I Want To Be A Girl Like You

by Neliore

Summary

Theon always teased Jon about how he would look good in women's clothing. Robb usually stands for Jon, but one time, when drunk, he agrees with Theon. Jon, just to prove a point, steals Sansa's clothes and dresses up, showing up in front of a very drunk Theon and an equally drunk Robb. What started as a game, develops into something Jon would've never expected but that he clearly enjoys.

Chapter 19: Of dirty girls, sailings and lipstick stains--the full circle

Notes

This was written for the following kink meme prompt on ASOIAF kink meme:

Theon always teased Jon about how he would look good in women's clothing. Robb usually stands for Jon but one time, when drunk, he agreed with Theon.
Jon, just to prove a point, steals Sansa's clothes and dresses up, showing up in the room of a very drunk Theon and an equally drunk Robb. What started as a game, develops into something Jon would've never expected but that he clearly enjoys.

Anon OP, I hope you like it. It is quite long, though, sorry :) Comments are always welcome :)

So many times Theon said it: "Fuck, Snow, you look like a chick."

And Jon told him to fuck off every time.

Robb too. Well, ok, not exactly to fuck off, but he'd always say something like: "Knock it off, Theon. Don't be a prick."

Of course, it was never enough for Theon. He would insist. "But, man, just look at him. Like, from behind, I'd totally say he was a girl. What, with his precious curls and in those skinny jeans he always wears. Even his face, man, like, the way he pouts, and then his constant batting those eyelashes, fuck, he's worse than a girl."

Robb, as any half decent half-brother would, always said something like: "Shut up, Theon. Leave him alone."

But Theon wouldn't. He'd go on, saying stuff like: "That's a proper cock-sucking mouth if I ever saw one. I know he's your brother, man, but I'd let him blow me. I mean, if I squint, he'd pass for a girl, hell, a pretty one too."

Jon would by then be pretty pissed off. "I have a beard, Greyjoy. Did other girls that you all the time claim to have sucked your stupid cock also have facial hair?"

And Robb would always repeat: "Yeah, Theon, shut up, enough about it now."

So, eventually Theon would snort and start talking about other stuff. But, every so often he'd be saying the same old shit about Jon looking like a girl. He'd never miss an opportunity to point at any random female they saw wearing a dress or a skirt and then say: "Snow would wear that better."

It was just to piss him off, Jon knew.

It all started that one time for Halloween when Jon decided to go dressed as a vampire and Sansa had put some make up on him, just some white foundation or something to make him look even more pale. Then she drew thin black lines around his eyes with an eyeliner. And that looked ok, but then she said that it might be cool if his lips were a bit redder, more in contrast to his face, and also to maybe appear as if he's just sucked someone's blood. So he let her put some lipstick on his lips too. And what Sansa said was pretty convincing, he did look like a vampire--all white with black around his eyes and his lips a blood red. But then he went to Robb's room, where Robb and Theon were waiting for him, both of them dressed as those Matrix bad guys, the Agents or whatever they were called. That was a pretty safe look, they just had suits on, plus the square sunglasses and the communication earpiece, both of which could be taken off and they'd again look just like regular guys, slightly dressed-up. Jon, however, was wearing make-up. Trying to look like a vampire. The look on their faces when they saw him told him he failed.

"Shit, Snow. That's just half of the look. Where's your dress, man?"

"Fuck off, Greyjoy."

Theon was laughing, so much.

Robb said: "Actually, Jon, he's right. You do look like a girl now. Why did you put make-up on?"
Jon felt like an idiot. He didn't even bother explaining, he just left to the bathroom, washed his face clean, forgot about the whole vampire look and took one of those stupid rubber facemasks from Rickon, it was a Frankenstein and it smelled horribly. It was a pretty shitty Halloween.

Afterwards, Theon was just brutal in his teasing. He'd say stuff like: "I just passed Topshop and they have summer dresses on sale. You might want to check it out later, Snow."

Or he'd show up with a bunch of beauty products samples, like shampoos and toning lotions and all that stuff, and say: "My sister keeps getting those but she doesn't care about using any of that shit, so I brought it to you, Snow. Because you're worth it."

Or: "I just saw the most perfect skirt for you in Zara. They have it in black, your colour. It'd be the killer look with that red lipstick Sansa gave you."

Jon was starting to lose his patience. Sure, Robb would always tell Greyjoy to shut up, but still, Theon never really would.

And then it happens. It started as a joke, really. Well, sort of.

They sit at Robb's room drinking. Their father and Catelyn are out--some dinner or something at the Baratheons. All the other Stark children are with them, except for Robb, and Jon of course. They lied about having to study, but were in fact waiting for Theon to show up with that bottle of vodka he promised them. He's the only one old enough to have an ID, and has no problem sharing his alcohol with minors. Besides, they would both be of legal age soon--few months really--so it's not a big deal.

Theon drinks fast; by the time Jon and Robb have had two drinks he was already sipping his fifth. But Robb is always the first one to get hammered. His speech starts slurring after just two or three shots, and now also, he's already quite tipsy, cheerful and flushed. Theon is drunk-ish, but not yet absolutely wasted. Jon takes his time, he hates feeling more drunk than Theon, so he's always the most sober one, well, if you can call it that.

Sure enough, it doesn't take long before Greyjoy starts. "Snow? I've been thinking... that dress Sansa wore last weekend, that'd look just fucking awesome on you."

Jon glares at him. "You think about me that much, Greyjoy? In a dress? You're sick."

He expects Robb to again take his side and tell Theon to shut the fuck up, but Robb is just giggling. That's all the encouragement Theon needs. He continues, "No, seriously. I'd prefer if there were some chicks here now, so they can, I don't know, go down on us or something. But you're, like, the next best thing."

Robb bursts out laughing at that. Jon now glares at him angrily, but his words are directed at Theon. "Shut the fuck up, Greyjoy."

Theon maybe detects the threat in Jon's tone as his next words are a bit conciliatory, though he's still being an asshole. "All I'm saying, man, you'd rock those dresses totally. Should definitely try them on."

When Robb, drunk and giggly, starts speaking Jon at first feels better, thinking that his brother is standing up for him as always, but then he gets pissed when he hears what Robb is saying. "You know, I think... Theon is right. I mean, you do have that look, with the hair and all, and you have a really nice body for that. I'd look like shit in a dress, but you, Jon, it, um... it'd look really good on you." And he giggles.

Thank you, Robb. So fucking much.
Theon adds: "See? Your brother agrees. I've never really gotten you anything for your birthday, like, ever, but next time, I am so getting you a dress."

And Robb, his fucking brother, starts laughing like mad. "Me too."

Jon gets up and turns to leave. "Fuck you! Both of you."

Back inside his room he's still mad. He can hear them laughing and he even catches a few words. "Yeah... and pantyhose... so hot... no, no, man, a thong.... yeah... but the dress..." and so on.

Jon starts thinking. They'll never stop unless he shows them they're wrong and that it's the stupidest thing ever. He just has to make them see it, to shame them into seeing it. This has to stop.

So, he is determined as ever as he finds himself walking towards Sansa's room. He's got a point to make. He feels slightly guilty, entering her private space like that, while she's away. But he's decent enough not to go through her stuff too much. He'll just get these things he needs and he won't touch anything else.

He opens her wardrobe and starts looking. Sansa has a lot of clothes, real pretty and girly. There's dresses galore, all shapes and colours. He takes his time, admiring the choice. Two dresses make it to the finals, the red frilly one and the dark teal tight one. In the end he picks the dark teal dress, red seems too frilly and... slutty. The teal dress is so nice, it ends just above the knee, it's tight, but the fabric is stretchy, so it'll do. He also picks some pantyhose, black and sheer. He thinks about the underwear, he would want that too, but it's Sansa's underwear. He hesitates. But his hand dipped in all that silky and lacy private world of his half-sister feels too wrong, so he lets it go. No panties this time. But as he closes that little drawer something falls out, and he sees it's a dark red garter belt. It is the prettiest thing he's ever seen, of course he takes it. Then he looks for the appropriate stockings, Sansa has to have them, since she has the garter belt for them. Jon finds the thin black stockings and abandons his earlier choice of pantyhose, feeling happy with his new find. He still thinks about the panties, but decides against them. He does take the eyeliner and the lipstick, though.

Once back inside his room, he takes his clothes off, and looks in the mirror. He does have a nice body, actually. He's thinner and more slender than Robb. His brother is quite athletic--his shoulders are so broad and arms so muscular. Jon is more sinewy, he is slim. Theon is too, but he's quite tall and has that edge somehow, so he could never really pass for a girl. Jon though... But then he catches himself and shakes his head in disbelief.

This is so stupid. You have a perfectly normal body, quite good looking one too, you do not look like a girl. You'd look good in a dress cause you'd look good in anything. Just put those clothes on, and show them how stupid and ridiculous they are.

So he does. He puts the garter belt on first. It's so pretty, dark red lace and smooth satin. He takes the stockings, and just as he's put one on, he realizes his legs are hairy and it doesn't look nice. So he goes to the bathroom and starts shaving his legs. But as soon as he's finished with one leg, he realizes that he shouldn't have done it. This is not about looking nice, this is about showing Robb and Theon how stupid and wrong they are. Jon now regrets shaving that one leg, but he can't leave one leg shaven and the other one hairy, so he shaves the other one too. And to be perfectly honest, the skin on his legs feels so good now. It's so smooth and soft, he can't stop touching it. He caresses his legs, delighting in the feel and when his hand goes further up to what is now already a decent erection, Jon feels weird. Slightly guilty. So he stops the touching and gets on with putting the rest of the clothes on.

The stockings look so good, though, he has to make a break to admire the sight for a while. He stands in front of the mirror, staring. The contrast between his white smooth skin and the fine black
material of the stockings that end just above the middle of his thighs, where they are attached to that pretty dark red garter belt, all satin and lace. It all looks like a frame around his crotch, and it is so dirty and beautiful at the same time. He turns around peeking from behind. The round toned muscles of his asscheeks are so pale and pretty between those black and red garments. He is sort of dressed, well, ok, not really, but he has three items of clothing on, and he feels more exposed than when fully naked. All the important parts—all the naughty parts—are open, and it looks so arousing. Jon always liked seeing garter belts and stockings. On girls. High heels too. Pity he doesn't have them now.

*Stop it, Jon, stop thinking that.*

But he does sort of wish to see how stiletto heels would compliment this look. Some shiny red ones, to match his garter belt. With *really* long heels. Then he could stick that sharp heel straight onto Theon Greyjoy's abdomen, and slide it across his stupid chest, scratching him so he moans with pain, then threateningly rest it at the hollow of his throat and then stick it in his stupid mouth that talks way too much, and make him suck it. Yes, it would be good to make Theon suck and lick his stilettos.

*Oh, fuck, why the hell am I so hard thinking about this? Why the hell am I thinking about this at all?*

But he is really hard, and it's becoming harder to ignore it. Jon takes the eyeliner and draws lines around his eyes, he's a bit clumsy, obviously he's never done it before. But it still looks nice. A bit messy, but his hair is always quite messy too, unruly curls and all, so it's actually quite cool. *A messy look, yeah.* Then he thinks about the lipstick. He decides against shaving his stubble but dabs just the tiny bit of that red on his lips. He's not really wearing a lipstick, technically. It's just a tiny bit of colour, he smears it along his full lips with his finger, rubs it in, and his lips are slightly redder. Damn, he's got pretty lips! Greyjoy's right.

Jon can't stop looking at himself in the mirror. He really looks good. Even without the heels. But he is so hard, and that dress is so tight, there's no way it won't be noticeable once he puts it on. He really has no choice. So he wraps his hand around his cock and starts stroking. He's looking at his reflection. He opens his lips slightly, squinting a bit, and even though it's just the tiniest amount of make-up he's put, and quite clumsily as well, he looks so different, and so good. He bites on his lips, white teeth flashing between the red lines, and a moan escapes him. He strokes his cock in long firm moves, looking at his legs. He's got nice legs too. Robb's legs are too muscled, he'd never look as good wearing this. Theon maybe, but Jon, wow. His legs look awesome in those stockings, long and lean. As his gaze reaches up to where the stockings stop and the skin and garter belt start Jon squeezes his cock tighter, gasping loudly as his seed spurts out, dripping down to the tiled floor of his bathroom.

He feels awkward. But he can't think about it now. He wishes to splash some cold water over his face, but he will maybe ruin the make-up, so he doesn't. He just breathes, until he's calm again.

Then Jon takes the dress and puts it on. It's very tight, and the colour is so pretty, dark teal, it compliments his grey eyes and his pale skin. He looks fucking *exquisite*.

He pauses before he leaves his room thinking about the shoes. It feels stupid without any shoes on.

*What the fuck, Jon? It doesn't feel stupid that you're wearing a fucking dress and make-up and have just wanked because of that, but it feels stupid you don't have heels? Seriously?*

But he still wishes he had some shoes on. So he opts for his Doc Martens boots. They'll serve. Jon gets back to the bathroom to throw one last look in the mirror, then he walks towards Robb's room, satisfied.

Jon hears their loud banter and laughter even from the hallway but once he opens the door and gets
inside, they go quiet and he sees both Robb's and Theon's jaw drop to the floor. They stare at him in shock.

Then Theon starts smirking smugly--he can't wipe the grin off his face. But it's not a mean grin, it's actually quite lusty. And Robb, he just gapes, flushed bright red, staring incredulously, in awe.

Jon takes the bottle of vodka--he can't bother with getting a glass now--and draws a long sip. He really needs it. Then he takes a deep breath and says, a bit too sharply: "Ok, fuckers, is this what you wanted to see? I hope you now realize how stupid it is."

But Greyjoy licks his lips lecherously and says: "Snow, that is the least stupid thing you ever wore."

And Jon can see a growing bulge in Theon's pants.

Suddenly, he feels very self-conscious. He shifts uncomfortably, but when he looks at Greyjoy, who has now stopped ogling all over his body and their eyes lock, Jon feels so empowered. Theon is wonderstruck. He's in Jon's power completely. His look, though smug and lewd, is also pleading. Jon grins too. He bites on his lips, then pouts deliberately, and when Theon grunts, swallowing hard upon seeing that, Jon grins even wider. Oh, I'm gonna make you beg, Greyjoy.

Robb is blinking stupidly, but then he asks, his voice raspy and coarse: "That Sansa's dress?"

Jon can see his brother is also aroused, though he still has enough decency to be embarrassed about it. Jon almost feels sorry for him, but Robb also teased him earlier so he can't help thinking Pay-back time, as he confirms, his eyebrow raised, teasing in his tone. "Yes. Stockings too. And the garter belt."

Robb just gapes more, driving his hand through his hair. But Theon grunts so loudly upon hearing that and he gets up instantly, grabbing Jon so fast he has no time to escape. One hand is holding the back of his neck and the other one is grasping a handful of Jon's ass as Theon draws him in for a kiss. A slow dirty kiss, with tongue being pushed deep inside Jon's mouth, sucking and rubbing. Jon stiffens at first, but the kiss feels good, and the way Theon holds him makes his knees go week, so he surrenders to the sensation, as Greyjoy continues to kiss him, bite him now too, moaning all the while, as he's squeezing Jon's ass, groping and kneading. Theon pulls him towards the bed and Jon almost loses his balance, but Theon has him, he holds him real tight.

Theon drops down to the bed, pulling Jon on top of him. They're still kissing and Theon expertly starts guiding his hand up Jon's dress. Jon can see Robb from the corner of his eye, and Robb is in shock, he stares and gapes, but as Theon's hand pulls that dress up, revealing the white flesh of Jon's upper thighs above the black stockings, and the dress is pulled even further up and his butt is exposed--a pert white roundness between those garter belts--Robb shakes his head and gets his cock out, ready to wank.

Theon's hand, his prying fingers, the way they glide over Jon's thighs and then go higher, caressing his ass, that all feels so dirty. Jon himself has pushed his hands up quite a few girls' skirts, but he never knew how it feels when it's being done to you. That hand seems so curious, determined to explore, unstoppable, and so expert, so confident. Jon likes being the object of its examination. The fingers travel up and down, then between his cheeks, and Jon grunts. Theon smirks. "No panties, hm? Aren't you a dirty little slut, Snow?"

Both Robb and Jon moan hearing that, Robb stroking his cock and Jon rubbing himself against Theon.

Theon smacks him once, and repeats: "A dirty little whore is what you are, Snow. And I'm gonna
make you moan around my cock, you'll see."

Jon can feel that he's so ridiculously hard, despite having jerked off just minutes before. What Theon is saying is making him so turned on. He moans again, grinding against Greyjoy's crotch so shamelessly, Theon grins and smacks his ass, harder now. "Oh, you like that, Snow? You like being told what a filthy slut you are? A dirty little cock-tease."

Robb whispers: "Fuck him, Theon, yes, fuck him now."

Theon spreads Jon's asscheeks wide apart and, when Jon whimpering to that sensation, he says: "You like teasing me and Robb with your pretty pout and your cute little ass? Wearing a dress and those sexy stockings, just to see us squirm? Is that what you wanted, you slutty little dick-tease?"

He slaps his butt again and yanks Jon roughly by the hair. "Answer me, Snow. You like being a cock-tease, don't you?"

Jon whispers: "Yes."

Theon slaps him harder yet and commands: "Louder. Your brother can't hear you."

Jon repeats, louder this time, blushing furiously: "Yes."

But demanding Greyjoy is not yet satisfied. He smacks his ass again. "Tell us, Jon. Tell us how you like teasing us, how you get off on being a fucking slut and a cock-tease."

Even Robb adds: "Yes, say it, Jon."

And Jon feels he really should have had more to drink, as this still feels slightly uncomfortable, but three sharp smacks across his ass make him act, despite feeling awkward, so he says, meekly and quietly: "Yes, I like being a cock-tease."

Theon kisses him wildly and then pulls back. "And a dirty slut."

Jon just moans, but again, Theon smacks his ass into saying: "And a dirty slut."

He's rewarded with a wet messy kiss and more ass groping. Jon can't believe how hard it makes him. Theon pushes him off of himself and gets on top of him, his knee pushing Jon's legs apart. One of his hands keeps Jon's arms pinned above his head and the other pulls the dress up, all the way to his waist. He grinds his hips onto Jon and their cocks touch through the fabric of Theon's jeans. Jon grunts and again Theon grins. "You like that, Snow? You'll get it don't worry. I'm gonna fuck you so hard you'll limp for days."

Jon can't believe that he moans even more hearing that, but he does moan, so loudly, so desperately. It urges Theon on, both to roll his hips onto him and to talk: "But first I'm gonna stuff your mouth with my cock, I'm gonna feed you my cock while your brother watches. And then I'll fuck your throat till you gag."

Robb is panting now, and Theon turns to him. "Robb, don't come just yet, we've got stuff to do."

Robb giggles through his panting, but he can't stop, so Theon summons him and orders Jon: "Open your mouth, Snow."

Jon is slightly uncertain, but Theon slaps his face, gently though, but still quite authoritatively, so Jon opens his mouth waiting. Robb comes close and when he pushes his cock inside, Jon wraps his lips around it and starts sucking. Robb's moans become a pitch higher and Theon praises: "Yes, good,
just like that. Suck your brother, Snow, you dirty cock-sucking slut."

Robb is so turned on, he doesn't last long, he comes in a powerful gush, all over Jon's face, some of it getting into his mouth too. Jon licks his lips, swallowing that, but then gasps in surprise to Theon's licking the rest of Robb's cum off of his face.

*I guess you're a dirty slut too, Greyjoy.*

Jon chuckles and he really can't resist taunting: "Cumslut."

Theon slaps him so hard across his face, it really stings. "Shut up."

But he can't stop it, the image of Theon licking Robb's sperm off of Jon's face just won't go away. Jon teases again: "But you are. A dirty cumslut."

Theon slaps him again and grabs his jaw, but just before he spits whatever words at him, Robb, now recovered from his orgasm, starts freaking out. "Oh, shit, this is wrong. Oh, fuck, god, this is so wrong."

And the funniest of all things happens--Theon and Jon agree, for once, both of them saying at the same time: "Shut up, Robb."

Then they look at each other, a dare and mischief in their sly grins, and start kissing again.

Theon's tongue is lashing around Jon's mouth, and Jon finds it just a little bit funny that he's actually thinking how Greyjoy is a rather good kisser. Theon is curling his fist inside Jon's hair, pulling his head up, and licks his face and neck. Jon starts rolling his hips and when Theon's other hand lets go of his arms, he immediately grabs Greyjoy's ass pulling him further onto him, squeezing firmly. Theon unbuttons his jeans and his cock is out and it's touching Jon's--this is the most intimate he's ever been with Greyjoy. Jon whimpers slightly and again catches sight of Robb, who is now sitting sullenly, drinking more, looking at them and swallowing hard.

Theon pulls his jeans down, together with his underwea, and climbs on top of Jon's chest. Jon sees his hard cock glistening, all red and throbbing. But he keeps his mouth closed and just looks at Theon coyly.

Theon presses the tip of his cock to Jon's lips. He taps them slightly, but Jon does nothing. Theon says: "Come on, Snow, suck it."

Jon shakes his head in a no, smiling a little.

Theon's cock taps Jon's lips a bit harder. "Come on, Snow, open up, suck it."

Jon whispers: "Ask me nicely."

Theon is annoyed, but also amused. His tone is mocking though, as he says: "Please, Snow, suck my cock. Let me fuck your mouth."

"Say my name. Call me Jon."

Theon smirks. "Jon... baby... suck my cock."

Jon chuckles and open his mouth. He sucks the tip first, then curls his tongue around it. He pulls him more inside, rubbing his tongue up and down the shaft. It feels so dirty, to suck Theon's cock. He tries to suck him well, better than how he sucked Robb. He really wants to impress Greyjoy, and he
has no idea why.

Jon looks to the side and sees Robb has started jerking off again, but his face is red with embarrassment, or alcohol. Theon follows his gaze and he also grins to see Robb hard again. He speeds up and Jon gags as the head of Theon's cock hits the back of his throat. But Theon likes that, so he goes that deep again, and Jon gags more. Soon, spittle is dribbling down his chin and he's nearly choking, as Theon is pushing deep, fucking his throat quite hard. Then Theon pulls out and goes down to kiss him, a good hard kiss that makes Jon hum and moan. Theon smiles as he fits his cock back inside Jon's mouth, tapping his cheek affectionately. He says: "You are a dirty little cock-sucking slut, aren't you, Jon?"

But he doesn't fuck his mouth now, he just stays put, letting Jon do everything. Jon bobs his head up and down, humming and murmuring, then he looks up to Theon's eyes, feeling like a million dollars when he sees such raw yearning there. Greyjoy wants him. So fucking bad.

Robb approaches them and Theon gets off of Jon, flipping him over. He smacks him again on his butt, then pulls his butcheeks apart and spits down on Jon's asshole. Jon gasps, squirming. That is so filthy, and what they are about to do is even filthier yet. He almost changes his mind about it, but Theon's hands feel so good as they fondle and knead his ass, pulling the flesh apart. And when he buries his face down and starts licking Jon's little hole, Jon strongly decides against changing his mind about this, because it just feels too fucking awesome.

He'd even say some praise, but Robb stuffs his mouth with his cock before he can say anything, and now he's sucking his brother too, content with all the attention he's getting. Jon always thought how Theon was full of shit when he'd brag about his conquest and all the girls he fucked and all the things he did to them and how they all loved it because he's so fucking awesome and all, but now he thinks it might actually be true, because Theon seems to really know what he's doing, and he's doing it real fucking well. Jon squirms beneath that tongue that flickers around his asshole, feeling so light and gentle, then goes in, so firm and probing. He shudders with bliss as Theon is sucking at his ass, and when one finger is pushed inside it doesn't feel at all bad or strange or painful. The second one does burn a little, and Jon whimpers softly. But Theon kisses his neck as those fingers go slowly inside, and whispers: "Relax, baby, it's cool. You'll be fine."

And Jon doesn't really care about the burn anymore, he just wants Theon to call him baby again. He lets go of Robb's dick and turns his head back to kiss Greyjoy, who is grinning like a cat to see him so eager. The third finger is in, and Jon is brave, but it does sting, so he relaxes and breathes in deep slow breaths as Theon is carefully pushing in and out, then slowly curling where the fingers find something that makes Jon moan louder. Theon gives him another kiss and goes back to his task.

Robb takes this as a cue to go down to where Theon's fingers are stretching Jon, and he asks: "Who goes first?"

Theon is all business-like. "You ever fucked someone's ass, Robb?"

Robb blushes through a no, so Greyjoy says: "Then I go first."

Robb does not seem too satisfied with that, and he's probably thinking about a reason why he should be the one to go first. Jon can almost see him voicing the he's MY brother line, but that sort of does not seem to apply too well to this, as it just emphasizes the awkwardness of the situation. So Robb says nothing about that, but instead asks: "Jon?"

Jon trusts Robb more than he could ever trust Theon, so he'd think he'd want Robb to be the one who pops his anal cherry. God. Do I really think about that? But Theon seems more of an expert, his touch is smooth and knowing, and Jon again agrees with Greyjoy. He turns his head back, looking at
the two of them, both intent on fucking him. He is feeling slightly guilty for letting Robb down like this, but it is his ass, so he must really. He says: "Theon."

But as he sees Robb roll his eyes, Jon takes his hand and adds softly: "But you were to first one I sucked."


Theon chuckles too as he's getting the condom on. He pulls Jon by the hips, so that he's on his knees now, his ass raised, open and ready.

Robb strokes his own cock, and he seems happier being close to Theon and watching what he's doing than getting back inside Jon's mouth, and Jon is also quite curious, so he lays his head down on the bed and looks back. He sees Theon looking so concentrated, leaning over his ass as he spits at it again and rubs the spittle with his fingers. He presses closer and Jon feels the tip of his cock nudging at his ass. He worries, it would be a lie to say he doesn't feel any fear or apprehension. But Theon looks certain and confident and that helps him relax a bit.

He still almost screams when Theon enters him. it's just the tip, and he does go slowly, but it hurts so much. Jon whimpers in distress, biting on his lip, frowning. Theon waits and his hand goes down to wrap around Jon's cock. He's waiting for Jon to adjust and relax as he's slowly stroking his cock. It feels good, the way he pulls at his skin. His hand is warm and slick, and it would be perfect if it wasn't for that sting in his asshole. But as the time slowly goes, the sting subsides a bit, and Jon nods at Theon indicating that he can go on. Theon nods back, and pushes some more, very slowly in, then slowly out, and his hand never stops rubbing Jon's cock. Jon wails, as it really hurts, but at the same time it feels good. Theon leans over his back to kiss him all over.

His hips move in slow and sensual rhythm, the thrusts long and deep, his body moves synchronized with those of his hand. Jon is relaxing, feeling less pain and more pleasure from the rude sensation of being so spread, so stretched around Theon's hard cock.

Theon's other hand is on his hip, pulling him further on, going deeper every time as his thrusting picks up speed. Jon starts grunting, his eyes close, but then open. He really wants to watch Theon as he fucks him. He seems so in control, so commanding. Jon thinks that maybe the only thing more weird than him dressed in drag and fucked by his brother and Theon fucking Greyjoy is the fact that he actually is finding Theon to be really hot. It could be that Theon is objectively a rather attractive bloke. He's tall and lean, black hair, blue eyes, permanent daring smirk, cock-sure swagger, they all seem like very handsome attributes. But he's always been like that, and it's just now when Theon's cock is rammed deep inside his ass that Jon starts liking him. But liking liking him. So Jon knows his newly found hots for Theon is because he fucks him so well.

And he does fuck him well. He's now not holding back, but slamming into him forcefully, the sound of his hips as they snap against Jon's ass is so loud. Jon is pushed across the bed every time Theon buries himself deep inside. So Theon lets go of his cock and holds Jon's hips with both his hands now. He turns to Robb: "Stark, be useful, don't just stare and wank. Rub your brother."

Robb obeys. His hand strokes Jon's length as Theon fucks him harder. Jon is moaning the unmistakable yeses and pleases and Theon is panting: "You like that, Snow? You like me to fuck you like a dirty little whore?"

Jon moans: "Be nice, call me Jon."

And it really is another weird thing that Jon doesn't mind being called a dirty little whore, but he
minds being called Snow. Theon laughs too, throaty and sweet. "Ok... Jon... you really are a slut, and you love how my cock fills you up, you love me splitting you in two, don't you, baby?"

Jon smiles and again moans his yeses and pleases, and Theon fucks him so hard, touching that sweet spot again that has Jon keening loudly, much to Theon's delight.

"Yes, baby, like that," Greyjoy pants, "come for me, come on."

Robb is tugging at Jon's cock firmer now, and Theon keeps saying yes, baby, come for me, and it really feels like the whole world is exploding before Jon's eyes. He screams so loudly he's sure he's even heard all the way across the town where the Baratheons are hosting that dinner party everyone's at. Theon's thrust become so erratic and he starts groaning and pulling Jon even further onto his cock, but then he pulls out and with one violent jerking movement pulls the condom off and comes all over Jon's ass, spraying the garter belts. He's still panting as he slumps down next to Jon where their lips meet and they kiss, slow and sweet.

Jon can see Rob now putting the condom on and positioning himself behind him. He pushes in and it goes easier now, he's spread open after Theon fucked him. Robb turns him around though, puts him on his back, lifting his legs high up, and buries himself inside whole. Jon is again filled with so much, he gasps, but it doesn't really hurt and Theon lies next to him watching. Robb starts pushing in and out and Jon feels his brother's balls slapping against his ass as he ruts. Jon understands this is wrong, but he just got fucked by Theon who also called him baby, he is way past caring. "Yes, fuck me, Robb. Fuck me hard."

Robb moans to hear that and speeds up, lost in grunting.

But it's only when Theon says: "Yes, Robb, just like that, fuck your brother hard" that Robb whimpers a bit and pulls out to spurt his seed all over Jon's body. White thick lines looking so much in contrast with the dark teal of Sansa's dress. God, we ruined her dress.

Robb falls down next to them, still keening a little, breathing hard. Jon sees the stockings are also torn, and the garter belts are jizzed as well. He laughs as he gets up from between the two of them, reaching for the vodka bottle. He really needs a drink.

When he turns around to look at them, he sees Robb flushed and quiet, the look of worry on his face. When he sees Jon looking at him, he opens his mouth to say something but Jon gives him the bottle. "Don't, Robb. Just don't say anything."

Theon is again wearing his confident smirk, but when their eyes meet, Jon reads hunger in his gaze, so he too grins. I see this is far from over, Greyjoy.

He pulls Sansa's dress down, over his cock and his fucked ass. "Right. I go now. They should be back soon anyway."

And that's it. He goes to bed without a shower, thinking how good Theon felt as he fucked him, and touched him, and kissed him. He even masturbates thinking of all that and remembering that yearning he saw in Greyjoy's eyes, and how he called him Jon. And baby.

He hears the engine of Theon's car a bit later, he's driving away. Probably has work tomorrow.

Robb says nothing the following day, they both act as if nothing has happened. Jon is sure that was just a one-off between brothers. Sometimes these things happen for sure. But when one week later his phone rings and he sees it's Theon, who never calls him, Jon is not in a least bit surprised. He grins as he picks it up. "Greyjoy."
"Snow."

"What do you want?"

"What are you wearing?"

"Fuck you."

And then a chuckle and silence for a while, before Theon speaks again: "Um, listen, um... seriously now. You at home?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I, um... hmmm.... I just got my pay-check... Don't hang up now, cause I'm serious.... I just got my pay-check, and I, um... I thought to pick you up and...um... take you shopping."

Jon laughs, but he knows Theon is serious.

"You want to spend your hard-earned cash on taking me shopping?"

"Yes, and it's not really that hard. Earned, I mean. Be ready, I'll be at yours in ten, don't keep me waiting."

Jon hangs up and goes to take a shower. That doesn't take long, but the indigo blue nail polish he bought three days ago and is now painting his nails with will take at least 15 minutes to dry. But he knows Theon will wait. So he takes his time. Ignores his insistent honking too. Smirks thinking how Greyjoy is explaining to Robb, who must've gone down, that he's actually waiting for his brother. Once that is done, he jumps in his skinniest jeans and puts on the tightest T-shirt he has. A cock-tease heon called him. Yes. Then he takes that eyeliner he never returned to Sansa and puts it on, again dabbing just a bit of red on his lips. He pouts at his reflection in the mirror before he gets out.

Luckily, the only Stark present is Robb, who, thankfully, says nothing. But he stares, disbelief and annoyance, but also embarrassment clearly visible on his face, as Jon walks past him and gets into Theon's car. Jon says his greeting: "Sugar daddy."

Theon retorts: "Slapper."

"Skank."

"Slut."

But then Theon's hand grabs his thigh and goes up to his crotch, and Jon feels he's getting so hard under that touch. Theon sees it too and grins like a cat before kissing him full on the lips. Jon squirms, moaning. Theon pulls back, starts the car and says: "Right... Jon... Let's take you shopping, baby."
"Now, baby, tell me... What will you wear for me tonight?"

Or, Theon takes Jon shopping.

As people noticed already, I am totally guilty of turning what started as a Throjon fic into a Theon/Jon one. But they are just too tempting. As tempting as Jon Snow in a dress. So, yes, I am doing a multi-chapter again, and have no idea in which smutty direction this will go, but I'll take that ride nonetheless. I hope you, dear readers, enjoy it too. Now I wanted something really sweet, and we all know there's nothing sweeter than a semi-public blow job :D

Theon buys so much shit, he's actually never spent that much money in one go. But once they get back to Theon's apartment and Jon tries all those different garments on, he realizes it was money well spent. He is surprised that he actually had fun doing it. Few times some girls he dated, or sort of dated, tried to drag him along on their little shopping orgies, and he hated it, it really sucked. But with Snow it was different. Theon was genuinely excited thinking about dresses and lingerie and what would look good on Jon, he enjoyed it even more than getting clothes for himself.

So when he picks up Jon who is dressed up in some insanely tight outfit, dark jeans and a black little joke of a T-shirt, that made Theon's cock soar on site, they head to the mall.

Theon notices the indigo nail polish and grins: "I was really pissed off that you kept me waiting, but when I see you now all dressed to impress, with that make-up and all, I have to say I don't really mind."

Snow half-pouts and half-smiles. "Cause I look so good?"

"No. Cause it means you want my dick up your ass so fucking much you took forever to get ready."

Jon scoffs: "Oh, fuck off."

But Theon says: "No, it's cool, I love it that you're trying to look your best for me. It's the effect I'm known to have."

Jon shoots back: "Well, you called me."

And Theon sighs, muttering more to himself but audible nonetheless: "Yeah, I did. Hope I don't regret it."

He places his hand again on Jon's thigh, and Jon shuts up and even smirks a little, so Theon leaves his hand there for the rest of the ride, only removing it when two hands were absolutely necessary to
park the goddamn car. He almost wished they went to a more distant mall, to another town or something, that hand felt really good there.

First they go for the dresses. Jon is smirking, but he keeps turning around all the time. Theon can see he's slightly nervous. He tells him: "Snow, noone knows we're getting them for you. These could be for a sister or a friend, girlfriend even. Chill. Relax. Ok?"

He nods and then smiles, shrugging coyly.

Theon pulls him towards himself and grabs his ass with both hands, whispering in his ear: "Now, baby, tell me... What will you wear for me tonight?"

It is all Theon can do not to kiss him when he feels Jon's body responding to his words and his touches. They both take a step back, and then Jon says: "You pick."

Theon grins and starts looking for what he'd like. He settles for a black tight thing that could almost be a T-shirt how short it is. The kind of garment parents wouldn't let you leave the house wearing. Well, not that Ned Stark might let Jon leave the house wearing any dress. Its sleeves are long though, and its back is, well, non-existent really. A butt-cleavage was it called? And his cock aches how hard he gets imagining Snow in it.

Jon bites on his lower lip and blushes even. But Theon can see he likes the dress too. So he encourages him. "Now you pick one."

Jon at first only looks at the rack, then he browses through it some, and then he pulls out a red strapless dress that is nowhere near as short as Theon would want, it probably ends somewhere all the way down, like, at mid-calves or something. But the colour is nice and it is also tight and Jon raises his eyebrows, and he looks so cute like that, Theon takes the dress, but says still: "That's not slutty enough. I want you slutty. Try harder."

Jon seems offended: "Then why don't you pick one? You for sure are slutty enough. Fucking skank. I'm sure you'll pick the dress that would put the... I don't know, the... sluttiest slut to shame or... something."

Theon rolls his eyes and continues looking for the right dress as Jon just glares pouting. He picks up two more, a purple one and a grey one, short and tight and slutty alright. He then pushes Jon against the wall and presses the dresses against him, one at a time, checking how they'd look. Once satisfied, Theon looks around, and happy to find no one paying them any special attention grabs Jon's jaw with his hand and presses his lips on that pretty pout. Jon's mouth opens for his kiss and Theon can practically taste his arousal.

He whispers: "Right... I think these will suffice. For now. And that dress you picked? You're wearing it for your spanking later, cause you sure are getting one for being a rude whiney bitch when a guy treats you nice and buys you dresses."

And Jon closes his eyes and moans, and Theon fears he'll come in his pants right then and there just to hear that sound. He draws back, takes a deep breath, pulls Jon by his arm and says: "Ok, um... Let's get you some stockings too."

Before they get to the lingerie store they go grab a soda and sit on a bench in the park outside. This now seems like a regular activity and it is strange that they should feel awkward through it, but they do. They are both quiet, sipping on their sodas, not really knowing what to say. Theon knows Jon is not the most talkative person, hell he is one quiet motherfucker, but it feels stupid to just sit in silence, so he nods, clearing his throat, trying to think of something to say. Jon looks at him expectantly, and
Theon blurts out the first thing that comes to his mind: "You returned that dress to Sansa?"

Jon laughs, throwing his head back and covering his face with his hands. Then he looks at Theon, slightly flushed, but smiling. "No, man. It's ruined, got jizz all over it."

Theon laughs now too. Yeah, that's something they can talk about.

"So what'd you do with it? Threw it away?"

"No. I, um... I still have it. I might give it to you if you like it so much."

"I liked seeing you in it. But, yeah, bring it with you next time, you can wear it again."

Jon toys a bit with his soda bottle before he chucks it in a bin next to the bench. "Shouldn't we have it, like, dry-cleaned or something?"

"We might... but I rather like you jizz-stained."

And the way Jon opens his mouth and grunts slightly tells Theon he'll be seeing him jizz-stained a lot. He is surprised that Snow is so dirty. He'd never have guessed. But, boy, is he happy to have found out. Man, all those girls I've been wasting my time with...

Then they resume their shopping, stockings are next. But they pass the shoe shop on their way, and Jon pulls him inside. They stand and look at the shelves stacked with shoes. Jon gets practically glued to one pair, red stilettos. He seems not to even breathe. He never notices Theon who comes to stand so close behind him. There are so many people in the store, but among all that rush and hustle, no one sees how one Theon's hand cups Jon's ass while the other one grasps at his crotch firmly, eliciting a gasp and he can't believe Jon is so fucking hard just from looking at the goddamned shoes. Of course Theon buys them on the spot.

Then he quickly pulls Jon to the shopping mall's bathroom. Jon is grinning as he's being dragged to one of the stalls, and Theon slams the door behind them and then slams Jon against it. Their lips crash and Theon can hardly wait to get his cock out. When he does he pushes Snow down, pressing his hands on Jon's shoulders, but Jon says: "No. You suck me first. I'm too close."

Theon sighs but he does go down on his knees, tugging at Snow's ridiculously tight trousers. He does wear those too skinny jeans on purpose. He knows how good he looks in them.

Theon has never sucked anyone's cock before, but he is sure he'll be up to the task. He's had it done to him, like, a million times, and he knows what feels good. Besides, Jon's only ever been with few girls, he can't have as much experience as Theon does, so he's pretty sure he'll outperform whoever it was that blew Snow before. And Jon's grunting and moaning only confirms that.

Theon sucks him well, he slurps around the head, and then pulls him in his mouth. He even tries to swallow him whole and almost succeeds, gagging sounds echoing around that, hopefully, empty bathroom.

Jon moans: "Hit me."

And Theon feels his own cock twitching. Oh, you wonderful little slut. And he slaps Jon's butt as his mouth works on his pretty cock.

But Jon wants more. He pants: "Harder. Smack me harder."

Theon complies, smacking him with both his hands now. Twice. Quite hard. And Jon moans and
wails: "Don't stop smacking, Theon. Show me how you'll spank me later."

Theon is so incredibly hard, he really hopes Snow comes soon as he can't wait to have his own need satisfied. He squeezes one of Jon's asscheeks with one of his hand, so hard and merciless, digging his nails in the soft white flesh and then he starts smacking the other cheek with his other hand, sucking his cock all the while. He doesn't even think anymore how they're so loud and how if anyone walks in that bathroom will hear them and know what they're doing. That is not at all important and when Jon starts thrusting faster and whimpering louder Theon is ready and he takes the gush that hits his throat head-on. He swallows it all to the last drop and then quickly gets up and pushes still dazed Jon down, ramming his red and throbbing dick inside his mouth forcefully.

Jon takes him while still panting. He can't do much but just keep his mouth open and try to catch his breath at first. But once he does he starts sucking obediently. And his hot mouth feels so good, and those lips are so soft and his tongue is so lively, Theon tries so hard not to fucking explode immediately as he really wants this to last. So he doesn't move, doesn't push his hips, just waits perfectly still letting Jon do everything. And Jon does a lot of things. And they all feel fantastic.

Then he raises his head and looks at Theon with his pretty dark eyes. "I want you to tell me what you'll do to me tonight."

Theon chuckles, "You really are a dirty little slut, Snow."

But Jon moves away, abandoning Theon's aching cock, making Theon hiss with need and frustration, and says angrily: "Don't call me that."

Theon sighs, trying to guide his cock inside Jon's mouth again. "Ok, ok, sorry. I forgot. Come on, Jon, suck me. Suck my cock, baby."

And that works like a charm as those full lips open and fall down on Theon, swallowing him whole.

Theon moans. But again, Jon pulls away and says: "But, tell me. Tell me what you'll do."

Theon finds himself, unbelievably, looking for words. He actually finds them alright, but it is not easy to concentrate on talking as he's being blown by that pretty pouting little whore of a Snow, who likes to be called nice things, like baby. And slut. And any other rude name as long as it's not his own fucking last name. Theon will have to remember that. He starts talking: "Um, I'm gonna do a lot of things to you. As soon as we're done shopping you'll be fucked like a dirty little slut that you are."

Jon hums, mouth full of Theon, he likes what he hears and Theon is encouraged to continue: "Once we get at my place, first I'm gonna make you wear that dress you picked. The one that is too good for you, as it is a nice decent dress and you're just a filthy little whore."

Jon is sucking and looking at him, eyes glazed with lust as his head bobs up and down Theon's length. Theon continues: "Then I'm gonna spank you like I promised, and then...aaaaah... I'm gonna fuck you."

But Jon is not satisfied. He again stops his sucking and requests: "Tell it better. Tell me everything you'll do."

Tell it better? Fuck. Can't I even enjoy a fucking blow-job?

"Um, right, I'll, um.... yes, like that, baby, suck it, mmmm... I'll tell you later, now just suck me."

But Jon stops again and says: "I thought you liked to talk, Greyjoy. So talk."
Theon is now pretty much growling: "Your lips leave my cock one more time before my fucking cum goes down your throat I'll show you right fucking now the thrashing you're about to get tonight."

Jon smiles and continues sucking, but he still raises his eyes, pleading almost, and he hums what might be an exasperated Theeeooonnnnn.

So Theon talks: "So, um, I'll make you wear that dress that you're not good enough for, cause it's a fine classy dress and you are an utter slut, giving head in the mall's fucking toilet. Mmmmm, yesss.... suck it, like that...mmm. Then I'll get you across my knee and first I'll spank you over the dress, ooh, yeah, mmmm, good, yes..... It won't hurt much as I will just be warming up. You'll squirm and moan like a filthy little whore. Mmmm, yes, baby, yeesssss.... Ummm, then I'll, um, I'll lift your dress above your naughty little ass, and because you're such a proper slut you won't be wearing any panties..."

Jon moans to that and Theon sees that he's again hard and has started rubbing himself.

Theon smirks happily. "Then I'll spank your bare butt until it's as red as that lipstick you wore... mmmm, yeah, baby, you suck so good, mmm, don't stop.... Um, then, aaah, I'll spank you more, until my fucking hand is sore. Mmm, you'll moan and whine, begging me to stop, but I won't. Oooh, yeah, Jon, yess, baby, mmmm... Then, I'll take off my belt, and tie you up, with it..."

But Jon pauses and says: "No, you'll whip me with it."

And Theon has to try hardest he ever did not to spill hearing that. Oh, you are such a hot little fuck, Snow.

"Right, yeah... Ok, I'll get something else to tie you up, and with the belt... mmm, yeah, Jon, that's good.... I'll whip your sore ass so hard you'll bruise.... mmmm yes, suck me.... yeah...Umm, then I'll make you spread your legs real wide...."

Jon is now sucking so hard and he's whimpering, stroking himself frantically. Theon curls his fist into his hair and keeps talking as Jon is sucking him hard and good. "I'll make you spread your legs wide, mmmm.... and then I'll whip you more... all over your ass and thighs. Uh, yeah, baby, mmmm yes.... aaah, good.... Umm, you'll cry, but you'll still love it cause you're just a trashy slut that likes to be slapped around so much... mmmm, yeah, like that... mmmm, then you'll cry for me to stop and just fuck you already, ... you'll beg for my cock... deep in your ass... you'll beg me to, but I won't.... I'll just whip you more, and aaahh, ... and if I hit your balls or your prick, ummm, well, that's just too bad... you're just gonna have to take it..."

And Jon starts wailing now so Theon quickly continues: "Then I'll push you up against the wall, sofa or bed just won't do... cause they're too good for such a whore that you are, mmm, oh yes, baby, mmmm..... you deserve to be fucked up against the wall. Aaaah... I'll shove my cock so deep up your ass, you'll fucking feel me in your throat... mmmm, yeah, baby, suck it, yeah....mmm. Then I'll fuck you so hard you'll fucking see stars... you won't be walking right for... like, ever again.... I will destroy you with my cock... mmm, yes, but you'll love it, cause you're a dirty little cock-starved slut, aaaaahhh...."

And Theon tries not to close his eyes as he's coming cause he wants to see Jon sucking and swallowing but even though his eyes are open he goes blind for a while, burying himself deep down Jon's throat as Jon gags and then swallows, and then coughs his way through his own orgasm, spasming in that little stall. Theon slumps down to the floor next to him. They take their time, just sitting there and breathing hard.

After a while Theon chuckles. "God, Sn... Jon... I never knew you were such a...."
But Jon is on a defensive again. He tilts his chin slightly upwards, daring. "Such a what, Greyjoy?"

And Theon finds it endearing.

"Such a fucking firecracker."

Jon now chuckles too, and then even manages to look shy.

"Shut up, Greyjoy, stop teasing."

"I'm not. Honestly, man, you truly are one hot piece of ass. I can't wait to bring you home."

Snow chews on his lips and pouts a little. Oh, god, he IS doing it on purpose. Then he says: "Well, Theon, get off your lazy ass and hurry up then."

But they still kiss for a while before getting out of that bathroom.

Next they go to get those stockings. They buy several pairs, all sheer and black and sexy as hell. Theon also picks some fishnets, he can't resist though it is tacky. And when they get to the lingerie store, Theon is certain he picked up every single garter belt and corset he saw there.

Before they go to the cashier, Jon takes his arm and points to the underwear section:

"Um, what about some panties?"

Theon looks at him, smiling wolfishly. Jon chuckles a bit, blushing slightly under his gaze. Theon takes his time before answering:

"No panties, baby. Like I said, I want you slutty."
Accidentally You Seduced Me

Chapter Summary

Theon is not sure if he's more surprised to realize what a hot fuck Jon is or to see himself falling for Jon so hard.

Chapter Notes

Yes, another chapter about those two cutie-pies falling in love and fucking each other silly. I have actually got so many plans for so many things to happen to them (an actual plot! well, sort of), so this will go on. Also, both Jon and Robb are, let's say, 17, which is underage, but still above the age of consent I believe, so yeah. Theon is older, maybe 2-3 years.

It's quite fluffy (I know, I know, but I couldn't help it). I hope you like it, dear people, lemme know :D

Once back in his apartment Theon does most of the things he said he would, with minor alterations. He spanks Jon alright, but he does not tie him up or whip him with his belt, not only because he's not sure if it might be too much too soon, but also because he himself is so turned on he can hardly wait to just fuck Jon already.

And despite saying he wouldn't, Theon actually fucks him on the bed. And on the sofa. And on the kitchen table. And in the shower. And on the floor. In fact, against the wall is pretty much the only place in his flat he doesn't fuck him, and that is only because it's already too late. It's almost 2 am and Jon should really be going home. His phone battery went flat with all the annoying buzzing, calls and messages galore, Starks freaking out about where he is, no doubt. Robb knows he's with Theon, but they're not sure if he told. Theon is not sure if it'd be better if Robb did tell them they went shopping or whatever together, or pretended he hasn't got a clue where Jon is. In one case they might report his disappearance to the police or something, and in the other Ned Stark might show up at his door. And Theon is not sure what would be worse. Probably Ned Stark catching him balls-deep inside his son's ass, yes.

Not that it wouldn't have been worth it. In fact, if Theon would drop dead right now, he'd still die a very happy man. Or actually, no. He'd die a very infuriated man, angry with himself for not fucking Jon much earlier. Way much earlier. For Jon is the best fuck ever. And Theon had fucked a lot of people. A real lot. So many girls he's lost count, but he's sure it must be a three digit number. And there was that one guy that once, but to his defence, he hadn't really realized it's a guy until it was too late, and then they went too far already anyway so he just went along with it and fucked him, he was so wasted.

But Snow... Theon can't really comprehend how it's possible that someone so sullen and quiet and so ridiculously shy can be so raunchy. He is unbelievable. Theon tries to flatter himself by concluding that it must be his expert and super hot touch that lead Jon to lose all control and release his inner sex beast or something, as it really is amazing how receptive Jon is to everything Theon
does or says to him, but even if that was indeed the case, he must've had it in him somewhere in the first place for it to be released at all, and that is, well, unexpected. He always saw Jon as nothing more than his best friend's dull brother, more of a nuisance that you learn to tolerate than someone you actually want to hang out with, let alone someone you wish to fuck within the inch of his life or someone who should get a medal for cock-sucking.

But he is a pretty little bastard. And he looks amazing in those dresses. And the stockings and corsets, that is just the icing on the cake. But it's not just how he looks, it's how he acts. He was usually a snappy little bitch, he also had little love for Theon who teased him relentlessly over the years and that just showed in his every word or in the way he'd look at him. But ever since that evening last week, something was different. He is a bit sweeter in his interactions with Theon. Ok, Theon does tease him less, or if not less than at least less nasty. But, anyway, for all the words Jon may say, he can't fake that look. And Theon is completely mindblown every time he sees it. Jon wants him. Real bad.

Theon can't really say what about Jon makes his head spin more. As Jon is... well, so many things.

It could be the way he is kind of looking around, slightly apprehensive, shy even once they get inside his flat, but Theon is sure that is not because he's there for the first time and is acting a proper well-behaved boy, minding his manners and all that shit, but because he knows what Theon will do to him. And Theon really appreciates all that slight fretfulness. It makes him feel quite powerful, so much in charge.

Or it could be how when Theon decides not to waste any time on the formalities, like let me get you a drink, have a seat, feel at home and so on, and gets straight to the point, as he really can't wait to feel that tight ass around his cock (besides, what better way to ease someone into a new environment and make him feel at home?), and pulls Jon towards him, Jon opens his mouth for his tongue and his lips are so soft, so full, and when Theon starts groping his ass Jon starts moaning so sweetly, Theon smirks. Snow is so fucking responsive.

Or maybe how he obeys him instantly when they kiss their way to the bedroom where Theon slumps to the bed and commands: "Go get dressed."

Or it might be a show he gets when Jon puts on the hold-up stockings, no corset or garter belts this time, and then he steps into those dizzy-high heels. He stumbles, Theon is not sure how anyone can walk in those, but he looks perfect. And Theon thinks that it is most definitely that little frailty, the little insecurity in each step Jon makes, the way he sways, almost falling, that just tugs at Theon's heart, makes his mind spin and his cock soar. And not only is he rock-hard, but he also feels this sudden need to be nice to Jon. Take him to a movie, pick him up after school. Oh, for fuck's sake, Theon. Take him out, like, on a date. Seriously? Buy him something nice. Like, more dresses, maybe? Make him smile. Protect him. What the fuck? From what? Theon doesn't know, but this is exactly how he feels. Must be some kind of fuck-high. And he can't really thinking about it too much or trying to analyse it, nor can he pick what exactly is the most arousing thing about Jon, so he stops even trying, he just wants to enjoy ALL the things about Jon.

He licks his lips. "Jon... baby... you look amazing."

And Jon smiles, his mouth open wide, and then he blushes even as he runs a hand through his hair. He looks at his shoes and whispers: "Yeah?"

"Hell yeah! Those are proper fuck-me shoes."

Snow chuckles. "So will you?"
"Will I what?"

"Fuck me?"

Theon grins. "You bet. But first you'll get your spanking. So put that classy dress on, baby, come on."

Jon does as he's told, but he can't zip the dress himself. He tries but then gives up and sighs. "You have to help me."

And Theon thinks of all the dresses he unzipped trying to get their owners out and naked, of all the skirts he pulled up, and the trousers and panties he yanked down, and none of those felt as erotic as pulling that little red zipper up, zipping the dress slowly, all the way from Snow's pert butt to his shoulderblades. He holds his hands on Jon's shoulders and kisses him gently on his back. He brushes his lips all over Jon's neck and shoulders and he sees the little goosebumps appearing and hears Jon's breathing become harder. Theon caresses some of Jon's hair to the side and whispers in a low voice: "You are so fucking beautiful."

Jon moans slightly and Theon continues: "But you were a real nasty cunt earlier," and he smacks his ass. Jon gasps a "yes".

And just a second later Theon is sitting on the bed with Snow across his lap, his ass in that pretty red dress high up as Theon starts spanking. But he doesn't do it much, though, he is so hard he just wants to get it over with and fuck. Now, he doesn't want to disappoint Jon who really seems to be into it, but luckily Jon is also hard and seems anxious for the real thing, grinding against Theon's thigh. So after just a few smacks, and none too hard, and a few "you naughty little slut" and "rude little bitch" Theon lifts the dress up and stats rubbing Jon's ass, guiding his fingers slowly between the cheeks. He hears sweet soft whimpers as his fingers touch the little puckered hole, first gently and then they push. Jon tenses though and Theon remembers that last time they've all been drinking, and Jon was probably more relaxed than now. So he again whispers some sweet dirty words and they both shift on the bed, lying next to each other now. Theon now has lube too, so it should go easier.

Jon is still grinding his hips, he is really turned on, and keeps looking at his shoes. Theon squeezes the lube out onto his fingers and again starts touching Jon's ass, as they lay side by side and kiss. He lifts Jon's leg up, over his body and presses his crotch against him. He is leaning into Jon with every hungry kiss and his finger gets bolder down at Jon's asshole, finally getting inside, where it now moves, slow and gentle. Soon another one gets in, and though it irks him that he must go this slow as he is hard as ever, Theon is composed and still, he takes his time, spreading Jon nicely.

And Jon is so pliant, so meek, so fucking submissive under his touch, Theon can't believe that it is the same arrogant bastard he argues with all the time. He finger-fucks him slowly and Jon is moaning through his kisses. That really does it for Theon, so he jumps up quickly putting a condom on and guides his cock to Jon's asshole.

Jon's legs are spread now, he is on his back and he's looking at Theon with a nervous apprehension. Theon presses to get in, and Jon grunts and whimpers a bit, but he holds still as Theon is pushing inside. He is so tight, and even with the lube it's a struggle. But Theon is not only patient but also quite determined, and Jon is a big boy, not only brave but also quite cock-hungry, he sure can take it. And so he does. All of it.

Theon goes so slow, he fucks Jon gently and sweet, and he is kissing him all the while, whispering "how beautiful you are, baby" and "oh, Jon, you're so tight" and "how your ass feels fantastic around my cock" and "oh, baby, you're so fucking hot". He wants and tries so hard to make it as little painful and as much pleasurable for Jon as possible, as he sure wants to do this to him again, so he is as
gentle as he's ever been. And Jon is keening to every word he says, and after a while, his body now adjusted, he too is rolling his hips, moving with Theon, but he moans such helpless little sounds Theon again fears he might be hurting him, but then Jon starts speaking and the thing he says is "harder, fuck me harder".

And that is, really, all Theon ever needed to hear. He even chuckles before he bites that soft lip that spoke moments ago. He stops his thrusting for a little while, but he rolls his hips and shifts his weight, moving around inside Jon, and when Jon moans a "pleeeaaasee" Theon starts picking up speed. He fucks faster and faster, and soon he is slamming into Jon hard as his hips snap loudly. And Jon is whimpering and moaning and his tight ass really feels fantastic around Theon's cock. Theon asks "you like that, Jon" and "tell me you like my dick up your ass, baby" and "you like me fucking you like a filthy cock-starved whore" and Jon moans a very wanton "yes" to each of those questions.

They roll on the bed so that now Jon is on top and Theon holds him by the hips. Jon is stroking himself and he starts moving, gliding up and down, and up and down Theon's hardness, and each time Theon's cock goes deeper. His fingers are squeezing Jon's flesh so hard, he is pulling him down onto himself and then also starts lifting his hips, bucking them up forcefully as his hands find Jon's ass and grab a handful. Jon seems to like that very much as he starts wailing and closing his eyes, and when Theon's hands let go of his ass and slap him hard across the buttcheeks every time he comes down, Jon starts practically shaking.

Theon is still raising his hips furiously and he has to hold Jon in place now as he has started shuddering violently, so he holds him, one hand in his hair and the other one across his hips, as he's slamming his cock hard up Jon's pulsating asshole.

When Jon goes limp as they're sprayed with his cum, Theon again rolls them over and gets on top. He can feel the heels of Jon's stilettos scratching the back of his legs as he fucks him and it feels so dirty, Snow really looks great in those shoes. Theon pulls one Jon's leg up, lifting it high in the air and there he admires the pretty shiny red of that slutty high heel and it doesn't take long after that for him to come so hard he almost faints.

They are both just panting for a long time. Theon reaches for his cigarettes and Jon watches him smoke. He smiles when Theon's eyes meet his. God he looks so cute, still in those shoes, dress rolled up above his waist, all messy and well-fucked.

"Theon?"

"Yeah?"

"I should go home. Like, for dinner."

But Theon doesn't feel like letting him go just yet so he talks him into staying a while longer. It's only early evening anyway. They order a pizza, but never even take a bite, as they have started fucking again, so Theon just runs naked to hand out the cash to the delivery guy (a really big tip too), dropping the pizza down to the floor immediately and rushes back to Jon who is waiting for him just in his stockings and shoes, spread open and bent over the kitchen table.

When they finally realize what time it is (past fucking midnight already, seriously, the only place they haven't fucked was against the wall. And in the shower. But the shower they tick off when Snow goes to wash before getting back to his usual clothes so he could go home. Theon can hardly stand, his knees are shaking from all the strain and effort, and he can only imagine what it must feel like for Jon. But he sure is taking it well. He limps slightly, walks slowly, sits in Theon's car carefully, but the horny bastard is grinning all the while. And that just blows Theon away completely.
He drives slowly, he really doesn't want to rush with getting Jon back home. But he is slightly worried about Ned Stark having a fit over not knowing where Jon is in the middle of the night and all. "You gonna be in trouble with your father?"

"I don't think so."

"Am I gonna be in trouble with your father?"

He really wouldn't want that.

Jon laughs. "For sure. You're fucked." And then quickly adds: "No, man, don't worry. I mean he's not gonna be happy not knowing where I was and now being, like... 2:30. Oh, god! Is it already? But, anyway, he won't kill us or anything."

Theon hopes Jon is right. He kinda knows he is. But he would lie if he'd say he's not afraid of Ned Stark. He is a formidable man, all stern and cold and fucking important, but his children never fear him, he seems to be as kind father as you could possibly wish. Unlike Balon Greyjoy. Theon doesn't even want to imagine what his father would do if Theon pissed him off. He knows Snow will most probably be given a don't-do-it-again speech and that would be it. But he still feels nervous.

When they pull down in front of the Stark mansion, he sees the light in the front go on and sure enough Ned Stark opens the front door and looks at them.

Jon smirks. "I guess I can't really kiss you good night now."

"No, I guess you can't."

And then Theon feels Jon's hand on his crotch, rubbing him. Snow says: "I can do this, though."

_Oh, you naughty little tease._

Theon chuckles slightly. "Better not. Cause then I will have to kiss you and then your father will kill us both."

Jon laughs. "You're such a pussy, Greyjoy."

And he squeezes him so hard, until Theon groans: "Fuck off, Snow. Go home."

Jon is still laughing as he leaves the car and walks to his house slowly. Ned Stark looks at him, expression unreadable and then Theon sees he tells him something, and Jon kinda shrugs and smiles sheepishly, and his father shakes his head, sighs and opens the door for Jon. Once Jon is inside Ned Stark looks at Theon from across the driveway. Theon almost panics.

_Just chill, he has no idea what you did. Everything's fine. He's not even mad at Jon. So just act normal. Do what you'd do if you hadn't fucked his son._

And Theon waves hoping it is a normal thing to do when you don't fuck someone's son. And Ned Stark again shakes his head, rolls his eyes a bit, but then smiles and waves back before getting inside.

Theon drives away, but not before he sends a text. _Good night, baby._
Pop Pop Pop, Blow Blow Bubble Gum

Chapter Summary

Jon tastes of Cherryade. But Robb is a bit sour.

Chapter Notes

There are no words to describe how thankful I am to the most fantastic and wonderful Heloisa who not only corrected all my stupid mistakes and polished my clumsy style, but was also amazing with her suggestions and ideas. You are the best, love!

I usually never say it, but now I feel like I have to: regarding the title of this chapter, I have not gone mad and started just rambling nonsense - it is from a song :)
fascinating stories about him he heard as a kid back in Pyke. Euron owned casinos all over the country. It could have been just a front for his other activities, but no one knew that for sure.

He had offered Theon a job only to irk Balon, and for the same reason Theon had accepted it. After few months, though, they both discovered that they had actually started liking each other. His father was quite pissed about that, but Theon couldn't care less about hurting Balon Greyjoy's sentiments. Besides, while Euron could be creepy at times, he was surprisingly cool.

At first Theon was an intern of sorts, stuck with some administrative tasks, but he showed real enthusiasm for what his uncle did, tried very hard not to fuck up anything, and since they were both united in their strong dislike of Balon, Euron soon took him under his wing. He became something of an assistant to his uncle, attending meetings with him, watching, learning. Needless to say, Theon loved his job. 'True, his working hours could be odd sometimes: he'd work his ass off for a few days, following Euron around for up to 15 hours per day three or four days in a row, but then he'd just as easily get four days off, or the next week would be real quiet - just a couple of hours per day kind of quiet.

The week after his shopping adventure with Jon was busy, though. Theon hadn't had much time to do anything except go to work and sleep, but even as tired as he was, once in his bed all ready to pass out, he'd think of Jon and his cute tight ass, and his cock would hurt as hell until he'd masturbate. He did get a Friday off, but was completely knackered by then. Come Friday, Theon slept late, craving much needed rest. By the time he got up and was ready to go out it was almost 4pm.

He hasn't really planned that, but it doesn't surprise him at all to find himself parked in front of his old school, waiting for Jon. At first happy to notice Robb's car in the parking lot - that meant they still hadn't left - Theon still felt a bit awkward. He hasn't called or texted Robb, not even once, this whole week. True, he was tied up with work, but that didn't stop him from texting Snow, quite a few times, every day. He doubts Jon told Robb of any of these texts, dirty as they were, but he still feels slightly guilty as he sits in his car smoking, waiting for his best friend's brother.

After about 20 minutes, people start getting out of the school and he sees Robb walking next to Jon, talking, laughing. But once Robb sees Theon's car his smile freezes on his face. He does not seem happy to see him. Snow, on the other hand, has problem hiding his glee. At first he smiles, but then he starts chewing on his lower lip and fucking blushes, the pretty slut. How does he do it every time? And why the fuck is he so irresistible when he does it? Theon gets out of the car as the two brothers approach. He doesn't really know what to say so he just flashes his usual cocky grin before opting for a "Hi".

Jon responds: "Hey."

Robb's tone is cold though: "Theon?"

Theon pretends he didn't notice: "Robb. How you doin'?"

"What are you doing here?"

Theon half-sighs: "Robb..."

"Do you know how freaked out everyone was last time you picked him up?" Robb watches him intensely, his lips pursed, but he looks more hurt than angry.

Theon starts: "Ok, look, yeah, last time was stupid, but um..." He doesn't really know what to say. "I'm here just for, um, no reason. I'm not picking Snow up or anything."
Jon laughs, throws his messenger bag inside Theon's car, right through the window, and says:

"Oh, shut up, Greyjoy. Of course you are."

Theon sees he again has that nailpolish on (a permanent fixture now?) and thinks how much he wants to lick and suck those fingers, and other parts too. Jon leans against the car, right next to him, and throws him an amused glance before looking at Robb straight in the eyes, chin slightly turned upwards in an insolent (but real fucking cute) manner. Robb pays his brother no attention whatsoever. He is looking daggers at Theon though.

Theon clears his throat: "Right. Um... don't worry, Robb. He'll be back home... um, for dinner?"

Robb turns to go to his car and scoffs: "Whatever."

_What the fuck, Robb? Ned Stark waved and smiled even, and you're giving me all this drama? Ok, Robb probably has a much better idea than Ned Stark ever could have about what we do. But still._

Once in his car, Theon asks: "What's with Robb?"

Jon is all matter-of-fact: "His best friend hasn't called him for over a week. And has fucked his brother."

Theon rolls his eyes, starting the engine. "Well, he fucked his brother too."

But Jon says a very clever thing that Theon later thinks about for days: "Yeah. And you saw it. How do you think that makes him feel?"

They drive away, and if Theon's mood has soured a bit it gets even worse when Jon says: "I really should get home soon, though. The Karstarks are coming for dinner tonight. I don't think we can go to your place."

Theon feels crushed, but keeps his cool. "Can you come tomorrow?"

"Yeah, sure. Stay all day too." Jon smiles.

That does sound good, so Theon navigates his way through the traffic towards the Starks' home, but as they drive through the huge Winterfell Park just before the Starks' villa, Snow points to a narrow forest track. "Turn there."

Theon grins and feels better instantly as the wheels hit that dirt track. After a while Jon points to a small clearing. "Pull over."

And as soon as Theon does, Jon's taking something from his bag. A chapstick. Theon watches as he opens his mouth and applies it slowly, first the lower lip and then the upper one. It's not exactly lipstick, but it gives Snow's lips a slight pink shade. He puckers up, as for a kiss, and looks at Theon, proudly showing off his shiny pink pout. As their lips touch, the cherry scent of the chapstick reminds Theon of those fruity bubble gums he liked as a child, but he is sure Jon's lips taste sweeter.

Jon is unbuttoning Theon's jeans and pulling them as he starts lowering his head on Theon's lap. Theon is not yet hard, but he becomes after just a few moments of such attention. Jon is teasing him with his tongue, slowly drawing circles around the tip and then he looks up and says: "Talk to me."

_Oh fuck_, Theon thinks, but he chuckles at the same time. He starts: "I had a really busy week and my car started making these strange noises, mmm yeah..."
But Jon stops, half-amused and half-annoyed. "Not that, Greyjoy."

"Jon, come on. I had a shitty week, your brother just pissed me off, I just want to relax and enjoy this."

Jon is pouting. "But I like it when you talk. I want to know what you'll do to me next."

Theon chuckles more. "Come on, baby, it's gonna be a surprise. But you'll love it. Now be nice and suck me like a good boy. Come on."

And Jon, a perfect little slut, looks him in the eyes and says: "If you're not gonna talk, I am not gonna suck. So you will just have to make me."

Oh god, nothing is ever easy with you, is it?

But he can't say he doesn't like it. On the contrary, his cock jumps and Theon finds this hot as hell. He licks his lips, his eyes are closed and he breathes slowly. Jon doesn't move. Suddenly Theon grabs him by the hair and twists his head upwards until Jon yelps. Theon sees how his grey eyes open wide, and how he also parts those full cock-sucking lips to let out a slight moan. Theon slaps him across the face, not too hard, but it must sting nonetheless. Jon grunts quietly and Theon asks: "Like this?"

Jon smiles, swallows hard and whispers: "I don't know, Greyjoy. You tell me. Is this how you make me suck?"

That earns him another slap, much harder this time. Then Theon pushes his head roughly down. Jon keeps his mouth closed, and though it should be obvious by now he really does like it rough, Theon can't help but hesitate for a second before pinching his nose, making sure he can't breathe through it. That makes him open that pretty pout and Theon shoves him onto his cock immediately, so deep Jon gags right away.

"You like that, baby, don't you?" Theon asks. Jon hums and grunts through his gagging, and Theon says: "You like it rough, hm? Well, that's exactly how you're gonna get it."

And he pulls Jon up so he can breathe, he still holds his nose and Jon gasps for air and coughs a little, but just after a few seconds Theon slams his head down again, stuffing Jon's mouth full. He starts guiding Snow's head up and down, fingers curled and twisted in Jon's hair, pulling forcibly up after every few thrusts to allow him to breathe again.

And the way spittle dribbles from Jon's full soft lips as he coughs and takes air in gulps makes Theon want to scream. It looks so dirty and so pretty. Theon pulls him further up and slaps his cheek again, so hard his palm leaves an obscene red mark. What the fuck will the Starks say to that? But Jon moans like a needy slut, driving Theon wild with lust, pushing the Starks out of his mind. He pulls him up for a kiss and thrusts his tongue rudely into Jon's mouth. And now Jon sucks alright, he likes to be kissed, he likes what Theon's tongue and teeth do to him, as he moans even more to every little bite he gets. And Theon bites him hard, and then sucks and licks those lips even harder.

He loves kissing Jon, but he needs him on his cock too, so he yanks him by the hair, away from the kiss. Jon's mouth is still open and Theon comes close to it again and spits. Snow gasps in surprise, but then he smiles and licks his lips looking at Theon lasciviously, and Theon smacks him across his pretty face once more before shoving him back onto his cock.

He no longer holds Jon's nose and Jon seems to be gagging less, so Theon keeps him firmly pressed down, every inch of his cock inside Jon's warm mouth. He keeps Jon's head in place and starts
bucking his hips up violently. Jon tries to move away, he thrashes about a bit, but Theon pulls him up again, gives him another vicious slap and hisses: "What's the matter, baby? Too much for you?"

Jon only whimpers, and Theon can't resist slapping him again. His tone is low and harsh when he says: "Gotta practice that deep-throating, sweetie, won't have you choking every time you blow me."

But Jon, sassy little slut, mutters: "I can deep-throat you. I only choke for the show."

Theon smacks his cheek again, biting his lips so fucking hard trying not to laugh at that. "Aren't you a mouthy little bitch?"

"Yes."

"You like a bit of face-slapping, baby, don't you?" And he slaps him again.

"Yes."

"You like me treating you like a dirty whore?"

Jon is moaning now quite loudly, his cheek is an angry shade of red, but he still pants: "Oh, yes."

Of course Theon smacks him again. Jon's cheek is so warm under his fingers now and Jon shudders to the touch. He is trying to get closer to Theon, he wants to be kissed. And Theon wants nothing more than to kiss him - well, ok, maybe a few other things. He presses his lips to Jon's, hard, and he sucks them and he can hear Jon moaning, but Theon yanks him away again, spits on his mouth once more and shoves him back onto his cock.

Jon sucks now, bobbing his head up and down, and Theon again starts thrusting upwards. He holds Jon's head with both his hands and is pushing him down, further down, till he's fully swallowed. He's sure Jon's choking is not for the show. Theon is fucking his throat brutally, fast and hard, lifting his hips up and shoving Jon's head down at the same time. Jon gags and chokes, almost retching, and Theon's cock is so wet and sticky with all the spittle and pre-cum, his entire crotch area feels soaked. This must be the messiest blowjob he's ever been given, but messy is good, it's hot and dirty, just like Snow, just how Theon likes it.

He sort of wishes to slap Jon some more, but he is so close he doesn't want to stop this now. So he gives few more thrusts and then comes in violent gushes, hips jerking up, a long low moan being drawn from his throat. Jon swallows some of it, but a lot of cum gets everywhere - his jeans, underwear. Jon lifts his head up. His cheek is bright red, there are few tears coming from the corners of his eyes, his lips are swollen and sticky, but he's smiling, happy and pleased. Again he manages to look so slutty and shy at the same time. It disarms Theon completely.

He kisses him, slow and dirty, tasting his own cum on those plump lips. And Jon is again this meek pliant kitten under his touches, no more attitude, no more sassiness, just this submissive sweet surrender, shy smiles and soft moans.

Theon can hardly believe he could have ever slapped this Jon as, seeing him like this, he now has an incontrollable urge to be gentle, say something nice. He whispers: "Baby, you were so awesome."

Jon smiles, so coy now, so cute: "Yeah?"

"Yeah. You were great." And it is all true. Jon raises his eyebrows and pouts his way to Theon's heart again.

Theon lowers the car seat all the way down and pushes him back. He unbuttons Jon's jeans and flips
him over. Jon lies on his stomach and lifts his hips obediently as Theon tugs at those impossibly skinny jeans, getting them just down enough, below those pretty round buttocks.

It is a magnificent sight: Snow all dressed in black, his clothes shamefully tight, and then, in the middle of that dark tight garb peeks that beautiful toned white flesh, so inviting. Theon can't kiss it enough. He brushes his lips all over those cheeks, bites into them, leaving little marks. He squeezes and pinches, and pulls and kneads. And then he licks and sucks and teases with his tongue and his teeth.

Theon pulls Jon's asscheeks apart, revealing the puckered little hole, so pink and pretty. Theon's tongue touches it gently, it goes as down as Jon's balls and then travels slowly up. It circles and teases the soft folds of flesh, the touch feather-light, but then it presses, so firm and strong, it goes in, drilling, spreading the flesh as it penetrates deeper, curling and rubbing at the sides. And Jon moans, oh, the sounds he's making are pure raw need, sweet muffled "aaaahhs" and "oooohs", but as he moans one long and low "Theooonn", Theon thinks he's never heard anything sweeter in his life. He'd do anything to make Jon moan his name again.

He attacks Jon's asshole with new vigour, sucking and kissing, his tongue playfully flickering around it and then rewards with strong thrusting. Jon squirms and grinds his hips, rubbing against the car seat, but he is an impatient little whore, his hand reaches down, and he starts palming himself.

Theon pushes the hand away gently, whispering: "No, baby, just me."

Jon whimpers to that, disheartedly, but he obeys, grabbing the head rest of the seat with both his hands now, rolling his hips lewdly, moaning louder and needier.

Theon licks his finger and rubs Jon's asshole, slick with spittle. He pushes in, slow and gentle, and Theon is transfixed as he watches it disappearing inside. Jon is squirming so much, he demands more, his asshole is clenching and then relaxing, and Theon again licks it before guiding another finger in. That makes Jon sigh and then murmur a dozen of inarticulate sounds that all mean yes. And his ass is ready for more, so Theon pushes the third finger in and starts shoving, in and out, licking and sucking between the strokes, and Jon moves so much he has to press him down firmly.

Again, Jon's hand tries to reach his cock, but again Theon pushes it away. "No, Jon. I said, just me."

Jon wails: "Please. I want to come."

"I'll make you come, don't worry."

But he is inconsolable. "Then you touch me, please, Theon, I sucked you, I was good for you, pleasease..."

"You were the best, baby. I know. Now let me do this to you. Let me make you come. You'll come for me, right?"

Theon's fingers are fucking him all the while as he's speaking and Jon just whimpers: "Yes, aah, yes..."

"You'll come for me like a good little slut, won't you?"

"Mmmm, yes, please."

"Good boy."

And his fingers are drilling and curling and rubbing the insides of Jon's ass, and Jon is keening to the
sensation, but Theon knows already he also likes the words he says, so he continues talking: "Yeah, you are a good boy who likes to be fucked and fingered and slapped and fed cock until choking on it."

And Jon is gasping and moaning, as Theon's fingers now go knuckles-deep, swallowed by that pulsating hole that is so wet and needy.

"You like being a dirty little whore for me, don't you, Jon?"

"Oh, yes, god, I do, yes."

Theon takes the fingers out and spits at Jon's gaping asshole, the spittle getting inside, dribbling slowly as Jon gasps and moans. Theon pushes his three fingers forcefully back up his ass and starts drilling harder and rougher. Jon is pretty much sobbing now, and then Theon hits a spot that makes him whine, so he hits it again, and again, and then some more.

"Just look at you, trousers down, finger-fucked in my car, forced to suck my cock, slapped around like a filthy tramp."

"Yes, aah, yesss," Jon sobs.

He is now pressing against that spot relentlessly, and Jon is keening and hissing, shuddering in bliss.

"But you like that, baby, don't you? You love playing a whore for me. You love being my bitch. Fucked and abused, stretched around my fingers and around my cock. You'd let me do anything to you. My dirty little slut."

Jon shouts so loudly and jerks so violently the whole car is shaking. Then he just pants, his body still giving the occasional twitch.

Theon turns him around and caresses his hair gently, and then kisses those plump lips so sore and swollen. He wants nothing more than for Jon to stay. And despite the blowjob he got earlier he's so fucking hard again.

Jon is a mess though, his jeans and T-shirt are all wet and stained, his cheek is still red. And he is so dazed, as if high on something. He is limp and content, happy to be touched, nuzzled and kissed. When Jon finally speaks, Theon hates himself for hating so much to hear that the first thing he says is:

"I really now have to go."

He tries to hide his resentment as he speaks: "Yeah, I guess you do. Probably should take a shower before the Karstaks come. You're a fucking mess."

Jon looks at him, slightly uncertain, but he says nothing as Theon lifts the car seat up and starts the car. Theon, you are a prick. It's not his fault he has to go. But no one else that Theon can vent his spleen upon is here, so Jon will have to take it. He is just getting ready to say something even nastier, so that there can be no doubt what he means, but Jon again surprises him when he straddles him suddenly and whispers without even an inch between them:

"I don't think I will now. Shower. I like your smell and taste on me." That shuts Theon up alright. He just breathes hard, not even moving, when Jon adds: "And I'll come back for more tomorrow."

And not ripping those damned jeans off of Snow and fucking his brains out right fucking now is the hardest thing Theon has ever had to do in his life. He kisses him and then gives his butt a playful pat,
"Come on, baby, let's get you home. Or Robb will have a fit."

They are quiet as Theon drives carefully through the forest tracks. It's dark already and there are no street lights there, so he drives really slowly. Once they get back to the main road, Theon clears his throat, "So, um, you wanna maybe see some movie tomorrow?"

"No. I mean, I don't know. What do you wanna do?"

Theon chuckles. "Fuck?"

And Jon grins. "Yeah, me too."

"But we can still see a movie if you want."

Jon sighs in an exaggerated manner. "Nah... you probably like some shitty movies anyway."

"Oh, I'll watch a chick-flick for you, Jon. No problem."

And Jon is so adorable when he laughs. "Fuck off, Greyjoy."

Theon feels better now. Sure, he is hard as hell, and will probably have to get back to that dirt track to jerk off after he leaves Jon, but he is feeling nice, warm and ....Fuck, Theon, you're such a sap.

When they get to Starks' place, he asks: "What will you say about your cheek? It's really red."

"That you slapped me into giving you head."

"Well you'll certainly get slapped some more being such a wiseass. Sassy little cunt."

It's dark, Theon is sure no one can really see them, but he still doesn't dare to kiss him. He keeps thinking how pissed off Robb was and he sees Ned Stark's icy expression again in his mind, so he just sits there.

Jon opens the door to get out and says: "I'll see you tomorrow, Greyjoy."

"Yeah, tomorrow."

He is already one foot out of the car, but then he comes back, slams the door shut behind him so that the light goes off, and then slams his lips into Theon's. His tongue is sweet and nimble and they only stop kissing when Snow's bloody phone starts ringing. He tears away from Theon, grabs his bag and gets out. Then he stands smiling, watching Theon drive away.

Theon pulls over to wank in the exact same spot he was with Jon. He feels better that way. As if he can still smell Jon's cherry-flavoured chapstick.
Like The Other Girls That You Used To Know

Chapter Summary

Jon thinks about girls, and Theon can't get enough of him. Then they have some clever ideas.

Chapter Notes

Jon's POV is always more difficult for me than Theon's, no idea why, but that's why this took a bit longer.

Again, my greatest thanks to sweet Heloisa for being so super awesome with this beta thing. I love you, dear!

The dinner is a dull affair. Jon has managed to change into a new set of clothes, but his lips are still sore and he thinks his cheek still might be a bit too red. No one says anything, though. Robb least of all. At least not to him, for he speaks with their siblings, answers politely to all the questions any of the adults might ask, laughs with Torr Karstark. They are teasing Alys, Jon concludes by her scoffing. But Robb ignores Jon completely. And Jon thinks it might be for the better. His brother would know the reason behind his swollen lips and bruised cheek, and that is making Jon uncomfortable. He eats in silence, still feeling Theon's fingers on him, in him.

And if he feels happy to be left alone, that doesn't last for long, because Eddard Karstark, a nosy git, exclaims: "Is that nailpolish you're wearing, Jon?"

Suddenly all conversation stops and everyone is looking at him. Jon unconsciously curls his fingers as if to hide them. Truth be told, he has wondered how come no one had noticed it yet. It's been over a week now he's been painting his nails, and he doesn't really care what others think. But there could have been a better moment for this subject to be breached than now, with Mr and Mrs Karstark trying not to look confused, his father looking surprised and even uncomfortable and Catelyn Stark glowering at him for, undoubtedly, ruining their evening or something, while he himself can only think of blowing Theon Greyjoy in his car.

Everyone is still quiet, as if they're all expecting him to say something. But what?

"Yeah. Yes, it is," Jon mutters.

This is such an awkward moment, Jon puts his hands on his lap, beneath the table, and looks at his father. Ned Stark says nothing, but there is a question in his stern gaze. Jon thinks it's good that he is all flushed now, with everyone's eyes on him, as it might disguise the redness Theon's slaps left on his cheek. He wishes he could say something, but nothing comes to his mind. He opens his mouth, but before anything can come out of it, Sansa, of all people, speaks for him.

"What? I can't believe you haven't all noticed. He's been wearing it for a couple of weeks now. Eyeliner too."
That is not exactly helping, but it is still more than what he could come up with. Both Edd and Torr start laughing at that, and then Alys Karstark takes over. "That is nothing to react like that about, Edd. A lot of guys do nowadays. Trendy guys, at least. Not drab ones like you."

They stop laughing and she smiles at Jon. He again remembers why he's always liked her. He smiles back, and then braves another look at his father.

Ned Stark clears his throat, turning to Mr and Mrs Karstark. "More wine?"

"Yes, please. Thank you."

And the conversation resumes, no one stares at him anymore and Jon relaxes. Nailpolish is not mentioned again. And when the Karstarks finally leave Jon is only too happy to go to bed, where he can close his eyes and touch his lips and his cock, pretending it's Theon's hand and not his own.

The next morning he gets out right after breakfast and takes the bus to get to Theon's place. It is so early, he is alone in the bus, so no one stares at him as he applies his make-up. The result is just slightly messy, as he still has to perfect that skill on a moving bus, but he still looks sexy and he is sure Theon will like it, despite being a bit smeared.

Theon is still in bed when he gets there, Jon is the one to wake him up. It feels funny, and somehow really sweet, to see Theon like this, just in his briefs, all groggy and drowsy from his sleep. Smug Grejyoy, who always seems to have a snide remark ready, can hardly open his eyes, he just lets Jon in and drags him to the bedroom in silence, where they both crawl beneath the blanket. Jon is sure Theon is still sleeping. His body feels warm and heavy, the rhythm of his breathing is slow, and soon Jon finds himself dozing off too.

He is woken with a hand on his crotch. He smiles even before he opens his eyes. Theon is pressing at his back, poking him with his erection and Jon again feels weak with the need to be just a toy in Theon's hands, because those hands do the most amazing things to him. He pulls Theon's fingers to his lips and starts sucking them.

Theon is kissing his neck, his breath warm around Jon's ear as he whispers: "Why are you still wearing this? Go get dressed properly."

He points to the closet across the room and Jon gets up. He turns to look at Theon, who is lying on his side, his handsome body so white and smooth, the bulge of his cock visible through the covers.

Jon smiles and takes off his T-shirt, throwing it to the floor. But he takes his time with his jeans. He unbuttons them slowly, one button at the time, and then he turns around and bends over, sticking his butt out for Theon to see as he pulls the jeans slowly down. Jon feels triumphant hearing Theon moan - he is not wearing any underwear and Theon seems to appreciate that a lot, for he mumbles: "You sexy little slut."

Jon stays like that for few more seconds, making sure Theon gets a good look, and then goes to pick the dress he'll wear. He puts on the fishnet pantyhose and steps into his red stilettos. Then he takes the little black dress, short and sexy, with the open back.

There is no mirror in the bedroom, but the look on Theon's face tells Jon he looks very good. He smiles as he walks towards the bed, where Theon is now sitting.

He is so hard, and he looks at him with such hunger, Jon's knees turn to jelly thinking of the fucking he's going to get.
"Turn around," Theon commands. Jon does as he's told, and Theon says: "Bend over."

And, again, Jon obeys, bending over, slightly unstable in his high heels. As he moves, his dress is pulled up and now half of his ass is exposed, and Jon feels the fishnets stretching over his ass and thighs.

Theon is quiet for a few moments, just breathing hard, and then he says: "You dirty girl."

That takes Jon by surprise, but he can't deny liking it, and even before he can decide how to react, he moans instinctively. Theon snickers softly behind him. "You dirty, dirty girl."

Jon can feel himself hardening, and it feels strange in those fishnets - they're cutting lines all over his balls and cock, but that somehow makes it more arousing. Suddenly he feels hands touch his ass, gently caressing, and then Theon is up, one hand around Jon's chest, grabbing his chin, pulling him up and around for a kiss, as the other hand squeezes his butt. They stumble out of the bedroom and into the kitchen, where Theon bends him over the kitchen table.

Again the dress goes up, exposing his ass. Theon pats it slightly. "That's a very revealing dress you're wearing, sweetheart. You should be more careful how you move. I can see everything."

"I want you to see everything."

Theon smirks, grabbing the fishnets and pulling to tear them, his words accentuated by the ripping. "You... dirty... girl." Fishnets ruined, now he looks pleased. "Naughty little cock-tease."

Theon's fingers, cold and slick with lube, reach his asshole. He inserts two fingers at once, and Jon winces slightly, but he likes the burning sensation of being stretched so quickly. Theon has always been so gentle preparing him, but now he seems in a hurry and wastes no time as he drills and spreads Jon's ass with his fingers, soon inserting the third one, making Jon whimper.

Theon is working him open, pushing his fingers in and out. He keeps telling Jon how he is a dirty girl and how dirty girls get fucked hard, and it really is quite hard and rough what he's doing to him now, but Jon likes it. He relishes the burn and the fullness. This pain feels good, it feels dirty, and Jon, apparently, is a dirty girl - he loves it.

"Yes, baby, you like this, don't you? You love me getting you ready for your pounding?"

Jon can only whimper: "Yes, aah."

Theon teases him with his cock, gliding along Jon's buttcrack and then slowly pushing against his asshole. He doesn't go in, he is just teasing. "Tell me, baby."

"Tell you what?" Jon is rolling his hips, eager and wanting, pushing back against Theon.

"You know what I want to hear. Come on, tell me."

Jon reaches behind himself and spreads his asscheeks with his hands, saying: "Fuck me... like a dirty girl."

Theon moans hearing that, and glides into him, making Jon gasp. It hurts, he is so full, so stretched, but it feels so good. Theon stays inside, not moving for a while. Then he pulls back and slams back into him again. He fucks him like that, slow, pausing between the thrusts, but hard, ramming his cock up Jon's ass forcefully.

Jon feels Theon's balls slapping against his own each time he buries himself deep inside him, and
Theon takes Jon's cock and starts stroking. His hand is wet with the lube and his touch is strong and knowing. Jon whimpers, happy to take whatever Theon is giving him. He feels so happy and eager to submit to him like this, to be manhandled, toyed with, fucked until he can't stand on his feet anymore.

Theon is not picking up speed, his thrusts are measured and steady, holding Jon's hips and cock firmly, going all the way in. He is moaning too, and Jon can't help but think about all the other girls Theon fucked and called dirty. He also can't help but feel curious and jealous even.

Theon is handsome, and Jon knows he has had many girls. He also knows it is stupid to think about that, but he can't stop. He wonders if those girls also moaned like he does now, if they also liked how Theon pulls them forcibly onto his cock, if their knees also went weak just to hear him talk dirty. He wonders if they could swallow him whole, and if they liked gagging on his cock, if they liked it when he'd smack their ass thrusting deep inside them. He wonders if they also loved being pulled by the hair turning for a kiss, if they could also come just from Theon's fingers, like he did yesterday. He is thinking about those numerous unknown girls filled with Theon's cock and wonders if they also melted every time he'd call them "baby".

Theon has always bragged about all the things he likes to do to girls, and now Jon hopes he likes to do these things to him too. He wonders if those girls also thought about the girls before them, and if these thoughts bothered them as much as they bother him now, if they also felt jealous and hoped they were a better fuck. He wonders if they liked being called "a dirty girl" as much as he does.

"Theon..." Jon sobs.

Theon's pulling him by the hips his hand wrapped around Jon's belly, as the other one strokes his cock. "Yeah, baby, say it."

He is kissing Jon's back, sucking the skin around his neck, and Jon's whimper are now not only pleasure but also distress. He keeps thinking about Theon's other girls and he is angry with himself for it. Jon goes quiet, and Theon slows down even more.

When he sees Jon is all sullen and unresponsive, Theon pulls out and turns him around. Jon feels so stupid, so he forces himself to smile a bit and even moan, pretending all is fine.

"What's the matter? Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine." Jon lies. The way Theon is looking at him, one eyebrow raised, squinting slightly, makes him blush and look down embarrassed.

Theon lifts his chin and kisses him. That does make Jon moan for real now, and Greyjoy laughs. "God, you are worse than a girl, Jon."

"Fuck off, Greyjoy."

But Theon is lifting him up to sit on the table, positioning himself between his spread legs. He rips the remaining threads of the pantyhose that still lingered around Jon's crotch and thighs and pushes against him, entering again. "It's ok, baby, I'll be nice and gentle for my girl."

Jon closes his eyes and wails in Theon's mouth. He feels better now, both for the words he hears and for the thickness of Theon's cock deep inside him. Greyjoy smiles, pleased, thrusting faster now. Jon's legs wrapped around Theon's hips are pulling him deeper inside, much harder. The table starts shaking beneath them, and Jon's cock is squeezed tight between their bodies, rubbing against Theon's naked stomach as he ruts and pushes.
Theon holds him so tight, kissing him all the while, Jon feels full and enwrapped completely, pressed in this firm grip as his asshole is stretched, all wet and slippery. Theon speeds up and he is panting so hard, grunting and pushing violently, causing Jon to whimper more. They are both really close.

"Theon..." He moans, and Theon goes wild to hear it, fucking him even harder now.

"Yes, baby, tell me. Tell me what you are."

And even though it's true, Jon still feels flush come to his cheeks as he pants: "I am a dirty girl."

Theon squeezes his cock suddenly, tugging at the skin, rolling his hips inside Jon as he whispers: "Yes, you are. You're my dirty girl."

Jon feels both his heart and his breathing stop completely for a few seconds before his cock spurts milky seed. And then he is light-headed and boneless while Theon's moves get erratic and sloppy. Soon he, too, twitches and wails, buried deep inside of Jon, holding him firm enough to bruise.

They start kissing, messy and sweet, but when Theon slides out of Jon's ass, he feels empty. He wishes for more of Theon, not only to fuck him, but just to be there, inside him. He feels needy and fragile, and even before he can think, he blurts out: "Take me to bed. I wanna cuddle."

God, did I just say that? To Theon Greyjoy? Fuck!

Jon can only imagine all the shit coming from Greyjoy after this, but he still has a tiny glimmer of hope that he won't mock him for saying that. Because smug and cocky Theon, who's been teasing him relentlessly ever since they first met, is surprisingly nice to Jon since they started... this. He is considerate, affectionate even. Jon feels Greyjoy's defences are crumbling slowly, and that must be why he said that. He'd never dare expose himself like that before. Now he prays it wasn't a mistake.

But just a few moments later, their bodies entwined on the bed, as Theon is kissing him gently and murmuring something inarticulate that actually sounds very sweet, Jon thinks he couldn't have said anything better than "let's go to bed and cuddle".

Theon is naked and Jon's fingers caress him, exploring his lean handsome body. He sees a mesh of little scars, white and small, on one side of his ribcage. "What happened here?"

Theon sighs. "Glass coffee table."

Jon chuckles. "How'd you manage to do that?"

"It was in the way."

God, that is so like Theon, drunk as hell, tripping over things. Jon is still laughing. "Hopefully it taught you not to get so shit-faced not to see where you're going."

"It taught me to stay still for my beatings."

And Jon feels like an idiot for laughing earlier. "I'm sorry, I... I didn't know." But if he didn't know, he could have guessed as he remembers the bruises Theon would sometimes have back when he was still living with his father. He was just stupid to forget it now. He holds him tighter and kisses him. "I'm so sorry."

Theon seems cool about it, though. "It's ok, it was, like, years ago."

They kiss more, but Jon still feels bad. He keeps thinking of the little boy beaten so hard he crashes
into a glass table, and maybe for the first time in his life thinks how he doesn't really have it all that bad. He only has Catelyn Stark's silent contempt to deal with, which can be hard, but he's never been hit. No one has ever been hit at the Stark household. None of his siblings were ever afraid of their father or any punishment he might inflict on them - everything was discussed in a civilized manner, they'd talk, explain things, at worst he was grounded a few times, but that was it.

Jon can see Theon wishes for them to stop thinking about his father beating the shit out of him, because he again drags Jon to the kitchen, and they sit around the table where they fucked on earlier. Jon is still in his dress, with torn pantyhose and shoes, and Theon is still naked. He is moving about the kitchen confidently, seemingly unaware of how good he looks, which only makes him look hotter in Jon's eyes.

"You wanna go somewhere tomorrow? Or just come here again and stay all day?" Theon says as he makes coffee.

Jon would actually really like that, but he says: "I'd love to. But you have some plans."

"I do?"

"Yes. You're seeing Robb."

Theon's blue eyes look sad now. "Yeah, I guess I should. I was a dick not giving him a call or anything."

He hands the cup to Jon and lights a cigarette. He looks for his phone and then starts texting, while Jon sips his coffee in silence. After a couple of minutes, Theon puts the phone away. "Yeah, I am seeing Robb tomorrow. But you'll be there too, right?"

Jon smiles. "No, I am gonna meet Sam. It's awkward with Robb as it is, the three of us all together would just make it... I don't know. More awkward?"

Theon nods, and Jon feels happy to know he wanted him there too. And then Jon has this brilliant idea. "Theon? Um, you know, there's this school trip next week. To the Wall, like, to see the remains and where it was and all that. We leave on Thursday, and come back on Sunday evening. Our whole class is going. It's, like, educational."

Theon scoffs: "Hm. We've had the same, I remember. Real fucking educational - four days of trying to get laid as many times as possible."

Jon is grinning. "And that is exactly what I'll be doing." He sees Theon flinch, grasping his cup tight, and then, as if remembering himself, he cools down but his blue eyes look at Jon all harsh and mean. So Jon quickly adds: "Only, I am not going to the Wall. I am staying with you."

The smile Theon flashes his way confirms that it was, indeed, the best idea ever. And when Theon then tells him an idea of his own, Jon is so thrilled, he can hardly wait for Thursday.
Theon lights another cigarette as he drives once more around the block. It is dark and the streets are mostly empty. He checks his watch - almost 1 am. He'll wait for maybe five more minutes.

Jon's had this great idea of ditching his school trip and spending four days with him instead. He got some doctor's note or something, and Robb, since they were in the same class, promised he wouldn't tell the Starks.

He drives around the block once more. For some reason, Theon keeps thinking Ned Stark will show up. He knows he won't - Ned Stark is a decent family man, and Theon can't imagine him in this neighbourhood at this hour, but he's seen enough decent family men doing all crazy shit you'd never believe, so he is feeling nervous about it. God, Theon can't even imagine what he might do to them if they're caught.

He slows down, cruising now, watching. He remembers how he felt so uncertain when he suggested this to Jon only to realize, by his excited reaction, that the only reason Jon might be upset over this is that he hadn't thought of it first. Kinky bastard. Theon doesn't even find liking him that much to be unsettling anymore. That should worry him, because it's Snow, but he can't help it - he is lost already, completely done for.

He spots the dress first - grey and tight, legs so sexy in those heels. He pulls over and rolls down the window. "Hey."

Jon looks so beautiful, his full pouty lips coloured bright red, such slutty colour that suits him so well. "Hey."

Theon opens the door. "Wanna go for a ride?"

The pretty thing looks around, slightly apprehensive, but then smiles at him. "It's gonna cost you."

"How much?" Theon just wishes he'd get in already. Before Ned Stark shows up or something.

"Depends on the ride," He gets in, grinning like mad. "What did you have in mind?"

Theon can't resist. "Well, I was thinking about some fisting, cock and balls torture, stuff like that."
The bastard pouts, thinking. Then he says: "That's gonna cost you a lot more, but no problem - I can fist you and torture your cock and balls."

I guess the joke's on me. Witty slut. Theon chuckles as they drive away.

As soon as they get in, Theon pours wine in some fancy glasses he's bought earlier that week especially for this weekend. He hands one to Jon, who can't stop grinning. He seems to really be enjoying himself.

"Um, Greyjoy? We're playing, like, hooker and all, and you have this fancy wine thing going on. You'd do that for a hooker?"

He has a point, but Theon still feels like having wine with him now. "Imagine you're some high-class escort."

"You think I'm an expensive high-class escort kind of hooker?" Jon takes a sip of wine and then licks his lips. "I am flattered."

"No, you're a cheap fucking skank. A common streetwalker. But I am a refined gentleman, cultured and benevolent."

That has Jon laughing so hard he almost spills the wine. After a few moments, he calms down. "So, will you then also give me... um, fancy jewellery and expensive chocolate?"

Theon comes close to him, gliding his hands down Jon's back, cupping his ass, and kisses him gently. "No... But I'll give you a pounding of a lifetime." Jon blushes, and a barely audible moan escapes him. Theon pulls him tighter, rubbing against his crotch, squeezing his pert little butt. "So, sweetie, have a glass of wine, and show me what I bought."

He sits on the sofa and pushes Jon to the floor between his legs. He wears so much make-up tonight, it really looks cheap and trashy but it makes Theon hard just to see it. Jon's hand touches his crotch, and he smiles at the hardness he finds there. He is rubbing him over the jeans. Theon bought him red nailpolish and with great difficulty managed to convince him to wear it instead of the usual dark coloured ones he likes. It looks dirty and beautiful.

Jon is unbuttoning his jeans, raising his eyes every so often, and Theon again sees that submissive uncertainty, the need for approval in his dark eyes. He nods at him encouragingly, pushing his hips slightly, shifting a bit, as Jon gets his cock out. He starts stroking it slowly, his eyes locked with Theon's.

The hand on his cock is warm and soft, and it pulls his skin gently, while the other one caresses his balls. Then Jon takes the hand to his mouth and licks his palm before returning it to Theon's cock. Better.

"Give me your hand," he says, and Jon obediently lifts it. Theon holds it to his face, taking in the red nailpolish, the softness of the palm, the whiteness of skin. He sees a few ink marks on Jon's fingers that make him smile affectionately. He skipped his school trip for this. Theon kisses his hand, and starts sucking the fingers, then spits on Jon's palm. "Now stroke me."

Jon's lips part, he looks aroused as well. He starts rubbing Theon's cock again and Theon hums appreciatively. "You are so pretty, baby," He tucks a stray lock behind Jon's ear. "Now show me what this pretty mouth can do."
Jon licks him along his length, first gently and then pressing harder, teases the little slit with his tongue and then takes him in his mouth. He starts sucking, rubbing his lips up and down the shaft. His mouth is warm and wet, and his lips leave messy red traces all over Theon's cock. Jon, too, is getting smeared, there's lipstick all around his mouth and that makes his lips look even fuller.

He sucks really well, massaging Theon's balls at the same time, and then the cock is out of his mouth and the balls are sucked in. He rubs them with his tongue, sucking hard, pulling them until Theon moans. He starts sucking his cock again and tries to swallow him whole. He gags still, but he is quite determined to do it right. If he really was a hooker, Theon thinks, it'd be money well-spent just for the enthusiasm he is showing. And he looks so hot.

Theon starts bucking his hips upwards, faster and faster, and Jon is not pulling back, he sucks like a good little whore, humming and moaning. Theon loves the hot feel of his mouth and his nimble tongue, he loves the little sounds he's making and the effort he invests in deep-throating him, but what blows his mind completely is the way Jon is looking at him, those wide grey eyes never leaving his face and he looks so timid and docile.

When Theon fills his mouth with cum, Jon swallows it all, a dutiful slut that he is, and then he smiles again in that coy manner that is so irresistible. A shy hooker. I love it.

Theon pulls him onto his lap and refills their glasses with more wine. His hand is moving up and down Jon's thigh, going beneath the dress, touching Jon's erect cock. That makes Jon squirm in his lap and moan, but he will have to be patient, Theon decides, if he is going to play the hooker right.

"Now, tell me, sweetheart, how did a nice girl like you end up doing this?"

Jon laughs, but he is game. "Oh, you know... the usual story."

"No, I don't. Tell me." Theon lifts the dress up slightly, exposing the white skin above the stockings.

Jon takes a sip of wine, thinking. Then he says: "My boyfriend made me do it. He's, like, my pimp."

He laughs, then adds: "He takes all the money I make."

A boyfriend, hm? "He sounds like a scumbag." Theon pulls at the garterbelt and then lets it snap back.

Jon is grinning, his eyes sparkling with playfulness. "Yeah, but he's actually a nice guy."

"Is he now?"

"Yes, and he's very good-looking."

Theon starts nibbling at his throat. "Tell me about him."

"He's tall and handsome, black hair, blue eyes... so fucking conceited. Irresistible, really." Jon squirms as he's sipping his wine.

Theon is beaming, but tries to hide it. "He sounds like a hottie."

"Yeah, he is. Too bad his dick is really small."

You cheeky thing. Theon slaps his butt, hard. "It's not small, you fucker. It's bigger than yours."

Jon chuckles. "He's really sensitive about it, though."

"Shut up." Theon kisses him.
"So, what does he do? Your boyfriend?"

"He's a lazy bastard, has me walking the streets for him." Jon is giggling like mad, but it doesn't ruin it. Theon also laughs.

"But you say he's a nice guy. He must be treating you well."

Jon makes a sad face. "Yeah, he does. Most of the time. But sometimes he beats me... Often, actually." Theon rolls his eyes, but Jon continues: "Like, if I wear something he doesn't like, or if I say something wrong, or if he's had a bad day. Why do you think I wear all this make-up? I'm trying to hide the bruises."

"What a prick," Theon exhales. "Why do you put up with him? He sounds like a horrible person."

Jon licks his lips, and then he leans closer to him, whispering in his ear: "He's not. I'm just bullshitting. He's a real nice guy. A proper hottie. And his dick is not small."

Theon's heart swells to hear that. Jon adds: "A refined gentleman, cultured and benevolent." And he starts laughing again.

Now Theon joins the laughter too, pulling him down beneath him. "You're a cheeky little slut, you know?"

They kiss for a while, and Theon is getting hard again. He grinds his crotch against Jon, who is squirming beneath him and moaning so sweetly. Theon pulls his hand down to Jon's ass and tries to insert his finger, but Jon pushes his hand away. "No. I do it myself. I'm a pro. You just relax and enjoy."

Theon grins and gets up off of him, leaning back in the sofa. Jon gets the lube and then turns around and kneels in front of him. He lays his head down on the sofa, his butt high in the air, and Theon pulls his dress up to reveal the pretty white cheeks and a rock-hard cock. Jon pushes one finger into his tight pink hole and fingers himself slowly. He is breathing hard, and Theon has his cock out, stroking, enjoying the show. Soon, Jon pushes another finger, grunting slightly. Theon is so turned on by what he sees, he is torn between wishing to ram his cock inside Jon right away and wishing to sit back and watch him finger himself, those manicured red nails looking so sexy as he pushes his fingers deep inside.

Jon is taking his time, one hand working on his ass while another one wraps around his cock. He is enjoying this more than a hooker really should, and Theon is getting impatient. "Come on, baby, that's enough. Come here."

Jon stops reluctantly and turns around. "Now?"

"Yes, now. Come on." Theon pulls him to sit on his lap, so that Jon's back is pressing against his chest. He wants the best view of his ass as possible. He grabs Jon's butt, spreading the cheeks as he draws him onto himself. Jon's legs are pulled together between Theon's spread thighs and he is holding Theon's knees for leverage.

He is so tight, but Theon pulls him on his cock slowly. Jon moans when the tip gets in, stretching his ass around his length as he goes deeper. Once fully inside, Jon sits still for a few moments and then he shifts a bit, rolling his hips slowly, and starts moving.

"Yes, baby, let me see you work, come on, like a pro." Theon has him by the hips, helping him go up and down his cock, murmuring words of encouragement, sweet and dirty. And soon, Jon relaxes and speeds up, Theon's cock gliding easily inside, nice and deep.
Theon is squeezing his butt, spreading the buttcheeks further apart, delighting in the view of his red throbbing cock disappearing inside Jon's tight asshole. As they pick up speed, Jon is getting less stable in his stilettos, so Theon has to hold him tighter. Not that he minds. He is pulling him onto his cock, all the way until last inch is in and bucking his hips at the same time. Jon whimpers each time he's slammed down and throws his head back, his curls dancing wildly. Theon grabs him by the hair and pulls him back down, forcing him to spread his legs and straddle his thighs now.

Jon loses all balance, he just lies on top of him now, held by his hips as Theon pushes up forcefully. But Theon hears his moan go more urgent and desperate, and he can feel the jerking movement of his arm as Jon rubs himself. Theon pushes Jon's hand away, grabbing his cock himself. He is stroking him now, fucking him fast, and soon Jon twitches and wails, and Theon's hand is sprayed with his cum.

Jon is limp now, and Theon pulls out and flips him over on the sofa, getting on top of him. He nudges at his knees, urging Jon to spread his legs and then he lifts them up on his shoulders. He kisses him as he slams back inside and fucks him like that until he himself is also spent and dazed on top of Jon. His cock slides out of Jon's ass, leaving a wet and sticky trail over Jon's cheeks and thighs.

The sofa is not big enough for both of them to lie comfortably, but they snuggle there for a while nonetheless, enjoying the closeness, Theon lying on top of him. He only moves to get his cigarettes, then goes back to Jon's embrace.

"This was really fun." Jon smirks as he plays with Theon's nipples. "Wanna do it again tomorrow?"

"Yeah, sure. But I kinda freaked out picking you up from the street," Theon smokes with one hand, the other one lost in Jon's curls.

Jon smiles. "Why?"

"I kept thinking your father would show up."

Jon starts laughing, but Theon goes on: "No, don't laugh. Seriously, I just kept imagining him seeing us there, seeing you there, dressed like that, while you're supposed to be on your school trip. I can't imagine what he would do."

Jon says, serious now: "Well, I can't imagine him being there at all, and at that hour. I mean, him cheating on Catelyn or anything such. I just can't imagine that."

"Well, it's not like he's never done it before. You're here, aren't you?"

Fuck, Theon. Why the fuck did you say that?

Jon looks hurt, but he says nothing. His hand stills on Theon's chest, his lips pouty as ever.

"Sorry, baby, I didn't mean, well, you know. I'm a prick, I shouldn't have said that. I'm sorry." He puts his cigarette away, and takes Jon's face in his hands, pulling him for a kiss. Jon takes the kisses, but he still looks hurt, and Theon hates himself for his big mouth. "That was really stupid, I'm sorry, Jon."

"But it's true," Jon whispers. "He did cheat on her. With my mother. Whoever she was."

Bloody awesome, Theon. But he forces himself to sound cheerful and carefree: "But I am so glad that he did." Jon looks at him confused. "Really, so fucking glad. I mean, first, your sweet ass is here in this world, just for me to fuck, and then also, it's been pissing Catelyn off for the last seventeen years,
that is just priceless."

Jon chuckles, "You are such a prick. What reason do you have not to like her?"

"Well, she doesn't like me either." Theon takes his cigarette again, puffing smoke circles. "And she's a bitch to you."

Jon holds him tighter. "You shouldn't really say that."

"Ok, I won't." Theon thinks how decent Jon must be, not wishing to badmouth her. Catelyn Stark, in his opinion, is a bitch, hating the innocent boy over something that her husband did - that's just wrong. But he never really cared about it before, though he clearly never liked her. Now, however, this comes to be the main reason for his animosity. He actually likes Jon that much.

They have never spend that much time together before, and Theon thinks it's funny that by the time Jon has to go he feels that being with him twenty four hours a day is the most natural thing in the world. It is not only the sex, which is really amazing, but they have fun.

They joke, there's always some banter between them, and Theon wonders how come he never realized before that Jon was so witty. To be honest, Jon was always sullen and quiet around him, so this opening up, getting to know him better feels really great.

Then they discover that, while Jon prefers some weird artsy cinema, they both like horror movies quite much. They even manage to see one whole movie. They start three, but two end in them mutually blowing each other.

They talk about Robb and how awkward the situation with him is, how uncomfortable Robb started feeling around them, and how much it bothers both of them. They both love him so much. Before, it seemed to be the only thing they had in common. Now they know different.

Jon talks about how hard it is living every day of your life in what should be the most perfect family ever if it wasn't for his own very existence. It hurts him, and can't wait to start university and move out. He talks about how Arya is the only one of his siblings that truly seems to understand him, despite being so young. He tells Theon how much he hates the perceived normality of their family life, when he himself has always been denied it, how torturous every family meal is with Catelyn Stark glaring at him contumaciously, as if judging his every word, his every move. He tells Theon about the incident that took place one summer holiday when they were younger and Robb took her necklace as they were playing cops and thieves, and hid it under the stairs. But when she found out she blamed him and told their father about it. Ned Stark was so angry and Jon was grounded for a whole week and had to stay at home while the rest of them went to the zoo. Robb wasn't even mentioned.

Theon talks about the Greyjoys, how his mother lost her mind and killed herself after his two brothers drowned in that horrible accident. He was very little, he only remembers she was pretty and smelled real nice. Then he talks about his sister, how cool she is, and how tough. He tells Jon how she would sometimes take the blame for something he's done just to spare him another brutal beating. His father always liked her more and, while she too got her fair share of Balon's discipline, it was never as cruel as it was with Theon. He talks about how much he enjoys his job and how hard he tries to prove himself and not fuck up. He tells him stories about his uncle but also how he treats Theon as a son, and how much he is grateful for it.

They share so much, Theon has never been that honest with anyone. By the end of the weekend, he
feels that, not only does he like Jon a lot, he also cares about him deeply.

When they meet Robb on Sunday evening, before Robb and Jon go back home together, Theon feels bummed their long weekend is over. Robb is rolling his eyes at them kissing, and he keeps scoffing.

"Chill out, Stark," Theon tells him as he lets Jon go.

"This was the worst school trip ever. I kept worrying someone would find out and tell father, and then all of us would be in trouble."

Jon chuckles, "No one will find out, don't worry."

"Whatever. Just don't do it again."

Both Theon and Jon smile. "We won't."

But in the following three months Jon has two sleepovers at Sam, three camping trips with his history study group, one fishing trip with Grenn and his father and a school project because of which he has to spend a weekend at Sam's studying. Only, he spends all those with Theon.
Misjudged Your Limits, Pushed You Too Far

Chapter Summary

Boys don't cry. Except that they do.

Chapter Notes

Here I am, finally. It's been a while, I know, but I was on holiday. I will try my best not to take so long to update next time :)

Also, not so fluffy anymore, some drama here, but I hope you all still like it <3

Once again, huge thanks to wonderful and amazing Heloisa for doing this super great beta thing, and for all other super great things she does. I love you, baby, you are the best <3

When the alarm goes off, Theon doesn't hit the snooze button anymore, like he did back in high school. He never wants to be late for work, even though he's sure his uncle would tolerate it, so he forced himself to forget about the existence of the snooze option. Today he's not going to work though, he is meeting Robb to see some car show, but he still doesn't want to be late. Besides, the sooner he leaves, the sooner he'll be back.

Theon shifts in his bed, drawing the sleeping body next to him even closer, burying his face in Jon's neck and kissing him gently. They both moan. It's been almost 4 months that they are together, but Theon still can't get enough of him. Only Robb knows about them, and while these weekends Jon spends at his place are not rare - he is constantly coming up with excuses for the Starks, such as study trips, school excursions, sleepovers at friends' and what nots - Theon wishes he had Jon non-stop, 24/7. He can't wait for Jon to finish high school and move in with him.

Jon is still not fully awake, but he is leaning into Theon's touch, his breathing becoming quiet grunts and he starts rolling his hips, pushing backwards, looking for Theon's erection. And Theon has one, of course, waking up next to that toned ass and sinewy muscles of Jon's body - how could he not? Jon moans louder when he feels it.

"Good morning, sexy." Theon whispers in his ear.

Jon is still just moaning, still too groggy to speak, but his body replies to every word Theon says, to every touch he gives him.

"I have to go now," Theon says. "But I couldn't leave without a kiss. Or an ass grope."

Jon lets out a low chuckle as he pushes his back even harder against Theon. His first words that morning are "Fuck me."

Theon wishes nothing more than to do just that, but he has to go meet Robb. "I would love that,
baby. So much. But I have to go, can't keep your brother waiting."

"Just a quickie..." Jon moans as his hand finds Theon's cock and starts rubbing. "Please."

Theon loves how hungry Jon is for him, how insatiable his need is, always asking for more, deeper, harder. But he gently guides Jon's hand away from his cock and to Jon's own asshole, saying: "Tell you what, baby, I have to go now, but you be a good boy and get yourself ready for me while I'm away, cause when I'm back I will fuck you so hard it will feel like first time all over again."

Jon shudders hearing that and such a needy and helpless little whimper escapes him Theon grins like a cat. "Yes, be a good dirty boy, finger yourself thinking of all the things I'll do to you, all the things you want me to do to you when I'm back."

Jon starts grinding his hips into the mattress, but Theon turns him around to kiss his lips.

"I can't wait for you to come back." Jon says between the kisses.

"I can't wait either." And he's gone.

He meets Robb in the car park. They walk around, talk about cars, they really have fun. But later in the afternoon, on their way back from the car park, Robb starts talking about this girl he likes, Jeyne, and Theon really is interested in the story, but his thoughts escape every so often to the image of Jon spread on the sheets, stretching his asshole with his fingers, getting ready for him. Before, he would tell Robb every dirty little detail of his sex life, but now he can't do that anymore. He and Robb are finally back to how they used to be, but Robb is still awkward when it's three of them together, and even when it's just the two of them he still flinches if Theon is on the phone with Jon, especially if he calls him baby, or sweetie or any other such endearment.

"You're not really listening, are you?" Robb is smiling at him.

Theon shakes his head a bit. "I am, I really am, I swear. Um, it's just... I woke up really early..." But he sees the way Robb looks at him, amused and disbelieving, so he drops the pretence. Theon tries not to grin, but he can't help it. He runs his hands through his hair, taking a deep breath. "You don't wanna know, Stark."

"You're right." Robb agrees. "I don't."

He doesn't seem so amused anymore as he continues speaking: "You know, my father wonders how come I don't have so many field trips or so much to study. What you and Jon are doing is making me look bad."

"I'm... sorry?" Theon says, but then laughs. "Actually I'm not."

Robb laughs too, but then again he gets serious. "Theon? You and Jon..."

"Yes?"

"Is this really serious between you?"

Theon can see Robb is worried, and he understands why. Theon has a reputation, he sleeps around, breaks hearts, never gets attached. But this time it's different. What he has with Jon is different. And he wants Robb to know that too.
"Robb, I know why you ask that, and let me assure you, I am... well, it's... um, god I don't wanna sound like a chick, but I really like Jon, I mean, really really like him. I'd never do anything stupid, to hurt him or something, he means a lot to me... I know you think I'm a slut, and I really have been, but it's different now... I've never said this before, but I love him, so don't worry about your brother..."

But what Robb says takes him aback. "It's actually you that I'm worried about."

"What? Why?"

Robb looks uncomfortable, but the look in his eyes is honest and even a bit sad. "Jon... well, he's been acting different. Like I don't recognize him anymore."

Theon lights a cigarette, saying nothing, so Robb continues: "It's just that he's always been quiet and sullen, you know, but now he is turning into this new person, like flirty and all. He is so secretive, he wears make-up - Don't laugh, I know what you do, but I can still find it weird. Anyway, it's not just that, there's also this other guy..."

Theon feels like he's been slapped. And what Robb tells him next crushes him completely.

As he drives home Theon's heart beats so fast and hard, he feels dizzy and weak one moment and fuming with anger the other one. Fucking bastard! Fucking slut! He is slamming his hands violently against the wheel. Theon, you are so stupid. So fucking stupid. You deserve to be played like that, you stupid worthless shit.

When he gets home, he sits in his car for a while trying to compose himself. He doesn't really know how to handle this. It hurts so much, what he found out, and part of him can't believe it, but another part simply knows it must be true. What made you think you were worthy of someone's love? Of his love? Theon lights a cigarette. He is torn between crying, feeling sorry for himself and wishing to break something. How could he do this to me? He feels his eyes well up but he blinks away the tears. This serves you right, Theon. For all those poor girls you used. He still hopes it's not true, but the dates Robb mentioned match, it makes sense, Robb is his friend, he wouldn't lie. And Theon was delusional to think he meant anything to Jon. How could he ever, a worthless piece of shit that he is? He is angry with Jon for what he's done, but even more so with himself, for being so stupid to believe he mattered, for being so foolish to let his defences drop. Love? You pathetic prick. He scoffs, wishes to bang his head on the dashboard, but instead he gets out of the car and goes up to his place.

He gets inside his apartment and goes looking for Jon in quick long strides. He finds him in the bathroom, soaking in the bathtub. Jon's face lights up when he sees him. "I missed you, baby." He smiles.

Theon breathes hard, not a muscle on his face moves and his voice is raspy and threateningly low. "Get out of the tub."

Jon licks his lips, pouting a bit. He must think this is a game. "Why don't you get in?"

Theon pulls the plug to release the water out and speaks louder: "Get the fuck out of that bathtub. Now."

Jon stops smiling, the look on his face slightly confused, but he gets up slowly, water dripping from his naked body, and he steps out of the tub and onto the tiles. He stands in front of Theon and looks him straight in the face. Again, he smiles and raises his eyebrows, apparently still thinking this is
some kinky game they're playing.

"You fucking slut."

Theon grabs him by the hair and drags him to the bedroom where he hurls him across the floor. Jon says nothing, he just props himself up on his hands and knees, looking down in front of him. Theon again drags him up turning him around. Jon stares at him, shocked, but says nothing, even as Theon viciously hits him across the face. He doesn't make a sound as Theon shoves him down onto the bed and pins his arms above his head, hissing angrily: "You fucking slut. You fucking whore."

Jon is stunned by what Theon's doing, it's clear, as he does nothing to prevent this, just stares silently at Theon. His surrender and silence piss Theon off even more, they are yet another proof of guilt. He deserves all of this. Although quiet and subdued, Jon does sob when Theon enters him in one sharp brutal thrust, dry tissue tearing under the force of his cock intent on hurting, on punishing. But after that one sob, Jon is mute again, his body rigid but submitting to this completely, eyes closed and lips pursed tight, his whole face crumpled in pain.

Theon squeezes his jaw. "Open your eyes, Snow. I want to see you cry."

Jon complies, grey eyes open, staring blankly, but no tears come as Theon pushes in hard, mercilessly rutting. He stays quiet to Theon's angry grunts and hostile snarling.

"You fucking whore. Filthy cunt." Theon knows his words can bruise Jon more than his cock tearing him ever could, and he has more poison still to give. "You think you're so fucking special with those precious curls and that make up you wear? You filthy slut. You're pathetic. You'll never be as pretty as a girl, no matter how hard you try. You can try acting graceful and girly all you want but you are just a ridiculous pathetic little faggot."

Jon's looking at Theon, eyes full of tears now, but his lips are pursed shut, he is trying so hard not to cry, Theon can see it, trying so hard to stay quiet as Theon rams his cock, even harder and meaner now.

"You thought you mattered to me? You thought you meant something? You stupid filthy bitch. You are nothing to me. A worthless whore. Just a pair of holes for me to fuck and fill with my cum."

That breaks the dam and tears finally start streaming down Jon's face, as he looks somewhere through Theon, silent and desolate.

Theon gives a few more hard thrusts and comes, feeling empty all of a sudden. He lets go of Jon's wrists and rolls to the side of the bed, but Jon doesn't even bother moving his arms. They both stay like that, in silence, staring at the ceiling, as dusk slowly swallows the room.

Theon takes his cigarettes and lights one, mostly because he doesn't know what to do, what to say now. He expects Jon to speak, to beg forgiveness, to get the fuck out of here, to do anything, but Jon lies quietly, just as he's left him, arms above his head, legs slightly spread, trying to swallow his sniffles as tears fall down his face.

One cigarette smoked, Theon lights another one. He doesn't need to speak or do anything else. But when Jon is still not moving and not saying anything, and after he's had yet one more cigarette, Theon can't endure the silence anymore. "I know everything," he says.

Jon just blinks.

"Robb told me," Theon goes on.
This makes him move his head. He looks at Theon intensely now. "What did Robb tell you?"

"Everything."

Jon moves his arms, lifts his head up, the tone of his voice dark and serious. "Everything what?"

"Don't play dumb, Snow. Everything about the Night's Watch and the guy you're fucking. I know it's a fetish club, and I've checked the dates you've been there meeting this guy, Lord Commander, or whatever the fuck his stupid name is, so don't even try to tell me it's not true."

Jon gasps with shock, and then he frowns, his look livid as he says: "What?! What the fuck are you and Robb talking about?"

Theon gets angry again. "Don't fucking lie, Jon. Admit it and get the fuck out of my life."

"You stupid prick! Robb told you I fucked someone? And you believed him?" Jon gets up from the bed, but he stumbles a bit, wincing in pain. He grabs his shirt and looks around for the rest of his clothes.

"Are you gonna deny it?" Theon glares at him, sitting up now.

Jon has found his jeans and is putting them on. "This month, on the 27th, Night's Watch is hosting the biggest fetish party this year, tickets are impossible to get. On the same date, the stupidest fuck in this world celebrates his birthday. No, actually, he's not the stupidest, as I was even more stupid to try and make his birthday the best he's ever had by taking him there."

Theon watches as Jon digs inside his messenger bag.

"Lord Commander is a name, or a nickname, or whatever of the manager there, and I had to pester him for weeks to buy tickets. Do you know how fucking hard it was to take uncle Benjen's ID and then return it to him before he noticed it was missing?"

Theon is now beginning to doubt. His tone is no longer harsh, it is quite insecure. "Robb said you guys talked online, and you were flirty and he asked you all tons of personal questions, you talked about some kinky shit and then you went to meet him, a few times."

Jon is now fully dressed, but he is still going through his bag, frustrated that he can't find whatever it is he's looking for. "I was not flirty, I was polite. He asked me about my age which I had to lie about, and we talked about the party as, being a fucking fetish club, they have a fucking fetish dress code. Kinky, yes, I guess it is. And of course I agreed to meet him there, I went there to purchase the tickets, you asshole." He finally manages to find what he was looking for. Theon sees him hold a couple of papers in his hands, looking at them with a pained expression.

He shakes his head, chuckles bitterly and throws the papers to Theon. "There you go. Your birthday gift. I guess you'll have to find someone else to go with you as I for sure won't."

Theon feels like shit. He tries to make sense of all this as he's looking at the pair of tickets in his lap. "Robb said..."

"I don't fucking care what Robb said!" Jon snaps. "If I really wanted to cheat on you, do you think I'd be so stupid to use Robb's computer to try and hook up?"

"He said yours broke down."

"Regardless! Fuck, Theon! I know you trust Robb, he's your best friend, but couldn't you have asked
Theon gets up, he knows he's fucked up. Big time. He reaches for Jon. "Jon, I am sorry. I..."

But Jon shakes him off. "Get the fuck away from me."

Oh, fuck, what have I done? Theon again goes to him, trying to touch him. "Baby, I am sorry, please, come here, we will talk. Come on."

But Jon is as angry as he's ever seen him. "Don't you fucking touch me, Theon. This is not a game anymore, I will hit you back."

Theon is insistent. "Jon, baby, please, calm down, I am so sorry..."

The force of the blow throws him to the bed, where he stays holding his jaw. Jon spits his words at him: "Don't you ever try to touch me or talk to me again. Stay the fuck away from me. I don't ever want to see you again, for the rest of my fucking life." And then Theon hears him walk out the door, slamming them shut behind him.

His jaw hurts real bad where Jon's fist found him, his lip is split, he can feel the blood in the corner of his mouth. Yet as the room sinks in darkness as night falls, Theon thinks his heart hurts so much more. He has never had many good things happen to him, certainly never anything this good, like what he had with Jon. And now he's ruined it. He is replaying this horrible evening, the things he's done and said, and he wishes to die, to disappear, to hurt, to make Jon come back.

He can still feel his smell, the warmth of his body on the bed next to him. And for the first time in what feels like a million years, Theon again thinks his father is right - he is a worthless piece of shit, not worthy of anything but contempt, a disappointment, a failure. And also for the first time in what feels like a million years, Theon curls into a ball and cries himself to sleep.
Good Times Don't Come Easy, Dreams Don't All Come True

Chapter Summary

Everyone is feeling miserable. And everyone is sorry. Jon and Robb have a talk.

Chapter Notes

I have to say a few things here. I understand that it is a very sensitive matter that we were dealing with in Chapter 7, and I feel that I simply must thank everyone who has expressed their disagreement with the way I saw what happened, either in their comments here or on Tumblr, for being so kind and understanding. I know it should be unusual to debate such sensitive issues online and be not only civil, but extremely friendly, polite and overall amiable and fantastic, but I am not really surprised as I know my readers are the nicest people in the world. So thank you all, once more for being so nice and great <3

And now this is like an Oscar acceptance speech, and I feel really silly. But I can never forget my most precious and wonderful Heloisa who not only did the beta for this but was also so sweet to listen to my ramblings and my freaking out and then reassure me I was on the right track. You are the best beta, baby, and I love you <3

Jon is sitting on the bus, going home. He has stopped crying, which is good, but in his mind he is screaming at the bus to hurry up, as he doesn't know when he will start crying again and would prefer it if he was back home, locked safely inside his room when he does.

He is thinking about what has happened, and he wishes it's not true, he wishes it was a dream, a nightmare. But it's not. It's as real as that burn in his body, as real as the slight sting on his cheek, and the pain he feels in his heart is most definitely real. The things Theon said to him, they hurt so bad even though Jon knows Theon just said them to wound him. But that intention to cause him pain somehow makes it even more hurtful than the words alone. And if Theon didn't care about him, it wouldn't really matter that much. But after all the gentle affection he's shown Jon in these past four months, he knows Greyjoy loves him. He's known Theon for long enough to know he's never really been in love with anyone before. But the fact that he cares about Jon, loves him even, makes this unbearable. Why did Theon have to be so stupid?

It makes Jon so angry to know that, despite what they had, Theon chose to trust Robb more. He didn't even bother to check, to ask. They could have had a heated argument, jealousy and suspicion causing their tempers to flare, leading to a wild passionate sex when the matter was resolved. And then cuddle and kiss and say all those nice sweet and gentle things they used to say. How could he even think what Robb said was true? Stop thinking about it, Jon, or you'll end up weeping on a bus like a little girl. But that now makes him think how Theon sometimes called him a dirty girl and how much he liked it, and all the other things Theon did and said to him that he liked, and sure enough, his eyes well up. Dumb Greyjoy! Why the fuck did he have to be that stupid?
Jon rubs his eyes, trying to pretend he's got something there, a speck of dust, a stray eyelash. When he finally gets off the bus, he is not in a pretty state. He takes a little mirror out of his bag and checks his face. Not good. His eyes are red from crying, his eyeliner all smeared, and there is an angry red mark on his right cheekbone that will probably be a purple bruise tomorrow.

He takes a few deep breaths and walks towards the house. It is evening and Jon hopes the Starks are busy with something and in their rooms, or in the garden, or out, or anywhere but the living room, as he has to go through it on his way upstairs. He opens the door quietly and listens. The TV is on.

He had told them he was going to be at Sam's studying, and only be back home the next day after school. He cannot think of an excuse why he is back so suddenly, he has no idea what to say, he just prays no one asks him anything.

"What the hell happened to your face?" Arya shouts over the TV as he starts walking through their huge living room. Arya, Sansa and Robb are all staring at him. He can see his father and Catelyn are out in the garden, Bran and Rickon with them most probably. Ok, it could have been worse. Jon just hopes his father doesn't hear the commotion and decides to come in, so he responds as quietly as possible without seeming weird: "Got into a fight, no big deal."

"With Sam?" Sansa seems shocked. Robb turns red and then looks at his lap.

"No, with some random guy from school." Jon starts walking again, he just wishes to cross this room and get the hell out of there.


Sansa is also looking at him, worried and confused, but Robb is quiet, staring at his own feet, not even moving. Jon wishes to hit him.

"Over Robb," he says, staring at his brother. Well, that much is true.

That has Robb looking up at him. Both Sansa and Arya gasp, their mouth open wide, and before anyone can ask anything more, Jon finally reaches the hallway leading upstairs. He turns to look at Robb, who is clearly uncomfortable, and fixates him with his eyes and now Robb just stares at him silently as Jon says: "He said Robb was a stupid meddling cunt, and I had to stand up for my brother."

Robb looks down and Jon leaves, heading upstairs, for his room. Thankfully, Robb doesn't follow him. If he would, Jon would have hit him for sure, and that would be bad, cause then their father would come to talk to him about that, and he is not sure if he is now mentally and emotionally stable enough to lie and not just admit everything that's been going on for months now, everything he's been doing. And if that wouldn't be a fitting ending for this day...

Ned Stark does come later to see what happened and if he is ok, but Jon pretends he is really tired and sleepy, so his father doesn't stay long, but leaves after a brief monologue about how fighting is wrong that Jon doesn't even hear. He has a problem falling asleep then, he tosses and turns, his mind keeps drifting to Theon. Had he not been such an idiot, they would've fallen asleep in each other's arms this night, Theon would drive Jon to school the next day and he would spend all day not being able to concentrate on anything as his head would be full of Theon and his cock and his fingers and his tongue and all the things they did to him. Instead, Jon is now trying to ignore how wet his stupid pillow is from all the stupid tears that still fall, and to fall asleep not thinking about how much he misses hearing stupid Theon Greyjoy whisper "Good night, baby".
In the morning, when he takes his phone he sees he already has received three texts from Theon. He is not sure if he wants to read them, he keeps on delaying doing that, leaves his phone on his desk as he's getting ready for school, then almost chucks it in his bag, but he knows he will read them either on the bus or in his class and he can't be sure of his reaction then, so he sits on the bed, takes his phone and reads the messages.

"Baby, I am so sorry. Please say you'll talk to me."

"Jon, I feel like shit. I know I fucked up, no words to say how sorry I am. I'll call you on your recess, please, please, please pick up the phone when I do."

"I miss you. I am so sorry. Please let's talk later. Can I pick you up after school?"

Jon goes back to the bathroom and splashes water over his face, blinking away the tears. He fixes his eyeliner thinking it would be best to leave the phone home and not give in to the temptation to actually answer Theon's call, but he is weak, he can't leave his phone, he dreads it but also wishes to see if he really is going to call. So he sets his phone on silent mode and puts it in his bag before leaving the house.

He does his best to avoid Robb, and Robb does the same. Jon takes the bus to school instead of going with him.

And Theon does call him, even before the recess. While he's still sitting on the bus he feels the phone vibrating in his bag and can hardly restrain himself from answering. After two unanswered calls, more messages come. All of them saying the same thing, assuring him Theon is so sorry and begging him to pick up the phone and talk. Then he calls again during recess and sends more texts, and Jon regrets not leaving the phone at home as this is really bothering him. But when he leaves his phone home the following day, he still spends the whole day thinking of him, and Jon realizes it will take a lot more than simply not having his phone with him to get his mind off of Theon Greyjoy.

And so the whole week goes, the bruise on Jon's cheek fades and then disappears, he spends most of his time alone in his room feeling miserable. He misses Theon so much. It takes all his will power not to answer Theon's phone calls or respond to messages that still keep on coming, or just go to his place and hold him real tight and cry in his arms. But Jon somehow makes it through.

After that first week, Ned Stark finally notices Jon is taking the bus to school and asks why, so he mumbles something about different schedules. He starts riding Robb's car again, but he doesn't say a single word to his brother. Robb is also quiet at first, for more than a week, but then he starts talking and every bloody sentence is "I am sorry." He does look sorry, and Jon is more angry with Theon than with Robb, so after a few days, on their way to school one morning, he finally drops down his icy shield and looks at his brother and says: "Just stop saying that, Robb."

Of course Robb doesn't, so Jon finds out how Theon didn't answer Robb's calls for a few days, but then when he did, he broke down and cried like a baby. Robb went to see him, had to comfort him and he himself ended up shedding a few tears. Theon knows he's fucked up. Real bad. He feels like the worst person in the whole world. He would do anything to fix it. He understands why Jon ignores his texts and his calls, and though he wishes nothing more that to see him and talk to him, he respects Jon's need to stay away from him and that is the only reason he is not showing up at the Starks' place, or in front of the school or at any other place Jon might be at. But he would do anything to erase that day. Theon also told Robb what really happened and Robb, too, feels so guilty, blames himself for that, even though Theon is adamant it is his own fault, for being stupid and just plain shit. Robb talks and talks and talks, but all his words make Jon more and more depressed.
Finally, Jon begs him to just shut up about it already. And Robb, not wishing to distress him more, stops talking.

On their way back home Robb again starts telling the same story and Jon considers riding the bus again, he really can't listen to that anymore. He tells Robb to stop, and after a few times, Robb finally does. But when they get home Robb follows him to his room and asks him plainly: "Will you, please, talk to him at least?"

"I thought after all this mess you might start minding your own business, Robb."

There is a warning in Jon's tone, but Robb either doesn't register it or he doesn't care, as he goes on: "I know it was really stupid what I've done, and I am so sorry, Jon. I feel so bad about it, really horrible, and it would mean so much to me if you would talk to Theon. Please..."

"Is this about you now, Robb?" Jon snaps at him.

"No. It's just... I... You really should talk to him." Robb says defensively.

"I should talk to him so you could feel better?" Jon is getting angry.

Robb's face becomes slightly flushed - he's getting agitated. "Well, I would feel better, yes, but that's not the only reason..."

"Everything is about you all the time, isn't it?" Jon glares at him, taking a step forward.

Robb doesn't step back though, but he remains silent.

"Your meddling in other people's business has hurt two people who both love you - your brother and your best friend. Do you have any idea how absolutely heartbroken I am? Do you? Even stupid Greyjoy. Have you ever seen him with someone for more than... three hours? He cared about me, Robb. And I cared about him too. We were really happy. But all you thought about was how left out you feel if we spend the weekend together."

Robb is quiet, he swallows hard and stares at the floor. Jon continues: "Have you got any idea how painful this is for me? For both Theon and me? This is a mess I can't see the way out of. And what you care about the most in all this fuckery is that it makes you look bad?"

Jon shakes his head and scoffs. "You selfish prick," he says, walking towards the door. He opens them and points with his head. "Get out."

Robb licks his lips and shifts a bit. "Jon, don't be like that."

Jon cannot shout as everyone's home and he doesn't want to cause any trouble, but he repeats, slowly and menacingly: "Get. Out."

Robb comes to him, but he doesn't go through the door. Instead he stares in Jon's eyes resolutely and says: "You really need to learn to talk to other people, you know."

That causes all of Jon's anger, all his pain to spill out as he takes Robb by his shirt's collar and throws him out of the room. He leans over Robb, who is sprawled down in the hallway, and hisses at him: "And you need to learn to mind your own fucking business."

Then he disappears in his room again, slamming the door shut behind him.

Half an hour later, Jon walks to his brother's room. He knocks and then gets inside slowly. Robb is
on the phone, but when he sees him he quickly says: "I have to go now. Call you later." And hangs up.

"Hi." He looks at Jon.

Jon comes to sit on the bed next to him. "I'm sorry," he says.

Robb nods. "I know, don't be. I'm sorry too." They just look at each other, and after a few moments, Robb says: "You know, I really feel horrible over what happened between you and Theon. I guess it's yet one more thing I've done to my brother that I shouldn't have. You know... the first being that evening the three of us.... you know"

Jon shakes his head. "Robb,... don't start that, please. It happened ages ago, we were all drunk and we should all just forget it, it's nothing. Nothing happened. Okay?"

But Robb goes on: "No, I have to talk to you. We never spoke about it, but it haunts me. I can't believe I could have done that, Jon. I can't believe I could have just done that to you. God, I can't even say it."

"So you fucked your brother, big deal. Robb, like I said, we were all drunk. And you didn't last very long, so it hardly counts for anything. Besides, things like that happen. All the time. Between brothers."

"No, they don't. You're just saying that to make me feel better."

But Jon assures him: "Yes, they do. All the time. You know that guy from school? He plays football, you're on the team together."

"Which one?"

"You know, the... um, the blonde one, his tongue is pierced?" Jon sees Robb nod and he continues: "Well, everyone knows he fucks his brother all the time. Sam even caught them at this one party we were..."

Robb smiles now. "Jon, you're so full of shit. He doesn't even have a brother. Shut up."

Jon chuckles. "Ok, I made that up. But I'm sure he'd fuck his brother if he had one. He looks the type."

This makes them both laugh now. And this is the first time either one of them laughs since that day. And the first time they again feel at ease with each other after a long time. It feels good, to share a joke with your brother like that. After a few moments Jon again speaks: "Robb, please don't think about that anymore. It was stupid, people do stupid things all the time, and I don't see you any less as a brother for it, so don't sweat it. Okay?"

Robb looks at him, a question in his blue eyes. "Are you sure?"

Jon nods. "Yes, I am sure. It's like we... I don't know, masturbated in front of each other. No big deal."

"We've never masturbated in front of each other."

Jon sighs. "Robb, I am trying to fix this. Shut up."

"Sorry." Robb is smiling at him now. "Are you sure you're fine with it? I mean, I ... you know... I
penetrated you. God, this is so awkward."

Jon shakes his head slightly. "Robb, it's fine. I am fine with what happened then. Besides, you didn't really do all that much, trust me. It was more between Theon and me, and ... You know, that's how we started."

Jon lowers his head now and purses his lips. Robb also stops smiling. He puts his arm around Jon, rests it on his shoulder, and that seems to be all that Jon was waiting for because he crashes straight into Robb's embrace, presses his head against Robb's chest and starts crying.

Robb holds him tight. He caresses Jon's back with one hand and his head with the other.

"Shhh, I know," he whispers soothingly.

Jon cries even harder. Robb kisses his hair gently, lips brushing against Jon's curls. "I know, Jon. I know. " He sighs deeply. "I am so sorry about that. Please, don't cry."

"I feel so bad, Robb." Jon sniffs. "I don't know what to do. I love him. I miss him so much."

Robb only nods and gently pats him.

"Why did he have to be so stupid?" Jon sobs.

"I don't know, Jon," Robb says quietly. "He was hurt, and he's never been in a situation like that before, he didn't know how to handle it."

Jon rubs his head against his brother's T-shirt and sobs softly. "He was so perfect, so gentle and caring. Sexy and funny and nice. So fucking perfect. He treated me like a... well, no one has ever treated me like that before. And then..." he snivels." And then he had to act like an idiot."

Robb kisses him again. "I should have never said that to him."

But Jon raises his head and looks at him. "No, Robb, it doesn't matter. If it wasn't you then, it would have been someone else some other time, and he'd still react the way he did."

They sit apart now. Robb is quiet and glum, Jon still sniffs from time to time, but he is not crying anymore. He takes a deep breath, trying to regain his composure.

"That was the worst thing, you know," he starts. "Not how rough he was and the cruel things he said. But knowing he could believe that, knowing that he wanted to hurt me because he chose to believe what he heard and not even ask me first. I simply can't get over that."

Again, tears start coming down his cheeks, and Jon's voice gets shakier as he speaks. "He wished to cause me pain, Robb. And he was stupid and mean enough to believe what you said is true. I would never cheat on him. I love him."

Robb pulls him to his embrace again, as Jon again cries loudly, his face wet with tears and his body shaking with each sob. They don't say anything anymore, Robb gently rocks him in his arms, caresses his hair and kisses him every so often.

After a while Jon calms down a bit, his crying stops but for a few occasional sniffs.

"He loves you too, you know." Robb tells him. "And he feels miserable."

But Jon sits back, wipes his tears away and leans against the headboard lifting his one leg on the bed. He stares at his hands and starts scratching at the purple nailpolish that has chipped away in some
"Let's not talk about that anymore. Please," he says sullenly.

"Okay," Robb agrees.

They spend the evening together, like they haven’t done in a very long time. They play video games for a while, and then Jon brings his books and does his homework there too. He only goes back to his room when he’s already too tired, and then he slumps down to the bed, letting sleep overcome him. Despite falling asleep so fast, he still shivers a bit feeling so cold and alone when his thoughts unwillingly wander to Theon, his warm embrace, and his hot breath on Jon’s skin whispering his usual "Good night, baby".

The following morning Jon has calmed down completely. He sinks to the passenger seat next to Robb who looks at him and smiles. Jon sort of smiles too, and they drive away. Robb is quiet for a while, but then again says: "Will you talk to him?"

"Robb..." Jon sighs, "Please..."

Robb again nods, and Jon, encouraged by his silence, adds: "Greyjoy was a mistake. No need to dwell on it so much."

By the time their classes start that day, Robb seems to really buy it. But no matter how hard he tries, Jon himself still can’t.
Chapter Summary

Theon never stops trying.

Chapter Notes

God, how I fretted over this, haha. Honestly, I hate writing angsty stuff. But here it is. I hope you're all still bearing with me, cause I myself can't wait to get back to my usual smutty mode, so things are now happening, yey! Well, sort of. I hope you, dear people, like this, and I love hearing your thoughts, so don't ever be shy :)
+ bonus Neliore points for those who guess from which song the title of this chapter comes to haunt me and break my heart, aww

And I know I thank her every single time, but no matter how much I do, it can never ever EVER be enough (sorry for capitals, dear, I had to). It is not only for being the best beta, but also for kind words, witty remarks, reassurance and steering me in the right direction, making sure I stay on track and that this fic isn't rubbish. Heloisa you are the bestest of the best <3

Theon does everything mechanically, without even thinking. He is so absentminded these days. All he can think of is Jon. Jon smiling at him when he wakes him up with gentle touches, Jon pouting seductively in his dresses and stilettos, Jon looking straight at Theon's eyes as he takes him in his mouth, shy and slutty at the same time, Jon's grey eyes opening wide and then rolling back as Theon hits that sweet spot inside him. But then also Jon's face pinched in pain, his pretty eyes overflowing with tears, fire in them as his fist flows through the air landing painfully on Theon's jaw. It's a cycle he is replaying, against his will, all the time now in his head. And the more times it's played, the more Theon hates himself.

The first day after that horrible mess, Theon only managed to drag himself to work because he hoped Jon would forgive him. He hoped he might answer his calls, or respond to his messages. He was so distraint at work, all the time on his phone, either texting or checking for replies that never came. His uncle said nothing about that, and he never mentioned his bruised jaw. Must be a Greyjoy thing, not asking questions.

But after a couple of weeks, Euron calls him to his office. Somewhere in his mind Theon knows he should care about it, and he does, but it's still only Jon before his eyes. He tries to breathe deep, to compose himself, look alert, present, when he steps inside his uncle's office.

Euron is looking at him with his miscoloured eyes, a most scrutinising gaze. It is unsettling that his blue eye is warm and the black one is icy. Theon fidgets slightly, but then Euron smiles, pointing to a chair. "Sit down, my boy."

"Thank you," Theon mutters as he takes the seat.
Euron is sitting on the desk. He toys with a glass in his hand and Theon can feel the strong smoky smell of whiskey. Only the finest for Euron Greyjoy, he is a man of most expensive tastes. He pours a glass for Theon too, and the taste would be exquisite if Theon cared about it enough. But he doesn't. He sips the drink slowly, knowing he should worry about getting sacked or something, but his mind is still replaying that little Jon movie and he is trying so hard not to reach for his phone and check if any of his messages have received a reply.

Euron looks almost amused. "Theon?" he says, suddenly kind. "Do you need some time to rest? A couple of days? A week maybe? To pull yourself together a bit?"

As if a couple days could fix it. But he can't say that, so he shakes his head. "No, uncle, I... um, I am fine."

Euron lights a cigarette and offers him one. Theon takes it, strangely proud to see they smoke the same brand.

Euron lets out a soft chuckle. "As you say... hmm... Is it a girl?"

Theon is not sure how to respond, or if he should respond at all. He feels his uncle's black eye piercing through him and he gets this sudden sensation that he is fully exposed, Euron knows everything. He has never talked about emotions with anyone from his family. In fact, he has never talked about emotions with anyone at all. So he stays quiet and looks down, suddenly strangely embarrassed.

His uncle sighs. "So, it is a girl.... You don't seem to be in a mood to talk, but boy do I wish to know what she's like."

Please, let him stop talking about that.

But Euron continues. "The thing is, up to just a few months ago, I thought you didn't really have a preferred type. You managed to shag every single intern or female employee under 30, regardless if they're blonde, brunette, red-haired, slim, tall, short, chubby, lean, huge tits, no tits, big ass, small ass... You get my point?"

Theon shifts uncomfortably, bites on his lip and then braves a look at his uncle's eyes. They are smiling, not cruel, not unkind.

"I've never thought about ... types," Theon mutters.

Euron laughs at that. "No, I guess you haven't."

Theon looks down now, unsure what to say.

"So this one particular girl you're brooding over, she must be really something, and I am so bloody curious about her. " His uncle now accentuates every word. "What is she like? To cause such change in Theon Greyjoy." Why can't he let it go? Theon now takes his own cigarettes, offers one to Euron, who takes it and smiles noticing the same brand, and they smoke again in silence.

Euron gets up, walks around him and all of a sudden, Theon feels a heavy hand land on his shoulder, patting him gently and then it stays there, rubbing affectionately. He tries his hardest not to flinch, but he can't help the slightest of shivers as, despite his uncle being the only one who's ever shown him kindness, Euron Greyjoy is not the kind of person who walks around patting people's shoulders just like that. Theon is not sure what to make of it, what to expect. A reprimand? A stab in the neck?
But to his surprise, it turns out to be just what it seems, a random act of kindness.

"You are a sensitive boy, Theon," his uncle says softly. "And I, unlike your father, like that about you."

Theon only nods, and then gets another shock as Euron Greyjoy ruffles his hair slightly. For some reason, these simple gestures bring tears to his eyes and Theon is desperately trying to blink them away. Greyjoys don't cry, he should know that. Only when no one sees. It is a sign of weakness and, growing up as Balon Greyjoy's son, weakness was the last thing you wanted to show. His father made sure he learnt that. But Euron ignores his stupid blinking completely and again sits across from him. "Tomorrow is weekend. And your birthday. Why don't you take the rest of the day off, get some rest?"

"Thank you, uncle. I will."

Theon is getting up to leave, when Euron tells him "You are a good lad. Handsome too. A real catch. There'll be other girls. And I'm sure this one will call you for your birthday tomorrow."

Theon slumps back into the chair, and in what must be an act of madness, looks straight into his uncle's eyes and says: "It's not a girl. It's a boy. And I've done something so bad, he's never calling back."

"A boy? Now I'm even more curious." Euron's reaction is surprising. He nods wisely. "Girl, boy, makes no difference, Theon. Nothing is ever beyond repair."

"Oh, but this is, I screwed up, so fucking bad." Theon is not even trying to blink away his tears anymore. He hides his face into his palms, his body slightly shaking as he sobs.

Euron sits in a chair next to him and pulls him close. Theon is way past caring that this is his scary uncle comforting him as he weeps like a baby and that he's just told him he's in love with a boy. He tells Euron everything that happened between him and Jon. Euron is quiet, not saying a word, but he is holding Theon and patting his back, even caressing his hair, until Theon finally stops crying and pulls away, looking at the stains his tears left on his uncle's clothes. "Shit, I ruined your suit. Sorry."

Euron waves his head dismissively. "Don't worry about that."

But Theon does worry about that, and about what he's said to him, and it is just now that the awkwardness of the situation hits him. "I'm a mess, I am sorry, uncle, I... I don't know..."

But Euron cuts him off: "It's fine, Theon. Don't worry about it. And I don't only mean about the suit."

He raises his eyes uncertainly, but his uncle's strangely warm expression reassures him. "Thanks," Theon whispers.

As if awoken from a spell, Euron is back to his usual self in an instant. He smirks. "You are alive, so I take it your father doesn't know."

That has Theon laughing. "God, no he doesn't. Yeah, he'd want to kill me." His chuckle becomes bitter and then it stops completely. "He... you won't tell him?" he asks worriedly.

Euron laughs. "To be honest, I am tempted, just to watch him have a fucking heart attack." But he is then serious again and says: "No, don't worry. I won't tell anyone, especially not Balon. I think you've had enough Balon's shit for this lifetime. Don't worry, kid. I appreciate your trust and I would never betray it."
"Thank you, uncle." Theon gets up to leave, and as he reaches the door, he hears Euron calling after him. "That boy of yours? Send him a gift. Something nice, something he likes. Maybe it helps."

On his birthday, it is only Robb and Asha that call him. He's given Asha the tickets to the fetish party, and she sends him a shirt. Robb gives him some book about classic Italian cars. Uncle Euron again surprises him by dropping by his place in the evening and giving him a watch, an Omega Seamaster Planet Ocean with a beautiful blue dial. It's an expensive gift, the nicest thing anyone's ever given him, so he is touched by Euron's affectionate gesture. It seems like a very fatherly gift, the kind of a thing a proud father gives his beloved son. Yet Balon hasn't even called. He never calls on his birthdays, and Theon is in fact glad about it. He doubts he could endure taking to him now. He has been waiting the whole day, hoping Jon might call, or show up even, or maybe just send his regards through Robb. But that, of course, doesn't happen.

The advice Euron has given him soon turns into an obsession. The first thing he does on Monday morning is go to the book store. He is at first not sure what to buy, but then he picks up a nice looking Chekhov, hoping Jon might like it, and mails it. After three days, the book is mailed back to him. He then buys an art history book, but again it comes back. He starts spending hours in the book store picking books for Jon, he tries so many: fiction, non-fiction, photography, architecture, theatre, poetry books, stories, fairy-tales even and fancy comic books editions, but Jon returns every single one of them.

After a few weeks he switches to movies. He tries to remember all the weird artsy cinema Jon likes, but he has it all mixed up. He finds it hard to pick just one movie, so he buys the entire collection. First he gets François Truffaut's set, he remembers Jon mentioned him, and the movies seem to be black and white and it's French and sounds nice. Again, it is returned. Then he picks something more contemporary, Peter Greenaway, but that one comes back too. He sends and sends, so many of them: Jean-Luc Goddard, Wim Wenders, Wong Kar-wai, Krzysztof Kieślowski and a bunch of other movie directors he has never even heard of, but they are all returned.

After he's spent the whole month sending Jon movies only to have them all returned, Theon gives up. He keeps the movies and starts watching them himself, surprised that most of them are really good. Some of them leave him speechless, some of them make him cry, but it must be the strange aesthetics of the movies Jon likes so much that inspire him to make his next move.

He sends Jon a seashell. The one he found himself. He writes a note about it.

_When I was nine, my father took me and my sister spearfishing. Both him and Asha came up to the surface with what they caught: a fish, an even bigger fish, an octopus. I myself couldn't do it. I didn't want to. But I saw a seashell that I liked, so I took that up to the surface with me. My father slapped me for being a worthless sissy who couldn't even catch a fish. Then he took me home and beat me up because I cried. I kept the seashell. I never knew what to do with it, but it was beautiful enough to take the beating and not mind. Kinda like you - there's not a thing, no matter how painful, that I wouldn't gladly suffer just to have you. You see, I learnt to take abuse without a flinch. But I never learnt what to do with beautiful things, so I don't want the pretty seashell anymore. I don't deserve even that._

_I love you. And I am sorry._

More than a month passes and the seashell doesn't get sent back. Jon has decided to keep it. But his text messages and his phone calls are still unanswered.
Then one night a phone ringing wakes him up. Dazed and still half-sleeping, he picks it up without even checking who's calling.

"Theon?" The voice he hears makes him think he must be dreaming.

"Mm, Jon?" He rubs his eyes and sits up, checking the time - 1am.

After what sounds like a nasty coughing fit, in a raspy low tone, Jon says: "Please, help. Come get me."
And I Kissed Away A Thousand Tears

Chapter Summary

Theon and Jon talk.

Chapter Notes

I really must thank the_blonde_mermaid for all her greysnowing with me in the last few days. It was so precious and a real inspiration, thank you dear, you are a great help and the most wonderful person <3

And of course, the best beta in the whole world and the most amazing girl that I love so much and would be completely lost without, dearest, sweetest Heloisa, I can never really thank you enough, for all the kind words, clever judgement and all the brainstorming we do. Love you, baby, so so much <3

Last, but not the least, a huge thanks to everyone reading this and warming my heart with your comments. Thank you <3

Theon finds Jon at the back of a parking lot. He is more lying than sitting, but still he leans on the wire fence and looks up when he hears footsteps. Theon shudders when he sees the state he's in. Jon's face is swollen and covered in blood, left eye half-closed, his clothes are torn in so many places, he looks almost unrecognizable.

"What the hell happened?" Theon mutters as he tries to lift him up. Jon winces to every touch and starts gurgling something, but he stops him. "It's okay, talk later, let's get you out of here."

Theon manages to get him to his car and helps him get to the passenger seat next to him. Jon's breathing is heavy and he really looks so bad that Theon has to try his hardest not to freak out and to compose himself enough to drive. He lights a cigarette, and it helps a little.

"Right," he says. "We need to get you to a hospital."

But Jon shakes his head in panic. "No. No hospital."


But Jon repeats: "No hospital. Please."

Theon gets it. Jon is under age, they would have to call the parents upon his admittance, and Ned Stark would be fucking thrilled. It's a national holiday week, seven days celebrating Aegon the Conqueror, and Theon knows that all the Starks, except Jon and Robb, have left to their cabin on the shore. The two of them stayed at home because they're old enough to take care of themselves and are supposed to work on their term papers.

Theon sympathizes, he really does. A pissed off father is a bad thing, he knows that better than
anyone. But he believes that a super pissed off and furious Ned Stark going full berserk is still nothing comparing to only mildly upset Balon Greyjoy. Jon is being unreasonable. But the way he looks at him, pleading, makes him nod.

"Okay," he says. He starts the car, but stays put, smoking and thinking. Theon hates asking for favours, and he wouldn't have done it for anyone else, not even if he himself was beaten up or dying even, but he takes his phone and calls the only person he could think of that might be able to help.

His uncle answers immediately, doesn't even ask why is Theon calling in the middle of the night. When he asks about the doctor who won't request an ID, Euron wants to know if he's okay. Upon assuring him that he's fine, there are no more questions, he simply tells him he'll send someone to his flat soon, so Theon drives away.

On the way home, he finds out what happened. Jon was at a concert. A guy picked on him for wearing make-up, called him a fucking tranny, and Jon wouldn't ignore it. He was sure he could take the guy down, but once outside, it turns out it's not just that one guy, but five of his friends too. Jon never stood a chance.

The doctor Euron sent is his own personal physician, and he is already there, waiting for Theon. He helps him get Jon up the stairs and then they take him to the bedroom and lay him on the bed. After a few minutes someone's at the door and the doctor explains it's his nurse, he called her up as well, so Theon lets her in.

He feels pretty much useless, just sitting there, watching as the two of them clean Jon and undress him, checking the damage his body suffered. Theon sees the nurse smile at Jon's coloured nails, but the doctor ignores it completely. They had to cut Jon's T-shirt off of his body, and Theon can see the horrible crimson splotches all over his torso. He can't help but feel guilty for what has happened. It was him who teased Jon he'd look good all dressed up like a girl, and after that, Jon started wearing make up and nail polish, and Theon somehow feels responsible.

After about half an hour of doing who knows what to Jon, the nurse starts packing up their gear and the doctor turns to Theon.

"Nothing's broken," he says. "That's good. He is rather bruised and it doesn't look pretty, but it's nothing serious. There was a cut above his eye, that's why there was so much blood on his face, but it needs no stitches and it looked much worse than it is. He was lucky it was more than one attacker."

That makes no sense, so Theon looks at him puzzled. But the doctor explains: "When it's five people kicking you while you're on the ground, they don't have much space to really cause damage among all the commotion they make. If it was just two, or if they've been taking turns, he'd be off much worse."

Theon nods in agreement, but he still can't say Jon was exactly lucky.

"I've given him a mild painkiller shot. He shouldn't take anything stronger, for now, and it all must be non-narcotic, as his state must be monitored for possible complications. So pay attention, if he starts vomiting, or shows signs of confusion, disorientation, memory loss, dizziness or persistent headache, it might mean he suffered a concussion, and in that case, he should go to a hospital, and very quickly. At best, he'll be sore for days. So more painkillers will be useful to have around, but remember, only mild and non-narcotic."

With that, they leave. And Theon is now alone with Jon. Jon, who lies in his bed, all broken and sore. He goes to the bedroom slowly and looks at the familiar body sprawled beneath the covers. He's probably asleep already, so Theon is quiet, careful not to wake him. It's been so long since Jon
was there. Theon wishes to touch him, but he just takes one blanket for himself and turns around to leave. He will sleep on the sofa.

He's almost out of the bedroom door when Jon says: "Please stay."

"I thought you were sleeping." Theon turns around, but he doesn't move. He is not sure what to do. He wants to go to Jon so much, but is afraid he will say or do something wrong.

Jon shifts slightly and taps the bed next to him. So Theon steps back into the room. He is still uncertain as he walks towards the bed. He sits carefully and looks at Jon.

Jon is awake, but only barely so. He whispers: "Sleep here."

Theon lies on the bed next to him, being careful not to touch him. His heart beats like a drum. And when Jon's hand moves to find his and hold it, Theon thinks his heart will burst in his chest. He squeezes Jon's hand gently and tells him: "Sleep now. You should rest."

Jon intertwines his fingers with Theon's. "Thank you," he whispers, and few moments later his breathing slows down as he drifts to sleep.

Theon himself doesn't sleep at all. He spends the rest of the night trying not to move for fear he'd disturb Jon's sleep. And Jon is still holding his hand and he relishes the feel of his skin, so he lets his hand go numb, but he doesn't move it. He craved Jon's touch so much in the past few months. He listens to Jon's steady breathing, he watches his chest move, his messy curls looking so soft on his pillow. It is all he can do not to kiss them. Jon's face now looks better as it's no longer covered in blood, and the cut above his left eye is visible, red line surrounded with some yellowish ointment the doctor put. The skin around his eye is purple and slightly swollen, and his lip is split. But he is still so pretty, and Theon fears that if he falls asleep he'll wake up to find that Jon, who called him for help in the middle of the night and is now sleeping in his bed and holding his hand, was just a dream.

He manages to nap shortly as the morning comes. But Jon's silent grunt wakes him up. They lie on the bed and look at each other, still holding hands.

"How you feelin'?" Theon asks.

Jon scuffs softly. "Like shit."

"Then we can leave that gratitude blow job for later." Theon, you're an idiot. "Sorry, um, a bad joke."

But Jon doesn't look offended. "No, no, it's good. It's funny, I just, um... my body hurts if I laugh, so, um..."

Theon still feels like a moron for saying that, so he quickly changes the subject. "Doctor said you can take some painkillers, and I have some, I take them when I'm hungover, so they should be ok. Also, you should eat something, so I'll go now get us some breakfast. There's a nice pastry shop down the road, and they have ..."

"I know, Theon."

Of course Jon knows that, they've been getting breakfast from there for so long. So Theon takes a deep breath and, though he hates letting go of Jon's hand, he gets up to leave.

"Can you call Robb and let him know I'm here? He is probably freaking out by now, and I think I lost my phone."
"Sure."

Theon calls Robb on his way to the pastry shop. He gets worried when Theon tells him what happened and insists on coming over at first.

"You'll take care of him, right?" he asks. "You'd tell me if it was serious?"

Theon assures him he would and convinces him there's no need for him to come over, thankful for Robb's understanding. Then he buys half of the damned pastry shop, getting every single pastry Jon likes or might like.

When he gets back home, Jon smiles to see all that Theon's bought for him. Theon feels so happy to have been given that smile, to have been able to cause it. He makes them coffee and takes it all to the bedroom where Jon is sitting, propped up on the pillows.

They eat quietly, and so little. "We can microwave it later," Theon says. "Or we'll just throw it away and I can get us something else."

Jon nods and takes a sip of coffee. The silence between them becomes uncomfortable. Theon watches Jon's hands, as they wrap around the warm cup, fingers tapping it slightly. He wishes to reach for him, but he doesn't dare. He swallows hard. "Jon?" And Jon looks up at him. Theon chews on his lip, trying to play this right.

"I am sorry," he says, and Jon looks down, gripping his cup even tighter. But when Jon says nothing, Theon gets up from the bed and with a heavy heart says: "I can get you home, if you want."

Jon then looks at him, his lips pursed, and sighs. "Theon," he starts. "I think we need to talk."

Theon thinks he's never been more scared in his life. And he tells him that. "I am afraid I will say something wrong, and you'll never want to see me again."

"I don't think you can say anything worse than what you said that day. Just be honest, 'cause we really must talk."

Theon sits back on the bed. "Honest? Okay... I was stupid. And mean. And what I did was horrible and hurtful. And stupid. I am so sorry for what I've done, I wish I could undo it. I wish... I wish it never happened. I wish I was smarter, more worthy, better. But I'm not. I wish you could let me try though. But I understand if you can't. And I don't hate you for it. I hate myself, it was all my fault anyway."

Jon whispers: "It was hurtful, yes. And I know you are sorry. I might even understand why you did it. But do you?"

"Cause I am rubbish. Yes, I know." But he sees Jon shake his head impatiently, so he quickly adds: "I have never been in a situation like that. I have never cared about anyone like that. And no one has ever cared about me. All my life I've only known scorn and abuse, and it is hard to accept that suddenly someone might love you, so anything else makes more sense. I didn't know how to trust, I didn't know how to love. I reacted the only way I knew. Now I know better, but it took me a broken heart to learn. I am so sorry. I am so so sorry, Jon. If you could..." But he stops there. He is rubbing the tears away from his face. And he wishes to go on, but he can't, something is choking him, so he just covers his face with his palms and lowers his head.

He feels Jon's hand touch his hair, slowly, reluctantly at first, but when he starts crying out loud, Jon caresses him and says: "Don't cry, Theon. Please don't cry."
Theon is sobbing slightly. "I promise, I will do anything. Just let me try, Jon. You are not shit like me. You are good and clever, and better than me. Please."

Jon nudges his head upwards gently. Theon looks at his eyes, but then looks to the side and sniffs softly.

"Theon... I love you. And I wish we could start over," Jon tells him, and he feels almost dizzy. But then Jon adds, "I am just not sure if I should trust you again, with myself. With my whole self. I want to. But I don't know if I should."

Theon doesn't know what to say to that. Deep down he feels unworthy and that the wisest thing Jon could ever do is walk out of this, but he wants him back, so selfishly, so desperately. He has now stopped crying, and he is looking for the right words, but he can't find anything clever enough, so he just says: "I love you. And I will never hurt you again. Never."

Jon smiles and again takes his hand. "Okay," he nods. "So we... try."

And Theon lowers his head on Jon's lap and wraps his arms around his waist. He can hardly believe this is happening, he is so overwhelmed. Jon's hands again caress his head and back, and after a minute or so, he composes himself enough to lift his head and face him.

He wishes to say so many things, but he's said enough, better not ruin it now. So he brings his face even closer, very slowly, and places the gentlest kiss on Jon's swollen lips. His heart is full to see again that shy smile.

Jon takes his cup again, but it's empty, so Theon pours more coffee for both of them. Then they curl against each other and say nothing for a long time, content just to hear the other one breathe and just be there, in each other's arms.
Just Like Honey

Chapter Summary

Things might be a bit awkward between the boys now, but they are also undeniably sweet.

Chapter Notes

Thank you, my most wonderful Heloisa, for the beta and for your almost inappropriately sweet words of encouragement, love you, baby <3

And, thanks to everyone reading and liking this and making me happy with their lovely comments, you are the best <3

Jon tries to rationalize his decision. He thinks about how he knew Robb would be busy, his phone would have been switched off, he had a girl at home. Jon also knew Robb would have had no choice but to call their father and then he would be in trouble. But the truth is, as he lay in that parking lot, all sore and miserable, he never really thought about any of these things. He just dialed the first person he could think of. He turned to Theon for help, without thinking, instinctively. And it was good that he did. And not only because he got him a doctor without notifying his father.

He spends the entire holiday week at Theon's. They barely ever leave the bed, but they don't have sex. Their interactions are as demure as ever. They cuddle, they hold each other, they kiss, but very gently, so slowly. Their touches are uncertain, very tender. The caresses between them shy and subdued. It is only in the nighttime, encouraged by the dark, that they become bolder, their embraces more urgent, as Jon holds Theon so tight, clings to him as if his life depends on it, and Theon melts, he purrs like a cat, grateful for the slightest sign of affection, he rubs his face all over Jon, gets lost in his curls, whispers how much he loves him.

Jon notices Theon gets hard every so often, but he shifts and moves, turning his crotch away from Jon, trying to hide his erection. Jon does the same. Sex seems out of place now, it does not belong there yet. Jon does not even think about it, he just relishes the closeness he now enjoys, but his body reacts. He is hard too, as often as Theon is. He tries to keep his thoughts under control, and he succeeds, but his body knows, it remembers, and it reacts to the mere presence of the one who could make him so completely undone. But they both pretend they do not notice their bodies communicating on their own, and they just cuddle more, softer and sweeter.

Theon insists on helping him take showers, and Jon lets him. Not because he really needs any assistance, but because he feels it is Theon who needs to help. Theon treats him as if he was this precious fragile little thing or a mortally wounded hero on his deathbed, and it is funny and endearing how much he pampers him. Jon smiles and Theon beams, looking so pleased.

Robb calls at least twice a day, and on the third day he even comes by. But as both Theon and Jon seem so shy and awkward in his presence, he leaves after just a few minutes, happy to see Jon is fine and that they are back together. He has brought some clothes for Jon.
Theon laughs. "You had some clothes here too." But then he shuts up immediately, looking uncomfortable, almost in panic. And that has Jon chuckling, he knows Theon thinks about the dresses he left there, and that his tongue was faster than his mind again and he's now feeling guilty about it.

Theon feeling bad over what he said makes Jon laugh even more. He smirks at him. "Oh, yeah, I bet I know what you would love seeing me in the most."

But Theon, acting all proper all of the sudden, says: "Baby, I love seeing you wear my T-shirts, please stay in them while you're here. You can wear your own clothes when you get back home."

"Your clothes are too big for me," he protests in a playful tone.

"Then don't wear any clothes at all, we are in bed all the time anyway."

"I will be cold."

"I will keep you warm."

And the way he comes close to Jon, taking him in his arms, nibbling at his neck and pressing his body against him, feels like the old times once more. But then the awkwardness kicks in again, and they go quiet, their bodies suddenly feeling too stiff, their caresses too intrusive, and they move away, only their hands still touching.

"Wanna see a movie?" Theon asks.

Jon nods. "Sure."

They see two to three movies every day. None of them mention that those are the movies Theon sent and Jon returned. But Jon can't help not think about that. He thinks how hard Theon tried. He wishes to ask him how he picked the movies, he knows Theon never cared about them, he wants to know if someone helped him. He wonders how he reacted to see them all sent back and why he decided to keep them himself. Then he thinks of the seashell and the note Theon sent him, and that brings tears to his eyes, and he feels like a prick for sending all those books and movies back, but he knows it was the right thing to do at the time, and he can't say anything about it now, so he just holds Theon gently.

"What's the matter, baby? You okay?"

Jon hums: "Yeah, just missed you is all."

Theon lifts his head to kiss him. "I missed you too, Jon. So much."

After a few days Jon's bruises are already fading and it is only the cut above his left eye that is still visible. He doesn't take any painkillers and he feels really better. Theon still insists on his very special treatment, he pampers him to no end, Jon even finds it funny. He lets him fret over him, as he can see how much it means to Theon. He is constantly coming up with new ideas to please Jon, he wraps him up in blankets, lets him choose the movie they'll watch, he keeps bringing all different kinds of food, he makes popcorn, coffee, tea, he brings chocolate and ice-cream. He is constantly asking how Jon is feeling, inspecting all his wounds very closely, helps him with his showers, he even washes his hair, and that feels really special. The first time he does it, Theon gets bummed he's forgotten Jon uses hair conditioner and he doesn't really have any. So he leaves him wrapped in towels and goes to
buy some. When he comes back half an hour later, Jon's hair has already begun to dry, but Theon makes him go to the tub again where he repeats the whole washing process. By the end Jon feels mellow and lulled, he falls asleep like a baby.

On Sunday the Starks are coming back home, and Jon should be going too. Theon packs the clothes Robb has brought, he also finds Jon's phone beneath his car seat, and that makes Jon really happy. Then he helps Jon put some clothes on, but they both still linger in the bedroom, delaying the inevitable.

"I wish you didn't have to go," Theon tells him.

"Yeah, me too."

"Can I... Can I pick you up tomorrow after school?"

Jon smiles. "Sure."

Once in front of the Starks house, Theon says: "You know, I have this... fear, that I will wake up tomorrow to see this whole week has been a dream."

Jon doesn't really know what to say to that. He takes Theon's hand and holds it. They kiss for a long time, and then Jon leaves.

After just about an hour or so, Theon calls him to wish him good night, and Jon falls asleep soon after that, all wrapped up in warm feelings and soft covers.

Every day Theon calls him, sends messages, wishing him good morning, telling him how cute he is, how he can't wait to see him again, asking how his day is going. He comes to pick him up after school whenever he can, takes him to cafes, movies, ice-cream bars, or just for long rides in his car. He is as considerate as he's ever been, he is kind, attentive, caring. Jon feels like a princess. It has been almost three weeks since they have gotten back together and they are yet to have sex. Jon wants it, and it's obvious Theon wants it too. But none of them act on it.

Jon has recovered completely from the beating, and they are more at ease with each other, more relaxed, less stiff, less awkward, but taking that step still feels weird. Jon is more flirty and has started giving Theon lewd glances. He pouts, he winks, he wears his skinniest sexiest garments, always trying his best to look irresistible. Theon smirks, licks his lips, grins and chuckles, but his touches still feel subdued and shy, and Jon gets tired of waiting.

They were talking about seeing some art exhibition Jon was interested in, but when Theon picks him up after school, he shows up with the idea to drive to this new record store. They sit in his car trying to figure out where to go. Jon caresses Theon's thigh but sees him tense up slightly, so he removes his hand. Then he leans his head against Theon, nibbling at his neck, and Theon starts kissing him, tucking hair behind his ear.

"Where do you want to go, baby?" Theon whispers.

"Your place."

Theon chuckles. "Okay, we can go there. But don't you want to see this art thing first? You talked about it for days."
“Yeah, okay, let's go there then.” Jon leans back in his seat, and starts toying with the radio, shuffling between the stations.

Theon starts the car and heads for the gallery, slowly navigating his way through the traffic. When they stop at the traffic lights, Theon looks at him, and for a few seconds there is again that confident sexy smirk Jon loves so much.

Jon giggles, and looks through the window feigning disinterest, and then carelessly says: "You know, Theon, I'm not wearing any underwear."

He sees Theon's reaction by the way the car suddenly jerks, but then Theon is cool, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel, chewing on his lip slightly before he turns to look at him.

*Please, take me to your place. Please, be cool about it. Please, let it be like before.*

Theon must read it in his eyes, cause he makes the effort of trying to look as cool as ever, though it's obvious he's nervous. He looks Jon up and down, his one eyebrow arched in a familiar cocky manner, gives him a sly half-smile, and says: "Well, then I guess we'd better go to my place after all."

And the look they share in that traffic light is a dirty promise. Theon plays it cool, but he does drive slightly faster.

Once they park in front of his building, Theon tells him: "Jon, I really don't want to rush it."

Jon chuckles. "And you're not. You were hardly doing 50."

Theon laughs too, and the way he looks at him makes Jon's heart beat faster. "Aren't you a cheeky little... *thing*?"

Jon pouts to that. Then he licks his lips and looks Theon straight into his eyes. "It's okay, Theon, you can call me a slut."

Theon blinks just for a second, but it is a *very fucking long* second, before he pulls Jon to himself and their lips colide in an urgent kiss, wild and needy, no longer shy or reserved. It is all Jon has waited for. He jumps on Theon, straddling his hips, pressing his body against him. They don't care that it is still daylight and that anyone can see them. Jon is so hard, and so starved for Theon's touch, he practically trembles.

Theon holds him, groping his ass, and they almost fall to the ground when they both try to get out of the car through the driver's door. They laugh and kiss their way into the building and then up the stairs, to the third floor. Jon has started unbuttoning Theon's jeans even down in the building entrance, and they have both lost their T-shirts even before they get to Theon's flat.

They scatter the clothes all over the place, and by the time they reach the bedroom they are both naked and ready. They fall to the bed and Jon thinks he will come just from feeling Theon's cock touch his own. Again, the feeling of intense intimacy overwhelms him and he wants to forget about everything except that feel of skin against skin, he wants Theon in him, on him, beneath him, all over him. He doesn't know if he'd rather suck him, or be sucked, or fucked, or kissed. So he lets Theon decide.

But Theon is cautious, he goes slow, he has fished out the lube from the night cabinet drawer and is touching his asshole gently, rubbing and slowly pressing. Jon rolls his hips, pushing himself further onto Theon's fingers. One finger is in and Jon moans at the sweet invasion. Theon is gentle, he lies on top of him, kissing his lips, and Jon hums in his mouth, his body writhing, asking for more.
Theon whispers: "Baby, you're so tight."

"Please," Jon moans weakly. He knows Theon is right, he feels tight, it has been a while since they've done this, and it will take some time for his body to adjust again, but he needs him so bad, he doesn't want to wait a moment longer.

Theon smiles, and Jon feels a soft burn as the second finger enters him. It feels so good, Jon moans louder, rolls his hips wilder, bites Theon's lips harder, his impatient need beating all reasonable judgement as he keens for more.

"Don't you want me to get you ready, like, proper?"

"No. I want you to fuck me proper."

Theon chuckles to that, but he is smearing the lube all over his cock and dabbing more of it on Jon's ass, pushing his fingers inside a few more times.

"Come on, Theon," Jon growls. "We've fucked already, remember?"

"When did you become so bossy?" Theon asks laughing. He's kissing him again, and Jon feels the tip of his cock pressing against him.

Then he is being stretched, invaded, spread and filled, and he smiles and moans, as the pain is so sweet, and Theon is so handsome, and he has been waiting for this for so long.

Theon is still pushing, slow but determined, he goes in and in, and there seems to be so much of him and the angle is so right it is actually cruel, because it has Jon shaking and trying his best to control himself as they haven't even really started fucking yet and he is so close already.

Then Theon is all the way in and he leans against Jon, nibbling at his bottom lip as he pulls back again. "Tell me, baby," Theon whispers as his cock dives back deep inside. "Have you missed me?"

And yes, he has missed him, and yes, he is now melting to Theon's hot breath and his sensual thrusts, and yes, he is also coming now without ever even touching his cock. This has to be the shortest time it has ever took him to orgasm, but he is too dazed and too happy to feel embarrassed about it.

Theon seems happy too - he holds him through his spasms, his kisses reassuring and tender. And when Jon is calm again he pulls out and goes down, licking and biting his way down Jon's chest, toying with his nipples, and then he laps at the cum on Jon's stomach, licking him clean. That is so dirty, so special, so Theon, and Jon feels so loved. He closes his eyes and lets Theon do whatever he wants, losing himself in kisses and fondles.

When Theon takes him in his mouth, he feels too sensitive, almost sore, but he bucks his hips upwards and moans nonetheless. It takes just a few moments for Jon to become hard again. Theon grins so smugly as he comes back up to his face and guides his cock back to Jon's ass, stretching him again. But his fucking is now harder, rougher and it has Jon whimpering, his mind spinning, feeling so weak and needy. Theon holds Jon's cock with one hand, his thumb teasing the little slit, still sticky and wet. Jon moans and moves with him, squeezing his ass, pulling him deeper inside. Theon is fucking him fast and good, and Jon thinks he can tell Theon is close, but he's not coming, he keeps the rhythm and looks straight in Jon's eyes, teasing his cock and pounding his ass at the same time. Jon is again overthinking, feeling selfish for his earlier orgasm,

"I've come once already. Now you, Theon, come on," he tells him. But Theon only groans, flashing his cocky grin, fucking so committedly. Jon urges him on again, "I can come again later, I've had one orgasm already, now you, don't hold back."
"No, we come together. You'll come for me once more, right, baby?" Theon strokes his cock, pressing the slit, tugging at the skin, and Jon moans.

"I don't think I can do it now, not yet."

But Theon doesn't give up, he shifts, lifting Jon's legs up on his shoulder, moving inside him, searching again for the best angle, for the spot that always has Jon wailing.

"I know you can, baby, I know you will come for me again. Tell me you will."

Jon confirms. "Yes, I will." He really doesn't have a choice.

"Good boy," Theon praises. "I'll tell you when."

And while Theon's cock feels amazing in his ass, drilling and pounding, and Theon's hand feels fantastic stroking him, it is most definitely Theon's words that push him to the edge. The confident and sexy tone of his voice as he's saying: "Yes, you'll come for me again, like a good boy. I know how much you love my cock filling you up, stretching you, fucking you till you can hardly stand. And you know how I love feeling your sweet little hole flexing around me."

Jon shudders hearing that, as Theon pushes in even harder. He can tell he is really close, and then Theon speaks again, panting: "Yes, baby, now, come for me. Come on, baby, be good, come for my cock."

And Jon can only obey. Like a good boy, he comes again, spurting a couple of milky lines over Theon's hand, while his ass is being filled with Theon's cum.

They are sticky and sweaty, messy and wet, when Theon pulls out, and they kiss and hold each other so tight, both their eyes and lips smiling.

"Theon?"

"Hmmm..."

"I can come for you again later, if you want." Jon smirks.

Theon laughs and reaches for his cigarettes. "I know you can, baby. And you will, I promise. Jon... will you spend the weekend here?"

Jon nods. He has already told his father he has a study trip with his sociology class and about the imaginary assignment they have to work on.

"You know," Theon starts. "I've been thinking... I'd like us to try something."

"What?" Jon feels suddenly so excited, as he knows Theon has the best ideas. He can hardly wait to hear about it, and he can hardly wait for Friday.

But Theon tells him something he has never expected. "I want you to fuck me. I want to feel you inside me."

"What? No, Theon. I mean, you know you don't have to."

"Jon, I want to."

Once his curiosity has been satisfied, Jon's excitement is undeniable, but so is his confusion.
The weekend comes so fast that Theon doesn't really have the time to reconsider his decision or change his mind. It suits him fine, though. He is really intent on having Jon fuck him, and while he is nervous as hell about it, he is determined to see it through. He picks Jon up on Friday after school, and instead of playing Trivial Pursuit as they have planned, they spend the evening blowing each other all around the apartment.

The next day Jon is considerate enough not to mention anything about fucking him, as he probably thinks Theon said it on a whim and is not really going to do it, so their day starts as usual. Theon brings them breakfast, they have coffee, stay in bed late and make out. Then they go to that art show they didn't get to that day when they had better things to do.

Whenever Jon is at one of his imaginary school trips or sleep-overs at friends' Theon is slightly freaked out about the possibility that Ned Stark will show up suddenly and catch them groping each other's asses or something even worse. But Jon seems cool about it, he assures him his father will not be at this gallery and that Theon should not worry. He is even amused by Theon's Ned Stark fixation. Still, Theon would prefer them spending these days in the safety of his flat and he is only too happy to drive them back home once Jon has had his fill of contemporary art for that day.

Back home, they are sitting on the bed and kissing, their legs intertwined. They are slowly removing their clothes, and when Theon stays only in his jeans and gives Jon a meaningful glance, Jon pulls back.

"Theon," he says, "you really don't have to do this."

Theon smiles. "I know, but I really want to do this. Don't you?"

Jon now smiles too. "Well, yeah, but I mean... you know... I don't want you to feel like you must."

"I don't feel like I must. Well, not in that way. I really want to, Jon." He comes closer and kisses him, softly sucking Jon's plump lips. His hand is unbuttoning Jon's trousers, happy to find his pretty cock getting hard.
"You see?" Theon chuckles, rubbing him gently. "You want it too, so shut up and fuck me."

Jon giggles and pushes him down on the bed. "Get the fuck down then," he says in a mock stern voice, and gets between his spread legs, grinding his crotch against Theon.

Theon moans. "Ooh, baby, yeah, I love it when you're all assertive like that."

"Shut up," Jon laughs. "Don't fake it."

"I'm not." Theon kisses him again. "I'd never fake anything with you. You do whatever you want, baby, you can push me, like, as hard as you want, you do all that you like, okay? I really want you to fuck me good."

"Well it's about time someone does. You really do need to be fucked." Jon snickers, and then sits up laughing. "You know, Theon, this was a clever idea, because it really is about time you lose your virginity."

Jon laughs like mad, and Theon frowns, pinching his nipples slightly. "Shut up, Jon. I lost my virginity so long ago I don't even remember when it was, but I know it was fucking ages before you did. You were probably still wearing diapers, so shut up."

But Jon teases him still. "No, man, I am so much more experienced than you. You are a virgin, Theon, accept it."

Theon laughs now too, because it is funny after all and Jon is adorable when he's laughing like that, but he still repeats, "I am not a virgin, okay?"

Jon comes down to his face to kiss him. He whispers through his kisses: "Yes, you are. But don't worry, I'll make your first time really special, baby, I'll be so gentle, I'll take such good care of you."

Theon gives his butt a gentle pinch. "Shut up." And they kiss again, Jon caressing his face with one hand as the other one is unbuttoning his jeans.

Theon can't help but think how sexy Jon looks in this new role, and those words he said about being gentle and making his first time special, even though they were a joke, they sounded really good. He can so easily imagine Jon being careful and gentle for some girl's first time. Or a guy's, like his now, because the truth is, Jon is right, in a way. This will be Theon's first time to be fucked, so technically he is a virgin. Okay, an anal virgin. But still, Jon has had more experience. Or to put it better, more versatile experience. He has fucked girls before and he's been fucked by Theon, while Theon has only ever done the fucking. This is new for him. He is trying to play it cool, but of course he is all fidgety. Much more than his actual first time. He thinks how he was the first one for Jon, and for quite a number of girls too. He hopes he was nice enough, gentle and all. He is sure he was, but he can't deny the vulnerability of his position that makes him wonder how nice actually is nice enough.

"Jon?" he whispers, "um... what would be, like, the best position?"

Jon chuckles and looks at him, disbelieving. He sits back up. "Okay, Theon, forget it. I am not doing this."

"What? Why?"

"Because I don't want you to do something you don't really want, just because you think it proves whatever you think it proves. It's pointless and ridiculous and I don't want it."

Theon scoffs at him. "Oh, fuck you. When you want my cock up your ass it's a legitimate need or
whatever, and when it's the other way around it's me proving stuff. Which I'm not. I just really want it, Jon. Do I have to beg?"

Jon smirks, tilting his head to the side slightly. "That'd be kinda hot, actually."

_Cheeky bastard. So fucking cute._ Theon sits up to kiss him. "Come on, baby, please, fuck me. Seriously, now, I really want you to. Sorry if I was being a prick about it."

Jon kisses him back. "You're not being a prick about it. I am."

"No, you're not, you're being considerate and I love you."

The warmth of Jon's smile enwraps him whole. "I love you too," Jon says, and it is now a bit awkward how they just stare at each other for a while. Jon clears his throat and nods, looking focused and resolved all of a sudden. "Right. Come on now, baby, let's get you fucked."

"God you always say the right thing," Theon says as they fall back down to the bed chuckling.

Theo feels a bit weird with his legs spread, so he moves, trying to turn around. Jon is pushing his crotch against him, dry humping practically, and for some reason it makes Theon feel defenceless. He really wants this, but boy is he nervous. Jon helps him get on his stomach and then grabs one of the pillows and places it beneath Theon's raised hips. That small gesture reassures Theon and comforts him, so he feels less nervous and more eager now. It is Jon, who loves him. He'll be fine. It'll be great.

Jon pulls down his jeans and Theon is now just in his boxershorts. He feels Jon's hands rub and grope his ass through the thin fabric of the underwear and he is really turned on by it, he starts grinding his hips into the pillow. Jon moans behind him, obviously appreciating Theon being so into it. But when his underwear is pulled down and Jon slides his hand between his cheeks Theon lets out an alarmed whimper. Immediately the hand is gone and Jon is kissing his neck, nuzzling against it, breathing and humming.

"Sorry," Theon says, "go on, I... um, just go on, baby, it's fine. I am fine."

Jon's hand travels slowly down his back, but still lingers before touching him there again.

"Sure?" Jon asks.

"Yeah, I might, like... make _sounds_ or something, but I really wanna do it. I want to do _everything_ with you."

Jon's hand gets bolder, and he is caressing the sensitive crease dividing Theon's buttccheeks, his touch soft and gentle. He whispers: "Really? _Everything?"

Theon takes his other hand and pulls it to his mouth. He licks and sucks Jon's fingers and mumbles: "Everything." Then he pauses, thinking for a moment. "Well, obviously, not _everything._ Like, not double fisting or stuff like that."

Jon chuckles. "No? That's a pity. I was really about to give it a try."

Theon bites Jon's fingers slightly. "Oh yeah? Well, then get down on all fours and get ready. You might want to bite on this pillow 'cause I'm going elbow-deep."

Jon laughs and lies on top of him, his hips giving small thrusts. "But you are already in a perfect position, Theon. And I won't go elbow-deep since you're a virgin."
Theon turns to slap his butt playfully, saying: "All right, I am a virgin. Now, shut up and get on with it already. Pop my cherry, come on."

Jon pushes against Theon's butt harder, pressing him down firmly, and Theon feels his erection. Jon sucks his earlobe and whispers: "Whatever you want, baby."

Theon grunts softly and swallows hard, trying to be calm about Jon sitting up between his legs again, getting the lube out and busying himself down next to his ass. He feels again Jon's hands fondling him, pulling his cheeks gently apart. Funny, but he feels almost shy being exposed like that.

Jon should get him ready first, so he expects a finger, slick with lube, but when it doesn't come and his cheeks are being pulled even further apart, Theon resigns himself to being fucked without any preparation. And he makes a promise to himself he will take it without a word of complaint, because, despite saying he is not trying to prove anything, deep down he knows that he is. Even though he's been forgiven and their relationship is back to, more or less, normal again, he still feels guilty and hopes this might be some sort of redemption. He hopes Jon understands this is his way of showing him the ultimate trust, giving himself completely. And if that means he has to endure a very painful fuck, well then that is just what he has to do. He deserves it, too. He fucking even hopes for it, as then it might help him put that shit behind him once and for all. Besides, it's not like he's never experienced physical pain before. Sure, it's been a while, but still, he'd much rather be brutally fucked by Jon a hundred times than having to suffer one of his father's beatings. How bad can this be? He still hopes Jon lubes up his cock before shoving it up his ass.

He braces himself for it, breathing deep and steady, but when Jon spreads his cheeks so wide they are practically flat, it is not Jon's cock, or a finger, he feels touching him there. No, this touch is soft. It is warm. And moist. After the initial gasp of surprise, Theon can't help but moan: "Ah, god, yes." And he swears he can feel Jon's lips on his ass, parting into a wide smile.

He knows Jon is very skilled with his tongue - his cock being the target of its attention, he's died and gone to heaven a million times. But Jon's never really done this. And to think about it now, Theon can't seem to comprehend why.

Jon licks his most sensitive part, his tongue flickering over the soft folds of puckered flesh. It rubs against the skin, presses hard, and then it travels up and down the buttcrack, teasing. Just when he thinks it tickles too much, Jon's hot breath soothes him, making him squirm in delight. The tongue touches him so lightly, Theon raises his hips demanding more. Jon kisses him, flat on his ass, and then the tongue goes in slowly, pushing and spreading its way in. Theon moans and hisses. God, this feels so good.

He is not sure for how long Jon's been tongue-fucking him, engrossed in bliss, he's lost all sense of time. He is so hard and Jon's tongue is so nimble, and clever, it knows where and how to touch him. It knows when to go slow and just circle the rim, teasing gently, and it knows when to press down hard, penetrating, getting in, rubbing against the sides. Jon is sucking his skin, kissing and grazing softly all around his asshole, and Theon is melting. He only becomes aware that Jon's finger is in once it is knuckle-deep and starts going back and forth.

"Aah, god," Theon moans with pleasure. But Jon seems immediately alert, his moves no longer certain, the finger is out and Theon again has to reassure him. "No, don't stop, baby, go on."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, you're doing great, don't stop." He is lifting his hips slightly, meeting Jon's finger on its way back in.
Jon is drilling him like that for a while, and it is new for Theon, to have his ass finger-fucked, but it feels good, it's a sharp and somehow naughty sensation, and that turns him on even more. He steadies his hips, resisting the urge to rub against the pillow, he wants to last as this is far from even close to being over.

The attention his ass is receiving from Jon alternates between Jon's tongue and Jon's finger, and Theon can hardly believe it when he realizes that his anxiousness to get this over with has been replaced by a genuine anxiousness for more. He squirms slightly, moaning, and Jon's second finger slides in easily, spreading him gently as Jon still laps and sucks at his asshole.

Theon raises his hips even higher and spreads his legs wider. He finds is funny, as they joked about it, but he hears himself begging: "Please, Jon."

Jon kisses his way up Theon's back and whispers to his ear: "Our virgin is getting eager."

Theon only smiles, feeling the tip of Jon's cock touch him. He wishes he could see it. Jon's cock is so pretty, white and substantial, with a round pink tip, so sensitive and beautiful. Theon would like to see that cock fuck him, but as hard as he tries, turning his head back, he can't really get a good view of his own ass. Physical restrictions. But he gets a good look of Jon's body, his smooth white chest with little pert nipples, the toned muscles of his abdomen, beautiful slender shoulders with a delicate line of his clavicle bone.

Jon pushes his cock slightly, but does not enter him, he is just pressing against his asshole. He does it a few times, and Theon at first feels apprehensive, expecting it to go in, but after a while he relaxes and submits to just being teased like that. And Jon does tease him. He guides his cock up and down Theon's buttcrack and he keeps on pushing against his asshole, but then retreating at the faintest sign of the tissue actually being spread and invaded. He is all lubed up and these touches also leave Theon's ass slick and wet. Jon keeps on adding more lube, every so often.

After a while, Theon notices how his asshole opens a little more each time Jon nudges at it, letting his cock get ever so slightly further. This has him thinking, he has never asked Jon if he has fucked some girl's ass, and he is now dying to know that. He is not sure if all this expertise Jon is now showing comes from his own bottoming experience or if he's actually done this before.

When Jon finally enters him, he doesn't feel like a virgin at all. It doesn't hurt, his flesh offers no resistance. Sure, there is a stretch, and it grows in intensity, but ends just this side of painful. Theon feels filled, and Jon's cock, although of a pretty much standard size, feels fucking enormous in his ass. He is almost too scared to move, he just remains as he is, completely motionless, open and calm, letting Jon do everything.

Jon doesn't make pauses, he doesn't stop, he just presses on, spreading Theon around his hardness, and Theon feels weak and utterly at his mercy. And Jon sure is merciful. He is advancing so incredibly slowly, the progress is almost unnoticeable. Theon swears it would need a time-lapse photography for it to be visible to the bare eye, like stars moving, or seasons changing, or flowers blooming. He almost laughs at that. How fucking applicable.

Jon is beyond gentle and patient. Theon knows when he fucked him for the first few times, he too was trying to cause as little pain as possible, he went slow, no one can say he wasn't nice. But he wasn't killing himself over it, as Jon seems to be doing now. He wanted to fuck him, so all he did, despite being gentle, was, rather selfishly, making sure his cock ends up Jon's ass. To Jon this is secondary, he didn't even want to do this, he is doing it all for Theon. That touches him so deeply, he is overwhelmed with emotion.

When he is all the way in, Jon lays on top of him, kissing his neck. He whispers: "You okay?"
Theon nods, looking for the strength to speak. When he finally thinks he has it in him to open his mouth without bawling like a baby at all this loving care he is receiving, all he can say is: "I don't fucking deserve you."

"Don't say that," Jon says as he starts moving slowly, sliding back and forth in a languid steady rhythm. His one arm goes beneath Theon's chest, wrapping him in firm embrace, and the other one goes down to Theon's cock where it holds him gently. That single touch makes Theon close his eyes and he tries hard not to raise his hips, not to fuck Jon's fist, not yet.

Jon is sucking the skin on his shoulders, kissing and gently biting, rubbing his lips and teeth against Theon, while he continues to fuck him in serene and slow thrusts. This is the most intrusive thing anyone's ever done to him, but at the same time it is also the most tender, most loving. One side of his face is pressed onto the mattress and his eyes are closed. Jon kisses him, rubbing his nose along his cheek, and Theon doesn't move, he just lets his head spin.

But he is only human, and there is only so much he can take without actively participating in this pleasure-seeking. After a few minutes, he can't restrain himself any longer and he starts moving too, his hips snapping back slightly, urging Jon to take on a more forceful rhythm. Jon smiles through his kisses, and strokes Theon's cock harder.

He brings his hand to Theon's mouth and Theon welcomes his fingers readily. He sucks them, whimpering now to Jon's increasing tempo. It feels good. He feels completely powerless, so vulnerable, open and surrendered, but at the same time he understands, for the first time maybe, the nature of such trust, the joy of such submission, and he delights in being able to unshield himself so completely. He feels frail and delicate, but that only makes him want for Jon to fuck him harder.

"Yes," he mumbles, mouth full of Jon's fingers, "fuck me harder. Wreck me, baby. Please."

When Jon obeys, he whimpers louder, pushing back against him, meeting his thrusts. Theon shifts, propping himself up on his knees and elbows, pushing Jon to kneel back between his legs. Jon grabs him by the hips and pulls him onto himself. He keeps him impaled on his cock like that and rolls his hips slightly, making Theon moan. Then he starts fucking for real. It is not so fast at first, but he is speeding up, his movements more sharp, more forceful. Soon he is slamming into Theon passionately, his hips snapping loudly with each powerful thrust. Then he is all the way out, and Theon keens when he enters him again. That feels so arousing, for some reason, to experience again that sensation of being intruded, spread and conquered anew. It makes Theon tremble.

Jon must notice it, cause he goes out and then in over and over again, so many times, until Theon is a happy sobbing mess. Then he rams his cock up again so hard, Theon collapses to the bed where Jon fucks him for all he's worth. His hand is back on Theon's cock, tugging at the skin furiously, and Theon thinks he will faint from how amazing this all feels. Then Jon shifts slightly to the side, changes the angle, and yes, he knew this should feel better than anything, he was prepared, mentally, for the bliss of having his prostate stimulated, but it still blows him away completely. His whimpers are cut short by his urgent panting, and then he is just keening, crying out so loud when he comes, shuddering and jerking. He almost blacks out. Jon moans slightly and he feels him fall on top of him, spent and exhausted, as his cock slides gently out, leaving a wet and sticky trace over Theon's butt and thighs.

It feels like hours have passed before either of them moves. Theon turns around to face him. Jon is smiling, his eyes sparkling with joy, but then he bites on his lower lip and looks down for a moment and then up back at him, looking all shy and coy, expectance in his gaze so obvious. Theon kisses him, holds him tight. "Baby, you were so good. I loved it."

"Yeah?" Jon whispers.
"Yeah, you were great. You fucked me so good. We'll be doing this again. Not, like, every day, or something, but yeah, every once in a while you will fuck me like this, okay?"

Jon beams at the praise, he looks so happy, and Theon really means what he said. He prefers fucking Jon, but what they've just done feels so special, it needs to happen again sometime.

They kiss and cuddle, and Theon now must ask. "Um, Jon? Have you fucked someone's ass before?" He knows Jon has ever only been with two girls, but they never really discussed the details.

Jon chuckles. "No. Why?"

"Just curious. You're really good at it. Tell me, was I nice to you that first time? And the second?"

Jon nestles closer to him. "Yes, you were. You were more than nice. We wouldn't really be here if you weren't, right?"

"Yeah, I guess we wouldn't,' Theon confirms, one of his hands lighting a cigarette, the other teasing Jon's curls. "You know," he continues, "I only ever want to be nice to you."

Jon kisses him, playing with his nipples. "And you are. But, Theon... please don't think I'm weird, or an ungrateful bitch... um, but L... how do I say this? I really love it when you treat me like a princess..." Theon laughs hearing that, but Jon places his hand over his mouth. "No, listen, you really do treat me like that, and I love it. But, you know, sometimes, when we fuck, um, when you fuck me, I... I want you to treat me like a dirty girl again."

Theon stops laughing, he feels his mouth go dry and swallows hard. "Oh, do you?"

Jon nods. "Yes. I want you to... you know... spank me, talk dirty, slap me, be rough, call me a slut..."

"Jon," Theon starts, shaking his head slightly.

But Jon shakes his head back at him. "I know you feel bad over what happened, but that is behind us now. It has nothing to do with what we did before, with how we fucked before. I don't think I really need to explain why it is different from what happened then. You do understand."

"I do," Theon sighs, "but I still feel bad. I mean, calling you names... a slut... I don't know, it's just..."

"Theon, calling me a slut in a playful and endearing manner as you fuck me so as to bring me pleasure is - correct me if I'm wrong - somewhat different from calling me a pathetic little faggot or a couple of holes..."

"Please, stop."

But Jon goes on, speaking slightly louder. "A couple of holes for you to fill..." but then he stops, seeing it's upsetting Theon, and his tone is calm and quiet again. "Okay, as you... you know. I'm not asking you to do anything we haven't done already. I loved being a dirty girl for you." He stops speaking and looks at Theon expectantly.

Theon takes a long drag of his cigarette and says nothing for a while. Then he looks at Jon, searching for words. "Just... just give me some time, okay? I don't think I'll ever stop feeling like shit over what I've done. I'll do whatever you want, but just give me time."

Jon now looks sorry. He embraces him and nuzzles at his neck. Then he kisses him and says: "I will. I am sorry, I didn't mean to make you feel bad, I just... um, I really need that spanking."
Theon chuckles hearing that. "Well, spanking you're gonna get, don't worry. We'll just wait a bit for that... slut talk."

Jon pouts. "But I want a proper spanking."

Theon pulls him in for a kiss, giving his ass a sharp hard smack. "Baby, you won't be sitting right for a week."
Mark Me Absent

Chapter Summary

Theon shows Jon what happens to naughty girls who misbehave. But what happens to naughty boys who lie and cut classes?

Chapter Notes

This is one of those things you write but all the time think "Oh, no way, I didn't really". Well I did. Really. And it is maybe utterly ridiculous, but I hope it's also hot. Besides, we've all seen those bun photos, right? It's not like I've made it up. Thank you all, dear sweet people, for reading and liking this fic.

And once more, dearest, sweetest, Heloisa, you are the best beta ever. Your little notes in blue are a most precious fic on their own. I love you <3

The entire following week is all about spanking, Jon can't get enough. He is pouting and moaning, he is constantly bending over, pushing his cute little butt ever so more in Theon's face, and Theon can only comply. After that talk that left him feeling somewhat weird, Theon spanks Jon that very evening. He holds him flat on the bed, smacks his ass until it's bright red and then fucks him hard and good, Jon is absolutely ecstatic about it.

After that, it happens almost every time they meet. Theon spanks him till his hand is sore. Jon is so crazy about it, he only ever wants more. He purrs like a kitten as soon as he hears the sound of the belt being unbuckled, throwing himself readily over Theon's knees. His insatiable need to have his butt whacked amuses Theon to no end. So he indulges Jon and jokes about how he's actually spoiling him.

But Theon really wants to please him, so he prepares a little surprise for the next weekend they spend together. It comes in handy that Jon's sociology study group won some project competition or something, and Jon and a couple of his classmates have to take a trip to Whiteharbour to accept the award. It's supposed to be only Monday and Tuesday, but Jon of course makes it longer, leaving Friday right after class, the Starks believing he will spend the next four days being a good boy, receiving an award in Whiteharbour. And he really should go and be there on Monday, but he got himself a doctor's note, and is spending all that time at Theon's, being everything but the good boy. This time, Robb doesn't need to worry either, as he himself is not part of that study group, so everyone is happy about the bunch of lies Jon has served to the Starks.

Theon is quite pleased that both on Monday and Tuesday he only must attend some early morning meetings with his uncle and is free for the rest of the day. On Monday he comes home shortly after noon, finding Jon sprawled on the sofa, playing a video game.

"This came for you," he says as he points at a box on the coffee table. "It was a sign-for delivery, so I pretended I was you and signed for it so you don't have to go to the post office to pick it up."
Theon chuckles. "You are a naughty thing, Jon. First you fake that doctor's note, now you fake my signature. Tsk-Tsk. What should I do about all this naughtiness, baby?"

Jon's eyes light up, he smiles as Theon sits next to him and kisses him. Theon takes the box and looks at it. Oh you're gonna love this. He places it on Jon's lap. "This actually came for you. Open it."

"For me?" Jon smiles, slightly confused. He licks his lips, eyeing the box. He looks so childish, and it fills Theon's heart with joy. He nudges him. "Go on, open it. See what you've got."

Jon starts tackling the package wrapping, and if the smile he had while at it was big, it is nothing comparing to his reaction when he sees what's inside. "No fucking way." He grins like mad, and then laughs so loud. He looks at Theon, who is eyeing him smugly and without a word, pleased with his reaction.

Jon jumps on him and starts kissing him. "Baby, you're the best. This is so fucking cool. I don't believe it. I can't wait to put it on."

Theon laughs at such enthusiasm, happy to see Jon so excited.

"Tell you what," he whispers in Jon's ear. "Why don't you go put this on, and then come... um... then come see me at my... office?"

"Your office?"

Theon can hardly help not laughing, but he plays it cool. "Yeah. The headmaster's office. That's where all the naughty girls are sent."

The noise Jon makes upon hearing that is something between a grunt and a squeal, but Theon expected nothing less.

Theon is sitting on his chair, behind the desk in his little guest room that he has turned into a study. Not that he ever studies or works there, but he does have all these books he can't throw away and it is a convenient place for his desktop computer he never really uses anymore.

Jon is standing in front of the desk, wearing a very short dark pleated skirt, clean white shirt and white knee high socks. His black Converse sneakers are slightly out of place, but Theon can forgive him that one detail. His hair is pulled up in a bun, though Jon insists it is called a chignon, which is basically a bun in French, but like with other things, Theon decides to indulge him. The only reason his French fancy bun and his schoolgirl clothes don't look ridiculous, is that Jon actually looks disturbingly hot. Like a dirty old man's wet dream. Why the fuck didn't I get him a lollipop?

"It has been brought to my attention that your um, uniform... is not at all appropriate for an establishment such as ours. Your skirt is way too short, and you stubbornly refuse to remove your make-up and nailpolish. And you've been cutting some classes too. This is a very strict school, and we cannot tolerate such lack of discipline," Theon says sternly, then adds: "Young lady."

Jon bites his lips, probably trying not to laugh. "Yes, principal Greyjoy."

Theon stands up from his chair. "I am afraid I have no choice but to punish you."

"Yes, sir." Jon sounds rather eager.
Theon opens the desk drawer and takes out a long wooden ruler. Jon gasps and then practically mewls upon seeing it. *I fucking knew you'd love it.* Theon grins. "You are aware that we honour the old ways and, um, practice corporal punishment."

Jon pouts and nods, his eyes sparkling. "Yes, principal Greyjoy. Yes, sir."

Theon walks around the desk, barely containing his smile. "*Now, young lady, bend over the desk.*"

Jon needn't be told twice. He practically falls over the hard desk surface, pushing some papers to the floor. "I am so sorry about that, sir. I suppose that earned me a few more strikes, right?"

Theon chuckles. "Um, yes, yes it did. You will get three more for... um, not being careful with my, um, important papers."

He steps behind Jon and touches his ass with his hand, caressing and squeezing slightly. Jon moans quietly and Theon's hand reaches down to the top of his thighs, where his little skirt ends. "Such a short skirt... Such a naughty girl."

Jon spreads his legs a bit and Theon's hand goes further up, beneath the skirt, and then between his cheeks. "My, my, no panties either. This just earned you an extra five..."

"Ten," Jon interrupts.

Theon pauses and a slight disbelieving chuckle escapes him. "Okay, extra ten. But, Jon, don't cry begging me to stop once we start, ok?"

"No, man, of course not, don't worry."

Theon rolls his eyes and sighs. "God, Jon, please do tell me if you wanna stop. All right?"

"You just told me not to."

"Yeah, I know. But, I'm not a *psychopath.* Of course you're to tell me if it's too much or you wanna stop."

Jon smiles. "I will, Theon, don't worry. God, just go on."

Theon clears his throat and gets into character again. "Right, where were we? Yes, you got an extra ten, and then there were another three for those papers you pushed to the floor, and since I originally intended to give you five..."

"Ten."

Theon shakes his head. "Baby, you are still sore from the belt yesterday. It's gonna really hurt and you won't be sitting right for, like, days. *And* you're going home tomorrow, and to school on Wednesday."

Jon pouts. "Don't be a party-breaker, you're ruining it."

"God, you are such a pain slut, aren't you?" Theon laughs.

Jon starts rolling his hips seductively. "Yes, I am. And when I squirm in my class next week, I will remember how freaking hot you are, *principal Greyjoy.* So get on with it."

Theon is so hard already, but he is patient, he doesn't want to rush it because he sees how much Jon enjoys this game. He lifts his pleated skirt up above the waist. Jon's ass is slightly bruised, and it's no
wonder after all they've been doing in the last few days. Theon caresses it for a while, he wishes to kiss it, to be gentle now, but Jon wants to be thrashed again.

Theon takes a step back and raises his hand. He aims for the sit spot. There is a swoosh as the ruler cuts the air and then it smacks over Jon's skin, leaving a bright red mark. Jon cries out slightly and then moans, lifting himself on his toes, but he is quickly calm again.

"One," Jon says promptly.

Oh fuck, I forgot to ask him to count, and he's into it. "Yes, baby, good, count."

Jon chuckles and shakes his butt slightly. Theon raises his arm again, thinking it's a long way to... twenty three, was it? God, he really won't be able to sit.

He tries to fake it, so the next blow is only half-hard, not wishing to really strike him, but Jon sighs through a two and then coughs meaningfully. Theon tries a different approach, he strikes him twice, quite fast, but not really hard, hoping the quick succession of the blows will disguise their leniency. But Jon counts them dutifully and then whines, "Theeeeoon. For real now, come on."

Theon hardly has a choice. The fifth and sixth ones are honest hard blows that make Jon whimper. He counts them, then Theon makes a small break, touching Jon's ass gently, rubbing the sting away. Jon moans and arches his back, lifting his hips.

"You are such a naughty girl, baby. Such a dirty girl. And some discipline here is long overdue."

Jon moans softly. "Ah, yes."

Theon smiles and continues to rub his ass. "I will have to spank your little butt, so hard. With my big headmaster's ruler. You have been a very very bad girl."

He gets back to his position, raising his arm again, then smacks Jon twice, hard.

"Uuh, seven, eight," Jon counts gasping. And then there is nine and ten that raise more angry welts on his ass. He squirms a bit and Theon places his hand on Jon's back to soothe him.

The next five blows come one at a time, slowly, but cruelly landing on the exact same spot, making Jon wail by the time he gets to fifteen.

Again, Theon approaches and caresses his already battered ass. His touch is tender and slow, and Jon again moans and spreads his legs slightly. Theon smirks to see that. His fingers go between the asscheeks, touching the soft flesh carefully. He finds his little puckered hole and presses a bit. Jon groans, rolling his hips. Then his hand goes further down and Theon is pleased to notice how hard Jon is and to hear him gasp as he gently touches the tip of his cock. He rubs it so slowly, pulling the skin slightly, using just his thumb and forefinger, smearing the pre-cum all over the head, making Jon whimper and make small motions with his hips, trying to rub himself firmer against Theon's hand.

"Are you well, sweetie? Can you go on, or do you want me to stop? Do you maybe need a break?"

Jon moans, "No, go on. I am fine."

Theon leans down to kiss his ear. "Are you sure? You know we can continue some other time." But Jon shakes his head and arches his back even more. Theon's fingers leave his cock and go back up to his asshole, where they softly rub and press.

"You still want to be naughty for me, baby?" he whispers, and Jon nods and moans a yes.
Theon swiftly removes his hand. Just as swiftly he whacks him once with the ruler, hard across the buttocks, causing Jon to cry out in surprise. He presses the ruler firmly against Jon's ass, rubbing up and down over the tender flesh already so red and sore. Jon squirms and counts sixteen.

Theon slightly pats the inside of Jon's thighs and Jon spreads his legs obediently, as wide as he can.

"Good boy," Theon praises, but corrects himself when Jon snorts, "Good girl, I mean."

The next two blows land on the inside of Jon's left thigh, and the following two on his right. Though Theon doesn't strike hard, as it is such a sensitive spot and Jon's most probably had enough, he still whimpers and struggles counting coherently through his sniffles. But he keeps his legs spread wide open.

Theon's hand is soothing his skin again. It feels so warm and so tender. "Naughty girl," he whispers. "Dirty girl. Nothing keeps naughty girls in check as well as a properly smacked bottom. This should teach you not to get in trouble again. Because next time you misbehave, you will again be summoned to the headmaster's office, and you know what happens there to naughty girls like you."

Jon's spread legs are so inviting, he can't resisting touching his cock, again teasing the little slit, making Jon moan, loud and needy.

"Yes," Theon speaks, his voice raspy with arousal, "Naughty girls like you are pulled over knee and spanked."

"I'm not really over your knee, Theon," Jon protests in a smug tone and sniffles.

Theon chuckles. "Over your knee what?"

"Um, sir? Principal Greyjoy?"

Theon sits on the desk and spreads his legs, pulling Jon onto himself. Jon's body is still resting on the desk's surface, but his butt is atop Theon's thigh, legs now closed tight, hanging between Theon's. He is fondling Jon's ass, rubbing and squeezing softly. Jon's breathing is hard and his cock is even harder, pressing against Theon's leg.

"Three more, baby. Ready?"

"Yes."

The last three blows come down fast, hitting Jon flat on the ass, adding more mean red welts to his already bruised behind. They are not forceful, but they must sting nonetheless, as Jon's body gives a small jump after each blow and he wails pitifully, more snivelling than counting.

Theon leaves the ruler on the desk and takes the lube, squeezing a generous amount straight onto Jon's asscheeks. It is cold and must feel good, as Jon moans, his body relaxing over Theon's lap while he gently massages the lube into the sore red flesh. Soon he adds more, and Jon's ass is a red glistening globe, all slick and slippery.

"Now tell me, sweetheart, have you learnt your lesson well?" Theon asks as he spreads the lube all over Jon's bottom in slow circular motions.

Jon's hips are making small movements, he is clearly enjoying the soothing attention his ass is receiving, but he is at the same time looking for more friction, rubbing his cock against Theon.

"Yes, sir," he moans.
Theon starts guiding his hand between Jon's cheeks now. "That's my good girl," he whispers as he slowly pushes one finger inside. Jon's ass is warm and tight, and he fingers him slowly, pushing his finger deeper.

Soon Jon is squirming. "Please," he moans wantonly.

Theon pushes another finger in, and now he goes bolder and harder, his moves no longer gentle. He finger-fucks Jon to a sobbing, weeping state. It doesn't really take long before Jon comes, leaving a wet sticky splotch on Theon's trousers. Theon is not sure if he should be more impressed with Jon's ever increasing ability for anal orgasms or for his own increasing ability to cause them. Either way he is happy. Once Jon's asshole has stopped clenching, he slowly takes his fingers out and caresses him some more, whispering how he is a good girl, good boy, good everything.

Jon's breathing steadies soon and he slides down from Theon's lap straight to the floor between Theon's spread legs. He unzips his fly and gets his cock out. It is so hard, Theon can hardly wait to feel Jon's mouth on him. Jon is still slightly dazed so he can hardly do anything more than open, but Theon jumps down from the desk and grabs Jon's head with one hand while the other one guides his cock past those pretty pouty lips and into that warm sucking heaven that Jon's mouth is. He pushes deep, all the way to the throat, making him gag. But Jon is a good boy, he tries to relax and manages to swallow him whole, despite the little tears that come down the corner of his eyes from the effort.

Theon gives a few deep pushes, and then takes his cock out, teasing Jon's lips, before he goes in again. He fucks his throat for a few moments, in long deep thrusts, but then he speeds up and doesn't go so deep, delighting in the feel of Jon's lips stretched just around his tip. He comes with a low moan, blinking and gasping as he jerks a bit, spraying Jon's lips. Jon swallows some, and looks at Theon. His face is red, hair all messy, escaping the confinement of his bun, his eyeliner all smeared with tears, the look in his eyes needy and vulnerable. Theon comes down to the floor next to him, and kisses the remains of his cum, licking Jon clean. They collapse to the carpet and hold each other.

"Theon," Jon says. "This was so hot. Thank you."

Theon is touched and he smiles. "Baby, whatever you like." He then looks around and curses under his breath, "Fuck, I left my cigarettes in the living room. I'll just go get them and then be right back, or actually we can both move to the sofa. Wanna see a movie?"

But once they are in the living room they can't decide what to watch, so Jon suggests they go out. Theon is usually nervous about it, always freaking out about Ned Stark, but now he agrees.

"It's been a while we've done some shopping together," he says suggestively, and Jon grins like mad.

Half an hour later, they are clean, dressed and making out in a lingerie store's fitting room. Jon giggles as he presses Theon against the wall and starts nibbling on his ear. Theon is leaning his head backwards, moaning quietly, and his hands go down, pulling Jon even firmer. His one hand is wrapped around Jon's waist and the other one slides down to his bottom and gives a slight grope. Jon winces and grunts slightly, sore from his spanking.

"Sorry," Theon is quick to apologize and remove the offending hand, but Jon takes his hand and guides it back to his ass, his eyes playful and smiling. "No, don't be, I love this feeling."

"Yeah?" Theon chuckles.

"Yeah," Jon whispers as his hand strokes Theon's cock through his jeans.
Theon takes him by the shoulders and turns them around so that it is now Jon who is against the wall. He grabs his ass with both hands now, and squeezes gently, as Jon squirms and hisses. There is a disapproving scoffing sound coming from the fitting room next to theirs, but it only makes them giggle.

Theon licks Jon's lips, teasing him with his tongue for a moment, before kissing him full and proper. Jon hums into the kiss, grinding against him. Theon is still massaging his butt. He gives him a small tap, and Jon whimpers softly.

"You must be really sore, baby," Theon says between his kisses.

"Yeah, that ruler is nasty." Jon must read guilt on Theon's face, because he adds immediately, "But it was great, I loved it. It was just what I wanted."

Theon chuckles, unbuttoning Jon's jeans and pushing his hand inside, grasping a handful of his beautiful bruised ass. "Well, what my dirty girl wants, my dirty girl gets."

That has Jon laughing so much, he only stops when Theon turns him around, pinning him face to the wall and yanks his jeans down giving his ass a resonating smack. Jon lets out such a needy, horny moan, causing more bewildered scoffing from the next fitting room.

Theon grins smugly. He shoves his fingers into Jon's mouth, and Jon sucks them readily, slurping and humming. Theon's other hand goes down to Jon's already hardening cock.

"Well aren't you a sight? Trousers down, your ass well-smacked and sore, my fingers in your mouth, rutting against the fitting room wall. Tell me, do you know where my fingers, those that you suck so well, where will they go next?"

Jon lets out a slight squeal. He nods.

Theon's fingers leave Jon's mouth and start sliding down his back. Jon breathes hard with anticipation. Theon's hand stops just at his tail bone. "They go nowhere till I hear you say it. Where do you want them, baby?"

Jon moans and blushes, biting on his lips. He bows his head down, looking shy all of a sudden. But Theon knows him too well to buy it, so he touches him so faintly, teasing along the crack, just a ghost of a touch. Jon swallows hard. "Up my ass," he mutters.

"Bingo," Theon says as a finger slides up, gently invading Jon's asshole. He moves it up and down a bit, and Jon is tilting his head back, biting on his lips, closing his eyes. He gets off on doing it in public as well, Theon knows it.

"What else do you want up your ass?"

"Your cock," Jon responds, his voice shaky and weak.

Theon adds another finger. "And that's exactly what you're gonna get. Like I said, what my dirty girl wants, my dirty girl gets."

Jon squirms. "Please. Let's go."

But Theon has a better idea. He smiles, licking Jon's neck and then his ear, sucking his little earlobe, as his fingers go further up inside. "You want me to take you to a mall's bathroom? Fuck you there?"

Jon nods and, over more disapproving scoffs from the fitting room next to theirs, he confirms, "Yes,
Theon moves slightly away, leaving just the tip of his one finger inside Jon, and Jon moans in complaint over the loss. Theon chuckles. "You know what? I think I should just fuck you right here, in this fitting room, up against the wall, so that everyone here hears how much you love my cock."

Jon wails softly, pushing his hips back, looking for more - fingers, cock, whatever Theon would give him.

"Baby, you're so horny for me, aren't you? But I won't fuck you here." Theon says as he turns him around pulling his jeans up, the look of disappointment so obvious on Jon's face.

"Theon." He pouts so sweetly, Theon has to kiss him.

"I won't fuck you here, cause people will notice and not only will they kick us out, but we'll be banned from this store forever," he explains patiently, but Jon is still pouting.

"There are other stores," Jon says.

Theon chuckles, he loves seeing him so eager. "I know, baby, but they all sell some cheap looking shit, none of them are good as this one, and I want only the best for my girl."

Jon smiles to that, tucks his hair behind his ear and looks down in his coy way. Theon lifts his head up to give him another kiss. He takes the garter belts and corsets they picked. "But tell you what, we buy these now, and you be a good boy, and don't go rubbing yourself against the counter or my leg or something while we pay for these, and then I'll let you choose if you want me to fuck you in the bathroom here or in my car on the way home."

Jon's face lights up, his smile is big and warm. They kiss again, hands all over each other, and then they step out, practically bumping into that person who was scoffing all the time from the next fitting room. Their smiles freeze as they find themselves face to face with Catelyn Stark.
Chapter Summary

The Starks find out.

Chapter Notes

Dear wonderful Heloisa did beta, of course, and she has not only shown incredible courage by braving my awful punctuation, but she has also shown amazing sweetness by trying to explain it to me for the zillionth time and even being all nice about it. Anyone else would have told me to sod off, I think, long time ago. Thank you, love <3

And of course, thank you all, nice dear people, for reading, liking and commenting. You make me so ridiculously happy and I love you for it <3

Jon should have listened to Theon all those times he was concerned over them running into his father. Okay, this is not his father, but it's just as bad.

Jon doesn't move, he can't. He just stands there, staring stupidly, like a deer in the headlights, paralyzed. Catelyn's icy blue eyes pierce right through him and her mouth is a thin red line on an angry flushed face. Jon himself feels that all the blood has drained from him, he must be as white as a chalk. He wishes to say something, or move, or anything, but his face is numb, he is all numb, just the tip of his nose is tingling. God, she heard all we were saying. Oh fuck, I'm dead.

He's only aware that Theon is still there because he still holds his hand. Then Theon does something quite silly as it is futile, but also so wonderfully protective - he pulls him slightly backwards, and he himself takes a step to the front, as if to shield him from whatever Catelyn might do. And she actually does look ready to hit him. Hell, Jon is sure she would hit him if only she could do it without actually touching him. Because she also looks completely disgusted.

"Mrs. Stark," Theon starts, either a greeting or an explanation, but her eyes whip him into silence.

That was still a second those eyes left Jon, and he is grateful for it, because he finally manages to look down and to start breathing. He hears his heart beat, blood pumping in his ears, and stares at her feet, her cream leather shoes, and exhales.

"Jon Snow," she hisses angrily, so he looks up again.

Just don't cry. But he feels like he might, so he bites his lip, trying to think of something to say.

"I thought the voice was familiar," she says contemptuously, "but I could have never imagined. God, all the filth..." Catelyn shakes her head, looking for words. She takes a deep breath. "All the love your father has shown you... And look at what you do."

The mention of his father feels like another slap. Which is stupid, because of course he will find out,
but just dealing with her now is hard enough. He opens his mouth to say something, but ends up just
gaping stupidly, as his eyes fill with tears. *Don't fucking cry.*

She sees his reaction to the mention of Ned and scoffs, a cruel and cold sound. Then she squints at
him angrily. "Your father will know of this."

*Of course he will.* Jon nods, his eyes on the ground again. He feels Theon's hand squeeze his own, it
is warm and reassuring, but he has no strength to squeeze back.

Catelyn's eyes burn him, and he can't wait for her to just leave, just go out and leave him alone here
so he can sit and cry on his own. But she is still there. She takes a step closer, and Jon flinches
slightly. He can smell her perfume and wonders if she can also smell his fear, or Theon's touches still
on him.

"You will come home today, and tell him everything. You will own up to every little lie you said,
and admit everything you did. Because if you don't do that today, I will tell him myself first thing
tomorrow morning." And with that she turns her back to them and leaves.

"Fucking bitch," Theon says when she's finally gone and then places his hand on Jon's shoulder and
turns him gently towards him.

Jon swallows hard. "I am so fucked, Theon. I am *so* fucked."

Theon chews on his lips in a nervous manner, then puts all the lingerie they picked to the nearby
shelf and pulls Jon by the hand. "Come on, let's get out of here."

Theon pushes him on all the way to his car, where Jon sits wincing slightly, then buries his face
between his palms. He thought he would cry, but he can't even do that now. He just sits there,
repeating how he is fucked.

Theon seems calmer. "Jon? You need to chill now, okay? This is not good, but you know, it... it
could have been worse." He lights a cigarette and pats Jon with his other hand. "Your father is um,
aaah, well, he's a reasonable man, he won't *kill* you or anything. You'll most probably just be
grounded..."

Jon cuts him off, "I'll be grounded *forever.* And I don't know what else."

But Theon shakes his head. "Nothing else. Jon, let's be real, okay. Yeah, he'll be very pissed, and
yeah, you will be grounded, but that's it. Come on, what's the worst thing that can happen? They
can, I don't know, kick you out, I guess. But you know you have a place to go, baby. Besides, that's
not gonna happen. Don't worry, you'll be fine, alright?"

Jon thinks that Theon might be right, he sounds so certain and Jon wants to believe him, so he nods,
trying to calm down. They are quiet for a few moments. Then Jon looks at him. "I am so fucking
scared though."

Theon pulls him in his embrace. "I know, baby." He kisses him gently. "But don't be, okay? I'll...
um, I'll come with you."

"You will?" Jon knows Theon is afraid of Ned, he always found it funny and thought it was quite
irrational. So what he offers now touches him deeply.

Theon nods. "Sure. I'll go with you. Least I can do, right?"

"Thank you," Jon whispers.
"Sure thing." Theon kisses him some more and then starts the car. "Right. Let's go get it over with."

But Jon panics suddenly. "No, we can't go yet. I mean, he's still at work. We'll go later. In the evening."

"Are you sure you're not just putting it off?" Theon asks.

Jon manages a nervous chuckle. "Actually, I think I might be. But he is still at work."

So they drive around, heading nowhere in particular. Theon smokes and Jon shuffles through the radio stations nervously, annoyed at every single song he hears. He goes back and forth along the scale, scoffing and swearing, shifting in his seat, still feeling very sore from his spanking.

Theon looks at him, his one eyebrow raised. "You know, it's good you'll get to tell him yourself. Never knew she could be so... I don't know, not a total cunt, right?"

But Jon disagrees, "She's not being nice, she only said it cause she wants to see me humiliate myself as I explain to him where I was and what I was doing."

"Well, whatever reason, it's still better that you tell him. Imagine what she would say."

"She'd only have to say the truth, Theon, it would be enough."

"My point exactly. You know you don't have to say it all as it is. You can lie a little. How is he gonna know? It's your word against hers."

Jon knew Theon would say something like that. He even manages to smile. "I won't lie, Theon. I can't."

"Sure you can," Theon assures him.

They drive around for two more hours. When they park in front of the Starks' place, it is already dinner time. Jon leans towards Theon, grunting as he moves across the car seat. "Theon? We will wait for a little while. So that they finish the dinner, I'd much rather if... um, if my siblings are not there."

Theon looks at him, disbelieving. "Jon, you're just dragging it on. Better suck it up and go have it done with now than spend another hour driving around scared shitless." Jon pouts and says nothing, so Theon starts the car again. "Fine. We go for another ride, half an hour. But then we go in. Right after dinner. Okay?"

After half an hour, they are back. Theon turns off the engine and cups Jon's face gently, then kisses him, soft and wet and long. Jon moans slightly. "Theon? Let's just kiss here for a while, okay?"

Theon chuckles, but goes on kissing him. After a while, he moves back and says: "Jon, I know you're worried, but the sooner we go in, the sooner it will be behind us."

Jon nods, breathing deep and hard. "Maybe it's better if we go to your place and she tells him tomorrow?"

Theon chuckles and shakes his head. "You're being a brat now. God, you wouldn't last a day in the Greyjoy household."

Jon snorts. "We'll see if you're gonna be all fucking macho about it when you go tell your father about us."
Theon gives him an angry look. "Look, the only thing worse than whatever the fuck will happen once we go in is sitting here waiting for it." Jon nods and takes a deep breath. He looks at Theon and smiles nervously. Theon kisses him once more and then tucks his hair behind his ear, caressing his cheek. "Come on, baby, man up. Let's go talk to your dad."

Jon drags his feet along the footpath, but Theon is there with him, holding his hand. They are so quiet, walking slowly. Once in the living room, they see Catelyn reading a magazine. She raises her head when she hears them, but says nothing. Jon feels her eyes follow them as they go towards the patio door.

Outside, his father is playing catch with Robb and Bran. Rickon is probably getting ready for bed, as it is late now and he is nowhere to be seen. There is no sign of Arya and Sansa either. Robb is the first one to see them. He opens his mouth in surprise and pales instantly, which makes both Bran and his father turn around.

"Jon." Ned Stark is surprised as well. "What are you doing here? Weren't you supposed to be back tomorrow?"

Jon licks his lips and, somehow, speaks: "Dad? Can I talk to you? Inside?"

His father nods, slightly confused, and only then seems to notice Theon. He looks at both of them, but he clearly doesn't know what to make of it, so he shrugs and walks inside the house. Jon and Theon follow him, and when Jon turns around he sees his brother's eyes asking him a million questions, compassion in his gaze obvious and surprisingly comforting.

Catelyn sits in the high barstool in the kitchen. When she sees them enter, she lights a cigarette. They sit around the kitchen counter, just the four of them, Catelyn smoking, Ned still looking confused, Theon no doubt aching for a cigarette himself but not really daring to light up, and Jon sullen as ever, looking for the best way to say what he must.

Jon feels Theon's hand still hold his own and give him a gentle squeeze. He clears his throat. "Dad, I... um, I have to tell you something." Then he pauses, chewing on his lip for a while. Just say it. Say it and get it over with.

"I... I haven't gone to Whiteharbour... to accept that award. I stayed... with Theon. We, um... god, um... we are...ah..." Just say it, "... lovers," he manages.

"Boyfriends," Theon supplies at the same time.

Yes, boyfriends. That sounds more innocent. He repeats after Theon: "Yeah, we are together, like, boyfriends... I think."

Ned is silent, his mouth slightly open, he is frowning, still processing the information he received. Catelyn is smoking without a word, and despite Jon expecting her to start telling now what happened and how she caught them, she stays quiet. Silently, he thanks her for it.

After what seems like eternity, his father thumps his fingers along the counter and looks at Jon, his expression unreadable. "You haven't gone on your school trip?"

"No."

"You stayed with Theon?" Ned's eyes are on Theon now, and Jon must congratulate Theon on his act, really. He looks cool, unflustered, sitting calmly, looking Ned Stark straight in the eyes, but Jon knows that to say he is uncomfortable would be the understatement of the century.
"Yes," Jon confirms.

"So, the school trip... you made it up?" his father asks.

"Yes. Um, no. There was a trip. We did get that award. My study group. I... I just didn't go. I faked a doctor's note... stayed at Theon's." Then he adds, "I'm sorry."

Then they are all quiet for a while. An uncomfortably long while. Jon keeps looking at Catelyn's cigarette as she dabs it along the ashtray. He doesn't dare look up at his father, but he feels his eyes on him. Theon still holds his hand beneath the kitchen counter. Then Catelyn's cigarette is out and she lights another one. The click of her lighter seems to put things in motion again. Ned speaks, his tone cold and stern: "Is this... is this the first time you lied to me, like this?"

Jon feels Theon squeeze his hand and he looks at him. Theon's eyes are telling him to lie. "No," he admits, looking back at his father.

"All those trips, study groups and what not, in the past... How long?"

"Since September, eight months," Jon responds honestly, despite Theon's insistent hand squeezing.

"Eight months?" His father sounds furious.

Jon swallows hard. "I am sorry."

Ned rises up from his chair in an angry and belligerent manner, cursing under his breath, and Jon feels himself shrinking. But he doesn't approach him. He just stands there, breathing hard, looking at the ceiling in bewilderment. Then he shakes his head and taps his fingers along the wooden surface of the counter. He is as mad as Jon's ever seen him, but trying hard to restrain himself, to control his temper.

Jon shifts uncomfortably in the barstool, remembering how sore he is again. "Dad," he starts, but Ned pushes his chair forcefully and raises his hand, an unspoken stop, that's enough, not another word. So Jon shuts up, watching his father pace along the kitchen, going back and forth in angry strides. Then he stops and stares through the window, into the dark.

After yet another eternity, Ned turns around. "Theon," he says solemnly.

"Sir?" Theon may look all brave and calm, but his voice betrays his unease.

"Thank you for driving my son home."

That is a clear signal for Theon to leave, and yet he is not moving.

"You may go now," Ned clarifies in a tone that accepts no objections, and Theon stands up, looking unsure. Jon looks at him and barely nods.

Theon pushes the chair back in its place and comes down to Jon. He puts his hand on his shoulder and he doesn't exactly kiss him, but his lips brush Jon's hair as he tells him: "Call me, alright? When you can."

Jon nods again and then watches Theon leave. He feels so alone suddenly, and he fears that feeling on its own might make him cry now.

Then his father looks at him, his eyes cold as ice, the tone of his voice even colder. "Go to your room. I don't trust myself enough now not to do or say something I might regret, so we will speak..."
Jon gets up on his feet and walks slowly out of the kitchen and up the stairs. He comes to his room and sits on the bed. He stays there waiting for almost an hour before his father comes up. The anticipation of what is to come is killing him. Now he understands Theon's wish to just get it over with as soon as possible. He feels so alone, and so small, like he is nine again. Only, it's so much worse, because he's never done anything this bad.

Ned comes to his room, knocking first, and then moves Jon's chair just next to the bed and sits on it. For the first time in his life, it is making Jon really nervous to sit so close to his father. He hardly dares to look at him, lifting his eyes just for a moment. It breaks his heart to see that Ned looks more sad than angry.

"Jon," his father starts, the tone of his voice now calm and quiet, "I want you to know that the outcome of this... that what I am about to say, has nothing to do with you being... well, with your preferences. You are not being punished for that."

Jon looks at him slightly confused, and Ned clarifies, "I am not punishing you for being with Theon, though we will talk about that too, as I do have my doubts about the choice you've made. I want you to understand that you are being punished for lying to me and doing things behind my back."

Jon nods, now feeling quite sad himself.

"I am very disappointed, Jon. And very hurt. I have always tried my best to teach you honour, honesty, responsibility. And I know I myself have set that example for all of you. I never expected that any of my children could lie to me like that."

Jon is silent, he doesn't know what to say to that, he just feels so bad. He thinks he would feel better if his father was angry, if he was shouting and threatening, than to see him now, calm and kind even, but so disappointed.

"Trust is very easy to break but very difficult to rebuild, son. I hope you are aware of that?"

"Yes, I am."

Ned sighs, and is quiet for a few moments, looking around the room. Then he rests his eyes on Jon again. "Why did you lie, Jon? Why didn't you tell me?"

It feels hard to talk about that, but Jon is aware that it is necessary. He must speak, and he must speak honestly. "I don't know. I guess I was afraid of your reaction."

His father nods. "Did I ever give you any reason to fear me? Any reason not to trust me?"

Jon shakes his head in a no. "I am sorry," he says. And he really is. He feels his eyes well up and looks down again.

Ned places his hand on his shoulder. "Cat told me she saw you today."

Jon covers his face with his hands. Oh no.

"She said you behaved quite... shamelessly."

Jon feels his cheeks burning with shame, he feels out of breath.

"She also said I do not want to hear the details. And she's right. I don't."
"I appreciate you came home and told me yourself. But you should have done that eight months ago." Ned pauses to remove Jon's hands from his face gently and lift his head up. "Don't cry, Jon, look at me. Good. Now let's talk about Theon."

"What about Theon?" Jon asks with uncertainty.

His father looks slightly uncomfortable. "Well, I've known Theon for a while now. As have you. Are you sure he is the right choice?"

"What makes you say that?"

Ned lets out a long sigh, then he squints perspicaciously. "Theon is a good lad, but he is rather promiscuous. I wouldn't be too happy seeing him date my daughter, so the same goes, well... the same applies here, Jon. I wouldn't want to see you get hurt, or to think about, uhm, STD and such complications."

Now both him and his father are blushing.

"He's not promiscuous, dad. He's only been with me since... oh god, this is so embarrassing." Jon stops suddenly, a nervous chuckle escapes him and he continues. "He is very... he, um... he loves me. And it's not just my impression, it's true. You can ask Robb too."

"Robb knows?"

_Oh shit! Good going, Jon._

His father sees Jon's reaction and is quick to reassure him, "Don't worry, Robb is not in trouble. I understand he wouldn't have betrayed you, I am just surprised, that's all."

"Yeah, he knows. I mean, they're best friends. Please don't tell him I told you. I don't want to be a rubbish brother too, it's bad enough I am a rubbish son."

Ned pats his shoulder. "You're not a rubbish son, Jon. But this is... I am not happy about you lying and all this. And I don't want to see anyone using you."

Jon chews on his lips and looks him straight in the eyes. "He's not using me, dad. He loves me. And I love him too. I am not stupid. I wouldn't have been with him all this time if he was anything less than perfect."

His father nods and stands up to leave. "All right. I guess you're old enough to make your own decisions and no amount of talk will shield you from... well, uh, from heart-break. But, please be careful." He walks towards the door and then turns around. "I needn't really tell you that you're grounded, you know that?"

"Yes." Jon nods, but then asks: "For how long?"

"Till I can trust you again."

Jon is not sure what to make of it. Before, he would always know, he would always be told for how long he'd be grounded for. This doesn't seem too good. Again he feels like this is the worst day of his life and he can't wait to just sleep and wake up tomorrow, or next month, or year. But he gathers his courage and calls after his father just before he's out the door: "Dad? Can... if... I mean... If I am grounded and can't go anywhere... can Theon come here... sometimes?"
The door is open already and Ned takes a step back in, his tone stern again. "Jon, I don't think I really want to see Theon now, for some time." But he must see how crestfallen Jon is to hear that, so he adds, a bit more kindly, "We will talk about that again in a few days, okay?"

Jon goes to bed then and cries a little before calling Theon, who seems relieved to hear him and is not even upset over Jon being grounded indefinitely. Jon calls him up on that, but Theon chuckles. "It's not indefinitely, Jon. Don't be so over-dramatic. You'll just pout for a few days and be forgiven, you'll see."

Jon scoffs. "You're such a fucking prick, Theon. Why did I even bother explaining my father you're a nice guy?"

"Aww, baby, that's sweet. You told your dad your boyfriend was a nice guy?"

This cheers him up, so Jon smiles. "Yeah, I had to. Even he thinks you're a slut."

Theon laughs. "He said that? He said I was a slut?"

"Promiscuous was the word he used." Jon chuckles. "But I explained how you're so madly in love with me and how you're keeping it in your pants now 'cause you said yourself I was the best fuck in all your promiscuous life."

"I've never said that," Theon teases.

"Yeah, but you think that."

Theon confirms, "All right, you're the best fuck in all my slutty life." And Jon beams and, despite everything that's happened that day, feels really good again.

Then Jon says, more serious now: "Theon, I won't be able to see you for a while, you know. I am grounded and he said you can't come. Yet."

"I know, baby, but it'll be just for a few days, trust me. Not even Ned Stark can resist that pout."

Theon seems so sure of that so even Jon starts thinking the same.

Theon comes to see him after school whenever he can, he also calls him so many times every day. At home, Jon is still brooding though, keeping quiet and sullen. So after just a few days, exactly like Theon said, on Friday evening, Ned tells him over dinner: "We're having a barbecue tomorrow. Robb invited Jeyne, and I think Theon can also come."

Jon almost jumps from his chair, that's how happy is to hear that. He doesn't even care about the puzzled looks his younger brothers and sisters give him, feeling quite smug over Catelyn having to explain these things to them.

His father gives him a stern look. "But Jon, you are still grounded, and please, I want you both on your best behaviour."

Jon nods, smiling. "Sure, dad. Thanks." He can't wait to tell Theon.

The barbecue is a success. The weather is great, they are all lounging by the pool, enjoying themselves. Except that it is also the weirdest day ever. Theon and Jon are grinning like idiots, but
they are careful to always stand at least two meters away from each other, god forbid they would touch. Theon is the epitome of a decent young man. He is polite, all thank you and please, he is attentive, let me help you with that, careful not to swear or even smoke. Which is pretty ridiculous, because the Starks have known him forever. But still, he's trying hard not to fuck up anything under Ned's scrutinizing gaze.

When it's time for Theon to go home, Jon sees him off and they steal a kiss at the entrance door. A bit of groping too. Jon gets so hard, he practically runs to his room to jerk off. After he's calmed down and cleaned himself, he is pleased it all went so well. His father later confirms that by telling him that, yes, Theon can come whenever he wants, as long as they behave.

So Theon starts coming to the Starks’ place every single day. And they behave. Most of the time. Because, with each new day they get bolder, they seek the opportunities to be alone, and then they are all over each other. They are yet to go to Jon's room and be alone there, no one said specifically that they shouldn't, but they still stick to common areas and Robb's room. They pay very little attention to Robb when they're with him though.

In the safety of Robb's room, Jon slams Theon against the wall and desperately grinds into him, moaning through his kisses, as Robb rolls his eyes at them. They ignore him, and Theon is squeezing Jon's ass, grabbing a handful, and he is running his fingers through his hair and Jon is melting under the touches.

"I've missed you so much," he moans.

"Oh, baby, I've missed you too." Theon whispers. "I can't wait to have you at my place again."

Jon smiles. "Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"What will you do then?" he asks.

"Please text him that, okay?" Robb says, and they giggle.

"Shut up, Robb," Theon tells him. Then he speaks to Jon again, "Oh, baby, what I'm gonna do to you, I'm gonna fuck you so hard you won't know what hit you."

"Yeah?" Jon moans, so needy.

"Yeah, baby. I'll fuck your brains out, you'll be sore for days."

"Please," Robb wails exasperated, and they giggle some more.

After almost five weeks of driving Robb mad, when Ned finally gives Jon his blessing to start going out of the house again as long as he's not neglecting school responsibilities, Robb seems as happy as the two of them.

"Make sure you're back at a decent time," his father tells Jon before he's out. Jon practically skips to the bus stop. It is Saturday, and the sun is shining and everything seems perfect. As the bus takes him ever closer to Theon, the butterflies in his stomach go wilder. He is thinking about what Theon said, how he's gonna fuck his brains out, and his knees are weak and his cock rock hard.

Once inside Theon's flat, he is so overwhelmed he can't say a word. Theon eyes him smugly, before pulling him in a tight embrace. Then he makes good on his word. He fucks him within the inch of his life. And the only reason Jon is not sore for days afterwards is because he spent the last five weeks
fingering his ass relentlessly every evening before sleep, thinking of Theon and his cock fucking him to oblivion.
Theon knew Jon would pout his way out of trouble, but it still surprised him that it took that long. Ned Stark must've been really pissed for it to last five weeks. *Five very long weeks* that Theon had to spend without being able to fully satisfy his craving for Jon. True, he went to see him every day, but they had to just sit and be nice and decent, spending time in common areas of the house. Except for the times they would be at Robb's room and, safe behind his closed doors, he and Jon would kiss and fondle. Those moments were as valuable as they were tormenting. He'd get hard as hell. He was in a constant state of arousal, and jerking off in his car, on a dirt track clearing in Winterfell park, on his way home, had become a daily routine for Theon. But he still ached for the real thing.

That Saturday when Jon finally came to his place, Theon treated him to his usual cocky smugness, as he knew how it makes Jon tremble, but in truth, Theon was just as jittery and excited as Jon. The sex marathon that day proved to be left him nearly dead, but happy as a lark.

After that, things returned, more or less, to normal. He'd go to work, pick Jon up from school whenever he could, they'd go places, do stuff, fuck, and Theon no longer had to worry they'd run into Ned Stark somewhere. Jon insisted they spend quite some time at the Starks' place too, which was fine, except that they couldn't really be as relaxed as when they were at his.

Catelyn Stark did her best to ignore them, and that suited Theon just fine. He wished Ned Stark was ignoring him a bit as well, but the man just wouldn't let it go. Every single time Theon would come, he'd observe him so intensely, watching his every move, asking him all those questions about his work, his family and how everything was going. Theon felt so uneasy, but the moment he'd crash his lips against Jon's he'd forget about all the hassle and even deem it worth it.

The first week after he was no longer grounded, Jon decides it was now okay for them to spend time in his room as well. And Theon realizes that, for all the years he's known him and all the zillion times
he's been to his house, he has never seen Jon's room before - he was always at Robb's. It's funny and quite weird. Jon seems to feel like that too. Theon can see he's being all self-conscious for some reason. All the little details - posters on the wall, messy bedding, books and CDs galore, his work desk, notebooks and pencils and post it notes, marker pens and schoolbooks, Jon's black messenger bag thrown carelessly to the corner, eyeliner and nailpolish on his nightstand - they all bring a new sense of intimacy between them, and it is adorable to see how Jon reacts to it.

He seems shy and alert, as if he himself is seeing his room now for the first time. Theon doesn't wish to make him more nervous, but he can't help looking around. He smiles to reassure Jon and walks around the room slowly, looking. Jon says nothing, but he shifts nervously from one foot to the other.

"You wanna play some music for us?" Theon asks.

"Yeah, sure. Um, what would you like?"

Theon goes through Jon's CD collection. There's so much stuff he hasn't even heard of, and then the stuff he knows all seems pretty depressing. Theon's lost. "I don't know, baby. Play something sexy."

Jon is uncertain. "You probably hate all my music."

Theon has to laugh. Jon is acting like they're on a first date or something. "No, I'll love anything you play, I swear."

Jon comes to the shelf and looks at his CDs, thinking. A few minutes pass, and he still hasn't picked anything.

"You know, Jon," Theon says, arching his eyebrow, "you don't have to impress me." But when Jon still can't make up his mind, he comes to stand behind him, placing his hands on his hips. He pulls him towards him and grunts softly when Jon's pert little butt is pressed firmly against his crotch. He whispers in his ear: "Just play something you want to be fucked to."

Jon gasps and smiles a bit. "We can't fuck here, Theon." He picks a CD and it's Depeche Mode, and Theon's quite okay with it actually.

"Sure we can," he says, making slight thrusts with his hips. He is getting hard and he doubts anyone would come up to bother them - they for sure can sneak a quickie. But as the music starts playing, Theon catches sight of the seashell he sent Jon. It is on his bookshelf, carefully placed between two not so carefully placed book piles. That makes him feel kind of weird. So he loosens his hold of Jon's hips and turns him around. Jon looks all weird too. They watch each other in silence for a few moments and then they just kiss for the rest of the day.

After a while, though, Theon stops feeling weird about being in Jon's room and seeing his seashell there in its special place. But even after they've been there a sufficient number of times for Theon to feel innate familiarity with all the clutter of his surroundings, Jon still seems somewhat bashful. And he is still refusing to do anything more than kiss and grope while they're there. Getting him to spread his ass for Theon there thus becomes Theon's number one objective. For some reason he is dying to fuck Jon in his room, with his family outside and where anyone can walk in on them. It feels so naughty. It is all Theon can think about. Jon's room is a yet unmarked territory. But Jon is reluctant, he is scared and shy, he doesn't wanna do it, no matter what Theon says. His reasons not to are all
logical and pragmatic and fucking reasonable, while Theon's driven by a completely irrational need. Still he persists. And still Jon won't do it. In the end Theon gives up and lets it go.

Then one day, a couple of weeks after they've been forgiven, they are making out on Jon's bed. He is again in his sweet submissive mode, soft and meek under Theon's kisses, seeming so shy and subdued. When he is like that, Theon can hardly believe it's the same kinky tease who begged for the filthiest things only the night before. But he enjoys this disposition as well. It makes him feel strong and commanding, so much in charge. He kisses him gently, speaks tenderly, caresses him slowly, whispering words of endearment in his ear.

"Baby," he asks, "do you think your father will let you spend the whole weekend with me?"

"I don't know," Jon responds. "I would love to."

Theon pushes his hand up Jon's shirt and plays with his nipple. "Why don't you be an exceptionally good boy this whole week, you know, do your chores, get some good grades, stuff like that, and then ask him?"

Jon giggles to his words and moans to the touches he's getting, sounding so wanton and shy at the same time, a combination that drives Theon wild. He is as hard as ever.

"Will you do that for me, baby? Will you be a good boy and get your father to let you spend the whole weekend?" He is grinding his hips on Jon, rubbing his erection against Jon's through their jeans.

His hand now goes down, inside Jon's pants and down to his butt. He squeezes gently, and then harder, before his fingers start touching the crease between Jon's buttcheeks.

Jon moans, "Theeoonn." But then he adds: "We can't do it here."

Theon whispers: "I know. And we won't. I just wish to touch you a bit."

But that is Jon Snow for you right there - saying No and We can't like a good decent boy, but tugging his jeans down at the same time, turning slightly to the side and spreading his asscheeks on his own to give Theon better access like a naughty thing that he is.

Theon chuckles, gives Jon's ass a gentle smack and squeezes him so hard, pressing his crotch onto him, making him whimper even before his fingers are in.

"Listen," Theon says again, "ask him, and make sure he says yes, okay? It's really important."

"I will," Jon promises, grunting at the approaching intrusion. "But why is it so important?"

"I thought it to be a surprise, but I'll tell you, just so you really try to get him to agree." And Theon pushes his forefinger gently inside Jon's tight and warm asshole and tells him about a trip he has to take. His uncle has made some deal with some big shot hotelier in the Vale and is supposed to have a casino opened there, so Theon will go to sign the contract on his behalf. It's a big fucking deal for Theon, not only that his uncle has shown him such trust but also has made it quite clear to anyone that he is intent on investing such authority in Theon - he has practically made him his right hand, his deputy.

He is telling this all to Jon as his finger goes in and out of his asshole, and Jon is adorable at his attempt to look concentrated and focused on the story while he is, in fact, melting, completely undone. Theon pushes another finger in, changing the pace now too, going faster and deeper, making Jon moan a pitch higher.
"So I have a five star hotel suite booked for me for this weekend, and I was thinking how I won't really enjoy all that champagne, Jacuzzi or whatever the fuck they have there unless I also have your pretty lips stretched around my cock."

Theon bites Jon's lips and pushes his fingers so hard Jon's whole body shakes. His eyes tilt backwards and he whimpers quietly as Theon's tongue explores the depths of his mouth.

Jon takes his hand to Theon's cock and Theon groans appreciatively when he starts stroking him. It feels a bit clumsy, their hands entangled in their jeans and underwear, but it is also sweet, it feels forbidden and sexy.

Theon sits up, pulling Jon on top of him. He is straddling Theon's thighs and rolling his hips, while Theon holds him, his one hand squeezing the toned flesh of his buttocks and the other one is working its way again inside his jeans. Jon's skinny jeans are so tight, this soon proves to be impossible in this position, and Jon gets up and takes them off, remaining just in his T-shirt. He is barefoot and lovely like this, and Theon grins to this unexpected step Jon's taking.

"You gonna lock the door?" he asks.

Jon shakes his head and proceeds to pull Theon's jeans a bit further down, releasing his fully erect cock.

Theon knows that now there is a little to no chance of anyone walking in on them as Catelyn has never entered Jon's room, Robb probably knows better than to come, as well as the other Stark children, but the thing that must have made a difference for Jon this time is the fact that his father is still at work. This is the first time they're here that Ned is not home. However, he expects Jon to change his mind any second now.

"You naughty thing," he whispers, slapping Jon's butt slightly as he pulls him to himself.

Jon straddles Theon's hips and grabs something from his desk. Suddenly, the whole room smells like peaches and apricots and other sweet stuff.

Theon smiles through his kisses. "What's that?"

Jon is all matter of fact. "Hair conditioner." But then he must see puzzled look Theon gives him as he explains, smiling: "I don't have any lube."

"Aren't you resourceful?" Theon chuckles, happy they're really gonna go with it.

"I googled that, internet says it should do," Jon mumbles somewhat shyly, and Theon surpasses a laugh. He really is a naughty thing, googling stuff like that, having hair conditioner all ready on his desk, he was so planning this.

"That's my good naughty boy." Theon kisses him gently, rewarding him for his thoughtful planning, his bravery, and most importantly, his improper behaviour.

Theon feels that once they've had sex in Jon's room, the last barrier between them would disappear. Like the last stronghold would be conquered or something. He sees it as a challenge. The biggest one so far. He remembers how it took him a few days to convince Jon to blow him in his car in front of the Starks house, after he's driven him home, but with this Jon has resisted much longer. And Theon understands why, it is risky and forbidden. But it is so sweet what they're doing now. As sweet as that peaches smell of Jon's hair conditioner that he is now rubbing all over Theon's cock.

"Are you sure you don't want to lock the door?" Theon asks again as he lifts him up, positioning his
cock to Jon's entrance.

Jon smiles, a playful look in his eyes. "I thought it was the risk of getting caught what turns you on, Theon. Don't pussy out now." Then he frowns a bit, gasping, as Theon pulls him onto his cock gently.

"Never, baby. I'd never miss an opportunity to pound your sweet little ass."

"Even if we might get caught?" Jon asks through slight grunts as he's being spread.

The thing is, Theon knows that they would not get caught now, but he plays along. "Even more so in that case. You are such a naughty boy, Jon, riding my cock here in your room, where your family can catch you. What would they say if they saw you now, naked, horny for me, butt-fucked like this? You love my cock so much, baby, don't you?"

Jon whimpers a bit as he's being stretched, slowly sliding down Theon's hardness. Theon holds him, helping him come down slower, gentler. The hair conditioner works well though, Theon is pleased to notice, and it smells real good. Then he is all the way in, and Jon just blinks and breathes hard for a few moments. He sits motionless until Theon gives a slight push. He'd also savour the moment, but this fuck should better be a quickie.

Jon licks his lips and starts moving. Theon holds his ass, squeezing him and feeling quite powerful as he draws him further onto his cock and then lifts him up again. Jon is moaning softly, biting his lips in concentration, and he looks so cute like that, just in his T-shirt, a naughty boy in his room, taking it up the ass.

Theon's hand goes to Jon's neck and he pulls him closer for a kiss. He sucks on his plump pretty lips and then pushes his tongue inside. Jon's mouth is warm and soft, and Theon loves all the little sounds Jon makes, he whimpers and moans, then wails a bit, and grunts and gasps, then moans again, and by that Theon can tell at any given time just what he and his cock are doing to Jon. And that feels really good.

Jon speeds up now, and his movements are more forceful, he is slamming down hard, trying to keep quiet.

"Yeah, baby," Theon whispers encouragingly, "ride my cock, come on."

Jon grunts and sits down, fully impaled, then rolls his hips. He closes his eyes and keens. Theon kisses him to shut him up and lifts him up, grabbing his ass with both his hands, pushing him up and bringing him down again.

"Theooonn," Jon wails into his mouth.

Theon can see he really likes this and wants to keep going, but it is almost 5:30 and that means Ned can come any minute now, and despite the excitement Theon feels over doing something so forbidden, it would still be better if he's not balls deep in Jon's ass when daddy Stark gets home.

He takes the hair conditioner and squeezes some of it into his palm, then wraps his hand around Jon's cock. Jon whimpers to the sensation. Theon smacks his ass with his other hand, then grabs him around the waist, holding him firmly. He strokes Jon's cock and keeps him pressed down hard. Then he starts bucking his hips up. He fucks him like that, hard and good, and Jon wails a helpless cry that Theon again silences with kisses.

Theon is the first to come, he fucks Jon in quick forceful motions, panting and twitching slightly. Then his body relaxes, cock still in Jon's ass, and Jon squirms, needy and quite close himself. Theon
just breathes for a while but when his cock slides out he shoves his fingers in, three at once, and
starts fingering him, hard and rough. He then curls his fingers a bit, squeezes Jon's cock tighter, tugs
at his skin a bit firmer, and Jon moans, his cum spurting over Theon's hand, then pants in his arms.
They stay like that, kissing.

The sound of Ned's car makes them jump. He's home. Now they must behave. They clean up the
mess hastily and fix their clothes, Jon quickly getting back into his jeans. Then they sit next to each
other, barely touching.

"Baby, don't forget to be good this whole week, and then ask your father to let you come with me,
okay?" Theon reminds him.

"Is your uncle okay with you taking me with you?" Jon asks.

"I haven't told him yet. But don't worry about my uncle, he's cool. You take care of your father and
I'll deal with Euron."

To be honest, Theon is not sure if Euron will be cool about it, he hopes so. But he won't tell him a
thing before they're sure Jon is allowed to go.

Ned Stark says he must think about it, but in the end he agrees, probably figuring that if he doesn't let
Jon go, next time Jon won't even ask but will again come up with a "school trip". Trust is a two-way
street, it really seems, and thank fuck that Ned is reasonable enough to be aware of it.

And Theon was right about his uncle being cool. Euron smirks a bit, his miscoloured eyes still
making Theon nervous, and just as he's decided that this was actually a bad idea and that he should
have never even thought about asking such thing, Euron smiles.

"Well, I wouldn't mind you bringing a girl, so this is just the same I guess. Yeah, bring your boy
along."

Theon is relieved and happy to hear that. However, before he's out of his uncle's office, Euron calls
after him.

"But Theon," he says, his tone serious all of a sudden, "don't fuck shit up."

"I swear I won't, uncle." Theon is quick to reassure him. "It means the world to me, this chance
you're giving me, I would never... you know, fuck shit up."

Euron laughs at that. "Alright, go now. Have fun. But I'll fucking geld both of you if you screw this
up for me."

That leaves Theon feeling so perturbed, Euron actually takes him out for drinks in an attempt to
explain he was joking. The thing is, he is never sure with his uncle.
Theon picks Jon up right after school on Friday, and they drive to the Vale. It is a four hour drive, and it is already dark when they get there. Theon has a meeting with Yohn Royce the following day after breakfast, and since those drinks with Euron the day before have left him still feeling slightly hungover, they go straight to bed.

In the morning, they have breakfast brought to their suite, but Theon is so nervous he hardly eats anything. He is getting ready for his meeting while Jon is munching on one delicacy or another. Mr. Royce is clearly trying his best to impress them, so the breakfast is fit for a king. Theon is pleased about that. He is fresh out of the shower, splashing perfume all over himself, carefully laying out his smart suit down on the bed, checking if all the documents he needs are there in his fancy leather briefcase. Jon lies on the bed, nibbling on something, and watches him all the while.

Once Theon is fully dressed, he turns to look in the mirror. He catches sight of Jon, who has stopped eating and is just staring at him. Theon smirks. He notices the bulge beneath Jon's sheet.

Jon sees him looking and blushes. "I've never seen you so dressed up before," he says.

Theon grins at his reflection, putting on cufflinks. "Yeah, well, I am attending a very important meeting," he explains, so full of himself, delighting in the effect both his smart appearance and his big words have on Jon. "I'll be signing a very important contract."

He checks his watch and sees Jon has started squirming, biting his lips to a sore red, and Theon grins even wider. "Like I said, I'll be signing a very important contract, with my big fancy fountain pen. I am a very important businessman, baby."

Jon laughs. "Shut up."

But Theon can see that he has started rubbing himself beneath the sheets. *Horny little thing.*

Theon clears his throat, throws one more look at the mirror. "Okay, seriously now, this meeting really is important. So how do I look?"

Jon is up from the bed and down on his knees in a second. He unzips Theon's fly and looks up. "This good," he says.

Theon protests, "Jon, we can't. You'll blow me later. I have to go now."

"It'll be quick," Jon promises and takes him in his mouth. Theon thinks this is not really such a good idea, as he really has to go, but he is already half-hard and Jon has started sucking and it really feels so good. Besides, he now has a rapidly developing erection and he can't really attend a meeting with a fucking hard-on.

"Alright," he agrees, "but don't mess me up. You swallow it all to the last drop, okay?"

Jon hums in consent as he bobs his head, going up and down Theon's length. Theon leans against the wall and closes his eyes, his fingers lost in Jon's hair, fists full of Jon's messy curls. He bucks his hips slightly, moaning. Jon teases him with his tongue and then takes him whole. He pulls and sucks, rubbing his tongue flat down Theon's shaft. Theon opens his eyes and looks at those pretty red lips open wide, moving along his cock.

He caresses the hollows of Jon's cheeks and Jon looks up. Again, Jon's utter and unconditional submissiveness, the tame and docile look in his eyes is what blows Theon's mind and pushes him
over the edge. His body gives a gentle twitch and he comes inside Jon's sucking mouth.

Jon swallows it all like a good boy, and Theon is as presentable as ever. Jon comes up to kiss him.

"You look so hot," he whispers. "Please say you'll fuck me in your suit once you're back."

Theon smiles. "I will, baby, I promise."

He gives Jon a long slow kiss and leaves for his meeting. Even before he gets to the elevator, Theon gets a brilliant idea. He can hardly wait to tell it to Jon. He is sure he's gonna love it.
Now that the Stark siblings knew about Jon and Theon being together, Sansa made the mistake of telling it to her friend Jeyne. Not that it should have been a secret or anything, but apparently Jeyne also told some other friends, and soon enough the entire school knew about them. Which was fine, except that somewhere along the way the story got a bit distorted, and now there is a rumour going on about how Jon was caught blowing Theon in the mall's bathroom. Not that he never did, or that the circumstances in which they were busted were any more graceful, hell no, but this made some people act like pricks.

For several days Jon was teased relentlessly, people would make mock moaning noises at him, they'd mimic giving blowjob when he'd walk by, they'd say all kinds of shit, and in the end Jon lost it and punched one guy in the face, ending up in two hours' detention.

That day, Theon, totally oblivious to all that's been going on, comes to pick him up and learns from Robb what has happened.

"Assholes," Theon swears, then looks at Robb frowning. "Why the hell didn't you do something?"

"Do what, Theon?" Robb asks. "I wasn't even there when it happened. Besides, Jon can fend for himself, he blackened that guy's eye, like, proper. I think they'll leave him alone after this."

"You could have told me. Or you could have spoken with them... like, before it escalated."

"Jon would have told you himself if he wanted to. And me speaking with them? For real now, Theon, come on, like you never went to high school. That's not how it works. They'd go on, no matter what I say, until someone's face gets smashed in. Well, I'm happy it wasn't Jon's, so give me a break, will you?" Robb gets in his car and leaves.

Robb is right, but Theon feels bad for what happened. He thinks about Jon, sitting in that detention, alone and brooding, and he wishes to fucking kill the guys who picked on him. It is so like Jon not to
tell him about it, but he still thinks their intimacy is solid enough to allow such exceptions. Theon lights up a cigarette and sits in his car, waiting. He thinks about how much time he himself has spent in detention - quite a lot, ever the troublemaker - and he then tries not to think about what would happen to him once he'd get home after the detention.

Theon also fears Ned Stark will now never let him spend as much as a minute with Theon again, let alone the whole weekend. He ends up smoking almost the whole pack before two hours have passed and he sees Jon walking towards him.

He seems glum, pouting sullenly, but his expression softens when he sees Theon getting out of the car to greet him.

Theon holds him tight and gives him a soft kiss. "You okay?" he asks.

Jon nods. "Yeah, it's just... stupid, what happened."

Theon is checking Jon's face for any sign of a fight - a bruise, a cut, anything, but he's whole and unharmed, and Theon feels better for it. "Who's the guy that got it?" he asks.

"Just some guy, Marbrand."

Theon remembers Marbrand, annoying little shit, that's true, but he never perceived him as a bully. He nods in recognition.

"You know him?" Jon is surprised. "How come?"

Theon grins. "I fucked his sister."

Jon rolls his eyes. "Why did I even ask?" He then chuckles. "He's got two sisters. Which one?"

Theon grins even wider. "Both of them."

"Slut." Jon laughs wholeheartedly.

They get inside the car, and Theon asks in a concerned tone: "So what did they do? What did they say?"

Jon sighs. "Just... it's stupid."

"No, tell me, I wanna know."

"Well, it was just Marbrand and a couple of his stupid friends, in the bathroom. They... spoke shit. I was pissing and when I finished I punched him." Jon then does what he always does when he is nervous or doesn't want to talk - he shuffles between the radio stations.

Theon starts the car and they drive away. After a while, he asks again: "What did they say?"

Jon is silent, watching through the window. Theon sighs and continues driving. He gets them to Winterfell park, and finds the little dirt track clearing that's become their own, in a way. There he stops the car and looks at Jon. "Why won't you tell me? What did they say?"

Jon shrugs. "Nothing." But the annoyed look Theon gives him makes him smile a bit. Then he says quietly, looking down: "They said how I must give good head, 'cause you've been with all those girls but have settled for me."

Theon chuckles. "They said that?" He looks at Jon, amusement slowly replacing his previous look of
concern.

"Shut up, Theon, it's not funny. They've been after me for the whole week. Said I should suck them off too. Not only was I fed up, but I felt really... I don't know, threatened." Jon chews on his lower lip and again starts spinning the tuner knob on the radio.

Theon sighs and lifts Jon's head. "Baby, I'm sorry. You should have told me earlier. They're a bunch of stupid pricks." He caresses Jon's hair and kisses him gently. "But you know, they're right."

Jon frowns, but Theon goes on. "You do give good head. You give great head. Much better than either one of Marbrand's sisters. And I'll make sure I tell him that next time I see him, right before I break his fucking neck."

Jon is still sulking, but the corners of his lips turn slightly upwards.

Theon gives him another kiss, then says: "But you know, next time someone talks shit like that, you tell me right away, okay? And I'll kick their asses, alright?"

That has Jon laughing. "So my big boyfriend will protect me? Aww." Then he adds, more serious: "Don't be ridiculous, Theon. I can kick asses on my own."

"I know you can, Jon. But then you'll end up being grounded all the fucking time and then who will blow me? Marbrand's sister?" Theon raises his eyebrow, smiling smugly.

Jon scoffs at him. "Oh, fuck you. You know what, you better start dialling her number right fucking now, 'cause I don't think I'll blow you ever again at all." But despite his words, Jon's still half-smiling.

"Of course you will," Theon says, grinning. "You love my cock way too much." He grabs Jon's jaw with his one hand and then pushes two fingers of another hand in his mouth, not surprised at all that Jon welcomes them eagerly. "You love to feel me heavy and throbbing on your tongue, baby. You love my smell, you love my taste. You love me fucking your pretty pout. Look at you, salivating already."

He is pushing his fingers further in Jon's mouth, back and forth, and Jon really does salivate, he sucks and slurps on those fingers like starved. Theon lets go of his jaw and unbuttons Jon's jeans, finding him hardening already. He smirks, takes Jon's cock out and starts stroking it.

When Theon goes down, Jon grabs his hair and pulls him on his cock so hard Theon gags. But he continues to suck, never minding the roughness in Jon's movements. He knows Jon is still upset over what happened and he likes seeing him worked up, dropping his submissiveness for once, holding Theon's head so firmly as his hips thrust upwards and fuck his mouth, hitting the back of his throat every time, making Theon's eyes well up as he gags helplessly. Still, he is happy to be an outlet for Jon's agitated state, content to accept all the rage that Jon gives vent to by making Theon choke on his pretty cock.

When Jon comes, Theon gets them all messy. While he usually loves swallowing, this time it hits his throat so hard and quite unexpectedly he almost retches. Most of the cum ends up all over his face and Jon's jeans.

Jon breathes hard, relaxing, letting go of Theon's hair. It is most often Jon who is on the receiving end of these rough blowjobs, but Theon likes it too, now and then. He smiles as he lifts his head, happy to see Jon smile too before pulling him for a kiss.

As soon as Jon calms down, he immediately starts undoing Theon's trousers, getting ready to
reciprocate, but Theon, even though he's fully erect, pushes his hands away. "Not here, baby." Jon looks at him inquisitively, and Theon smiles. "In front of your house, before I leave," he says, starting the car.

"You kinky fuck," Jon chuckles, but Theon knows he likes it, not only by his enthusiastic sucking once they arrive, but also by how he wants Theon to talk about how his father and siblings can come and see them any second. They can't really, as Theon would see them first and warn Jon to lift his head up, but Jon gets off on it so much. Theon too. He comes so hard he almost screams. Then Jon gets out, ruffled up and smiling.

"Hey, Jon," Theon tells him, sticking his head through his car window as Jon leans down to kiss him once more, "call me to tell me if your father throws a shit fit over this today, okay? I really want this weekend to work, you know what I've got planned for us."

"Sure." Jon nods, worried again. "I want it too, Theon, but I really lost it today and...

"I know, baby, I understand, don't worry, I'd have lost it even sooner. But call me, okay?"

Theon kisses him until Jon starts smiling once more. Jon nods, turns around and disappears inside, and Theon drives away to wait for his phone call.

It turns out Robb has explained to their father all that has happened before Jon even got home. He went as far to say Jon was assaulted in the school bathroom. Which is great, because Ned felt sorry and concerned for Jon and never made a fuss about him punching Marbrand and ending up in detention. Theon knows Jon would have never told his father what happened. Had it not been for Robb, their weekend game would be off. He should get Robb a present or something, he really deserves it.

It's the middle of the night, and they are sitting in his car, all dressed up, driving towards Wintertown Business Tower. It is an impressive skyscraper, and its 30th floor hosts Euron Greyjoy's office headquarters.

Theon parks in the underground parking lot, then pins in the code to the elevator. It is deadly quiet, there's no one around. And at this time of night, it is no wonder. They wait for the elevator, and once it comes, Theon extends his hand, gesturing for Jon to get in.

"After you, Miss Snow," he says. Jon grins and then blushes, getting in.

Theon can't help chuckling. Jon looks so good, he would want nothing more than to fuck him right then and there, but he plays it cool, he enjoys this game too much to rush it.

As the elevator takes them up, Jon looks around himself, slightly apprehensive. He wears a smart black pencil skirt, so tight, so fucking sexy, Theon can hardly restrain himself from groping him. He also has brand new black leather shoes bought for this occasion specifically, their heels so high they add to Jon's height significantly and he is almost as tall as Theon now. A few buttons of his light blue shirt are open, Theon can see the black lace of his bra peeking out a bit. Jon notices his stare and smiles smugly.

Once on the 30th floor, they step into the long corridor and walk towards Euron Greyjoy's office, passing numerous cubicles, desks and closed doors.


"Are you sure no one's here?" Jon asks.

"Don't worry, no one's gonna be here at this hour. Maybe the cleaners will come later, like in the morning, but we'll leave before that. Besides, they won't go to his office. The offices are cleaned in the evening, mornings are for the common areas. Relax."

"And your uncle? What if he comes?" Jon still sounds worried.

Theon reassures him, "Baby, don't worry, I told you already, that's why it had to be this weekend. He's in the Summer Isles, we're fine."

Jon totters a bit as he walks, those heels are making Theon dizzy just to look at them. They're making him hard too.

"What if someone else comes to his office?" Jon asks again.

They stop in front of a big heavy door and Theon slides the keycard, then enters another code and the lock clicks.

"No one's gonna come, Jon. No one's allowed to his office while he's away." Then he adds, self-satisfied, "Except me."

He again opens the door for Jon. "After you, Miss Snow."

Jon pouts, his pink lipstick looking so sexy, and enters the office. Theon made him wear eyeglasses too, and he really looks like a professional young woman, all dressed up for work. Except for the bump of his cock beneath that tight skirt - Jon's been hard ever since he's put the clothes on.

"You know, sweetie, you're gonna have to be more polite than that if you wanna work here. What do you say when your boss holds the door for you?" Theon asks, closing the door behind them.

Jon smiles sheepishly. "Thank you, Mr Greyjoy."

"That's better." Theon walks to his uncle's massive desk and sits on his chair.

Jon stands by the door, nervously scratching non-existent chips on his pink fingernails. Theon pours himself some of his uncle's whiskey. He offers a glass to Jon too, but Jon declines. He is looking slightly uncomfortable, shifting in his sexy heels, making Theon's cock soar.

Theon throws him a sly glance. "Miss Snow, would you please be a nice personal assistant and help me locate that um, contract you filed yesterday. I can't seem to find it anywhere."

Jon blinks and smiles a bit, then he starts walking slowly towards him, swaying his hips. A low grunt escapes Theon, and Jon grins to hear it.

He comes to stand next to Theon. "Have you checked all your drawers, Mr Greyjoy?"

Theon takes a sip of his malt, then licks his lips. "All but the bottom one."

"Why'd you left that one unchecked?" Jon raises his eyebrows at him, looking over the eyeglasses' rim.

Theon taps his fingers on the desk. "I don't want to crumple my fancy business suit bending over."

Jon bites his lips before he could start laughing, but his eyes sparkle cheerfully, and he blinks some more. He then theatrically turns around and bends over, teasingly slow, reaching for the bottom
drawer, sticking his butt out. "So you want to crumple my suit instead?"

"Oh, I'm gonna crumple a lot more than just your suit, Miss Snow," Theon says, grabbing Jon's right buttcheek with his hand. He squeezes it and groans.

Jon doesn't move, he stays bent over like that, Theon's hand still holding his ass firmly. He says: "You know, Mr Greyjoy, I could sue you for sexual harassment."

Theon smacks his other buttcheek, his grasp on Jon's ass still firm and possessive. "You could, Miss Snow. But you won't."

Jon gasps. "No?"

"No," Theon says as his hands massage and squeeze the firm flesh of Jon's ass.

Jon is still bent over. He breathes hard and moves slightly, unstable in that position, the force of Theon's groping making him sway. "And why is that, Mr Greyjoy?"

"Cause I'm gonna sexually harass that idea out of you, sweetheart. I'm gonna fuck you numb."

Jon straightens up, but still doesn't turn around. "Is that a threat, Mr Greyjoy? Should I be intimidated?"

Theon pulls him on his lap, one arm around his waist, the other one at his throat. He whispers in his ear: "No. It's a promise. And you, Miss Snow," his hand firmly presses Jon's hard cock, "should be fucking dripping by now." And Theon swears he actually feels Jon's knees tremble.

Jon says nothing, he just moans. A needy, horny sound. And Theon was right, his cock is dripping, precum wetting his skirt, as he squirms on Theon's lap.

Theon lifts his skirt, his hand travelling up the legs, soft silky feel of Jon's stockings gentle on his fingertips. He toys with the garter belts for a while, squeezes the white flesh of Jon's thighs, then goes further up. Jon's skirt is so tight, it is not easy to lift it, so he pushes him to stand and pulls at it. But Jon wants contact, so he pulls Theon up and onto his lips.

They kiss, smearing Jon's lipstick, and Theon pushes him slightly backwards, trapping him between the desk and his erection. Jon makes a week sound of surprise as Theon swiftly lifts him up on the desk, placing him to sit. He fumbles with the buttons of Jon's shirt.

"Tear it," Jon whispers, and Theon feels his cock jump.

He raises his eyebrow and grins as his hands grab Jon's collar and tug violently, buttons popping all around them, exposing Jon's smooth white chest and the pretty black bra he's wearing.

Jon shudders, closing his eyes, and Theon's mouth again looks for his, as he is leaning into him, spreading his legs, trying to lift that damn skirt up. In the end he loses patience and pulls it so forcibly, it goes up alright, but with a ripping sound that again makes Jon moan.

Theon comes between his legs, unbuckling his belt, pulling it out of the loops, trying to work his own zip open, then letting his trousers fall down to his knees as he gets his cock out. When their cocks touch, Jon wails, and Theon takes both of them in his one hand and starts rubbing them together, his other hand still holding the belt.

"Theeoomm," Jon pleads, full of need, "fuck me."
Theon nibbles at his neck. "Are we on first name basis already, Miss Snow?"

Jon chuckles. "I figured we would be. I mean, we seem pretty close."

Theon smiles and smacks his butt with the belt gently. Witty little thing.

Jon adds: "Unless you get off on being called Mr Greyjoy?"

"I do, actually," Theon says, giving small bites all over Jon's neck and shoulders. "Be classy, baby, call me that. Come on, play it right."

Jon pulls him firmer onto himself, digging his nails in the skin of Theon's butt. "All right then, Mr Greyjoy. Please, whip me with your fancy leather belt and then fuck me in your classy office, on your fancy hardwood desk."

Theon steps back and pulls Jon off the desk, turning him around. He grabs his waist and pulls him towards him, pressing him against his crotch, and pushes his upper body down, bending him over.

Jon is face down on the desk, moaning, as Theon looks at him. He looks so fucking perfect - doubled over submissively, his smart shirt torn and just hanging from his arms, beautiful black bra showing, his skirt pulled up around his waist, his sexy ass so inviting, the whiteness of his skin in a lovely contrast with the black garter belts.

Theon breathes hard, his cock is ready to explode. He raises his arm and swiftly strikes Jon twice, once on each side. The leather snaps sharply in its contact with Jon's skin, leaving bright red diagonal marks, like a pretty X letter over Jon's butt. Jon moans, and Theon, so anxious to pound his little hole already, is bringing the belt down fast. It swishes through the air and cracks when it hits, raising angry red welts all over Jon's ass, making Jon whimper. He'd probably be happy for this to go on for a while longer, but Theon stops.

He licks his lips. "Show me what you've got for me, baby."

Jon's hands obediently go behind, spreading his asscheeks wide for Theon, who groans as he falls down on him, burying his tongue deep inside Jon's asshole. The sweet sounds Jon makes drive him wild. He tongues his ass devotedly, licking his soft puckered flesh, teasing him, sucking and kissing.

Theon stands up and again turns Jon around, impatient to fuck him. He lifts him up to sit on the desk and then pushes him down, he himself laying over him. He swipes everything from the desk down to the floor in one swift motion. Papers, stationary, his belt, telephone, even his whiskey glass, they all fall down noisily and Theon chuckles. "I've always wanted to do this."

Jon laughs too, but stops when Theon shoves his fingers into his mouth.

"Come on, baby, suck," he orders, and Jon obeys, sucking hungrily.

Every once in a while Theon takes his fingers out of Jon's mouth and kisses him before pushing them back in. Soon it has Jon drooling so much, his pink pouty lips are a mess, and he keens, his tone pleading and desperate.

Theon guides his cock to Jon's ass and nudges gently. Jon writhes beneath him and again spreads his asscheeks with his hands, lifting his legs high up, resting them on Theon's shoulders.
Theon pushes in slowly, delighting in the feel of the tight flesh opening so reluctantly just for him. Jon whimpers faintly as he's being stretched around Theon's hard cock and he doesn't move until it's all the way in. Theon goes so slow this time, his thrusts long and deep and sensual, making Jon moan so sweetly. He knows Jon likes to be fucked hard, but he is just making slow and languid movements with his hips, and at the same time he rubs Jon's cock almost to orgasm, then abandons it cruelly to throb on its own. He is edging him like that for a while, fucking him slow and gentle, stroking him and then letting go, and soon Jon starts begging, sniffling even, his whole body shaking in frustration.

There are tears in the corners of Jon's eyes and he looks a mess. He says please over and over again, and yet Theon still teases him cruelly, jerking him off with varying intensity, relishing the lovely sobs Jon makes and the steady friction as his cock advances slowly in and then out, spreading Jon gently. He remains silent to Jon's pleading, but his eyes are saying not yet, baby, enjoying to see Jon so wrecked, but so obedient nonetheless. Then all the helpless pleases become just incoherent sobs, and Theon stops for a few moments, kissing him lovingly all over the face, his eyes wet, make-up smeared with tears, his plump lips so sore. Jon looks at him and mouths yet another please, soundless and desperate. He's been hard for hours now and teased so much, he must be dying to orgasm.

Theon nods and starts fucking again, slowly picking up speed. At the same time, he takes Jon's cock and starts stroking him for real now. He will make him come, Jon has been a good boy, he waited patiently for his release and never even tried to touch himself, he's earned it. And boy, does he get it. As Theon rams his cock, his hips snapping, wild and furious, he squeezes Jon's cock, and soon Jon starts moaning, then he wails and finally screams, so fucking loud, Theon feels proud to have caused it, but also a bit worried someone still might hear them, despite no one being around at such late hour. Fuck, he was so loud even Euron Greyjoy might have heard him all the way in the Summer Isles.

Theon doesn't slow down, he fucks Jon through his spasms, through the shaking and sobbing, until he himself comes, burying himself deep and hard, letting out a low long growl as he fills Jon's ass with his cum. Then they both just pant and breathe, not moving for a few minutes.

Jon still sniffles a bit, and Theon caresses his face, kissing him softly. "You okay?"

Jon nods, and when he looks up, Theon can see his eyes are smiling.

"But Theon," he says, "I think you're gonna have to carry me, 'cause I don't think I can feel my legs. And I feel, like, really dizzy."

Theon chuckles and kisses him some more. "That's okay, sweetheart, I'll just fuck you back to a normal state again."

But the truth is, Theon can hardly stand himself. He nonetheless manages somehow to shift them both onto a sofa. The cold leather feels comfortable on their hot and sweaty skin. They cuddle for a while and watch the mess they've made.

"You know, it was really sexy how you threw everything to the floor." Jon smirks.

"Yeah? You liked that, baby?"

Jon nestles closer to him. "Yeah. I liked everything you did."

"Jon?" Theon asks, "You're gonna graduate in a few weeks, and, um... I was thinking... Uh, next month, on the 15th, there's like this big ancient holiday on the Iron Islands, the Drowned God Festival, it goes on for days..."
"I know," Jon interrupts.

"Right." Theon continues. "Well, all the Greyjoys come and have, like, a reunion, but they basically just get plastered and talk shit, while my father goes on about either me or my uncle Euron being a disappointment and a disgrace and all that, so it's not really much fun. Um... but, the school's gonna be out by then, and remember how I went with you when you had to tell your father about us?"

Theon sees in Jon's eyes, by the way they get dark suddenly, that he knows what he's gonna say. He says it still: "You wanna... return the favour?"

"Sure," Jon tells him. He sounds worried though, and Theon knows it's because he too knows about Balon Greyjoy and his temper. Jon asks: "You're gonna tell him?"

"Yeah, I'm gonna tell everyone. I mean, I don't have to, but I am not gonna hide, so it's just like bringing my girlfriend along. Only, it's you."

Jon says nothing, but he really looks worried, and Theon can't blame him, they are talking about Balon fucking Greyjoy.

Still, he tries to smile and sound reassuring, to appear as if he's joking about it. "I just, I mean, I could go on my own and tell him, but I figured I might need someone to, I don't know, take me to a hospital afterwards."

Jon sits up, agitated. "Theon? He can't. I mean, he's not gonna... uh... I'll go with you. And I know he's your father and all, but I won't let anyone hurt you. Even if I end up... like, no matter what, I won't let anyone abuse you."

That is actually really funny, because Jon, despite his devotion, apparently knows nothing about Balon Greyjoy. The thing is, he's gonna... well, Theon doesn't really know what his father will do, but it won't be good, and Jon is nothing but a foolish kid if he thinks he'd be able to stop him.

But he can't deny feeling so special to hear what Jon said. He holds him closer. "Look at you, baby. Punching Marbrand in the face, defending me from my father, you're really tough. For a guy in a skirt."
"I don't know, Theon, it's kinda lame," Jon complains. "Really stupid."

"No, it's not. Shut up, just play along. Come on," Theon says as he is putting the eye-patch on.

But Jon is not convinced. "A pirate? Seriously?"

Theon is getting annoyed. "Oh, come on, don't be selfish, I went along with you wanting a spanking."

"Yeah, but that wasn't stupid." Jon chuckles and presses against him, taking Theon's hand to his ass. He whispers in a low sexy voice: "And you liked that too, didn't you? You like me being naughty for you?"

Theon is smiling, because yes, he does like it. He groans. "Don't fucking start that talk, Jon. Come on, baby, be nice, I'd do it for you."

And Jon gives in. "Okay," he sighs. "Do I need to be, like, a princess or something? Cabin boy maybe?"

Theon gives him an impatient look and says, almost offended: "If you don't stop being a prick, I'll make you dress like a fucking princess when you meet my father. See how you like that." He scoffs again, muttering: "Unbelievable. What a jerk."

Jon decides to stop teasing and is now serious, eager to please, make it good for him. He asks: "Okay. So what do I do? What do you want me to do?"

Theon, happy to see him willing, smiles again. "Well, nothing, just, like, you know, pretend you're all surprised and give me a bit of a fight, and you know..." but he doesn't get to finish as Jon is chuckling again. Theon rolls his eyes, irritated.

Jon quickly says: "Sorry, sorry. It's cool. Go on. I act surprised and give you a bit of a fight. Anything else?"
"Yes, actually, there was one more thing: don't be a prick about it."

"Okay, sorry, I didn't mean to. It's good, really, sounds great. I love it. Really do."

Theon looks at him, and he loves the teasing bastard, so he melts a little and asks: "You'll do this nice and proper? For me?"

Jon assures him. "Yeah, man, don't worry. I will. You know I'll do any stupid shit for you."

"It's not stupid, Jon."

"I know, I didn't mean this, I just said it like that, like any whatever thing in general."

He pulls him in for a kiss, and Theon loves Jon's kisses, those plump lips pressing against his own, sharp teeth gently nibbling as his lower lip is being sucked and pulled, so his annoyance disappears. He knows Jon will play along, despite his stupid I'm-too-cool-for-pirate-play attitude, and he's getting hard now just thinking about it. Theon breaks away. "Right, I go now. But act all surprised, okay?"

Jon gives him a quick peck on the lips. "Sure, baby, don't worry."

Theon is out of their cabin, then he strolls along the corridors of the ferry, thinking how he should try and wait as long as he can, to make it more intense, or whatever. He goes up one floor, past the souvenir shop where he got the eye-patch and the idea for this game. Theon smirks. The girl at the cashier smiles at him and she looks kind of cute, so he smiles back. The store is empty, she must be bored. "Long journey, right?" she says and even giggles. Yeah, she's hot for him alright. Girls always are. Theon nods, but he can't really talk to her now, his cock is hard because he's thinking of all the things he'll do to Jon, so she might freak out if she sees he's fully erect while chatting with her. He goes up another floor, and another, and all the way up to the deck. The wind is so strong and cold even in the summer, it nearly blows him away. But he stands in the doorway and lights a cigarette. His father didn't sound too pleased when they spoke on the phone, but he never sounded pleased anyway, mean and spiteful that he was.

Theon has yet to tell him the truth, he just said he would be coming over for the festival with someone and Balon assumed it was a girl. Theon didn't bother correcting him. Now he thinks it might have been stupid. Maybe he should have told him over the phone. He can't imagine the look on his father's face when he sees him and Jon, holding hands, or not really, but yeah, that. God, he's gonna kill us.

Theon specifically forbade Jon nail polish and make up, and while Jon seemed a bit offended at first, he agreed to put their little games on hold while they're at Pyke, and Theon was thankful for that. Just telling Balon about them will be hard enough, he really doesn't need to flaunt Jon around with his perfectly manicured black nails and a fucking eyeliner. He throws the cigarette butt, steps on it and heads down the stairs. After three flights of stairs he realizes that he should see the souvenir shop, but it's nowhere to be seen. He stops and looks around. Fuck, this ferry really is big.

Theon has no idea where he is, he must be on the wrong floor, maybe he counted wrong, so he walks down another flight of stairs expecting to find the souvenir shop there, but it's not there either.
He goes further down, and then down again, all the way to the fucking car-park level. No souvenir shop. And he has no idea how to get back to their cabin, where Jon is waiting for him, ready to play. *Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck!*

He goes up one level, walks all around, but there's nothing, just cabins. Then he goes up another level, again, just cabins. Another level and it's restaurants and bars and drunk people and families, and Theon goes away quickly. Up another level and again it's just cabins. Then finally on the next level he sees the information desk and asks for the souvenir shop. The guy looks at him like he's mad, and Theon realizes he's still wearing the stupid eye-patch, he hasn't removed it. That's why the girl was giggling too. He feels like an idiot. But the guy is still a condescending prick, so Theon looks him straight in the eyes thinking he'll punch him if he says anything stupid. He's pissed off enough already. The guy tells him the shop is closed now, but it's on the next floor. Theon doesn't even thank him, he just goes up the stairs. Then he remembers that their cabin is one floor *down* from the shop, so he goes down again, past the info-desk twat, feeling like the king of all idiots. The guy just stares and says nothing. *Good for him, I'd have fucking smashed his head in.*

So Theon finally heads down the familiar corridor and feels huge relief when he gets to their cabin door. He checks his eye-patch, takes a deep breath and gets in.

Jon glares at him and straight away barks: "Where the fuck have you been, Theon?"

"Oh, for fuck sake! You were supposed to act surprised. You don't ask a pirate where he's been, baby. You piss yourself with terror, be all shocked and put up a fight. You ruined it."

"Yeah, but I was worried. You disappeared for like an hour or so."

"I got lost, sorry."

Jon starts laughing like mad. "You got lost? On a boat? Some pirate you are."

"Shut up, it's a fucking big boat." Theon feels tired now, he doesn't really want to play anymore. He takes the eye-patch off and says: "You're right, this is stupid."

But Jon comes to him and kisses him so hungrily, whispering in *that* tone again: "I don't care if it's stupid. I prepared myself to be ravished by a pirate, so put that eye-patch back on, get the fuck out again - don't get lost, though - and come back inside and fucking ravish me."

Theon's arousal is back after those words, and he grins at Jon. "But act surprised, like we agreed. Don't ask me where I was or anything."

Jon chuckles. "Yeah, but don't go anywhere, stay in front of the cabin."

Theon scoffs and gets out again.

He puts his eye-patch back on and then just stands in front of the cabin door, he'll wait for three minutes. He leans back against the door and thinks how best to do this, the cabin is small, and they might break something. Theon is taller and maybe stronger than Jon, though he's not sure. But Jon is still quite tough, and if he really puts up a fight, and Theon hopes he does, they might thrash the place completely. He chuckles to himself. His cock is now really hard, and he puts his hand inside his pants to rub himself a bit while waiting. *Mmm, yes, this will be so good.*

Theon closes his eyes, but then he hears footsteps and a gasp, and when he opens his eyes again he sees an elderly couple passing him by in that narrow corridor, the old man glaring at him and the woman looking away. Again, Theon feels like an idiot, rubbing himself in the stupid corridor, with a stupid eye-patch on. He stops, quickly gets his hand out, but it's too late, they saw him already and
are anyway already gone, safely locked inside their own cabin. Oh, fuck you, Theon thinks. I hope Jon screams his lungs out when I fuck him, so you can hear him and be scandalized some more.

He's slightly angry, but angry is good, 'cause he's gonna be one tough badass pirate now, give it to Jon rough and hard, so he darts into the cabin. Jon is standing in front of him, and he tries to look surprised, but Theon sees he's amused more than anything. Still, he's not teasing. Yet. He's trying to play along. Theon grabs his arms and pushes him onto the bed.

Jon falls back and whimpers a bit, as in fear. Fake, but that will change soon. Theon gets on top of him, and is trying to pin his arms above his head, but Jon really is struggling. Then he lifts his head up and kisses Theon, whispering: "You look so hot with that eye-patch."

Theon gets almost pissed off at that. Jon is just not doing it right. He slaps him gently across that sweet pretty pout and places his forefinger over Jon's mouth. "Shut up, you don't say stuff like that to a pirate."

Jon gasps in surprise, then laughs and pulls Theon down, head-butting him. It's clumsy as the position they're in won't really allow it to be anything other than clumsy, but Theon still grunts with pain.

Jon hisses: "Shit. I just bit my lip."

Theon hisses back: "Serves you right. Why the fuck did you head-butt me like that?"

But Jon is smiling now, and Theon can feel him rubbing against his crotch, both their cocks hard. "You told me to put up a fight."

Theon bites that pretty smile off of Jon's face, and they both moan. Theon sucks his lips, he loves doing that, as his hands trail down Jon's body, getting his cock out at the same time.

Jon smirks. "You want me to resist more? 'Cause I can."

"Just try," Theon growls.

But Jon actually does. He pushes him off of himself and Theon almost drops down to the floor. "Fucking bastard," he curses and jumps back on him.

Jon is now fighting him for real, they are stumbling all over the little cabin, bumping their heads few times on the walls, flipping things over. Then, finally, Theon's leg gets beneath Jon's and he trips him. Jon falls down on the bed and Theon quickly flips him over too, on his stomach. He tugs at Jon's jeans roughly, getting them just down enough.

Jon is grunting and wiggling beneath him, but he's also moaning, Theon knows he likes this. He grabs the small package of lube, struggling to open it, but he doesn't put any on Jon, he just smears it on his own cock.

He whispers: "Spread your ass, baby, open up for me."

Jon does as he's told, and this time the little whimper he lets out is not fake. He sounds desperate and needy. He pulls at his asscheeks, spreading them wide, and Theon gets down and then slowly lets the cold lube drip over that little pink hole he's going to fuck so hard soon. Jon moans to the sensation of the cold liquid and he lifts his hips up. Theon doesn't smear the lube or prepares him with his fingers, he just waits, until Jon is on his knees, his head and chest still resting on the bed, and
his ass high in the air, that pretty little hole so inviting, glistening just for him.

He pushes inside slowly, spreading him around his cock, savouring both Jon's tightness and his soft whimpers. Theon goes very slowly, until he's all the way in. Then he holds Jon's hips with his hands and shifts a bit, rolling slightly. Jon moans.

"Feels good, baby?" Theon asks.

"Yeah."

Theon leans over to kiss his back, he nips at the tender white skin of Jon's muscles. He starts moving ever so slightly, small, shallow thrusts, more like a promise than an actual thing, his words accentuated by his every move: "Ready to be ravished by a pirate?"

"Fuck yeah."

And then Theon starts slamming into him with all his might, rubbing Jon's face in the mattress. He fucks him hard, pushing and pounding, and Jon is moaning, and his ass is so tight and warm Theon feels fantastic. He yanks Jon by the hair and turns his head to kiss him. It is a messy kiss and Theon can't get his tongue inside as much as he'd want, so he pulls out and turns Jon over, lifting Jon's legs on his shoulders. Jon's jeans are in the way a bit, but he can't stop now just to remove them, so he shifts slightly to the side and they make do like this.

Theon falls onto his lips and sucks and kisses and bites, and Jon's mouth is warm and soft, Theon loves kissing him as much as he loves fucking him. Jon starts lifting his hips further up and he's moaning in Theon's mouth, so he speeds up and grabs Jon's cock, pulling at it roughly. Jon only whimpers, he loves everything rough, blow jobs, hand jobs, kissing, fucking. Not that Theon ever minds, though. It's true what he said that night over the phone, after Jon's been grounded - he's never had better sex in all his life than with Jon. And even now, in this tiny little cabin, with hardly enough space for two people to stand next to each other, and despite Jon's teasing from earlier, and his nervous anticipating meeting his father and coming out, Theon feels perfect. Everything makes sense when they fuck.

Jon is now thrashing wildly, he is squealing beneath him, and Theon knows he's close. So he speeds up, one hand firmly pulling at Jon's throbbing cock and the other one lost in Jon's hair. He whispers sweet obscenities in Jon's ear, as he know how much he loves it, and sure enough, he can feel him shudder around and beneath him and Jon really is loud as he comes, spraying them both. Then he moans into Theon's kisses, those sounds are so sweet and helpless and Theon loves hearing them, so he also lets go and comes hard and good, buried inside Jon's tight ass.

Then they just lay in each other's arms, kissing in the dark, and after a while Jon gets up and heads for the little bathroom. He examines his face in the mirror and grumbles: "I split my lip, Theon. Fuck. What will your family think now?"

Theon chuckles. "If anything, my father will think you a tougher guy for it. Better a split lip than nail polish."

"You know, I have to say I am somewhat disappointed with my being-fucked-by-a-pirate experience." Jon pouts, stepping out of the bathroom.

What? This sex was great. What the fuck is he talking about?

"What? Why?"

"Cause I thought you'd scream AARRRRRRR when you came. And you didn't." Jon giggles.
Theon snorts contemptuously. "Aren't you a witty little bitch? Shut up, or that lip won't be the only thing split."

Jon wraps his arms around Theon's neck and straddles him, sucking on his earlobe. Theon checks his watch: "We should arrive in about three hours or so."

Jon nods and snuggles closer. "Three hours, hm? So what do you wanna do? You wanna, um... I don't know, um... look for some buried treasure or some other pirate activity?" He is laughing again.

Theon gives him a hard smack on the bottom. "No, actually, I want to spend those three hours thrashing your witty little butt for being such a wiseass."

Jon grins and bites his lips. He practically throws himself across Theon's lap, wiggles a bit and says: "Oooh, a three-hour discipline session. Now you must."

And, sure, Theon's cock is rising again. He smacks Jon's cute little ass once more. "You really like it so much, don't you, baby?"

Jon moans and grinds his hips, pulling his jeans down to expose his naked skin. Theon smacks him a few more times, then starts rubbing his asscheeks, saying: "You'll get along with my father splendidly. Maybe you should tell him about us. I'm sure he'll give you a thrashing of a lifetime."

But it was real fucking stupid to mention Balon now, and in that context. Both he and Jon fall silent. It feels awkward, Jon still across his knees, but not moving anymore, and Theon's hand practically paralyzed on Jon's naked ass. Jon sighs and gets up, pulling his jeans back up. He lies next to Theon and wraps both his arms and legs around him, holding him real tight. He does that sometimes, and Theon can never help but smile. So he smiles now too, kissing his forehead.

"I'm sorry, baby. I am so fucking nervous," Theon apologizes. And he really is nervous. He's been snappy and prickly for the entire week even before they set off, and as they were approaching Pyke his edginess grew even more. Now he feels bad for not being nicer, Jon is doing this for him, and it means so much, plus he's trying to cheer him up, and Theon acts like a prick.

Jon whispers: "Don't worry, you'll be fine. I'm with you."

But Theon thinks of Balon Greyjoy and his fucking lifetime of being beaten up and called all kinds of shit. He likes all the kinky games he plays with Jon. He'll gladly give him his much craved spankings and whippings and what not at any given time, but now, as he is coming closer to home, it's hard not to think about the thrashings he's suffered at his father's hands and how much he hated them, how helpless he felt every single time.

Balon never chose where he would hit and what with, nor did he choose the words he'd hurl at his son. And more than once he'd beat him up at these family gatherings, to show to all the Greyjoys how stern he was, how he's raising his boy to be a man. In those situations Theon knew better than to even try to shield himself from the blows or to cry out. He'd bite his lips to a bloody mess trying to keep still and quiet. Balon would have skinned him alive if he showed such weakness in front of others. Greyjoy family get-togethers, what a fucking joke. Only, not fucking funny at all.

The last time he was beaten up was at a family dinner over Christmas. He was in his final year of high school. Theon doesn't remember what he did, most probably nothing more than just looked at his father the wrong way. Balon only stopped hitting him when he nearly passed out. By the time the school started again his bruises healed, and Theon decided he would never set foot on Pyke again. He did though, he had to, but he never stayed overnight. He'd get there in the morning and quickly catch the ferry back to the mainland in the early afternoon, right after lunch. He'd get himself busy
with Asha in the kitchen, he'd try his hardest to stay out of Balon's way and not do anything that might provoke his rage. And it seemed to work, as that time he was beaten bloody for Christmas was the last time his father hit him. That was almost three years ago, but even now the helplessness still feels too familiar. Suddenly, Theon is so overwhelmed he can hardly speak. His eyes fill with tears, but before they can fall he lights up a cigarette. Don't cry, Theon. Don't be a fucking pussy.

Jon, for once, doesn't warn him about the no smoking sign, and Theon really appreciates that. He is smoking silently, with Jon attached to him, rubbing his pouty face against Theon's chest.

"You know, you don't have to tell him. We can just pretend we're mates," Jon suggests.

Theon would really want that. But he won't back now. Not after Jon told the Starks. Fuck, was that a funny evening.

He sighs. "Of course I have to tell him. But you know he'll kick us out, and all the hotels at Pyke are not only shitty but most probably fully booked over the festival, and we'll freeze our asses off sleeping on the bloody beach or something."

Jon chuckles to hear that. He kisses him, slow and gentle, and says: "I know. We can maybe find a beach cave, and be, like, pirates."

Theon now laughs too. He'd actually want nothing more.

They snuggle up and nap until they reach Pyke. Theon thinks his heart will burst in his chest, he is so fucking nervous. But Jon squeezes his hand and winks at him, giving him a nice warm smile, so Theon puts on a brave face and they step out of their cabin and then through all those corridors and floors until they're off the boat, holding hands all the while.

When he sees his sister leaning against their father's car, smoking a cigarette, Theon feels better yet. But then she spots them and her eyes fall on Jon. She draws a long drag of her cigarette, licks her lips and grins, giving Jon the most wicked predatory smile Theon has ever seen. Jon sees it too, and his smile is a very shy and meek little thing, frightful even. He blushes and looks down, and again up at her, then his gaze goes to Theon, before he stares down again, unsure where to look. Asha is practically eye-fucking him, looking ready to devour him on the spot. Pretty young boys like Jon are just her type, and Theon had forgotten all about it.

Shit.
And If A Double Decker Bus Crashes Into Us

Chapter Summary

Theon comes out.

Chapter Notes

Dear sweet readers, it has taken a bit longer than usual, but I feel really ridiculous still bitching about my stupid stressful move, settling in that is taking forever and my internet ailments here in Sweden. All I can say is that I am sorry it has taken so long, and it honestly wasn't my intention to keep you all waiting for so long. I hope you all are still reading this fic, we are nearing the end and I would love to know you're all still sticking around. I also hope you all had great holidays and I wish you a happy new year and all the best things in this world to come your way <3

My most precious Heloisa, thank you for the beta and for your invaluable help keeping this fic real and readable. I love you, baby, you are the best <3

When Theon's sister meets them, Jon is struck by how much she looks like Theon. She has the same dark hair and clever blue eyes, same mocking grin, same cocky demeanour, only in her case it seems rougher, somehow more genuine. Maybe it's because he knows Theon so well now and can see his fragile, love-starved heart beneath the smug facade, and Asha he's just met. But also Theon himself told him how she's real tough, and she does look a proper badass. She is very attractive too, tall and wiry, and the way she looks at him makes Jon extremely uncomfortable.

They get introduced, shake hands and, despite her attempt to have Jon sit in the passenger seat, Theon sits in the front next to her, and Jon finds his place in the back. Asha immediately adjusts the rear-view mirror so she can see him and winks. Jon blushes. Theon notices it too, gives her an annoyed look and straight away starts talking, making her focus her attention away from Jon.

"Where's Qarl? How's he doing?" he asks.

Asha lights another cigarette. "He's fine," she says dismissively, then looks at Jon with unhidden curiosity. "How was your trip?"

"It was okay. How is everyone? How is father?" Theon goes on with his questions.

"They're all fine," Asha says quickly without even faking an interest in that conversation and again looks at Jon. "So, Jon, is this your first time on the Iron Islands?"

"Um, yeah," Jon mutters, sending a quick glance Theon's way before he looks down again. Stop fucking blushing, be cool. Theon lights a cigarette himself and the car fills with so much smoke they can practically cut through it.

Asha now eyes her brother. "Theon, you selfish twat, where the fuck have you been hiding this
She is so direct, it makes Jon really uncomfortable.

Theon scoffs. "Pardon me, I didn't know that every single boy in Westeros should report his fucking existence to you." Theon is so edgy, he has been incredibly nervous about this whole trip, and on top of it now he's getting all jealous and wildly protective over Jon.

Asha laughs, though. "I actually rather like that idea." Then she smiles at Theon lovingly, and even her warm genuine smile is so much like Theon's, it is actually very disconcerting for Jon. "Out of all your friends I've only ever met Robb Stark. I am glad if you're being more sociable."

Theon rolls his eyes at her affection and shakes away her hand from his shoulder. "Jon is Robb's brother," he says.

"Oh, is he? Ned Starks' bastard?"

"Asha!" Theon is quick to reproach her.

She throws Jon an apologetic look, then opens her window with a sigh. "You smoke too much," she tells Theon.

"Fuck you."

Then everyone is quiet for a while. Jon sort of welcomes the silence, but he knows that Theon Greyjoy being quiet is never really a good thing. He must be a mess inside. Jon remembers how freaked out he was before he told his father about them and he knows enough about Balon Greyjoy to feel such insane amount of compassion for Theon now. He'd even gladly trade places with him, if he could. He also remembers how supportive and just plain fucking amazing Theon's been that day. Jon wishes to touch him, comfort and soothe him, but he can't really do it now, can he? Guys don't really go around touching each other for no reason, and he's set on letting Theon dictate how his coming out will flow, so he decides against any signs of affection that would seem to be more than just friendly. He is trying to catch Theon's gaze in the rear-view mirror, but it is only Asha who grins back at him. Jon quickly looks out of the window.

After a while, Theon finally speaks. "Is everyone there already?"

Asha nods. "Mmh. You know, Euron's here too."

This has both Theon and Jon looking at her. Jon knows he is the only one in Theon's family who knows about them. He also knows Euron hasn't bothered showing up to these gatherings ever since the first time he's witnessed Theon's father beating the crap out of him. That happened years ago, right after he had returned from his voyages. Theon told the story to Jon and how touched he was at that smallest sign of sympathy.

Theon turns around, leaning over the back of his seat, pretending he's looking for something in his bag, but he looks at Jon, gives him a forced smile, and Jon uses this opportunity to touch him. He squeezes Theon's arm reassuringly, and Theon nods, returning the touch. His hand is cold and Jon holds it between his palms. It is all he can do not to kiss it.

Then Theon is back in the front again and says: "How did Victarion take it?"

Asha laughs. "He's pretty pissed. As is Aeron. But father seems pleased Euron's here. Of course he's giving him the hardest time, you know, but he told uncle Vic to back off and not bring that stupid story up again. And that seems to be working. For now. But give them a few drinks and I bet that'll
change." She parks in front of a large house, among a few other cars, and chuckles. "Theon, dear brother, not only will you be off the hook this time, but it will be a real fun holiday."

"I bet," Theon says as they're getting out of the car. He looks cool now, but Jon knows better. He can't wait for them to be alone so he can hold him, soothe him with kisses and gentle touches.

Balon Greyjoy is tall and slender. He is lean, but imposing. Neither Theon nor Asha have his features, though. They both must take after their mother. Balon wears a deep rooted frown on his pale face, his handshake is firm, and his eyes are harsh and cold. He is watching Jon intensely while they exchange the usual pleasantries - how do you do, pleased to meet you, sir - and Jon thinks he can now understand Theon's fear of Ned Stark a bit better. True, Balon and Ned don't really compare that much. Fuck, this guy is intimidating. Thank god he doesn't seem chatty, so Jon can go get introduced to others.

Jon puts on a brave face and somehow manages to seem unflustered as he shakes hands with all the Greyjoys gathered there. Aeron is the scruffy scholarly type. Theon told him he teaches theology at the local college, but he looks like a bum. Victarion is a huge angry bulk of a man, while his wife seems tiny and shy. Jon knows why, Theon's told him. And the reason for Victarion's ill mood seems to be the only Greyjoy smiling there. Euron shakes his hand with a knowing grin. He's impeccably dressed and surprisingly kind, but there is something deeply unsettling about his miscoloured eyes.

Jon is a bit uncomfortable, as Euron knows about them, but he feels better when he sees him pull Theon in a warm embrace. He's the only person there who's shown any affection to Theon whatsoever, and Balon scoffs.

"Missed him that much already?" he nags.

"As a matter of fact, Balon, I did, yes." Euron smiles at his brother, both calm and daring at the same time, "I've grown quite fond of Theon. He's a good boy. My right hand, aren't you, lad? Don't know what I'd do without him."

Jon can't escape the impression that, despite obvious genuine affection he has for Theon, Euron's behaviour seems also to be caused by the desire to irk Balon. He really enjoys the displeasure he's provoked. Theon seems to be put in an awkward situation, but Jon can see he beams at his uncle's words before looking apprehensively at his father.

"Good for nothing, just like you. No wonder you get along." Balon scoffs and heads for the dining room. The others follow him, leaving Theon looking sad and fearful, and Jon absolutely heartbroken to see that.

Euron rolls his eyes, then pats Theon's arm, chuckling.

"You two sharing a room?" he asks matter-of-factly, and Jon feels flush creeping up to his cheeks.

Theon looks around nervously, but the question seems innocent enough even if someone might have heard it. "I guess, yeah."

"Asha!" Euron calls. "Come take Jon upstairs while Theon and I go for a smoke."

Asha comes in, leering, and Theon flinches at the way she pulls Jon up the stairs. Jon looks back, confused, but Euron also has his arm around Theon's shoulders dragging him outside. Now Jon's alone with this bold and attractive Amazon of a girl who seems intent on eating him alive. She also seems intent on showing off her strength and has him engaged in a tug-of-war over their bags. Jon
has picked both of their bags to take upstairs, but she immediately grabbed one with a very casual *lemme get it* and despite Jon's protests she's not letting it go.

They are pulling at it all the way up the stairs, and when they finally reach what must be Theon's old room, she loosens her hold on the bag, making Jon lose his balance. He crashes against the wall with a loud thud, and the bag falls out of his hands. From the little pocket on its side a small single-use bottle of lube falls out.

**Shit.**

*Okay, be cool, it doesn't have to mean anything. Maybe she didn't even see it.*

But Asha saw it alright and she swiftly picks it up, opening the door. She ushers Jon inside and slams the door behind. He backs slowly away, trying to create some space between them.

Asha is watching the little bottle in her hand, then she smirks at him smugly. "Your bag or Theon's?"

"Mine." Jon extends his arm, requesting the lube back with what little dignity he can muster.

"Aren't you a naughty thing?" She smiles wickedly, then steps closer.

Jon opens his mouth, trying to say something, but he feels utterly embarrassed and defenceless before her. She has him cornered, grinning like a beast before the kill. Theon, *get the fuck back inside, please.*

With every step she takes towards him, Jon takes a step back, until he's standing with his back against the wall, blushing before her arched eyebrow, so much like Theon's. When his head drops down in embarrassment, trying to escape her predatory gaze telling him about all the things she'd do to him, Jon's eyes fall to her waist. Her black trousers tight on her thighs and low on her sharp hips, studded leather belt with its heavy buckle, and most definitely a small confident movement she makes, almost pressing into him, make him think that looking down was maybe not a good idea. Jon blushes even more.

"Um, I... uh, I don't..." He doesn't even get the chance to try to come up with whatever stupid explanation he can find as the door opens suddenly and Theon's in. *Thank god.*

Asha gives Jon both the lube and a knowing wink, before turning to leave. Jon can see the bewildered look on Theon's face as Asha's retreating. She shoulder-bumps him on her way out. "What a cute boyfriend you've got, little brother. A toy like that brothers and sisters should share."

Theon gapes in surprise, but she is out already, her loud laugh echoing in the hallway. He scowls at Jon. "What the fuck?"

Jon shows him the lube. "It fell out of the bag, out of the little pocket. I thought she might not have seen it."

Theon sighs and rubs the bridge of his nose with his fingers. Jon can see he is trying to remain calm.

"It's not my fault, Theon. Why didn't you tell me your sister was gonna be like this?" Jon asks.

"Cause I was too fucking busy thinking about my father and the ways in which he's gonna kill me when he finds out what she now knows."

Jon really feels so bad for him now. He comes closer and, hesitantly, awkwardly, hugs him, pleased to see Theon's not breaking away. He gives him a soft kiss. "Theon, baby, she doesn't know a thing.
It doesn't have to mean anything, really. And I said it was mine." He feels Theon's relaxing under his touches, so he holds him tighter.

Theon whispers into his kisses, "She knows, Jon, she is not stupid. But I don't care. They will all know tonight anyway."

They remain in Theon's room for a while longer under the pretence of unpacking, but they never even touch their bags. Theon smokes, sitting on the window sill, and Jon looks around the room. He can tell Theon was just a child when he was still living there - Jon can see some comic books and a few action hero figurines - but the place is still ascetic somehow. It feels deserted.

"Your uncle," Jon starts, "he came here for you, right? Because he knows you'll tell them."

"Huh? You mean Euron? I don't know, I guess he might have. But he didn't know I'd tell them, so I think he just wants to, I don't know, ruin everyone's holiday. He hasn't been here for years. I don't blame him, I myself wish I never have to come here again." He tosses the cigarette butt out of the window.

Jon nods. "Is Pyke all that bad?"

"Pyke? I don't know. Maybe not, but... you know. I hate this place." Theon lights another cigarette. He is chain-smoking the time away, it seems, and Jon really can't wait for them to leave this day behind them.

"You don't look like your father."

"Thank fucking god for that."

They both smile, and Jon continues poking. "So you look like your mom?"

Theon eyes him pensively. "Maybe. I guess."

"Do you have her picture?" Jon doesn't really know why he's asking all this, but he can't stand Theon's silence. Besides, he's never seen her pics for all this time, as absurd as it seems, and he really is curious.

Theon shakes his head ruefully. "No. Not here. Father thought it was a sissy thing to do. There's a big photo of her down in the living room, though, and I have quite a lot of them in, like, boxes back at my place. Asha has them too. Both at her flat and here." Theon must see Jon is now getting sad, he pulls him close and smiles a bit. "She keeps them in her room here. Maybe I can send you to have a look. Asha sure won't mind."

Jon smiles too. "Shut up," he says, and after a few kisses adds: "She looks a lot like you, your sister."

Theon smiles again. "Yeah, she does." But then he is serious again. "Do you like her?"

"What? No. I mean, she's nice, but you know." Jon is getting tangled up, but then he relaxes when he sees Theon chuckling at his predicament. "Shut up, Theon. You know what I mean."

Theon holds him tight. "I know, I am just teasing you. I love seeing you blush." He kisses him some more before saying: "We should head downstairs now, maybe help with the dinner, mingle a bit or something."

"Sure." Jon nods.
As they head towards the door, Theon tells him: "But you know, Jon, I am all messed up about my father finding out and all. Dealing with that is hard enough. I can't come to the rescue every time Asha has a boner, alright? You're gonna have to handle it yourself."

Jon again feels uncomfortable. "Theon," he protests, "I can't be rude to your sister."

"So are you gonna fuck her in order to be nice?"

*Why the hell is he being a prick?* Okay, Jon knows why and he can't really blame him, but Theon being mean like this really hurts, and Jon feels vulnerable here too. He could always handle Theon's nastiness by being nasty right back at him, but he understands how stressful and scary this is for him, so Jon takes a deep breath, counting to ten. "Theon," he sighs, preparing to patiently reason with him, but then he sees Theon chuckling again.

"Jon." He grabs his shoulders and looks Jon in the eyes. "I'm just teasing." Theon's smile is warm and honest and it disarms him completely.

"You're a prick, you know." Jon tells him, but he is more smiling than sulking, and it makes Theon chuckle.

"And you're too cute when you pout, baby, I can't resist," he whispers. "Don't worry, I'll defend you from my wicked horny big sister."

"Shut up." Jon laughs, and they share a long wet kiss before opening the door.

In the hallway and going down the stairs, they squeeze each other's hands encouragingly every now and then, and as they later mingle around the house, helping out with this and that, chatting with one person or another, they keep throwing each other small secret glances, each more loving than the other.

The seating arrangement bothers Jon. Balon is at the head of the table, and Theon is sitting to his side, way too close to be safely out of his reach. Jon is between him and Euron, though, and is touching him reassuringly beneath the table. Asha sits across from their father, while the other two uncles and Victarion's wife are on the other side. Victarion glares at Euron the whole time, and his wife hardly dares look up from her plate. Euron pays them no mind. He is chatting all the while, his words are a carefully selected poison directed at his brothers, never too blunt to justify a reaction, but clear enough to make both Victarion and Aeron seethe.

Balon eats in silence, he scoffs now and then, but he seems to be content just to watch his brothers for now. He is also watching Jon, and that makes him really nervous. If Theon is at all disturbed, he doesn't show it. Jon tries to follow his example. He eats his food, nods politely, keeps eye contact, he tries to be calm and courteous, but he is worrying about Theon, rubbing his leg ever so slightly. He doesn't even flinch when Balon mentions his bastardry. Theon tenses though, Jon can feel that, but he understands that he can't tell his father to shut up.

While Asha is still leering at Jon, he now sees in her eyes that she knows. When the dinner is over and Theon clears his throat and addresses his father, Jon notices how she pales instantly, disbeliefing, shaking her head slightly in a stealthy warning.

Theon disregards her and speaks again, louder, over the voices at the table: "Father? I must... I have something to tell you."
Everyone goes quiet. Jon again wishes Theon was sitting further away from Balon, but Theon smiles. Jon knows it is his defence mechanism kicking in. Yes, Theon will give them smug, he will give them cocky, despite being probably scared to death.

"Mmm?" Balon eyes him suspiciously.

Theon licks his lips and looks straight into his eyes. "I've brought Jon here today not because we're just friends."

Silence.

"He is my boyfriend. I didn't want you to hear this from someone else."

Balon is so shocked he only blinks for several moments. He shakes his head and frowns. "What?"

"We're together, we're a couple. Jon is my boyfrie..." he doesn't get to finish, though.

Balon backhands him so hard Theon falls down from his chair. Then he would be all over him, kicking and hitting, if it wasn't for Jon and Euron. They jump instantly, Jon trying to pull Theon away from the blows while Euron goes to grab Balon and restrain him.

Balon is strong and mad with rage. He is trying to set himself free from Euron, shouting all the while: "Let me go, I will fucking kill him!"

Victarion and Aeron both come to help pull Balon away, and Euron walks over to Jon and Theon with a concerned look on his face.

"You fucking good for nothing faggot! Get the hell out of my house!" Balon yells, still trying to break free.

Theon's nose is bleeding and he trembles slightly, but then he snorts, leaning against Jon and his uncle. Jon holds him protectively, caressing him with his one hand, trying to get him out, but Theon just stands there and laughs, his legs glued to the floor.

Balon is furious, provoked even more by the laughter. He shouts: "You are not my son!"

"I fucking wish I wasn't!" Theon shouts back at him, as Euron finally manages to drag him away.

"Shh, it's okay, it's enough, come on," his uncle ushers them out. From the hallway, he turns to Asha. "Can you go get their bags and call us a cab?"

Theon lets Euron walk him out to the driveway. They lean against the car, and Euron lights up - one for him and one for Theon. Jon notices he smokes the same brand as Theon, who is inhaling the smoke greedily, sullen and quiet, as Euron lifts his chin to look at his face.

Then the door opens and Asha strides towards them, carrying an ice-pack and their bags. She takes Theon's cigarette and takes a deep drag, squinting at her brother's face. She shakes her head and hands the ice-pack to Euron.

"I can't..." she starts, "Theon, I... I can't believe you told him that. You didn't have to. You could have just shut up about it. Why the fuck would you do that? He could have killed you. Hell, he will kill you if you don't get lost, like now. That was fucking stupid."

"He's still losing his shit over it?" Euron asks.

Asha nods. Theon is quiet, he takes his cigarette back from Asha and smokes.
The taxi comes and Euron gets inside. Jon and Theon get in the back with their bags, and Asha grabs Theon in a tight embrace, almost pulling him out of the car.

"I'll call you, okay? I'll come visit. More often than before, I promise," she tells him and gives him a loud peck on the cheek. He returns the hug, this time choosing not to shy away from her sisterly affection.

Asha walks towards the house, but then turns back, smiling. "Damn, that boy is cute. You can leave him here, you know. I'll take good care of him."

That makes Theon smile, and Jon blushes again. Euron also chuckles. He gives the driver the address, and Jon doesn't even dare ask where are they going.

"I don't get it," Euron tells Theon, turning around to face them."Both you and your sister are cool kids. Despite being brought up by such a prick like my brother, you are a fairly decent human being, Theon. And you've got balls, son. You should be proud of who you are."

Euron places his arm on Theon's shoulder. His words and this almost protective gesture make Theon look so sad. He swallows hard and looks at his uncle. "Thank you. Also... for coming here."

Euron draws him closer, patting his back, awkwardly trying to embrace him from the front seat. "Are you kidding me? Of course I was gonna come. Balon's face when you told him - I wouldn't miss it for the world." Then he smiles and speaks more kindly: "You're welcome, Theon, don't even mention it."

That confirms Jon's suspicion about Euron knowing Theon was going to come out, but Jon doesn't know how that is possible. The only way Euron could have known is making him even more uncomfortable to think about it, so he chooses not to remember his ultra modern state-of-the-art fancy office and all the things they did there. He never even asked Theon if there were any cameras there, and to be honest, he'd much rather not know now.
I Want To Be A Girl Like You

Chapter Summary

Of dirty girls, sailings and lipstick stains--the full circle

Chapter Notes

This is the final chapter and I want to thank everyone who has read it, left kudos or comments--it means the world to me to see the love my silly fic was given. You people are the sweetest, thank you <3 I hope the last chapter is also to your liking and I would love hearing what you think now that the story ends. I am feeling quite emotional now, this is the longest thing I have ever written, and I will miss this AU so much (*sniffles*), but I am happy that I can now start some other fics that I also hope people will enjoy :

I can never forget my lovely Heloisa, who not only did the beta (and by doing that helped this fic tremendously) but she also wore a lipstick for me in a way that no one ever has before. I love you, baby <3

As the taxi drives them to the harbour, Theon realizes Euron's taking them to his boat. Theon has never been on his uncle's yacht before. He thought he'd be taking them to a hotel or something, but when they climb aboard and Euron gives the order to sail away, Theon agrees that nothing makes more sense than doing just that--leaving Pyke to slowly disappear in the distance.

Despite feeling pleased they're leaving and that he'll be back home with Jon real soon, Theon can't bring himself to speak or smile or do anything except just stare blankly.

It's not that he's sad. Well, okay, he is. But he's mostly relieved and also kind of happy he's done it. That's behind him now. But after the initial surge of adrenalin, Theon feels empty, exhausted and weak. At first he thought he might cry, but he's too drained even for that. So he's not at all in the mood to be chatty as he and Jon follow his uncle to the upper deck. It's still early evening, and he hears Euron request wine, but he'd much rather just go to bed.

Once upstairs, Theon can't believe it hasn't occurred to him that Euron wouldn't be alone. The girl lounging on the settee is young and incredibly beautiful. She's nibbling on some grapes, her long legs stretched over the soft cushions, raising her eyes as soon as she hears them. She must be from the Summer Isles--all dark hair and warm black skin, oozing untamed sensuality as she gets up to greet them and makes space beside her. His uncle sits next to her and places his hand on her thigh, whispering something to her ear. She smiles fondly and observes Theon and Jon with interest.

Only then Theon notices that Jon is still holding his hand, he's so distraught. He doesn't even hear the girl's name or what she or anyone else is saying. Jon keeps conversation, though, shy, but polite and respectful, sipping some wine that Theon can't bring himself to even taste. His lips are glued together, and his mind is nowhere in particular, he just stares at the edge of the table.

The night air is chilly and it's always so windy around the Iron Islands, so after a while Euron shows
them their cabin and lets them retreat.

"Come get me if you need anything," he says as he and the girl also move inside.

Jon looks around their cabin, and his genuine awe at the plush opulence of their lavish surroundings cheers Theon up a little. The Starks are rich alright, but Ned Stark has always valued modesty, and Jon has never really ever been on a boat like this. Neither has Theon, but working for his uncle long enough has shown him some glitz and glam. Sufficiently so that he now feels at home.

Jon is very much impressed, but he also looks happy to see Theon seems more focused again. He comes close to him and holds him.

"Are you tired?" he whispers.

"Yeah." Theon nods.

They slump down to the bed. Jon starts taking his clothes off, but notices Theon doesn't move at all, so he proceeds to undress him too. After they are tucked beneath the covers, Jon snuggles close to him, rubbing his pouty face all over Theon's neck, giving small gentle kisses. Theon closes his eyes. In the dark, warm under the covers, with Jon next to him, he thinks he'll fall asleep in an instant. But he doesn't. His mind keeps on replaying the dinner and he feels sad and needy.

The way Jon still moves his head, humming into his neck, tells him he's still awake as well. But they are both quiet. Theon hopes he'll fall asleep soon, he just wants to wake up tomorrow, fresh and back at his place, being his comfortable old self, confident and in charge.

Suddenly, they hear hushed moans and stifled whimpers coming from Euron's cabin. Before, Theon would either ignore it or find it funny. Maybe he'd even jerk off to it. But now he feels so vulnerable, so sad and, unbelievably, unreasonably, alone. Jon senses his discomfort and sits up.

"Shh," he whispers soothingly, "it's okay, I'm here. I'm with you."

Theon nods, but his eyes fill with tears and a sniffle escapes him. Jon cradles him in his arms.

"Don't worry, baby," he tells him through soft kisses. "All will be well, it's all good. I'm here."

But that only makes Theon start crying for real, drowning in self-pity. He's silent, but tears fall down his face. Jon is kissing them away, and Theon gets lost in those touches. When Jon leans into him, his body pressed so close, warm and firm presence reassuring, Theon relaxes and calms down.

Jon kisses him all over, his lips gently tracing every muscle, every bone in Theon's body. Soon he hardens, so susceptible to such tenderness. Jon smiles and caresses his cock softly, but then quickly moves his hand up to Theon's face, probably thinking that, despite his erection, Theon is not really in the mood.

When their lips meet, it's just warm gentle wetness between them, feeling so familiar and soothing. It makes Theon feel so much better. He finally speaks: "Thank you. For coming with me."

Jon's eyes are smiling and kind. "Sure. Least I could do, right?" he echoes Theon's words from a couple of months before, and Theon nods.

They sit on the bed and look at each other. Theon can't help but think how far along they've come from that silly evening almost a year ago, and how lucky he is, how blessed, for all that's happened to him, for having this, for having Jon.
He outstretches his arm and touches Jon's face, his fingers going slowly along the cheekbones. Jon gives his usual shy smile, but when Theon's fingers touch his lips, he doesn't open his mouth or starts sucking or any other such thing he'd normally do when he's being a dirty boy for him. What Jon does is take Theon's hand and kiss it, so softly, pressing each finger to his lips and then kissing his palm too.

"I love you," he says into Theon's palm, looking up. "So much."

Theon smiles, a bit ruefully, and pulls him for a kiss. He sucks and gently bites on Jon's lower lip, and it is so easy to open up in this sweet intimate darkness. Theon's been holding it all for so long, and it is only Jon here, his Jon, so he stops feeling shy about being so needy now.

"Please," Theon whispers, "fuck me."

"Yeah?" Jon seems a bit surprised.

"Yeah. I need you to, you know... do everything, take care of me."

And Jon seems to understand exactly what Theon means. His body pushes against Theon slowly, until Theon is lying on his back and Jon is leaning onto him, his warm wet tongue teasing his mouth. He is kissing, biting, sucking, all so gentle and loving. His one hand is at the back of Theon's neck, cradling his head, fingers settled in his hair, while the other one caresses his face, then goes down his chest, rubbing the nipples gently before he comes down to kiss them.

Soon, there's not an inch of Theon's body left un kissed. Jon's touch is so warm and tender, it feels comforting, makes him feel so special. When Jon spreads his legs and takes him in his mouth, Theon lets out a soft whine.

Jon takes it slow; he licks and rubs and sucks, taking his time, touches soft as snowflakes. This must be the gentlest blowjob Theon's ever been given. Then he takes the balls into his mouth, playfully rolling them with his tongue, and sucks them so hungrily, Theon can only gasp.

Again, Jon drives his tongue along Theon's length, cupping the balls, squeezing with his hand ever so lightly, as he bobs his head up and down his cock. Theon would normally last longer, but he can't find the strength to do so now—even the moan he lets out when he comes exhausts him. Jon swallows a mouthful, but there's still some left when he comes to kiss him. Theon can taste himself on Jon's tongue, salty and precious. He'd never think that he was, but this is how Jon feels him, and to be able to sense that in his cum-filled kisses makes Theon feel loved like never before.

Jon smiles before he goes down again, this time propping Theon's hips up on a pillow, and raising his legs up, spreading him even wider. First he just licks along the crack, barely touching, and Theon feels too weak to even squirm. Then he presses his tongue firmer, but still only licking his way up and down. He explores the rim, going around in circles before he pushes his tongue inside. Theon whimpers softly. It feels so good to be spread like this, with that nimble gentle tongue, and all the little humming noises that Jon makes sound so indecent. Theon would kill to be able to see him perform, but he can't, no matter how much he angles and twists his head. He makes a mental note to ask Jon if he'd be comfortable being filmed.

Jon's hot breath tickles out of him an impatient wail. But Jon doesn't speed up, tormenting him sweetly some more before going up to his cock again. Theon is not hard and his dick feels really sensitive, but Jon's mouth only brings hot moist pleasure. Soon enough, he's getting hard again, and Jon goes back to his ass to tongue-fuck him for a while longer as his hand gently strokes Theon's cock.
Theon's getting really impatient. He's dying to feel Jon inside him. He needs that strongest sense of intimacy so desperately, and Jon hasn't even pushed a single finger in. He hears himself pleading: "Please, Jon."

Jon gets up from the bed and goes rummaging through their stuff, until he finds the lube. He squeezes it onto his fingers and gently massages Theon's asshole, pushing what must be two fingers at once. It's not entirely painless, but Theon is so eager for it. He lifts his hips slightly, looking for more. Jon smears the lube over his cock, positioning himself above him.

When he pushes in slowly, Theon holds his breath. Jon drops down to his elbows, hands caressing Theon's hair as he kisses him. He moves steadily, advancing an inch at a time, spreading Theon nicely, making him feel so full. Theon hums and moans into his kisses, locking his legs around Jon's waist. That makes Jon chuckle slightly, but as he presses further in and Theon whimpers helplessly, Jon gets serious again. He stops and pulls back. "Tell me if it hurts, okay?"

Theon shakes his head. "Nothing ever felt better. Just go on, baby."

"You sure?"

"Yeah, don't you fucking dare stop."

Jon smiles again and continues pushing until he's all the way in and both Theon's eyes and mouth are open wide, silent gasp turning into hurried ragged breaths. Jon stays still for a while, waiting for him to adjust. Theon is relaxed, he really is, and despite the sharp stretch that still burns a little, he feels so ready. But he's too focused on breathing through this, too preoccupied by that big pretty cock up his ass that leaves him breathless, he can't make an extra effort to speak and tell Jon to go on, so he rolls his hips a bit, pushing up. That makes Jon moan too. He closes his eyes and bites his pouty lips in concentration, so beautiful, so fucking perfect like this. He moves in, then almost all the way out a few times, and soon it is smoother and more slick, and Theon squirms wilder, his moans more urgent.

But Jon still goes so slow. Too slow. He must notice Theon's need, because he asks him: "How do you want it?"

Theon grins. "Hard."

"Yeah?" Jon chuckles slightly.

"Yeah. As hard as you can, as hard as you like to be fucked."

But Jon is still uncertain. "Really? Are you sure?"

"Yeah. Fuck me like a dirty girl."

That has both of them laughing out loud. Then Theon's laughter is cut short by the sudden forceful thrust of Jon's hips.

"Aaahh," he moans. "Yes. Just like that."

And while Jon may give him the gentlest smile, he rams his cock rough and hard. Soon, he sees Theon is really into it and goes even harder. Theon can only whimper, so utterly at his mercy, delighting in his own defencelessness, cherishing the delicate vulnerability that hard cock slammed up his ass brings.

Jon fucks him for all he's worth. He gives his all, lifting Theon's legs up on his shoulders to bury
himself even deeper, then turning him around on all fours to enter him from behind, ruthlessly spreading him around his cock, pulling him by the hair to turn his head for a kiss. He bites his neck, squeezing Theon by the hips bruisingly hard, and fucks him relentlessly, violently pulling Theon ever more onto his cock. After a while he turns him to the side, one leg propped high up on Jon's shoulder as he finds the angle that helps him bury himself to the hilt. Theon sobs and whimpers as Jon has him in every way possible, changing the pace from time to time but never the force. Theon's impressed he can go on for so long. He fucks him so hard Theon bites his lips to a bloody mess trying not to be too loud.

When Jon finally gets tired, he rolls onto his back, pulling Theon to sit on top of him. That's when he lets go. He rides Jon's cock, rocking back and forth, rolling his hips wildly, keening and growling. Then he starts slamming down energetically, getting lost in obscene but loving sensations—in the way his ass tingles, feeling almost numb from the force of this fuck, in the way Jon's hands grab his hips and his nails break the skin, in the way Jon looks at him, his mouth open, breathing hard and grunting. When Jon's hand takes his cock, Theon welcomes the touch. Soon he's not only slamming down on Jon's cock, but he's also pushing his hips up and forward to fuck Jon's fist. Theon's eyes tilt backwards and the only reason he doesn't scream when he comes is that Jon sits up to kiss him, biting the sounds away, swallowing them, drowning them with his tongue, he himself quiet in his release, but shaking and shuddering violently.

When they fall back down to the bed, Theon feels purged. It takes all his strength to smile, but this was the most cathartic experience he's ever known.

Jon seems half-dead. He's sweaty and out of breath, eyes closed, but his hand finds Theon's and holds it. That touch alone feels like yet another orgasm.

After a while, Jon shifts, pulling the cover on top of them. He turns to the side, wrapping his arm around Theon.

"Theon?"

"Mmm?"

"I've... you know, I'd like to try something. Not now, 'cause we're tired and all, but maybe later, or in the morning?"

Theon kisses his forehead. "Sure, love, anything. Just tell me what you want and we'll do it. What is it?"

"I've never had sex on a boat."

Theon starts laughing. "Shut up, Jon, that's so... I don't know, you're full of shit. What the fuck did we do just now?"

Jon laughs too. "No, I don't mean like this. I mean, I've never been fucked on a boat."

Theon, quite awake now, lights a cigarette and looks at him, amused. "You're a lying little bitch, you know. Did I not fuck you on our way to Pyke?"

Jon laughs again. "No. I mean, yes. You did. But I meant, a boat like this. You know, a yacht, all fancy and shit."

Theon grins. "You like this boat, baby? Wanna be fucked on a fancy-shit yacht like this?"

Jon blushes and smiles coyly, looking down in his adorable shy manner. "Yeah," he says quietly.
Then adds, looking up at Theon: "It looks... indulgent."

Theon pulls Jon on top of him, kissing his neck, while his hands grope Jon's ass, spreading the cheeks to make him moan, giving him a sharp smack. "I really am knackered now, baby. But tomorrow morning, I'm gonna indulge your sweet little ass so hard..."

"Yeah?" Jon moans, squirming on top of him.

"Yeah, baby, I'll fuck you like nobody's business, you'll see. I'm gonna fuck you on the upper deck, right out in the open, then I'm gonna fuck you in the Jacuzzi, and then down in the ocean. Would you like that?"

Jon smiles. "I'd love that. I want you to fuck me everywhere."

Theon bites him playfully, and flips him over, getting on top of him. He caresses Jon's hair, pushing a stray lock to the side. "Everywhere? Well then, you'd better get some sleep. 'Cause what my dirty girl wants, my dirty girl gets, and this is a fucking big yacht."

They kiss, and Theon thinks how the sex they've had and their little naughty talk now made it seem like he's just woken up on a whole new day. This feeling now has nothing to do with how he felt just a few hours ago.

They snuggle so close, hold each other so tight. No more sounds come from Euron's cabin either, and the night is so quiet, except for the soft splash of waves that make the boat sway, rocking them gently to sleep.

It takes them two days to get to the mainland, not because Euron's boat is slow, but because Euron likes to sail, so he takes his time. They explore the hidden beaches, deserted coves and crystal clear waters around the Cape Kraken. It feels strange at first to be with Jon in front of Euron and his girl. Over breakfast the next morning, both of them feel awkward, but his uncle seems so blasé about it, Theon soon relaxes and stops restraining himself or hesitating to kiss Jon and hold him, or even give him a playful smack or exchange words of endearment. Jon acts all shy and coy, he blushes and stutters, being an adorable mess, but he, too, is soon at ease.

Euron gives them a lot of privacy, mostly because he himself is either busy with his Summer Islands beauty, or on the phone taking care of some business. That gives them enough time to explore the boat rather thoroughly, as Theon makes good on his word.

When they get home, they're still so hyped over the boat trip for days afterwards. Theon goes talking to Euron, asking him carefully about his plans for the summer, and if he is going to use the boat for the entire season. Euron reads him straight away and laughs at his circumspect approach. He agrees to lend him the yacht for two weeks while he's in the Vale overseeing the works on his new casino and the preparations for its grand opening in the autumn.

The two weeks Jon and Theon spend sailing become the best holiday either one of them has ever had. Jon moves in with him right after they return.

They sit on the bed, making out. They're both just in their jeans, Jon's smooth skin feeling warm, the slight tan that's still lingering over his slender body reminds Theon of their cruise.
Theon breaks the kiss and pulls slightly away. "I can't believe I'm gonna let you do this."

"Shut up, Theon. It's gonna be fun. Relax."

Theon shakes his head, chuckling. "Man, I am so whipped, it's not even funny."

Jon smiles. "Don't feel embarrassed. Everyone already knows you suck cock and take it up the ass, so why don't you relax and enjoy yourself a bit, huh?"

Theon pinches his nipple viciously, making Jon gasp. Then they both giggle.

"This has nothing to do with me sucking cock and taking it up the ass and you know it," he tells him shaking his forefinger. "This is about you being a spoiled little cock-tease, so used to me jumping at your every command, making your every wish come true. I've spoiled you rotten."

Jon whines: "Theeeooonn. You promised." He pouts, and Theon has to laugh.

"So fucking whipped," Theon repeats. "I really can't believe I'm letting you do this."

But he sits still and that's all the encouragement Jon needs. He reaches for the nightstand, when Theon grabs his arm. "You're gonna clean it all later, okay?"

Jon nods. "Sure, don't worry."

He comes back to the bed and watches Theon's face. He gives him a kiss once more and smiles as he opens the little red lipstick he has in his hand. He takes Theon's jaw in his one hand, keeping him still, and takes the lipstick to his face. Theon opens his mouth a little, and Jon nods approvingly. He slowly applies the lipstick, colouring Theon's lips, first the lower one, then the upper one, in several careful movements. Theon feels the fruity smell of the red lipstick and he's sure he looks utterly ridiculous, but Jon seems so impressed and pleased with the outcome.

"Happy now?" Theon asks.

Jon only gives him the lipstick. Theon takes it and now he's holding Jon's chin, lifting his head slightly up, applying that shameless red on his pretty plump lips. When he's finished, Jon rubs his lips together, then puckers up as for a kiss, and Theon's cock twitches.

"C'mere," he growls, pulling Jon towards himself, crashing their lips together. They start kissing, smearing the lipstick all over.

Jon moans into the kiss, spreading his legs, as Theon pushes him down and falls on top of him. He pins Jon's arms above his head and puts the lipstick to the bed next to them, tugging Jon's jeans down, exposing his hard cock.

He flips him around and gives his butt a smack. Jon squirms, demanding: "Kiss me more." So Theon again turns him around and kisses him.

He notices the red stains on the sheets and he sees they have squished the lipstick when they were turning around, but he doesn't care. He'll buy new sheets. And a new lipstick. He doesn't care that they will stain the new sheets and destroy the new lipstick either. He'll buy more, every day if need be. Theon is happy. He doesn't even care if he himself looks stupid, wearing lipstick like this. He's so fucking happy and he loves Jon so much, he'll buy a million lipsticks and wear every single one of them if it makes Jon pleased. Hell, he'll even wear a dress.
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!