

Sansa felt a slight sense of warmth run through her body as she watched the black gates of Castle Black in the distance. She couldn't believe that she was actually going to reach her destination, that she was about to be reunited with her last remaining family. Throughout the journey she had travelled with Theon since they had leapt from the walls of Winterfell to freedom, Sansa knew that the chances of escape were low. But she would still rather die trying to escape than remain as Ramsay's prisoner.

Fortunately for her, help appeared when she needed it most. And it came in the form of Brienne of Tarth, an extremely tall woman carrying a sword and clad in armour. She was the one who saved them from Ramsay's men before bowing to her and swearing her services, mentioning that she had made a promise to her mother and planned to honour that promise. Sansa knew nothing of it, but she would not refuse help when she needed it most, agreeing to take her into her services as she recited the words, with a little help from her squire.

Now with a knight at her back, Sansa turns to the other person who had saved her life.

"I would have taken you all the way to the wall, I would have died to do it." Theon said sincerely.

Sansa has mixed feelings about the man in front of her. When she first reunited with Theon, the only feelings she felt towards him were hatred and contempt. Not only had he betrayed Robb, who had always been like a brother to him. He had also decided to raid and burn Winterfell, the place that had been his home for many years, kill Ser Rodrik and what she and everyone thought were Bran and Rickon Stark. At first, she was glad to learn that she had suffered the worst tortures while she was Ramsay's prisoner, but after she too suffered being Ramsay's prisoner and he confessed to her that he had not killed Bran and Rickon, she was able to put her bitterness aside, to achieve a greater purpose.

She knew that Theon would seek redemption and she could use him to help her escape from Ramsay. Though at first, she underestimated the power Ramsay had over Theon or as he now called himself, 'Reek'. Though even if it was Theon and after all he had done, she couldn't help but be horrified by all that had been done to him and even felt pity for him. He looked like a shell of his former self, there was no trace of the arrogant and proud boy she had once known, she had even come to hear that he wasn't even a man anymore. But fortunately, Sansa managed to make him come to his senses when she needed him the most and the two of them were able to escape. She doubted very much that she could have made it this far without him.

"Aren't you coming with us?" she asked him, sincerely wishing he would come with them. Now more than ever she needed all the help she could get.

"Jon will kill me as soon as I set foot in Castle Black."

"No, he won't. I won't let him." Sansa said. "Please, I wouldn't have done it without you. I want you by my side when we get to the wall."

That seemed to do the trick, as Theon nodded and together, they continued on their way to Castle Black.

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And now that she was so close to reaching her destination, Sansa couldn't help but be a little anxious as she was reunited with Jon. Everything, she had been through to get here had definitely changed her, now she knew very well that she could trust no one. Though she wished she could trust Jon, but she also couldn't help but wonder how much he had changed.

Jon had always been the most like Father of all her brothers. He was kind, gentle and honourable, never holding a grudge against her despite her constant put-downs of him for being a bastard. He always considered and treated her as his sister, but being in this dark and cold place, surrounded by thieves, murderers and rapists. No doubt they could have had some effect on him. He had also heard hundreds of rumours about him and his exploits on the wall, from fighting the wildlings, becoming Lord Commander and even letting the wildlings cross the wall and many more rumours that were beyond belief.

But even after hearing all those rumours or the possibility that Jon was not the same person she remembered. Sansa had faith that he would still be her brother, that he would be willing to protect her. It didn't matter if he was no longer the same. After all, she couldn't blame him, she wasn't the same either.

When they finally arrived at the gates of Castle Black, they were greeted by a man on the walls, asking them to identify themselves and voice their business. Sansa's throat was dry and her lungs ached from breathing the cold, dry northern air, but she strained all the same to say aloud, as loudly and clearly as she could.

"I am Sansa Stark of Winterfell, daughter of Ned Stark. I have come to see my brother, Jon Snow the Lord Commander of the Night's Watch."

At her words the man said nothing for a few seconds before turning and shouting.

"Open the gates!"

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Sansa rode ahead, followed by Brienne, her squire and Theon. The first thing she noticed was the number of men wearing dull white furs, who were quite different from the men who were dressed entirely in black leather. Sansa quickly concluded that they were the wildlings, confirming the rumours she had heard that Jon had let them cross the wall. It was certainly somewhat surprising to see men of the Watch alongside Wildlings coexisting in what appeared to be a 'peaceful' environment.

But, in any case, none of these people were of any interest to her. Sansa was more concerned with looking for a familiar face in the crowd, though she was slightly worried when she didn't see who she was looking for. Until just then, she heard a door creak open and out of it she saw the only man she was interested in. He seemed to have some new scars, his hair looked much longer and his beard was much thicker, but there was no doubt that it was Jon.

He approached her slowly and cautiously, as if he feared that she was just a hallucination and would disappear at any moment. On the other hand, Sansa quickly dismounted her horse and did not hesitate to run towards him, practically jumping on top of him, confident that he would catch her. The two brothers melted into a strong and meaningful embrace, these last few years that they had been apart felt like a lifetime. And for the first-time leaving Winterfell all those years ago, Sansa felt like she was truly back home.

She didn't want to pull away from the embrace, but eventually Jon set her back down, making her stand on her feet. Before moving his hands from her waist to her face, wrapping his strong, calloused hands around her pretty little face and telling her.

"I thought I would never see you again. I thought I would never see any of you again."

Sansa could understand his pain all too well, as could she. He had been trapped in his own prison, in her case it was the Red Keep and in Jon's it was this frozen hell, bound by a lifelong oath. And just like her, only able to listen as his family members were killed one by one, unable to do anything to help them. But now they were reunited, those who were quite possibly the last members of House Stark. And at least she didn't plan to stand idly by, she planned to take back her home and hoped she could count on Jon's support.

Taking his hand and leaning her face over it, Sansa told him. "For a long time, I thought the same thing too, I thought I was doomed to be the last of the Starks. You don't know how glad I am that it wasn't so, I found you Jon and I don't intend to lose you again."

Emphasizing her words as she hugged him again, wanting to feel that comforting warmth envelop her again. It took several seconds before she separated from him again.

Finally moving his gaze from his sister and looking over her shoulder, Jon finally noticed her companions. One of them appeared to be a surprisingly tall woman dressed in armour, a much more ordinary boy who stood next to her, and someone else who seemed to be doing his best to remain unnoticed. But as soon as Jon set his eyes on him and gave him a good look, he could easily recognize him. Lightly pushing his sister aside, he moved past her and walked menacingly toward his target. He could hear Sansa shouting at his back for him to wait, but he wasn't going to do it, not when he had Theon Greyjoy in front of him.

Watching the little squid cower in fear as he watched him approach was only small consolation compared to what followed. Theon seemed to try to say something, surely something to defend or justify his actions, but Jon would not give him that chance. As soon as he was close enough, Jon slammed his fist hard into his face, the loud impact echoing throughout the yard of Castle Black.

Theon fell hard to the ground, groaning in pain as blood began to drip from his mouth. But Jon was far from being done with him, bending down and holding him by the throat as he struck him again while berating him for his actions.

"You are such a fool to show your face here Greyjoy, after all you did to Robb to my family" Jon yelled at him, shoving him hard against the ground again before unsheathing his sword and declaring proudly. "I will do justice for my brothers and Ser Rodrik by killing you right here."

Jon was more than ready to drop his sword and thrust it through Theon and end his miserable life, but before he could do so, he was interrupted by Sansa. Who stood between him and Theon as she pleaded for his life.

"No, Jon wait. Please don't kill him."

"What are you doing Sansa, he betrayed Robb, he killed Ser Rodrik and our brothers." Jon said effusively not being able to believe she would be defending him.

"I know what he did, but he didn't kill Bran and Rickon. And I can assure you, he has already paid for his crimes." Sansa said.

Jon quickly refuted that by saying, "It doesn't look like it, he still has his head."

"He saved my life; without his help I would still be trapped in Winterfell as a prisoner of Ramsay. It was because of him that I was able to get here."

"One good deed doesn't justify all the crimes he's committed." Jon said.

Moving closer to him and placing one hand over his chest, right over his heart and the other one over his hand that held his sword she said to him.

"I owe him my life; I owe him my freedom and the fact that I can be here with you. I know you don't believe me, but I mean it when I say that he paid for his crimes, the Theon who committed all those crimes no longer exists. Please spare his life, do it for me." Jon always held his sword tightly and firmly, no matter how hard his enemies hit him, his grip never bent or fell, but his sister managed to make him lower his sword without the need to use any kind of force, only her words.

Letting out a disgruntled snort, Jon finally gave in to her and said gruffly.

"Fine, I won't kill him. But I won't protect him either."

Putting away his sword, he walked back to Theon and grabbing him roughly he lifted him up by force, almost dragging him towards the gates of Castle Black before throwing him outside and shouting at him.

"Go, run away Theon, before I change my mind. If I ever see you again, I swear I will kill you."

Theon stood up and gave his sister one last look before hurrying away. Jon only hoped he wasn't making a mistake by letting him go and prayed that Robb would forgive him for not killing him.

Sansa on the other hand watched with regret as Theon walked away in haste, she really wished he could have stayed with them. Despite all that had happened, Theon was still a Greyjoy and his father's heir. And being absolutely certain that this time he would not betray them, she knew he could have been quite helpful to them. But she also knew she couldn't push Jon too far, and the fact that he had let him live had been quite a lot and had only done so when she had begged for his life.

Watching him return to her, still looking a little disgruntled that he couldn't have taken justice into his own hands, he said.

"We should go inside; you're going to freeze out here."

Sansa nodded happily, glad to be able to be by a fire and maybe finally be able to eat something decent.

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As they sat and shared a meal and a drink, Sansa told Jon everything she'd had to go through since father's execution. The abuse and humiliation she suffered under Joffrey, her betrothal to Tyrion Lannister, until she finally escaped the capital with the help of Baelish. She told him how she hid in the Eyrie for a time, pretending to be Littlefinger's bastard, only for him to end up handing her over to Ramsay Snow.

It was there that Sansa said with a slight shudder.

"I thought the worst thing I would experience in this life would be to be the Lannister's' prisoner. But I would have preferred a thousand times to stay in the capital than to be Ramsay's prisoner, he..."

"Hey, it's okay. You're safe now, he won't touch you again. I promise." Jon told her as he placed a hand over hers. Sansa instinctively squeezed his hand, really wanting to believe his words, but she was no longer the foolish, deluded girl she once was. She knew Jon would do everything he could to protect her, but this time she would not stand back and wait for someone else to save her.

Taking another sip of the bitter northern ale, unfortunately it was all they seemed to have in the Watch, Sansa asked him, this time with a lighter tone.

"And what about you? I heard many stories while I was in the capital. Many were hard to believe."

"Believe me whatever you heard is real. I think it's been nothing but mayhem since I joined the Watch, I doubt there has ever been a worse time for the Night's Watch. This place is only a shadow of what it once was, I knew from the beginning that we wouldn't stand a war against the wildlings, that's why I had to think of a solution."

"Let them pass the wall?" Sansa questioned.

"There are worse things out there than the free folk, Sansa. At least with them I was able to reach an agreement when it came to letting them pass. They will respect our laws and when the time comes, they will join us in the fight."

"Will they help us take back Winterfell?" Sansa asked again.

"They did not come here to serve me, Sansa." Jon replied.

"You saved their lives, they owe you. They are not safe here, no one is safe in the North as long as Ramsay rules over Winterfell. It is our duty to fight and take back our home."

"All I have done is fight." Jon said, raising his voice as he stood up, startling Sansa slightly. Letting out a sigh and trying to calm himself, he took a few steps back as he said, this time more calmly. "That's all I've done since I left Winterfell, every moment has been a battle, I've fought to survive, I've fought for the Watch, I've fought for the North, I gave everything I had to give. I lost people, I bleed, I-" Jon cut himself off before he could finish the last sentence.

Also standing up, Sansa said as she began to slowly approach him.

"There was a rumour, which I refused to believe. They said that there had been a mutiny in the Watch, that the Lord Commander had been killed by his own men, only to have him revived by Stannis' red witch so that he could take revenge on those who betrayed him." Now close enough that she could put her hand on his shoulder and slowly having Jon turn to her, she asked him carefully. "What did they do to you, Jon?"

"It's just as you said, some of the members of the Watch didn't like that I let the wildlings cross the wall. They ambushed me and..." Jon cut himself short finding it difficult to talk about that night, but Sansa was his sister and deserved to know. So, deciding it was easier to show her than tell her, he began to remove his gambeson and then his shirt, revealing to Sansa the scars he had acquired that night.

Sansa let out a choked gasp when she saw them, covering her mouth with a hand in shock. The wounds were still red and looked fresh, as if they might reopen at any moment. Almost unconsciously Sansa reached out a hand and ran it gently over his strong torso, making Jon flinch slightly because of how cold her hand was. But the feeling only lasted a second, Sansa carefully and lovingly ran over every scar on his body until she reached the one just above his heart. Finally raising her head to him, she said.

"I don't care what kind of magic she used to bring you back, I'm glad she did. I'm happy you're alive." Sansa said.

"I'm happy to be alive too." Jon replied, making Sansa hug him again.

She hated that she couldn't have done this sooner, due to how much she enjoyed it. When they were children, she could count with the fingers of one hand the times she had been physical with Jon as they grew up in Winterfell. Back then she had been a stupid, prejudiced child, she was glad she had grown up and was no longer the same as before. Though Jon had too, there had only been a boy of ten and four the last time they had seen each other, now he was a man. He had grown to be taller than father was, he had also developed quite a bit of muscle, most likely due to the intense training of the Night Watch and the constant fighting he endured. He had always been a shy and brooding boy, but now he looked more confident and serious, no doubt he had been through a lot, but she was sure it only made him a stronger man, just as it made her a better woman.

Still wrapped in his arms, his warm body protecting her from the cold, Sansa said.

"There's a reason you were brought back Jon, there's a reason I'm here. And now we are all that is left of our House. And remember what father always said 'There must always be a Stark in Winterfell' the North needs us, Jon."

Letting out a sigh, Jon told him.

"I don't even know if they'll follow me, this isn't their war Sansa."

"But it is, Jon. As long as Ramsay sits on the throne of Winterfell, no one is safe." Sansa told him, wanting him to understand that they needed to fight for their home.

But despite her words, Jon was still conflicted about what decision to make.

"There's a lot to think about, you should get some rest. We can talk more about it tomorrow morning."

Sansa wasn't happy with his answer, but she knew she wouldn't get anywhere by insisting, at least not for now. Jon just needed a little push and she knew exactly how to give it.

"I'm not tired." She said as she pulled away from Jon and returned to her seat, at the same time refilling their glasses. "We haven't seen each other in years, I still want to spend more time with you."

"What do you want to do?" Jon asked as he also returned to sit across from her and took his drink, taking a swig of the strong, bitter beverage.

Sansa drank too, but in much smaller gulps, she needed to get a clear head for what was next.

"I want to talk, remember better days." She said with a smile on her face.

"I think we can do that." Jon replied with a similar smile.

Sansa was the one who started talking while Jon listened and drank, always making sure to refill his cup each time it was empty. But only enough, just enough to help him relax. After all, she wanted him to remember what was to come.

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Jon felt a little drunk, but it had been worth it. He had stayed talking and drinking along with Sansa for what seemed like hours. Only when he noticed that it was completely dark outside and that it was probably past wolf hour did Jon manage to convince her that they should get some sleep.

This time Sansa accepted his suggestion and said goodbye to him with a tender kiss on the cheek. Jon couldn't help but smile at that show of affection, he couldn't remember the last time Sansa had kissed him. Possibly when they were children and they were playing that Sansa was a princess and he was a knight who came to rescue her from danger. Of course, that was all before Lady Stark put all those ideas in her head and Sansa being a very influenceable girl by her mother started to turn away from him.

He was glad things weren't like that anymore, no doubt they both had to go through a lot to find each other again and come back together as siblings. With that thought he was ready to go to bed, but his plans were interrupted when he heard someone knocking on his door. This time much more cautious, even though he knew that no one would try anything stupid with the free folk backing him up and with the demonstration he did with the last people

who betrayed him. Jon took his sword anyway and cautiously approached the door, surprised when he opened it only to see Sansa again.

"Sansa, what's wrong? Is everything all right?" Jon asked her as he put his sword aside.

His sister rubbed her arms with obvious nervousness before telling him.

"It's too cold in here."

Jon's first instinct was to let out a small laugh, he had spent so many years at Castle Black that he was completely used to the brutal weather by now, but he could understand how someone like Sansa would find it harder to bear. Jon was thinking of ways on how he could help her, but before he could even say anything, his sister beat him to it.

"Is it okay, if I sleep with you?"

"Ahm." Jon mumbled awkwardly, genuinely surprised at such a suggestion. "I don't know if that's a good idea, Sansa."

"Please, I'm really cold in here and isn't it your duty as an older brother to look after your little sister?" Sansa insisted as she closed the distance between them.

Sighing defeatedly, Jon agreed.

"All right, but only for today. Then we'll look for another solution."

Sansa smiled brightly, well aware that she only needed one night to achieve her goal. Hugging him happily again as she thanked him, Sansa quickly entered his room before making her way to his bed and getting comfortable. Jon closed the door and followed her more slowly, watching as Sansa removed her thick coat, leaving her in a wool camisole that exposed more skin than he expected.

Sansa decided to stretch before lying down and Jon couldn't help but drink in the vision that his sister was, his one excuse was to blame it on the drink clouding his thoughts. His eyes roamed his sister's body from her long, delicate gooseneck to her milky shoulders, down her soft, graceful arms. Jon quickly mentally shook himself and scolded himself, he really couldn't believe he had been ogling Sansa. For a moment he thought about leaving, but before he could make up his mind, Sansa spoke again.

"Are you going to stand there or are you going to join me?"

Hoping not to regret it, Jon kicked off his boots and joined his sister on the bed. As soon as he lay down, Sansa practically clung to him, hugging him tightly. Jon could feel every inch of her slender, feminine body against his, with a satisfied smile his sister said.

"The best way to fight the cold is through body heat, don't you think so Jon?"

Jon simply gave her a strained smile and nodded. Resting her head on his shoulder and with one hand on his chest, Sansa said.



"I never thought I'd think of Winterfell as a warm and cozy place." Causing Jon to murmur in agreement. Lifting her gaze to his she added. "Father should never have let you come to this place; you don't belong here. There is only cold and darkness here."

"You're not wrong." Jon answered him, he had practically regretted almost every day taking that oath and joining the Night Watch.

"It must have been lonely too." Sansa added, at the same time feeling herself snuggle closer against him and begin to draw shapes over his torso.

"I met some good men, learned a lot from them and made friends with several." Jon said.

With a slight snort, Sansa said. "I was talking about company a little more pleasing to the eyes. I hear they don't let you guys have women."

Looking her in the eye for a second before turning his gaze back to nothing he replied dryly, "It's one of the oaths we take."

Catching a glimpse of Sansa's smile through the rim of his eyes as he lifted her long, slender leg and placed it over his, she spoke again.

"You were always so earnest, no matter how many women threw themselves at you. You always seemed to turn them all away, in favour of your honour."

Jon tried to rearrange himself in his position, Sansa had always been a beautiful girl and it seemed she only grew up to be an even more stunning woman. It was hard to concentrate when she was practically lying on top of him, her breasts crushing against his ribs, her warm breath on his face and the feel of her soft, smooth leg rubbing against his. It had been so long since Ygritte, Jon had forgotten how good a woman's body felt against his.

"If I remember correctly, they always threw themselves at Robb and preferred to ignore me." Jon managed to reply.

"That's because you never paid attention, dear brother. Many maidservants had their eyes on you, only they never dared approach you because of their fear of my mother. Even Jeyne had a great fancy for you." Sansa told him.

"Really?" Jon asked genuinely surprised.

"You are a remarkable man, Jon. Far more than you give yourself credit for, in far more ways than you could ever think. That's why you survived, just like me." Sansa said sweetly, before lifting a hand and placing it on his cheek and continuing, this time with a much more meaningful tone. "Many people overestimated us, but now we will show them otherwise. I want you by my side, Jon. I want us to fight for our House, for our home. Would you fight for me, Jon?"

"Of course, I would fight for you, Sansa. You are my sister, there is nothing I would not do for you."

Looking up at him with a satisfied smile on her face, Sansa now holding his face with both hands and almost resting her forehead on his, said.

"Everything Ramsay has, he took from our family, the same way he took me." Sansa whispered back, causing Jon to let out an annoyed growl and tighten his grip unconsciously around her. "He will come for me, Jon."

"I won't let him touch you again. I will kill him and all who follow him." Jon declared firmly.

"I know you will, I know you will take back everything that was taken from us. I know you will do justice for our family, for me. And once we have taken back what is ours, I want us to rule together. As Stark's, as brothers, as lovers."

With each word she had said, Sansa slowly drew closer, she saw him look at her lips before looking back into her eyes. It was just then that she leaned forward and captured his lips in a firm kiss. Jon froze for a few seconds, but eventually began to kiss her back.

Sansa had learned many things from Cersei, more than her father would have been proud of. But one of the most important was that she needed a champion. Being women, they couldn't put on armour and fight with a sword, no matter how much they wanted to. So, they needed someone who would do it for them. Someone who would kill for them, lead their armies for them, burn cities for them, die for them. That the best candidates for that position were their brothers was a mere coincidence. Though a very pleasant one, fortunately for them. Feeling Jon's lips against hers was without a doubt one of the best feelings Sansa had experienced in a long time. Feeling his tongue plundering her mouth and taking what she wanted caused her to moan, which she stifled in her mouth. The feel of his rough, thick beard brushing against her delicate skin and leaving slight burns.

Everything felt perfect. Maybe there was a reason why the Targaryen's did it. Why Cersei did it, and she had every intention of taking this to the end. She would not settle for just one kiss, she wanted to feel her brother, deep inside her.

But when she began to move her hands down on Jon, reaching down to his crotch and being able to feel his growing erection. Jon seemed to react and pulled back sharply, breaking the kiss and saying quickly.

"Sansa, no wait. We...we shouldn't have done that. We shouldn't be doing any of this." Jon rubbed his forehead, seeming to sober up all at once and able to come to his senses about what he was doing.

But Sansa wouldn't give him the chance to back down now. Climbing on top of him and settling onto his lap before she asked.

"Why not?"

"Sansa get off me." Jon told her as he put his hands on her waist, but made no real attempt to move her.

"I mean what I say, I don't want to rule with anyone else. I don't want to marry another Lord; I don't want anyone else. I only want my brother." Sansa told him as she slowly brought her face close to his again, when their lips were only an inch apart, she whispered. "Would it be so terrible to be with me, Jon?"

"No, it wouldn't." Jon whispered back.

With a satisfied smile on her face Sansa leaned over him, brushing her lips against his, but pulled back before they could melt into each other again. Now with a mischievous smile, Sansa placed a hand on his chest as she removed the top of her robe. Her smile only grew when she felt Jon's erection throbbing through his pants against the back of her thigh. Jon's eyes were riveted to her chest as the fabric covering her slowly fell down her body, sending a shiver down her spine as she felt his intense gaze. Sansa had always been the one at the mercy of other people, but now she was the one on top, a man as strong and stoic as Jon was completely at her mercy, this feeling sent a thrill down her spine like she had never felt before in her life.

Grabbing Jon's hands, she lifted them and placed them on her breasts. As his hands grasped her soft, full mounds, their eyes met and Sansa's breath caught in her throat. His grey eyes, now so dilated with lust that they seemed almost completely black, were so expressive she felt she could read his mind.

With a soft smile, Sansa leaned forward again. This time she didn't hold back, kissing him on the lips as she ran her fingers through his hair. A moan escaped her lips as she felt her breasts pressing against his warm, muscular chest. Her head was spinning from the influx of so many dormant feelings flooding her senses.

Especially when she felt Jon's hands begin to roam her body, his strong, large hands sliding from her bare back all the way down to caress her ass. With a moan, Sansa began to do the same. Jon had always been a handsome boy, but now he had grown into an absolute stud. His abs and chest were full of muscles developed from relentless training, and the scars that dotted his otherwise flawless skin only made him look more rugged and dangerous.

Running his hands down his abs, across his hard chest and then down his powerful arms. Until finally she stepped back and sat up so she could reach for the drawstrings of his pants. In moments, she was running them down his legs. As they trailed down Jon's thighs, his impressively long, thick erection surged eagerly to swing upward. Licking her lips, Sansa reached out so she could wrap her long, slender fingers around his hot, throbbing shaft.

"I want you to fill me, Jon. I want you to fill my thoughts, I want you to fill my pussy with this hard, thick cock. I only want you." Sansa told him, almost pleadingly and like a good brother, he would deny her nothing.

Holding her by her hips, Jon turned them both so that he was on top of her. Finishing removing her robe completely, Sansa spread her long, toned legs for him before wrapping them around his waist. Grabbing his cock, he placed it at her entrance and looked down at her, a mixture of excitement and lust shining in her eyes.

Jon kissed her briefly on the lips and watched her face intently as he slowly penetrated her. They both moaned as Jon's cock opened her tight folds.

"More, I want to feel everything of you." Sansa gasped, digging her heels into his ass.

Kissing her again, Jon sank as deep into her as he could. Sansa moaned into his mouth and pulled away from his lips to bury her face in the hollow of his neck.

"You feel so good, Sansa." Jon whispered.

"You do too, Jon. You fill me so perfectly." Sansa said with a moan.

Beginning to rock his hips back and forth gently, he sank deeper into her with each thrust. Sooner than expected, Jon bottomed out inside her. Closing his eyes, he savoured the moment and the sensation of his sister's tight, hot depths gripping his cock.

"Fuck me Jon. Fuck your little sister's sweet pussy. Make it yours" Sansa whispered in his ear.

With his cock swelling at her pleading tone, Jon moved his hips, working his length in and out of her tight grip. Rising up on his arms, he stared down at her, watching her face contract in pleasure as she gasped and moaned. Looking down further, he briefly watched her turgid breasts move over her chest and then further down, to see his cock, glistening with her arousal, sliding in and out of her tight lips.

"You're so beautiful, Sansa." Jon told her, leaning his weight on one arm to reach up and caress one of her breasts.

"Faster." Sansa gasped.

Smiling at the lascivious expression on her face, Jon put his elbows on either side of her head and gave her what she wanted. Pulling out almost halfway, he thrust his hips forward, filling her quickly. Her eyes almost rolling back in her head, Sansa moaned lewdly and dug her nails into his shoulders.

Within moments, she began to grunt with each thrust, her body trembling beneath him. Sansa's nails dug hard into his skin as her legs tightened around him. Realizing she was close, Jon moved faster, bucking his hips to rub his pelvis against her clitoris each time he bottomed out.

With a short, sharp cry, Sansa reached her peak. Her depths fluttered wildly around his cock as she clung to him with her life. Jon slammed into her quickly, not only to extend her climax, but also in a desperate attempt to reach his.

Sansa let out another scream as she neared her end, whether for a second climax or a continuation of the first, he wasn't sure. Gasping, Jon pinned her against the bed with his weight as he reached his peak. Grunting with each pulse of his cock, he rolled his hips and buried himself in Sansa as deep as possible as he filled her.

With a moan, she went limp beneath him and ran her fingers through his hair as her climax came to an end. After catching his breath, Jon rolled onto his back and Sansa curled up next to him, her head resting on his chest.

"When we return to Winterfell, I want you to fuck me in the Lords chambers." Sansa said seductively in Jon's ear as she reached out a hand and began rubbing his cock, before moving down to his heavy balls and began massaging them as well. "I'm going to scream

so loud; all the North will know that my brother is doing his duty by breeding the Lady of Winterfell."

Hearing her tentative words, it didn't take long for Jon to once again form a rock-hard erection. With a playful grin, Sansa climbed up his body, kissing him along the way as she settled back on top of him. Jon let out a grunt before she kissed him on the lips and pressed her hot, wet slit against the top of his cock.

"You like that idea, Jon? You like the idea of breeding your little sister? Sansa whispered against his lips, with a bright smile as she felt his cock throb against her pussy. "I can tell if you do. Don't worry, I won't let you cum anywhere else but inside me tonight or every night to come."

Sansa reached up and holding his cock, she pointed it at her entrance. They both moaned in unison as she lowered herself onto him, this time his cock slid easily into her soft wet pussy. Taking him to the hilt, she settled on top of him, pressing her hands against his chest to support herself. As she began to bounce on top of him, Jon slid his hands down her stomach to cup her breasts, cradling and massaging them. They weren't as large as her mother's, but still big enough to fill his hands, Sansa hoped they would grow after giving Jon a couple of children. Surely, he enjoyed playing with them, his thumbs running over her hard, swollen nipples.

Sansa set a quick, steady pace, her round, firm ass bouncing on his thighs each time she descended. Tauntingly, she rose again and quickly descended again. Again and again, Sansa raised herself up until his cock was almost out of her, then dropped down on top of him. She loved the feeling of him filling her so completely, over and over again. Unable to resist any longer, Jon slid one of his hands down to her hips and pulled her down and began to thrust more desperately inside her. Sansa let out a sensual moan, the breast Jon wasn't grabbing bounced sharply with each thrust.

The combination of her provocative words and the incredible feel of her pussy brought him to climax much faster than expected. His rigid cock swelled and throbbed as he again filled his sister with numerous spurts of his hot seed.

Sansa although she did not reach her climax this time, no doubt enjoyed the warm sensation of being filled to the brim again just as much. Grinding herself on top of him and rolling her hips as she deliberately squeezed her walls over his throbbing shaft, wanting to get every last drop of his cum. When he was done, with his body slumped, she leaned forward and kissed him languidly. As she expected from Jon, he was hard again in just a couple of minutes later.

*Sansa didn't know what the future held for them, but two things were certain. That she was most likely carrying the future heir to the North before they even re-took Winterfell and that she would never be cold at night again.*