

“Oh!” Myrcella gasped, grinding her leaking slit on Sansa’s face as the redhead lapped at her fleshy folds eagerly, drinking down every drop of Jon’s seed she could get. “Oh, gods, that feels so fucking good.”

“Such language from a princess,” Jon teased, reaching forward and digging his fingers into her fleshy hips as he continued to fuck his sister with long, hard strokes.

Myrcella looked at him over her shoulder and grinned, saying, “I suppose we can blame you for that, Jon. You’ve corrupted me so.”

Jon grimaced at that as the blonde turned back towards the wall, the guilt and fear he’d been actively suppressing since he started this madness creeping up once more. It was bad enough when he was just fucking his sister, something that was, in many ways, worse than what she’d drawn him into more recently, but he knew that the king wouldn’t see it that way if they were ever caught. He’d deflowered a princess, King Robert’s only daughter, and that was a crime far greater than incest. It was wrong, he knew, and he truly should have stopped this long ago, yet he found he just didn’t have the strength to. Myrcella and Sansa were the most beautiful girls he’d ever seen, and losing himself in their passion was the most intoxicating thing he’d ever known.

Sansa tapped Myrcella’s hip, and the blonde reluctantly lifted herself up on her knees, looking down at her friend in concern. “Did you need a moment to breathe?”

“No, I’m breathing through my nose,” the redhead replied. “I just wanted to say that Jon can’t really be blamed for your language. We’ve both heard how your father speaks.”

Myrcella chuckled at that and lowered her dripping cunt back down onto the other girl’s mouth.

“Tis true, my father is quite fond of cursing, particularly when he’s in his cups,” the blonde murmured, looking back at Jon. He cocked an eyebrow at her, noting the mischievous glint in her beautiful green eyes, and she added, “You have played a role in making me speak more like him, though, Jon, and I think you should repay me for that.”

“As soon as Sansa cums, I’ll happily *repay* you, princess,” Jon grinned, and she giggled, shaking her head.

“That’s not quite what I had in mind,” Myrcella murmured, looking back towards the wall and tightening her grip on the headboard of their bed as she leaned forward. “For corrupting a princess of the realm, there can be only one possible price. Kiss my behind, you roguish knight.”

“*Not the price I’d pay if this was for real*,” Jon said, lowering himself down and grabbing two handfuls of the princess’ pale, fleshy arse.

He could hear Sansa giggled, under the gyrating blonde’s quim, and she wrapped her legs more tightly around his waist as she felt him shift his position, letting him press his lips against her right buttock.

“Mmm, I could get used to that,” Myrcella sighed, utterly delighted by how he went along with her silliness.

Jon, feeling Sansa’s tight inner walls flutter around him, started fucking her harder, keeping his pace steady and grinning when she started to squirm on the bed. He continued planting hot kisses on Myrcella’s arse, making the princess giggle in delight even as she moaned in pleasure, and when

she shook slightly, feeling Sansa's lips wrap around her throbbing clit, he accidentally ended up with his face between her wonderfully round cheeks and paused. He knew that she'd bathed before coming to them, and as he smelled nothing but a hint of sweat and musk there, he decided to try something he'd not even considered before and kissed her tight rosette directly.

"Ahh!" Myrcella gasped, looking back at him in shock as a spark of pleasure shot through her without warning. "What did you...gah!"

Jon, not tasting anything unpleasant, decided to go a step further and swiped the tip of his tongue across her arsehole, drawing a shocked, pleased cry from the blonde.

"Oh, gods, why does that...ahh!" Myrcella cried, writhing in ecstasy as the two siblings she'd taken to bed started eating out her holes together.

Never, in her most depraved dreams, would she have imagined getting someone to lick her there, and she was shocked by just how incredibly good it felt. On its own, she didn't know if it could have made her cum, but with Sansa working absolute magic on her clit at the same time, it was one of the most intense things she'd ever felt. She gripped the headboard so tightly her knuckles turned white and threw her head back as a string of wordless moans and cries spilled from her lips. Four hands gripped her hips tightly as she writhed in bliss, holding her steady, and just as she thought the pressure in her core was going to drive her mad, the dam broke and she shrieked in ecstasy, cumming hard.

"Oh gods, oh gods, oh gods!" Sansa cried as Jon pulled Myrcella's convulsing form back onto her chest. "Harder, Jon! Ha...GODS!"

The redhead screamed as she came, clawing at the bedding above her head as pleasure thundered through her, and Jon, whose self-control had already been reaching its limits, let go with a strangled groan, filling her up with rope after thick rope of his seed. The three of them writhed together, riding out the waves of ecstasy in each other's embrace, and when it finally ended, Jon pulled his softening cock from Sansa's depths and rolled onto his back, panting for breath.

"Can't...believe...you did that," Myrcella panted, dragging herself off of the redhead and settling down on Jon's right side.

"Did what?" Sansa panted, rolling over and resting her head on the left side of his chest.

"I licked her arse," Jon replied, and Sansa pushed herself up, looking down at him and grimacing openly.

"Gross!" the redhead exclaimed.

Jon shrugged, saying, "It smelled clean and I didn't taste anything bad; clearly it felt good too."

Sansa gave Myrcella a querying look, making the princess blush as she said, "It was...strangely good."

"I could do it, you next time, so long as you bathe before we start," Jon offered, and the redhead looked away, contemplating whether or not she wanted to try it.

As she rested her head back down on his chest, she whispered, "Are we deviants?"

“You two are siblings who fuck, and I’m an unwed princess who decided to take a brother and sister to bed together,” Myrcella replied dryly. “That hasn’t been in question for some time now.”

Sansa whimpered at that, and Jon rubbed her back, kissing her forehead.

“We’re not hurting anyone, and we’re being careful not to get caught,” he said comfortingly.

“I suppose,” Sansa sighed.

“Do you want to stop?” Jon asked, and she looked up at him in panic, shaking her head.

“Gods no,” Sansa replied. “I just wish there was nothing wrong with what we do.”

Jon sighed at that and settled back, ghosting his hands over their smooth, pale backs as he contemplated that. What they were doing was wrong; they all knew it and deeply foolish too, but they’d all come to crave it deeply. If it was just the physical pleasure, incredible as that was, he might have been able to give it up more easily, but the intimacy of it all was at least as addictive as everything else. He’d not had a bad life growing up, but physical affection was something that he experienced less and less as he got older and he hadn’t realized how much he wanted it. Just lying there entwined in their arms was a joy like few others and one of the things he was going to miss most when this inevitably ended.

“I’ll still go to the Wall eventually,” he thought to himself. “I can enjoy all this in the meantime and let the memories of it warm me in the years to come.”

“Who do you face on the morrow again?” Sansa asked.

“Ser Loras,” Jon replied, an excited grin forming on his face.

“You should be proud, Jon,” Myrcella purred, pushing herself up and brushing his hair with her fingers as she stared into his eyes. “You’ve made it to the final four in your first joust.”

“I am,” Jon replied happily. “Truth be told, I figured the melee would be the event I’d do best in.”

“You’ve always been a natural on a horse,” Sansa beamed. “It must run in the family.”

“Oh?” Myrcella asked.

“I overheard Father and his Grace earlier discussing my late aunt,” Sansa replied. “Father said that she was an incredible rider too.”

“Truly?” Myrcella asked.

“He rarely speaks of her,” Jon murmured. “I doubt he would at all if the king didn’t bring her up.”

“Had she lived, so much would have been different,” Myrcella murmured, rolling onto her back and staring up at the ceiling.

“You wouldn’t be here,” Sansa pointed out.

“True,” the blonde replied. *“My parents also wouldn’t be trapped in a marriage that makes them both miserable, of course.”*

“Do you think you’ll beat Ser Loras?” Sansa asked, and Jon chuckled.

“Out of the three options I had for this next bout, he’s probably the one I had the greatest chance against, but I would say the odds are in his favor,” he conceded. “We’re both good riders, but he is more experienced and, I think, better with a lance than I am.”

“Just don’t let him unnerve you,” Myrcella said, rolling back over and rubbing a hand over his shoulder, noting the bruises already formed there. “Some of his matches have ended so strangely, it was as though his opponent forgot how to ride a horse.”

“Maybe his armor is so shiny the reflection of the sun bothered the horses,” Sansa suggested.

“I wouldn’t think that likely,” Jon murmured. “I’m glad I didn’t end up with the Mountain, though. His brother was tough enough.”

His shoulder still smarted from his final match of the day, when he managed to unhorse Sandor Clegane. It was a near thing, and he’d nearly fallen off of Dawn, his beloved mare, more than once in the course of it, but in the end, he’d managed to hit the large man in their final tilt just hard enough to knock him on his arse.

“I hope you don’t end up facing him at all,” Sansa shuddered, recalling all too well how the giant of a man had slain one of his opponents that day. “Please tell me Ser Jaime can beat him.”

“Of course he can beat him,” Myrcella chuckled, “but Ser Gregor is a challenging foe at the best of times, and while, if I were to wager coin, I’d put it on my uncle; that match could easily go either way.”

“I don’t want you to get hurt,” Sansa fretted.

“I’ll be fine,” Jon said confidently. “If I beat Ser Loras and the Mountain beats Ser Jaime, then I’ll have to face him in the final round but, not to speak ill of the dead, I think I’m a better rider than that poor man he killed earlier today.”

“Poor Ser Hugh,” Myrcella sighed. “He squired for Lord Jon and was knighted by my father after he died. Truth be told, I don’t think he was ready for it.”

“Jon’s not a knight, though,” Sansa said, still worried.

“No, and I’m grateful to the king for allowing non-knights to enter the lists in this tourney,” Jon murmured, recalling that it was a decision King Robert had made on the grounds that Northerners didn’t care for knighthoods as Southerners did. “I have made it this far, though, and I’ve been trained since we got here by the finest knights in the realm. I might well lose to Ser Loras, as well.”

“I just don’t want anything to happen to you,” Sansa sighed, hugging him tightly, and he hugged her back.

“Tournaments are dangerous things, and I knew that going in, but I am a capable warrior and rider,” Jon murmured. “The gods be good, I’ll be perfectly alright.”

“I could also impress upon Ser Gregor that there have been enough deaths already here,” Myrcella said.

“Myrcella, I don’t think...” Jon went to say.

“I am the king’s daughter and Lord Tywin’s granddaughter,” Myrcella said imperiously. “He would listen to me.”

“That’s not my concern,” Jon replied. “People have already noticed how openly you favor me, and we really don’t want them paying close attention to us. If I have to face Ser Gregor, I will give the match my all, and that will be that. Do you have any reason to think he’d actively try to harm me? It’s not like I know him or have had cause to offend him.”

“No,” Myrcella admitted. “He is frightfully strong, though. Watch his match against my uncle keenly.”

“I would have regardless, but especially if there’s a chance I’ll face the victor,” Jon nodded. “They’re up first, at any rate, so that will be easy.”

“We should probably go,” Myrcella murmured, standing up on shaky legs and stretching her arms over her head, giving them both a clear view of her incredible body.

Jon let his eyes feast on the vision of her, focusing on her large, supple breasts in particular, and grinning when he saw not a single drop of seed drying on her thighs. Sansa had been very thorough.

“I guess you’re right,” the redhead sighed, getting out of bed as well. “You should get some sleep, Jon.”

“You’re right,” Jon nodded. The final matches of the joust were tomorrow, as was the melee, and he hoped to participate in both, if his body proved able. He had no doubt that his left shoulder was going to be numb by the end of the joust, particularly if he defeated Ser Loras, and while he wanted to fight in the melee, doing so with one functioning arm would be stupid, even for a man who regularly fucked a princess he shouldn’t have even looked at.

“I’ll leave it in the hands of the gods,” he thought to himself as he started getting dressed.

“I shouldn’t have worn it at all,” Ned grumbled as he looked down at the snapped leather strap he’d been using to hold Ice in place on his back.

“Could I hold it until we go back?” Arya asked, gazing lovingly down at the sheathed sword in her hands, and Robert cackled at the look in her eye.

“It’s fine, Ned,” the king chuckled. “I was surprised you brought it at all.”

“Arya asked me to...repeatedly, and Jon convinced me to indulge her,” Ned replied quietly, smiling despite himself when he saw Arya in her seat, holding their family greatsword like a walking stick. *“For her, it practically could be one.”*

“I, for one, think it’s great,” Robert sighed, leaning back in his chair. “Wish I’d brought my hammer. Could have shown these young, unblooded men what it looks like to see a warrior carry a true weapon around.”

"Is it the same warhammer you used to kill Rhaegar?" Arya asked, earning a warning look from her father.

"It is," Robert nodded, his eyes darkening as an old, familiar rage welled up in him. "Sometimes I wish I'd never cleaned it, that his precious dragon blood still stained the hammer as it did at the Trident."

"My love, perhaps we should focus on the day's fights," Cersei said dryly, looking over at her daughter and Sansa and fighting the urge to scowl. *"I should have dissuaded her sooner from befriending the little twit. They've been thick as thieves since we got back to the capital. If only you knew what a little slut she really is, my daughter."*

"Right, right," Robert muttered, knocking back the rest of his cup of wine. "Get this started! We'll never get through the melee today if the joust drags on through the entire morning."

"My brother and Ser Gregor are coming out now," Cersei murmured, smiling as she always did when she saw Jaime.

"Who do you think will win?" Arya asked, looking up at Ned. "Ser Jaime's clearly better, but the Mountain's huge."

"Size and strength aren't quite everything in a joust," Robert replied before Ned could. "I've seen the Mountain knocked on his giant arse more than once over the years."

Arya chuckled at that as Cersei rolled her eyes.

"As good as Ser Gregor is, I do expect my brother to prevail," she replied.

"I don't know about that, Mother," Joffrey piped up. "Uncle Jaime looks a bit...tired."

Cersei furrowed her brow, noticing that, as Jaime put his helmet on, he did look a little green. Joffrey grinned to himself, figuring that the decoction he'd slipped his uncle, the previous knight, had done its job. It had been a simple matter to convince Pycelle that he was having trouble shitting and needed help, and just as easy to get what the old fool gave him into his uncle's wine. Normally he'd have taken pride in seeing the man prevail, as they shared blood, and thus what reflected well on him reflected well on all of them, but he wanted Ser Gregor in the final round.

"If I need to wait until the melee to see him gut the bastard, so be it, but if he gets a chance to kill him in the joust like he did that ginger fool yesterday, then that will look even more naturally like an accident," he thought to himself.

The match began, and he watched with keen interest as his uncle and Ser Gregor urged their horses onward. The first tilt passed with both men breaking their lances upon the other's shields, and Joffrey furrowed his brow, seeing his uncle sit upon his horse looking little different than he had in every other joust he'd ever watched him in. The two turned and raced towards each other again, and Jaime managed to evade the Mountain's lance entirely, breaking a second one against him, this time managing to hit his breastplate.

Ser Jaime Lannister, quite possibly the greatest knight of his age, was, as it turned out, really good on a horse, and Joffrey grew more and more irritated as the match went on. Ser Gregor was a capable knight as well, but the difference in skill between them was eminently apparent and after a few minutes of this, the crown prince resigned himself to the fact that he was probably going to

have to wait until later that day to watch Jon Snow get what he deserved. It was irritating, but so long as the Mountain did as he said he would, it would all be worthwhile.

“Is something wrong with your brother?” Robert asked as he watched Ser Jaime and Ser Gregor break another pair of lances against each other, bringing the total to nine each.

“What do you mean?” Cersei asked primly, making her husband roll his eyes.

“He’s tiring sooner than normal for him,” Robert murmured, his keen eyes taking in every detail of the joust despite the fact that he was already two cups in for the day. He was a born warrior, and even if he had turned into a fat drunk in the past decade, he was still able to pick up on things in battle that others often missed.

“I’m certain that he...” Cersei went to say when the Mountain’s lance caught Ser Jaime right in the abdomen, sending him flying off his horse to the ground below. “...is under the weather, yes. Get up, Jaime.”

“Is he alright?” Myrcella asked, sighing in relief when she watched her uncle get to his feet and stumble towards the tents, looking oddly desperate to get away, even for a knight who had just lost a joust.

“The winner is, Ser Gregor Clegane,” the herald called out, smiling as the crowd erupted in cheers. “Ser Gregor will face the winner the next match between Ser Loras Tyrell of Highgarden and Se...Jon Snow of Winterfell.”

“Your boy’s proven himself to be a natural on a horse,” Robert grinned, looking at Ned as Cersei excused herself to go check on Jaime.

“More than I knew,” Ned admitted, and both Sansa and Myrcella smiled as they looked at him, knowing that they’d played a part in preparing Jon for this.

As they did, the princess noticed how oddly pleased her brother looked and furrowed her brow in confusion and suspicion. He generally hated when a Lannister or a Baratheon fell in a contest like this, being self-obsessed enough to see it as a reflection of him and Myrcella grew wary at just how happy he looked while he watched Ser Gregor make his way to the tent, making room for the participants of the next match.

“It’s possible that he’d just developed a fondness for the Mountain’s particular sort of brutality,” Myrcella thought to herself, yet even as she did, she wondered if there was more to it than that, not that she could think of just what it could be.

“Just one or two more, girl,” Jon murmured to Dawn as he urged her onward, grimacing when he got a clearly irritated whinny in response.

He’d ridden her hard the previous day, he knew, and part of him wished just then that he’d not ransomed back everything he’d taken from his defeated opponents the day before, as while getting used to riding another man’s horse during a bout in a joust would have had its drawbacks, it would have given her a rest.

She was generally a gentle horse and had been since he first started riding her a few years ago. It had been Bran who helped him pick her name, commenting that her light chestnut coat looked like the sun at dawn, and he'd liked it so much, he went with it immediately. He'd been in the process of accepting that he'd have to leave her behind at Winterfell, knowing that a charger like her wouldn't far as well as a garron north of the Wall, but when his plans changed, he took her south instead, happy to be able to ride her for a while longer.

As he emerged from the tent, he saw Ser Loras riding around and putting on a performance for the crowd and barely resisted the urge to shake his head. The Knight of Flowers had done this the previous day quite a bit too, something that Jon thought was more silly than anything else. He was an undoubtedly skilled rider, however, and he knew that this bout was likely to be at least as difficult as his match with Sandor Clegane had been the day before. When he saw his new opponent give Sansa a white rose, his eyes narrowed.

"Gods, please let me best this man," he thought to himself, the sight of Sansa's blushing face making something deeply unpleasant well up inside him.

"Ready, Jon?" Jory asked, handing him his lance, and Jon nodded. It had been at his father's request that the captain of his household guard serve, essentially, as his squire in this, something he'd been both honored by and felt bad about. "He's a showman at heart, skilled and not someone you shouldn't take seriously, but he'd be performing for the crowd. Take advantage of his flourishes and you might well best him."

"Thank you," Jon replied, "and thank you again for this."

"You've said that multiple times now," Jory chuckled, patting Dawn's flank. "Good luck."

"And so we come to the second-last match of the joust," the herald called out. "Ser Loras Tyrell faces Jon Snow. Both men have faced numerous opponents since this began and, through strength of arms and skill, have prevailed. The winner of this match will face Ser Gregor in the final and have a chance to win not just glory but the prize of forty thousand gold dragons."

Jon let out a breath at that, having barely focused on the prize up to that point. In truth, he hadn't really expected to get this far, and even when he made it to the final four the previous night, he'd been too excited about his success and the celebration that he knew would follow later on to give it much thought.

"What the fuck will I even do with that much coin if I win?" he thought to himself.

"Begin!" the herald called out, waving a flag between them, and he quickly put that question out of his mind. There was no use getting ahead of himself, after all.

"That's it," he breathed as Dawn began galloping forward, keeping his breathing steady and his face focused on Ser Loras' gleaming silver armor.

The sun was behind him, and the Knight of Flowers did indeed shine in it, but it wasn't so bad that he thought it would distract him, so he decided that Sansa's theory from the previous night was probably wrong. He kept himself steady, waiting until the last possible moment to shift in his saddle, and at the last moment he moved to the right, evading the knight's lance while driving his own into his shield. The wood shattered loudly, Jon having achieved a direct hit, and his eyes widened when he saw that Ser Loras barely moved in his saddle.

“He’s strong,” he thought to himself, accepting another lance from Jory before turning Dawn around.

The sun was in front of him now, and his own armor was a far duller gray, so he knew that he would make no distraction at all for his opponent. He urged his horse onward, aiming his lance at Ser Loras’ chest, and he tried to evade him again, but the knight was too quick, hitting him right in the center of his shield while shifting almost entirely out of the way of his blow. Jon grunted, feeling the reverberation of the blow jolt through his arm, and he shook his head, looking at his lance and seeing that it was in good enough shape to continue.

“He was much quicker that time,” he thought to himself. *“Was he merely trying to test the strength of my arm in that first tilt, or was he distracted by something?”*

He watched Loras grab another lance and dug his heels into Dawn’s flanks, racing back towards him. They both shattered their lances against the other on that round, as they did for the next six straight, Jon’s shoulder getting sorer and sorer with each blow against his shield.

“Are you alright?” Jory asked, handing him yet another lance as he moved back into position in his saddle.

“Ask me in an hour,” Jon called out, tugging on Dawn’s reins to turn her around.

Ser Loras’ last lance had struck truer than the others, shattering against Jon’s breastplate, and he’d only barely held on. The knight was every bit as good as both his reputation and his matches the previous day suggested, and the young bastard knew that he needed to think of something soon, for though he’d landed his share of hits so far, they’d done little against his opponent.

“I need to feint,” he thought to himself as Dawn raced forward again. *“He’s bloody nimble, but if I look like I’m moving for his shield a hair sooner than normal, he might move right into my path.”*

Figuring it was worth a shot, he took a steadying breath as he drew close to Ser Loras and made it look like he’d aimed too soon. Sure enough, the Knight of Flowers shifted in his saddle, reacting to an attempted blow as he aimed his own lance at Jon’s chest, but just as they were about to meet, Dawn let out a shriek of pain and lurched to the right. Not having time to react, Jon just held himself still and gasped as Loras’ lance passed right over his helmet and struck the knight right in the chest. He was sent flying, crashing hard into the ground, and Jon nearly joined him, only barely managing to stay in the saddle as Dawn righted herself and started limping forward.

“Dawn,” he called out, practically jumping out of the saddle and following her forward, grimacing when he saw how clearly she was favoring her front right leg. “What happened?”

“She misstepped,” Jory replied, taking the reins from him and speaking soothingly to the young mare. “It was a minor stumble, and it’s not like she broke her leg, but I doubt that tickled either.”

“Fuck,” Jon muttered, watching as Jory calmly led her forward.

She followed him, limping but not fighting him, and he breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that she could put her weight on her bad leg, even if she clearly didn’t want to.

“Is your mare alright?” Ser Loras asked, and Jon nearly jumped, turning around and looking at his opponent sheepishly.

“Sorry I didn’t help you up, Ser,” he said. “I...”

“I understand,” Ser Loras chuckled as the herald announced that Jon was the winner of the match. “I’d wager she’ll be fine, but you won’t be able to ride her in the next match.”

“Right,” Jon sighed, wincing at that. “Not exactly how I wanted to win our match, that.”

“My brother says that every victory in this life is a mixture of skill and dumb luck, and he’s far smarter than I am, so it must be true,” Ser Loras replied with an easy smile. “I believe I owe you a ransom, though I imagine you’ll want to hold off on that for the moment.”

“Right, your horse,” Jon nodded, looking at the tall gray charger whose reins Ser Loras was holding.

“This is Iris,” the knight said. “She’s a gentle thing yet fierce, and she will serve you well in this final match, though I’m going to want her back afterward.”

“Of course,” Jon nodded, taking the reins from the other man and brushing his gauntleted hand against her neck. “Well fought, Ser Loras. That was a fantastic match before the end.”

“Indeed it was,” Ser Loras replied, nodding and heading off towards his squire.

“Can’t say he wasn’t honorable in defeat,” Jory murmured. “While you two were speaking, the herald announced that the final match will start in a quarter hour to give you and that giant a chance to rest. Do you have a plan for him?”

“Don’t get hit?” Jon asked, making the older man snort.

“The classic then,” he drawled. “I’ll get Dawn to the stables and have the stableboys tend to her.”

“Thank you,” Jon sighed, hoping that his horse was alright as he watched her be led off. Turning to Iris, who seemed quite bizarrely uninterested in him just then, he sighed and said, “I suppose we should become more acquainted.”

Every horse was a little bit different, and switching from one he’d been riding for years to one he met a few minutes ago would have been an adjustment in itself. Having to do so mere minutes before he was going to have to joust against the largest man he’d ever seen in his life was far from ideal, but the alternative was yielding, and he wasn’t about to do that. He climbed into her saddle and rode her around a stretch of the tourney grounds to help him grow more used to her, finding, to his relief, that she was a well-trained and accommodating mount.

“Jon?” Ned asked after a few minutes, and he turned to look at his father in surprise.

“Father?” Jon asked

“Son,” Ned smiled. “I’m proud of you. Making it to the final match of a joust is no small feat.”

“Thank you,” Jon said, dismounting Iris and walking closer to his father. “Did I see Arya holding Ice just now?”

“The strap I attached it with broke,” Ned muttered. “Listen, son, you’ve proven yourself very capable today, and, as I said, I am proud, but there would be no shame in conceding on the grounds that your horse is unable to continue.”

“I have Ser Loras’ horse, though,” Jon said, furrowing his brow in confusion.

“A horse you’ve ridden for perhaps ten minutes now,” Ned sighed, moving closer. “Jon, Gregor Clegane is a dangerous man. By all rights, his head should have mounted a spike long, long ago. He is not the sort of opponent you want to face with any sort of disadvantage. You saw what he did to that poor man from the Vale.”

“Men die in tourneys, Father,” Jon said. “I knew that going in.”

“Jon...” went to argue.

“I swore when I entered the joust that I would continue until I was defeated or could not go on,” Jon replied. “I know what he is, and I know I may well not win this, but I mean to give it my all. It will be alright.”

Ned went to reply to that, only to sigh as he realized that his son’s mind was made up. “I shall pray that it is so.”

“Say, do you think forty thousand gold dragons would be enough to replace the broken tower?” Jon asked. As Ned just blinked at him slowly, he added, “It would stop Bran from climbing the damn thing.”

“By that logic, I should have it torn down,” his father replied. “Towers are a little more expensive than that, and I’m sure you’ll find things to spend your gold on for yourself, should you win it. Good luck, son.”

“Thank you,” Jon smiled as his father hugged him, returning it.

A horn sounded then, and Ned sighed. “You’re up.”

Jon nodded and put his helmet back on before mounting Iris.

“Um, Jon?” Rory asked, looking at the gray mare like he was trying to figure out some grand puzzle about her.

“What is it?” Jon asked, and the older man looked like he was about to say something, only to decide against it.

“It’s not like he has another horse,” Jory thought to himself, “and I might be wrong.”

“I just wanted to say, try not to get hit,” the guard replied, handing him a lance.

“That is the plan,” Jon quipped, heading out onto the grounds.

Ser Gregor emerged a moment later, and the young bastard let out a long, slow breath at the sight of him.

“Fuck me, he got to be a foot taller than Hodor,” he thought to himself, “thought admittedly, some of that would be his armor and that giant fucking horse he’s riding. Where in the hells do they breed them that big?”

The Mountain that Rides deserved his name, looking more like a mountain of muscle and metal than a man just then. He was huge, immensely tall with massive shoulders and arms like small tree trunks, and as he sat atop his horse then, wearing thick black armor that looked thicker than any suit Jon had ever seen, it was hard to imagine how anything might dislodge him from his horse.

“Even Ser Duncan the Tall lost jousts,” Jon reminded himself as he took his position. “I just need to hit the cunt really, really hard in the right spot and hope he doesn’t send me careening back to Winterfell.”

“And so we come to our final match,” the herald called out. “Ser Gregor Clegane faces Jon Snow of Winterfell. Gentlemen, you know what’s at stake, and you clearly know what to do, so...begin!”

He waved the flag between them, and Jon bade Iris forward, quickly noting that, at full speed, she was faster than Dawn. That was something he wished he’d realized sooner, and because of it, he failed to get his lance into position in time, missing Ser Gregor completely, though as they passed each other, that was the last of his concerns. The Mountain’s lance came high, seemingly aimed right at his head. He ducked under it, growling at the attempt to intimate him, and urged Iris to continue on, furrowing his brow when he heard Ser Gregor’s horse let out a clearly irritated whine behind him.

“Go,” the Mountain growled, his voice like stone cracking, and Jon turned Iris around, glaring at the massive knight, who had managed to get his horse back under control.

“What in the world is wrong with his horse?” he wondered to himself as he dug his heels into Iris’ flanks.

The mare sped forward, racing towards the Mountain, who leaned forward in his saddle, pressing his weight down on his massive destrier as he aimed his lance towards him. The horse again proved difficult to control, and when he veered suddenly away at the last moment, Jon saw an opening and took it, driving his lance right into Ser Gregor’s ribs. The force of the blow knocked him to the side, and Jon’s eyes went wide as saucers when he saw that he was actually dragging his horse down. Both fell on their sides with a thunderous crash, and for a brief moment, the crowd sat stunned and silent, barely able to believe what they’d just seen, though that quickly passed and they erupted in cheers.

“I won,” Jon thought to himself, struggling to comprehend it. *“I actually won.”*

He smiled widely, turning Iris around and looking to the center platform where the king, who was laughing at how things had ended, was seated with his family and Jon’s own. As he spotted Sansa and Myrcella, he froze, realizing that he was going to have to crown someone with flowers as the winner.

“I should just crown Sansa,” he thought to himself as he dismounted. *“Myrcella will understand that I don’t want to draw attention to us, and it’s not as though she’ll be...”*

“Sword!” Ser Gregor roared, and Jon turned to see the man’s squire running towards him with his sword.

The mountain drew it and beheaded his horse with one strike before turning to him and marching forward.

“Oh, fuck,” he thought to himself, suddenly intimately aware of the fact that he was armed with nothing but a shield.

“Jon!” Arya cried, and he turned to see her throwing Ice at him.

He caught the blade just as Ser Gregor reached him, parrying his downward swing with the greatsword and using its edge to pull the scabbard off. His father jumped to his feet, glaring at Arya when he realized that he was unarmed, and the Stark guards there rushed towards them as he walked backward, parrying the next few blows and desperately redirecting them away as best as he could, not wanting to feel the full strength of his monstrous foe’s arms.

“Clegane!” Robert roared. “Stop this now! That’s an order from your king.”

Whatever madness had overcome the Mountain, it deafened him to that, and just as the guards drew closer, Jon noticed something in the giant’s sword that he thought he could use to his advantage: a nick in the blade near its hilt. Figuring that disarming him would help and knowing that he wielded Valyrian steel just then, the next time the Mountain tried to bring his blade down on him, rather than sidestep it or try to knock it away, he met the blow directly, swinging ice up to meet it and hitting that weak point directly. As he’d hoped, Ice cut through the other sword, sending most of the long blade flying behind him. That wasn’t all it did, though, and the next thing Jon knew, hot liquid was splashing through his visor, getting in his eyes and momentarily blinding him.

“Fuck!” Jon cried, backing away as fast as he could as he tried to blink away the stinging liquid in his eyes, and only when he heard a string of gasps come from the crowd did he realize just what had blinded him.

“Someone call a maester!” he heard the queen cry, sounding terrified.

“That dumb prick needs a septon not a maester,” Robert replied, and just as he said that, Jon heard a thunderous sound as Ser Gregor fell to the ground, clutching at his opened throat.

He hadn’t intended to kill him and had been too distracted by how his arms were shaking from the blow he absorbed with his father’s sword to feel that he’d cut through the Mountain’s coif. As he ripped his helmet off, finally able to see again, though his vision was still blurry, he spotted the gurgling, shaking form of the dying knight he’d killed and felt his stomach lurch.

“Guards, seize him!” Joffrey screamed, and Robert looked at him like he was insane. “He murdered a knight.”

“I give the orders here, boy, not you,” he rumbled, “and that was not murder. What the fuck was that, Clegane?”

“My brother’s always been a mad cunt,” Sandor shrugged, looking happier than anyone there had ever seen him before.

“Jon, are you hurt?” Sansa asked as she and Myrcella rushed over to him with Ned and Arya.

“That was incredible!” Arya exclaimed. Looking down at the Mountain, who had finally gone still, she asked, “Can we mount his head on something?”

“Arya!” Ned hissed.

“What?” Arya asked. “He tried to kill Jon.”

“Do you want me to clean this for you?” Jon asked, offering Ned Ice and his father shook his head, taking it from him and giving him a one-armed hug. “I’m fine, Sansa. A little battered, and my arms are slightly numb but fine.”

“I’m so sorry about that,” Myrcella breathed, trying to will her racing heart to slow. “I don’t know what came over him.”

“Gregor’s always...” Sandor went to say as he joined them, going silent and smiling as he realized something. “Gregor always *had* a temper, and he never liked losing. I guess the shame of losing to a bastard was too much for him. I’m sorry, kid, and well-fought.”

With that, he walked up to his brother, grabbing his arms and testing his weight.

“If some of you fuckers don’t come help me with this, we’re going to smell his giant, rotting carcass over the shit of Flea Bottom!” he called out.

“Guards, take him away,” Robert commanded, watching as a half dozen men went to help the Hound carry his brother off. He made his way over to the Starks and sighed, saying, “I’m sorry about that, Ned, and you too, Jon.”

“I’m alive, your Grace...somehow,” Jon sighed, feeling the soreness in his arms, shoulders, and the rest of his upper body more and more as the excitement of the battle passed.

“Robert, my father...” Cersei went to say, looking genuinely frightened.

“Your father is going to be told that one of his bannermen tried to murder Lord Stark’s son in full view of the king and half the lords of the realm,” Robert glared. “He’ll be unhappy to learn about the outcome, but if Clegane had succeeded, I’d have had him executed anyway, so it’s a rather moot point. I’ve seen the Mountain lose tourneys before, and he’s always had a thunderous temper, but he’d never tried to kill over it before. That was...bizarre, among other things.”

“Yes, it was,” Myrcella replied, looking as Joffrey stomped off, looking furious. “*Tell me you didn’t, brother.*”

“Well, you won the joust, Jon, so the forty thousand dragons are yours,” Robert said, paying Cersei no heed as she left. “We still need you to crown a Queen of Love and Beauty...”

“Sansa, the crown’s yours,” Jon smiled, and for the first time since Gregor drew his blade on him, the redhead smiled. “I’d put it on you, but my arms are tinging so badly; I fear I’d break it.”

“Thank you,” Sansa breathed, smiling as Myrcella retrieved the crown of blue and white flowers and placed it on her head.

“The archery contest is up next, which will give the servants all the time they’ll need to finish setting everything up for the melee,” Robert murmured. “Now, I need to go take a piss.”

With that, he turned and left, and Jon let go of a breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding.

“Are you certain you’re alright?” Ned asked.

“Yes, but I think I’m going to remove my name from the list for the melee,” Jon replied.

“I can take care of that,” Myrcella murmured. “I’m sorry again about what happened, and I am so glad that you prevailed.”

“It’s not your fault,” Arya said, looking confused.

“No, but he was my grandfather’s bannerman,” Myrcella replied. “Excuse me.”

She stalked off, quickly finding the servants her father put in charge of maintaining the lists and getting them to strike Jon’s name from it, and then going off to find Joffrey, who standing by a tree off on the grounds, looking like he wanted to put his fist through it.

“Princess, I would be remiss if I did not point out that approaching just now would be a poor idea,” Ser Mandon murmured, and she nodded.

“I have just one question,” Myrcella replied, smirking when she saw that Ser Boros was guarding him. “Brother.”

“Myrcella, not now,” Joffrey said warningly, glaring at her.

“I just wanted to express my condolences,” Myrcella replied, and he blinked at her in confusion.

“What?” Joffrey asked.

“Well, you look so upset,” Myrcella replied. “I had no idea you were so fond of Ser Gregor.”

Joffrey’s confusion turned to rage in seconds, and he gave her a withering glare.

“Why would I care about some weak knight incapable of beating a boy half his size?” Joffrey snarled. “Clearly anything more than a babe in the crib or a defenseless woman was too much for him. It’s infuriating that our mother’s family believed for so many years that we were made safer by having such a man in their service.”

“Quite,” Myrcella nodded, rage blooming inside her as she got all the confirmation she needed to know that Joffrey had tried to get Gregor to kill Jon.

It explained how oddly pleased he’d looked earlier when their uncle lost to the Mountain and a few other things beside. As she turned around and made her way back to the tourney grounds, her mind raced as she considered how best to handle this. The reasoning behind it was something she couldn’t even begin to fathom, but she knew it couldn’t be related to her dalliance with him. If he’d known about that, he wouldn’t have needed to task Ser Gregor with killing him.

“If I tell Mother, she’ll either not believe me or not care,” she thought to herself, recalling what her mother had done to Jon and Sansa, something that she was still trying to figure out how best to handle. “If I tell Father, he’ll believe me too readily, and he might do something rash. I could honestly see Mother then poison him in response, and that would leave us stuck with Joffrey as king. I need a steady hand, a capable one, and...”

She trailed off, considering one possible course of action.

“A Hand is exactly what I need,” she thought to herself. “Not Lord Eddard, of course; it was his son my fool brother tried to kill. I need someone who served the Mad King, who would recognize the signs of madness in another, and who isn’t too loyal to my mother, to be honest with me.”

That last part ruled out her uncle, but it did leave one man, a man who would be infuriated when he learned of the consequences of her brother’s mad actions. She needed to write to her grandfather and quickly.

Jon groaned a while later as he soaked in a tub of hot water, letting it sooth his aching muscles. The numbness he’d felt after his fight with Clegane had gone away quickly, but the soreness in his strained and bruised muscles was going to get worse before it got better and he hoped that heat would help.

“Sword,” Clegane shouted.

Jon shivered despite the heat and shook his head as his heart rate sped up. He’d never faced someone actively trying to kill him before, and he’d never killed before either, and those experiences had been more than a little unnerving.

“Was it really just wounded pride like the Hound said?” he wondered to himself, scowling as he considered the possibility that there was more to it.

They’d made only two passes before he lost control of his horse, but on that first one, the Mountain had clearly been aiming at his head. In a joust, that was actually a bad idea, not just because you weren’t actually supposed to kill your opponents, but because the head was a much smaller target than what one jousters usually aimed for. It was a great idea if you actually wanted to kill the other person, though, and he couldn’t figure out for the life of him why Gregor Clegane would have wanted to kill him.

“It might have been nothing,” he murmured to himself. *“He was so big, he might have just not realized that his aim was off.”*

“Whose aim was off?” Sansa asked, and Jon jolted up in the tub, splashing her and making her gasp. Glaring at him, she hissed, *“Jon!”*

“Sansa, what are you doing here?” Jon asked.

“Do you really have to ask that?” Sansa asked, her blue eyes looking haunted, and Jon sighed, relaxing somewhat.

“I’m sorry, you just startled me,” he replied. *“There’s a reason we don’t generally meet in my chambers...a few of them, really.”*

“The rooms he’d been given were nice, quite nice, really, but they weren’t in the best part of the keep like those that the rest of his family were in, and they were far more likely to be overheard, given that the halls outside were more frequently traversed.”

“I couldn’t stay away,” Sansa sighed, ghosting a hand over his left shoulder. *“You look painted.”*

“The bruising will get worse before it gets better,” Jon murmured, taking her hand in his and pressing his lips to her knuckles. “I am alright, Sansa.”

“He tried to kill you,” Sansa breathed, her face screwing up in anger. “He was a knight; knights swear to be good and just, and he just...”

“Knights are still men, sweet sister,” Jon sighed, “and some men are cunts.”

“They shouldn’t be,” Sansa huffed, and he chuckled.

“There would be no need for executioners if they weren’t,” Jon said.

“I’m glad you stayed out of the melee,” Sansa sighed.

“I’m glad I didn’t have to face that flaming sword,” Jon shuddered. “No wonder that Myrish man won.”

“Have you considered what to do with your winnings?” Sansa asked, and he smirked.

“Well, I am planning to buy a gift for a very special girl I know,” Jon said teasingly. “I think Arya could really use a new dre...”

He didn’t even get to finish that before she slapped his less-bruised shoulder, making him laugh.

“You know I’ll spoil you and I’ll get something for Myrcella too,” Jon replied. “Where is she anyway?”

“She said something about needing to write a letter and send it by raven, but I haven’t seen her since,” Sansa replied. “I think the excitement of the day wore her out.”

“Her and me both,” Jon sighed. “How did you like your crown?”

“I’d have liked it more if you’d faced and beaten a more honorable opponent in the end,” Sansa muttered. “Thank you, though. I’ve always wanted to be crowned the Queen of Love and Beauty in a tourney.”

“You deserved it,” Jon smiled, kissing her softly. “I think I’m going to try to get some sleep.”

“I’ll leave you to it,” Sansa nodded, kissing him again. “You are alright, right?”

“I am,” Jon assured her. “Goodnight, Sansa.”

“Goodnight, Jon,” Sansa replied, biting her lower lip as he stood up and revealed his well-built form to her. She reluctantly turned around and made her way back into the tunnels, wondering just what had been so important that Myrcella felt the need to leave the feast that night early.

There wasn’t a servant in Casterly Rock who didn’t want to avoid their lord just then. He’d received a letter from the queen an hour ago that had left him more furious than any of them had seen him in years. They didn’t yet know quite what had happened, and they didn’t really want to,

but rumor had it that it involved one of the Cleganes, and that made them even more reluctant to learn anything else. Still, Alyn had a task, one given to him by the castle's lazy maester, and as he approached the door to Lord Tywin's solar, it took all his strength to keep his legs from shaking.

"His lordship is not to be disturbed," one of the guards said gruffly.

"And you really don't want to," the other added more kindly. "Trust us there."

"A...an urgent letter for Lord Tywin," Alyn stammered. "Fr...fr...from the Red Keep."

"Fuck, what now?" the gruff guard grumbled. "Go in."

As they opened the door, he heard Ser Kevin say, "We would have no justification to demand that even if the bastard wasn't Ned Stark's."

"One of my bannermen, one of my most useful bannermen, slain in...I said that I was not to be disturbed," Tywin growled, glaring as he spotted Alyn, who gulped, trying and failing to explain why he was there.

"Is that letter for my brother, boy?" Ser Kevin asked softly, stepping forward, and Alyn nodded.

"From Princess Myrcella," he managed to get out, reaching out to hand his lord's brother the letter.

"Myrcella?" Ser Kevin asked, looking down at it before turning to Tywin.

"Out, now," the aged lord muttered, and Alyn practically ran out of the room.

"My great-niece is not to waste your time from what you've told me," Ser Kevin murmured, handing him the letter, and Tywin took a deep breath before taking the letter from him and opening it.

"No, she isn't," he replied, wondering just what had compelled his granddaughter to write to him on this of all days.

Dearest Grandfather,

By the time this letter reaches you, you'll have likely heard the news, but in case you haven't, Ser Gregor is dead, slain in single combat after trying to murder Lord Stark's natural son. They were in the final round of a joust, and after the bastard defeated him, Gregor seemed to go mad. I think there was more to it, however, and it is because of that that I write to you now. I cannot prove it, but I fear that Joffrey personally commanded Ser Gregor to kill Jon Snow. He was bizarrely pleased when the Mountain defeated our uncle earlier, looked utterly gleeful during the attempt on young Jon's life, and was livid enough to make a fool of himself in the aftermath of it.

He has always had a significant capacity for cruelty, but over the years it has gotten worse, and I am beginning to fear that there might be more to it than I first thought. My fears might be for naught, but between his open glee at seeing harm done, the fact that Tommen swears he has killed numerous small animals slowly for fun, and how little interest he seems to have in the more normal boyish pursuits that our father would prefer he focus on, I am beginning to think that there might be something genuinely wrong with him.

He is Father's heir, and he will one day be king, and that's why I think it would be better if we learned now, rather than later, if his cruelty isn't caused by madness. You know better than anyone what a mad king can do for a dynasty, and ours is still so young. You served the last one and would know the signs better than I could. Mother will dismiss anything I tell her about him, and Father is so busy, but if you could visit and observe him, I think that would be greatly beneficial for us all.

Your Loving Granddaughter,

Princess Myrcella Baratheon.

Tywin handed the letter to his brother the moment he finished, and as he did in turn, he said, "The girl was foolish to write this."

"She's young and quite clearly frightened," the Lord of Casterly Rock sighed, brushing a hand over his bald head. "To her credit, she did address it to me personally and write that it was for my eyes only. In Casterly Rock, at least, she could trust that those instructions would be obeyed, but I will make a point of telling her not to be so open in her writing going forward."

"You're going then?" Ser Kevin asked.

"I didn't work as hard as I did to get my blood on the Iron Throne only for it to be squandered by a boy whose mother overindulged him," Tywin spat. "Myrcella isn't wrong that I would know, perhaps better than anyone alive, what madness looks like."

"Do you think...I mean, could he really be?" Ser Kevin asked warily.

"Probably not," Tywin said, shaking his head. "Cersei has probably just made a mess of his upbringing, since I doubt her drunken husband has had much to do with it. At most, he'll probably just need to be fostered here for a while so I can teach him the importance of control. If he is the reason why I've lost one of my most valuable weapons, though..."

"Please tell me that you're going to leave the Stark bastard alone," Ser Kevin said, earning a glare from his brother. "From what Myrcella wrote, Gregor tried to kill him and failed. Not only do we have no justification to act against him now, but the king loves Eddard Stark like a brother, more than his own brothers, in fact."

"He loves my gold more," Tywin grumbled.

"I wouldn't bet on that," Ser Kevin sighed. "This wasn't an attack on our house, Tywin; it was the gods clearly favoring a boy against a man that your grandson may well have ordered to murder him."

"That, I will determine," Tywin muttered. "The Hound has served as Joffrey's sworn shield for years now, and if he met with Gregor to give that order, he'd know."

"Father," Tyrion called out as he entered the solar, and Ser Kevin winced, seeing a vein in his brother's forehead start to pulse visibly. "I've finally returned from the Wall only to find the servants utterly terrified. Who died?"

"Gregor Clegane," Ser Kevin replied before Tywin could, and the dwarf's mismatched eyes went wide as saucers. "Slain trying to kill Lord Eddard's bastard."

“Eddard Stark killed Gregor Clegane?” Tyrion asked. “I know they say he slew Ser Arthur Dayne but...”

“It was the boy,” Tywin glared, and Tyrion grew even more surprised. “I’m going to be leaving for the capital soon, and you’ll be coming with me.”

“Leaving for...over this?” his son asked.

“Not directly,” Tywin replied. “You spent time in Winterfell with the Starks. You will tell me everything you saw of them on the way.”

“Yes, Father,” Tyrion nodded, wondering just what the consequences of this bit of madness were going to be.