

“Have you seen the Lord Commander?” Robb Stark asked Satin, the young man Jon had chosen as one of his stewards.

“I believe he is in his solar, Your Grace,” Satin said, bowing his head respectfully. The King in the North nodded in thanks at the boy and made his way toward Jon’s solar so he could inform him of the letter he’d gotten from Bear Island affirming House Mormont’s full support as the Night’s Watch prepared for the wars to come.

Their lives had taken them in very different directions, but ultimately, their duties had brought him and Jon back together. They’d grown up together as brothers in Winterfell, and now they would stand side by side as the King in the North and Lord Commander of the Night’s Watch. Despite the importance of their duties, Robb enjoyed working together with Jon. It was like old times in a way, even if their responsibilities were so much greater now.

“Jon?” Robb knocked on the door, but there was no response. “Jon, are you in there? It’s Robb. I’ve gotten a raven, and I thought you’d want to hear about it right away.” That did get a response, albeit a muffled one that Robb couldn’t make out. Regardless, he knew Jon was in there now, and he was sure that Jon would want to hear about Maegh’s response at once. Robb opened the door and saw himself in. And then the King in the North was brought to a stop in the doorway as he realized that Jon probably hadn’t heard him knock to begin with, and it hadn’t been him who made that indistinct noise Robb had taken as an acknowledgment of his knocking.

Jon was in his bed, but he wasn’t alone. And the noise he’d heard could only have come from a very naked Alys Karstark, who was on her hands and knees in front of Jon. Jon, Lord Commander of the supposedly celibate Night’s Watch, didn’t even see Robb at first because his eyes were closed, and his hands were squeezing Alys’ buttocks as he thrust into her.

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Jon’s hips moved back and forth quickly, giving it to Alys at the pace he knew from experience she liked. This was far from the first time that the only daughter of Rickard Karstark had visited his bed, so she didn’t need to say a word for him to know her sexual preferences and what would make her feel good. He didn’t require any guidance; he just fucked her the way she’d come to be fucked, and had her moaning into his pillow within minutes of her smallclothes hitting the floor.

Though he was technically breaking his vows with her, it wasn’t as if the men of the Night’s Watch didn’t frequent the brothel in Mole’s Town. The men who had preceded him as Lord Commander realized that lifelong celibacy was a vow that some men couldn’t keep, and so long as they were back on the Wall to do their duty come the morning, what they did during their nights off could be excused. Jon accepted the wisdom in that and indulged in some indiscretion of his own. He’d broken this vow long ago while in the company of the wildlings, and much like the brothers who regularly broke their vows in the brothel, there had been no turning back for Jon after that. Sex felt too good to give it up for anything, even his pride as the Lord Commander.

Alys had come to the Wall to escape her family’s plans for her, and she’d come to Jon’s bed in search of comfort and pleasure while he and the Watch gave her sanctuary. Jon had been more than happy to welcome the only Karstark daughter into his bed. She was a fierce woman, one who did not cower when surrounded by the brothers of the Night’s Watch or the wildlings Jon had chosen to take in after his half-brother Robb and his men helped him defeat Mance Rayder. She did not shy away from what

she wanted, either. She was very upfront about coming to Jon and asking if he would take her into his bed and keep her company, and she didn't hold back in moaning out her pleasure as he fucked her again here and now.

She was on her hands and knees in his bed, but she pushed her hips back to meet his thrusts as he fucked her quickly. His thrusts were hard enough to make her buttocks shake, and she groaned as his hands reached underneath her to squeeze her small breasts. Like everything else he did with her, his hands squeezed her tits roughly, which was exactly what she wanted from him.

After having his fill of squeezing her tits and pinching her stiff nipples, Jon let go of her bosom and ran his hands down the girl's tall, pale form. Her back had a slight sheen of sweat on it now, thanks to his efforts, and it was a welcome sight. Jon knew she wouldn't have been satisfied if he couldn't bring enough heat to their fuck to have her sweating by the end of it, so this was definitely a good sign.

He knew how much she was enjoying the fuck already, but then she pulled her head out from the pillow and started moaning freely. Jon, recognizing that she was getting close now just by the familiar moans she was making as she threw her head back, gave her even more of what she needed. He sped up his thrusts, slamming his hips forward with the kind of force that even Alys could only withstand for a couple of minutes at the most. His hands, meanwhile, finished their trip down her back and gave her buttocks a few sharp smacks in between thrusts. He did his best to turn her pale arse red while he hammered her cunt with his cock, and Alys moaned in ardent approval of the fierce fuck he gave her.

Jon closed his eyes and pushed Alys' arsecheeks together with his hands, ceasing his spanks and focusing fully on giving her as many balls-deep thrusts as she needed until she came. He just had to hope that she would bury her head in the pillow before that point came because he knew how loud Alys could get at the end of a rough fuck.

It wasn't Alys' moans but rather a strangled sort of gasp that made Jon's eyes snap open. That definitely hadn't come from the woman he was fucking. He knew Alys' sounds, and as he opened his eyes, she still had her head down and was pushing her hips back to meet his thrusts. She was moments away from an orgasm, and likely a large one at that. Alys wouldn't care about anything happening around her when she was this close, and besides, the sound hadn't come from below him. It had come in the direction of the door to his solar.

Jon turned his head and saw Robb standing in the doorway, his mouth hanging open and a letter in his hand.

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Robb now knew better than to approach Jon in his solar. He did have news to share with him, this time from his Uncle Edmure in Riverrun, but it would have to wait until he ran into Jon somewhere in Castle Black. He wasn't about to seek Jon out and risk another mishap like the one that had happened a little under a fortnight ago.

It had taken him several days to be able to look Jon in the eyes again after that, and they still hadn't spoken a word to each other about what had happened. Robb had turned around stiffly, closed the door, and walked away like he hadn't seen anything, and neither he nor Jon had brought it up since. Robb was still surprised his brother had taken a lover despite the vows the men of the Night's Watch swore, but it was hardly his place to judge. He'd broken his word, too, marrying another woman instead of

honoring his agreement with House Frey, and it would have cost him everything if he hadn't trusted Grey Wind's senses. What Jon and Alys Karstark got up to in the privacy of the Lord Commander's solar wasn't any of Robb's business, and he was going to stay out of it and behave as if he'd never seen Jon rutting Alys and squeezing her buttocks together while she moaned loudly enough to make Robb think Jon was inviting him to open the door.

His conversation with Jon about Riverrun's support could wait. For now, Robb would pay a visit to the armory to see if the blacksmith was in need of any fresh supplies. They would soon have a need for more weapons to make sure everyone headed to the Wall to answer the call of the Night's Watch was well armed.

The smith was not present when Robb arrived. The Lord Commander was present, but he was not in any position to speak with Robb about supplies, Riverrun, or anything else. Jon was seated on a chest or crate or something similar; Robb couldn't tell exactly what it was that his arse was planted on. Far more relevant was the fact that his clothing was down around his ankles, and there was a woman sitting on top of him, her back to Jon as she leaned her body forward, pressed her hands against the wall, and bounced in his lap. Robb couldn't see her face, but this definitely wasn't Alys Karstark. Her blonde hair was tied in a braid over one shoulder, and that braid bounced and swung around with the movement of her body. Robb couldn't say that his eyes were on her braid for long, though. How could they be when he had a clear view of the woman's bare arse shaking every time she dropped down onto Jon's cock again?

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The wildling custom was for the man to steal into the woman's bed, but Jon's first time with Val had seen *her* coming into *his* bed in the middle of the night to 'steal' him. Jon, naturally, had been more than willing to accept the beautiful blonde into his bed that night and many nights since.

More oft than not, though, Val seemed to prefer fucking anywhere *but* in a bed. Perhaps the rather nomadic nature of the free folk had something to do with her desire to bring their fucks outside of his chambers and out into other areas of Castle Black. Jon probably should have refused to indulge that side of her desires, but it wasn't as if he wasn't used to fucking out in the open, thanks to Ygritte. He did his best to choose locations and times where they wouldn't disturb anyone, but there were risks inherent in doing things like allowing Val to drag him to the armory and ride his cock, and Jon accepted those risks,

He felt confident that most men would have made the same choice and accepted the same risk, or at least they would if they could comprehend how tight Val's cunt was and how well she could ride a cock. Her coming into his bed to 'steal' him had not just been some mummer's farce. Val was a woman who knew what she wanted and took it in true free folk fashion. She rode his cock as confidently as ever, alternating between rocking back and forth in his lap, swiveling her hips in circles and stretching her arms out and bouncing straight up and down. No matter how she moved her body, Val brought Jon pleasure great enough that he doubted he would have had the strength to throw her off of his lap or get her to stop even if Dylan, the new smith who'd taken over after Donal Noye's death, returned early from his afternoon break. Jon tried his best not to flaunt the breaking of his vows too blatantly, even though many of his fellow Night's Watch brothers routinely broke this same vow, and he'd already admitted to breaking them with Ygritte while beyond the Wall as well. But pleasure like this would be difficult for any man to stop, no matter the consequences.

He could never be with Val completely, the way that Mance Rayder had been with her sister Dalla. Mance had turned his cloak completely, abandoned the Night's Watch and lived with the free folk, where he'd sworn no vows and lived life as he wished. Jon could not go that far; he would not turn his cloak or abandon his sworn duty to guard the realms of men. But in moments like these, he could sympathize with Mance and understand why he'd made the choices he had. Watching Val's arse jiggle as she bounced on his cock certainly made him feel freer than overseeing the training of new recruits, writing letters to the lords of Westeros, or organizing the Wall's defenses ever had.

Val was really bouncing hard on him now, which he knew was a sure sign that she was getting close to her climax. She liked to alternate between motions and speeds to remind him of what she could do, but after she'd been riding him for a while, her need for satisfaction took over, and she abandoned all thoughts of technique in favor of slamming her hips down onto him as rapidly as she could. He'd watched her in wide-eyed surprise the first time she rode him as hard as she could, but her speed didn't catch him off-guard this time. Jon just rested his hands loosely on her hips, listened to her grunts, and watched her blonde braid flop around over her shoulder as she threw all of her considerable strength into fucking him to a finish.

Jon gave her hips a light squeeze and groaned tightly as she hissed and started cumming. Her cunt squeezed around his cock, testing Jon's resolve not to spill his seed inside of her. As always, she wasn't going to make it easy on him, but he was going to do his best to hold on through the end of her orgasm and then finish in his own way.

He flinched and looked back quickly after hearing what sounded very much like boots on the floor. His first fear had been that Dylon had returned early after all, but this did not turn out to be what had happened. The sound he'd heard was someone leaving in a hurry rather than walking in on them, but Jon looked up just in time to see a broad back and a familiar head of reddish-brown hair heading very quickly in the opposite direction.

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Jon had come prepared for this. He knew that he couldn't trust Ygritte to keep the noise down, so he had one hand over her mouth while the other held onto her hip to hold her in place while he thrust into her from behind. The last thing he needed was someone hearing her moan as he fucked her ass in the library of Castle Black. Even if he'd confessed to laying with her upon his return, and he assumed most who knew him well were not naive enough to think that this had stopped just because he became the Lord Commander, he still didn't want to flaunt it openly.

The moment that Ygritte first opened her eyes again the day after the Battle of Castle Black, any chance that Jon might have refused to be with her again and done his best to honor his vows going forward had shattered. She'd come so close to dying in his arms that night, and probably *would* have died if that arrow had sunk in just a little bit more to the left. Her opening her eyes again the next day had been like the old gods answering his silent prayers as he held her in his arms, and he did not have the strength to walk away from her or let her go after that, vows, pride, and honor be damned.

It was actually Ygritte who had pushed him into letting Val 'steal' him and accepting Alys into his bed as well. She didn't ask to keep him all to herself, and she didn't try to convince him to abandon his duty. She just wanted a piece of him, and Jon had grown too close to her to deny her that even before the Battle of Castle Black.

No, he could never deny Ygritte, nor did he want to. Bending her over and fucking her arse in the library of Castle Black was certainly conduct unbecoming of the Lord Commander, but Jon had never asked for the position in the first place. He would do his duty, but he wasn't going to deny himself this pleasure.

Buggering was not something Jon would ever have considered asking for from anyone, but it had actually been Ygritte who suggested it the first time. She enjoyed it well enough, but Jon believed she continued to ask for it because she knew that neither Alys nor Val had ever done this with him. Ygritte didn't mind not being the only woman he fucked, but she still took pride in knowing that there was one act only she had done with him and one hole that only she had allowed him to stick his dick into.

If Ygritte found some satisfaction in being the only woman he'd ever buggered, Jon was more than happy to continue giving it to her whenever they had the time. She might take pride in it, but there was no chance that she enjoyed it as much as he did. He enjoyed all that he did with her, Val, and Alys, but anal sex was a different sort of excitement that he doubted he would be able to explain to someone who hadn't experienced it for themselves. Ygritte's arse was tighter than anything he'd ever felt, and that naturally brought a great deal of physical pleasure with every thrust. But the physical sensation of sliding his cock back and forth in her arse and feeling that almost impossibly tight grip around him was only part of why he enjoyed this particular act so much.

Jon enjoyed the taboo nature of it just as much as the actual physical pleasure. If fucking a wildling girl wasn't bad enough, he, the Lord Commander, was bending her over and fucking her in a way that even the brothel whores would charge extra for if they didn't refuse to do it outright. But Ygritte spread her cheeks willingly and even moaned as Jon buggered her in the library. He kept his left hand over her mouth as he decided he'd given her arse enough time to adjust to having him back inside of it and started fucking her harder. It was a good thing, too, because he didn't even want to think about how loud her groans and squeals would have sounded without his hand pressed over her lips.

Even if this wasn't something either of them was supposed to be doing, they both enjoyed it too much to ever consider putting a stop to it. Why should it matter to them that wildlings and crows were meant to try and kill each other? They'd done their fighting; she'd shot him in the leg when he slipped away from the wildling band to return to the Wall, and she'd almost died in his arms during their assault on Castle Black. But she'd survived, they'd made it through all of that, and they were here. If his wildling lover wanted him to bend her over and pound her arse in the library, that was exactly what Jon was going to do, regardless of what was expected of him. They'd endured too much, and buggering her felt too damned good.

Jon temporarily ignored everything beyond the fierce redhead bent over in front of him. He kept his left hand over her mouth and squeezed her arsecheek with his right hand, admiring the feeling of it between his fingers. Ygritte might be a woman with enough fire in her to put an arrow in his leg when he tried to flee, but her body was soft, and she would have been moaning and grunting her excitement clearly if he wasn't covering her mouth. Even if Jon probably should have been putting in some work to prepare for the upcoming arrival of troops from the Riverlands, he was relishing his moment of forbidden pleasure with the woman who'd first taught him why so many of his sworn brothers broke their vows so regularly.

Perhaps Jon should have been paying at least a little bit more attention to what was happening around him, though it may not have made much difference even if he had. One moment, he was buggering

Ygritte in the library, thinking of nothing beyond her tight arse gripping his cock so perfectly with each push and pull. And the next moment, the door was opening behind him.

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Robb had taken to trying to work out where he thought Jon was going to be during the day, and then deliberately *avoiding* being there at the same time. Unless he was going to the common hall or some other area of Castle Black that had members of the Night's Watch coming in and out regularly, Robb moved around the castle carefully.

He still didn't understand how Jon became the Lord Commander of a group that swore vows of celibacy and still somehow ended up with girls throwing themselves at him, but he didn't want to risk walking in on him again, whether with Alys, Val or potentially someone he hadn't yet seen Jon fucking. The incident with Alys on her hands and knees, Robb would accept some responsibility for. That had been in Jon's solar, where he had some expectation of privacy. But after walking in on Val bouncing on his cock in the armory, Robb could take no more chances. He loved his half-brother, but he didn't know if he'd ever be able to meet his eye again if he walked in on him fucking for a third time.

The library should be safe, though. Jon had gone up to the rookery the last Robb had seen him; he'd just passed Val with some of the other free folk on his way to the vaults where the library was, and Alys was with some of the northern girls who'd come to the Wall recently. Everything should be clear, and Robb should be able to study some of these Valyrian scrolls Samwell Tarly had been telling him about.

Or so he thought until he entered the library and discovered that it was already occupied. He blinked, looked at the scene in silence for a few moments, and then shut the door without entering. It had only been open for about three seconds, but that was still enough time to ensure that the memory of Jon with his cock lodged up the arse of that redheaded wildling Robb had seen a few times permanently burned into his brain. There was no questioning it now. He would never be able to look Jon in the eye again.

He turned on his heel and went back the way he came, deciding that it was about time that he sought out a bed mate of his own. His bed had been empty since the unraveling of Walder Frey's plot and the end of his marriage, but he was ready to change that. Mayhaps Dacey would be interested in putting her body to use somewhere other than the training yard while they waited for the battles to come.