that she was ready to continue, pulled most of his cock from her depths before thrusting back inside.

“Gods, yes!” Myrcella cried, her eyes going wide as she felt him brush against something inside her that made her see stars.

“Just like that,” Sansa moaned, gripping the sheets on either side of her as Jon swirled the tip of his tongue around her throbbing little nub.

“That doesn’t look difficult,” Myrcella murmured. “Let me try.”

Jon nodded, pulling away from Sansa, and groaned in pleasure when Myrcella immediately started flicking the tip of her tongue against her clit. Moving her back onto her hands and knees, he fucked her at a measured pace, still letting her get used to the feeling of him inside her, and soon the room was filled with the muffled moans of two girls racing towards orgasm at once.

“It’s a good thing I’ll never be able to tell another living soul about this because no one would ever believe me anyway,” Jon thought to himself in amusement as he started to pick up his pace, fucking Myrcella with long, hard strokes.

He couldn’t say what this was going to lead to, and he knew all too well that if he ever got caught, it would be his death, but for the moment, he was more than happy to just enjoy himself and the pair of insanely beautiful girls who had decided that they both wanted him.