

Jon had never forgotten the words Lyanna had whispered to him that night, taking them as absolute truth and a coming destiny for him. After all, how could he not have believed her. She had told him all those words with such assurance and sincerity, that they did not feel like mere words, but felt more like a promise. Promises about a destiny full of greatness and marvels, which to a child as dreamy as he was had meant everything. Those words had been imprinted in his mind, no matter how many years passed he would never stop believing in those words and in the person who had said them.

After all, how could he not, if the person who had assured him of all those promises was the person he most loved and trusted in the world. For Jon, Lyanna was much more than just his aunt, she was the woman who had raised him and cared for him since he was just a baby, she was the woman he had grown up thinking was his real mother. Until she had to explain to him very kindly and sadly that she was not his actual mother. Although she effusively stressed to him that she didn't mind him looking at her as if she were his real mother, after all, he was her special boy. Reminding him that someday everyone would see him for who he really was, they would see how truly special he was, just as she does.

Those words meant everything to him for the next few years, creating a turning point in his life. To be told by the person you trust most in the world that you are destined for greatness was not something to be taken lightly. Especially when Lyanna warned him of the dangers he would also face in his life. Sooner or later, he would have to lead with evil, greedy, power-hungry people. Who would have no hesitation in taking away from him what is rightfully his, who would deny him his right, wishing to keep all the power for themselves.

That is why he had to grow up and become a big and strong man, a warrior. But she also stressed the importance that he had to be as wise as he was strong, wise enough to lead and strong enough to protect those under his protection and with enough willpower to take what is rightfully his.

A Jon with only six name days, did not fully understand the complexity behind Lyanna's words, but he understood enough. His 'mother' had told him that he needed to be a mighty warrior, one who is wise and intelligent to get out of the complicated situations he would find himself in, and with an unwavering willpower to make the hardest decisions when the time calls for it. And for nothing in the world did Jon plan to let her down, the promise he had made to her and the trust she had placed in him. They were the motivation that fueled the fire inside him, a fire that would drive him for years to come, that drove him to try harder than anyone else, to train harder than anyone else, to endure harder than anyone else. He needed to become everything his mother had asked him to be.

Jon began his training at an early age like all children, his first lessons were under the tutelage of Ser Rodrik Cassel, one of the few knights who lived in the north and the master-at-arms of Winterfell. Jon trained alongside Robb under the watchful eye of the experienced knight after completing his lessons under the instructions of Maester Luwin. Unlike Robb who showed much less interest in paying attention to the old Maester's long and somewhat boring lessons. Jon always paid attention to every lesson, always trying to learn as much as possible. And in addition to paying attention, he also read a lot. He often asked Maester Luwin for books on politics, war, history, and manners. For his mother had told him that in the future he would come to deal with highborn Ladies and even Princesses. And Jon wished to know how to address them properly and not embarrass

himself. He also read quite a bit about Targaryen history, though this was more of a personal enjoyment, as the likes of Aegon 'the Conqueror' or Daeron 'the young Dragon', were his heroes and he wished to know more about them and their accomplishments.

But even after taking his lessons with Maester Luwin, training with Ser Rodrik. Jon only had a short break afterwards while he broke bread as his day was not over yet. For he still had to train once more, this time under the guidance of his uncle Arthur. And the moment a training sword was placed in his hand, his calm and collected Uncle Arthur would transform into someone completely different. More specifically, he would become Ser Arthur Dayne, the sword of the morning. Considered by many, if not all. As the best swordsman in the seven Kingdoms, if Ser Rodrik could be considered as a hard and demanding master, he could not compare with Ser Arthur, who in a few words made him go through a brutal training.

From the very beginning he made him train against him, obviously in the early years Jon did not even come close to even hitting him. His uncle would block and dodge any attack he threw at him with extreme ease, he would easily guess any feint he tried and always the training would end with him on the ground, completely disarmed and sore from the blows he took. But even in that state, Arthur would still force him to do a long and demanding series of rigorous exercises to improve his strength and agility. Jon always trained with his uncle until the sun went down and day turned into night, by which time he was more than completely exhausted, barely able to feel his arms and certain that he had bruises on top of bruises. And that he was sure that the skilled knight was quite restrained in his blows. But, still, it was more than enough to make them hurt like hell.

But despite the pain and exhaustion he felt, the blood and tears he had shed. The thought of giving up never crossed his mind or asking his uncle to go easy on him. He endured everything, and he was willing to endure much more. Because there was no way he was going to let his mother down, he would prove her right about him, he was going to become everything she said and more. He would become strong, he would become a great warrior, the greatest warrior that ever lived and he would take what he had been promised. As only conquerors did, with fire and blood.

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Jon continued his hard training and continued to learn as much as he could. Now with ten and four name days, he was sure that he had progressed far beyond what anyone could have expected. Receiving much praise from Maester Luwin for his skill and interest in learning and in how well he could retain information. So much so that Maester Luwin told him that if he followed this path, and if he wished. He could become a Maester and get his chain much faster than anyone else. Jon was grateful for the praise, but he was not at all interested in being a Maester, though that did not deter the old man. Especially when he showed an unexpected hidden talent for Valyrian.

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"Wouldn't you be interested in learning Valyrian, dear?" Lyanna had mentioned to him one ordinary night a few years ago.

"Valyrian?" Jon asked confusedly, "Why would I learn Valyrian? The only ones in Westeros who spoke it were the Targaryen's and now they're gone."

"That perhaps is true sweetie," Lyanna told him, before mentioning. "But didn't you admire the Targaryen's?"

"Some of them" Jon said vaguely.

"And why do you admire them?" Lyanna asked.

A bright smile formed on his face before he listed the many reasons why he admired the Targaryen's.

"Because they were dragon riders, they were Kings and conquerors. They were descendants of the Old Valyria, there was magic in their blood. They said they were closer to the gods than to man, none could compare to them."

"You are correct my little wolf" Lyanna told him happily before asking. "And wouldn't you like to talk like a conqueror? Talk like a king? *ȳzaldrizes raqagon nykeā zaldrizes?*"

Jon glared at Lyanna before effusively asking, "Can you speak Valyrian?"

Lyanna laughed amusedly before telling him, " Unfortunately not enough to teach you myself. Since the person who was teaching me unfortunately didn't finish his job."

"Why not?" Jon asked her.

Lyanna's mood changed drastically becoming gloomy and depressed before she told him with much sorrow. "Because he got lost, he couldn't find his way back to me."

Jon hated to see his mother in that state and quickly moved to embrace her and tell her with much conviction.

"I will learn Valyrian, and I promise that I will finish teaching you myself."

Lyanna returned his embrace and with a wandering tear she said, "I would love that. Thank you, my little wolf."

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Jon had not only successfully learned Valyrian, and other things related to the Targaryen's, but he also gave time and importance to his Northern blood and heritage. As much as he admired and aspired to be as the ancient Valyrian conquerors and dragon riders once were. Jon was also very proud of his Stark heritage; the exploits of the ancient Kings of Winter should not be underestimated. After all they had managed to rule and unify the largest and wildest kingdom in all of Westeros. But not only did they conquer the North, but they also defended it from the Andals. Allowing them to keep their customs and gods, until finally Torrhen Stark the last King of Winter surrendered to Aegon 'the conqueror'.

Although one of the most interesting and impressive achievements of the ancient Kings of Winter in Jon's eyes was that they managed to defeat the Warg King, killing his male descendants, his beasts and his Greenseer, but taking his daughters as their prize and managing to create offspring with the ancient and rare ability of skin changers. Jon was amazed when he learned of this ability, many said that the ancient Kings of Winter could enter the minds of dire wolves, hear with their ears, and see with their eyes. But at some point, in time the ability had disappeared, Jon tried looking for books about it and even asking Maester Luwin about it, though the elderly man only told him that it was ancient

fantasy or that, if indeed that kind of magic existed, it had vanished long ago, just like the dragons.

Jon tried to investigate on his own, looking for any kind of information in the oldest books of Winterfell's library, though not with much success. But he didn't give up anyway, he kept on researching and even tried to get into the minds of some of the dogs of Winterfell, though as expected, without any success. Jon was about to give up until one day he had a strange dream that he would not soon forget. He found himself waking up in an unfamiliar place and unable to control his limbs and seeing bars in front of him, he noticed he was inside a cage. Jon panicked at first, but when he calmed down and concentrated on looking at his surroundings, he noticed that he was in the kennel and when the body he was in looked down, he could see that instead of his legs he had paws, Jon was so frightened that he woke up instantly. But immediately after the shock, an emotion flooded through him, he didn't know if it was just a very vivid dream or if he had actually managed to enter the body of a dog in the castle, but it was enough for him to continue investigating and practicing, and trying to see if he could repeat what he had experienced. Although he decided to keep this 'training' in private.

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Aside from succeeding in academics and achieving some advancement in skin changing, what Jon excelled at the most and certainly what he enjoyed doing the most was fighting. His training with his uncle Arthur had always been his priority, for if there was one absolute truth in this world it was that the strong prevailed and the weak died. After a few years he stopped training for the most part under the tutelage of Ser Rodrik preferring to train only with his uncle, as he had long ago surpassed anything the northern knight could teach him.

The constant training and exercise he had undergone for so many years also paid off, causing him to develop a strong and powerful body. At ten and five names' days he already towered over half a head above his father and almost by a head over Robb and Theon, something that infuriated them quite a bit. Especially Theon, Jon quite enjoyed looking down at the annoying squid. But not only was he tall, but he was also strong, years of training and practice made his muscles develop considerably, his shoulders were broad, and his arms were thick, he had big, rough hands, perfect for holding the hilt of his sword and never letting it fall. He had powerful legs capable of standing firm against any blow or onslaught from his enemies, he was proud to say that he had the body of a warrior.

But more important than having a strong body, Jon was even more proud of the skill he had acquired with the sword, all thanks to training under the tutelage of the best swordsman in Westeros. Jon had become extremely skilled in the art of sword fighting, managing to stand up to Ser Arthur Dayne and managing to be a challenge to him. And his greatest achievement was when less than a year ago, for the first time, Jon managed to defeat him. Of course, the confrontation had been with his uncle using only one of his two swords and he still managed to defeat him nine out of the ten times they faced each other, but even so. To be able to face him one on one with the sword of the morning and manage to get a round out of him was an achievement that was possibly only within the reach of two or three people in all of Westeros.

The moment he managed to defeat him for the first time, his uncle showed him a proud smile at the great progress he had displayed and complimented him, but still reminding him to never stop practicing or training. Although he puffed out his chest at being congratulated by his uncle and mentor, Jon had to admit that he enjoyed his 'mother's' congratulations much more. Lyanna, who from time to time watched his training with Ser Arthur, did not hesitate to pounce on him the moment his uncle broke away from him, making him have to hold her. Jon could remember very vividly the numerous kisses she gave him on the face as she complimented him effusively, but most of all he remembered the feel of her body against his. His Aunt Lyanna had managed to preserve herself very well over the years, her body still perfectly toned and curvy in all the right places, her large breasts were pressed against his torso and the moment she entwined her legs around his waist, Jon could feel her hot core rubbing against his crotch.

Though it was no doubt a very beautiful memory and a very memorable accomplishment, to have defeated in single combat his Uncle Arthur. Jon felt anger and disappointment wash over him moments after accomplishing his feat. For apart from having Lyanna and Arthur, he had no one else. All because he was forced into hiding and was not allowed to show his true abilities to the world, not after what had happened the last time, he defeated Robb.

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Robb being older than him by a couple of months, had started his training before him. Thus, gaining a slight advantage over him, but Jon was not upset by this or thought it was unfair. Robb was his older brother; it was only natural that he would start before him. Jon simply watched him train at first as he anxiously awaited the day when he could join him. Months passed and he was finally able to join his brother, the first time they faced each other Jon was excited for the opportunity to get to train in a more 'serious' way even though in reality they were still just boys. They were being trained to be men so they could defend themselves and if the situation warranted, to kill.

But Jon wasn't worried about that now, he was just excited to be able to fight his brother and have a chance to defeat him. For when Robb trained against another boy, most of the time older than him, and managed to defeat him, he got something Jon had always wanted, recognition. Not only from his father or his Maester, but from the people.

Unfortunately for Jon, the months of advantage that Robb trained were not in vain and in the first fight they had, he was defeated. And he had a front row seat to witness Robb get all the recognition and praise. The first thing Robb did when he defeated him was to turn to his father who was watching them from the railing next to Robb's mother. Jon watched as Ned Stark looked at his son with a big smile as he rarely showed, one full of pride and recognition. And he was not the only one, Lady Stark looked at her son with eyes full of love and adoration, no doubt also enjoying the fact that Robb had defeated him in front of everyone. But it wasn't just his parents, Ser Rodrik also made sure to praise his favorite ward for the performance he showed.

Just like the people, some guards, servants, and castle workers always stopped to watch every time the young heir to the north trained. And every time Robb gained victory they would applaud and sing praises to him, Jon watched all this with only one thought in mind.

*He wanted that.*

He wanted to be recognized and praised by the people, by his master, to have his father look upon him with pride and approval, the same way he looked upon Robb. And though he doubted Lady Stark could look upon him with love, he at least wished she could see him with recognition in her eyes, he would certainly prefer that to her continuing to look upon him with hatred and contempt. As if he were nothing more than a terrible nuisance that would not go away.

The desire to be recognized made him train with more determination, with a clear goal in mind. To impress his father and prove to everyone that he was not beneath Robb. Fortunately, he had an advantage over Robb, which was that apart from training with Ser Rodrik he also trained with Ser Arthur Dayne, who was clearly a much more skilled swordsman than the northern knight. That advantage meant that it only took Jon a couple of weeks to reach the level that it had taken Robb months to reach.

Each time they met, Jon came closer and closer to defeating Robb. Until finally, one particularly warm day at Winterfell, the sun shining brightly on the castle. In front of a larger crowd than usual and under the watchful eye of father, Jon managed to disarm Robb and knock him to the ground. Without flinching he positioned his training sword over his jugular and demanded.

"Yield."

Robb looked at him with eyes full of surprise and clearly disappointed in himself for losing, but nonetheless he said.

"I yield."

As soon as he said those words a smile full of emotion and happiness formed on Jon's face, removing his sword, and helping his brother up. His brother watched his happiness and could not help but smile back, Jon was glad that his brother was happy for him, but his happiness seemed to die at the same moment he looked up to see his father.

For instead of him looking at him with a proud smile, in the same way he had looked at Robb. Ned Stark seemed to have a conflicted and serious expression, showing not a hint of approval or pride towards him for having defeated Robb. Heavily disappointed at that, Jon could also notice that despite the numerous people who had witnessed his fight against Robb, the courtyard was as silent as a crypt. There was no applause or praise for him, he could only hear murmuring and accusations.

'The bastard has delusions of greatness.'

'How he dares to strike the heir to the North'

'The bastard doesn't know his place.'

'Will he rebel against his brother?'

'It will be like the Greystark's all over again.'

Overwhelmed and feeling hurt by all these accusations, he turned to Ser Rodrik in the hope of finding some support, but the older knight only gave him a look that expressed his displeasure at what he had done. As if defeating Robb was something he was not allowed to do. Finally daring to move his gaze to Lady Stark, who did not hide at all how she felt about what she had just witnessed. If everyone else was looking at him with concern, fear,

and disapproval. Catelyn Stark looked at him with eyes so cold and hard that they reflected all her hatred and despise for him, as if instead of having defeated Robb in a simple sparring match, he had killed him. The Lady of Winterfell's hands clenched the railing so tightly that her hands turned white, Jon was sure that, if looks could kill, he would fall dead where he stood.

Jon was too overwhelmed by it all and ended up fleeing the scene, but unfortunately for him, the incident didn't just stop there. Obviously, Lady Stark would not let this 'offense' against her and her son pass. Although the reality was that Robb was not at all upset at having been defeated. In fact, he congratulated him for it. As well as reminding him that the next time they faced each other he would not lose. Though he would never know that Jon would never fight him again in earnest, after all, his mother would see to that.

As soon as he left, Lady Stark took it upon herself to chase after him and strongly reprimand him for his actions. Holding him tightly by the arm and digging her nails deep enough to hurt as she shouted angrily at him.

"How dare you, how dare you hurt my son, you bastard!"

It was at that moment that Jon as well as Catelyn heard Lyanna's loud voice say menacingly.

"You had better take your hands off him Catelyn, before I break all your fingers for daring to lay your hands on him."

A little surprised by Lyanna's sharp threat, and certain that she would follow through. Catelyn withdrew her grip on him but did not back down entirely. Deciding to shift her attention to Lyanna and tell her.

"The bastard hurt my son."

"By the gods, Catelyn. They're boys and they were training, if you don't want Robb to grow up to be a pussy. He'll have to learn to take a blow or two." Lyanna told her, quickly dismissing the claims of the enraged Lady of the Castle.

Catelyn was indignant at Lyanna's response and even disgruntled, she replied.

"He made some kind of trick; my Robb has been training hard for the last few months. There is no way the bastard can defeat him when he has only started training two weeks ago."

Lyanna approached the redhead dangerously and silently, her stormy eyes meeting Catelyn's oceanic blue ones. The Rose of the North spoke in a low, grave tone conveying all her seriousness with her next words.

"His name is Jon and if you call him 'bastard' one more time Catelyn. I swear to you by the old and new gods that even my brother will have trouble recognizing that not so pretty face of yours, do you understand?"

Catelyn instinctively recoiled at the threat and swallowed hard, but still wishing she had the last word she said to him, this time glaring at him.

"As much as you try to defend the b-boy, he needs to know his place. Robb is my son and his father's heir; he is a Stark and he is a mere Snow. For everyone's sake, he shouldn't try

to be better than my son or people will start talking, after all. Everyone knows all too well what happens when illegitimate children start getting ideas of grandeur."

With that last dig, Catelyn finally departed, leaving him alone with Lyanna. The dark-haired woman huffed annoyedly before turning her attention to a visibly depressed Jon. Kneeling down in front of him, she lifted his face and said with a motivating smile.

"I saw your fight; it was pretty impressive. You've improved so much in such a short time my little wolf, I'm really proud of you."

But her words didn't seem to have the expected effect, to Jon still looked down. A little more worried now, Lyanna asked him while lovingly rubbing his cheek.

"Hey my little wolf, what's wrong?"

"You lied to me." Were the only words that came out of Jon. Lyanna's heart sank when she heard such an accusation, especially coming from her son. "You told me they would see me for what I am."

"And they will, they will my little wolf. You just need to be patient." Lyanna assured Jon effusively.

"She's right." Jon told her, his voice coming out hollow and cold. "They only see me as a bastard, they see me with fear, distrust and contempt. Not even father seemed pleased with what I did."

Lyanna bowed her head in anger and frustration, she wanted to curse her brother and Catelyn, curse those people who dared to say those words about her son. He wanted to send his promise to the seven hells and tell his baby the whole truth, tell him who he really was and tell him how proud his real father would be of him. To tell him that he was not a Snow like all those people, or the trout had said, that he was a true born Targaryen, a descendant of Old Valyria and the ancient Kings of Winter, but as much as she wanted to tell him all these things, she could not. She knew that her son was not yet ready, he still needed to grow more, to learn and train more in order to be the head of House Targaryen. So, without being able to tell him what she really wanted to tell him, she had to manage in another way.

"Listen to me Jon, you only have to listen to me, my little wolf. You are not what they say you are. Catelyn Stark isn't right about anything, she's just a silly Southern Lady with wide hips who's only good for bearing child after child. You are special Jon, no matter what they say, you just have to trust me, I would never lie to you sweetheart." Lyanna told him, her voice coming out almost pleadingly. "You still trust me don't you my dear?"

Jon eventually seemed to raise his gaze to her and spoke. "I trust you mother." His voice didn't come out as hopeful and confident as before, but Lyanna took that as a win just the same. Wrapping her arms around him, she continued to whisper encouraging things in his ear, but this time Jon wasn't as interested in listening.

What prompted the whole exchange with Lady Stark was that, for the next time the brothers faced each other, as Robb had said, he would defeat Jon. Though not because he was actually better than Jon, but because Jon was simply not allowed to defeat him. For if Robb won, everything would flow as it was 'meant to be'. Father would have a smile on his



face, Catelyn would look pleased, Ser Rodrik would look proud of his student's progress and the crowd seemed much happier with the outcome.

When Robb extended a hand to help him to his feet, Jon took it and forced himself to flash him a smile as he congratulated him on his victory. As Ser Rodrik and Robb left and the crowd dispersed, Jon stayed to return all the training weapons to their place, but stopped when he felt an intense gaze upon him. Lifting his gaze, he saw that it was Lady Stark who was now alone, father had retired leaving just the two of them. The red-haired woman kept her attentive and stern gaze on him, as if waiting for him to make the slightest mistake so she could throw it on his face, to tell everyone how he planned to usurp her son's place.

Usually Jon always looked away, but this time he didn't feel like it. In fact, for the first time Jon heard a voice coming from deep inside his mind, whispering things to him far more tantalizing than Lyanna could ever have told him. His mother had told him that people would kneel before him, but this voice told him that in order to get people to kneel, he had to force them to do so. And there was nothing more tempting to him than to be the one who looked down on the proud and refined Lady Stark. To force her to kneel before him, he did not need the approval of his father or Ser Rodrik, he had only to rise above them. He could easily be a better swordsman than Ser Rodrik ever was and father though he might be a Lord Paramount, there was still someone above him. The people did not have to love him or sing his praises, the people only existed to serve, and they all serve the King.

Finishing putting away the last sword, Jon left the courtyard, but not before giving Lady Stark a winning smile. Making her furious on the spot, which increased his amusement even more. Mother was right, she was just a foolish Lady Stark, believing that he wanted to usurp Robb's place, her brother only had the right to the North. But Jon didn't just want Winterfell, he wanted it all. Turning his gaze back to look at Lady Stark one last time, he saw that little Sansa had joined her mother and was clinging cutely to her leg, at the same time his little half-sister, moved her gaze to him and looked at him with her pretty blue eyes. They were almost an identical reflection of their mother, which caused Jon to smile even more grimly and think.

*He would take it all.*

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Since then, Jon had had dark thoughts flooding his mind, sometimes the temptation to indulge in such thoughts was too much and he had to find ways to release his frustration and desires with someone else. The best way to release his frustration was with his Uncle Arthur, as he was the only one, he could completely let loose with and also his hard and constant training left him so exhausted that he couldn't think of anything else. And as for his desire, Jon refrained from releasing it on any woman, as he had no desire to bring a new bastard into this world. Though he found it more and more challenging to control himself, but unexpectedly he found the perfect way or better said 'person' to unburden himself to, all thanks to Theon fucking Greyjoy.

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Not so surprisingly another war broke out in Westeros, and father had left again to fight in it. Only to return to Winterfell with another boy, though this time it was not his bastard, much to Lady Stark's relief. Theon Greyjoy was like a prisoner preventing his father from

rebellious again, though he loved to pretend he wasn't, calling himself a 'ward'. Jon never liked Theon, he was loudmouthed, annoying, arrogant, and generally a complete asshole.

Because he was older than him and Robb, he acted like he knew better than them, especially about women, bragging that he had slept with hundreds. Obviously, he and Robb weren't idiots enough to believe a word that came out of his mouth, which infuriated him and that's when he spoke about a place where one could sleep with as many beautiful women as one wished, they just needed a little gold and all the women would be more than eager to fulfill any fantasy they could possibly desire.

The brothers immediately knew he was talking about the brothels of Wintertown, although at that time with only ten and four name days they had never actually been in one. For their father took a very dim view of such places, but being young boys, they were both very curious and the soldiers liked to talk.

"The best brothel in the North is in Wintertown, I could take you there if you like and see for yourselves. Like I said, all you need is a few gold coins." Theon told them with an arrogant and annoying smile on his face. "Of course, I'll be sure to leave some for you guys, it's about time you became proper men."

Ignoring Theon's last words, Jon and Robb looked at each other with slight smiles, both knowing there was no way they were going to turn down such an invitation.

Slipping out of the castle, the trio arrived at Wintertown's most popular brothel and barely stepped through the door. They were greeted by a host of beautiful and seductive women who rushed at them, all too eager to give them a warm welcome. Most were dressed in cloths thinner than appropriate for the cold northern climate, although the numerous fireplaces in the room seemed to compensate their lack of clothing.

Also, something that surprised Jon was seeing the different women that were there, they seemed to have brought women from all over Westeros. There were some buxom blondes with pretty blue or green eyes, some freckled redheads, slender brunettes and he could even see two women with beautiful olive skin, and who spoke in an accent he had never heard before, most likely they were from Dorne.

Most of the girls were focusing their attention on Robb, something that happened most of the time, most likely recognizing him very easily. Theon was amusedly watching the scene sitting on one of the many couches already with a woman on his lap. Although Robb had attracted the attention of most of the women, some had also flocked to him, more specifically two were clinging to his arm. One pretty, slender, green-eyed blonde was looking pleadingly at him as she sensually whispered 'milord' in his ear. The other was a brown-eyed brunette with a more prominent bust and wider hips, but as interesting as it seemed to be to have his first experience with these two women, his attention had already been captured by someone else.

In the distance a lush redhead was watching him with bright, contemplative eyes, she seemed to be the only woman in the establishment who hadn't come up to greet them. She had one svelte, milky leg draped over the other, her curvaceous body covered only by a thin crimson silk robe, which was not tied properly and exposed the large valley of her breasts. Her flirtatious blue eyes seemed to be almost the same shade as Lady Stark's.

"You like me Ros, eh?" Jon was snapped out of his trance by the annoyed voice of Theon, who seemed to have noticed who he was looking at, typical of him he was not silent and mockingly added. "You have good tastes bastard; I can give you that. Though I doubt you can handle her, I barely could and I'm much more of a man than you. But if you want to embarrass yourself, I hope you brought enough gold, she ain't cheap."

Having heard enough and not wanting the guards to throw him out for hitting Theon, he broke away from the women hugging him, both girls pouted as they watched him pass on them. But Jon took no notice, he had made his decision, he would take what he wanted. Ros's smile seemed to grow as she watched him approach her until he finally sat down next to her on the spacious couch, the woman looked at him with expectant eyes and Jon didn't know exactly what to say, he had studied to address himself with Ladies or Princesses, but not how to address a whore, but he didn't want to be rude either, so he said the first thing that came to his mind.

"I have been told that your name is Ros, my lady." Jon mentally kicked himself for saying that phrase the moment it left his lips.

But fortunately for him, Ros seemed to take his words with humor, telling him in a silky voice.

"I think we both know I'm not a Lady, Jon Snow."

A little surprised that she knew his name, he couldn't help but ask her. "You know who I am?"

"You're more famous than you know Jon." She said happily with a sultry smile.

Smiling back at her, Jon said without much thought. "You're not like the others, you're incredibly beautiful and you didn't get attached to my brother as soon as he walked through the door."

"I'm sure my friends are more interested in the gold he carries in his pockets than they are in the little Lord himself. Though I must say he's not at all bad to look at."

"And you are not interested in gold, my Lady?" Jon asked again this time with an amused smile at the moniker.

Ros seemed to enjoy being called that and replied looking him straight in the eyes, "Gold is always nice, but right now there's something I'm more interested in." Shortening the distance between them, almost able to feel her warm body against his, Ros asked him. "Is this your first time in a brothel Jon?" Ros asked him.

Nodding at his question, Ros told him.

"I'm glad you boys chose us."

At being called that, Jon couldn't help but correct her and tell her a little more sharply than he should have.

"I'm not a boy."

With a growing smile, Ros asked him.

"Have you ever been inside a woman, Jon Snow?"

This time he averted his gaze a little sheepishly before shaking his head. Making it so he couldn't see Ros's predatory gaze on him and the way she bit her lips, but he could feel when she placed her hand on his before she said.

"You're not a man until you're inside a woman Jon Snow, do you want to walk out of this brothel a man?"

Lifting his gaze to her, Jon had no doubt in his mind when he answered with a simple, but firm.

"Aye."

Ros smiled brightly as holding his hand she pulled him up beside her and began to lead him towards one of the many private rooms within the brothel.