

Fandom: A Song of Ice and Fire/Game of Thrones

Summary: Ned Stark was right to be worried about young highborn women throwing themselves at his son during the harvest feast. He was just wrong about which son they'd have their eyes on. (Jon/Wynafryd Mandery, Jon/Alys Karstark, Jon/Meera Reed)

Content Warnings/Themes: Aged-up characters, casual sex

Patreon Exclusive/Early Access

“There will be many highborn daughters with their eyes on you tonight, Robb,” Lord Eddard Stark said, looking his son in the eye as he impressed upon the importance of his conduct tonight. “Every important house in the North has been invited to Winterfell for the harvest feast, and it will not be lost on any of them that you are of marriageable age, and not yet betrothed. Their fathers will attempt to negotiate with me, but the daughters will try to convince you. They will do their best to seduce you and make you desire them. And I would not be surprised if one or two would be bold enough to offer their bodies to you tonight, in exchange for your promise to ask for a betrothal.”

Robb didn't seem entirely opposed to that idea, and Ned's eyes narrowed. “You must not allow yourself to be seduced, Robb,” he said severely. “You cannot allow your physical desires to lead you to dishonor. You are my heir. One day you will be Lord of Winterfell and Warden of The North, and I expect you to behave with the honor of your position. Do you understand, son?”

The heir to Winterfell gave a slow nod. “I understand, father,” Robb said. “No matter what any of the ladies may say or do tonight, I will not bring dishonor upon House Stark.”

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Lord Eddard wasn't wrong to worry about various beautiful young women of the North attempting to seduce his son during the feast, but his mistake was in thinking that they would be attempting to seduce Robb, his heir. Robb was a handsome man, and many of the highborn ladies who had attended the harvest feast with their fathers would have welcomed a betrothal to him.

But they weren't about to attempt to seduce Lord Stark's heir during such a feast. Everyone's eyes were on the Starks during the feast, and any attempt to flirt with or seduce Robb as he dined at the head table and performed the various duties expected of him would have been witnessed by several hundred interested onlookers. Lord Stark's honor and morals were also well-known throughout the North. Anyone seen throwing themselves at Robb in the Great Hall of Winterfell would manage only to damage their chances of a potential betrothal, and this danger was made clear to the highborn ladies by their fathers who knew Lord Stark's reputation.

There weren't nearly as many eyes on Ned Stark's bastard son, however. Jon Snow sat far enough back during the feast that he couldn't even see the head table where his father, his trueborn half-siblings and Lady Stark were sitting. That also meant that they couldn't see him, and they wouldn't notice when he left the feast early. Being a bastard meant that Jon was not a marriage candidate that any of these highborn Northern lords would consider for their daughters, so he was paid little mind by those who had come to the harvest feast hoping for a betrothal.

Their daughters, however, were a different story. They knew that everyone would be watching to make sure they didn't attempt to seduce Lord Stark's heir, but them separately stopping to exchange a few words and a laugh with a handsome but unimportant bastard towards the back of the Great Hall was much less notable. Had they actually left the hall in the company of the bastard, that might have been noticed. But no one would find anything amiss with young ladies from the Manderly or Karstark families stepping out of the hall a bit early after offering excuses to their lord fathers, and it was doubtful that anyone even noticed when Jon Snow got up from his table in the back and left a few minutes later.

While their fathers did their best to fish for a betrothal agreement with Lord Stark for his heir, Wynafryd Manderly and Alys Karstark snuck off to have some fun with Lord Stark's handsome bastard. And as for Meera Reed? Her father wasn't here, and she hadn't come to Winterfell looking for any sort of betrothal. She was here to pass along her father's warm regards to Lord Stark, but she was also here to have some fun. And leaving the feast early to go and have fun with Ned Stark's handsome bastard son sounded like a wonderful way to pass the evening to Meera.

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Jon Snow often wished he'd been born a true Stark. But there were occasionally moments where being Lord Stark's bastard instead of his heir had its advantages, and this had to be the clearest such moment he'd ever experienced. He imagined Robb was currently having to give some speech, talk with some minor lord hoping to curry favor, or listening to a story he had no interest in. He would be stuck performing such duties for the rest of the night. And while his trueborn brother did what was expected of him as the heir to Winterfell, Jon got to hold Wynafryd Manderly by the hips and watch the round cheeks of her arse shake as he thrust into her from behind.

He would never get to marry someone with status as high as the granddaughter of the Lord of White Harbor, but he *did* get to fuck her in a small bedroom not far from the hall where the true Starks were feasting. Rather than having to talk with old men and listen to stories he had no interest in, he got to listen to Wynafryd's excited moans as he slid his cock back and forth in her cunt steadily. That seemed like a fair trade to Jon at the moment, though he didn't know if Robb would say the same.

“That’s it, Snow!” Wynafryd moaned. “Ohh, if your brother fucks half as well as you, I wouldn’t mind being married to him at all!”

“You’re not in here with Robb,” Jon reminded her. He gave a tug on her long brown hair bound in its braid, yanking her head back so he could speak directly into her ear. “You’re in here with me: the bastard.” Experience had taught him that women like this didn’t come to him expecting to be treated like highborn ladies. They came to the bastard because they wanted to get fucked, and Jon was only too happy to oblige.

Sure enough, Wynafryd gasped as he pulled on her hair and thrust into her harder. “Then fuck me, bastard!” she moaned. “Show me what you can do! I’ll never be your wife, but tonight, right here in this bed, my body is yours!”

Jon nodded. “Then I suppose I should fuck you so hard that you’ll never forget me, no matter who you might one day marry.” He let go of Wynafryd’s hair and allowed her head to drop, but he only did that so he could pull his hand back and give her arse a spank. It wasn’t a gentle tap, either. There was strength behind that swing, and the sound of his hand hitting Wynafryd Manderly’s round arse cheek was loud enough to be heard over her pleased moans.

“Yes!” she whined. “Yes, spank me, bastard! Spank me! I deserve it! I’m being *so* bad!”

In most cases, Jon hated the word ‘bastard’. He was used to it being wielded against him as an insult; a reminder that he was less than Lord Stark’s other children. It was only at times like this, when a woman snuck off to do things with him that she would never be able to get away with if he wasn’t who he was, that he didn’t mind being called a bastard so much. If he was Ned Stark’s heir instead of his bastard, he wouldn’t be able to fuck and spank Lord Wyman Manderly’s lovely granddaughter while the rest of their families remained feasting in the Great Hall.

Jon gave her what she was looking for and what she’d sought him out for. He thrust his cock into her roughly and spanked her arse again and again, moving back and forth between both cheeks and treating her like a common whore rather than the highborn young lady she was. She wasn’t looking to make love or be treated like a lady. Wynafryd was here with him because she wanted him to pound her with the strength he’d developed as he learned the sword and sparred with his trueborn brother, and Jon was much happier putting his training to good use than Robb was at the moment. He spanked Wynafryd hard enough that he could see his handprint on both of her cheeks, and he smiled at the sight of it. Even when she put her fancy dress back on, returned to the feast and became the highborn granddaughter of Lord Manderly once again, Jon’s mark would remain on her flesh.

Wynafryd moaned as the fucking and spanking brought her to climax, and Jon responded by putting even more into his thrusts. He put his hand on her lower back and pushed down, leaving her with her face down and her arse up as she went to her knees and elbows and got fucked harder than ever by the bastard. He’d made his mark on her flesh,

and now he wanted to do the same in her head. He put everything into the snapping of his hips, doing his best to fuck her harder than anyone else ever would for the rest of her life.

His furious thrusts hastened his own demise, and Jon soon had to pull out of her. He knew better than to fill any of these highborn ladies with his seed, and he wasn't going to abuse their trust. By giving her what she wanted and pulling out before he was done, he might even earn another chance to make his mark on Wynafryd before she and her family returned to White Harbor.

Even if he didn't, he still got to aim his cock at her and shoot his seed all over her back and down to the crack of her arse, which still bore his handprint. It had already been an enjoyable harvest feast for Jon, and he wasn't done yet. He still had two more invitations to accept.

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"I'm so glad you grew out of your sullen youth," Alys Karstark said. "Isn't it much better to enjoy the benefits of your position, instead of feeling sorry for yourself?"

Jon couldn't say that he disagreed. He remembered Alys' father Rickard bringing her to Winterfell when they were younger, trying to convince Lord Stark to betroth her to Robb years before either of them was of age. Jon had danced with Alys that day, but his presence there had been wholly unnecessary. It was Robb that Alys had been there to try and charm, and her father wouldn't have cared in the slightest if she hadn't danced with Jon at all. It had been hard not to feel sullen and jealous back then.

But Jon was jealous of no one at the moment. His presence had been unnecessary on that night years ago, but the same could not be said for tonight. Alys Karstark was looking at him and him alone as he threw her legs over his shoulders and fucked her. Her blue-grey eyes stared up at him, and he watched as the serious expression on her pale face gradually gave way to the pleasure she felt with each balls-deep thrust he gave her.

Jon thrust against her harder and faster, leading Alys much as he'd done when they danced years earlier. This was a very different sort of dance, though; different, and infinitely more enjoyable. Who needed to dance in step with a girl when you could match her movement through fucking instead? Their bodies fit together well. The skinny young woman had no problem taking Jon's cock deep inside of her, and he watched her small breasts bounce slightly once he built his way up to a steady back and forth pace.

"That feels good," she muttered, before gasping and closing her eyes to simply enjoy the pleasure of the fucking. Their dance years earlier had been them merely going through the motions and doing what was expected of them, but they were both enjoying every moment of their renewed connection. Jon and Alys moved together perfectly, her body writhing beneath him as he fucked her like he was born for it. And maybe he had been. Rather than marrying a highborn lady and ruling from a castle or stronghold, maybe Jon Snow had been born to fuck highborn ladies and bring them the kind of illicit pleasure

they weren't allowed to seek out from the young heirs their fathers hoped to marry them off to.

He wasn't sullen or upset about his position in life at the moment. How could he be, when he got to lean down and squeeze Alys Karstark's cute little tits while he slammed his cock deep inside of her? Her father ruled at Karhold, but Jon Snow ruled her body right now. What did he need to dance with her in a Great Hall for, when he could throw the tall girl's legs over his shoulders and make her moan each time he shoved his cock back deep into her?

Alys was quiet and almost reserved while he fucked her, and that only made the little gasps of pleasure that much more meaningful to Robb as he forced them out of her. They came with greater regularity the longer he moved within her, and without her needing to say a word, he knew that he was bringing her close to an orgasm. He *really* wanted to know what Alys' orgasm would look, feel and sound like. It was surely going to put their dance to shame.

Jon moved his hips with even greater speed and squeezed her small breasts harder in his hands, deciding that he wanted to see how reserved Alys would remain in the heights of pleasure as soon as he could. Each focused rock of his hips brought him closer to that discovery, and it wasn't long before her blue-grey eyes opened to look up at him once again.

"*Oh,*" she gasped. Her voice was quiet, but the pleasure would have been obvious even without the flush that colored her pale cheeks. "*Oh, yes.*" Her hands reached down to grab his wrists and give them a squeeze, like it was the best she could do to try and hang on. Her back arched up into the air, and Jon came perilously close to filling her with his seed when he felt her cunt clench around his cock. He was able to pull back just in time, and he safely loosed his seed across her skinny belly and small breasts instead. Showing the same aim and confidence with which he practiced his archery, he covered her chest as thoroughly as he'd hoped to.

He was no longer the envious boy he'd been when Alys Karstark danced with him years ago. Now, he was a man confident enough in his own skin to take Alys to bed and fuck her like it was his birthright while her father did his best to secure a betrothal for her out in the Great Hall.

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Some, even among their fellow northmen, looked upon the swamp-dwelling crannogmen with suspicion and even disgust. Jon had heard one of the men visiting from House Bolton laugh and mock Meera Reed after she'd walked by them in the Great Hall, saying that he was sure her breath had to smell of frog, and she probably looked like one underneath her breeches and jerkin as well.

Jon couldn't say that he'd ever studied a frog very closely, but Meera's breath smelled pleasant enough to him as she moaned against his cheek and the side of his neck. And she certainly looked nothing whatsoever like a frog beneath her clothing. Her jerkin was bunched up in a ball on the floor, meaning her small breasts were free to rub against him as he held her in his arms and fucked her. Her tits might be small, but it was great fun to feel her hard nipples pressing against his bare chest while they fucked. Her arse was much smaller than Wynafryd's, but that didn't stop Jon from enjoying squeezing her cheeks in his hands. They were what he was holding onto for support as he held her off of the floor and bounced her on his cock, so he decided that he might as well get in a good hearty grope of the girl from Greywater Watch.

He had come to appreciate women of all shapes and firmness, rather than focusing on any one body type. Perhaps a highborn future lord needed to worry about such things in a partner, considering they courted to continue their family line above all. But Jon was here to enjoy himself, and there was plenty to enjoy about fucking Meera reed.

Crannogmen were known for being slight of stature, and Meera was no exception to that. She was short; the shortest of the three highborn girls he'd serviced tonight. Her body was slim, with small breasts and a narrow arse, but there was strength in her slim body as well. Her father had seen to it that she had an active upbringing, and it showed. Being held up and fucked like this was not something that many women would have been comfortable with, but Meera took it easily, and her arms held onto his shoulders securely and without hesitancy. This was a woman who was perfectly comfortable getting her entire body rocked and tossed around, and Jon was more than happy to exploit that comfort to their mutual benefit and enjoyment.

"You've had a busy night, haven't you, Jon?" she asked, seemingly from out of nowhere.

"Does it appear that way, my lady?" he asked, giving nothing away. Despite the casual nature of the couplings, he knew it would be considered bad etiquette to discuss his activities with Wynafryd or Alys with her, whether she'd observed something or not.

Meera laughed, giving him the same cheerful smile she had when they'd been introduced. "My father taught me to be observant," she said, able to talk fairly easily even with Jon continuing to bounce her on his cock. "I have to be, if I'm going to protect my brother Jojen. But don't worry; I'm not interested in talking about what, or who, has been keeping you so busy during the feast. I brought it up because I was going to offer to get on top, if you'd like."

Jon paused. "You want to be on top?"

"I'm fairly comfortable being on top," she said casually. "And I believe you've earned a chance to sit and relax after how much you've been moving around tonight."

"I have strength enough to keep doing this," he said, with full confidence. "But I am here to take care of you." He kept his hands on her arse as he walked them across the little

room she'd met him in and sat down in the small chair against the wall. It wasn't the most comfortable chair he'd ever sat in, but he didn't care overmuch about the chair under his arse when he had Meera Reed sitting in his lap.

"You've done it well," she said, smiling and putting her hands on his shoulders as she started to rock in his lap. "Now let me handle the rest."

He was not used to having a woman want to do the work. Most women who sought him out were searching for a man who could roughly fuck them and treat them like something other than a highborn lady, and that usually meant he was very active during their fucking. But if Lord Howland Reed's daughter wanted to be on top, he would happily relax and leave her to it.

She appeared as comfortable being on top as she'd said she was. Meera sat down on his cock and rocked back and forth with far greater ease and confidence than he would expect unless she had been in this position before, and often enough to get good at it. Perhaps the crannogmen had a different view on sex than most of the rest of Westeros, and Meera was able to enjoy herself more freely than most ladies of her status could. In any event, she moved her hips with a skill and ease that he had rarely, if ever, encountered. Meera had learned how to use her body for more than just hunting, and it was Jon's pleasure to find out for himself how well Lord Reed's daughter could ride a cock.

If others were too ignorant and stupid to see the attractiveness and sexuality of a woman like Meera simply because of where she came from, that was their loss and Jon's gain. That idiot from House Bolton was probably slumped over drunk at his table in the Great Hall by now, and he certainly wasn't going to feel anything tonight that was even half as exciting as what Jon was treated to once he sat down in this chair.

Jon held Meera by her hips and sat back as she rocked on his cock, feeling his orgasm building. She rode him well enough that he might have struggled much more if it hadn't been for his previous encounters with Wynafryd and Alys. But no matter how much he enjoyed her ride, he wouldn't have allowed the pleasure to defeat him until he'd taken care of her too. He might be a bastard, and he might be engaging in behavior that his father would never have approved of, but he still had his own sense of honor. Had he failed to last long enough for Meera to receive the pleasure she deserved, *that* would have been a dishonorable act in Jon's mind.

He would be able to consider his honor retained, because he got to hear Meera groan as the pleasure took her. She lowered her head to his shoulder and gently bit down on his flesh, and he wondered if she was doing so to stop herself from screaming. She might be able to scream in pleasure back home, but here in Winterfell in the middle of a feast, a scream of pleasure would not have gone unnoticed. Jon had no trouble tolerating the gentle bite on his shoulder. He would have tolerated much worse to enjoy this feeling.

She stopped rocking on him and stopped biting his shoulder, and something must have told her that he was close to finishing, because she pulled off of his cock and slid down to rest her knees on the floor between his legs. Meera hadn't had any problem riding his cock, and she didn't have any problem sucking it either. She wrapped her lips around the tip and bobbed her head while staring up at him. There was no shame apparent in the cute green eyes of Lord Howland Reed's daughter as she slid her lips up and down the cock of him, a mere bastard.

Meera did not hesitate to swallow his seed either, once it began to fill her mouth. Jon breathed in deeply as he watched her take it down her throat, thankful that he was the bastard who could sneak away from a feast and satisfy the desires of highborn ladies, rather than the heir who was stuck talking and feasting in the Great Hall.