<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Explicit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>Rape/Non-Con</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>F/M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>Captain America (Movies), The Avengers (Marvel Movies), Marvel Cinematic Universe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Steve Rogers/Original Female Character(s), Steve Rogers/Reader, Wanda Maximoff/Steve Rogers, James &quot;Bucky&quot; Barnes/Original Female Character(s)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Steve Rogers, James &quot;Bucky&quot; Barnes, Reader, Original Female Character(s), Mentioned Howard Stark, Phil Coulson, Wanda Maximoff, Pietro Maximoff, Stephen Strange, Tony Stark, Jarvis (Iron Man movies), Natasha Romanov (Marvel)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>Rape, Incest, Sibling Incest, Sibling Rivalry, Half-Sibling Incest, Half-Siblings, Alternate Universe - Game of Thrones Fusion Game of Thrones language, kings - Freeform, Wardens, Lords, ladies, arrogant reader, bastard ofc, Forced Pregnancy, Breeding Kink, Creampie, Dark!Steve, Jealousy, Don't Like Don't Read, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, little plot maybe, House Stark, House Rogers, incorrect geography, Bathtub Sex, Seduction, Whipping, Blood, Crying, Misogyny, Outdoor Sex, Oral Sex, darkish Bucky, Creepy Bucky Barnes, Pain, Painful Sex, Consensual Sex, Suicidal Thoughts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2019-05-02 Updated: 2020-06-22 Chapters: 19/? Words: 92222</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Sibling Rivalry**

by [DarkInMe](http://archiveofourown.org/users/DarkInMe)

**Summary**

This a story set in GoT type scenario, where the reader and Steve are half-siblings, and children of the Warden of Brooklyn. You both hate each other and try to compete with each other until one of you rises above the other.

**Notes**

I don't know what I am doing, but here is another weird Dark!Steve story.

See the end of the work for more [notes](http://archiveofourown.org/works/18683644).
Chapter 1

You entered your father's chamber to find him already sat by the dinner table along with your older half-brother. Steve shot you a cold look and you returned him an even colder one.

"Father," you greeted the old man.

"Steve," you said with distaste.

Steve returned half of a fake smile to you. "Sister."

"Ah, come daughter, sit with us," your father, Warden of Brooklyn, said, pointing at a seat beside him and opposite to Steve.

You sat down without a care of the tension cutting in between you and your half-brother. He was not pleased to see you. The feeling was mutual. He had gone to take the neighbouring lands with a small army of men, and you had expected him to take a little longer to come back to Brooklyn.

"I didn't think you'd return so early, brother," you commented.

"I can assume how disappointed you are, sister," he replied.

You narrowed your eyes at him. "I don't think you can."

Your father banged his hand on the table, shaking all its contents, to get both of your attention.

"Enough of your squabbling! You are not children anymore!" He scolded you two.

Steve glanced at you and smirked. "No, we aren't."

He turned his head to your father.

"Calm down, father. This is no squabbling, it's just a little discussion. But let's move over that. Let's come to the real reason for why we are having this meal together," Steve said.

You cocked your head and leaned forward on your chair, looking to your father to hear what he has to say. "What is it father?" You asked him, curiously.

The old man seemed hesitant. He had trouble matching your fiery eyes.

"Go on, father," Steve urged him.

You furrowed your brows at Steve, darting your eyes from him to his older version. You weren't anticipating anything good judging by your brother's excitement.

"Well, my dear (y/n)," your father started, placing his hand on top of yours. "As you know, I am getting older and sick too. We know that my days are numbered. And as my end comes nearer, the issue of choosing the next Warden of Brooklyn also arises."

You widened your eyes at him. It wasn't the discussion that upset you but rather what the end of the discussion would be. Steve was already grinning at you, nothing more was to be said.
"And?" You asked.

"My dear, I have chosen your brother, Steve, as the Warden of Brooklyn. He'll be wed to a suitable lady of another noble house, and he will take over the main governing of Brooklyn, and after I die, he'll get the title of Warden of Brooklyn as well."

You felt the rage boil in your blood, but in response you gave a laughter.

"What? You are choosing him over me?" You questioned.

"It is a hard fact to swallow, but sister you must."

"Don't interrupt me!" You growled at Steve.

You didn't care for the way his expression darkened. But you did get him to shut up. You turned to your father again with a look of betrayal.

"(Y/n), you have to understand that even though I love you so much, Steve is my first born son, true heir to the seat of Brooklyn," he tried to make you understand.

"And a worthless heir he is! He might be the son, he might be good at swinging his swords at the enemies, but he is in no way capable of ruling the whole of Brooklyn. The Gods didn't bless him with the mind for that and you know that very well father!"

"Hey, you watch how you speak of me," Steve snapped at you.

You ignored him.

"This is ridiculous. It was I who worked out the strategies to solve the crisis Brooklyn fell in, it was me who gave well advice for the battles. I would make a much better ruler than him and everyone here knows it!" You shouted at them.

Your father was at a loss of words.

"It is not going to happen, sister, so don't wish for it. Whatever you say or think, at the end you are a girl and you cannot sit here, with that cunt between yours legs that disables you to fight on the battleground like I can, and expect to rule Brooklyn. Your advice I can hire people for, but it is me who won back those lost lands from our enemies, and it will be me who will protect our lands and conquer more in the future," Steve ranted at you.

You glared at him with angry red eyes, your chest heaving with your laboured breathes.

"How dare you speak that way to me?"

Steve grinned at you again.

"I will speak with you any way I want when I become the Warden of Brooklyn," he taunted.

You stomped your feet on the ground and stood up. The food nearly fell from the table.

"This is unacceptable, father. This is outrageous! How could you do this to me?"
Your father looked at you with worry.

"Sweetheart, calm down, please. I have better plans for you. I am in talks with the Starks to have you wedded with their son, the prince of America, heir to the King himself," he said.

"What?" You and Steve snapped together, both of you equally surprised.

"Yes and I am sure that Howard would accept my offer. There is much to be gained from the union of our houses. You'll be a suitable bride for their son and you'll make a terrific Queen for all our nation," your father assured you.

Your anger subsided and was replaced with a new happy energy. You turned to your brother who sat with his jaw dropped next to your father. The shock hit him too hard.

"Well, how about that? I will get to be Queen of all the States of America. Brooklyn would be a tiny piece of land in front of the whole nation, and being the Queen, Brooklyn would be under my reign anyway," you flaunted.

Steve had an expression of pure disgust. His delight of being the Warden was just stripped away from him.

"Do you really think that they'll take her for their son? This little ungrateful bitch? She is a bastard!" Steve argued with your father.

"Have care how you speak of her, Steve! She is your sister!"

Steve slapped his hand on the table. "She is no sister of mine!"

"She is my daughter, legitimised by the King, and you'll treat her as such! I want no fights in between you two for this!" You father scolded Steve.

You enjoyed watching his new gained pride being ripped away from him. You had always despised your brother and he did you too.

Steve closed his mouth reluctantly, the look on his face was that of child whose favourite toy had been taken away from him. You smirked at him with arrogance.

"It's alright, brother Steve. You weren't capable of being anything more than a Warden with that thick head of yours anyway," you mocked him.

Steve glared at you.

"That applies to you too (y/n)," you father snarled at you.

But it didn't bother you. The scope of being the Queen was much better being than being the Warden and you just loved how it hurt Steve's pride and ego.

"Very well, father. I'll be taking my leave now. I'll have my dinner in my own chamber, lest brother here ignites from jealousy and rage," you gave Steve a last poke.

Steve was fuming. His hands were formed in fists on the table and his jaw was clenched. Veins
twitched in his temple and neck. He was redder than tomatoes. If his glare could kill you, you would have been dead already.

"Leave," your father allowed.

You gave Steve a cocky smile before you spun on your heels and strutted out of the chambers happily.

You were already picturing how it would be like being married to the Prince of America, to be the Queen of America. You had never thought that your father could arrange such a match for you. That joy was complemented by Steve's burning sense of pride.

He had tried to compete with you, bully you and dominate you all your life and though father took your side and you proved to be more intelligent than him, Steve took advantage in him being the stronger gender of you two. But you knew just how well you'd show him his place once you become the Queen.

***

Steve trained at the pit with his long-sword which was the house's heirloom. It was to remind him of his status and birth right. With every swing of the sword he imagined tearing apart his bitch of a half-sister. What he would give to see you beaten and bloodied, kneeling before him, begging for his mercy.

He couldn't believe that his father would take away his happiness from him like that. He was to be the Warden of Brooklyn and you were to marry some lowly lord and be his broodmare. You being the Queen would be a real threat to his honour, his pride, his being and his hold on the lands.

From a distance you saw your mad brother expend his aggression at the poor soldier who was subjected to training with him. Steve trained without any armour or shirt. His well-built muscles flexed and glistened with the sweat that came from his aggression.

You smiled to yourself, content with the affect you were already having on him.

Steve beat the soldier to the ground. He was merciless, unheeding of the way the soldier bled and cried for him to stop.

You urged other fellow soldiers and his trainer, Ser James Buchanan Barnes, to go stop him, from the balcony on which you were standing. Barnes was able to pull back Steve away from the innocent soldier.

"That's enough, Steve. Enough for today," Barnes said as he rubbed Steve's back to calm him.

Barnes provided Steve with a cloth to wipe his sweat with. Another man gave him water to drink.

Steve was calmed a bit by a few words from Barnes. The knight must have informed Steve of your presence because he looked up at where you were standing.

While he gave you a deadly stare, you gave him a lovely smile. You were assured of yourself. Then you left without a word, leaving him to sulk in the aftermath of your victory.

***
In the evening, Steve visited you at your chambers. You weren't too pleased to see his grinning face entering your room. He had a few handmaidens with him that carried wooden boxes whose contents were unknown to you.

You stood up from near your dresser once your own handmaiden was done brushing your hair.

"Well, what brings you here, brother?" You asked him.

"Yesterday's events. We were quite harsh on each other. That was some sourness that developed between us. We're kids no more, we must learn to get along if we are to carry on the name of Brooklyn after father passes away," he said.

You smiled as you took a seat beside a small table kept in your room, tossing a grape in your mouth.

"Oh, so now you remember the importance of me? Now that I may become the Queen? Do you feel threatened already, brother?"

Steve faked a smile too. "Why would I feel threatened by my own baby sister?" He asked.

You wanted to puke at his sweet tone.

"You always felt threatened by me, brother. Even before I developed the mind to outwit you," you told him.

Steve leaned over the opposite chair. His eyes turning darker on your person. They ran over your younger body shamelessly.

"I was just a child," he argued.

"And you were a child for how long?"

Steve tried his best to maintain his smile.

"Let's not talk about our childish quarrels, (y/n). As I said they'd be of no use. Also, I almost forgot bringing these presents for you yesterday. I got them from the lands I won over for us," he said as he gestured his handmaidens to lay out the boxes for you.

His maidens spread out the boxes in front of you and opened them for you to look at the dresses and jewelleries kept in them. You examined them with none the eagerness. You ran a hand across the material of the dress that you'd never wear.

"I don't remember you ever bringing presents for me, not unless father commanded it. I preferred it that way because your choice is just- mediocre, Steve. If you wanted to win me over then you wouldn't have brought me these. One would think that years of shameless ogling at your own sister would have made you at least a little aware of the extravagant dresses and jewellery that she chooses to wear," you jabbed at him.

Steve was keeping himself from losing his anger. But you could hear his heavy breathing already.

"Or you were never concerned with the dresses on my body anyway." You tossed away the boxes.
"Father's excessive pampering has made you insolent, sister. You should learn to be more respectful of other men if you want any chance to be married to the Stark's son," he said in a low and thick voice.

"Don't you worry about that. The Stark's son would have nothing but my love, devotion and respect. The same he would return to me," you told him.

Steve smirked at you.

"You are a fool to think that he'd love you. He's the prince, a handsome rich prince. He is rumoured to enjoy his companies with the ladies and the whores. You'd be nothing but another whore to him, with the exception of being his personal glorified broodmare," Steve hissed at you.

You maintained your look of arrogance, undeterred by Steve's insult.

"And this whore, this broodmare would still be above you. I'd stand above Brooklyn and I'll make you kneel, no, grovel at the feet of your new Queen if you wished to keep Brooklyn to your name any longer," you spat back at him.

The vein on his throat throbbed visibly.

"You can weave your dreams all you want. But you are a woman at the end, and even be the Queen, you will not be above me," he said.

You laughed.

"How long have you been telling yourself that, Steve? That I am woman so I am below you. But you still have your masculinity threatened just by the mere thought of me being better than you. If you really thought me below you, you wouldn't come to my chambers with these pathetic gifts and a pathetic attempt to get me on your side," you said.

Steve's resilience broke and he was fuming once again. His hands ached to thrash you around and silence you the only way he could, by using his brute strength.

"You can leave now brother. Or you won't be able to take any more the insults that I have in mind for you," you told him, waving him away with your hand as you would with a servant.

Steve slammed his hands on the table in front of you.

"You will regret ever talking to me this way, (y/n)!

You leaned closer to him and looked him in the eye.

"I'll regret nothing!"

You both stared into each other's eyes with equal amounts of hate and arrogance. Until Steve broke the stare to start leaving.

"I'll cut your wings, (y/n). Remember that," he threatened, before he left.

You didn't let it get to your head. You were better than that, your destiny was better than his. Steve was just throwing a tantrum and you wouldn't have to deal with it for long once you are
shipped away to New York to marry Anthony Stark, heir to the throne of America.

You will have a better life, you assured yourself.

***

The news of your father's death hit you like a thunderstorm. You cried for the loss of the only man who loved you here at Brooklyn. Without your father, your position at Brooklyn became lower than before. And you couldn't stand that, you couldn't stand being below Steve.

Steve made sure that you remain below him. As soon as the funeral ceremonies were over, Steve named himself as the Warden of Brooklyn and took charge of the whole state. You didn't think that Steve would stoop so low, but your father's sudden sickness and death was strange and you couldn’t help but suspect him be the reason of your father’s death. It wasn't unheard of sons to kill their fathers to attain titles. But with your father gone, you were now left alone to fend for yourself.

You had given word to the Maesters and councilmen to dig deeper into your father's death. You never pointed at Steve as you had no surety of where their loyalties lay.

Fear and uncertainty crept inside you. If Steve had indeed killed your father then he won't hesitate to kill you either. Even if he had not, there was no good to come from having the man, who has hated you all your life, become the Warden. He already had threatened to make you regret your previous bold actions. You were sure that he'd want to make good on his words.

Your only chance of escape would be your marriage with Anthony Stark. But unfortunately, no raven had come from New York to confirm your betrothal to the prince. At least not that you knew of and that raised another question in your mind, would Steve even let you go and become the Queen after all that you had said to him?

You were beginning to regret your arrogance.

You spent your time either locked up in your chambers or awaiting the ravens and the letters that they brought with them. None came from New York.

You did not visit your brother, you were too disgusted to meet his face. Your pride hindered it too. He had become the Warden before you had become the Queen. Steve sure would be floating in the skies over that.

But when you didn't go to him, Steve decided to visit you himself. It was the third night since he was named the Warden of Brooklyn and sixth night after your father's death. He bore little remorse on his face as he entered your chambers.

"Leave us alone," he ordered your handmaiden.

"Wait," you held off the girl, not wanting to be left alone with your evil half-brother.

"What do you want?"

"I want some privacy to talk with my sister about our father's death and the following developments in Brooklyn," he answered.

You gave a reluctant glance at your handmaiden.
"Your Lord gave you a command, girl," Steve growled at her.

The girl quickly rushed out of the room, closing the door behind herself. You turned away from Steve and went to pour yourself some wine.

"You did not come to my naming ceremony, sister. Neither did you come to congratulate me," he complained.

You turned around with a spiteful expression.

"I was a bit offended by it, but I assumed that you still haven't gotten over father's death," he added.

You took a sip of the wine and set the glass down on the table.

"You killed him, didn't you?" You slurred at him.

Steve gave you a confused look.

"That is an awfully bold accusation to make," he replied.

"Yet not untrue. You grew too ambitious, Steve. But so much that you killed him? Your own father? Even after he promised Brooklyn to you?"

"Sister, you are going mad. I will forgive your insolence for this one time, but I will not forgive it for a second time," he threatened you.

"Oh, and what will you do, brother? Have me hanged?"

"I am the Warden of Brooklyn. I will do whatsoever I please," he said, confidently.

You scoffed at him.

"Then do as you please, brother. I will be soon out of your hair," you told him.

"How so?"

"I will be going to New York to marry the King's son," you said.

Steve laughed.

"And who said that they've agreed to the proposal?"

Your heart sank at that thought. If the Starks didn't take you then you'd be left at the mercy of Steve.

"They- they will. The raven just hasn't arrived yet," you argued with uncertainty.

Steve gave a short chuckle.

"Well, I won't play with you anymore. We got this letter from New York, just this morning," Steve said as he unwrapped a roll of parchment from under his fist.
You saw the broken seal of Stark on it. Your pupils dilated at its sight. You reached forward to take it, but Steve swayed it away and out of your reach.

"Give me that!" You screamed, hopping on your feet to reach the height at which he held the parchment.

"Patience, sister. Stand back and I shall read it to you," he said.

You huffed, but were forced to step back.

"Good girl," he said.

You cringed.

Steve opened the roll of parchment and began reading from it.

"Dear Lord Rogers, Warden of Brooklyn, 
I assume that it is Steve who reads this letter as the old Warden has died. I congratulate you on your new position and wish for a long and successful reign, as do I send you my condolences for your father's death. To reach a more pressing matter, your father had sent us the proposal for your sister's hand in marriage to our son Anthony. On due consideration, I have agreed on this marriage and would like for you to come along with your sister to New York for the marriage within two full moons to start the preparations for the ceremony. Sincerely, King of All America, Howard Stark."

You were delighted at the news. You jumped up and clapped your hands together.

"Excellent! Wonderful!" You cheered.

Steve smiled at you, but it wasn't a welcoming one.

"I haven't sent them a reply yet," he said.

"Well, then go ahead. Tell them that we'll be there," you said.

"Why should I?"

The smile faded from your face. Steve really was about to play that game with you.

"Why wouldn't you? Steve, me being married to the Prince of America, future King of All America, is going to beneficial for both of us," you told him.

Steve cocked his head to the side and pouted his lips.

"I doubt that. I remember you telling me just how miserable you'd make me once you become Queen. That doesn't sound very beneficial to me," Steve argued.

You couldn't believe it.

"Steve, that was just childish talk you know- nothing serious. It was just in the heat of the moment. You can't possibly think of rejecting the King's offer himself!"
"Umm, I won't have to reject. It'll be him rejecting you."

"Why? Why would he do that?"

Steve grinned as he took a step closer to you.

"I don't think they'd like to marry a whore to their son," he said in voice laced with menace.

"What are you talking about? I am no whore! I am a lady!" You said, boldly.

"Yes, but any lady who loses her maidenhead before marriage, that too to the prince, is considered to be a whore," he spat at you.

You walked backwards as he moved towards you. His words were making you feel sick.

"I am a virgin. I have never-"

"Yes, I know that, sister. But you won't be a virgin anymore after tonight," he said.

He looked right into your eyes as he undid the top two buttons of his black tunic. Your jaw fell open as you stared at him with horror. This was the sort of thing you were afraid of happening to you ever since father died.

"What's wrong with you, Steve? I am your sister!"

Steve shrugged his shoulders as he stepped closer to you, continuing to unbutton his tunic.

"Doesn't matter to me. I never saw you as a sister anyway. We never shared the same mother," he replied, bluntly.

"We still share half of the same blood, our father's blood. You are going crazy, Steve. Get out of my chambers this instance!" You screamed at him.

Steve grinned at you, though his eyes remained cold.

"If you want me to leave then you could kneel, no, what was it that you said? Grovel at my feet, beg for my mercy, admit that you are below me and then I shall consider your request," he told you.

You shot daggers at him with your eyes. Even the mere suggestion of doing such a humiliating thing was offensive to your whole being. You may have lived your whole life knowing that somewhere or the other you were not equal to him, but your father had made sure never to let such things bother you.

Your father was a kind, loving and caring man, and it baffled you how he managed to make such a monster of a son. Steve might have mocked you all your life by telling you that you were bastard, daughter of a whore, but you doubted that Steve was even your father's blood. If it weren't for the stark resembling features between your old man and this wretched being, you would have truly believed that he was adopted.

It was in your misfortune that he was indeed the first-born son. And your father may not have let you feel inferior to him despite of your birth status and gender, without him you realized that your
power was only something in your mind all along. You felt helpless.

"You are unbelievable, brother," you said.

Steve walked into you till there was only the distance of a few inches between you two. His body was larger and stronger than yours, and he prided himself on that. You backed away until your calves hit the bed through the fabric of the skirt of your dress.

The closeness was suffocating, and at the very first attempt of getting away from him, Steve stopped you by holding your arm and keeping you where you stood. His grip was tight around your arm, you could feel the blood pressure being cut off from the area which he held.

"Get away from me, Steve," you told him.

"You don't think I am serious. That's your mistake," he said.

"If you are serious then you are a fool. Refusing the crown's offer would do you no good, certainly not when your position as the Warden is all so new. Raping and killing the woman who the King intends to marry his son with is stupidity. And all for what? Your pride, your jealousy, your fear of me becoming the Queen? Oh, Steve, even now you are more short-sighted than ever. How do you manage-"

Steve's slap on your cheek was unexpected. You fell on the edge of your bed, steadying yourself on your hands. It certainly was not the first time Steve had struck you, but it burnt with the same intensity as every other time.

"You don't need to worry about what happens to me or my hold on Brooklyn. Worry about yourself and your fate," he said as he pushed your shoulders to the bed.

You were forced to lay down on your back. Steve quickly climbed over, preventing you from getting up.

"Get off! Get the fuck off of me!" You screamed as you threw punches at his chest, face, whatever area you could find.

Steve caught your hands by the wrists and pinned them at your sides. He leaned closer to you till his face was hovering just inches above yours.

"Struggle all you will, (y/n). Scream and cry, beg me to stop," he said, cockily.

You twisted your body as Steve forced a knee between your thighs to keep them open. His eyes wandered wantonly down to your heaving breasts. He held your hands over your head with one large hand of his while he brought down the other to feather over the fabric that covered your modesty from his sight.

"I have imagined doing this to you for so long," he said as cupped one breast and squeezed at it.

"Don't you touch me. Don't you dare touch me," you hissed through gritted teeth.

Steve rested his weight on top of your body, grinding himself on your stomach.

"Oh, I am not daring. This is not an act of bravery. Doing this is laughably easy for me, (y/n). It
was only father who kept me from my true desires when he was alive. But no one can save daddy's little princess anymore," he mocked you.

Tears welled in your eyes at the mention of your dead father, the man who loved you and looked out for you. Now you were left alone with his heathen of a son.

"You are disgusting," you spewed at him.

Steve sighed. "Well, you better get used to it."

With that he hooked his fingers into the laces of your dress and pulled them open carelessly. You tried to move away or push him off, but there was nothing you could do with the way he had you pinned beneath him.

Begging and pleading seemed to be the only option left here, but you were too proud and arrogant to do it. Your brother may crumble your body but he will never crumble your ego and spirit.

You held in your cries by locking your jaw and turned your head to your side as Steve brought his lips down to settle between your now exposed breasts. His hot and wet tongue trailed its way to your left nipple where he closed his lips around it. He suckled at it as if he was expecting milk to come out. It was an uncomfortable sensation and it was only heightened by the feeling of his teeth nicking at the sensitive skin.

You bucked your hips up in order to throw him off balance, even a little, but you only managed to hump yourself on his thick thigh. Steve enjoyed that and dug his knee further in between your legs.

Steve kissed his way up to your neck, biting little marks on it. He let go of your wrists only to use both hands to rip off your bodice. You gasped at the sickening noise of the fabric tearing. His hands spanned across your body from your chest to your abdomen, leaving goose-flesh where they touched the skin.

You had never seen such hunger in his eyes, not even when he used to corner you and pin you against walls when you both were younger. It terrified you.

Steve's fingers slithered in between your thighs. You barely got a chance to fight before he parted them and removed the skirt that kept your womanhood hidden from him.

The fear got realer and realer the more forward he became. The realisation of what was happening finally dawned upon you. You could not let this happen. It won't be a thing that'll just pass. This would ruin your life, your chance of being the Queen, and everything else.

You struggled harder against him.

"No- Steve, please stop," you begged, breaking out of your false pride.

Steve looked at you with an amused smile.

"Am I really hearing that? (Y/n) Rogers, begging me?"

"I won't say anything again ever. I will respect you, do everything for you, anything that you say. Please, just let me go, Steve."
Steve placed his hands on either side of you and leaned closer to you once again. He smiled wider at you.

"Firstly, sister, I am your Lord now and you I'll refer to me as such. No calling me by my name, is that understood?"

You nodded. "Y-yes, my lord."

"Secondly, if you are ready to do anything I say then do it. Start by giving your big brother a nice kiss, why don't you?" He asked.

Even the suggestion was disgusting for you, but you did not know what else to do.

"If- if I do, then you'll leave me alone?" You asked, hopefully.

"Well," he started, running his eyes down your exposed body. "I don't make any promises, but it could be a possibility and if I were you, I'd say it's worth a try."

You shed another round of fat tears. This was torture. You contemplated what to do, something told you that it won't work and he was just giving you false hopes.

"I won't wait for long, sister," he warned you.

That was the push that you needed to give in. You had to take even the slightest chance given to you to get out of this. Maybe he'd be pleased by your compliance and set you free. After that you'd flee Brooklyn and leave him no chance to get you in this situation ever again.

With a lot of reluctance you placed your hands on his shoulders to help you lift yourself up from the bed. It was hard to face him especially when he looked so much like your father. It just made your urge to vomit stronger and stronger.

Steve slid one hand behind you and pushed your back to help you come closer to him. He parted his lips and let you do the rest yourself. You closed your eyes and tried to forget all the repulsion that was surging through your body as you pressed your lips against your terrible half-brother's.

The soft kiss that you had started became a deep and rough one as Steve took charge of the situation. He locked his lips to yours and infiltrated your mouth with his vile tongue. You whined and pushed your hands against his shoulders in an attempt to break the kiss. But Steve had placed a hand at the back of your head that made it impossible for you to pull away.

His other hand slide in between you two and you heard the sound of him unbuckling his belt. Soon you felt something hot, hard and fleshy bob against your stomach. You knew right away what it was. You thrashed more violently against him, enough to break away from the kiss and fall onto the bed again.

In your moment of haze and shock, Steve had pulled your hips towards him and positioned his cock at your entrance.

"Steve! Don't! You said-"

"I didn't say anything," he said, coldly.
Then he proceeded to insert himself inside your embarrassingly slick pussy.

"A whore indeed," he commented as he thrust his remaining inches inside you.

You screamed from the pain of being torn. Steve, however, groaned with pleasure as your walls tightened around his length.

Your handmaiden came running inside at the sound of your agony.

"My lady!" She exclaimed.

Both you and Steve turned to look at the girl who stood there with an expression of utter horror.

"Get help!" You told her.

"Get out and close the door!" Steve commanded her.

The girl went running out. You weren't sure whose command was she going to answer. You hoped that she maintained her loyalties to you.

"Nobody is going to help you here in Brooklyn anymore. Nobody is going to help you anywhere," he told you as he pulled himself out and slammed himself back in.

There was no use of it either. Steve had already taken your maidenhead and consequently ruined your scope of ever marrying a high lord, let alone Prince Anthony. Hope escaped your eyes in the form of tears.

Steve felt content that you were finally where he had always wanted you to be, ever since you were born and brought to the castle. He enjoyed every bit of the pain and humiliation that displayed on your face. It only coaxed him to fuck you harder. You covered your face with your hands, not wanting to see the father like face of your devilish brother as he rutted inside you.

He let you be for a while, he was too busy relishing the pleasure that you were giving him and chasing his climax. Steve laid on top of your body, letting your bare skin scratch against the material of his clothes. You felt his hot breath brush against ear and neck and what was worse that you could directly hear him grunting and groaning into your ear.

"You feel so good around me, sister. Your pussy was meant to be taken by me," he panted.

You only sobbed in response. Steve pulled away the hands from your face so that he could look into your eyes as he fucked you. He grabbed your jaw in a tight grip to keep you from turning away.

"Look at me, sister. You look truly beautiful like this, beneath me, being fucked by me," he complemented you.

You stared at him with defiance and disgust.

"Accept your fate," he grunted.

"As my personal whore. Oh, I will fill you with my seed and have you give birth to my bastard
sons. How'd you like that, (y/n)?"

Steve managed to rile you up in a new way. A new wave of tension washed of your mind.

"No, no, not that," you cried. "Pull out, please!"

Ignoring your pleas, Steve plunged himself the deepest he could go inside you. He groaned aloud and his lips twisted as he spilled his seed in your pussy. You felt the hot, sticky liquid coat the inside of your walls, and with that all your hopes had extinguished.

"No," you whispered as you stared blankly at the ceiling.

"No?" Steve asked as withdrew himself from you.

"It'd be an honour for you to carry my bastards in your womb, now that you are nothing but a bastard whore yourself," he taunted, crushing your soul with his remark.

You pulled the remaining shreds of your robe over yourself. All the muscles in your body felt sore and the pain between your legs was stinging.

Steve touched your knee, preventing you from closing your legs, as he examined the combination of blood and semen leaking out from your womanhood. He felt pleased with his work.

"I'll send in your handmaiden to help you clean up," he told you.

You raised yourself up and crawled away from him, curling into a ball over your bed. Steve fixed his clothes before he began leaving. He opened the door to your chamber and stood at the door frame.

"Oh and," he said as he turned around.

You glanced at him. His image was blurry due to the wetness of your eyes.

"You'll be removed from the chambers by the end of day. Only ladies and lords deserve to have such luxuries. You will be shifted to my chambers where you'll be serving me as my very own handmaiden and whore, of course. So do prepare yourself for that. I expect you to behave properly."

He smiled at you as the horror dawned on your face.

"You can't!"

"I can and I will," he said, arrogantly, before he walked away, leaving you to dwell alone in your miseries.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

So I decided to convert this into a series because y'all wanted it. This chapter is short as I am still developing the story and don't want to give it all away at once. I am not sure about this still, so your reviews matter a lot.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The loud banging on the heavy wooden door of Steve's chambers, formerly your father's chambers, had woken you up, but you pretended to be asleep. Steve stirred into consciousness with much unwillingness. He pulled his hand away from under your relatively smaller body and stood up.

You peeked at him with caution, careful not to make him aware of your wakefulness. He slipped out of the bed and fetched for his silken robe to cover his naked body.

"What is it?" Steve asked in an agitated tone as he opened the door.

"There are important matters to discuss, my lord. Matters related to the crown and New York," you heard Maester Coulson's faint voice from the other side of the room.

Your ears stood up in interest, curious to know what was the aftermath of the broken engagement between you and the crown prince. They may have refused your hand upon hearing the false accusations against your name as promoted by Steve, but they must have disliked being made for a fool. You were eager to know of their reaction. The Starks were bound to develop some hostility towards the Rogers now.

You closed your eyes and pretended to be asleep again when Steve re-entered his chambers.

"Wake up, (y/n)," he shouted, slamming his hand on a nearby table.

You acted to be startled out of your sleep and gazed at him with hazy, swollen eyes.

"Get out of the bed and draw me a bath. I'll be there soon," he commanded before he left the chambers altogether.

You got up lazily out of the bed and donned the cheap brown tunic that you were now forced to wear by your brother. A small payback for the time you had rejected his gifts of dresses.

You went down to the bathing pools and asked the maidens to draw a warm bath for the Warden. They obeyed you.

Steve came for his bath before you had the chance to leave. The handmaidens latched on to him like flies to help him undress of his night robe. You averted your eyes from his naked body.

"I'll be leaving now," you said, softly as you tried to go around him.
"No," he said, stopping you on your tracks.

"You will be the one washing me today," he ordered.

You raised your eyes in question at him. You felt uneasy just by the suggestion. Steve snatched the bathing sponge and soap from the girls' hands and came forward to hand them to you.

"It is your duty as my handmaiden," he said with a cocky smirk.

You stood there frozen for a while, contemplating whether you should try to protest or not. By then Steve had ordered the other handmaidens to leave and stepped into the large pool of water.

"Come, (y/n). I don't have all day," he called you.

You sighed to yourself before you spun on your heels. You sat at the edge of the pool and wetted the sponge in the water, applied some soap on it and forced yourself to touch Steve and ran the lathered sponge across the expanse of his chest. At first you hesitated, but as you went on you relaxed, and rubbed him with less restraint even though you hated it.

"So, what is the response of the King? Is he angry? Did he even buy your excuse?" You asked.

Steve narrowed his eyes at you. Clearly, he did not take well to you listening in on his conversations.

"I thought you were asleep," he said.

"Was I?"

Steve grinned. "I'll keep that in mind next time. And yes, they bought the excuse. Of course, now you are lowered in the King's eyes, known as the Lady who slept with a castle servant because of her insatiable whorish desires," he answered.

Your hand worked a little harsher on him. You didn't know if what he was saying true, but you knew that he liked to add some spice to his words to rile you up and you weren't going to give in so easily.

"I see," you whispered as you ran the sponge across his back.

"The King has begun his search for a new bride for his son, of course. In fact, word says that they have found her," Steve said.

Your hand stopped where it touched his skin. The thought of your opportunity at a better life blown so far away bit into you like ice. You pursed your lips, held back your disappointment, and continued scrubbing Steve.

"Say sister, why don't you join me in the water? You are not doing a very good job washing me, sitting up here," he suggested, tugging on your arm.

Your body grew stiff, you didn't even respond to that.

"Hurry up, (y/n). Take off your clothes and step into the water before I lose my patience," he warned you.
"Y-yes, my lord." You stood up and reluctantly stripped down your tunic.

Steve helped you down into the warm water, his hands immediately latched onto your body and pulled you closer to him. You dared not to match the lust in his eyes, instead only focusing on rubbing the sponge over his lower body. You particularly avoided his nether regions, only washing around it but not on it.

Steve read your hesitation and forced your other hand over his semi-hard manhood. He didn’t say a word, only guided your hand back and forth his length until you learned to do it yourself. Once you took charge, he leaned back on the edge of the tub and enjoyed the feeling of your hand around him.

You were disgusted with yourself, but had no choice but to jerk him off with one hand while cleaning him with the other.

"Don't you want to know who the King has chosen as your replacement?" Steve asked, peering at you through lidded eyes.

You didn't know if you wanted to. But you sure were curious.

"It's Lady Romanoff of Russia," he told you.

You furrowed your brows at him, your hand tightened around his girth in the moment of surprise. Steve groaned in response.

"Lady Natalia Romanova?" You asked.

Steve smiled at you. "Yes," he panted.

The match was good. House Romanova was a strong house and Lady Natalia was known to be one of the most beautiful women in the whole of America. She was said to be kissed by fire because of her luscious red hair. You couldn’t help but feel a tinge of jealousy.

"I thought she'd be married to the Maximoff Lord, or Lord Barton. I haven't heard of either of them getting married yet," you muttered.

Steve shrugged his shoulders. "Why would she choose lords over a prince?"

"No, I am just curious as to why they did not take her before the prince. She's a beautiful woman. I remember father talking about betrothing you to her once too," you added as you rubbed Steve absentmindedly.

Steve hummed as he separated your hand from his cock and began touching your body. He inserted two fingers in your cunt, making you hiss. Your feet lost balance and detached from the bed of the pool, forcing you to cling on to Steve for support.

"Yes, she'd have made a suitable bride. But I'll find another soon," he said.

"Until then," he said before he spun you around so that your back was pressed against the edge of the pool.
He parted your legs and positioned himself between them. "You'll have to be my bed warmer," he said.

Steve he entered you, filling all of his length inside you at once. You cried and dug your nails into his shoulder. Even with so much water present around you the motion still burned.

Steve wrapped your thighs around his hips and began pounding you against the wall. The sound of splashing water, your petty cries and Steve’s groans echoed through the stone walls. You closed your eyes, hiding the shame of being taken by your brother in yet another humiliating way, and waited for him to get over with you.

He grunted in your ear as he shot his cum inside you, whispering filthy words about impregnating you with his bastards again. His cum leaked out of your cunt and mixed with the water when Steve pulled out of you. He appeared to be charged up and energised by your fucking session.

"I would love to have you again and again, (y/n). But I have matters to attend to, now that I am Warden of Brooklyn," he flaunted as he got out of the pool.

You wallowed in self-loathing and self-pittance for a few moments until after Steve had left. Walking straight was a challenge after Steve's rough pounding, but you made it out of the bathing chamber somehow. You couldn't miss on your drink of the moon tea if you wanted to prevent his seed from quickening in your womb.

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You wished that you could join your father in death as you wept on the pedestal of his grave in the crypts. You missed him so much, he would have never let something like this happen to you.

Your father was a noble and kind man who made you feel like you belonged even when you felt like the world was against you because of your birth status. But a part of you cursed the deceased man for raising a son like Steve, a heathen. This wouldn't have happened if he had been more sensitive to Steve's behaviour.

Your peaceful mourning time was interrupted by the sound loud footsteps heading your way. For a second your heart filled with dread, fearing Steve's arrival and mockery. But when you looked over your shoulder, you found Ser James approaching, a man whose presence either made you feel uncomfortable or indifferent.

Ser James stopped a few meters before you and looked down at you. "Lord Steve has summoned you to his chambers," he informed you.

"I will be there," you replied as you wiped the tears from your cheeks.

"My lord has commanded me to bring you to him myself," he said.

You clenched your jaw and fists with irritation. "Can't I even have some time to mourn my father?" You snapped at him.

James shrugged his shoulders. "I am only following my command. You should too, you know how he is."

You scoffed. "And you do too."
Ser James was a better man than Steve, yet he followed him. Maybe he could question his authority if only given some motivation.

You drew a long breath, bunched your skirt in your hands and prepared to stand up.

"I have seen you looking at me, Ser," you started as you faced him

He cocked his brows at you.

"Staring at me with the same eyes as Steve, same as other men," you said as you tried to resonate a similar lusty gaze at him that you had observed him giving you many a times.

He seemed flustered and took a step back as you came near him.

"I am not sure what you are talking about," he said.

You giggled playfully as you closed the distance between him and yourself. You didn't like what you were about to do and say, but you had to make an attempt.

"I am very sure about what you want, Ser James. Have wanted for a long time," you said as you cupped his stubbly jaw with one hand. "Haven't you?"

You placed your other hand on his abdomen and rubbed him, dangerously close to his crotch. Ser James was trying hard to remain rigid and not cave in to your touch. Though you could see the deep shade of crimson appear in his cheeks and it made you smile.

"I could let you have a good time with me, let you do anything and everything you have dreamt about doing to me," you whispered in a seductive tone as you brushed your fingers across his soft lips. "If only you do what I say."

His breathing became laboured as arousal hit him. He grabbed your hand by the wrist before it could touch the shameful bulge in his trousers.

"And what do you say?" He asked in a raspy voice.

Though you despised doing it, you pressed your body against him and ran your fingers through his hair, pulling his head closer to your lips. You could feel him panting hotly.

"I say, that you can fuck me however you want for one long night, or two if you desire, in return for which you'll help me escape from Brooklyn," you whispered in his ear.

Ser James's breath hitched. He pushed you away from him suddenly and you frowned at him for doing so.

"You know I cannot do that," he grunted at you.

"You can! Steve trusts you! You know how much of a devil he is. Won't you help me escape from his tyranny? I'll be so good for you, I promise," you said, running a hand through the curves of your body.

Your own body burned from the embarrassment caused by your actions. What had become of you?
Ser James turned his head away from you to resist your temptation. You saw him clench his jaw and fists as he panted with arousal and frustration. You were finding it more and more difficult to act so wanton in front of the Knight.

"I am sworn to be loyal to our Lord Steve Rogers, the first born son of your father," he argued.

"I am his daughter as well!"

"I serve the Warden of Brooklyn and I won't betray him," he stressed.

You went near him again and held his hand to your face, pressing a gentle kiss against it.

"Please, Ser James, help me. Be a gallant Knight and help this Lady in distress and you shall be rewarded. By the gods and me. You won’t have to keep your fantasies limited to your dreams anymore," you cooed to him.

You saw his jaw twitch as he returned his eyes to you, this time darker, the lust more evident than ever. He slapped his hand away from yours and brought it down to grab your arm. He fumed as he dragged you out of the crypts.

"Our Lord is waiting," he reminded you and himself.

You struggled to keep up with his long strides, but his grip on you forced you to follow him. You felt insulted by his blatant ignorance to your offer, a Lady's offer, one that you had to make by biting back your dignity and pride.

"Don't tell me that you are rejecting me," you hissed at him.

"Trust me, it's not easy for me," he growled. "But we must not disobey Lord Rogers."

You huffed with disappointment. His loyalty towards Steve could not be swayed away, not even by the temptation of sex, something that made most men fall from their graces.

You looked at him one last time with hope as he delivered you at the door of your brother's chambers.

"Consider my offer, Ser James. What I give to Steve, it could be yours," you told him.

James swallowed the knot forming in his throat. He ignored you and reached over to knock at the door. "My lord, I have brought your sister," he announced.

"Enter!" Steve answered.

You passed him another soft, pleading look before you went inside. You counted on Ser James' goodwill coming through to save you and it helped you go through the night. You knew that he wasn't as treacherous or despicable as most men are. He was a man of honour and duty, and he had a heart in his chest which you hoped ached at the cruelty that your brother bestowed upon you. Added by the prospect of sleeping with you, maybe he'd realise what needs to be done.

Chapter End Notes
So I want to clarify a few things about the background setting of this story, that is-
Consider the whole of America as a Westeros like land where the other countries or
states I mention (like Russia) are integrated into it. Also since this is a GoT inspired
story be ready for a few weird pairings and definitely dark stuff.

Those who don't know what moon tea is, it is something they drink in GoT to prevent
pregnancy, if I remember it correctly. If I don't, then it does in this story. I feel like I
had more to say but I cannot remember so if anyone as to ask anything ask away.

Please tell me if you liked it or disliked in the comments as usual!
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Just much darkness and sadness in this chapter. So brace yourselves.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"You called for me, my lord?" You asked from the small slit formed by the open door.

Steve was sitting on a chair beside the round table kept at one end in his chamber. He smiled wickedly at you, something that never meant any good for you.

"Yes, come along, sister," he said, beckoning you towards him.

You weren't very happy with the jolly vibes he was radiating as you entered the room. It was only when the whole room was visible to you did you see a statue like Ser James standing at the end of Steve's bed.

You gave him a steely glare, the memory of him refusing to help you still fresh on your mind. Though his expression gave no emotion away. He didn't even turn an eye to acknowledge your presence.

"Come here, (y/n). Sit on my lap," Steve said as he patted his right thigh, calling you as if you were a dog.

You looked to Ser James again, wondering if he'll leave before Steve starts using you for his fun. But he showed no such indication.

"Don't look at him, (y/n). Do as I tell you," Steve said, sternly.

You held in a breath as you walked towards Steve, reluctantly. Steve held you by your hips and pulled you down to sit on his lap. He positioned you in a way to face James. You got a sick feeling about this. Was he planning to let him join to add to your suffering?

You shifted uneasily on his thighs, feeling his crotch rub against your butt. Steve's hands slid across the length of your legs, pulling up your skirt with them. You felt your body burn.

"Do we have to do this in front of him?" You whispered to Steve.

"Why? You don't want Ser James to enjoy as I do? You weren't quite as hesitant that day in the crypt, as Ser James tells me," Steve replied.

Your whole body froze, even your breath. You snapped your head at the Knight with horror and disbelief. You had not expected him to sell you out like this, not when he knew how disastrous Steve is.
Ser James wouldn't even look into your eyes. That son of a bitch.

Steve pushed your thighs apart. He locked his arm around your mid and pressed his feet against your ankles, forcing you to remain stuck to him and your legs open.

"Ser James tells me you were quite eager to share your body with him in return for him helping you run from Brooklyn. I didn't think you'd turn to whorish methods so soon. But now that you are there, why don't you let him have a taste of your body?" Steve spoke into your ear, but still loud enough for Ser James to hear.

He pulled your skirt further and further up your legs. You turned your face away from Ser James and whimpered into Steve's shoulder. Your heart pounded in your chest.

"Please, it was a mistake," you cried.

"Oh, was it now? You don't want Ser James to fuck you the way he wants anymore?" Steve growled at you.

You shook your head furiously. "No, no. Please, I don't want that," you pleaded with your half-brother as you tried to stop his hands from pulling your skirts up to your waist.

"Now that'd be terribly rude, won't it? You promised that you'd let Ser James have you, you tempted him and teased him. You should not break your promise like that, sister. It is very dishonourable," Steve argued.

Despite your resistance, Steve had managed to expose your private parts to Ser James. You weren't sure if he was looking or not, because you were busy begging to your brother. Either way, you were disgusted with him to even check.

"But it was only if-" Steve cut of your sentence by wrapping his hand around your throat. Your head tilted back against his shoulder as you struggled to take even breathes.

"Only if he helped you? You were asking Ser James to betray me, sister. You were asking him to compromise himself for you. That is highly selfish as well as a serious offence. Now fortunately, Ser James is very loyal to me and would never let anyone do any wrong to me. He came and informed me about the treachery you had planned in your mind. I am much grateful for it. And in return for that, I have decided to offer you to him as a show of my gratitude," Steve informed you.

You felt as angry at Ser James as afraid you felt of Steve's suggestion. You were learning to tolerate Steve, but you did not want to be shared with others like a literal whore. Let alone Ser James who had betrayed you with a cold heart.

Steve freed your throat and slipped that hand down to fondle with your breasts while the other hand played with your pussy as a show for Ser James.

"My lord, I beg of you," you coughed.

"Save the begging for Ser James, (y/n)," he told you.

You cried helplessly. There was no way of making Steve stop once he had decided to do something. The humiliation burnt you as Steve ran his fingers across your slit and inserted one inside you, making you squirm with discomfort on his lap. He glanced at Ser James and his
movement seized inside you.

"Ser James, why aren't you looking?"

Ser James cleared his throat and straightened his back.

"My lord, I am thankful for your offer, but I don't want any part of this. If you will allow me then I shall leave," he said.

Steve growled with anger. "It is exactly this soft attitude of yours that made her think that you'll help him in the first place. I will have you change that this instant!" Steve grunted at him.

He retrieved his hand from between your legs and pushed you like a doll towards Ser James, who caught you before you could fall.

"Toss her on the floor, Ser James. There is no need to show any care to her," Steve said.

Ser James hesitated. It seemed that he did not want to be as cruel as Steve was.

"My lord, there is really no need for this," he protested.

Steve slammed his hand on the table, startling the both of you.

"You will do as I say or I shall question your loyalty to me, Ser James Buchanan Barnes," Steve barked at him.

"But-"

"No arguments! Do as I say! Throw her on her knees!"

Ser James passed you a sorry look before he gave you as soft a shove as he could to make you fall on the ground. You landed on your fours, but you pushed yourself on your knees.

"Now, take off that belt, Ser James. I want you to whip her with it," Steve commanded.

Both you and Ser James looked at Steve with horror. Steve hadn't himself ever whipped you and you didn't suppose it'll feel any good.

"Don't just stand there. Take off your belt and whip her," Steve repeated.

"But, my lord. It's not necessary. You don't need to hurt her," Ser James argued.

You appreciated him standing up for you a little bit, but then again if he hadn't snitched on you then this wouldn't have happened in the first place.

"Ser James, if you don't do as I command you to without any questions asked, then I shall have you replaced, thrown out of Brooklyn and stripped off your titles as well," Steve threatened.

You sobbed on the floor as you watched Ser James contemplate his actions. He waited only for a few seconds before he started pulling his belt out of its loops. Your eyes widened at him.

"No, please, Ser James. Don't do it," you begged.

Ser James closed his eyes, pretending to not hear your cries as he raised his belt to whip you. Steve tutted.

"Not like that, Ser James. First remove the clothing off her back. I want marks on her skin," Steve said.

You shuddered and pleaded with Ser James through your glistening eyes as he slouched down and hooked his hands in the back of your tunic.

"Please, Ser. Please, don't," you cried, trying to find a shred of good and mercy in him.

"I'm sorry," he whispered to you before he tore away the fabric covering your back.

You clutched your hands to your chest in order to prevent the remainder of your tunic from falling down.

"Go on," Steve encouraged James.

The first lash took you by surprise even though you knew it was coming. It felt like your skin was set on fire where the leather had touched it.

"Harder," Steve urged.

The second lash hit you with more force. You screamed louder than before. Nothing had hurt you like this did and you were certain that your back is going to be marred with welts.

"Harder, I said!"

But even when Ser James went his hardest, Steve wasn't satisfied. After his fifth attempt, Steve stood up to take charge.

"You are holding yourself back, Ser James. I want her skin to bleed," Steve said as he snatched the belt from Ser James's hand. "Let me show you how to do it."

You shivered as you saw him wrapping the belt around his hand while letting the metal bulk end hang. Before you could do anything, Steve struck you with it. You fell forward with the impact. The metal dug painfully into your skin and made you bleed.

"Oh god," you wailed as Steve whipped you more.

"Yes, that's it. Now the marks won't ever leave," Steve said with delight.

"Please, no more," you squealed, your nails scratched the floor.

Steve spun the bloody end of the belt in his hand as he looked down at you with disgust.

"No more? How about no more thinking about escaping, huh?" He asked, followed by a lash.
"How about no more trying to turn my men against me?"

You could feel the wetness drip down the searing welts on your back.

"I won't," you cried with your face pressed against the floor. "I won't do it. Please just stop!"

Instead of stopping, Steve handed the belt back to Ser James. "Here, now whip here like I did. I want her to remember this moment. I want her to be scared of you and be afraid of asking for your help ever again," Steve snarled.

"My lord, please. Have a little mercy on her," Ser James begged on your behalf.

Steve glared at Ser James. "Don't pretend to be a hero, Ser James. I can see your arousal through your trousers quite clearly. We both know that you are enjoying this as much as I am, so please, do not mislead my baby sister into thinking that you have any pity for her in your heart."

You felt your heart shatter. Was he really enjoying this? Your doubt was affirmed when you looked back at him over your shoulder and saw the tent in his trousers as well. There was shame and reluctance in his eyes, but you didn't care for it. It meant nothing. You had lost all faith in him.

"Yes, my lord," he obeyed in a hoarse voice.

Ser James averted his eyes from you as he readied himself to whip you again. You turned your head ahead as well. Pressing your forehead against the cold stone floor, you braced yourself for more pain.

You dug your teeth into your arm to hold in your cries as Ser James struck you again and again with the metal end of the belt. You screamed particularly loud whenever the metal hit your backbone.

Steve cheered and encouraged Ser James throughout. Your throat turned raw from the screaming and crying, and by the end your voice could barely leave your lips. Even the little wriggles and flinches of your body had seized. Only then did Steve let Ser James stop.

"Good work, Ser James. I will remember this," Steve said as he patted Ser James on the back.

"Now, Ser James, unless you have changed your mind about not fucking my sister, you may leave so that I can fuck her," Steve told him.

Ser James kept his head low as he moved out of the chambers, never even glancing at your battered form again. You were left alone with the devil.

You lay limp on the floor as you were, too exhausted and broken to move. Steve came to you and hoisted your body up. He tore the rest of your tunic and dragged you towards his bed. The force with which he tossed you made you fall on the bed and the touch of the mattress against your fresh wounds made them sting all the more. You cried in agony and immediately twisted yourself on your side.

Steve held your hips and flipped your over to your stomach. He carelessly pressed his hand on your marred back to pushed you down on the bed. The pain was shooting across your body and you felt like you couldn't take it.
"This looks truly beautiful," Steve admired and his rubbed his hand over the bleeding welts, painting your whole back with the deep red.

Steve laughed at the way your body shuddered in response to his previous and current actions. His cock ached at the image of your agony.

"Too bad Ser James didn't want to stick his cock in you like you wanted," he said as he freed his throbbing manhood from its restraints.

"Fortunately, I am always ready for it."

He kicked your legs apart and thrusted himself inside you. Even the forced intrusion burnt less than your back. It only added to your humiliation.

Steve held on of your elbows and pulled you back towards him, making your back arch painfully. He brought his other hand to your face and smeared your blood all over your skin, letting you breathe in the nauseating copper like stench. He grunted in your ear, whispering dirty and degrading things that went above your head, as he continued to pound you.

You had completely lost the power to move let alone, protest against your brother. Your will was broken too. You would have prayed to the Gods to grant you strength to get through this, but you had for long lost your belief in them. They couldn't possibly exist and let this happen.

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You tried not to flinch at the stinging as the handmaidens applied the paste over the whip marks as instructed by the Maester. You sat on the table with your knees hugging your chest and your back exposed to the girls. Tears dribbled down your cheeks endlessly the events of the evening played in your mind.

"How could our lord be so cruel? That too his own sister?" One of the maidens lamented.

"Men are ruthless," the other answered.

Your hands tightened into fists hearing them talk about this. "Shut up. I don't want to hear a word from you two, not unless I speak!" You hissed at them with your Lady like voice.

The girls fell silent. They still saw you as above them despite of your brother stripping away your dignity and lowering your status into nothing more than a slave. That or they could sympathise with your disturbed state of mind.

You couldn't believe that Ser James had betrayed you. Not only that, but he had enjoyed it too like Steve said. You laughed inside yourself at how you had thought him to be a better man and expected him to help you out. You had been so wrong about him.

But you had willingly offered yourself to him, offered your body to him keeping aside the humiliation and trauma attached to it, keeping aside your dignity. And he just rejected it so easily, without a care for your helplessness and desperation. That came down like a slap on your face or more accurately, whips on your back. You felt truly alone now.
The creek of the wooden door alerted your senses and you snapped your head at it to see who's coming.

Your heart ached with both fear and anger as you saw Ser James enter. You quickly turned your head forward again, not wanting to look at him. You pulled the rug over your nude body to cover what was left of your modesty from him.

"(Y/n)," he started as he stepped closer to the table on which you were sitting. "I am sorry. Please, forgive me."

A vibration surged through body and nearly broke your resilience at his words. But you resisted it and kept your expression as strong as you could.

"I didn't know that he'd react that way. I just wanted him to keep a check on you and warn you before you did something stupid and hurt yourself."

You tried to ignore him, tried to contain your urge to rip his tongue out of his throat to make him stop talking.

"(Y/n), please look at me," he cooed, softly.

You turned your head to the other side to hide your tears from him. Ser James sighed as he came closer.

"Just listen to me, please," he begged.

Your blood ran hot at his audacity. The very sound of his sound of his voice made your nerves itch. You whipped your head back him, looking at him through broken rage filled eyes.

"What do you want from me? Do you want me to forgive you after all that you did?"

Ser James stared at you with pity. Pity that you loathed.

"I was only trying to help you," he justified.

"Liar!" You hissed at him. "You are a fucking liar or you are just fucking stupid because there is no other possible explanation as to how you did not see it coming! And you enjoyed it too, didn't you? Are you enjoying making a fool of me now too?"

Remorse reflected on his face in red. Meaningless remorse.

"(Y/n), I am not lying and I did not-"

"Do not speak my name! I am your lady and you will refer to me as such!" You screamed at him.

Ser James grew tense at the amount of rage and hate you were expending at him. Even the handmaidens seemed scared.

"Lady (Y/n)-"

"Shut up and get out! I won't forgive you. You are no less a monster than my brother. I wish that
you die. I wish to never see your face ever again! So just leave!"

Ser James tried countering you again but this time you picked up the wooden bowl, that contained the paste, kept at your feet and threw it at him. It hit his head and he winced at the sting which was nothing compared to what you had and still were going through. Though, he’d for sure sport a bruise later.

"Leave me alone!" You growled at him.

Ser James sighed and you saw his determination to convince you leave his eyes. He finally decided to give up and leave.

The encounter with him refreshed your bank of tears and you buried your face in your knees to spill them. Meanwhile, the handmaidens gathered more paste and treated the rest of the welts on your back.

Chapter End Notes

Aha! Sorry to all those who were hoping for James to be the knight in shining armour! The others, I hope this satiated some of that need for something bad to happen to the reader (looking at you MJ).

Also this chapter was somewhat inspired by the joffery and Sansa scenes.

Do tell me your thoughts about this chapter!
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Some plot and some smut.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The castle gardens were one of the few places that gave you some sort of peace ever since Steve had taken you and butchered your chance of marrying the Prince of America. Walking through the high, flower and fruit bearing, bushes and trees, hearing the birds chirps and watching the squirrels play together had been something you had enjoyed ever since you were a child.

You particularly loved sitting in your gazebo through which you could see the vast blue sea. The cool sea breeze made it all the more pleasant to be in the gazebo. There were cushioned seats placed inside for your comfort. You could sit there forever, enjoying the company of nature or simply reading some book as you were now.

The dark evening skies were beginning to draw and you should probably have started to head back into the castle before it got all dark out, but you had begun to loathe being there. You would rather be as far away from your vile brother as possible.

But of course, the man was keen on not letting you breathe comfortably for even a second. You saw him approach your gazebo from a distance, Ser James followed behind like a dog. Your mouth soured at the sight of the two men whom you despised the most in all of America, in all the world to be true.

You sighed as you felt your body tense and your blood rush. The memory of your painful encounter with both the men at once was still fresh and vivid in your mind even though the scars on your back had almost healed. You wondered why Steve hadn't called for you like he always did, instead of coming to you himself. Something must have happened.

Steve whispered something to Ser James and the knight stopped on his tracks, a few meters away from where you were. He stood there as Steve continued walking towards you. There was a soft smile on Steve's face unlike most of his evil grins and it made you narrow your eyes at him.

"You are difficult to find, sister," he said as he stepped inside the gazebo, the thuds of his booted feet were loud on the wooden floor. "I had almost thought that you ran away."

You frowned at him. Steve stared down at you, examining what you were doing.

"You don't stand to greet your lord?" He questioned.

You huffed as you shut the book in your hand and placed it on the centre table before you got up to do a curtsy for him.

"My lord," you said. "How may I help you?"
Steve ran his eyes over you then at the book that you had been reading.

"Poisons," he read one word of the title. "Are you trying to conspire to kill me, sister?"

You smiled at him.

"As much as I would love to, my lord, but poisoning you to death would be very unsatisfying as compared to running a blade through your heart and watching the blood spill from you as the life fades from your eyes."

Steve cocked a brow at you, impressed by your audacity to speak in that manner with him. He reached forward and held your face by the chin, tilting it upwards.

"You seem to have given that much thought. Should I be worried? Should I be alert?" He asked.

"A man at your position should always be alert, my lord," you answered, plainly.

Steve grinned at your response and gave you a soft slap on the cheek with the back of his hand. You were surprised that it wasn't actually an actual tight slap, and how he wasn't offended by your boldness.

"I had forgotten how entertaining it is to talk to you, sister," he said as he walked around you to stand at the end of the gazebo in front of which the sea flowed.

"And that is precisely why I am here," he added.

With Steve at your behind, you caught a glance of Ser James who stood ahead in his straight and rigid posture. Your eyes met with his, but the distance made it hard for either of you to read each other's emotions. You hoped that he knew that he still made your blood boil and your hands ache to strangle him. Your jaw clenched with anger just at sight of him.

But you held back your temper and turned around to see what your brother had to say to you.

"What do you wish to talk about?" You asked as you joined him at the railing.

"About my wedding, about my bride," he answered.

You gave him an amused smile.

"Oh, the glorious day has finally come when we choose a poor girl to be bonded to you for life, a day that father had looked forward with much eagerness. A shame that he won't be here to witness it," you replied.

You saw his expression dull for a moment at the mention of your dead father. Steve cleared his throat and leaned further over the railing; his eyes focused on the sea waves crashing at the rocky bank.

"So? Who is the lucky lady?" You asked.

"Ladies," he corrected you. "We have a few choices, a few names that I rounded up with the help of my councilmen."
"And you want me to tell you which one to marry?" You asked.

"I would like to hear your opinion on the matter," he replied as he turned to you, resting his side against the railing.

"Why?" You asked with confusion, not sure how your opinion would matter to him.

"Just because I want to hear what you have to say," he said.

Before you could open your mouth again, he cut in between and said, "Just hear the names, would you?"

You sealed your lips and waited for him to speak.

"My first and most favoured choice was Princess Shuri, the younger sister of King T'Challa of Wakanda. Their lands are vast, their army big and they have an abundance of resources, particularly vibranium. I cannot think of a more benefiting union," he said.

You were already scowling at him. "A good dream, but they'd never marry her to you. The people of Wakanda prefer to marry within their community, moreover they have a known dislike for us. If she ever were to marry someone from America, then it'd only be a male from the royal family. No one else," you said.

Steve sighed with disappointment.

"Yes, unfortunately that is true. That throws her off the list. The next choices are either Lord Barton's daughter or Lord Lang's daughter, both of them are too young to marry as of now. I'll have to wait for them to come of age, but that's not an issue for me."

You nodded your head at that. "I think marrying Lord Barton's daughter would be a wise choice. They are a strong house, it'd be a good union. Our friendship would be strengthened too. I don't think that you can find a better lady."

Steve took a deep breath before speaking, "Well, there is Lady Maria Hill who remains unmarried at the age of twenty-two, I am not that excited about her. And finally, there is Lady Wanda Maximoff, sister of Lord Pietro of Sokovia."

You frowned at him as if he had said something utterly ridiculous, which he had. "A less popular, less favoured house, I'd say. More so because of their known hostility towards House Stark, the very rulers of this land. I wouldn't recommend for this match," you opined.

Steve smiled at you. "I was expecting you to say that," he said.

"Now, that you have given your thoughts on all the ladies, let me inform you that my marriage proposal has already been accepted by Lord Pietro. I will be betrothed to Lady Wanda and when she comes of age, which won't take long, I will marry her. From what I have heard she is extremely beautiful and I think that I'd enjoy having her as my wife," he told you.

You rolled your eyes at him.

"I wanted to be the Warden of Brooklyn for a reason. I won't have been making such obviously bad
decisions," you scoffed.

Steve chuckled as he reached forward to tuck a few stray locks of hair behind your ear.

"In time you'll know that I am much more capable of ruling Brooklyn than you think I am," he said as he caressed your cheek.

You slapped his hand away without a regard.

"You display much capability by making the worst choice for your bride, killing your father for the seat of Brooklyn and raping your sister just out of spite, when she could have been married to the future King of America. Yes, the signs of a true ruler indeed," you taunted him.

A much expected backhand landed on your face, throwing you off balance. You held on the railing for support as you held your burning cheek in your hand. Steve grabbed your jaw and forced to look at him. His dark eyes met your glistening ones.

"It surprises me how you continue to be so sharp tongued despite what I have put you through for much less. Or have you forgotten the feeling of leather cutting your back already?" He grunted at you.

A small shiver ran down your spine at the reminder of that cruel night.

"Forgive me, my lord," you whimpered, hoping to avoid being at the mercy of another belt.

Steve gave your jaw a squeeze before he released you.

"I am curious now. Take off your clothes, let us see the condition of your back," he ordered.

You shot a nervous glance at Ser James who was watching everything from the distance. You didn't want to be stripping in front of him.

"Don't be shy of Ser James, (y/n). He has already seen what he needed to see, or at least I think so. Now, show me your back," he said, sternly.

With great hesitation you began undoing the lace of your tunic. Steve tutted at your slow pace and batted your hands away to do it himself. He pulled down the strings keeping your tunic together, roughly, until it was loose enough to slide down your body and collect at your feet.

His gaze lingered on your naked body for a while before he spun you around so that he could see your back. You covered your chest with your arms as he traced the outlines of your ugly, dry scars with his fingers.

"Does it still hurt?" He asked.

"No," you said.

Steve dug his nails in one of the fresher scars, making you gasp from the sting.

"I guess it does," he laughed.

He turned you back around and held you by your sides. "You wouldn't want to add more of these
on your back or the rest of your body? Would you now?"

"N-no," you whispered as you stared at the wooden floor between you and him.

"Then behave," he said, enunciating the last word.

His hands slid up your side and settled on your shoulders. You knew what he wanted when he began putting pressure on them. After having done it for so many times, you didn't require too much pushing to go down on your knees and start undoing his breeches. The faster you do it, the faster he'll get over it, and the sooner he'll leave you alone.

Steve massaged your scalp as you freed his half-hard cock and rubbed it to full mast. You reached forward and licked the tip before you took it in your mouth. You rolled your tongue around him, feeling the veins on his cock throb.

"Ah- you are getting good at this, (y/n)," he panted as he guided your head up and down his shaft.

You felt a strange satisfaction when you had him in control like that, when just at the right flick of your tongue and the right touch of your hand, you had him weak in the knees and he would elicit exactly the type of moans that you wanted from him. No matter how repulsive the situation was, you found weird little things to cherish.

Steve cursed under his breath as he came inside your mouth. "Swallow," was his usual command which you had eventually learned to follow.

Steve helped you up on your feet and turned you around so that you could lean on the table. This was you were also in direct of view of Ser James' vision. You tried to spin back and push Steve away.

"We can do the rest inside your chambers, my lord," you tried to convince him.

Steve rolled the length of your hair around his hand and used it to bend you over the table.

"Why? What's the problem here?" He asked as he kicked your feet apart.

"People- I don't want anyone to look," you said.

Steve brought his face next to yours, burying his chin in the crook of your neck as he spoke.

"People or Ser James?" He growled in your ear meanwhile his fingers travelled down to your cunt.

"Ser James is part of the people, yes," you replied, bluntly.

Steve pressed his weight against yours, forcing you to bent further over the table. You were relying on the strength of your hands to prevent him from slamming your whole body against it.

"I say let him look. Let him see what he missed when he rejected your offer and mine too. Let him see the pretty faces you make when I fuck you and the beautiful sounds you produce," he told you as he smeared his spit at your entrance.

You didn't want Ser James to witness your humiliation, but the prospect of having him see what he could have had was an intriguing one. You wanted him to burn, hurt and regret, just like he made
you feel when he betrayed you.

You shrieked as Steve entered your unprepared cunt. He began fucking you without mercy right away. You clung on to the table and your breasts jiggled over it from the way you were rocking back and forth.

Pleasure sparked in your pussy and for the first time you were not trying to hold back your moans. All you hoped for was that they wouldn't travel farther from the garden. You didn't want the whole to know of your shamelessness.

Steve pulled you back into his body as he continued pounding you.

"You seem to be enjoying this a little too much. All this just for Ser James?" He grunted in your ear.

You opened your lips to say something, but you couldn't form proper words with the way he was rutting you so roughly.

"Such a slut of a sister I have. You want to hurt the poor man so badly that you are going to moan for your own brother's cock in front of him?"

Having it put into words like that made you realise just how depraved you had become. But really, there wasn't a way to preserve your pride and dignity in your situation. You had to make the most of what you have, be it pretending to enjoy being fucked by your brother against your will just to make the man who had betrayed you burn.

Steve held your neck and forced you too face the way where Ser James was standing. You couldn't get a clear picture of what he was doing with your vision blurry and distorted.

"There's so much spite in you, (y/n). You truly are my sister. But let's put on a better show for Ser James, shall we? I want you to beg me to fuck you harder," he whispered.

You looked at him through the corner of your eyes to find that he was quite serious about what he was saying. He hit your ass with his large hand to force you out of your hesitation.

"Go on," he urged you.

You gasped and focused yourself to follow his command. "F-fuck me harder!" You screamed.

"Louder!"

"Fuck me harder, my lord! I- I want to cum!" You squealed wantonly for him.

"Yes!" Steve gave your ass another spank before he brought that hand to down to rub your clit.

"Cum for your lord," he commanded you. "Cum like the little whore you are!"

Steve sped up his movements inside you, hitting all your right spots. By now even he knew what made you mewl for him. But even though you had a mostly better control over your body and its reactions than him, you let him play you to his will this time. You willingly let yourself lose to him.
Your whole body shuddered as your orgasm broke through you in the form of obscene noises from your throat. Steve followed you not much later and coated your walls with his seed.

He pulled out of you and let you go. Without his support you fell flush on the circular table beneath you. Steve smoothed a hand over your reddening butt cheek, gave it a squeeze and a last spank as he tucked himself back in his breeches.

"I wonder if you'll ever fail to pleasure me, sister," he said as he walked around to the front of the table.

Steve lifted you up from the table and sat you on at its edge. He shifted away the strands of hair that stuck on your sweaty face and cupped your face in both of his hands. You stared at him with lazy eyes, exhaustion was taking over you.

"You should learn to hold your tongue in a little more. I almost forgot why I came here in the first place because of your insolence," he said.

You hooked your fingers in his hands where they held your face to free yourself of some of the excessive heat that they radiated.

"What is it?" You asked.

"A good news for you is what it is. Since many important lords are going to be visiting Brooklyn soon enough, I am going to have you restored to your own chambers. You will be allowed to wear those fancy dresses and jewelries that you so loved once again. I want you to look like a perfect lady for those lords. After all you do hold the name of House Rogers and you should appear as such," he said.

You furrowed your brows at him.

"What do you mean lords? Who else is coming apart from Lord Pietro and his sister?"

Steve grinned at you, there was something hidden behind it.

"Some of our most loyal bannermen," he answered.

Your confusion just grew deeper. What was the need of rounding up the other lords right now? You thought.

"But I don't understand:"

"You don't need to. You just need to be pretty, well-mannered and sweet for everyone. That's all. It shouldn't be too hard for you," he replied.

You kept your lips pursed, knowing that Steve was not going to tell you anything. Steve leaned forward and pressed a chaste kiss to your forward.

"I expect you to be a good little sister and be at your best behaviour in the following days," he said.

"Yes, brother," you said, though you were unsure of it.
Chapter End Notes

I want to make a few things about the geography clear here. Although it's not really important for the story line. So, if you think of America as Westeros, then you can think of New York as King's Landing, Brooklyn as Storm's End, Russia as the north/Winterfell and Sokovia as somewhere around the Vale. Not sure if this was need but there it is.

Also, I'd like to inform you all that I have the whole story planned including the end. There will be more Marvel characters added in the future chapters and there a lot more chapters to come. A lot more is going to happen not just smut but also a lot of plot which I don't know if you guys want or not, but I have planned it so it's gonna be written here.

Thanks a lot for reading!
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Some dark smut at the end....

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It had been a while since expensive fabric touched your skin. The royal blue gown was one selected by Steve himself, he thought it to be a fitting wear to greet his future bride and brother-in-law.

You stared at your image in the mirror as one of the handmaidens brushed and braided your hair while the other applied powder on your face. Your cheeks and lips were coloured in red. This used to be your normal daily grooming routine until Steve intervened.

You stood up to admire your beautiful self in the long mirror. Your brother had somehow not made a mediocre choice for your dress. The decorations gave a little life to your usually cold and empty face. It felt good to be back in the skin of the graceful Lady who you once were.

Steve waited for you downstairs. You were to gather together at the castle gates to welcome the Maximoffs who would be arriving any moment now.

Your brother's eyes lightened up at your sight. A wide smile appeared on his lips as you walked towards him with your head held high.

"My, I had forgotten just how beautiful my sister looks when she's dressed like a Lady, and not a handmaiden," he complimented as he placed his hands on your hips.

"What a pretty sight you are," he said.

His eyes ran wild over your body and he licked his lips. He couldn't get over the fact that you could appear like this for him.

"Isn't she, Ser James? Isn't my sister so beautiful?" Steve asked the knight who stood at ease beside them.

You turned a sharp eye at him. He was clearly drinking in your beauty too.

"She is, my lord," Ser James replied to Steve, stiffly.

You scowled at him before you turned to look back at your brother.

"Do you think Lord Pietro would find me pretty as well?" You asked him.

"I don't see why he won't. But I wouldn't recommend on building up your hopes. I won't let you marry him even if he asks for your hand," Steve told you.
You maintained your smile, not letting him see the bitterness in your heart.

"Let us go to the gates then," you said.

You let Steve lead you to the gates, Ser James followed.

Steve and you stood at the front while the rest of the required castle staff stood behind you. The Maximoffs’ guardsmen were the first ones to appear through the gates, mounted upon horses and hoisting scarlet coloured banners with them. Pietro Maximoff came behind them, riding a healthy black steed.

He was a handsome lord; younger than your brother you could tell. His hair were a shiny silver blonde in colour. A wheelhouse followed Lord Pietro and you assumed that Lady Wanda must be in it.

Lord Pietro dismounted from his horse and headed towards you and your brother with a smile.

"Welcome to Brooklyn, Lord Maximoff," Steve greeted him.

The men shook hands with each other formally.

"Meet my sister, Lady (y/n)," Steve introduced you, pushing your back towards the young lord.

"Lord Pietro." You did a little curtsy for him.

Lord Pietro smiled at you as he took your hand in his.

"My lady." He planted a kiss on your hand.

This was the first time in what felt like forever when a man had truly acted gentle with you. It was a small moment to savour.

He turned to see where his sister was. Lady Wanda was being helped down her wheelhouse by a man.

Both your and Steve's eyes widened at her sight. She was a true beauty with long red hair, milky pale skin and big blue eyes. You already felt dethroned by her.

Pietro held his sister's hand and brought her towards Steve whose eyes were gleaming with delight and lust.

"Lord Rogers," she greeted your brother with a perfect curtsy.

"Lady Wanda," he said and he took her small hand in his larger one and placed a deep kiss on it. "You are the most beautiful girl that I have ever seen in all America. I look forward to having you as my wife."

"I long for that day as well," she replied, her cheeks turned into the shade of her hair.

"You truly are the greatest beauty we have ever seen," you pitched in, letting your presence be known.
She turned at you with a wide smile on her bright face. "You must be Lord Roger's sister, Lady (y/n)."

"Yes, indeed I am, Lady Wanda," you confirmed.

Lady Wanda eagerly pulled you in for a hug. You both placed small pecks on each other's cheeks before you separated and held each other by the elbows.

"We are blessed to have such a fine lady as you join our house. I'll finally get to have a beautiful little sister," you commented, sweetly.

Lady Wanda giggled with approval. “And I’ll have a sister as well.”

“They seem to be getting along well,” Steve said to Pietro who grinned in response.

"Sister, why don't you show Lady Wanda to her chambers?" Steve asked you.

"Yes, of course. Come, Lady Wanda."

Wanda ordered her servants to have her things brought to her chambers before you two ascended into the castle.

"You must be really tired. The journey from Sokovia to Brooklyn is not a short one much less a pleasant one. I cannot even imagine how nauseating it must have been to travel in that wheelhouse for so long," you said to make conversation with the Lady Wanda as you led her to her chambers.

"Yes, it was quite tiring. All I can think about is washing myself off the sweat and get some good sleep on a soft mattress," she said.

"Sure. I will have a bath drawn for you immediately. Then you may take rest for a while. I shall inform my brother that you will not be having lunch with us," you said.

"Oh, no need to do that. I wouldn't like to miss on my first meal with my future husband," she argued.

"But your weariness is evident from your face, my dear. You mustn't put more strain on yourself. You are in Brooklyn now, you will have all the time to spend and interact with my brother," you told her.

"Eating with my betrothed is not a strain, it is a pleasure. I will be present for the lunch after I have my bath," she persisted.

You smiled at her dedication to Steve even when they had barely just met. You caressed her smooth cheek with your fingers in a motherly fashion.

"My brother would be pleased to know of your devotion for him. He found the perfect Lady to make his wife," you praised her.

Wanda beamed with pride and happiness. You couldn't help but feel a slight tinge of irritation with her. But you kept it at bay.
You opened the door to her chambers and let her and her handmaidens enter.

"The bed has been made and everything has been set according to your wish, my lady," you informed her.

"Thank you, Lady (y/n)," she said as she stood in front of the mirror.

Her handmaidens worked on removing her heavy gown from her.

"I'll leave you to your handmaidens then. But if you should want for anything, or if you want to ask me something, do not hesitate. Ask me right away. I want to you feel as homely and as comfortable as you can here," you said to her.

"Yes, and again you have my thanks, Lady (y/n)," she said.

"No need. We are going to be family soon," you said with a fake smile before you started heading out of her room.

"Lady (y/n)," Wanda called you just as you had reached the door.

"Yes, my dear?"

Wanda pulled herself away from her handmaidens walked towards you with a serious expression. "I have had a question that I wanted to ask you ever since I left Sokovia, but I'll only ask if you don't mind."

Your brows wrinkled with puzzlement. "What is it?"

"Well, I-I have been thinking about it a lot and-.” She hesitated for a bit before saying, “Well, you got a chance to marry the Prince of America, a chance to become the future Queen of America. Why would you throw that away?"

The question came like a stab through your heart. You wished that you could tell her the truth, but what good would that be. So, you maintained a bitter smile.

"I suppose that I did not want to be tied down by the restrictions that comes on one when she becomes a Queen. I suppose that I wanted to live my life more freely," you lied.

"Strange. A life better than the Queen's cannot be imagined of. I know I would have done anything to be the Queen," she said.

"Oh, dear. Would you have even married a Stark to become the Queen?" You snapped at her.

"No," she answered. "But I would kill a Stark to become the Queen."

The smile faded from your face. Her tone wasn't one of jokes, she seemed to be serious. One should not be able to make such bold comments with so much confidence. It made several doubts and questions spring in your head about her and this whole arrangement with your brother.

But you brushed it off by reasoning with yourself that it was just her spite against the King talking. After all the Maximoffs did lose their parents and other family members at the hands of the Starks in their fight for the Northern Rebellion.
"I am sure you would," you said, sharply. “But for now, relish in the thoughts of being the Lady of Brooklyn,” you told her.

Then you left the chambers before she could say anything else. You needed to come out of your pretence of being nice and sweet before it drove you crazy.

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You had no account of the time that you had spent, standing there by the large window, watching your brother and Wanda stroll through the garden. Their hands were hooked together and they both appeared to be thoroughly enjoying each other's company. Wanda seemed to be laughing on each of Steve's jokes. You wondered why she felt the need to butter him so much when Steve had already sold his heart to her.

Venom boiled in your veins at the sight of how happy they seemed to be. You didn't want to feel this way, but you couldn't control the jealousy rocking your mind.

Steve gets to be the Warden, he gets to have a beautiful wife who would love him all her life and give him healthy children, he gets to have the perfect life that had imagined for himself all the while taking away all your chances of having the same.

Why does he get to have it all while you remain with nothing but the identify of a lady turned into your brother’s whore?

You cursed yourself to have turned passive and ignorant to what was happening to you. You should be doing something, plotting an escape, anything that could help you get out of here.

But running away won't be enough. You needed to satiate your need for revenge. You pictured yourself butchering his bride in front of his eyes to and stealing away his future from him. You wanted to cut your brother in half and burn his castle to the ground. Maybe then the fire inside you could come to a rest.

Your jaw ached from how tightly you had been clenching it, your chest heaved and angry tears welled in your eyes.

You were so lost in your thoughts, conjuring up different ways to kill your brother that you didn't notice when Ser James had come and stood by your side until he spoke.

"They look perfect together, don't they?" His voice broke you out of your trance.

You blinked back the tears in your eyes and gave him an irritated side-glance. The damned man always knew where to find you and this was not the best of times to be around you.

"Yes," you replied through gritted teeth.

"She's really pretty. I wonder how our lord would keep his hands to himself until the wedding night," he commented.

_Gods, why is he here? Why is he speaking?_

"Well, you need not worry about that Ser James because your lord will have me to help him through the wait, thanks to you," you hissed at him.
Ser James opened his mouth but failed to form a response. You sighed and began walking away from his undesirable presence.

"Wait," he called to you.

"I don't want to hear anything from you, Ser James," you said as you continued walking down the corridor.

A hand wrapped around your arm and pulled you back. Ser James turned you around and slammed you to the nearest wall, caging you against it with his body.

"Let go of me right now!" You shouted at him.

But Ser James didn't seem to care about what you wanted. You didn't like the way he was staring at you. He easily pinned your hands to your side when you tried to push him away.

"What the fuck do you think you are doing?"

"I just want to talk. You won't give me a chance to talk so-"

"I don't want to talk to you, Ser James. Now unhand me this instance!"

"No," he said, simply.

"I wasn't asking. Now let me go or-"

James clamped a hand over your mouth to shut you up. Your whines were muffled as you struggled violently to get out from between him and the wall, but you were stuck by the weight of his strength. You were infuriated by him.

"No one is going to come to your aid, so just calm down and listen to me. I am not going to hurt you," he assured you.

You doubter that. You had been in this position one too many times to not know that nothing good ever came afterwards. But Ser James was keen on not letting you go until he has had his say.

"Calm down," he repeated.

You tried to ease your nerves as much as you could, figuring that Ser James might leave you alone once you listen to him. He didn't remove his hand from your mouth though. He was certain that you'll go back to screaming at him if he did that.

"Now, about that night. You never gave me a chance to explain myself," he started.

You scoffed into his palm and rolled your eyes at him, causing him to push you harder against the wall.

"I did not mean for it to happen. I promise that I had not predicted what Lord Rogers would do. It was never my intention to hurt you," he said.

It seemed that he meant what he was saying, but you didn't want to believe it.
"I took an oath to protect both of the Rogers children, that includes you too and I knew that running away from Brooklyn would be reckless and dangerous. Steve could have found you and hurt you more, you could have been attacked by commoners, nomads or other men and you know what they would have done to you."

You listened to him with intent though his words meant little to you. His eyes ran softly over your face as he spoke.

"There was no point in trying to escape and the only reason I informed Lord Rogers was so that he could keep you in check and prevent you from doing something stupid like that. You cannot do just anything out of desperation," he stated. "But believe me when I say that I am sorry for what happened. I had no other choice."

You stared at him blankly, waiting for him to release your body or at least free your mouth.

Ser James slowly slid his hand away to let you speak. You drew a much required deep breath.

"Are you finished?" You asked. "Is there anymore left of this pathetic apology? Because I am afraid if I hear more then my ears would start to bleed."

You saw his jaw tighten.

"And who are you lying to when you say that you did it to protect me? You or me?"

He made an expression of shock and tried to counter you but you spoke over him.

"Your protection is worthless to me, Ser James. All you are is Steve's loyal guard dog, ready to perform tricks on his master’s command," you scorned him.

His eyes darkened and the softness disappeared with every word that spilled from your lips.

"And why are you trying to apologise to me, anyway? What do you expect achieve? Do you expect me to forgive you and favour you in some way?"

His expression said that he might have wanted that.

"I would not do that because if it's possible then I think that I hate you even more than I hate my brother," you snarled at him.

"That's enough," he said.

"What? You cannot even hear the truth-"

"I said that's enough!" Ser James growled at you.

You were startled by the sudden raise in voice.

"You think that you are a lady, a noble born, so you can have anything you want. The world should come and bow down at your feet. But life is not simple like that," he spat.

"I do not-“ Ser James pushed his forearm on your throat to prevent you from interrupting him.
"I have seen you grow from a little child, sweet and innocent, playing in the fields, and bud into a beautiful young lady, proud and arrogant. And yes, I have wanted you ever since. I have wanted you for so long, yet I had to hold back my urges because you were a lady and one day you'd be given away to another lord."

Your stomach churned as you heard him confess his disturbing desire for you. This was the sort of thing you had been fearing of happening. You tried to shrink away from him, but he pressed his body against your, closing the remaining space between you two.

"All your life you never gave a damn's worth to me. But you were aware of how I felt so you decided that you could play me with it. Use me and throw me away without a care because what does it matter to you? To you I am just another person who is supposed to be beneath you and serve you at your will," he spoke in a hurtful tone.

You looked at him with disbelief. He had taken this farther than you could have imagined.

"Ser James, I have never-"

He grabbed your jaw in a painful grip. Your lips protruded outwards, making it difficult for you to speak. He brought his face near to yours till you could feel his hot breath fall on you. The close proximity was suffocating.

"And as if that is not enough, you also like to torment me by showing me how much you enjoy fucking your brother. Have you any idea how that makes me feel?"

You narrowed your eyes at him. How dare he make this about himself?

If he thought that he could win your sympathy with this then he was mistaken.

You freed your jaw from his grip to throw your taunts at him.

"I hope it hurts. I hope it hurts a lot, so much that it breaks your heart and crushes your soul, so much that you feel empty and want to kill yourself because that is exactly how I feel. So, don't lecture me about suffering. You know nothing -"

Out of nowhere Ser James smashed his lips with yours. You froze for a moment, taken aback by the suddenness of his action. You tried to stop his tongue from infiltrating your mouth, but to no avail.

The kiss was forceful, hungry and rough. You had finally broken his restraints with your mad insults. There wasn't much you could have done to contain your anger; he had caught you in a bad mood as well.

Ser James ran his hands across your body, feeling what he had been denied and had denied himself of. You did your best to shift against him, just enough so that you could angle your knee with his legs and shove it right into his groin.

His lips finally separated from yours as he reeled back from the impact. You took that chance to slip away from him as quickly as you could.

"You are a hateful woman!" Ser James screamed at you from behind.
You paused on your feet. Even though your whole body was telling you to get as far away from him possible, there was still something that you needed to say to him. You turned around to face him.

Ser James’s face was twisted in pain and he held his crotch with both hands while looking at you with a deadly gaze.

"That I am. So, don't you ever dare to come near me again," you warned him.

You marched away from him with more rage bubbling inside you. Your day just managed to become worse.

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At the end of the day you sat on a cushioned stool in front of your mirror and undid your braids before you could go to sleep, though you were not sure if you’ll be able to sleep tonight.

You were still shaken by your encounter with Ser James and when added by the sheer contempt you had for Steve, you felt like you could kill someone. You hadn't thought that it was possible to feel more vulnerable and helpless than before.

Steve entered your chamber without any notice or permission. The ache in your heart aggravated. You didn't want to be anywhere near him, not now.

He came towards you and placed his hands on your shoulders, his fingers touched each other at the base of your neck. His touch felt like a disease on your skin that you would do anything to get rid of.

You ignored his presence and continued pulling down your braids until he forced your hands away from your head.

"Untie your hair later. I want you on the bed," he ordered.

You tried to shake his hands off your shoulders.

"Not tonight. I feel much too tired," you protested.

He added pressure on your muscles. "And what work did you do to make you so tired?" He questioned you in a mocking tone.

A breath caught in your throat. You failed to answer him.

"Hmm, thought so. Now, stop making excuses and get on the bed. I have been hard all day being around Wanda. I need some relief," he said.

You grimaced at the mention of her name. You did not want to be an object for him to use when he needed to relief his stress.

"I wonder what your little bride to be would think of you when she finds out what you’ve been doing to your sister," you snapped at him.
Steve let out a breathy chuckle as he bent down and rested his chin on your shoulder. His fingers slithered around your throat.

"And who is going to tell her? You? I wonder how you will speak with your tongue ripped out," he grunted in your ear.

Chills went down your body at his threat. You had grown used to them, but you did not want to grow used to being docile to them.

Steve lifted you up by your throat and threw you towards your bed. You straightened your back and looked up at him, unphased and unafraid, your hands in formed in fists at your side.

"Leave my chambers. I won't be entertaining you tonight," you growled at him.

Steve was somewhere between amused and irritated by the fight that you were putting up. He had expected to fuck you quickly and then leave. Now you were getting on his nerves.

"Have you forgotten how this works?" He asked as he stalked towards you.

He stretched out a hand to hold you by the back your neck after successfully tackling your small punches.

"No!"

He brought you closer to his face, his other hand grabbed your jaw.

"Have you forgotten your place already?"

You couldn't stop him from tossing you on the bed. You thrashed and kicked at him as he climbed over you. Steve struggled to hold you down with the energy you expended to force him off you.

He slapped you across your face, but you didn't stop fighting him. You yourself weren't sure of where you were channelling this madness from.

"Get off me!" You screamed at him as you tried to push at his chest.

Steve took your hands by the wrists and pinned them together above your head. He sunk himself lower over your body and slipped a hand in the collar of your shifts, tearing it down to your abdomen quite easily.

"Stop!"

Steve placed his knees on either side of your hips and settled his weight on top of you to minimise your squirming. The hand that had ripped your shift now spanned through your exposed skin, travelling from your navel to the base of your neck where it locked around your windpipe.

"I let you be a lady once again and you think that you are not my whore anymore? Is it that easy for you to forget your reality?" He roared over your face.

"I think that I'll have you tied up in the stables and let all the men present in the castle fuck your cunt until you forget every trace of your noble status and accept yourself as nothing but a whore," he whispered the dirty threat into your ear.
You wriggled your hands free from his hold and did not hesitate to attack him with your claws. Your nails dug and scraped four bloody stripes into his neck. You were pleased to find your fingertips red.

Steve winced, holding the cuts with one hand. He sat upright over your body and examined the little blood that had leaked on his palm.

You saw the rage form in his eyes and you knew that you were screwed, that you had stepped over a line.

He curled his blood covered fingers into a fist and plunged it right into your guts, knocking the wind out of you. The food in your belly threatened to spill out. You let out an inaudible scream as your hands folded over your stomach as you writhed under him.

The pain shook you through your hinges and forced out tears from your eyes. In your state haziness, Steve delivered another punch, this time at your face. You tasted copper in your mouth. And then another punch hit you on your ribs, this time completely unnerving you.

A faint ringing echoed in your ears and your vision became fuzzy. You had almost become numb when Steve held your face in a tight grip to keep you focused on him.

"I'll chop off your fingers the next time you dare to do that," he warned you before he proceeded to tear off the rest of the clothes covering your body.

You made a weak attempt to remove his hand from your face, but you had become too frail to be any match for his strength.

You hated it. You hated how it was so easy for him to overpower you, how it only took a few hits to get your body to submit to him even though your mind and soul still wanted to fight. You hated how weak you were.

But you could hardly move with the ache still jarring through your stomach. Your jaw, ribs and stomach throbbed from the punched they had taken and you were certain that you are going to have bruises to cover up tomorrow.

Your sobs came out in the form of laboured, raspy breathes. It hurt to take too deep a breath.

"Stop," you whimpered one last time through you wet red lips.

But your plea went unheeded. Steve was even more determined to fuck you than he was before. He had already pulled his achingly hard cock out from his trousers and positioned it between your legs. You were not prepared to take him in, but he didn't have a care. He forced himself in your dry hole, tearing through your resistant walls.

The new sting twisted through your core and bit into your body. Your cries converted into hiccups as Steve pounded in you, fast and rough. Your blood gave some lubrication to smoothen his movement. It was only pleasurable for him, but not at all for you.

There was a battle going on in your mind between your will to stay strong and your wish to submit to receive less pain and accept what you could not change. With every thrust of Steve's cock, a little more of your resilience was burned out of you. Your soul was one the verge of shattering to a
million pieces, never to be joined back again.

The groans that vibrated from Steve's chest were animalistic. He fucked you with all his anger for you and the frustration of not being able to bed Wanda as of yet.

Steve came inside you with a loud grunt and crashed on top of you. A new wave of pain erupted through your body that barely subsided by the time he got off of you. He stared down at you with disgust as he put his cock back in his trousers. You lay limp and unmoving as soft whimpers spilled from your mouth.

You turned over to your side and curled into a ball the moment Steve left. The position was not at all comfortable with your body still suffering the aftermath of his punches, but you had to cry your eyes out into your knees.

Your body was intact, yet you felt crippled both physically and mentally. You debated with yourself if you could live this kind of a life anymore.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked this chapter and the developments. Tell me what you think in the comments!

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Plot development in this chapter I am not sure you'll like but I hope you do!

Chapter Notes

So sorry to all the lovely people waiting for an update on this story! Thank you all for waiting and I will try to post the future updates as quickly as I can.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

House Rogers' bannermen collected in Brooklyn soon after the arrival of the Maximoffs. The lords of the houses Barton, Lang, Wilson, Hill and other smaller ones had come. You could sense that something was happening, something you had not imagined or predicted, something that you were dying to know about.

All the lords seemed to be on the same boat as Steve, they were aware of the reason for the gathering. You had a hunch that Wanda knew it too. There was certainly more to her words about killing the Starks than you had thought.

Steve responded with silence when you had asked him of his intentions, filling you with even more frustration.

Your mind raced with the multiple possibilities for the explanation of all the lords coming together. One very clear, yet disturbing thought kept poking at you. You didn't want to accept it, but all the evidence was piling up for it.

Steve had deliberately chosen to marry the girl of a house that had a known hatred for the Starks. He himself was not far behind in despising the crown, even more so after they had accepted your hand in marriage. Your brother was an ambitious man, and you had no doubt that he had fancied being the King in the South.

But planning a rebellion against the crown sounded foolish when it was known how the northerners’ attempt of declaring themselves independent from the crown had ended. With a lot of bloodshed, a lot of loss to the northern houses and those who supported them, and finally their defeat. They had to surrender to the Starks to spare themselves from a worse fate. You couldn't see how trying something similar would work.

Though you weren't entirely against your brother dying in an attempt to rebel against the Starks. If Steve is willingly about to hurl himself off a cliff, you might as well give him a good push while somehow securing your own life and your claim to the seat of Brooklyn after he is gone.

But you were still having a hard time believing that Steve would actually do it. The other lords must have a say in that. They must advise him wisely against it. There was finally peace among the
noble houses of all America, Steve would only wreck that apart. While he had little to lose as of now, the others did not.

Surely, your doubt was just a doubt and nothing more.

Steve and the others lords had gathered in the council room for a meeting the purpose of which was unbeknownst to you. Meanwhile, you were supposed to have dinner with Wanda, to keep the fair lady company. You may just find something important from her if you pressed her hard enough.

The dinner was held in her chambers which had once belonged to Steve's long dead mother. Roasted meat, sausages, boiled and grilled vegetables, fruits and other savoury delicacies awaited you on the table.

Wanda smiled as you entered her chamber. "Come along, Lady (y/n). Have a seat," she said, pointing at the empty chair in front of her.

You nodded as you sat down beside the table, Wanda followed. You licked your lips, inhaling the smell of the food. Though your appetite had long been lost, you had to act the role of a happy girl. Your eyes fixed on the jug filled with wine and you quickly had it painting your lips in red.

"Well, I must say that the dinner feels more welcoming when the men are not here," you commented.

Wanda chuckled slightly. "Yes, it seems so."

"Though, I wouldn't mind being where the men are at the moment, just to know what's cooking up between my brother, yours and our bannermen," you slipped in as you twirled the wine in your goblet.

Wanda held a piece of meat before her lips. "Well, the men chose us to be here, so here we must remain," she said before she filled her mouth with the food.

You placed your elbows on the armrests and leaned back on the chair while eyeing her with scepticism.

"Say, sister Wanda, you wouldn't happen to know anything about this meeting, would you?" You interrogated.

Wanda arched a brow at you and then giggled nervously.

"Not any more than you, I am afraid," she answered.

You squinted at her as you rolled your tongue against your inner cheek and cocked your head to the side. Venom was brewing in your mouth.

"I always thought that my brother had made a peculiar choice for his bride. Don't get me wrong Lady Wanda, you are perfect. It's just that your House isn't a very favourable one and that is well known." Wanda's attempt to contain her taken offence was quite visible on her pretty face. "So, I wonder why did he pick you out of them all?"

Wanda stopped eating her food and set the fork and knife down on the table. She glared sharply at
you through a fake smile.

"Are you not pleased with me being your brother's wife, Lady (y/n)?"

"I never said that, my lady," you argued. "I am only curious to know why you? Why House Maximoff?" Doubt and contempt laced your tone.

"I am not sure-"

"It has got something to do with the Starks, isn't it? Your House detests them and so does my brother," you interjected.

"You must talk to your lord brother about these matters, Lady (y/n)," Wanda insisted, her gaze dropping from you to her food.

You rolled your eyes at her. "You are extremely loyal to him, aren't you? You won't do anything without his permission," you hissed with disgust.

"He is to be my husband, and I his wife. It is my duty to be loyal and devoted to him," she said, boldly.

"I see," you exhaled.

You were dangerously close to calling her a 'bitch' right then and there and knew that you needed to remove yourself from her presence. You emptied the goblet of its contents and slammed it down on the wooden surface. With your hands pressed against the edge of the table you lifted yourself up and bent over the food.

"Your loyalty to Lord Steve Rogers would be the end of you someday," you whispered.

Wanda frowned at your vile suggestion and you grinned at her. You straightened your body and crossed your hands together.

"Consider this as a sisterly warning that I am giving you. It may help you in the future," you told her.

Even her handmaidens were staring at you as if you had just given a drunken speech. You sensed the piercing animosity against you.

"Well, Lady Wanda, I thank you for inviting me for dinner, but I must return to my own chambers now. I feel rather ill," you said as you dabbed your face with the back of your, pretending to check for fever. "My apologies. Perhaps, we can do this some other time?"

"Y-yes, Lady (y/n). Please, feel free to leave," she said, coldly.

You gave her a weak smile before you spun on your heels and headed out of her chambers with not a speckle of regret. Your handmaiden followed you timidly.

"Wait for me in my chambers," you commanded her.

"Yes, my lady," she obeyed and turned the other way.
You marched straight for Steve's chambers. Tonight, you'll have your questions answered.

It was a long wait for your brother’s arrival with him finishing through his council meeting and then dinner and chatter with the other lords. But you waited patiently in the confines of the bed chamber, a goblet of wine kept you company.

You were pouring the remainder of the warm red liquid from the jug into your goblet when the wooden door creaked. Steve paused for a moment at your sight and narrowed his eyes at you.

"What brings you here?" He asked.

"Close the door," you told him.

Steve stepped in slowly and treaded towards you with caution. Your head was up, your form confident, there was no hint of you repulsing at his presence which was surprising to him.

“I assume that there is a purpose of you being here?”

"Yes, I want to know what is happening, what are you planning to do?" You demanded.

"What are you referring to?" Steve asked as he came near you and ran his fingers through your hair.

You ignored the urge to push him away.

"Oh, don't act as if you don't understand my meaning. You summoned the lords for a reason, you chose to marry into a Stark hating House for a reason."

He held the back of your neck and leaned closer as he asked, "And what reason do you think that is?"

You huffed at him for not disclosing the secret right away when he knew that you were already closing in on it.

"You are- Are you planning to go against the Starks? The crown?"

Steve shrugged his shoulders and pulled away from you, giving you a half affirming smirk.

"Have you considered how idiotic that plan is?"

Steve remained silent and unbothered by what he would normally have taken as an insult and then punished you for it. But you were too energised to worry about that.

"A rebellion would do you no good, no matter if our bannermen are with us, no matter if the Maximoffs and their bannermen are with us. The North tried this and look where that got them. Half of them dead, their Warden dead. House Romanova was elected the Warden after their surrender, but even their sons are dead. They made a wise choice by marrying their only daughter to the Stark's son," you ranted at him.

Steve chuckled to himself as he went around the room, undoing the top buttons of his dark blue doublet. Your nerves itched at his negligence of your concern.
"Do you seriously not have a care?"

Steve casually sat on the cushioned bench at the end of his bed to remove his leather boots.

"I have nothing but care for the future and the welfare of my House, sister," he answered, plainly.

You sneered at him. "How exactly do you propose to successfully rebel against the crown, Lord Steve?" You scoffed, staring down at him.

"Well," he started as he planted his bare feet on the floor and raised himself up, "That is where you are wrong, sister."

He slid a hand around your waist and looked you in the eye.

"I am not going to rebel against the crown. I am going to take the crown from the Starks," he announced in an ever so composed manner.

You were certain that he was merely jesting. But from the way he let the silence linger on his statement along with his determined expression, you began accepting his words to be more true than false.

"You cannot possibly think that-"

"I can," he said as he cupped your face with his other hand, drawing your heads closer. "I am going to usurp the crown right out of the Starks’ hold and claim it for myself. I will become the King of America and Lady Wanda shall be my Queen."

You jolted yourself out of his grip. The weight of this knowledge was too heavy on you. A mixture of disgust, anger, spite and mockery dwelled on the tip of your tongue. You wanted to tell him that his dream was unreal, but you also feared the possibility of him achieving it.

Steve grinned at the puzzling horror blooming in you.

"How are you going to do it? They are too strong," you said.

Steve clapped his hands and cocked his head in agreement.

"King Howard Stark? Yes, he is strong. But remove him from power and the game changes," he said. "No one expects their son, Anthony, to command the same respect, devotion and loyalty from their subjects."

"And how will you remove him from power?" The answer was obvious, but unfathomable in practicality.

"By killing him, of course."

"Yes, because it's so easy to send someone to end the King's life," you argued.

"Dear, (y/n), you seem to forget that there is already someone present in New York, present in the King's most inner circles, someone who has lost a lot at the King’s hands and is filled with vengeance."
Steve waited for it to dawn upon you as you searched your memory for such a person and you did find them. "Lady Natalia you mean to say?"

"Yes, exactly. Lady Natalia's brothers died in the rebellion, the future of House Romanova died, all because of the Starks," he said.

"But she is the princess now. That is the best future she could have for her House," you pointed out.

"She'd beg to differ. Lady Natalia was much eager to help us overthrow the crown."

"This all sounds like a farfetched farce, I have to say," you said.

"Say what you will, (y/n). But Lady Natalia is going to pave my way to become the King while exacting her revenge from Howard Stark. Once he is thrown out, Anthony succeeds, the kingdom grows weak as will their loyalties. The rest will easily be done with us having someone on the inside and the many men that I have gathered who are just as eager to end the Starks’ reign."

Your mind was reeling off, the information was too overwhelming for you to comprehend all at once. A rebellion you could have foreseen, but this was beyond that, this was a treachery destined for certain death.

"I need more wine," you said as you rushed of the chamber to call for a handmaiden to do your bidding.

"It must be difficult accepting that it is going to be mine what was going to be yours, sister. I understand. But you must remain strong nevertheless--"

"How are you going to kill him?"

Steve did not appreciate being interrupted, but did not make a scene of it at the moment.

"Poison. We will poison him. In fact, that was the main subject of our meeting this evening," he answered readily.

"What poison are you choosing? Is it the one you gave father?"

Steve's lips twitched and he struggled to speak until he cleared his throat.

"I have considered it among other suggestions," he said.

"Don't," you said bluntly.

"What?" He frowned.

"Don't use the same one as you did on father. You'll get caught right away. The attempt will be known, and the nearest suspect would be Lady Natalia. Your plans shall fail."

"I did not ask for your counsel, sister," he grunted at you.

You sighed and shook your head. The handmaiden returned with your wine and you soaked your dry throat and calmed your running mind with it.
“But you need it and I am giving it, so take it,” you snapped at him.

You saw his fists and jaw tighten for a moment before he loosened them. He drew a deep breath and nodded.

“Fine, let’s hear what you have to say. Tell me why shouldn’t I use that poison when it worked well last time.”

"It was because he was already sick, you fool. The symptoms were well overshadowed by father's illnesses. However, King Howard has no such known ailments and so the use of that poison would become an apparent cause in his death, if it happens."

Steve's cheeks flustered as he pondered on your words. "Well, then we shall use one of the other poisons as proposed by the other lords," he said.

You mulled over his plans and thought of how this was the time to make yourself useful and to give your contribution to win some of his favour.

"Use the Essence of Black Widow. It'll be a perfect, undetectable poison," you recommended.

"And I should believe your word?" Steve questioned.

"You should because I know what I am talking about. I have read about it, you can too. It's a rare, almost unheard of, black flower said to grow in the iciest regions of the northern mountains. The Romanovas must know about it and since you have them on your side it shouldn't be too difficult to acquire the flower,” you said with great fervour. “From what I have read it is very efficient to use and leaves no trace. It would cause his heart's functions to seize, a rather ordinary and predictable way for old rich men to die. No one would suspect that the King was poisoned."

Steve wasn't taking well to your brilliant suggestions.

"I have trouble trusting you in this matter. Why would you want to help me with this? I thought that you detested the very idea of me being in power."

You laughed. "Yes, I do, but that won't stop you from going after it, would it? And if you get caught then what becomes of me? The usurper’s sister? I have no wish to be marked as a traitor and be executed for that," you reasoned.

Steve was intrigued by your explanation and you yourself were glad that you came up with it.

"Is that so?" He asked. "You will help me in taking the throne, all to stay alive?"

You gulped down the hesitation and said, “Yes.”

Steve inched near, his eyes scrutinising your behaviour. “It seems unlikely of you to accept a life as my concubine in alternative of our collective death. There is too much pride in you," he said.

"The King's concubine soon I suppose," you said, thoughtfully. "If we succeed then the blood of House Rogers would rule America, it would be our house's greatest achievement, a great gift to our late ancestors and my beloved father."

Steve seemed a little more convinced than before, but you suspected that you’d need a bit more of persuasion to completely sell yourself to him.
"You would do it for father?" He asked.

You lowered your eyes and dulled your face into a grimmer expression.

"I would do it for him. You are his first born after all. He saw you fit for the ruling. I must learn to put aside my pride and my hatred for you if it would mean for a brighter future of the House my father gave me, a bastard, the privilege to be a part of, I must reflect my gratitude," you said as sincerely as you could.

"I wouldn't doubt your love for father. But I have trouble trusting your intentions."

"My life is meaningless as of yet. If I die, I'd like to die as the Princess of America, sister of the King, one of the first royal members of House Rogers. I'd be forged in history. It is the best life I could hope for in my position," you said with a bitter-sweet smile and glistening eyes.

Steve chewed on his cheek as he sought for truth in your speech. "Alright," he allowed. "If you want me to consider you a part of my future then pledge yourself to me, pledge your loyalty to me, pledge your heart, mind and soul to me."

You stared at him, struggling to hide your disbelief at his expectation for you to demean yourself further.

"What's wrong? Pledge yourself to your lord, your future King and earn your place in his kingdom."

The conflict was jittering inside you. The chance of any kind of a better future would be obsolete if you did not agree with his conditions despite of how degrading it would feel to you.

You held in your pride and sank down on one knee before him. One arm rested on your knee while the other folded behind your back, your eyes fixed on his feet. You mustered all your strength to begin speaking.

"I, Lady (y/n) of House Rogers, daughter of Joseph Rogers, pledge myself to you, Warden of Brooklyn and future King of America, in heart, mind and soul. I swear in the name of the Seven to love you, to be loyal to you and devote my service to you, from this day until the day I die," you said.

The very foundation of your being quaked from having to bow in front of the man who had raped you, reduced your value to a slave’s and given you nothing but pain. This was just the start of the things you would have to do to survive and thrive.

"…and if I ever fail to perform my duty or if I ever dare to go against your wishes, then I may be forsaken by the gods, and I be announced a dishonourable traitor, charged with treason and be punished as seen fit by my lord- my king, Steven Grant Rogers."

It felt as if your soul and morale had abandoned your body.

Steve let out a raspy sigh and you couldn't tell if he was content, but you were certain that he must be. Seeing you below him was something he had longed for ever since you were children and he had it now completely.

"Rise," he ordered, his hand beckoned you above.
His visage spelled of a sound serenity instead of a mocking arrogance as you had expected. His head was tall, chest puffed and shoulders broader than ever. The edge of his lips twitched into an unsure smile as he exhaled another bout of air.

"I already feel like a King now that I've done what I thought was more impossible than winning the throne. This was a day I thought I'd never see," he expressed in a guttural voice.

"You have the favour of the gods, Lord Rogers," you said and indeed believed it.

Steve hummed and held one of your hands in both of his. He examined the texture of your skin as if it was made of something rare or precious. You felt a weird, burning rush of blood.

"You pledged to love me, sister. Show me your love then, pledge your body to me as well," he said as he tugged you towards the bed.

He sat on the edge and pulled you between his knees, his hands resting on your hips. "Learn to please me and I will not have to hurt you," he said.

That was not a clear promise of your safety and well-being if you chose to be a willing participant in your own demise. He could betray you whenever he wishes. But there wasn't a better alternative in offer either.

Your nails ached to dig in his skin through his clothes as you dragged your hands up his arm, stopping at the base of his neck. He pushed your back, encouraging you to bend forward and kiss him. You lidded your vision as you pressed your lips against his and sealed the promise of your servitude to him.

Steve ran his fingers through your hair and guided your lips down his throat. You let yourself travel further as you opened the rest of his doublet and peppered kisses down the length of his exposed torso. This was the most willingly active you had been with him and you were hoping that it would account for something for than just his bodily pleasure.

You sat on your knees and fumbled with the lace of his trousers that hid his needy phallus underneath. He had been hardening ever since you took your pledge, every word of your servility had pumped blood directly into his manhood.

You stroked the base of his cock with one hand and fondled his balls with the other as you took the tip in your mouth. Steve massaged your scalp and pressured you into taking more of him and so you did. He groaned and bucked his hips forward as you ran your tongue along his length.

"You are better than the whores, (y/n)," he grunted as you kept the comment from filling your ears.

But indeed, you did feel like the whore you had once been afraid to be, that too for your heathen half-brother. You promised to yourself that every groan of his won’t go for naught.

You slurped hungrily at his dick and let him enter your throat, produced the sound of choking that got him undone. You pleasured him to the best of your abilities.

Steve hissed your name as he came inside your mouth and for a brief moment you wished that Wanda could see the magic that she won’t ever be able to perform on her beloved husband.

He panted as you swallowed his seed and wiped your mouth. You stood up and saw his cock still standing and wanting for attention. You pressed your palms on his shoulders, indicating him to lie down so you could climb over him for a change.
Steve grinned with amusement, he had not seen you abide so easily without being coaxed and warned two or three times. Even the threat of pain did not motivate you this much. Ambition makes a human do anything.

You lifted your skirt and positioned your bare and ready pussy over him. Steve helped you sink down on his length. You gasped at the initial burn of being stretched by his cock. Once you had reached the base you stilled for a while to let your walls adjust to his size.

Steve worked on undoing the lace knots of your gown to set free your breasts. He squeezed each of them with his hands, adding to a compilation of unwantedly good sensations that sparked through your core. You avoided matching his beautiful blue eyes as you bounced on him, instead staring ahead into an imagination of the day when you’ll be free.

“You feel so good,” he praised you in repetitions and you felt an odd contentment with yourself.

He pulled you down to crash his lips against yours as he thrusted himself up inside you. Your body betrayed you, it forgot the value of shame as his cock battered all your right spots. The kiss was more mutual than you were willing to admit and you were grinding your whole body on his without any restraint. It all built up to a heavenly release that you had never felt before.

Steve brought his lips to your ear and whispered, “Say my name.”

And followed a string of chants of his name that echoed through the walls of his chambers until you came on his cock. Steve continued with his shallow thrusts not for too long before he finished inside you, biting your shoulder as he did.

Your body collapsed over his as exhaustion drained you. But Steve was already flipping you on your back and prodding your sensitive entrance. You barely managed to gasp when he filled you again and began ramming inside.

You clenched around him involuntarily. Your toes curled as Steve flicked your clit and drove you towards another mind-numbing orgasm. You dug your nails into his shoulders, but not to throw him off this time. The bed rocked with the vigour he was using to fuck you. Steve cursed into your neck, his voice vibrating down your skin and working as another form of stimulus.

Your eyes watered as the waves of pleasure washed over you in unison with Steve spilling his seed as well. Steve’s chest heaved against your own. He raised his head and looked down at the mess of your face. He swiped the strands of hair from your forehead and gazed into your deranged eyes.

“Why couldn’t you always be like this?” He asked, his hot breath fanning on your face.

You locked your eyes with him and then opted to stare at the ceiling.

“Why couldn’t I?” You panted.

Chapter End Notes

So new things are happening and I would like to know your views on it. Do you like it or not? Please comment:)

Also thank you so much for reading!
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

No smut in this chapter, just story and plot. I hope you'll like it!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Your eyes searched for the end of the sea, wishing that you could glide along its tides and away from this mess of a life that you had. Things were better than before, and you had faith in them getting even better, but you weren't sure if you could imagine a good future pretending to be Steve's loving little sister.

His hands slithered around your mid as he pushed himself flush against your back, his chin resting on your head. You didn't have to look at him to be able to tell that he was beaming with joy.

"It is done," he announced what you already knew. "King Howard is dead."

You smiled and grabbed on his hands around you, pulling him tighter.

"Congratulations, brother," you said, sweetly. "You are one step closer to the throne now."

Steve pressed a kiss on your hair between the braids, another on your ear shell. His breath tickled you.

"We are," he corrected you.

You felt a tinge of ache in your heart. There had never been a 'we' between you two.

"When I slay Anthony, defeat all our enemies, win the war and claim the throne, I will come back to get you. Together we will set sail for New York and paint the city in the colours of House Rogers," he stitched a wishful pretty dream.

Though a bit astounded, you were, to a certain level, pleased with your inclusion in the future that he wanted for himself. An indication that you had risen in his ranks and hope hasn’t given you up.

You lifted one of his hands to your mouth and place a gentle kiss on his knuckles.

"I cannot wait for the day," you cheered.

A satisfied laugh vibrated in his chest at your gesture.

"Father would be proud of us. His children are finally getting along and are ready to conquer America," you said.

Steve's sigh puffed through your hair as he separated himself from you to stand by the railing beside you. His blue eyes reflected the colour of the water.
"Yes, he would be," he said. "Mother would be rolling in her grave."

Your tongue soured at the mention of that woman. She meant nothing to you. She only fuelled Steve's hatred against you and while you understood the betrayal she felt when she found out about your father having a child with a whore, you did not see why you were to be held accountable for someone else's actions. It was tragic that he lost her at a young age, but you were secretly somewhat relieved that you were spared from the torment of tolerating the collective hate from the mother-son combination.

"You have come a long way from destroying my belongings, throwing mud pies and rotten food at me and once in a while attempting to set my chambers on fire," he reminisced.

You dwelled on the reminder of the incidents of your childhood spent with your troublesome brother.

"Don't blame me, brother," you argued. "You were the one who chased me around the castle grounds with a sword no less."

Steve chuckled at the memory. "That was because you stole my shield among other things."

"As if that is the only thing you did," you said as you thumped your hands on the railing. "You used to leave spiders on my bed and in my dresses!"

Steve laughed aloud as you fought off the chills that came with remembering those horrid moments.

"Your squeals were so loud and shrill that until then I did not even know that it was humanly possible to produce such a sound," he commented, his eyes glowing with delight.

You shook your head. "It was nothing short of a nightmare."

"Right, as if you didn't enjoy the long scolding that I used to get from father afterwards, especially when he made me clean the whole of your chambers for it."

The image of a young Steve’s red face, as he was forced to sweep around your chambers and change the linens of the bed while you sneered at him, standing beside your father, appeared in your mind and warmed your heart. You grinned widely and nodded your head. "Yes, that was quite wonderful."

Steve scoffed with disapproval.

“And what did you get in return for trying to burn my solar, huh? Daddy never disciplined his princess," he whinged.

You narrowed your eyes at him as you turned to lean on your side so that you could face him directly. "I only ever attempted to set your chambers on fire," you defended. "You and Ser James dragged me off to the cliff and threatened to throw me into the rocky ditch and got away with it if you remember."

Steve’s gaze lingered to the distant cliff that was visible from the balcony, what roused a sense of nostalgia in him did nothing but remind you how much you despise your brother even though you weren’t expressing it as of now.
"Yes, I had thought that father would me hang me off the cliff for that and send James into exile. Why did he not say anything? Did you not tell him?"

You lowered your eyes on to your hands as you remembered the sense of trauma that had followed you after. "I was much too afraid that time so I remained quiet. I was merely a child then. I did not leave my bed for several days, a fortnight I think," you admitted.

"And the first thing you did after coming out was to march into my chambers with a torch in your hand. If it were not for Ser James then I would have burnt to death in my sleep," he said.

"Yes, come to think of it, he has been a thorn in side for a long time," you annoyingly noted.

So much could have been prevented if you had been successful then.

"But I do not recall what happened afterwards," Steve said.

You recalled every event with clarity.

"Afterwards I was cornered by the both of you and I thought that I would be killed, but you realised that you did not want father to know of your actions and neither did I. So, we agreed on a truce that neither of us would say anything and went along as if nothing had happened," you told him. "It was the first time we ever agreed on something."

Steve straightened his back and pushed himself off the railing. He clapped his hands together.

"Well, it was not the only time we agreed on something. We have grown and made unimaginable progress, even if all of it was not done in the way of your liking," he said as he tapped your cheek with a finger.

You passed him a bittersweet smile. "We are better this way."

Steve stared at you with uncertainty, your compliance was still fresh and not believable for him. He cleared his throat and resumed examining the movements of the waves in the sea. You stared ahead as well.

"I forgot to mention that I have thrown a celebratory feast and a few lords would be joining us for the same," he said.

"Ah, I hope that people in New York don’t catch wind of your secretive gatherings," you said.

"They shouldn’t. We are doing our best. Besides, we need to hold another meeting to discuss the next stages of our plan," he said.

You raised an interested brow at him. "Will I be included in this meeting?"

"No," he refused immediately, his face turning to stone.

"But I can be of help," you protested.

"That is alright, we all are a group of learned and wise lords who are quite capable of taking decisions without the help of a girl," he said, sternly.

Your expression dulled as you dug your nails into your palm. You just needed to feel important again and not just a pleasure slave.
Steve stepped behind you and held you by the shoulders, bending down so that his lips would brush over your cheek.

“You will be consulted with if required. But for now, don’t worry your pretty little head with those concerns,” he told you.

You contained your disappointment and pursed your lips. Your submission to him may have resulted in a gain of his favour, but he would never grant you an outright say in the matters of Brooklyn or otherwise. He made sure that you remain in your place that was below him and never even hover in the dreams of being equal to him. For now, you’d have to make peace with that.

Steve spun you around and pinned your back against the railing. He tucked one finger under your chin and tilted your head upwards.

“It doesn’t bother you, does it?” He inquired.

You quickly curved your mouth in smile and shook your head. Slips weren’t affordable at this point.

“No, what the King says goes,” you assured him.

“Good,” he said before he dropped his head downwards to latch his lips with yours.

You held his jaw in your palms, encouraging him to deepen the kiss. His hands started running up and down your body as he grinded himself on your stomach. You mirrored his excitement by reaching for the lace bindings of his tunic. But he refrained himself and you from going any further.

He pushed down your hand from his chest and pulled himself away from you. His fingers caressed your face as he stared into your eyes.

“Not right now. Tonight,” he said. “But I appreciate your enthusiasm.”

Steve pressed his lips against yours one last time before he headed out of the balcony, promising to visit you at night. You promised to be ready for him as if that held any relevance to him ever. But he seemed to be more at peace now that he had you bent to his will. He seemed more fulfilled than before.

You released a long held breath when his presence left you. Pretending to be a such a jolly and pathetic bootlicker for Steve was heavily strenuous. Sometimes you feared if he could see through your cracks and was just playing you as you were playing him. Other times you deemed him to incapable of holding such thoughts in and placed your faith that his strange obsession with owning you clouded his ability to perceive the truth otherwise. The lines may be muddled in his mind and that is exactly where you chose to tiptoe.

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The Great Hall was readied for the feast. You singlehandedly managed all the aspects of the celebratory banquet while Steve paid attention to the lords and their safe arrival at Brooklyn.

Multiple long tables and countless chairs were crammed fashionably inside the vast room to accommodate the numerous men that would be in attendance that night. Large barrels of every kind of liquor that was available to you from ale to wine were brought up. A passing idea of poisoning everyone to their death at once occurred to you at one point, but you didn’t entertain that thought. You didn’t want to do anything forthrightly incriminating.
High quality meat of nearly every hunted animal was being prepared. You had appointed the prettiest looking girls to be of service at the feast, all of them paid well enough to please every man as they demanded.

You remembered the grand feast thrown for Steve’s sixteenth nameday preceded by a small tourney. He had jousted many opponents that day even though he did not emerge the victor at the end which had pissed him off, but he was calmed by your father and his friend, James Barnes. You had been ordered by your old man to have a quick meal and scurry off to your chambers while the night was still young. But you had been eager to stay for as long as you could and bear witness to the men and their celebrations.

Steve’s blood rush was slaked by the most beautiful whores you had ever seen. He had been buried neck deep with them and you had almost envied the bliss he was feeling. You remembered the disappointment that came to you when you realised that girls weren’t allowed to enjoy that way. Namedays weren’t a matter to you as you were declared a woman the very first time your red flower had bloom and instead of being swarmed by handsome men you were told to keep away from them.

The vulgarities that you had observed that day left a dark impression in a child’s mind which was saved from deepening when your fathered himself dragged you out of the hall and commanded you to go to sleep.

You imagined a similar commotion taking place tonight, although you had attended several more such feasts by now to have become accustomed to it.

Wanda had come to your aid a little near the evening despite you insisting to take care of everything yourself. She had displayed a blatant indifference towards the rash exchange of words that had taken place between you on that fateful night. You were rather surprised that she hadn’t mentioned anything about it to her beloved Steve as well. It was as though it had never even happened and you were relieved by it because you did not want to confront that stress as of now.

As soon as the preparations were done you both scrambled to your respective chambers to change into better clothes. You had to take a second bath to refresh yourself before you dressed into a golden-brown gown with flowery patterned designs on it. Strings of your hair were elegantly braided around your head and knotted at the back. You were dolled up good for the feast.

There was not another lady in sight besides you and Wanda, and the men’s gaze would linger upon you often as the Warden’s would be wife was off limits. She appeared exquisite adorned in crimson colours that matched the red of her hair. Steve’s own dashing looks were well complemented by her sitting beside him at the grand table situated atop the dais. You couldn’t help but feel jealousy stinging at your heart. It should be you seated at the grand table in the Great Hall of the Stark Tower in New York, besides the new King Anthony Stark as his queen. Instead, you were sitting amongst mere lords, all of whom were loyal to Steve.

Pietro Maximoff and Scott Lang sat on either side of you while Clinton Barton sat opposite and face to face with you, on his right was Samuel Wilson. All men were a lot older than you, only Pietro was somewhere in his early twenties.

You felt uneasy under Clinton’s piercing and lusty stare, but you could only ignore it.

“You have grown prettier since the last I saw of you, my lady,” Clinton complimented you, raking his eyes across your body. “When was it?”

“If you didn’t count the last time then I believe that I was fifteen the last time we properly met,”
you indulged the older man.

“Oh, I see, you’ve become more womanly since then, I believe,” he said.

You laughed the comment off and washed it down with wine.

Scott cleared his throat and cut in the awkward moment. He thumped his ale filled mug down on the table and leaned forward.

“We should have a toast for our future king, shouldn’t we?” He suggested. “I think we should.”

He stood up before any member on the table could say anything.

“Let’s have a toast for our king! Our true King Steve Rogers!” Scott’s holler cut through the chatter of the hall.

The voices of the men silenced slowly as Steve turned to Scott and raised his goblet at him.

“Go on, Lord Scott,” he said.

You looked up expectantly at the lord who struggled to search for words. He hesitated for a good few seconds before Pietro stood up in his stead.


Barton and Wilson guffawed at him as he sat down wordlessly. Pietro raised his mug in the air, pointing towards Steve before circling his eyes across the other men.

“I know that you see me as a foreign lord of the North here, but us Maximoffs are foreigners no more as Lord Steve Rogers is going to marry my beautiful little sister, Wanda,” Pietro started.

Steve folded his large hand over Wand’s on the table and placed a kiss on her forehead to accentuate the meaning of Pietro’s words.

“She is a true beauty,” he affirmed.

Wanda blushed as the men cheered and laughed at Steve’s comment. You locked your jaw and averted your burning gaze from them.

“Our Houses have come together for a reason and that is for our mutual hatred towards the Starks and our collective desire to see them uprooted and to put an end to their tyrannous reign. It has already started. King Howard is dead!”

A deafening roar erupted from the crowd. The men growled and beat their fists and mugs on the wooden tables.

“The Starks killed my father, my mother and left me and my sister orphaned at a young age. When the North tried to rebel, they silenced us. They did not give us our independence nor our freedom. But they cannot silence us when the North and South are together, when we have a man more capable, stronger and more belonging on the throne than that imbecile and arrogant Anthony Stark. We have Lord Steve Rogers, who heeds the cry of all the ignored Houses and is ready to bring them justice by fighting for them himself!”

Pietro painted Steve as a noble, heroic and valiant man with his words, much in contrast with the image you had of him. The others believed the same of him.
You were stunned by the amount of respect and dedication these lords had for your brother. It was as if you hadn’t truly been aware that this really was happening, he really did have all these men and more at his disposal, men who will fight battles and shed blood to get him his throne.

What did you have? Nothing.

You were an outcast here, you had no loyal people, none who would do anything for your cause. You were all alone here. The walls seemed to be closing in on you.

That realisation struck you like a huge boulder, the realisation that he may actually win and become the king. And then will you be satisfied being the princess under the reign of a man who killed your father, raped you, beat you, humiliated you and took everything away from you. Will he even give you what he promised? How long will you play the role of a happy loving sister and let him fuck you and make you dance at his will?

Soon he will be married to Wanda and have all the access to his pretty little devoted wife. You will be replaced and not required for the bodily services that you provided to keep him inclined to you. It wasn’t as if he was ever going to grant you a position in his small council. It was only a matter of time before he discards you and gives you away to another lowly lord. Your life would end being some man’s wife, bearing his children and then withering away day by day till you die having lived the most tragic and unfulfilled life while Steve basks in the glory that comes with being the King of America. That as not acceptable to you.

Pietro’s speech and the following cheers were suffocating you. But somehow you mustered the strength to raise your goblet in the air and proclaim Steve as your true king along with everyone else. It was all too real and too overwhelming. You felt completely defeated.

Tears had already started welling in your eyes by the time Pietro’s toast ended and everyone gave a loud cheer before returning to the banquet. Your mind was screaming for you to just get out of their and out of the intolerable company of Steve’s loyal dogs. You slammed your goblet down on the table and gathered your skirts in your fists.

“Excuse me, my lords. I need to visit the privy,” you whispered.

You did not wait for anyone’s permission before you stood up and stormed out of the hall’s gates. Sobs tore out of your throat almost immediately the moment you found yourself alone. You clamped a hand on your mouth to not let anyone hear of your misery.

All this while you had been waiting for a better time as you knitted your fate alongside Steve’s. But you did not even want him in the picture. You wanted him to pay and suffer. Letting the crown rest on top of his head is not something you would negotiate even for the title of a princess. More than anything you couldn’t waste away beside him.

You were ripped out of your thoughts when a hand grabbed you by the arm. You barely made out the figure of a man from the corner of your eyes before you were slammed against the adjacent wall, a body pushed itself on yours.

“Where were you going, my lady?” Clinton’s husky voice rang in your ears.

His spare hand traced the outline of your curves. The digested food in your belly and the wine threatened to rise up. You wriggled in an attempt to push him off.

“My lord, what are you doing?” You squeaked. “I am a lady! I am his sister!”

Clinton planted you firmly on the wall to seize your movements. You couldn’t believe this was
actually happening.

“Quite the infamous lady you are. The word of your immorality travels far in the lands. A castle servant they say. I don’t judge you, but it is below a lady to do so, very whore-like,” he said, mockingly.

“It’s all false! They are all lies!” You hissed at him.

The lord laughed as he cupped his hand around a breast. “You don’t have to hide yourself in front of me. I can give you what you need,” he said.

You squirmed again, this time you tried to dig in your elbows in him, but he was good at tackling you. With one tug he turned you around so that you were face to face, he collected your fighting hands by the wrists and pinned them above your head.

“Aw, are you crying already? I haven’t even done anything yet,” he said as he slid one finger across your tear-stricken face.

His body was flush against yours; your heaving breasts were getting crush by his hardened chest. The stench of liquor emanated from his breath and made you screw your nose.

“Lord Barton, please. You are drunk,” you pleaded.

“We all are drunk, love. That is what is this night is about. Drinking and fucking! Let us celebrate together, my lady,” he insisted.

He bunched your skirt in a fist and pulled it up your legs.

“No- my brother- “

“Your brother is too busy with his own lady to bother about his sister,” Clinton grunted at you.

You felt at a total loss of words or the will to put up a fight anymore. Using your brother’s name to save yourself was laughable, he probably would relish in giving you to his bannermen.

“Just let it happen, sweetheart. I can make you feel much better than a servant boy anyway,” he said as his hand crept up your thigh, beneath your shift.

He buried his lips in your neck. You closed your eyes, imagining yourself away from all this.

“Lord Barton!” Another male voice broke Clinton away from you.

Both your heads turned to see James approaching you.

“Lord Rogers calls for you, my lord. He was searching for you and has sent me to fetch you. I request you to return to the feast at once,” he announced.

“Ah, fucking hell. Can’t he wait?” Clinton asked with frustration.

“I’m afraid not,” James replied.

“Damn it!” Clinton growled as he punched the wall beside your head.

You almost jumped from the little scare you got from him. Clinton looked to your cowering self and touched your face with the back of his hand.
"Maybe I'll pay you a visit in the night, little bird," he said to you.

You slapped his hand away with disgust. He laughed briefly as he began walking away from you. The relief was only momentary as your thoughts shifted from Clinton back to your brother.

You fixed your skirt, wiped your tears and decided to resume your path to back your chambers. James interrupted you again.

"Lady (y/n)," he called out.

He had a short, wicked smile on his face and a twinkle in his eyes.

"Wouldn't you thank me for what I just did?" He asked, playfully.

You stared at him with disbelief, not sure if you were irked more by his audacity to assume that you would be thankful after all that he did or his audacity to stand there and act as if this was all just a joke.

"A small thanks would suffice," he added.

You shook your head to yourself as you turned away from him. He let out a loud exasperated sigh behind you as you went on your way. James was the least of your concerns as of now.

Watching him sit like a King with Wanda acting as the Queen, amidst all their ardent devotees had irritated you beyond your capacity. You craved to run away, you craved to do something to put an end to Steve’s plans. You could have sent a message to New York to alert them of the storm brewing against them, but there was no way you could make that happen before getting caught. Then there was the question of securing yourself in the Starks’ eyes before you let everyone burn if you had to live. But if you were ready to die, you wouldn’t go without taking everyone down with you.

You just didn’t know how yet.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I hope you are enjoying the story so far. If anyone has any questions ask away and please comment!

This was a relatively unhappening chapter but I felt the need to add it anyway. So do tell me how you feel about it :)
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

A much dialogue oriented chapter...

Chapter Notes

The update is finally here. I am soooo sorry to make you all wait so much. I am really bad at time management...
Love you all for your patience and support <3 I'll do my best to get back on posting here!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The morning drowsiness was shaken right out of you by the vigorous movements of Steve’s cock inside of you. Though you had been initially irritated to be woken up in such a way, your body was already on board with Steve and his ministrations that brought forth your arousal.

One of his hands kneaded your breasts while the other played with your clit. He bit hickeys into your clavicle and suckled at your nipples. Your lips were red and swollen as well from the hungry kisses. As soon as you gained an ounce of your ability to think you began spanning your palms across his sweaty torso and reached for his shoulders. You locked your arms behind his neck as you did your legs around his hips in order to draw him closer and deeper.

Your walls pulsated around his throbbing girth. Steve clutched your thigh as he plunged into you in a harsher manner. Indecent moans spilled from the corner of your mouth. He knew you were close as your nails dug into his back.

“Go ahead. Cum for me, (y/n),” the deep whisper of his voice was enough to throw you over the edge.

Steve smiled down at you as your face twisted with pleasure and your body shuddered beneath him. He roped the length of your hair in his hand and tugged your head back, craning your neck in an awkward convex. His teeth scraped the skin along the outward curve. You traced your fingers down the length of his throat as well, feeling the blood flow through his jugular as he frantically chased his own completion.

The push and pull of his cock inside you made you sensitive again. Your toes curled as you forced yourself from enjoying this anymore than you should. The biting of your tongue and few unfriendly reminders of the past were enough to throw you off rhythm. Though you kept producing the noises of ecstasy till Steve’s tell-tale grunt overcame you and he spent himself inside you.

He crashed on top of you, his weight was heavy and you had to push him off yourself to catch a proper breath. You pulled the sheets over your naked form while Steve lay exposed in his glory.

“I don’t suppose that I will be waking up like this once we are in New York and you are married to
Lady Wanda,” you started an abrupt conversation.

“Why not?” Steve asked. “Do you think that I’ll abandon you after I get a wife?”

That was precisely what you had been imagining.

“I… I did assume so,” you answered.

Steve laughed as he turned on his side to face you. He slipped a hand beneath the sheets and grabbed your thigh, massaging it gently.

“I am one man, but I would try to fill in the lonely nights for both of my girls,” he said as if you had been searching for that reassurance.

You furrowed your brows, confused with him not proposing the probabilities that you had been predicting so far. So, you decided to dwell on that topic yourself.

“And what happens when I get married?” You asked.

He cocked a brow. “Who are you getting married to?” He questioned more curiously than you had.

You narrowed your eyes at him. “Uh- I’ll be an unmarried princess. Won’t I be given away to someone? To build relations?”

Steve shrugged and patted your thigh lightly. “Who do you wish to be given away to?”

You had already gone through examining and finding the best and the worst possible matches for yourself, but Steve’s question seemed to be a tricky one and you doubted if your answer would be used against you.

“Well- since I’ll be a Princess. It’d only be fitting if I marry a man of my stature,” you suggested.

Steve’s gaze was fixed on you. He had never listened to you so intently and it made you nervous about what you were going to say next.

“Yes? And who would that be?”

You parted your lips but hesitated to speak for a moment, afraid of meeting his response to your idea.

“Um, there is no male to marry in the Kingdom of Wakanda. In the Kingdom of Asgard, King Thor is already married to Jane Foster.” You ignored the building pressure of his hand on your muscles for the moment to get your point across. You cleared your throat before continuing, “However, his younger brother, Prince Loki, remains unmarried. It- it could be a good match if you manage to make it after you become the King. Having Asgard on our side would truly strengthen us, don’t you think?”

Steve stared at you with a slight smile as if you were child blabbering about something stupid. It was highly off-putting.

“Well, say something,” you urged him.

“Oh, I was waiting to see if you have any other men in your mind,” he said in a mocking voice.

“Um, I think that Prince Loki is the best choice here, but if you have any other suitable groom for me then I would like to hear it,” you said.
Judging by the expression on his face he wasn’t taking too well to your suggestion, but this wasn’t a matter of personal regard.

“I don’t deny that. But I am not very comfortable with the thought of marrying my baby sister to that infamously notorious prince,” he said.

“I think I will be able to handle his notoriety.” You winced as his nails bruised your thigh. “But-but, if you have another suitable match ready for me then I would like to hear it,” you whispered.

Steve flashed a grin at you before pulling you into himself. Your side pressed up against him as he nudged a knee between your thighs to keep them parted and tucked a hand beneath and around your head.

“So, is that what have you been fantasising about? Making me the King and then marrying yourself to some prince of another land to get away from me?” He growled as he brought his hand up to settle on your throat in an unspoken threat.

Panic struck your heart as you saw the return of that old angry glint in his eyes. You pressed your forearm on his chest in an involuntary attempt to put a distance between you two.

“It- it was just a proposal for- for the betterment of our kingdom. That’s all!”

“Is that so?” He said as he slipped his fingers through your hair and over your scalp. “Then why do I think that the only reason you got along with my plans to overthrow the crown is because you have had plans of your own? You marry the rich and handsome Prince Loki and get to live in the prosperous lands of Asgard. A good way to escape from me, I’d say,” he said.

“It is not what you think, brother,” you argued as his hand slowly tightened around your throat. “I won’t do anything against your will. You can choose whoever you see fit for me or-or no one at all.”

“Oh, I will have to get you married to a man of my choice,” he said. “Ser James I have been thinking.”

“What?”

“Ser James would be a good man to have you married to.”

“But you cannot have me married to a knight!”

“Of course, I can, I will be the King, my word goes. Moreover, Ser James would take the position of the Lord Commander of my Kingsguard,” he said.

“The Kingsguard are forbidden from taking wives or fathering children. You will be tampering with age long sacred laws. You will be tampering with the whole system!”

“I will do as I wish and who shall question me?” Steve boasted, “They chose me to be their King. I will give the people what they want and they will learn not to meddle with my business. As a new King I will impose new rules in my wake and break off old, Stark traditions, for the betterment of my kingdom.”

“I have no wish to marry Ser James, I would rather remain a maiden,” you snarled as you pushed yourself out of his grasp.

“He is a good man who will love you and take care of you better than any man I can think of,” he
Your jaw tightened as you sat on the edge of the bed with your back towards him.

“He saved you from Lord Barton, did he not?”

You cringed at the reminder of that night.

“He went boasting about it to you, did he?”

“Well, in truth I was the one who had told him to keep an eye on you. The men get drunk and would touch and fuck any girl around them. I did not want my little sister to be subjugated to that. It seems that Ser James performed his task well,” he said.

You shook your head to yourself as you thought of how Steve’s proposals always got worse than before. Steve crawled up behind you and traced his fingers down your backbone while his hot breath fell on your shoulders.

“If you get married to him, you won’t be sought out by any other lord or prince. This way you won’t have to be separated from me. You will remain near me till one of us dies,” he cooed in your ear.

“I might as well be married to you,” you jested.

Steve laughed as he ran his fingers through your hair, swaying them away from your face.

“There are some laws I cannot change so drastically even if I will it,” he said.

It was traumatizing enough to know that he willed it. Steve seemed to be having a lot of his demands fulfilled these days.

“And what of building political alliances? There is nothing to be gained from my marriage with Ser James except for your own personal pleasure,” you argued.

“Don’t you worry about that. Once I marry Wanda, I will promise my first-born daughter to that Prince of Asgard. That would be a much better offer than my sister.”

Your hands clenched into fists as you contained the urge to scream at him for destroying this little speck of hope to get away from him, more for devising a plan to keep you as tightly bound to him as he could. Only death seemed to be a good way out of this.

“So, you will offer Ser James a wife while continuing to use her as you wish? I wonder what kind of man would ever accept such an arrangement,” you said.

“The man is supposed to forsake wives and lands with his oath to the Kingsguard. What I am offering him is something that has never been offered to the men at his position. He will be grateful for it,” he said.

You stomped your feet on the stone floor as you got up and away from Steve’s touch.

“I am ready to do a lot of things for you and that is not one of them,” you grunted as you searched for your robe.

“Did you assume you get a say?”

You lowered your head at the painful reminder of your powerlessness here.
“I-I don’t have to be married to him,” you opposed.

“It doesn’t matter. You will marry the man I decide for you to marry. You are a lady, know your place.” He stepped out of the bed as well.

There was a moment of heated glaring between you two which was interrupted when someone knocked at the door.

“Who is it?” Steve asked, irritated, his eyes still glued to yours.

“Maester Coulson. We have received a raven from New York. The matter is urgent!”

“New York?” You both questioned.

Steve went to answer the door as you covered your modestly with a silky robe. Maester Coulson stepped in with a tensed expression and a roll of paper in his hand that had the Stark’s seal on it.

“What’s the matter?”

“It is Lord Strange, member of His Grace’s small council. He is paying us a visit to address the issue of taxes,” Maester Coulson informed.

You walked behind Steve to listen better to their discussion.

“What issue of taxes?” Steve asked.

“We’ve been unable to pay the due amount of taxes since your-,” his eyes darted from you to your brother, “Since your father’s death, Lord Rogers.”

“And you did not tell me about this earlier?” Steve snatched the letter from Coulson’s hand and read it, seeming more alarmed than ever.

“I tried to, but you have been busy with other things, my lord,” he explained.

“Ah, leave it to my brother to fuck everything up,” you taunted much out of your place.

Steve turned back to pass a scowl at you until you wiped the smirk of your face and lowered your eyes.

“There has only been a small error. They shouldn’t be sending lords from the capitol for it,” Maester Coulson pointed out.

‘Well, that is because it is just an excuse, Maester. Lord Strange isn’t even the Master of Coin if I am correct. Isn’t he the Master of Whisperers?” You asked as you stepped out from behind Steve.

“Yes, but they say that the Master of Coin is sickly, so, in his place Lord Strange has volunteered to attend to his jobs,” Coulson said.

“Can’t we tell him to go back? We will pay all our due taxes immediately,” Steve said, worriedly.

“That is out of the option. He had long set sail for Brooklyn. The raven came late to us. He will be here in a few days’ times,” Maester Coulson said.

“Damn him!”

“They know or at least they suspect something,” you fuelled the panic rising within Steve.
Steve brushed his fingers through hair as he paced back and forth his chambers. Frustration bubbling in his veins.

“Fuck! This is not good!”

“Calm down, brother. This couldn’t possibly have gone as smoothly as we had wished. Anthony Stark is not his father, but he is certainly no fool, neither are his men,” you told him.

Steve’s white skin turned red and you marvelled at the way he was brought to the edge, something you had been dying to witness for so long.

You turned to the Maester and asked him to leave the chambers. Steve was pouring himself wine as you lurked towards him.

“You shouldn’t be so afraid. Whatever they know they are not certain of it, that is why they are only sending Lord Strange here, not the army to escort to the capitol for your sentencing. For all we know this might not be what we are thinking this to be either,” you stated.

He slammed his goblet down on the table. “I am not afraid!”

“But he is coming here to find something, isn’t he?”

You shrugged at him. “What will he find?”

“You.” Steve poked a finger on your chest. “He cannot see you or meet you in any way.”

You frowned at him. “Why? What’s the problem in that?”

“If he can extract information from someone then that is you,” Steve said.

“But- but I won’t tell him anything- ”

Steve grabbed your jaw to halt your speech, arching your head up in an uncomfortable position.

“Maybe you will, maybe you won’t. I don’t trust you enough to take that risk yet. So, you will do as I tell you to.”

He released you to collect his own robes before he headed out to discuss the matters with his own council. You rubbed the regions where his fingers had dug in.

“Won’t he be suspicious as to why I won’t meet him?” You asked.

“We will tell him that you are ill and must remain confined in your chamber, away from outside contact to avoid the spread of the disease,” Steve replied.

You scoffed to yourself, irked by his determination to keep all paths to possible freedom out of your reach. Steve had already left your presence before you could have tried to negotiate some other arrangement for yourself.

You gritted your teeth and kicked the air. Lord Strange’s arrival in Brooklyn glinted at you like an opportunity, but you didn’t know how to take it especially with the restriction put on you by Steve. Any attempt to be to communicate with Lord Strange could result in your own death. At this point you were willing to bet that Steve wouldn’t spare the Master of Whisperers, if it came to it, either.

There was little hope to secure your own well-being here, but maybe, now with the capitol garnering suspicion against him as well, you could hope for a future where Steve isn’t the King.
That might not be the ideal idea of exacting revenge on your brother, but it came close to it.

All that seemed to be too good to be true. Was there any point of hoping?

Chapter End Notes

I know after such a long a wait you guys were probably waiting for a more longer, smutty or eventful chapter, but I have to keep the action saved for the coming chapters as well. Sorry for that. Thank you all for waiting. You guys are the best <3

Also for those who aren't aware of GoT terminology- Master of Coin is a person responsible for checking the treasuring and giving monetary advice to the King while the Master of Whisperers is the one handling all intelligence and stuff. You can ask if you have any other doubts.

Thanks for reading and please leave comments as always :)
Chapter Notes

There is smut and plot.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Being locked up in your chambers was suffocating. Especially when you knew that there was a lord from New York present in the castle grounds, searching for anything unusual to hold against Steve. There won’t be much to find as Steve had every suspicious letter burned and subsequently destroyed everything that may be counted as evidence. All the castle staff was instructed to keep their mouths shut as well.

Wanda Maximoff would have been a person of interest for Lord Strange, but there wasn’t a chance that he will get anything out of her. She would alert Steve immediately if the Master of Whisperers didn’t align well with her.

Your body was itching to step out of your chambers and do something about the given situation. But you still hadn’t figured out what to do. It wasn’t as though you could trust Lord Strange either, you did not trust anyone.

The need was poking at your heart and you couldn’t contain it much longer after you had broken your fast on the second day. The free movement of the handmaidens in and out of your chambers had given you the idea. You rushed to fetch for the brown tunic that Steve made you store alongside with your pretty gowns as a reminder of what was, what you had now and what could become of you if he so wishes. Despite the reason, you were glad to have it for situations like these.

You checked your image in the mirror to see if your appearance was less ladylike or not. Having had no plans to walk around the castle in the presence of the foreign Lord, you hadn’t bothered to rub much powder or rouge into your face. There weren’t any intricate braids in your hair either, but you chose to thread two thick strands along the sides of your head and knotted them together at the ends. The rest you would use to drape over your face, lest anyone recognises you.

With rather little idea of what you would do once you make it out, you headed for the door of your chamber. You opened it slowly, taking a small peak for anyone standing outside. Much to your dismay you caught a man posted at your door. You frowned as Ser James turned around.

“What are you doing here?” You asked.

“What are you doing dressed in that?” He stared down at you with scrutinising eyes. “Are you trying to go out?”

“Yes, and I would like for you step out of my way,” you told him as you tried to walk past him.

James shoved you inside roughly. “You are not allowed.”
He entered your chamber himself and closed the door behind him.

“You are not to be seen by him or his men.”

You rolled your eyes at him. “I am aware of that and that is why I am dressed like this, so as to not be recognised by anyone. So, if you could just move away.”

James grabbed your arm and pulled you away from the door and to his front.

“You are not to step outside. Lord Rogers has commanded me to keep you from doing that myself,” he said, sternly.

You clawed his hand off from yourself and stepped back from him.

“Oh, I know better than anyone the consequences of not following his commands. He does not want me to be seen, I will be extremely careful not to be seen, I promise! I am not stupid,” you reasoned with him.

James stood stiff and undeterred by your promise.

“Please, it feels terrible being locked in here. I only wish to breathe some air.”

You rounded your eyes at him, hoping to win a shred of sympathy.

“No,” he said, bluntly.

You stomped your foot on the ground as you turned away from him, huffing in defeat. Steve really didn’t give you any chance to devise any plan of escape or freedom.

You clenched your jaw with frustration and roughly tugged at the laces of the futile tunic. You stopped when you heard James exhaled behind you and remembered that he hadn’t departed yet.

“Well, if you won’t be of any help then by all means fuck off,” you snarled at him.

Instead of going away, he inched closer to you. A mixture of lust and anger was brewing in the blue of his irises. He raised a hand towards you, brushing away the hair falling over your face and neck.

“Lord Rogers said that I could use you for as long as I must remain at guard here,” he said.

You flinched slightly when his leather covered fingers touched your skin.

“I am sure he has,” you said in a low voice.

You removed his hand from your person, this time with less force.

“Leave, please,” you said, softly, as you gestured to the door.

James used his other hand to grab you jaw in a tight grip, forcing you to stand on the tip of your toes. He brought his face near to yours until his breath fanned over you and his lips caressed your cheek.
“That was better,” he grunted at you.

His torso pressed up against the front of your body and you let out a tiny whimper through your protruding lips. Your heart paced from the expectation of the worse. Nevertheless, you tried to maintain a strong face.

James observed the battle of emotions in your eyes with amusement. You felt his hand travel down the curve of your ass. You curled your fingers around both his wrists as you gave him a defiant glare.

He squeezed the parts that he held until your brows twisted and a gasp escaped from your throat. Only then did he release you, dropping you to your feet. You could feel the bruises form on your jaw in the shape of his fingers.

James passed you a satisfied grin before he finally left you alone.

You sighed with relief. This was exactly the sort of treatment that you needed to get away from. But couldn’t.

The bitterness lurked in your heart as you changed back into a gown.

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For the third day straight, you had to resolve to remain tucked in your bed with plentiful wine and a few books to pass your time. Pacing about your own bedchamber was the only way to stretch your legs and ease the tension in your body. Even your baths were brought directly to you so that you wouldn’t have to step out as was anything else that you would require. Ser James stood guard at your door at all times. Another guard would replace him if he ever wanted to take a break.

The handmaidens would normally set your meals on the table for you, ask if you need anything and then leave. Needless to say, you were a bit surprised, interrupted more so, when the girl approached you holding something in her fist.

“You appear to be well, milady,” she said to you.

You eyed her with suspicion, wondering if she had a death wish to be speaking like that.

“What are you doing?” You asked as the girl came close to your bed.

You leaned away from her as she bent forward, bringing her fist to your hand. A crumpled piece of paper was deposited in your palm.

“Lord Strange sends his well wishes,” she whispered in your ear.

A hundred questions formed in your mind, but before you could put them in words the handmaiden had already left. You looked to the paper in your hand and quickly opened it.

“Guest bedchamber near Western Tower. Meet me after the castle sleeps,” your heart thrummed as you read the contents of the note.

You wasted no time to crush the paper and burn it down before anyone could find it.
Was this a trick?

Your first thought was that it was a ploy made by Steve to test you. But he was much too worried to risk doing anything that will make you ruin the ruse.

It wouldn’t be unlikely for the Master of Whisperers to send for you in secrecy. He must be curious to talk to you if he found the stories about you at all odd. Nonetheless, it wouldn’t be safe to try and sneak out to meet the man Steve had so specifically ordered you to stay away from and had arranged everything to keep you at bay. But like a child’s heart, the denial of the very action made you want to do it all the more.

You would for sure receive a brutal and painful punishment if you were caught trying to leave your chambers at night. You would possibly lose the place of a treasured concubine in Steve’s fantasised future if they found out that you were on your way to where Lord Strange resided.

There was no way to make sure of Strange’s intentions. All you knew that he was on the side of the enemy and risking yourself only to topple Steve’s steady ground felt all worth it. You had almost nothing to lose.

Despite of your readiness you knew that you wouldn’t even manage to pass your door with Ser James standing there. That alone put a halt in your plan. Something had to be done in order distract him.

By dinner you had almost gone mad from waiting and anticipation. The same handmaiden from before had brought your food. She stared at you with a glow in her eyes and a little smile.

You rose up from your bed and walked towards her and the table. This time you examined her carefully. You were certain that you hadn’t seen her in the castle before.

She was beginning to leave when you grabbed her arm and pulled her close to you.

“You are not from around here, are you?” You whispered.

The girl shook her head. “He expects you,” she said.

“What is going on here?”

The both of you jumped and separated from each other at the sound of James’s voice. You straightened your posture immediately.

“Oh, I was just telling this girl to bring another plate and more food here,” you explained.

“Go on then,” you said and gestured the girl to the door.

James furrowed his brows at you. “Why?”

You smiled warmly at him. “Well,” you said as you went to the table and pulled out two chairs beside it. “I would like you to join me for dinner.”

“Why?” He asked with emphasised scepticism.
“Because I think that you must be tired having guarding me for three days now with very little breaks. This way you get to eat and keep an eye on me at the same time.”

“I am having a little trouble believing that,” he said to you.

You could understand why your behaviour must be appearing very unusual to him. But you need him to go along with it.

“I can understand,” you said as you poured wine into two different goblets.

You picked one for yourself and raised one towards James.

“But you must understand that I have grown bored of having to eat my meals all by myself,” you told him.

James pursed his lips as he stared at you warily.

“You are getting lonely?”

You cringed at his teasing tone.

“You can say that,” you said.

James smiled incredulously.

You retracted your stretched hand back to your chest.

“If you don’t wish to join me then you can send another soldier here. He can take your place for a while,” you said.

The handmaiden returned with the things that you had ordered and arranged them on the table.

“Fine,” James sighed before he snatched the goblet from your hand.

“Sit.” He pointed at the chair on the left.

“May I get you anything else, milady?” The girl asked you.

“No, you can leave.”

James sipped from the goblet but hesitated to touch the food. You realised that he was not accustomed to dine with the family, except Steve, but that too did not happen anymore now that he was the Warden.

“Please, help yourself,” you said as you pushed the meat in his direction.

“I don’t wish to, neither should I be eating here,” James said.

“Why not?” You leaned on your side on the chair and pointed your legs outwards in his way as you talked.
“Because I am not supposed to,” he answered

You laughed. “You can fuck me, but you cannot eat with me?”

James turned his head away from you as if you had said something embarrassing.

“All because Steve hasn’t given you the permission?”

You needed to do more work here. Fighting through your reluctance, you reached forward to place an open palm on his thigh. James almost flinched as he looked at you with utter surprise.

“You have your lady’s permission,” you spoke in a low voice.

You tried not to let the falsity of your own actions show as James examined you. You were aware of how unconvincing this was, but you had so little time to seem less suspicious.

“After all we should get used to doing things together to prepare for our married life,” you said as you retreated back to your seat.

“What?”

Oh shit, he did not know.

You hadn’t planned on bringing that into the conversation, but it felt like a good head start. Except now James was more shocked than before and you had revealed to him something even Steve hadn’t.

“Oh, you don’t know?”

“Know what?”

“Damn,” you cursed as you placed your goblet on the table and straightened your back. “He probably was waiting to tell you at a better time. So, you must act surprised and grateful when he tells you in the future.”

“Tells me what?”

“Ah, well, as my brother has told me, after all this is over and he is the…,” you craned your neck towards him, “King,” you whispered. “He plans to get us married, probably as a reward for your loyal servitude for him.”

James stood up with disbelief.

“You are lying.”

You scoffed. “Why would I lie about something like that?”

James stared at you in wonder.

Don’t think too much. Don’t think too much.

You got up from the chair and stood in front of him.
“I honestly had expected a more positive show of emotion from you or is the idea not as appealing to you as I would have imagined?”

“What about you? I thought you despised me, more than our Lord. How are you alright with this?”

You smiled and shrugged your shoulders.

“I made my peace with it. The King’s demands must be done. Besides I looked to the advantages of marrying you instead of a lord. I get to hold on to the title of the Princess of America. I might even convince him to give us Brooklyn while he is King. Wouldn’t that be wonderful?”

Words spilled from your mouth without any control as a result of your nervousness. You were afraid that he was going to catch on to your bluff and put you in graver trouble. He already did not seem very assured.

You went closer to him and held his arm.

“But you mustn’t tell him anything before he tells you. Let him enjoy revealing it to you himself, alright?”

A moment of awkward silence prevailed between you two. James’s lack of reaction bothered you. It gave you no way to track his feelings and act further based upon that. With him it had always been hard to predict what would please him and what would make him run to Steve to report your odd behaviour. But in no way could you let him go before getting what you wanted.

You forced yourself to press your body against his and spanned your hand over his chest. He took a sharp breath. His hardened expression began faltering as the lust and need found their way in his eyes.

“What are you doing?” He asked.

Your fingers snaked up his neck and cupped his stubbled jaw.

“Don’t you want this?” You brought his left hand to rest at your hip.

Without waiting for a reply, you smashed your lips against his, hoping to drink away all his questions. He held on to you and gave in to the kiss initially. There was a hunger with which his teeth nipped and his tongue lapped at you. That was until he realised the irregularity of what was happening. You ran your fingers through his hair, using them to keep him grounded when he tried to pull away. But alas, the man was stronger than you. He secured his hand around the base of your neck and separated you from himself.

“What are you doing?”

“Get- getting acquainted with my future husband,” you choked through the pressure of his hand on your windpipe.

He only squeezed harder. You dug your nails into his skin and slapped at his arm to let you breathe.

“The last time you tried something like this you wanted something in return. What is it this time?”
“Let- me- I cannot-” Your eyes watered.

James let you go when your face had reddened up. You fell back on your weak legs, rasping for air as you rubbed the assaulted skin.

“Fucking hell, Ser James,” you coughed. “Can’t you just enjoy for once?”

“Answer my question,” he said.

“I don’t want anything for god’s sake,” you panted as you dragged your feet to the table to wash your throat with some water.

“I am only trying to be nice here. Me and my brother made amends. It is time that we do too,” you told him. “For the better of all of us.”

“Oh. Is that so?” James approached your from behind and your turned around to face him.

“Yes. God, you would have killed me for that?”

"I- I apologise. It is just that I have to be alert when dealing with you," he said.

"It is alright. I just don't want there to be any differences between us anymore," you said as meaningfully as you could, though your own words made you cringe.

James's gaze on you felt softer. He held you by your sides, eyeing you down in admiration. This was it, the moment to strike the hammer down.

You wasted no time before planting your mouth on his again, ignoring the suddenness of your action. At least he was less critical and more relaxed to enjoy himself.

This time his hands roamed freely about your body while you undid the knots on his doublet. He worked on your lace ties as well, but couldn't go too far as you sank down to open the rest of knots.

While you were low, you decided to kneel down to removed his sword belt and undo his breeches. He was already half hard when you took him in your hands. You pumped him into full mast with your fist.

"So eager," James groaned.

You smiled up at him before you took the top in your mouth. What he confused with wanton eagernessness was just your urgency to fulfil his needs and tire him down. You didn't particularly enjoy it, nor were you proud of it, but you had reached a point where you might do anything for a chance at doing something good. By now Steve's excessive use of your body for his sexual needs had neutralised your repulsion for such deeds.

James fingers tangled in your hair, pushing himself further in. You swirled your tongue over his veiny flesh, hollowing your cheeks in time to earn his praising moans. Taking him down your throat proved to be a tougher task as he was girthier than Steve. But James' bucking hips insisted that you do so and you did to please him. However, he was considerate enough to pull back when he heard you gag.
His produced a guttural grunt as he spent himself inside your mouth. The slimy substance was deposited in thick ropes on your tongue. You swallowed without being told to. He helped you up on your feet and shoved you towards the bed. With a push of his hand you were thrown on your back over the mattress.

You gazed at the night sky through the window as James worked on removing his clothes. There was still some time until everyone would start going to sleep. Hopefully, you would be able to lull James as well. Even then there was no certainty that you will be able to make it out of your chambers and return all the same without being noticed. More than that you did not know if all this effort would be fruitful or not. The disappointment would incomprehensible if it all were to go for naught.

The knight climbed over you. His hands trailed up your legs, tugging your skirt and shift up with them. You parted your thighs and let him settle between them. You received the sight of his exposed body and smoothed your hands across his muscled front. He was no less beautiful than Steve. In fact, he was much more desirable given that he was not your brother if you kept the memory of the whipping aside.

He dipped his head down to take your mouth in a kiss as he unlaced the rest of your bodice and bared your breasts to him. His tongue and teeth marked your skin from your neck to the trough of your chest. Meanwhile his fingers dwelled between your folds. You felt his smile form on you, he was content to find you wet and ready for him.

His thumb pressed on your clit and his lips locked around one of your nipples. He penetrated you with two of his fingers. The mixture of stimulations made you moan and buck your hips into him, asking for more.

A few moments later his cock was poking at your entrance. You gasped aloud as he entered you with the whole of his length in one thrust.

"Fuck," he grunted near your ear.

He set up a fast pace as he began fucking you with the hunger that he had contained for so many years. But his rough movements were still gentler as compared to Steve which felt better. You wondered what Steve would feel about that.

Your orgasm was apparently forthcoming with the way your walls clenched around him and your back arched. James intertwined his fingers with yours and pinned you down on the bed, his head hovered near yours as he lowered over you.

"Say my name," he commanded you.

"J-James," you cried.

"More," he coaxed.

He went harder as you chanted his name and fuelled his ego. Your toes curled and you shuddered as you came with an inaudible moan. James's hinted towards his own completion with the way his thrusts lost their rhythm and his face twisted with pleasure.

You slapped your hands on his shoulders.
"Not inside," you warned him.

You were thankful for him to have heeded that warning before his release. He pulled himself out of your and spilled his seeds over your stomach.

He crashed on the bed beside you, heaving loudly to catch his breath as did you.

You turned your head to see him. His lids were heavy, but not heavy enough yet. You sat upright and removed your clothing completely, tossing them on the floor.

James attempted to raise himself from the bed as well, but you pushed him back down. He watched you with confusion as you straddled him.

"Really?" He asked.

You formed a fist around his cock and began stroking him to another erection.

"We are not done yet, Ser," you said, playfully.

He chuckled to himself.

"Seven hells. Lord Rogers really did something to you, didn't he?"

"Don't mention his name," you grimaced.

You positioned yourself over him and held your hips to help you slide down.

"As you- wish. Fuck this is so good," he moaned. "You feel so good."

You went slower than him, lifting and dropping lazily to start with. When you reached his base you paused and grinded your hips on him. Frustrated, James began guiding you up and down his cock. You pushed his hands away from yourself and bounced on your own accord at a faster speed. When he was close you withdrew from him and stroked him to his end.

Without a warning James got up and flipped you over to your stomach. The air escaped from your lungs when he filled you whole once again. His movements were not so gentle this time and the force with which he was rutting in you made you squeal. You gripped the sheets tightly and buried your face in the pillows as the sparks gathered in your core.

James spewed a string of curses, that included your name, behind you. His cock touched every right spot inside you, throwing you off the edge. You were too out of breath to say anything, but he made sure to pull out and let his cum spurt on your ass.

He fell on his back beside you. A sheen of sweat covered his whole body. Exhaustion had dulled him sufficiently and you watched him as he closed his eyes for a split moment. You pushed on his heaving chest when he attempted to rise.

“Stay," you whispered.

He looked at you through hazy eyes, but did not question you. He rested himself and soon his body relaxed. You battled your own urge to sleep after having been fucked so intensely. This had been the most activity that you had gotten in three days.
You waited for short while until his sleep got deeper and he started snoring. Slowly you slipped your hand away from him and slithered out of the bed. You kept your eyes fixed on him as you crouched down to retrieve the handmaiden’s tunic that you had hidden under your bed.

You rubbed his dried cum off yourself using your discarded dress and then put on the tunic. If it would have been possible then you would have taken a proper bath. You reeked of sex and sweat and the man you had slept with and it would be a shameful display for a lady to visit a lord in that manner. That was the least of your worries though.

You drew a long breath and tightened your fists in determination as you trod towards the door on your tip toes. Your heart pounded in your chest as you opened the wooden door ever so carefully. If James were to wake up at this moment then you would be dead, but he was fast asleep when you glanced back at him for a last time.

*I have lost my mind. What the fuck am I doing?* Those thoughts were all the went in your mind throughout your way across the castle and to Lord Strange’s chamber. Every step that you took, your body screamed for you to run back before it’s too late.

Fortunately, there wasn’t anyone to be found roaming around in the dark corridors except you. The lack of a source of fire kept you hidden, but it also made your walk a bit slower. You used the moonlight and your own knowledge of the castle’s structure to navigate your way.

It was apparent that you had reached your destination as you found two sturdy soldiers wearing the Stark colours guarding the chamber of your interest. Their gaze was piercing as you went to stand in between them and in front of the door.

“May I- may I enter?”

They exchanged a glance with each other before one of them gave you a nod and led you inside.

“Lady Rogers, I was afraid that you were not going to make it,” came the thick voice of Lord Strange.

He was handsomer than you had imagined him to be. He was older than Steve and James, but the grey streaks in his hair and the well-groomed goatee were quite fashionable. The depth of his blue eyes and the wrinkles on his forehead made him seem as wise as he was said to be. But he seemed far from a person on whom you could rely on.

“Lord Strange,” you regarded him.

He eyed you down and you could tell that he was taken aback by your shabbiness.

“I apologise for my appearance. I had to come here in a hurry,” you said.

“Well, I am glad that you are nowhere as sickly as your brother had described you to be,” he said with a smile.

That reminded you of how you were betraying Steve’s commands and what little trust you had gained from him all at once. Your sole presence here must have confirmed a lot of Strange’s doubts about your brother. The nervousness was killing you inside, but you did your best to keep it at bay.

“You called me here for a purpose. I would like for you to get to it as quickly as possible. I don’t have much time,” you said.
“Of course. Have a seat, my lady,” he said as he pointed at two chairs set beside a small table at one corner of the room.

Strange followed.

“Would you like some wine or anything else?”

“No. Please, just talk about what you must. I am risking myself every moment that I remain here.”

He sat himself in front of you and folded his palms together.

“Then let us talk about why your brother lied to me about you and kept you from meeting me,” he said.

“Obviously for the same reason as why you called me here,” you answered. “You expect to learn something from me and my brother wanted to prevent that.”

“I assume that you have no loyalty to his word. That is why you are here?”

“Lord Strange, you must have heard a lot of whispers to come to Brooklyn yourself. You must be so eager to discover the truths and the lies.”

“I am and I am hoping that you will help me,” he said.

You smiled at him. “And what will I get in return?”

Strange squinted at you.

“Surely you don’t expect me to betray my own House by offering me a few gold coins,” you said.

“No,” he said. “My offer was safety. Whatever future brawl is about to begin, I assure you that you will be unharmed in it and if your brother emerges as the enemy, we have been fearing him to be, then you will not be viewed as the same as him. Moreover, after our King rightfully executes or slays all that who dared commit treason, which of course you will tell us, you will be given Brooklyn to rule as the Warden yourself.”

“I expect all that to happen, but I wouldn’t trust your word for it once you have sailed back to New York and left me at the whims of my brother. Your offer to keep me safe would mean nothing if I continue to remain in Brooklyn.”

Strange’s forehead crinkled as he interpreted what you meant.

“You wish to go to New York?”

“I wish for you to take me to New York with you at the end of your stay here at Brooklyn. Once there I wish to be securely kept at the Stark Tower. Then I will give all the information to the King himself after he gives me his own word that I will be given all that you mentioned before. That is my price,” you stated.

“You are very demanding for a person at your position,” he remarked.

“It is that or nothing.”

He cocked his brow in both bewilderment and appreciation.

“And you won’t tell me anything before I take you to New York?”
“Not a word,” you said, bluntly.

“Stealing away Lord Rogers’ sister is a declaration of war in itself,” he pointed out.

“It is a war either way. You just need to decide if you want to win it or lose it,” you said.

Strange leaned back on the chair and sharpened his gaze on you.

“And what if I threaten to report your night time escapade to your brother if you refuse to tell me everything right now?”

Your nerves irked at his words. You scoffed at him.

“You will be in as much as danger as me if he came to know that we met,” you told him.

Strange shrugged. “I wouldn’t say that. I am a man of the King. Besides, I don’t see how I will be blamed when it was you who came to me at night, uninvited, on your own accord. I was just a kind and welcoming host”

You were fuming. All the risks taken only to be threatened again. You stomped your feet on the ground as you stood up.

“Do what you will, Lord Strange. I shall take my leave. I did not come here to be threatened.”

You attempted to leave, but his soldier barred your way. You were beginning to realise how deep of a pit you had dug for yourself.

“Let me leave,” you grunted through gritted teeth.

“Come back and sit down, Lady Rogers. Let us discuss a few more things and then you may leave,” said the Lord Strange.

You spun around with a deadly glare.

“I won’t tell you anything,” you said, firmly.

“What is the guarantee that if I take you to New York you will tell us all true things and not just act as your brother’s pawn?”

“That is a fair point, Lord Strange,” you affirmed. “I suppose there is no true way of trusting me. But if you have heard enough whispers that led you to me then you must know that I am the most willing to betray my brother than anyone else. I am betraying him right at this moment. You must also know that no one else will provide you with as accurate and as detailed information as me. So, if you can get yourself to put a little faith in me then good for all of us. Otherwise, you are welcome to return to your King empty handed, except of some bags and barrels full of grains.”

He fell silent at your speech, his eyes lowered in thought.

“Choose wisely, Lord Strange. I expect you to,” you told him.

“I must take my leave now,” you said as you headed for the exit.

“Let her leave,” Strange permitted the guards.

“Lady Rogers, before you leave,” the Lord interrupted you.
You looked over your shoulder.

“I must thank you for paying me your audience,” he said.

You tipped your head at him before you left.

As intrigued as you were with your meeting with the Lord from New York, the fear of James waking up returned to you immediately. You would have run, but that could have caught someone’s attention. The image of an angry James standing alongside and an even more enraged Steve conjured up in your mind. You still did not know why you had done this, your conversation with Lord Strange hadn’t been too fruitful either.

You paused in front of the door of your chambers, placing your ear against it to hear for any movements. Everything seemed fine. You held in a breath as you forced your trembling hands to push the door.

You took a quick peak at the dimly lit room through the narrow slit. Relief washed over you when you found James exactly the way you had left him. You scurried inside and tiptoed towards the bed.

Once the tunic was off, you threw it under your bed. You had only dipped your knee on the mattress when James stirred. Your heartbeat stopped when his eyes shot open, targeted directly at you.

“What- are you doing?” He asked in a sleepy voice.

“Um…,” you struggled to speak. “I-I was- using the chamber pot.”

James, now alert, rose up. The doubts were visibly forming on face.

“Did you try to leave?”

“No, I wouldn’t do that. Its dark out there,” you defended yourself.

You climbed over the bed and placed a hand on his shoulder.

“I apologise for disturbing you. Let us go back to sleep,” you cooed to him.

James stared down at your naked body.

“Why are you sweating and why are you so pale?”

You were wordless.

Fuck.

“Uh, it is just so hot and I drink much too wine for my own good,” you justified the first part.

“What did you do?”

“Nothing! What would I do? It is fucking night. There is no reason for me to go out here right now,” you argued.

Your stomach was doing flips with the way he gazed at you so coldly.

“You- you want to tell Steve, then go ahead. Its not as if he will find anything since I did nothing.
But I suppose that you could give him a reason to punish me based on mere suspicion,” you said.

James turned his back at you and stepped out of the bed. You stared at him, anticipating a final verdict, as he redressed himself.

“Go to sleep,” he told you.

He exited your chamber without a word, leaving you hanging in worry.

You laid down on the bed and rested your head on the pillow. Sleep was far from your reaches. The sweat on your skin had turned icy.

There was nothing to be said about what the knight would choose to do, but you hoped that he would refrain from complaining about you on account of all the good sex you had.

Steve would certainly want to punish you if he hears anything troublesome, but he won’t be able to do so until Strange leaves. Hopefully, if the Lord decides to heed your offer, you wouldn’t be here to receive the end of the whip either.

Chapter End Notes

I have wanted to write Bucky smut for so long now. Mission accomplished. The story is going to the interesting turns now and I hope you all are enjoying!

Thanks for reading and please leave comments!
"Perhaps, you were trying to get out, but failed," Steve proposed another possibility.

You stared grumpily at the ground.

"I did not," you repeated for what felt like the hundredth time.

"I refuse to believe that you fucked him, *willingly*, without a purpose," he said.

"Or maybe I did. Maybe I did it because I wanted to put aside all previous differences and make peace," you blabbered.

Steve paused and stood in front of you.

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"For God's sake, I swore myself to you. I gave myself to Ser James. What else must I do to have you put a little faith in me?"

Steve studied your frustration intently. He reached forward and slid his fingers through your hair and planted his palm on your temple.

"Don’t sleep with other men when I didn't allow you to," he said, gruffly, his nails scraped lightly on your scalp.

Your breath hitched at his accusatory tone. It seemed that were about to be tried for many crimes.

"But- but you told him that he could."

"Yes, but I didn't tell you to. *Did I?*"

You swallowed. You hadn't been aware that you needed to consider that as well.

"I did not permit you to seek pleasure from another man. And you initiated it as Ser James says, lured him in, sucked his cock and fucked him. I did not really enjoy having to hear that from his mouth."

The emotion with which he was talking could be read as jealousy, but you couldn't understand why he would feel that way. You were all his. And you were only doing what he wanted.

"I don't understand. I thought that you wanted me to marry him."
Steve chuckled, but it wasn't one from his heart. It was one that was usually followed with something bad and bitter.

"We will have a proper talk about that later."

You knew what he meant by 'talk'. But instead of being afraid, as you should have been, you were getting agitated. Steve was just purposely making your life more difficult by finding stupid reasons to be throw a fuss about.

Steve withdrew his hand from you, but never gave you any distance to breathe.

"For now, you only need to understand that you don't do anything without my permission. Especially trying to leave your chambers when I clearly commanded against it," he grunted.

"I did not leave! Why would I leave?" You stood your ground on defending yourself even though were aware of its futility.

"To do something. What did you do?"

"I swear by the Gods; I did not do anything!" You were growing tired of having to repeat yourself. "Else, you would have known, wouldn't you, my clever and capable brother?"

Steve's backhand struck you faster than your eyes could blink. The anger had been boiling in him for a while.

He caught your head by the jaw before it could sway too far.

"There it is," he grumbled. "You never seem to learn, even after all the punishments, the whippings."

Steve brought his face near yours till your noses brushed against each other’s and the impact of his words hit you stronger than before.

“I become a little gentle with you and you go back to behaving like the arrogant fucking bitch that you are,” Steve growled at you.

There were so many things that you had buried inside you, that you could be throwing back at him, but your burning cheek and hurting jaw were the reminders to keep your mouth shut. It would be wiser to let him expend his fury with minimal damage to yourself.

“And yes, I am aware of everything you do. Everything.”

His tone grew more incriminating. You furrowed your brows in question. Your heart drummed faster in the worrying anticipation of what he meant.

Steve pulled away from you and took a step back.

“I know about the moon tea,” he revealed.

Your eyes widened with horror.
“I have known for long.”

Your discretion had failed you and there came yet another reason for him to punish you.

“But- ”

“Don’t think of me so stupid. I wouldn’t account for your inability to give me a child on a barren womb,” he snarled. “Yes, you are as fertile as your whore of a mother was when my father fucked her.”

You winced as his venomous words pinched your soul.

“I have been kind enough to let you continue to sip it without a question. Be grateful that I haven’t punished you for that, yet.”

You let silence seal your lips, seeing that you had lost complete control of the argument. There was nothing that you could do to protect yourself from his wrath.

“And I will let you drink the tea until the war is over and I have taken the throne. But you won’t be able to keep my seed from quickening once I am the King.”

Steve placed a hand over your belly and put a slight pressure on it.

“You will give me a child once all this is over whether you like it or not.”

His visage was more authoritative than ever. This wasn’t a flying threat to cause you discomfort. This was a keen promise of making all your nightmares come true.

Steve drank in the terror that glistened clear in your eyes. He wanted to, no, needed to witness that before he could conclude his verbal torment and leave you to your own devices with contentment in his heart.

“I will address your shortcomings after Lord Strange leaves,” he said with finality.

“Until then, you will behave,” he said as he poked a finger at your chest.

You nodded, submissively.

“Yes, brother.”

Steve stared at you briefly before he spun around his heels.

You glared at his back as he walked out of the chambers. James glanced at you before he closed the door. He had managed to revert your opinion about him back to the one filled with hatred, not that it had changed much. But you had given him a chance at redemption and he had failed. If he could not do right by you even in the slightest then so be it. You weren’t quite eager to forgive anyone either way.

You were to some extent glad and relieved to not have given away to Steve’s pressing doubts because you couldn’t even imagine what he would have done if he had found out that you met Strange. Despite of that you were beginning to feel sick and light headed due to the apprehension of what was to come once Strange departs for New York.
A day you had spent sulking in your chambers with no word of Strange’s and you were certain that he wouldn’t agree to your offer. It was too much to ask for him to sneak you away to New York just for the information you had. It was all battles and war at the end and they could still win it without you.

However, you bubbled with anticipation when his handmaiden returned to you on the next day along with another belonging to your own castle. They came in with the purpose of bathing you. The presence of the other girl interfered with her ability to speak freely though and you had to order her to leave so that you two could talk alone.

The handmaiden indicated you to get into the tub. You stripped off your clothes and dipped into the warm water. She grabbed a sponge and sat behind you, rubbing it over your shoulders.

“So?” You asked.

“He has agreed,” she whispered.

You couldn’t believe it.

“To what I said?”

“Yes. He has. He will take you to New York on the morning of the day after tomorrow.”

The adrenaline was already coursing through your veins. But you still felt so uncertain.

“How will it happen?”

“I will visit your chambers after daylight breaks. You will wear the dress similar to my Lord’s handmaidens and then act the part of one as well. There’d be a cart carrying his lodgings. We will board that and go to the port, finally to the ship,” she explained.

The handmaiden made it sound easier than it was. You could see every way of it going wrong. The consequences of being caught would be so dreadful that you couldn’t even comprehend it.

It was all too risky.

“Is he certain it will work?”

“It has to. We will keep you hidden. The Lord will keep your brother distracted.”

No, it did not feel right. Even though you had the opportunity so close, you found the idea of remaining in Brooklyn more attracting and comforting. That way you would be safe.

“He also told me to ask you if anything else needs to be taken care of?”

You gripped the edges of the tub as you looked to the door, picturing the image of Ser James standing there.

“The guard at my door,” you answered. “Although I don’t think he will be standing there anymore
in the morning of his departure. But there’s no telling of that. Tell him to distract Ser James as well, if need be.”

“I will,” she spoke into your ear.

You glanced over your shoulder and saw her pretty face.

“Thank you,” you replied softly.

The girl smiled at you and continued to bathe you as any of your own handmaidens would.

You sat back with astonishment and disbelief of what was actually happening. The Master of Whisperers couldn’t have agreed to do this. He surely did not put all his faith in you when he had come to Brooklyn. You should have been easily avoidable.

The handmaiden scrubbed your back particularly hard, nicking one of the fresher welts, that you had gotten for speaking in the wrong tone with Steve on the day the raven from New York had come. You winced and flinched forward. The water splashed around you.

“Forgive me, milady!”

You restored your position in the tub once the sting had dulled.

“It is alright.”

The handmaiden cautiously touched your back again with both hands this time. Her fingers gently traced the old metal given scars.

“Your brother does this to you, doesn’t he?”

You were unbearably embarrassed of that revelation. It made you feel like a weak victim.

“You speak out of your turn,” you hissed at her.

The girl grew quiet and meekly washed your chest.

“Stop,” you told her.

You snatched the sponge out of her hand.

“I can do the rest by myself. You may leave if you have nothing else to say.”

“Yes, milady,” she said.

She got up from behind you and stepped to the side of the tub. You caught her wrist before she could leave.

“Listen, could you keep this from him?” You asked.

The girl grinned at you. “He knows. That is why he is taking you away,” she said.

Her words and their implication made you frown. You brushed the latter off as her lack of
knowledge and her need to indulge in tales and gossip. But you did focus on the former.

“That day was not your first here, was it?”

She shook her head. You wondered how much of the happenings within the chambers had she reported to Strange.

“What is your name?”

“Ros, milady,” she answered.

You nodded your head at her. “Right then, you can leave.”

The absence of human presence around you allowed you to sink yourself in the water and soak in its soothing wetness and warmth. Your legs shook with anxiety beneath the transparent surface and generated ripples that crashed on the walls of the tub and met each other over the centre of your body.

*It will not work. It will not work.*

You despised your own lack of confidence. You loathed the dread in your heart. This was not who you were. You held in courage fuelled by fury and the energy to fight for your freedom no matter what it took.

Steve had succeeded in making little cracks and crevices in your soul. That is where these doubts and fears came from and you hated him for that.

You would only diminish further and further if you did not dare to take the bigger step. And that you couldn’t allow to happen in any case.

***

Sleep refused to touch you. Lying wide awake at night was not a foreign habit ever since your father had died, ever since you were raped for the first time by Steve. But the trepidation crept deep into your soul as you waited for the morning. You should have been excited and eager for it to come, instead you dreaded its arrival. Your demons constantly whispered discouragements in your ear and showed you the worst possible aftermaths of your actions.

Visiting your father’s grave would have helped you if only you were permitted to. You wanted to though, at least one last time before you jumped into a suicidal attempt at escape.

You were awake to watch the first rays of the fateful morning spill through the windows. The hustle and bustle from downstairs reached your chambers. The time was here.

You sat upright on the bed and stared at the floor beneath the door. There was no shadow peeking through the slit. But you reasoned that he must be standing a bit afar.

Slipping out of your bed, you went to the window and gazed upon the reddish sun in the grey sky. Its glow only grew stronger as time passed by. Ros hadn’t come yet, leading you to reach a conclusion that this was all in a dream.

Instead of being troubled by that, you found it peaceful. If you did not try it, you will not fail and
will not get hurt.

*Since when did I become such a coward?*

The scuffle of footsteps at your doorstep alerted you. The wood creaked as it was opened slowly. A girl, unknown to you, entered.

“Milady, we must hurry. Please take off your clothes,” she said.

She must be one of Strange’s you concluded though she was dressed as one of the castle servants.

“He is not outside?” You inquired.

“No. They are collected near the gate,” she answered. “Please, be quick.”

“Yes,” you said as you began stripping off your shifts even though you had no idea what you were going to change into. The girl wasn’t holding any other clothing.

But then she started sliding off her tunic from herself and you got more confused than before.

“Wait, what are you doing?”

“You must wear this and go to Lord Strange’s chambers,” she explained to you as she handed you the tunic.

“And what about you?”

“I,” she started as she snatched the shifts from your hands. “Am to stay here until you have safely boarded the ship.”

“What? How will that help?”

“He and Ros said that I look similar to you, so I must remain in your disguise until you have escaped,” she explained.

You stared at the girl with a frown and noticed a bit of similarities between you two. She had the same shade of skin colour, her hair was the same colour as yours and had the same length, her eyes were like yours and even her body was almost the same shape as yours. But it wouldn’t fool anyone at a closer look.

“Milady, please put it on. We don’t have much time!”

But you were having trouble processing your present situation.

“That is too dangerous. You cannot do that. They will find out,” you argued with the girl.

“They won’t. I am supposed to stay hidden in the sheets for a while, just if someone comes in to check on you. The servants and handmaidens and such. After that I will leave. Milady, wear it!”

You forced yourself to wear the tunic through your baffled state of mind. Lord Strange had sure done his planning. But nothing about this felt right to you.

“It is not safe,” you told her.

“It doesn’t matter. You must go now.”
She hauled you towards the door, but you stopped her before you could reach it.

“You don’t understand how dangerous it is! If they find you, they will kill you or worse,” you whispered with urgency.

“Do not worry, milady. I will escape from here before they can see who I am,” she said.

“How will you?”

“That is not your problem, milady. Now you must go to his chambers before they leave from there. Hurry, please!”

She practically threw you outside of your own chambers and shut the door behind. Your feet remained frozen on the ground, refusing to move a step. The nervousness gripped you too tight.

“Go!” You heard the muffled scream of the girl from behind the door.

It felt altogether worse to put someone else in danger for the better of yourself. But the girl wouldn’t listen to you. Her Lord’s commands were to be obeyed.

When you walked it was like moving against the current of water. An invisible force, that was your brother, was keen on restraining you and keeping you locked in the castle forever.

With much effort you managed to reach the chambers that had been allotted to Strange during his stay. The guards weren’t there anymore, but you could hear movement and voices inside. You knocked on the door and waited for someone to answer.

In that brief time period, you saw shadows from the corner of your eyes. They crawled towards you with the intention of catching you and presenting you to your brother. You had even expected to find Steve standing behind the door, greeting you with a grin that said ‘You are dead’.

You sighed with relief when you saw Ros’s face. She smiled at you and gestured you to get in. Lord Strange was not present at any corner of the chamber, but there were other handmaidens, two more besides Ros herself. They were all clad in light pink dresses and red cloaks. All of them were busy gathering their Lord’s things into small boxes and baskets. The heavier ones must have been taken down already.

Ros came to you and without a warning or asking for your permission, she started pulling the tunic off of you.

“We must hurry,” she told you.

She handed you the handmaiden’s dress, the one which all of them wore, and let you slip it on yourself. Ros fastened a golden metallic belt around your waist.

“The girl. We mustn’t leave her here,” you said.

Ros sighed as she tied the strings of the dress behind your back.

“She knows how to make her way out. You care about yourself, milady,” she replied.

“Anything can go wrong. They won’t spare her.”

You knew that Steve would kill her in the most brutal way imaginable. That was a fate meant to be yours, not someone else’s.
Ros tutted at you. “We don’t have time.”

Their lack of concern was disturbing. They seemed to be more reassured than you and more focused on accomplishing the task at hand.

Another one of the handmaidens placed a cloak on your back, covering the scars that the dress wasn’t designed to. Ros pulled the hood over your head and tied the knot at your neck to keep it steady. You would have done all that yourself if your movements weren’t so stunned.

Ros picked up a basket from the floor and handed it you. It was big and filled your arms completely. There was some heaviness to it, but the advantage to its size was that it hid most off your face, except of your eyes, from anyone’s view.

“Yes, we are ready now. We must leave now,” Ros announced.

Each handmaiden held a box or basket or both to herself and followed Ros as she led them out of the chambers.

“Walk fast and remain close to me,” Ros whispered to you.

You nodded.

Your heart paced faster than you would think was possible for it without failing to take another beat. Your attire, the basket and the girls huddled around you kept you perfectly shielded from being recognised, but it still felt as though every person who passed by you could look through your soul.

The girls were very efficient in escorting you downstairs and towards the carts that were parked near the gate. You could see Lord Strange standing at the very front, besides Steve and conversing with him. What you did not take well was that there were two horses too, seemingly for each of them. You would have asked Ros about it, but this wasn’t the time or place for it.

Your eyes strayed to James, who stood at a distance from both the Lords. He was stiff and vigilant as he kept a check on all of his surroundings. His heard turned in your direction and your eyes met. Instead of averting your gaze and acting like everything was normal, you froze altogether.

James cocked an intrigued brow at you.

Fuck he knows. He knows.

“Move, girl!” Ros whispered harshly.

You were thankful that she was there to drag your feet when you couldn’t. She tugged you and pushed you into the nearest cart that carried several boxes containing Strange’s belongings. You were shoved to the very end of the cart which was completely covered by the black canvas roof.

Ros climbed in and sat next to you on the wooden floor. The other handmaidens took their places around the boxes. It was tough to fit your bodies in the small space, but it was safer than being in an open space.

The sound of booted footsteps echoed around the cart and halted at the end of it.

“Can we help you, Ser?” A handmaiden asked.

“I was just checking here.”
You began trembling the moment you heard his voice. You clamped your hand over your mouth to contain the squeals that were forming in your throat. Ros stretched forward and put her body between you and his view.

“Everything is fine. Everything is here. We can leave. Would you be kind enough to tell that to Lord Strange, please, Ser?” Ros spoke politely.

You had turned your face away and covered it mostly with the hood, but you could sense him standing there and trying to stare at you.

“Ser?” Ros asked.

“Who is she? That one at the back?”

You were internally screaming.

“This one? Her name is Shae,” Ros answered.

“Is something wrong with her? Why is she shivering?”

“She is down with the fever, I am afraid. But she will get better once we reach New York.”

Ros’s voice never wavered for once. She mustered more confidence than you could.

“Lord Strange must be growing impatient, if you could just tell him that we are ready?”

He did not give a verbal response to that before he went on his way to Lord Strange. You were certain that he will say something to Steve and you will die taking Strange down with you.

“Goodness,” Ros exhaled as she turned you.

She carefully touched your arm which was layered with a sheen of sweat and felt cold as ice.

“Are you actually ill?” She asked. “Do you not feel well?”

“This- this isn’t right. I-I must g-go back.”

The lash of whips cut through the air. Horses neighed. With a jerk the cart started moving.

“Too late,” Ros said.

You looked to your left and saw the castle ground move farther and farther away.

“No,” you mouthed.

“Seven hells. I have never seen someone so pale before,” a girl remarked at your state.

“Steve- is he coming- to the- to the port?” You asked Ros.

“Your brother? Yes. Lord Strange insisted.”

You gulped. The parched walls of your throat felt like sandpaper as they contracted together. You shook your head at her furiously.

“He will see me. He will find me. I should go back!”

The fear consumed you entirely to the point you couldn’t function properly. Your head was
whirling and you had trouble drawing sufficient amount of breathes in your lungs.

The girls looked at you with pity. Ros wrapped her arms around you and held your hands in hers. She rubbed some warmth into your palms.

“All everything will be alright. Lord Strange doesn’t make mistakes,” she assured you.

You were sobbing.

Why am I crying? Why have I become like this?

“Shush. Nothing will happen to you,” Ros cooed to you.

But your heart only told you that something bad will happen. Something very bad. The Gods would never allow you to have reprieve from your brother and give you a chance to be free and happy.

The journey to the port was an excruciating one. You never stopped shuddering, sweating or spilling tears from your eyes even when Ros held your body. Midway of the path you felt like vomiting as well.

Your thoughts had become too meddled with terror to acknowledge when the cart had come to a stop or the crashing of waters on the ships.

“We are here,” Ros informed you.

She shook you into reality.

The handmaidens had deboarded the cart one by one and taken the boxes and baskets with them, leaving a few behind for Ros and you. With great reluctance you stepped out of the cart as well. It felt as though the sky would fall on you or the ground would crack open beneath you. Somehow those propositions felt better than the thought of being caught by Steve.

Tremors jittered through your being as your eyes fell on your brother. He was there. So near. The lines of his muscles appeared all too defined through his clothes. His voice was clear in your ears. You would never make it past him. He was the devil.

Your body refused to move even when Ros pulled at your arm.

“You have to move!”

Her words didn’t register in your mind. Your head was spinning and your body was losing its weight.

*I shouldn’t be doing this. He will know. He will see me. He will hurt me.*

Chapter End Notes

Reader be feeling like Theon in this one.

Things are gonna get interesting, but my next updates will take more time since my college is about to start and I already got work to do. But I may find time to procrastinate once in a while, who knows. Just be patient my
lovely readers <3

Thanks for reading! Please leave comments!
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

I found time to procrastinate and I could not resist posting this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You have to move!”

Her words didn’t register in your mind. Your head was spinning and your body was losing its weight.

I shouldn’t be doing this. He will know. He will see me. He will hurt me.

Steve smiled and laughed at something Strange had said. You could see how pleased he was to have the Lord leave from Brooklyn without a speck of knowledge about what Steve was brewing. He could freely return to his castle and resume his torment on his sister.

No, I cannot go back to him.

Something hit you hard on your calf and you gasped at the sharp pain. You reached down to touch the bruising skin and Ros caught your attention then. She did not say anything, just glared at you.

You fought with yourself to keep your inhibitions at bay and move.

Ros held your arm and led you across the wooden floorboards of the port. You pulled the hood over your face and kept your eyes down. Your heart never slowed in its fast beating and though your feet weren’t grounded in their steps, you somehow managed to make it past your brother and Lord Strange.

You were taken to the one ship that stood prominently out of all others. It was big, but not as big as the other trading ships and was built more tastefully. The last of the food grains and crops were being docked in it. Meanwhile, Strange’s men were taking up his personal lodgings inside.

Blood rushed like fire in your veins as you came to a halt before the gangplank.

This was it.

You peeked at your brother. Steve was oblivious of your presence as of yet and once you climb onto the ship, he would have no chance of spotting you either. This was going better than you had thought.

One by one, you and the handmaidens ascended on the plank and boarded the ship. You were well out of his sight and earshot. Slowly your mind was grasping on to its stability. Your legs didn’t stumble anymore as they guided you through the deck. The only thing to worry about was them finding the girl before the ships even leaves for New York.
Once under the deck Ros, and the handmaidens took you to a cabin at the far end. It was spacious and consisted of a straw bed draped in furs, a table on which were kept fruits, wine and mead, another which was empty and two or three chairs. There were two small windows on the wooden wall through which you could see the blue waves of the sea.

Despite of the suffocation caused by being in the closed vessel riding on shifting waters, the cabin was quite cosy. Lord Strange had acquired the very best for himself.

You set the basket, that you had been holding, on the floor and trod towards one of the windows. At the distance you could see the high towers of the castle that had been your home for all of your life until now. You had barely ever left Brooklyn and travelled to farther lands except for the neighbouring lands of Queens that were ruled by House Parker. Apart from that you had never been on a ship, never had any escapades and you never had been to the capitol.

The hope for that had become distant once Steve came in to shatter all your dreams. But here you were back on your way to New York, at the edge of beating all the odds your brother had set up for you. Of course, you did not fully trust Strange or anyone else, and that was an apprehension that you would deal with once you were off Brooklyn.

Strange arrived in the cabin not much later. The resonance of his voice as he commanded his handmaidens to leave alerted you of his presence. You spun on your heels to find him standing by the closed door.

He was dressed in a dark blue tunic designed differently than the ones you were used to see. Several belts were wrapped around his mid and he fashioned a thick red cloak on his shoulders. He was much better groomed than the last time you had seen him when he had been wearing just white undershirt and black slacks. Now you could truly feel his mysterious and imposing aura.

He examined you with equal interest. Though you still did not appear like a lady dressed as a handmaiden. His gaze was intense and intruding, as if he was trying to look within your soul. You felt a discomfort that you weren’t willing to express.

Strange cleared his throat, disrupting the unsettling silence between you two

“I am glad that you could make it, Lady Rogers,” he said with a slanted smile. “The ship will be leaving soon.”

“Yes,” you said.

His brows furrowed at your lack of enthusiasm.

“Are you not happy?”

“No,” you replied quickly. “I am entirely grateful for- for this. I will have a hefty debt to pay you.”

Strange chuckled shortly in response.

“Wine?” He asked as he walked towards the table.

You shook your head.

“No, no I’m afraid I’ll be sick if I put anything in my belly,” you said.
It wasn’t just because the residue of fear in you, but also the wobbly floor of the cabin. You did not want to be puking for the rest of your trip on the waters.

“You will get used to it. I am sure one drink wouldn’t do any damage. Besides, you should be celebrating your escape. Shouldn’t you?”

Strange had already poured out the wine into two goblets.

“The ship hasn’t left the port yet.” You went to stand near the table as well.

“It would have left by the time your brother returns to the castle and learns of your absence,” he said as he handed you the goblet. “So, drink.”

You smiled weakly before taking a tiny sip of the wine.

“The girl, what if they find her?”

“May the Gods bless her soul then,” he said, bitterly.

He noticed your face dull at the thought.

“Though you mustn’t worry about her. I wouldn’t have hired these girls if they didn’t know how to infiltrate and escape smoothly from places.”

*The Master of Whisperers, indeed.*

So, Steve wouldn’t be able to butcher a girl for no reason and it was assuring to know that.

A horn blared through the air and tore you from your thoughts. The ship began moving and you nearly fell as the floor was displaced from beneath your feet. Wine splashed out from your goblet. Strange steadied you by holding your shoulder firmly.

“Ah, I am sorry for that.”

Your cheeks reddened at your embarrassing, unladylike, mannerisms.

Strange took the goblet out of your hand and placed it on the table.

“It is fine,” he said. “I imagine that this is your first time in a ship?”

You bit your lip and nodded.

“May I- go to the deck? I wanted to see,” you asked childishly.

“Certainly,” he said. “But I should come with.”

Strange escorted you upstairs and to the deck. The captain shouted commanded at his men and they scrambled around you to follow them. You walked yourself to the stern of the ship. Planting your hands on the wooden structure, you leaned forward to look at the waves that pushed the ship further and further away from the land.
You tried to smile with joy, but it came out as bittersweet. Though you were happy to be finally away from your brother, there was a tiny ache in your heart the reason for which you couldn’t quite place on anything. Perhaps it was the overwhelming uncertainty of the future or maybe it was a bit of regret. Not because you were leaving Steve or Brooklyn, but because you were about to potentially betray your father’s trueborn son, the House and his trust altogether. People had advised him against taking you in and legitimising a bastard daughter. They had resented him for the same. Yet, he had provided for you. And here you were, readily throwing it all away.

*Forgive me, father. I did try.*

“He will come after me,” you said.

“You are free from your brother,” Strange said to you.

“Not in New York.”

“And what of when he comes with his army?”

“The King’s forces will fend him off,” he said.

You scoffed to yourself. Steve’s forces weren’t weak either, he could win too. You will never feel truly safe nor satisfied until he is dead.

***

Steve was growing impatient by the second. A mixture of excitement and arousal bubbled in him. The horse couldn’t gallop any faster than he was making it. He was glad that the irritating lord from New York had left because he couldn’t tolerate his presence any longer. Seven days he had to go without spending leisure time with (y/n) and his body was craving to take her as soon as he sets foot in the castle. It was a bit bothering to him too, but he had missed her more than he would like to admit, when she never had even left.

His need for her had excruciatingly increased ever since James told him that she had fucked him. She had fucked him herself. He was infuriated when he had heard that. The jealousy was beyond his own understanding. All he knew that he did not want her to touch any man nor be touched by anyone but himself, not without his permission at least. For that he would surely punish her. But first he would satiate his need to be inside her.

The morning was young and she should be asleep, dwelling in some corner of her dreams. He could already picture her form laying sweet and serene, wrapped up in the sheets on the bed. Steve would rouse her with his touch. She would be annoyed, but she would moan with pleasure and then she would provide the same to him. He loved doing that.

The grin never left his face during the whole path from the port to the castle. His cock was already hard and ready to fuck her till either of them go numb. It was somewhat childish and immature to be feeling like that, but he couldn’t control it.

The hooves of the Steve’s horse beat up the ground as he stormed past the castle gates as if he had come to declare war. He dismounted from the steed and rushed inside, barely stopping to hand the reins over to the stable boy or notice James, who had been waiting for him outside.
“Lord Rogers!”

Steve’s fists tightened at his sides as he was forced to stop on his feet and turn around to meet the knight.

“What?” He barked at him.

The fury faded from him a little when he saw the expression of pure distress etched into James’s face. He had grasped his attention.

“What happened, Ser James? What has you so troubled?” Steve asked.

Is it about (y/n)?

“She- she is not here, my lord,” James informed him.

“Not here? What do you mean?”

“Not here. Not in her chambers. Not in the castle.”

“Wanda?” He asked and hoped for it too.

James sighed. He lowered his eyes and shook his head.

“Your sister, my lord,” he said.

The blood drained from Steve’s face.

“That cannot be true,” Steve said.

He didn’t wait for him to answer. Instead he was running up to her chambers.

Please be there. Please Gods let her be there.

He kicked the door open to find several people inside. Maester Coulson was standing near the windows with some servants and Wanda stood at the end of the bed. Steve looked over her and saw that the bed was vacant. She wasn’t resting there, wasn’t waiting for him like he had imagined her.

“Where is she?”

Everyone stared at his seething form with worry and fear. Wanda stepped towards him and cupped his jaw with one hand and touched his heaving chest with the other.

“My love, you will need to calm down,” she said, softly and lovingly.

It repelled him instead of soothing him. Steve pulled away from her and turned to Maester Coulson and repeated the same question.

“We don’t know, my lord,” he answered.

“We searched the castle grounds, but we did not find her. I have sent my men to search outside,” James said from behind.

“But how is she not here? How did she leave in the first place?”

No one had an answer to that.
Steve looked at the handmaidens. “Did you not see her?”

“Milord, she was asleep when I came in the morning.,” one of them replied, timidly.

“Then where did she go and how did you not see her leave?”

The girls cowered as he went near them. He grabbed one by the throat and lifted her off the ground.

“Answer me!” He roared at her.

The girl choked out pleas and clawed at his hand, but Steve was relentless. He wanted to hurt someone.

“My lord, let the poor thing go. She knows nothing,” Maester Coulson said.

Wanda came up to him from behind.

“Calm down, my love, please. They will find her. Where could she have gone?”

He knew exactly where she would have gone and the mere thought of it was driving him insane. He did not know how she could have come about to do it, but there was only one explanation to it. Strange had left today, she must have left with him too.

But how?

Steve dropped the girl and shot a glare in James’s direction. He recalled his telling of that suspicious night. Without a further thought he launched at him. He grabbed the collars of his doublet and shoved him into the nearest wall. The breath was knocked out of the knight.

“You! You helped her, didn’t you?”

“No, my lord. I wouldn’t,” James said, a sweat broke on his brow.

“You are lying! You did this! You let her go!”

“My love, please-”

“Wanda stop speaking and leave right now!” He growled at the young girl.

She was startled aback from him. He had always been sweet and kind with her. But he had lost the gauge on his temper.

“I am only trying help, my lord,” she said.

He did not care for her innocent eyes or tone.

“Get the fuck out of here, Wanda. This doesn’t concern you,” he spat at her. “Take her away,” he told the Maester.

Steve did not resume speaking until Wanda was dragged out of the chambers by the others. He kept James pinned against the wall and the man did not protest against his lord either.

“She let you fuck her for this, right? So that you could help her run away?”

“My lord, please, you have to calm down. I did not do anything like that. You know that I wouldn’t
betray you like that,” James reasoned.

“I know you Ser James. You always wanted her, always cared for her a little, didn’t you?”

“Lord Rogers, I swear by the Gods that I did not. If I wanted to help her then I would have done so the first time she asked me to.”

“Yes, but now you’ve had a taste of her cunt. That’s all it took for you to turn against me,” Steve countered.

“No, my lord. If it were like that then I wouldn’t have told you about it!”

“You are playing me for a fool,” Steve grunted.

“I am not! You are letting anger cloud your judgement. Lord Rogers- Steve, please believe me. I would never betray you,” James promised.

Steve wanted to believe him. James and him had been like brothers since they were children. He had not once betrayed his trust and he wouldn’t now. The knight wouldn’t go against their brotherhood and break his oaths at once, all for (y/n).

Steve punched the wall beside James his head before releasing him.

“How could she leave? How dare she leave?” Steve screamed to himself as he stepped away from James.

“Do you- do you think that she went with him?” James asked.

Steve’s body was shuddering with the amount of rage that was boiling inside it.

“Yes,” he hissed.

He couldn’t even bear to think that she fled with him, another man. How could she even trust someone else like that? Had he known in the slightest about her plans to escape with that Lord, he would have slain Strange and his men right here in the castle.

But she, how could she leave him? She had no right to run away from him. She belonged to him.

“I want her back, James. I want her back no matter what!”

She had soiled all his fantasies and he felt like he was losing his mind every moment that she was not in front of him.

“The ship must have already left,” James said.

He felt defeat. Crushing defeat, insulted beyond his limits and he never did so well with that.

Steve bellowed into the air as he flipped the table from the floor. He kicked the chairs out of his way and looked for more things to break.

“My lord, we need to think. If she is with him then she’ll tell him…things.”

Steve paused, that thought hadn’t even come to him till now. It only served to make him more aggravated. He had never felt so unhinged before.

He drew deep breaths and tried to get a hold on himself. He sat on the bed and held his aching head
in his hands.

“And so, she is on her way to wreck everything apart. That little bitch.”

Steve remembered just how much he hated her. It seemed that he had forgotten that. He did not feel the need to despise her when he had her secure underneath him. He had underestimated her.

“It’s too late to stop now,” said James.

“We won’t. But we will have to move faster,” Steve said. “Gather all the lords.”

Steve thought about how humiliating it would be to tell the other lords that their plans were about to be sabotaged by his wayward sister. What kind of man would they think of him to be? How would they see him as someone capable of being their king when he cannot even keep his women in his hold? Why would they support his cause?

But there was no stopping the war now. If they refuse to partake then he’d march to New York by himself. He was ready to kill any and every man to get her back. Especially that Lord Stephen Strange.

*I will make her pay for all this. She will regret running away from me.*

Chapter End Notes

So she ran! Phew! Feeling better all those who were worried about our dear reader?

What do you all think about the chapter and more importantly Steve's pov? I will have more of that in the future chapters.

Thanks for reading y'all and please let me know your thoughts in the comments!
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Plot plot plot...

Chapter Notes

Sometimes I wonder why the hell do I write an incestuous non con fanfiction. By the end I would have a made a novella. If only I could write my original thoughts with such dedication.

But....400+ kudos on this fanfiction! Wow! That's my first. You guys are fucking awesome and I love you all for your support. I love writing this and I hope you enjoy it as much as well. Thank you guys! Enjoy the chapter now :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Did you think that you’d be able to run away from me? Did you think that I won’t find you?” His voice rang like thunder in your ears.

Your heart palpitated at an unsteady pace as you backed away from Steve. Fury flamed in his eyes, on his face, in his whole body and there was no way to avoid getting burned by it. Somehow, he appeared more menacing than you had remembered him.

The cage was small and dark and suffocating. You were already having trouble drawing even breaths. It felt like you would die right there.

Steve blocked the little rays of light that fell through the spaces between the iron bars. His shadow loomed over your cowering form. You sat balled up in the corner of the cell, shivering and regretting.

His unforgiving gaze pierced into your soul as he crossed the damp floor to stand before you.

“How, please,” you begged him, seeking respite from the world of agony he was about to put you in. “Don’t hurt me.”

He laughed like a maniac, like a monster. Every cackle a jitter through your bones.

You folded your palms together in a silent plea as you raised yourself on your feet. He amused at your submissiveness. He treasured it. But his response was not one of mercy. Instead, he reached forward to catch your throat between his fingers.

He easily lifted your frail body off the ground and slammed your back against the wall.

“That is ‘my lord’ to you. I am not going to let you be a lady anymore,” he said.

You pressed your hands on his chest as he closed the distance between you two. He took your
wrists and pinned them over your head. Your muscles seized under his glare of death.

“You are not going to be a princess, (y/n). You’ll be my slave now,” he promised.

The weight of his words crushed you entirely. Tears formed in your eyes and you lowered your head to keep him from seeing your defeat even though he had it.

Steve grabbed your jaw and forced you to look up at him. He wanted to savour your demise. You felt his fingers linger up your chest and hook into the thin garment covering your body.

“You’ll be a slave for me, James, the lords,” he grunted before he ripped the cloth down the middle. “For all my men.”

You willed yourself away from him and from what he was making you experience. His image started to become a blur in your head as did his words. For a timeless moment you felt as if you were buried in a void. The only thing you could feel was the cold dread in your veins, creeping up to your heart.

When your senses returned to you again you found yourself sprawled beneath him. His hands were roaming across your body and you could feel a faint soreness between your legs as he rocked back and forth. And though he wasn’t holding you down, you weren’t able to move your limbs.

“You will pay for all your mistakes.” His voice was the clearest and cruellest.

“You’ll be whore. Rotten. Forgotten.”

“I’ll cut your wings, (y/n).”

“I will make you suffer.”

“You will die.”

He spewed word after word filled with disdain. They began melding into one horrible bubble of hatred that consumed you.

“You will never leave.”

The blunt pain in your heart became too much for you to bear.

With a jerk your eyelids split open. The sound of your laboured breathing filled your ears along with the muffled speech of another male. There was a hand on each of your shoulders whose pressure you were all too aware of.

Though your body felt paralyzed, you were able to shift your limbs. You slowly lifted your head up and the first thing you saw was the figure of a man before you. As delicate and wary as you were, your first instinct was to back away from him.

His grip on you became firmer as you tried to squirm out from between him and the solid surface behind you.

“It is alright, Lady Rogers! He is not here!”

The face of a bearded man became more apparent in your vision as you began gaining your stability.

Strange. It was Strange. Not Steve.
You examined the rest of your surroundings. The dimly lit innards of the ship’s cabin welcomed you. The noise of the sea waves and the scuffle of footsteps on the floorboards above your head were oddly comforting.

Steve was nowhere around you. He was miles away from you and there was nothing to worry about. It had only been a nightmare. You would have sighed, but the ghost of your brother hadn’t left you yet. Your head was still screaming a string of noes inside.

“Are you alright, my lady?”

Strange’s question grounded you better in the reality.

“Y-yes,” you gave a breathy reply. You had to reassure yourself of that as well.

His hands continued to rest on your shoulders and you couldn’t help but feel repelled by them. It was supposed to be a soothing gesture, but it induced the same discomfort in you as Steve’s touch did. You hesitated to say it outrightly, but you couldn’t control your body from shrivelling into itself to create space between you and him.

Strange happened to understand your unease and immediately pulled his hands and himself away from you. For that you were grateful. The men that you had met in your life, apart from your father, had not offered to be kind in any way.

“Do you need water?” He asked.

The dryness of your throat came to your notice. You nodded at him. As he got up and turned his back to you it dawned upon you how humiliating this had been. Going through a nightmare and having another man witness the repercussions of Steve’s torment on you did not settle well with you. It felt as if you had revealed your weakness to someone. You hated that.

Strange came back to you with a tumbler filled with water. You held it carefully with both your hands and raised it to your parched lips. The cool liquid flushing down your throat was heavenly. You emptied the container in large and quick gulps while he sat at the foot of the bed.

Silence prevailed in the cabin as you finished drinking and set the tumbler aside. He studied you meticulously and his piercing gaze was a little disturbing to you, especially in your current state of mind.

He cleared his throat when he thought you were ready to hear him. But you weren’t.

“Your brother-”

“I do not wish to talk about it,” you interjected him instantly.

A hint of disappointment sparked on his face before he reverted to his usual rigid expression.

“I am sorry.....for all that,” you said.

“No,” he said.

He shook his head to himself as he stood up from the bed.

“You are not the one who should be sorry for that,” he said.

Crimson burned in your cheeks. He managed to make you more flustered than before. There was no telling of how genuine he was, but the sentiment was appreciated nevertheless.
“Well, I must tell you not to remain worried for long. We shall reach New York by the morrow. You will be safe there,” he said.

You smiled weakly at him. That was more or less reassuring. You did not know if it will curb your internal trauma, but it was a good thought to imagine yourself off this enclosed vessel and walking on firm land.

“Would you like to take a stroll on the deck, my lady?” Strange proposed. “Let the breeze hit your head?”

It wasn’t as much as a refreshing idea as it was expected to be. There would be people on the deck and you did not want to be around anyone. If it were possible you would have just lock yourself up somewhere.

“No,” you said as politely as you could.

He was about to say something else before you interrupted him.

“Um, I would rather prefer to be alone- if you don’t mind that is, my lord.”

“Certainly, Lady (y/n),” he agreed, warmly. “I shall take my leave then.”

You bowed your head at him and he exited the cabin without another glance or word. A large breath escaped you as soon as you found yourself alone. It was difficult as it was having to share the room with him in order to be as safe and secure as possible. He kept his distance from you, but you were not in a position to tolerate the presence of any man or woman.

In the empty of the cabin you dwelled over the horrid dream that you had had. You were not aware that you were that afraid of him and of the possibility of him finding you. Your freedom could be temporary, you knew, but you were not going to be bound by him again. You would die before that happens. More importantly, you wouldn’t let yourself drown in his fear like that.

It was humiliating to feel inhibited by him when he wasn’t even there. You needed to be stronger.

***

Once upon a time you had been a younger girl knitting dreams of being the Prince’s bride, of being a Queen. You had anticipated a warm welcome by the King himself when you would have visited their land. There would have been a feast thrown in celebration of your arrival where your father would discuss the future with the King while you would have had a flirtatious conversation with the Prince that would leave the man completely enthralled by you.

But that dream was shattered and ruined altogether by your brother. You were no longer the girl who carried stars in her eyes. There only remained an abyss of darkness behind your irises.

Nevertheless, a nervous excitement did rush in your blood when you arrived at New York. Being that much distant from Steve and extremely close the King he so despised was both unbelievable and gratifying in some way. You would be delighted to see how frustrated he must be back in Brooklyn. You hoped that he was suffering.

You returned to the flock of handmaidens and pretended to be one of them as you made your way from the port to the castle. The danger was marginally less here than it was at Brooklyn, but it was still there. Steve could have had his men searching for you. It made you wonder if he had sent a word to Queen Natalia of your escape or not. She could be a potential threat to you as well. One that should be eliminated.
The Stark Tower stood high and proud not far from the coast. You would have loved to explore the whole capitol and the castle more thoroughly, but you had to be restricted in your movements. Strange had strictly instructed you to head straight for his solar and remain locked in it until he comes back and says otherwise.

Ros and the other handmaidens escorted you to his chambers that were situated in the higher floors of the castle. It was pleasant inside; the sea was visible from the windows and the balcony through which the winds found their way in.

The girls took charge of cleaning around, changing the sheets on the bed and bringing food and water into the chamber. They worked tirelessly and it fascinated you because you were fatigued enough from the voyage to drop dead at any given moment. Noticing your weary eyes Ros had told you to rest for a while as their lord won’t be returning any time soon.

A bath couldn’t be arranged for without Strange’s permission, so you had to resort to wash yourself with a small basin filled with water that Ros had brought for you. You kept it in mind to reward her handsomely if you ever were to achieve the status of the Warden of Brooklyn.

After changing into a fresh set of clothes you made yourself cosy in what was supposed to be Strange’s bed. You had not intended to drift off to sleep so easily, you had planned to do some thinking and calculating of the future and what information you were going to share with them, but it was uncontrollable. It was the first of the peaceful slumbers that you had gotten to experience ever since you had left Brooklyn.

Ros awoke you several hours later. The sky had taken a deeper shade of blue when you gazed upon them.

“Did Lord Strange return yet?” You asked the handmaiden.

“He did briefly near noon,” she answered

“Why did you not wake me then?”

“It was not necessary. He wanted you to be well rested before he takes you to the King,” she said.

“The King?” You were suddenly alert.

“Yes, you are to meet him tonight as Lord Strange said. You are to prepare yourself. He’ll be here after supper. You must be ready for it.”

You knew that you should be ready. Meeting the King was inevitable, but you had not expected for it to happen on the very first day of your stay in New York. Strange had not informed you about it either. Your mind and body were still lagging from the travel.

The handmaidens offered you some bread and soup to eat. Your hunger had been hidden by all the other feelings that you were going through. You practiced your words and actions for when you’ll meet with King Anthony. The apprehension was still poking at your heart mostly because you were unsure about what you were doing and whether you should put any faith in these men or not.

You donned the handmaiden’s dress once again. You would have preferred to visit the King appearing as beautiful and graceful as a lady, but that was a risk better not taken as of yet.

You stood by the window and stared at the crescent of the moon shining brightly in the sky as you waited for Strange to come. The white light glittered on the black waters of the sea and created a serene scenery, one that you tried to focus on to calm yourself. But your thoughts would
unconsciously drift to your brother, the King, and the impending threat of war.

For you the possibility of thousands of people battling each other to death until one of their sides emerges as the victor was the favourable choice over any kind of peaceful or agreement of either parties. Anthony may want to avoid the bloodshed with a truce and Steve may agree with it if he gets you back and his men are pardoned, that is if he is able to think that with such a broad vision. But that eventuality was something that you couldn’t afford and had to prevent from happening at all costs.

The wait felt like an eternity before Strange finally arrived at his chambers. He seemed terribly worn out. You assumed that he hadn’t gotten a single moment of rest ever since he had stepped in New York.

“Are you ready?” He asked you.

Strange seemed a bit unnerved himself.

“Yes,” you said, hiding how tense you were.

“You must tell him about everything if you want to earn your keep here,” he said.

You gave him a nod.

The castle corridors and hallways were more or less deserted except for a few guards and servants. You kept your head down as you followed Strange’s hurried strides towards wherever he was taking you. He had not told you about it, but you assumed it would be some secretive place.

Contrary to your expectation, instead of descending to some shadowy, enclosed dungeon like area, you were climbing a spiral set of stairs that led up to a tower.

*Tower of the Hand?* You wondered.

It would not be the King’s own chambers. These matters couldn’t be discussed anywhere near Natalia and you had already warned Strange against her. But of course, the King wouldn’t be sneaking around like a rat in his own castle. The Hand’s chambers could be deemed suitable for such talks. After all, he was the chief advisor to Anthony. It would be appropriate for him to hear what you had to say as well.

You passed by a few doors and Strange’s feet came to a halt in front of the fourth or fifth one. He rapped his knuckles on the thick wood to notify the people inside of their arrival.

Despite of how fidgety you were feeling you kept yourself as calm and composed as you could. Your first impression on the King could not be of a scarred damsel in distress who was off her kilter.

A square faced man with well-groomed dirty blond hair answered the door. You recognised him as Lord Jarvis, the man who had been the Hand of the former king as well. He glanced at Strange and then at you.

“Who is she?”

“Let us enter first and I will tell you,” Strange insisted.

He gave a small push to your back, encouraging you to enter first in the chamber. It appeared as the Hand’s study. Another man stood leaning against the desk, holding a goblet of some liquor in his
hand. He thoroughly expended the air of authority, pride and arrogance with his puffed-up chest and a commanding gaze. You would expect no less from the King of America.

Anthony stared you down with question and turned to Strange for the answer.

“Is she one of your little birds?” He asked.

“Not precisely, but she has much to say about Lord Rogers and his recent antics,” Strange said.

“I would assume so,” said the King. “Who is she?”

You stopped Strange from introducing you and stepped forward to do it yourself.

“Your grace,” you addressed him.

You looked into Anthony’s dark brown eyes for a second before you crouched down on one knee and bowed your head at him.

“I am Lady (y/n) Rogers of Brooklyn,” you said.

Anthony choked on a gulp at the revelation. You watched him cough into his hand and set the goblet on the desk behind him as he processed his thoughts. He broke from his relaxed composure and straightened his back.

“Pardon me, but, what did you say?”

“I am Lady (y/n) Rogers,” you repeated.

The lines on his face twisted with bemusement.

“Sister of Lord Steven Rogers?”

“Half-sister, yes,” you replied.

Anthony’s jaw gaped as he darted from you to Strange in horror. He beckoned you to your feet in a quick curl of his fingers as he crossed over to his Master of Whisperers.

“You brought his sister to New York?” He did not sound pleased.

“Are you a fool? You are supposed to be the one with the sharp mind here, Stephen,” he hissed at him before Strange could even speak.

“You have to understand-”

“This is as good as us declaring war on them. Do you think that he will be pleased to find her gone like that? Stolen? Abducted?”

“I came here on my will, your grace,” you intervened.

“And did you have your brother’s will as well?” Anthony retorted at you.

He looked to Strange again. “I don’t think so.”

“Lord Rogers is a dangerous man, your grace. A treasonous man. And Lady (y/n) is here to help us unravel his ploys against you,” Strange justified in a stern voice.

“And haven’t you given him a strong incentive to act on those ploys without treason even coming
into the play? He does not need to want for the throne in order to launch an attack at us,” Anthony argued.

“It would be treason, nevertheless. If you choose to count it as that,” you said.

The King spun on his heels; his gaze felt sharp on you.

“So, I take it that you aren’t very loyal to your brother, are you?”

You shrugged your shoulders. “That is why I am standing here free and not as a prisoner.”

“As we had suspected earlier, your grace, there has been some foul play because of which our Lady (y/n) is not your wife and Lady Natalia is, and Lord Steve seems to be the instigator,” Strange said.

Anthony sighed as he ran a hand through his lush of hair the colour of which was pleasantly unlike Steve’s.

“And what would be the reason of him doing that? Would you care to tell us, Lady Rogers?”

Your body became tensed.

“It is quite clear. He simply did not wish for his bastard sister to be the Queen,” you said.

“But you were legitimised by my father, weren’t you?”

You chuckled at him. “That is very kind or naïve of you to think that it would matter to people such as my brother. A bastard is always seen as a bastard, legitimised or not. And people like me obtaining higher positions than that of pure-blooded nobles is preposterous and unacceptable to them.”

“The things Lord Steve said to us in order for you to reject the marriage were indeed lies,” said Strange.

“Yes, that much we had understood,” said Anthony. “I do not assume that your brother telling you that you wouldn’t be marrying me was a peaceful confrontation? You wouldn’t have willingly gone along his plan.”

“Of course not. But my brother is highly skilled in having his will done by any means required as he intends to do with your kingdom as well, your grace.”

Anthony stroked his beard as he went quiet in wonderment. You exchanged a nervous glance at Strange and he indicated you to be as patient with a blink of his eye.

“How are we to trust anything that is said by our traitor’s own sister?” He shot the question at Strange.

A pit formed in your stomach. Convincing them of where your loyalties lay was going to be the difficult part and you could not see an easy way of doing it.

“We know as much that Lord Steve has been forcing her to do things against her will. He broke apart the best marriage that could come her way. I am sure that no woman would be pleased with a man who would do that to her,” Strange supported your cause.

You felt a little warm inside.
“Marriages are controlled and decided by the patriarch of the House. Not every woman goes on harbouring hatred and spite against their family to such an extent that they would betray their own families. That is highly dishonourable, is it not?”

“What is dishonourable is the unruly rumour that my own brother spread about me to stain my image as a lady and display me as a harlot in front of all the kingdoms of America. He is vile and wicked, and I would never consider that man to be my family,” you spat back at him.

“I see,” Anthony said.

He walked slowly towards you.

“If he finds you to be so intolerable and if he is as wicked as you say he is then why has he not killed you yet? To our knowledge he has not betrothed you to any other lords. What purpose do you serve to him?” His tone was both inquisitive and accusatory.

Your throat tightened as you thought of your ‘purpose’ to Steve. It was very much the opposite of what Anthony thought it to be.

“My brother is a mad man who enjoys torturing those whom he dislikes for his own amusement,” you said.

“You mean to say that he keeps you alive to torture you?”

You swallowed thickly at the mention of that. It was as if a knife was stabbing at your heart.

“You don’t believe me? Do you think I am a spy who is weaving these stories?”

“You could be making a good plea by telling us a story that we would be compelled to sympathise with. Having you placed in New York would be beneficial for your brother as well,” he said.

You shook your head in disbelief. More work had to be put in to make him trust you.

“I speak the truth, my King,” you said to him.

You spun around and turned your back to them. You collected the length of your hair in one hand and raised it up while you undid the strings tied around your neck.

“What are you doing?” The King asked.

Something that I am not proud of.

The back of your dress hung low and exposed your ugly marred skin. Someone gasped, but an unsettling silence took over the room. Their eyes burned into you, and you contained the shame that you were feeling as a lady doing something so improper.

You let your hair down after a few seconds and covered yourself with your dress again. When you turned back around, the three men appeared a bit uncomfortable.

“I do not wish to help the man who did that to me in any way. I hope you understand now,” you said in a low but steady voice.

Anthony looked down at you with pity as did Strange and Jarvis.

“That is- tragic, Lady (y/n). I am sorry that you had to go through that,” Anthony said, guiltily.
“I do not want for your sympathy, your grace. I want to be a part of the side that wins,” you said.

“Yes,” he said.

“But I have my terms that I expect to be met in return for me helping you to defeat my brother and his forces,” you said.

“You want Brooklyn to be yours?”

“Yes, I will be given Brooklyn and I shall be its Warden and I shall marry any Lord of my choosing within the American kingdoms. You would help me arrange that,” you said.

“That...can be arranged for. Anything else?”

“Our Houses will maintain a strong alliance. That is, you will provide us with the appropriate aids for Brooklyn to flourish after my brother is gone. Policies about trades and taxes and such as that we can discuss later, but I expect only the best for myself and Brooklyn.”

Anthony smiled at you, intrigued by your fortitude and strong will.

“Certainly, Lady (y/n). You have my word. Now tell us what you know.”

“Is there any way for us to stop your brother and avoid all the bloodshed?” Jarvis asked.

“I am afraid not. His allies, his betrothed and her brother want the King’s head. They will not stop until the Starks perish,” you convinced them.


“They are not the only House that wants you dead, your grace,” you said.

“The whole of the North stands against you.”

“We have House Romanova and their bannermen,” Stark countered.

“You do not, your grace. I am sorry to tell you that your father did not die of old age, he was killed,” you said.

Anthony arched a brow at you. “And how does that come to be?”

You smirked internally. It was time to throw Queen Natalia off the cliff.

***

The Lords had been outraged as he had expected them to be. They were disappointed to know that a potential betrayer was lurking in New York to alert the King of their plans. They failed to understand how his own sister had managed to slip away from under his nose, and though they did not say it, he could see that they were questioning his position as a leader. At least that is what he sensed.

Anger had been bubbling up inside him throughout the meeting as they questioned him, argued with him and expressed their distress. Lang and Hill were calmer while Wilson and Barton were more vocal about their annoyance. Steve had tolerated them until they came to peacefully resolve the problems by changing the required elements of the strategies that they had previously formed.

Although he had not let her gain too much knowledge and details of what they were going to do,
and he was right to keep her at bay, but there were enough warnings that she could give the King to make things easier for them and difficult for him and his men.

He had sent word to Natalia to keep an eye out for his devious sister as well. But he was not quite faithful about her standing in New York anymore. If (y/n) was there then she will tell them of Natalia’s treachery. He could already imagine how happy (y/n) must feel by the notion of eliminating the Queen and winning the spot for herself. That is how her mind worked.

The awful picture of her touching another man, Anthony Stark no less, had been riling him up ever since the day she left. He could not bear the thought of that unworthy King fucking his baby sister. It made him feel somewhere or the other a little emasculated. The only way he would consider his manhood reinstated is when he slays those vile men and has her back in his arms again. This time he would not let her go; he would not even share her with James.

The meeting with the lords had ended sourly. Conclusive, but it had left him and everyone else in a bitter mood.

“Get your men ready to attack Queens. We shall take House Parker down soon,” he announced a last time as the men exited the room.

Usually he would visit (y/n) after something like this happened and dissolve himself in the pleasures of her body, but she was not here. He felt empty. Powerless.

Steve let out a frustrated growl as he punched the long table. He slunk down into the chair behind him and held his head in his hands. The gnawing in his chest never seemed to go away.

He heard the soft footfalls enter the council hall, but he paid no attention to it. A characteristic flowery fragrance reached his nose and he could tell that it was Wanda who had come.

*Why is she here?*

Steve removed his hands from his face and leaned on the back support of the chair to watch her as she walked gracefully towards him. Her beautiful blue eyes stared at him alluringly. Compared to him she was only a kid, but menacing intentions seemed to spill of her edges.

“My lord, did everything go well?” She asked sweetly.

“Yes, my dear,” he replied stiffly.

Wanda came closer to him and cupped the side of his face with one soft hand. She stared deep into his eyes as she stepped between the chair he sat on and the table.

“You appear so tired and troubled, my lord. Let me be of help,” she whispered seductively.

His breath hitched as she lifted up her skirts and climbed over his lap like a cat. She placed her other hand over his chest and spanned it across his torso. Steve stared at her like a stunned deer as she brought her lips to his.

Her kiss felt like feathers and tasted like sweet fruits. Her tongue lapped hungrily at him. There was not an unpleasant thing about what she was doing, in truth he had imagined her doing so several times before. But at that moment he just couldn’t bring himself to return the kiss.

Wanda nipped at his lips, but when he refused her any entry, she pulled away. Steve had thought that she would give up and leave, but she was relentless. She peppered kisses on his jawline instead.
“Let me take your worries away, my love,” she murmured in his ear.

She ground herself on her crotch, but Steve remained unresponsive to her actions; his body refused them. He craved to be touched that way, but not by Wanda. She was nother. She could not make him feel the euphoria (y/n) could.

After a few seconds of trying to entice him, Wanda became bothered. She stopped her ministrations on his neck and straightened her posture to look at him.

“Tell me what to do,” she said.

His voice was trapped in his throat. What kind of man is not able to fuck his wife to be?

But Wanda was not going to go away on her own accord.

“It- it would be better if you leave, Wanda,” he said, hoarsely.

He saw her teeth clench together. Rejection stung like an insult to her.

Steve tried to gently push at her waist to get her off himself, but she held his hands where they touched her and slid them lower to her hips and then her thighs.

“I am to be your wife, my lord. Your Queen. Let me please you,” she imposed.

She was beginning to get on his nerves and he was trying not to scream at her.

Wanda humped herself on him as she guided his hands down to her skirts. She moved the fabric up her legs with his hands.

“Wanda,” he warned her.

“My lord,” she replied in an equally strong tone.

“I am aware of how much you love your sister. I am aware of the way you loved her,” she said.

Steve eyes widened at her and he wondered if she even meant what he thought she was saying.

“It does not matter to me. But it is I who am going to be your wife and you must love your Queen the most,” she said.

She cupped his jaw in both of her hands and tilted his neck upwards.

“I understand that you miss her, but it is useless to lament someone like her. She chose to run away from you and betray you.”

Wanda was treading on dangerous grounds.

“She will be punished for her wrongs. But for now, you must forget her,” she said.

His blood boiled in his veins and his resolve snapped. Steve threw her off his lap and she collided with the table behind her. He rose to his full height and towered over her. Wanda struggled to steady herself and grabbed Steve’s arms for support.

Wanda still wore that arrogance on her face and Steve was provoked to slap her right across it. She winced, her head flung to the left and she held a hand to her burning cheek
“You do not tell me what I should or shouldn’t do,” he snarled at her.

“(Y/n) is my sister, my family and I shall grieve her for as long as I want. And I will touch you when I desire to, not on your command, Wanda.”

Wanda scowled at him as she seethed with rage. She smiled shortly at him.

“I shall wear this like a badge of honour,” she said venomously.

“Wear it in silence or I will honour you again,” he threatened.

The determination had not completely died in her, the fire burned in her eyes as red as her hair. But she contained her urge to counter him, knowing well that it would not end well for her. Steve was unstable enough to do anything.

“Do not dare to speak with me in that manner ever again,” Steve cautioned her.

He saw a glint in her glistening eyes as she lowered them. Steve stepped away from her and gave her space to breathe.

“Go to your chambers,” he ordered her.

Wanda did not let her pride tether. She walked out of the hall with her head held high and her stride poised.

Steve did not care in the slightest for what she did or felt. Her outward behaviour and her attempts to seduce him had been irritating him for a long while now. She needed to be put in her place. Especially after she spoke that way about (y/n).

She was no match for what (y/n) was and she did not get to mock her or whatever he chose to feel for her.

Steve grimaced to himself. Wanda had managed to leave him more aggravated than before.

Chapter End Notes

So for the opening scene of the chapter, was it a bit prolonged for a dream? Was that disappointing? Tell me your views on that, I gotta improve my writing.

And Wanda... well, she expected to be the Margery to his Jofferey, but ended up being the Cersie to his Robert (I could not keep myself from borrowing that slap dialogue from the show. Was it cringy?) I kinda feel bad for her though...

Also Stark Tower is equivalent to the Red Keep here.

If anyone has any doubts, especially related to the GoT related elements, feel free to ask.

Anyway, thank you all for reading and please leave comments :)
Chapter Notes

Listen, if you guys hate me I totally understand. I AM EXTREMELY SORRY FOR THIS LONG DELAY. You guys had been so eager to read more of this series and I have been entirely rude to you. I am soo sorry! There was so much work pilling up, my time management and stress management sucks. But I was also struggling about where to take the plotline and suffering from a bit of writer's block. I wanted to give you the very best of this which I am still not sure it is.

I am so thankful to all of you for being patient, for waiting, for being so supportive <3 I love you guys so much!!
Thank you and sorry again for this awful delay
I hope you enjoy this chapter :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Natalia should have been executed for the treasonous crime of killing her own King, but Anthony had been merciful enough to let her live. Instead he had banished her forever from the lands of America. It was supposed to show the North that their present King knows mercy and will show them the same should they decide to lay down their arms before it is too late.

You were not entirely satisfied with that sentence, but you understood it. There was not hatred in your heart for the former Queen, though there was some amount of detest for her. For it was she who took your place after Steve ripped it from you, it was she who enabled your brother's plans and poured fuel to his sickening pride. It was her doing that gave Steve the confidence to treat you as he wished.

But she would be gone. In the morrow she would be gone.

You had decided to give the Lady of the North a visit to look upon the face of defeat. Someone else's defeat for once. It would subsequently mean for his downfall as well if everything went well. It may soothe your heart a little.

The dungeons of the Stark Tower were dark, damp and grimy. The stench was horrible and you could never imagine a person of noble upbringing ever living here. Yet, Natalia sat still and quite in her cell. She displayed no signs of protest.

Through the iron bars similar to the ones in your nightmares, you stared at the curled-up form of the woman. Her fiery hair had become wiry and matted with dirt. Their thick lengths stuck to her pale skin. The body that had only known the comfort of the finest silks, furs and wool of the world was now draped in mere rags.

You couldn't help but empathise. You were all too familiar with having been stripped of your status, your comfort, your freedom and your dignity.

She flinched at the sound you made when you knocked at the iron to get her attention. Puffed and
weary eyes attempted to examine you and comprehend your identity. You took in a better picture of her beautiful face. Her plump lips were chapped and cracked like drought ridden land.

"Do they not give you water? Shall I bring you some?" You offered.

The lines on her face scrunched up with anger and disgust. Her eyes went dark and venom brewed on her tongue.

"You, it is you," she hissed.

You recognised the pain of the voice that came from a dry throat.

"You bitch! How dare you come here?"

Even from behind the barrier she tried to launch at you, only to be pulled down by the weight of the heavy chains shackled around her wrists and ankles. It was a pitiful, yet amusing sight.

"I did not see a threat," you remarked at her state.

"You ruined everything! You took away everything from me!"

There was passion in her hate. She probably had not gotten a chance to spend her frustration on anyone else. You probably appeared to be a harmless target.

You gripped the iron bars and pushed your face in between them.

"Forgive me, my lady. I would not have had any quarrels with you, I would spare you if I could, but you came in my way. You left me no choice."

"You will burn for this," she snarled.

"After you," you said. You hid a grin.

"Cunt," she muttered as she retreated back to her corner.

You giggled to yourself. "I understand your anger, more than anyone."

"Oh, what does a stupid bastard such as you understand?"

"You wanted revenge, Lady Natalia. As do I. But unfortunately, only one of us could have it."

"Tragie," you added with a tone of exaggerated lament.

"Save me your false sympathy, wench," she spat.

“It is not sympathy, but a grievance. These foolish men go about doing anything, wreaking havoc and it is us women who get crushed in the way. In a better world we both could have thrived together,” you said.

Natalia did not seem to be heeding the meaning of your words. The contempt for you and the world was visible in her eyes. This could have been you; this could still be you it the future as well. And you were here to remind yourself of that.
"But you know how it is."

Natalia glared at you for a few seconds before turning her head away. She shrunk back into a ball.

"Leave me alone," she whimpered.

You sighed to yourself.

"I wish you fair luck for your journey ahead, Lady Natalia. May you find your place in the world ahead."

And may I find mine.

You turned away from her cell and climbed out of the dungeons with certain relief. The brisk of freedom added a strut to your walk. The warm air of New York felt welcoming. For the first time in a long while you were not being crushed under crumbling fear or lethal amounts of self-loathing.

The danger of all this being taken away from you by Steve was still nigh. But you knew that death would have you first before he could.

You let yourself smile at the thought of Steve who must be stewing in the aftermath of your escape and Natalia’s banishment, they accounted for the small failures on his part. Even if it did not mark his defeat in the forthcoming war, it certainly would have burnt a significant hole in his pride and ego. Oh, how you wished to see him seethe and sear.

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It felt incredibly good to be treated as a royal guest and be offered asylum in the Stark Tower. Your wish to roam freely around the city as if it were your own was not granted yet because the threat of the enemy’s men lurking in the shadows of the commoners was severe. Secretly you hoped that the spies learn of your condition and report it back to their Lord in Brooklyn, every little detail and maybe with a bit of extra spice and lies added as well. All to make him burn.

An unhealthy amount of warmth bubbled in your stomach as you made your way to the King’s solar to dine with him. You reminded yourself that things had not entirely changed for you and as long as Steve was alive the days of your happiness and safety would remain numbered. You could easily be living on borrowed time.

At least the respite would stay with you for some time. You were grateful to live without the fear of being dragged and thrown on the bed at any moment of the day only to be rutted like a whore. You wondered if you would ever be able to rid yourself of the ghost of his repelling touch. Perhaps after many years, if you managed to live that long.

Pushing aside the stir of emotions inside your heart, you knocked on the heavy wooden door and announced your arrival. Footsteps approached your way and you were greeted by the aroma of roasted meat, spices and herbs as the barrier was opened.

You spotted the King sat at the end of the table with a goblet raised in his hand.

“Come, my lady,” Anthony said, gesturing you towards the chair adjacent to him.
His eyes followed you as you reached the dining table. The servant boy closed the door behind you.

“Your grace,” you curtsied for Anthony.

“Sit,” Anthony said.

You slowly lowered yourself to the chair and dragged it close to the table. Anthony ordered the servant to fill your goblet with wine or ale, as per your liking, and you readily chose the former.

Anthony's gaze on you was intense. He studied you closely as you took your first sip of wine.

“Remind me that I must present you with new, more beautiful dresses. These ones are old, I assume,” Stark commented.

Your cheeks flushed with shame. It was extremely embarrassing not to be at your best in every aspect when in front of the King.

“Forgive me, your grace. I would have dressed better had the situation been kinder to me,” you explained.

“Ah, you need not apologise for it, my lady. And you need not worry either. I will provide you with finer clothes.”

“I am entirely grateful, though you mustn’t do that, your grace. You have already given me more than enough.”

Anthony waved his hand at you.

“Don’t bother about it. If I am not wrong then we still have the dresses that my father had bought when we all were expecting that I will be marrying to you, my lady.”

Anthony's expression soured as he spoke the last sentence. His tone was regretful. You assumed that the recent events must be bothering him. He had not taken kindly to the disclosure of Natalia's role in killing his father.

“Um, I cannot wait to see them then,” you said with unsure excitement.

While you were happy and appreciated the kind treatment, you did not want to owe Anthony more than you already did. You did not want to be dependent.

“I will have them brought when we are done eating, speaking of which, dig in, my lady,” he replied, pointing at the delicious food with both hands.

The rest of the dinner saw the discussion of politics, talks of here and there between you and the King. He avoided talking too much about Natalia and you kept your lips sealed about the details of your relationship with Steve. Those were topics the conversation would stray away from even though they were the central most important pieces of the ongoing events. But for once you both wanted to free yourselves of that negativity.

Anthony regarding you as person, as a lady and not a slave gave you a sense of importance. Some
essence of your autonomy seemed to be restored in you. Sharing jokes and genuine laughter with another person, that too to with the King, had become a distant dream for you. The calmness, the warmth in your heart felt unreal, almost like a new experience.

When the meal had ended and Anthony ordered a maid to bring your gowns and dresses to his solar. You sat by the dining table with your face reddening both because of the wine and the kind attention that you were receiving. You only reminded yourself to not get too used to it.

The remainder of the food had been cleared off the table for the small and large wooden boxes to be laid on it. The boxes were polished, shining and had flowery designs carved into them. The texture was smooth under your fingers that traced the outline of the lids.

“Go on, open them, my lady,” Anthony spoke from behind you, his liquor warmed breath hit your shoulder and neck.

There was a hint of reluctance in you as you filled the opening slits with your nails and lifted the lid. You were not a little girl anymore whose heart could be won over by a display of beautiful dresses, but the one resting inside the box was nothing less than magnificent.

The colours of House Stark, the red and the gold were evidently dyed and sewn by the best of the craftsmen in America. The lace work, the designing, the art, it was all befitting to be worn by someone of the royal status.

“Do you like it?”

“I do.” You held the gown delicately at its edge and raised it from the box. “It is beautiful, but-”

“But?”

“I am not sure that I should take it. It is too much.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Anthony chided you as he came to stand beside you and placed his palms on the table. “The dresses were made for you and you shall wear them. Besides, I do not have anyone else to give them to, do I?”

“Oh- um, as you wish, your grace. I am extremely thankful,” you said, shyly, as you started to tuck the garment back into the box.

Though you were uncomfortable accepting his gifts, you could not blatantly refuse to accept something given by the King himself.

Anthony caught your wrist before you could have dropped the dress.

“No, don’t put it back. Try it on first. Let us see how it looks,” he said.

“Uh- now?”

“Yes, of course.” Without giving you another chance to speak Anthony called out for a handmaiden.
A young, timid looking girl arrived at his whim. You stared at him with nervousness as he instructed the handmaiden to help you wear the gown.

“\textquote“I will be waiting outside,\textquote” Anthony told you.

He winked at you before he walked outside of the chambers with his goblet of ale.

Your blood raced through your body in a wine induced rush. The night was about to reach its depths, the dinner was over and it was usually the time for everyone to retire to their chambers and beds. And here you were, playing dress up for the King. It seemed odd. Wrong, but somewhat right.

The girl was quick to follow his commands. She untied the lace knots of your worn-out dress faster than you could think and speak. The new gown was slipped over your head in no time.

The cloth was soft on your skin. The cut of the neck went deep and ended half of an inch below the middle of your breasts. Your bosom was well accentuated by the fitting as were the rest of your curves.

The girl went around you, straightening the red skirt that was edged with golden designs and tightening the lace ties where they needed to be. You wondered if it was traitorous to wear the colours of the House that was currently in opposition with your own’s. You wondered what Steve would think of you. Though it was not fair to pass judgement through his eyes.

Too immersed in your thoughts, you did not take notice of when the girl had opened the rest of the boxes on the table.

“My lady, do you want to wear any of these?”

Your eyes widened at the sight of the multiple fashionable accessories kept in front of you. There was a pair of golden shoes, red rubies and gems engrained in a golden necklace, a bracelet and earrings to go with it. They all were glowing at the intensity of fire at you.

The Starks really had intended to paint you like a true Stark princess when they had been under the illusion that you were going to marry their son. To think that this could have been your future instead of rotting back in Brooklyn and being used like nothing more than a whore. There was so much that you had been robbed off.

“No. It’s fine for now,” you told the girl.

“Shall I call the King then?”

You took a deep breath in, unsure of what he might think of your appearance, unsure of what you wanted him to think. Nevertheless, you nodded at her.

With your hands folded over your belly, you watched the door of the chambers and waited for Anthony to enter with a weird restlessness. You pinched your palm as you felt dark brown eyes raking along the length of your body. You loved that they were not blue. There was a tickling giddiness playing in your chest.

Your chest rose and fell at a slow and steady pace as he came nearer and nearer, coming to a stop only a foot before where you stood. There was no hiding where his gaze lingered.
“Marvellous,” he whispered, his fingers feathered across the outline of the gown. He only felt, but did not touch.

“You are a sight to behold, my lady.”

He took your right hand in his and placed a gentle kiss on your knuckles. You were running out of breath. Your stomach fluttered. You hesitated to look into his eyes.

“I- it’s too beautiful, your grace. I am not sure when I will be able to wear this.”

Anthony lowered your hand but continued holding it between you two.

“I have the perfect occasion for it. There is a going to be grand feast to be held in the castle soon. I would love for you to wear this then,” he said.

You arched your brows at him. “A grand feast? What for?”

“Oh, it’s my name day. I am turning another year older,” he answered.

“Oh.”

“I would have loved to have organised a tourney, call your brother for the celebrations. But..”

You sighed in agreement; your mouth turned sour at the mention of him.

“Well, not to question or keep you from your celebrations, your grace, but doesn’t it seem an odd time to be throwing a feast amidst all the chaos?”

“It is. But I do not care. I am already proving to be an incompetent King, shaming my father’s legacy with one mistake after the other. I do not know if we will survive the war. Might as well have enjoyed ourselves thoroughly before we die, shouldn’t we?”

Anthony was smiling at you and you were obliged to return the same expression. You did not want to be the one to die.

“That is a compelling argument, your grace,” you replied.

He nodded and released your hand before he stepped out of your space. He refilled his empty goblet.

“Lady Danvers and Lord Parker will arrive in time for the feast. You will be able to meet them. We can start preparing for the worst,” he said.

“I will be the most eager to meet them. Together we will be stronger.”

You were. They were your stepstones on the path to defeat Steve. You would feel more confident knowing that you had the best of the warriors and armies fighting for your side.

“I do hope so,” Anthony sighed as he twirled the goblet between his fingers.

There was no hope. You had to win. There was no choice.
The room fell silent as you both dwelled deep in your own line of thoughts, each of you wondered about what the future was going to be like. One could lose a kingdom, the other had nothing to lose but her life.

Those were the dark thoughts you liked to ponder upon in privacy. You glanced at the black night sky through the open doors of the balcony. It was late and you were tired and weary.

“Your grace? May I have the permission to retire to my chambers, if you please?”

Anthony seemed to be somewhere in the middle of intoxicated and sleepy.

“Of course, lady (y/n). I shall see you in the morrow,” he said with a small smile.

You thanked him for his gifts a last time before you bade each other a good night's sleep. Neither of you were going to get it.

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Steve couldn't bring himself to breathe evenly despite the fact that the battle was over. The men fighting for Queens had vanquished and though he wasn't pleased to know that the Parker youngling had escaped to New York, much like his sister, he could not ignore the small victory.

Slicing and carving the men with his sword as skilfully as he did brought him the utmost relief back in the day. He would quench his bloodlust by killing dozens of men and then slake his adrenaline fuelled sexual drive by laying down with multiple whores, mostly the helpless women that had been garnered as the spoils from the battle.

His performance on the field this time was unquestionable and savage. Though it did not wholly bring that sadistic warmth to his heart. He yearned for something more. He wanted the blood that he was washing off his body to belong to someone else.

Steve had not so much as glanced at the women that were being dragged around, pinned to the ground and taken by his own soldiers. The prettier ones would be left untouched and reserved for him, he was aware, but did not care for. The woman he wanted to warm his bed was not here. Only the ghost of her smaller body, her soft hands and her pleasant cries lingered with him.

Shrill screams and cries echoed in the air outside of his tent along with his men's grunts and wolfish growls. His own cock was achingly hard as it was after any fruitful fight. He had kept himself chastised for long. Self-control was leaving the bounds of his mind; his body was begging to be given some sort of relief. Steve reluctantly considered taking a glance at the flock of dames chained outside.

Steve's feet shifted to the door flap cut into the canvas of the tent as he dried his torso off the last remnants of wet water sticking to him. He heard foreign footsteps march in without any announcement as to who they belonged to. Only James would be daring enough to do that.

James carried a soft smile on his face when Steve looked at him. He had shed himself off of most of the armour except for the sword that hung around his waist. He probably had just finished fucking some girl given by how calm he appeared to be.

"It was a good fight," he said. "You fought like a beast."
"When do I not?" Steve replied.

James chuckled.

"It's strange not to see any of the girls under you by now. Have you taken a look at them?" He asked.

Steve shook his head.

"You must. There are some pretty ones. A few are noble born as well, girls belonging to House Parker's vassals. There's a rather beautiful one you must take a look at before the others decide to tear her apart," he said.

This was the reason James was so close to his heart. Despite of all that he had went through, with Steve and because of Steve, he did not forget to be concerned about him.

"I shall."

Steve followed James outside of the tent to take a gander at the little thing James had praised so much. Around five or six girls were tied hand by hand with each other, saved specially for him. There was a time when Steve could have and would have defiled all of them one after the other. But his eyes were locked on only one bird out of the rest.

Their dresses were torn; their hair were in a mess and blood stained their bruised skins. They all reeked of fear and sweat. But this one had a bit of anger in her eyes. Steve loved those who put up a good struggle. It was all the more fun to break them.

But it was not solely those factors that drew him to her. Her features, her colours, her frame, they were so close to hers. He decided right away that this would be his whore for the night.

Steve stood in front of her and ran his eyes all over her smaller body. The girl avoided his gaze, she tried not to flinch when he grabbed her hip.

"Name?"

"She is Lady Myra. But there is another one-"

"No. I am taking her." Steve took her elbow in a bruising grip. He gestured for a nearby soldier to cut her ties.

Myra whimpered as Steve dragged her like an animal towards his tent. Her feet did not even have the chance to plant a firm step, she was doing her best not to fall down.

"You can have the rest. Maybe leave one or two for me," Steve announced to James and the rest of his men.

"Sure. Enjoy yourself, my lord," James said.

Steve tossed her on the floor. She landed on her knees and hands. The poor thing attempted to stand up on weak legs. She raised her hands in his direction, indicating him to not come any closer.

"Don't- do not come near me!"
Steve watched her with amusement as he undid his trousers. She tried to stand her ground, but her whole body was shivering. He loved how her eyes widened and the fire in them doused when his erect and angry cock bounced into full display.

“Have you been married already, Lady Myra? Is there a husband waiting for you somewhere? Or someone I might have killed?”

Steve stroked his cock slowly as she struggled to speak. She seemed young, there was a chance that she was a virgin. But the over spillage of tears from her eyes gave a different inference.

“It doesn’t matter. Whoever he was, dead or alive, he would not want you back after I am done with you,” he mocked.

She stepped backwards for his every step forward, aloof of the bed that she was soon going to fall on was right behind her.

“No, stop!”

Her calves hit the edge. Her arms were crossed in a ‘X’ when the distance between them was almost null. Steve grabbed the back of her neck, spun her body around and threw her face first into the straw filled mattress. It was easier to imagine that it was his sister underneath her and not another whore that way.

He did not wait another moment before he tore what was left of her dress from her body. She screamed. He sat on top of her thighs to keep her writhing to a minimal.

“Please, I beg of you! Stop!”

Steve pressed her head down with one hand and lifted her hips with the other.

“Keep begging, cunt. It only makes me harder,” he growled in her ear.

He pictured (y/n) as the one who was crying in such an ugly manner under him as he rubbed the head of his cock through the girl’s dry folds. He spat on her them and smeared the spittle around.

“You deserve it,” he snarled as he forced himself in.

She was painfully tight and dry as a bone. Steve pushed on relentlessly, not caring of how he was tearing her apart to fit himself inside. The blood pooling around his cock did not bother him in the slightest.

“Oh god, it hurts- please, it hurts!”

Steve waited to fully be sheathed inside her before he hooked a hand around her neck and pulled her back onto his chest.

“Do you think I care?” He pulled out to the tip and slammed back in, cherishing the tremor that went through her whole body and came out in the form of a squeal from her mouth. “I want it to hurt.”

Steve locked his hand around her throat as he began pounding her without a reserve.
“You hurt me, (y/n),” he said, imagining that the gurgles belonged to his sister.

Myra desperately slapped on his hips while trying to claw at the hand crushing her windpipe. It was annoying. Steve held her arm and twisted it back with his whole strength.

The sickening crack of her bones was louder than her choked scream. He savoured it.

“It is only fair that I hurt you back.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading :)
Tell me what you think in the comments!
I was and am quite worried about the response for this chapter.
I am also sorry for it to be short. Sorry if it was unsatisfactory after the long break I took.
I assure you that I plan bigger things for the future chapters. I have planned the whole ending out and I am very excited for it.
Future updates can also take time, so please be patient, I will be and I am so grateful
And I also promise that I will finish this series no matter what. It may take time, but I definitely won't leave you guys hanging.
Love you all loads <3
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

This is 9000 words worth of plot and some angst.

Chapter Notes

Happy New Year my lovely babies! Here is my new year gift for you!

I am updating this after two fucking months. I applaud your patience people. I would have killed my myself.

Anyhow, enjoy away!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"...might as well have killed her. She seemed to be in a lot of pain," James said as he tore a bite sized piece of meat for himself.

Steve swallowed a generous amount of ale. He was indifferent to James' concern for the girl. She had served her purpose of satiating his needs. What happened to her afterwards did not interest him in the slightest.

The blood that had spilled from her body and the delicate bones of hers that had broken may have been the result of his own brutality, but they were far from his consideration.

He had better things to put his mind to. So should James.

"You can stop talking about her. Why are you so bothered about her?"

"I am merely concerned for my Lord's well-being. I have never seen you do something like that to any of the girls before."

Steve faked a laugh before popping a round grape in his mouth. He was well aware of what he had done. He did not need to be reminded that he was losing his sanity. He, and everyone else knew what or rather who the cause of it was. However, he did not find the consequences of it worrisome at all.

"Maybe so." Steve tilted his head. "Do not expect anything to get better until we have truly won."

"You do need to have a clear head, to fight better."

Steve scoffed at James. Sometimes the knight acted too rational for his liking. It got on his nerves. He needed his men to be as savage and ruthless as himself.

"What are you talking about? I am angry, I am motivated, I have never felt any stronger to engage in battle."
There was a hint of dissatisfaction on James' face. It faded out soon. He raised his mug towards Steve. It was easy to read when the Lord's patience had ran thin, and it seemed to be that way almost all the time ever since the sister had ran away on her free will.

"If you say so, my lord."

"I appreciate your concern, James. But know this, I am not going to stop until I have her," Steve promised, to James and to himself.

The knight nodded slowly as he lost the will to argue with his stubborn lord.

"Pardon my curiosity, my lord. But what do you intend to do once you have her?"

A wicked grin formed underneath Steve's hardened expression.

Oh it was something that Steve had been crazily fantasizing about since the very moment he learned that his sister had fled. He had a thousand dreams formed, each painting the number of ways Steve wanted to punish her, to have her, to cherish her and to cage her and do unspeakable things to her. They depicted him doing things he was too shy of admitting.

"I intend to show her the consequences of her actions and her mistakes."

_I will kiss her, touch that soft skin of hers again and keep her protected and shielded from the rest of the world forever._

"I will make her pay dearly for betraying and insulting me in front of the whole of America."

_I will make her want me the way I want her._

"My blood boils just thinking about her transgressions. How dare she do this? After she took an oath too?"

The metallic and wooden contents on the table shook and clattered as Steve banged a heavy fist on it. His frustration was rooted in the pain of failure and loss.

He remembered her words _'punish me in any way you see fit'_ and her deceptive voice. But he shall do what she promised him to do.

"She was always a fierce and bold one, my lord," James commented.

Yes, his sister was composed of all things mean. And it was his inability to extinguish the fire inside her that left him with a sense of worthlessness.

"Yes, she is, isn't she? That is what made my father prefer her more than me, his own true born son."

His heart ached, and ego lay wounded at the mere thought of it. She, a bastard was prized over him. For him she was a foreign and forbidden territory that existed in his own lands, but on his father's commands he was never to touch her. It was not easy to resist.

"My lord, I don't mean to question you," James interrupted his course of thoughts,"but your father loved you all the same."

Steve clenched his jaw and threw a sharp glare in his direction. The consolidation was false and made him feel small.
"He did not. He was a selfish and old, son of a bitch, who developed a passion for some random whore, went behind my mother's back to f**k her." Steve contained the venom stirring in his veins as he recalled the chaotic happenings of his childhood, hiding it under a forced snicker. "He had the audacity to bring the babe home and then make the King legitimize her."

The piece of meat and vegetables on his plate were reduced to mushy ruins as he stabbed his fork repeatedly into them like an angry child.

Steve remembered with clarity the fury that he had felt when his mother told him that his father wanted to replace her and him. He had not been ready to believe it, father had always said that he had raised a brave warrior son, one that he had always wanted. He thought that the old man was proud of him, but everything changed when she came.

Sarah Rogers had warned him against growing any sort of affection for the little devil his father had brought home. She had scorned him when she found him playing with the chubby, small infant as any other elder brother would. A heavy scolding he had gotten that day. She had pointed out the consequences, the injustice and the dangers that he would bear due to the unconditional love that his half sister had bestowed upon her from her their father.

He soon started to see it for himself when he would witness his father gratifying the needs of a bastard daughter over his son, treating her like a princess while ignoring him.

And her… she was not one to quell the fire. She savoured it, stoked it and made sure that he got burnt by it. His sister revelled in his anger, in his jealousy. Her actions were purposeful. She wanted to compete. She wanted to win. She wanted to make him feel the lesser one and his father was oblivious to all of it or if he knew then he took her side.

Steve had learnt that he had to protect himself, make his own fate and destroy anything and everything that comes between him and what he deserves. Anything.

She invoked the violence from him and Steve was hardly regretful that she suffered the consequences of it and he would ensure worse for her fate.

"It was- she was and is an insult to me and my mother," he spat with disdain.

James sighed.

"You are his true born son, Lord Rogers. You were always the child he would choose first, and he always did too. Remember the time….

Steve slammed a flat palm on the table.

"The only time I remember is when my father decided to make me the Warden, but her the Queen. He knowingly, purposely wanted to give her a position, a status above mine! I know that!"

A look of inexpressible horror covered James’ face as he studied Steve's flaming red cheeks.

"My lord, it was merely a match for alliance," the knight argued in an attempt to resolve any misunderstandings.

"No. It was what my mother warned me about. It was what I had seen and feared," Steve grunted. He was displeased that the knight remained to be unconvinced.

"Do you think she would have ever let me rule in peace if she had become the Queen? Would she
have ever failed to remind me that I am below her? That bitch is capable of more than you think she is!"

"I cannot speak for what she would have done if she would have become the Queen, my lord. But I think that you are losing sight of why we are doing this," James said.

Steve scowled at him. How could he ever lose his sight? His vision had been clear and focused from the start.

"What do you mean to say, Ser?"

"Your purpose, our purpose here is the throne. Not your sister. She is secondary, maybe not even that to our true aim. Do not let her rule and take over your mind already, my lord. It won't end well."

Steve's instinct was to give an outraged response, but words failed to form on his tongue after hearing his good knight. The storm raging inside came to a sudden, unsettling halt. His thoughts ran hither and thither.

"Pardon me for speaking out of turn, my lord."

He did not take another glance at James. Instead he waved a hand lazily at him.

"Prepare all the men. We'll start moving soon."

"As you say, my lord."

Each footstep echoed distinctly in his ears until they softened on the grass outside of the tent. He heard James speaking and giving orders to the soldiers.

He had assumed that he required the emptiness of the tent around him, but instead of it being peaceful he found it to be disturbing. Ser James' words rang again and again in his head. His mother's voice joined him and created a head aching squabble inside.

Steve wanted to listen to them. He wanted to uproot the vermin from his mind and free his thoughts of her constant presence. But he could not do it.

It was madness. He could not stop yearning for her. The want for her was not outweighed by his want for the throne. He wanted them both. Neither was a secondary choice was to him. The only danger was that one of them had become a carnal need.

How could he feel capable of taking the throne when he could not even keep his little sister to himself?

He would have them. He was determined.

***

You measured yourself a last time in the mirror.

"You look perfect," Rose assured you from where she stood behind.

There was a sense of guiltiness and restlessness that you felt as you let yourself accept the rich gifts given to you by the King. You did not want to owe him more than you already did. However, it was difficult to ignore the beauty that was added to your body while it was wrapped in the lavish red and golden gown.
The jewels settled perfectly on your neck and a rather big and round ring flashed on your right hand. Your feet found themselves nestled in a pair of golden shoes that added a few inches to your height. Rose and the other handmaidens had helped you braid your hair to an elegant perfection and in applying powder and color to your cheeks and lips.

The lady that looked back at you through the mirror was far different from the scared and broken one she was not too long ago. An aura of confidence and brightness did well to hide the frightened and scarred girl inside you. You were painted in a manner that made you appear as if you belonged to House Stark which meant that you were a House traitor, given that the current patriarch of your family was against them, but it happened to make you appreciate your attire even more.

You gave yourself the freedom to breathe.

"The feast would start soon. Lord Strange said that he would like to escort you there," Rose informed you.

You arched a brow before turning on your heels to face the handmaiden.

"Oh, yes? When will he be here?"

"Any moment now," she said.

It was not a long wait for the Lord of Whispers to arrive at the door of your bed chamber. Your inner monologue and charged up string of thoughts kept you busy.

You were supposed to meet Lady Danvers today. You were already acquainted with the young Lord Parker, but he was going to arrive after having his lands destroyed and plundered upon by your own brother. It made you wonder about what kind of impression would the boy be fostering about you in his head.

The discussion for the forthcoming battle and the strategies was to take place soon as well. You were more interested in that, it would be an absolute delight for you to see how the demise of your brother would be planned. It was the most important matter too and you wouldn't have had a problem with jumping right to it. But what the King wants, the King gets.

You walked to the door to open it yourself instead of letting one of the handmaidens do it. Lord Strange greeted you with a charming smile and you returned the same.

Stepping out from behind the door, you felt his eyes rake over your body without an effort of hiding the action. Strange inhaled a heavy breath as he took in your form.

"Your beauty is enthralling, my lady," he complimented you.

Blood rushed into your cheeks.

"Thank you, my lord," you replied, humbly.

"Shall we go then?" He asked, offering you an arm to take.

You nodded and hooked your smaller arm around his. The two of you did not engage in any conversation as you he walked you towards the Great Hall where the banquet was set. The silence was uneasy and made you notice the fluttering inside your stomach.

A plethora of aromas welcomed you the moment you entered the Great Hall. It was decorated and occupied by various high and small lords, council members, merchants, and other people who
could afford to be a part of a royal feast.

Upon a quick survey of the hall you found it to be lacking of the King. You assumed that he must be on his way.

You caught a glimpse of a golden haired lady, dressed in a blue gown, instead. The pretty and feminine attire was finished off by a sword hanging around her waist. It was uncharacteristic of other ladies to be fashioned like that, therefore you only had one conclusion to make.

"That is Lady Danvers, isn't she?" You inquired with Strange in a hushed tone.

"Yes, she is. Will you like to talk to her?"

"I will," you said.

You untangled your arm from Strange's and began moving in the lady's direction on your own accord. Strange followed.

Your gaze was fixated on the weapon that she had with herself. You had heard and were aware that she was no ordinary lady, that she was skilled in warfare and fought fiercely in the battle ground along with her men just like any other lord.

Her bravery and determination you admired and envied as well. She was everything that you wanted to be, beautiful, strong and a true born.

You couldn't help but wonder what your condition would have been had you been permitted to learn and master the art form your brothered considered you incapable of, he would not have had a chance to degrade you in the manner that he did. Maybe you could have fought with him.

Lady Danvers spotted you coming from where she stood by a long table. She finished the conversation that she was having with another man to glance at you.

"Lady Rogers," she regarded you before you could address her.

You took the hand that she had extended and let her pull you into a formal hug.

"Lady Danvers."

"So I finally get to meet the woman behind all of the chaos," Danvers amused, her eyes studied you closely as if searching for an element worthy enough to inspire treason and wars.

You would have loved to know the same if she could have found it

"And I finally get to meet the Marvelous Lady of Massachusetts. I have dearly enjoyed to hear the tales of your bravery,” you praised her.

"Ah, they are exaggerations at best," she laughed with a hand to her chest. "Though I am humbled to have your interest, my lady."

Strange intervened the conversation to greet Danvers even though they had likely met prior to the feast already. They exchanged words on the theme of the ongoing political events and you chose to listen rather than speak. Both were older and more learned than you, your insight wouldn’t be invaluable for them. As their discussion spurred on you found yourself dissolving into the depths of the senseless chatter that echoed in the hall.

The imagery around you was pretty, fanciful and seemingly unrealistic. In a sense you felt out of
place, alone and not meant to be here. It was too good to be true that you really had escaped the grasps of your monstrous brother and had the privilege to stand amongst the high ranking, ruling Lords of America in New York itself.

To be able to grace the King's presence and to have his favour as you did seemed like a well laid by the Gods, who if existed relished immensely in your torment. You dreaded that it was only the happiness of a few days. Once Steve reaches New York he would win and everything would be over for you.

There was an irrational fear at the back of your mind that the doors of the hall would open and you would hear the blood curdling screams of the people and soldiers of New York. In he'd come, marching proudly with the strut of evilness, covered in the crimson liquid that would drip from his head and lather him to his toes. He'd wear the unmistakable sadistic grin that you had grown all too familiar with, stand on the dias and declare your defeat.

You trembled at the thought of such a scene coming to life. Your nightmares were filled with similar trepidations. It was a curse to live in the constant terror of the worse. Premonitions of that kind were overwhelming. You had to control the glistening of your eyes and hide the shortness of your breath from the nearby people's notice.

You focused your attention to their words once again.

"Lord Parker is here," Strange announced.

"Hm?"

It was then that you paid attention to the hurried steps coming closer from behind you. Their stark contrast with the vengeful long strides in your imagination brought you some relief.

The short and innocent faced lord rushed to join your circle, seeming hurried and nervous. You couldn't tell if it was because he was the youngest amongst the nobles or because he had very recently proved as a failing ruler by losing his lands, or both.

"Lord Parker," Danvers was the first to bend down in a curtsy.

"Lady Danvers," his voice was high pitched and excited.

He took her hand in his and pressed a kiss on the back of it.

"Welcome to New York, Lord Parker," you greeted the boy as well.

Peter gazed at you with an awkward smile. You felt nervous yourself wondering about the young man holding any grudges for you in his heart.

"Oh, Lady Rogers-"

He glanced at your unsure, half stretched hand in his direction. It appeared that he was not one to forego the noble manners and formalities no matter the given situation. You let him take your hand in his and press his soft lips on your knuckles before letting you take it back.

"I am deeply apologise for what happened at Queens, my brother brings great shame to me and the entire House," you expressed your remorse.

"Ah, well." The lines in his face tensed, but he did not seem angry or upset. "I am sorry to hear of your sufferings at the hands of your brother as well, my lady. I am glad that you could join us here
and accompany us in our effort to fight your Lord Steve."

You smiled though your mouth had soured at his words. He wished well, but you disliked that pity. You were a lady, you did not want to be seen as a victim, merely a prey that your brother had caged and was out to hunt again.

It did not do well to hoard such unnecessary, arrogant seeming thoughts when you had nothing left to claim your pride and dignity with. That was another terrifying thought in itself. One that was best to be avoided if you wanted to maintain your stability and sanity.

"I am certain that we will win back your lands, Lord Parker," Danvers said promisingly as she patted his shoulder and smiled sweetly. "Be faithful."

"I shall."

The four of you and the rest of the hall as well was distracted by the loud voice of the Herald that announced King Stark's arrival. You turned to watch Anthony enter the hall, his Lord Commander of the Kingsguard and his Hand following him. He was dressed handsomely in the Stark House colors. Everyone in the hall became stiff, quiet and attentive to be respectful of their ruler.

Strange held your elbow and ushered you in the towards the table that was designated for you to seat yourself by. You did not have the members and the staff of your House to accompany you, unlike Danvers and Parker, so you had resorted to be seated by Strange himself and the other members of the small council.

The first thing that Anthony did after stepping behind his high table was to pour himself a goblet full of wine or ale, you could not tell from where you were positioned, and emptied it whole in the next seconds. The goblet was filled again, this time he raised it in the air for a toast.

He started with giving his thanks to the different lords and other important people for joining him in his nameday feast. You wouldn't want to be the one to have pointed it out, but he sounded insincere and indifferent to anyone's presence. You did not infer it to be the result of his arrogance, but of the worries and burdens he carried on his shoulders. That seemed more likely, given that he already appeared to be drunk.

"If only Lady Romanova hadn't proved to be a traitor too," Grand Maester Hogan spoke from beside Strange.

"A pity. He will have to do with the whores for a while it seems," Lord Potts, the Master of Coin added.

Strange tilted his head at you, turning his eyes at you in the aftermath of the words exchanged between the Grand Maester and the Master of Coins.

"On his next nameday, you could be sitting beside him at the high table, if only you make your choices wisely," Strange whispered.

You stared at him in surprise at the suddenness and the crucial essence of what he said.

There was nothing wrong with the suggestion that Strange gave. He wished well and was aware of the actions and decisions on each person’s part that would bring for the good of the whole kingdom. It was a beautiful dream in itself too, to imagine yourself as the Queen. You had dreamt of that countless times. But somehow you were not sure if you wanted that anymore.

Of course, it would never happen that you would not want to be the Queen of America. You
always had and will want that. It was simply the price for it that you were not certain about paying anymore. The idea of marrying, of being secondary and of providing sexual services and birthing children had become nightmarish to you. Though those were duties that you had always expected and learnt to have been yours, it was the other possibility of becoming the Warden of Brooklyn, the ruling Lady, which created divides in your heart.

You wanted to be at the forefront of power, the holder of it and not just a mere supporting wife. Women did not get to have such desires, you knew. Even a lady of noble or royal birth did not get the chance to become all that a lord was capable of achieving from his position and privilege. There were a few exceptions of course, Lady Danvers being an example of it, you wanted to be a part of them. The matters were just not as simple and never favourable to your cause either.

You let the lack of your reply evolve into a silence between you and Strange which was filled by the celebratory feast going on around yourselves. The nobles, merchants, traders, Masters, every significant person present in the hall gave their precious gifts to the King. You on the other hand had nothing to offer to Anthony.

It was embarrassing to sit back with all the safety and luxuries provided to you by the King himself and have nothing to give back to him in return despite of you being a lady. You despised the burdening sense of debt. You had to be grateful and act as such nevertheless.

The feast commenced and carried on without a care of your contribution to it. The wine and Strange's conversation with you and the other Masters kept you company for the rest of the evening. You nibbled on small bites of the roasted meat with disinterest. Your lack of appetite had began long ago and had not shown any signs of returning to a healthy state.

As the food on most people's plate began to disappear and the second and third rounds had been done with too, the King gave the call for the dance to start. Several men took their desired women by their hands and swung them along the center of the hall. They all swayed joyfully to the sound of music. Smiling and laughing as much as their respective situations allowed them to.

The women bubbled with anticipation, blushing red like tomatoes when the King got up finally to join the dance. Each of the beautiful ladies expected themselves to be chosen. If not be the Queen, then at least feel the brush of the King's attention.

Several whispers and murmurs blended together as Anthony went about in an almost drunkard strut around the hall. It wasn't anything different than what you had seen happening to men in the feasts held back in Brooklyn. You were well acquainted with your own brother's habit of filling himself to the neck with ale when it came to feasts and then behaving beastly and ungraciously afterwards. The King, however, was much more sophisticated and graceful in comparison.

Your eyes followed the path in which Anthony went, calculating the stop that he will make. It was not too much of a surprise when he halted behind Lady Danvers' seat and offered his hand out to her. She was perhaps the highest ranking lady present in the hall.

The other women pouted and sulked in frustration as the golden haired lady was escorted to the middle of the dancing group by the King himself. Anthony's decision to dance or to choose Danvers as his partner was mostly for namesake, to keep up traditions and raise the spirit of the celebration. Nothing more.

Danvers was not one to blush or melt at the King's attention. She held her head high and took the dance as an opportunity to chat about the more important matters, as you would assume from afar. You wanted to hear everything, to know what they were talking about and to know the cause of the smirks and giggles exchanged.
Before your curiosity could grow any further, something nudged your arm and made you turn your head. Strange had an open palm raised near your hand as his eyes darted from you to the front.

"Would you like to dance, my lady?" He asked.

The older man waited patiently for you to answer, yet his gaze was sharp and expectant. It would have been impolite to refuse him, so you smiled and placed your smaller hand in his.

You let the lord lead you once again and soon found yourself merge with the dancing crowd. This was one of the skills you, as a lady, had been taught about. It was essential to dance in a graceful, elegant and limited manner and appear respectful, not vulgar in front of your partner and those who were watching. You hadn't had the chance to practice your skills on many high ranking lords and it was bothersome to think that Steve had been your partner in several occasions when you were younger and juvenile.

Somehow you were better kept protected from the hungry hands of other men than your own brother's. But back then many, including you, were oblivious to what Steve was actually capable of.

“Something seems to worry you, Lady Rogers,” Strange said as you both began to match each other’s steps. “Are you not enjoying this?”

“Forgive me if I appear uncheerful. But given our actual circumstances it is quite impossible for me to be in a festive mood,” you answered with honesty.

Strange hummed in response. There was a twitch of a fake smile at the corner of his lips.

“It wouldn’t hurt to be optimistic now that the lords and their armies have gathered together here. Lord Banner’s forces are prepared for the battle up North with the aid of our and Lady Danver’s men. Even if the odds are not completely at our side and a victory is hard to predict, we do stand a chance at winning, as does every party engaging in battles,” he remarked.

Optimism was a fool’s tool according to you. Being cynical and at times pessimistic had become necessary for you if you did not want to die of a broken heart and unbearable emotional pain.

“The battle with the North is going to be difficult. With half of the men there and the other half here, the fight with my brother’s army is not going to be easy. And seeing how bad my luck has been, I see failure coming to me sooner than success, even if I hope for the latter,” you replied, bitterly.

“I understand why you would be anxious regarding our future and I can only tell you to put your faith in the Gods and our men. But let us not ruin this feast by wondering about such saddening thoughts. Let us allow ourselves to be happy for once as it could mean to be our last opportunity to do so.”

“It could be.” You had stalled and lived that possibility countless times and the consequences of losing and getting into the hands of your brother were unacceptable to you. “Forgive me again, Lord Strange, but it is important for me to think about the consequences of us losing to Steve. It is important for me to prepare for the aftermath of it, for when my brother would come to find me.”

He frowned at you without hesitation. You were bringing a displeasing issue into his view. He probably had already talked of the aftermath with the King and his council, and you wanted to hear what he and they had in their minds.

“These are not the discussions to be had at our King’s nameday feast, my lady. Your concerns will
be addressed the day after tomorrow in the meeting of the Lords and the council.”

“I want to know. Now. You already know it. Tell me, please, my lord.”

He produced what sounded like a short and grumpy growl. He stared at you as if you were a spoiled child who was being too demanding.

“You are very stubborn, my lady. The matter has not been discussed yet. At most I can say that a boat or a ship will be arranged for you to escape New York if such a situation arises. You will have to sail for another continent if you want to be out of Lord Steve’s reach in the event that his armies are successful in laying siege at New York and our chances of winning become bleak.”

“That is not enough,” you said with urgency.

Now that the conversation had been brought to light you needed to know for certain that no matter the outcome of the war, you would not be caught and tortured.

Strange seemed disconcerted by your relentless prodding at the controversial matter.

“Well, the details of it are yet to be thought of and made. It of course cannot be carried out swiftly and you will have to sacrifice many and all comforts, but-”

“No, I- I understand that, but I do not want to escape. It can go wrong in many ways and Steve could still find me.”

“Oh- then, then there remains only one option,” he huffed, his tone turning sour. "Not uncommon, though, wouldn’t you want to have the chance of starting a new life?"

You scoffed at him, laughing in mockery at the mere thought of it. You could be wishful but never naive.

“Would it be a good life, Lord Strange?” You questioned, poking for him to see his on silliness. "I do not want to live always running from one danger to another, living on scraps and forever in the fear of Steve finding me because if he knows that I am alive, if he does not find my dead body, he will try to hunt me down even in other continents.”

“He would only try to hunt you for so long, Lady (y/n). He would have to give up eventually.”

As his sister who was painfully familiar with his egoistic, maniacal and awfully stubborn side you would have begged to differ with Strange on that note. He may tire of his search for you, but you did not know if you would ever rid yourself of the paranoia of him finding you.

“I do not want to live like that. We are talking about a false and wishful dream. It will not be hard for him to track me and send men on my trail. How far will I run with no one to help me? I’d be miserable. I do not want that. I want it to end once and for all if it comes to our side losing.”

Strange sighed and hung his head in defeat.

“You will have to wait to discuss that with King Anthony, my lady,” he asserted.

“Lord Strange, I do not want to talk about it. I want to be certain that when and if something goes wrong, I will have the immediate means to kill myself without risking being caught by him or his men. That means….” You bit your lip and inhaled a deep and calming breath. It was one thing to imagine your own death, it was another to talk about doing it with someone else. “I need to have a device, preferably some kind of poison ready with me on the day of the battle itself.”
The older man raised a brow at you. He did not seem to be aghast, but was only troubled with your rejection of the opportunity to escape and live and choose death over it. The idea was sorrowful and heartbreaking for you too, but you could not risk getting into his hands. You would not be able to take and suffer his whims and sadistic wishes without going mad. You would rather die and be free of him and this mean world for once and for all.

“Please, Lord Strange. I know that you have already done more than enough for me, but I request you to do this one last thing for me. This is not my place. I do not know how to get to such things, but you do. I will be ever grateful if you get it for me. I can tell you which one on the morrow, after all this is over. Please, will you help me?”

Strange disrupted both yours and his motions suddenly and gave you an empty and unreadable stare. You wondered if you had crossed a line by asking that of him. Who else could you have gone for help in this whole castle, in this whole city?

Sensing the synergy dulling between you and the Master of Whispers, you slowly removed yourself from his hold and took a small step back. You did not leave, it would have been rude, but simply waited for what he would say or do next.

His eyes flickered behind you. Amidst the noisy collective scuffle of footsteps all around you, you failed to notice the one coming in your direction until a hand brushed against the side of your arm. You snapped your head to the side in reflex and found the man of the hour standing beside yourself. You shifted away from Strange to give space for the King to take.

“Your grace.” You bowed your head, buckled your knees and lowered your posture in respect.

Anthony smiled down at you as he wrapped a gentle hand around your elbow. A combination of scents came from him, his natural musk, the reek of ale and a hint of something fruitlike that you had smelled on Lady Danvers earlier.

“My lady. Lord Stephen. Forgive me for my intrusion, but would you mind me borrowing Lady (y/n) for a dance? It appears to me that you are nearly done with yours here, if I am not wrong,” he said.

Strange’s expression softened towards the King. “Of course, your grace, if the Lady is alright with it.”

Any lady is alright with dancing with her King, you thought. Both men looked to you and you immediately nodded at Anthony, placing your hand in his.

“I will be honoured to,” you said, courteously.

“Good.” Anthony curled an arm around your waist and swept you away from Strange.

You gave him a last glance over your shoulder and mouthed the word ‘please’ to him, hoping that he would fulfil your request without further thinking. Otherwise you would have to start searching for daggers.

Forgoing those thoughts for the moment, you diverted your attention to the King. There was an unwanted flitter in your heart at having your dance with him at last, it did not matter what the circumstance was. Being beside the King meant that almost all eyes were on you, some indulged in vulgar whispers while the others made thoughtful predictions for the future. They were somehow louder than when he was dancing with Lady Danvers. You did not mind that entirely.

You had to bury your grin as Anthony held you close to him and the both of you began swaying
along with the music. The glint in his eyes as they traveled down your body was unmistakable.

“I have never felt better about giving gifts to someone. The dress and jewellery put a beautiful shine on you, my lady, particularly the colors.”

You couldn’t hold the twitching of your lips any longer and let them stretch and bloat at his compliment. You were not sure if you were happy to receive the King’s praise or to imagine a tormented Steve if he came to know about it. The wicked side of you would give everything in the world just to have your brother witness something like this and then sulk and stew without being able to do anything about it.

“Thank you for these wonderful gifts, your grace. I feel deeply ashamed that I have nothing to give you in return or for your nameday.”

“Oh I would be the most petty King if I were to resent that. It does not bother me in the least and neither should it bother you, my lady.”

You nodded your head in agreement and went along with the dance. The tunes had become more lively as did your and Anthony’s movements. The air puffed out of you as he spun you with a sudden jerk then pulled you back into him, this time the hand was on your hips and it pushed your body flush against his. You gripped his shoulder tightly and giggled. This dance was more eventful than his formal one with Danvers.

“You dance well, your grace.”

“I am aware,” he replied cockily.

The next time you prepared yourself for when he’d twirl you about so as to not run out of breath. He was swift and efficient with manipulating and swinging your body as he wished and returning it in a smooth position with his every time. Your heart was racing and you were afraid that you were looking like a complete mess and making a fool out of yourself. Nevertheless, it was one of the most enjoyable dances that you had ever experienced and that was undeniable.

Anthony twisted you in a manner that you landed with your back pressed to his front. Your hands that were intertwined under your breasts kept you locked to him. He rested his chin against your temple. You were thankful for the hoard of people dancing around you and him.

“I am the King after all,” he gave a boastful explanation.

His heated breath tickled the skin on your neck. You found yourself being encompassed by his warmth. Nervous jitters went down your spine.

“Are you enjoying the celebrations, Lady (y/n)?” He asked in a deep whisper while the both of you continued to sway side to side in a slow rhythm.

“Yes, yes, it has been merry so far. And you, your grace?”

Anthony tutted before turning you about so that you were facing each other again. Your breasts mushed on his chest and his pelvis grinded on your stomach. His hand lightly grazed the curve of your butt. The reddening of your cheeks must have been visible.

“Crowds bore me. They are disturbing. A lot more can be done in privacy, don’t you think?”

Your muscles became tense without your notice. You were not aloof to what he suggested, you had been imagining that ever since your father had told you that he had sent your marriage proposal to
Howard Stark. The fantasy had been ruined, but revived later on in a different, less romantic manner when you sought asylum in New York with the King’s permission. It was something you were not as comfortable with as you had been a while ago, for obvious reasons.

The King did observe the widening of your eyes. He loosened his grasp on you and caressed your jaw with two fingers.

“I hope I do not seem too bold. We can put an end to this dance if you wish to return to your seat.”

You were disheartened. The King himself knocks at your door after treating you all too well and there you were being unspeakably rude by taking everything and giving nothing in return. It was not a matter of giving back alone. Laying with the King was also the path to more power for a lady at your position at least and gain more of his favour. You remembered what Strange had said. Acting wisely would be better than caring for your ever present reluctance.

You shook your head at him and curled your fingers tightly around his.

“No. I do not wish to return to my seat, your grace.” You could hear how thin your voice was.

“Are you certain?”

You had almost forgotten what it felt like to be asked what your wish was.

“Yes.” You may have sounded unsure, but Anthony had you dragged out of the hall rather quickly after your worded consent.

A bustle of whispers followed you as several people witnessed the King exiting the feast with you behind him. Your heart throbbed in your chest upon thinking of their questions and wondering about your own actions. You would have paused for a moment if he had not been walking in such a hurry. A hurry that made you a little queasy.

“Your grace, shouldn’t you have addressed them before leaving? Isn’t that rude?”

“Oh that hardly matters. They have food and drinks and each other to enjoy. My Hand would give them the namesake address of thanks,” he said, nonchalantly.

A pit formed in your stomach as you entered the deserted and darker corridors of the castle, the ones that you had not been acquainted with yet. The restlessness in your heart increased when you tugged at your hand and found it stuck in his hold.

“But- but it is your nameday and your feast,” you argued despite understanding that you were presenting a point to him that he obviously did not care about.

It was a futile and involuntary attempt to distract him and hinder his speedy steps. You knew that you should not be doing that now that you had agreed to come with him. The last thing you wanted to do was to disappoint a king.

Anthony, to your relief, ceased from his long strides and came to a still in an open corridor through which you could see the dark waters of the sea that was not too far. You could hear the waves crashing and feel the chill breeze fly through your hair. It reminded you of the calming moments that you loved to spend at your gazebo back in Brooklyn. Your calmness was fleeting as you were pinned to a parapet, your front to the view and your back meeting His Grace’s body.

“You worry too much about unnecessary things, my lady,” he jested playfully as he collected a bunch of your hair and placed them together on your left shoulder.
His beard pricked you as he pressed his lips on your neck. The scrape of them was ticklish in the physical sense of it. The contents in your stomach turned when he ran his hands up your body, looking to find and knead your womanly curves.

He cupped your breasts, the pressure was not hurtful but it did indicate his eagerness. The unashamed humping that you received from him proved his hunger and keenness to have you. It should have been flattering that the King chose you as his object of desire. You had thought that you would have been full of glee for this opportunity. Instead you were sweating and your breath became shallow.

You did not know why your mind and body were reacting this way. There was no threat here.

_I want this._

The nipping of his teeth on your skin was unpleasant. Your chest heaved in his hold. Your mind was trained to find a man’s cover on your body as suffocating, the easiest word that formed in your tongue was ‘stop’, but you knew better than to actually say it.

“Are you already excited for me, Lady (y/n) or...my lady, are you alright?” He detached his lips from you neck and turned you around to look upon your face.

You remained frozen for a few seconds like a stunned deer before releasing a heavy breath.

“You look ill, my lady.” Anthony cupped your cheek and examined your face. His forehead wrinkled with worry. “Should I take you to your chambers?”

“No- no,” you said, weakly. You willed your hands to move up his muscled chest and settle at the base of his jaw. ‘No, I am fine.”

You brought yourself closer to him till the distance between your mouths was only there due to the height difference. You had come this far, you did not want to back down because of some silly fear.

He poked a thumb into your cheek to hold you off as he saw you nearing his lips.

“Are you certain that you want this? Do not feel compelled to, just because I am the King,” he insisted.

Oh, how sweet, how foreign. He is not like Steve.

You mustered the will to answer him with a tender kiss. If you spoke, you were afraid that you could break down. After all that you had gone through and survived, you would pity yourself for not being able to something so small and harmless.

Anthony kissed you back with more fervor. The taste of ale flooded your mouth. You reminded yourself that this was good, this was beneficial and soon found yourself relaxing. As your tongues fought with each other for dominance and the lust grew, he pinned you against the parapet once again.

Though you had convinced yourself to take part in the intimacy and to please him, your body was far from being aroused. For Anthony it was different. He was full of enthusiasm, as you could tell from the hardness rubbing on your belly.

You were left breathless and panting when he broke away from the kiss and latched his mouth onto your shoulder, sucking and biting the spots uncovered by cloth or jewelery. You hated that your
heart was pounding but not with passion.

His hands went behind you and fumbled with the knots that held the gown on your body. Almost instinctively you pushed at his elbows in an attempt to slow him. He was stronger and could not notice the feeble shoving of your palms. It was the sort of thing that made you feel a loss of control which in turn made you panic.

But the stubborn part of yourself wanted to stand firm, to test out more and to make it through. Your stomach churned when the gown loosened and slipped down your breasts. Anthony licked a stripe on the middle of your chest.

“So soft,” he grunted.

Your voice was trapped in your throat. Anthony had not noticed that you had become stiff again. He was too busy running his tongue on your sensitive nipples and massaging your breasts. It did not feel good.

You contained the urge to push him away, hoping that it would start to feel better if you gave it time and let yourself calm down. It was baffling even to you the disgust that you felt at his sensual touches. He was not being forceful. You had been able to do so with Ser James before on your will, you had been scared of him and Steve even then, Steve’s ghost had bothered you then too, but you had not been this helpless and revolted. The reason for your reluctance with the King went beyond you.

The repulsion and the ache in your chest increased as a hand trailed up your leg. It pulled the skirt of your gown up and slid inside at the first opening. You jolted when he grabbed your flesh below your womanhood. Without a thought, your thighs clamped around his hand and restricted any further movement.

Anthony snapped out of his wanton state. The work of his tongue on your breasts came to an abrupt end, but he rested his head on your chest for a moment longer. You heard him let out an exasperated sigh which made you feel worse. You had disappointed him. After all that he gave you, you couldn’t give anything back to him. What if he decides that he does not want to help you anymore?

“I will take you to your chambers,” he said with finality as he fixed your gown.

You bit your lip with guiltiness. Your eyes were wet and you couldn’t look anywhere but at his chest.

“Forgive me,” you squeaked like you had never wanted to again.

“Oh, Lady (y/n).” He used a finger to tilted your chin up. Tears spilled from your eyes when you blinked your lashes. He did not appear to be angry or disappointed. “You are too sweet.”

He traced your quivering bottom lip with his thumb while you stood aloof, confused and humiliated. You were angry at yourself, but you knew who you should hold accountable for this horrible mess. Steve Rogers, the damned devil whom you wanted dead and erased from your memory and soul. You were almost vibrating with rage.

“You must be cold. We should take you to your chambers immediately,” Anthony suggested.

He carefully hooked your arm with his and guided you towards your chambers. Every moment of his presence beside you felt like a needle pricking at your soul. You let him take you as far as was needed for you to remember the path to reach your chambers yourself.
“I can- may I go myself from here?” You distanced yourself from him.

“I can take you. I do not mind.”

“Um, I have kept you for too long. I wouldn’t want to waste your time anymore.”

“You are not-”

“I wish to go by myself,” you asserted.

“Oh.” Anthony pursed his lips and you hoped that he was not offended. His lips curved up, but it was hard to tell what he was smiling for.

“If you say so, my lady.” He took your hand and placed a peck on your knuckles, a gesture that surprised you. “Sleep well.”

There was not a similar equivalent gesture that you could perform at the moment. All you could do was wish him a good sleep and bid him a good night. After the formalities were done you scurried towards away from him.

You craved isolation. Being alone with your venomous thoughts may not be healthy, but it would be better than to let anyone see you cry. You had embarrassed yourself enough in front of Anthony and it hurt your head to even comprehend the sort of tarnished impression that you had left on him about yourself.

*It is not my fault. It is his fault.*

You sobbed with anger and dejection as you marched down the lonely corridors of the castle. The faint sound of music and people talking continued to ring from the hall. The celebration was going on, but you had no heart to return to it.

It could have been a perfect evening. Everything was playing well for you, but you had to ruin it.

*His fault. Not mine. He should be the one to pay for it.*

You were eager to meet Steve again when he would arrive at New York.

Chapter End Notes

Oof, frustration everywhere.

Someone tell Steve that it is natural to feel like killing and torturing your sibling but it does not mean that you should actually do it.

Sorry for the late update again! Thanks for reading! Tell me what you think about this chapter, I miss your comments <3
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Day before the battle

Chapter Notes

Hello lovely people! First of all, I am extremely sorry for posting this sooo late. I was caught up in a lot of stuff, writer's block hit me bad but i finally managed to put this here. I am so so so thankful for every one of you who have waited, been patient and left me sweet comments in the hiatus period as well. Blessed to have you all.

I hope all of you are fine, safe and healthy in these horrible times. Take care y'all. I love you <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The chilled New York breeze filled Steve with a fresh bout of energy. Him and his men were camped on the outskirts of the capitol, resting and waiting to lay siege on the enclosed city.

From the highest point of the camp, his eyes took in the tall structures of the Stark Tower within which he knew his sister was hidden. But not for long. Merely the comprehension of the lessening distance between her and him made him restless. It would barely take him a half a day's ride to enter the city, get into the castle, see her and get her back. Alas, it was not as simple nor possible, not without the effort and payment of blood.

But he was optimistic. He could feel a strange exhilaration as if victory was already certain for him. The numbers of his men were high. The numbers of men fighting for his cause in the North were high. Defeating the measly forces up there should not be a hassle and they soon would be able to add weight to his existing forces at New York.

He found it difficult to be patient, but it won't be long before he would be able to rest his ass on the throne, feel the weight of the crown on his head and her soft little body on his lap. It was shameful for him to admit how much he craved for the latter.

The image of having her beside him while he sits on the throne as the king was beautiful. He would enjoy the sight of her stewing in jealousy and defeat, but more than that he would savour the certainty of having her secure at his whims, of calling her his and his alone.

Only one thing bothered him. There was something or rather someone who was going to keep him from truly spending and relishing the company of his sister as if she were his wife. He had a betrothed at home whom he was supposed to marry and make his Queen. Though in his heart he would hate it, he would have to pretend to love her and have her bear his heirs. He had to do it for the sake of maintaining his reputation.

The intensity of his yearning and desire was useless in the face of the of truth that it was in reality,
impossible for him to achieve that shameless amount of intimacy with his sister without being bothered by the outsider's eye. Most of them he would be able to quiet down but he would have to impose a special and specific dominance on Wanda to keep her mouth shut and accept the place that she has been given. The title of Queen and his wife was all that he could give to her and that too not with much happiness and willingness. Yet, the redheaded woman would certainly come between him and his sister and he would have to find a more permanent solution for that.

The sun rose higher over the city of New York. The grey of the early morning sky took up an orangish hue. Steve grinned to himself as he eyed the large gates that would lead him into the city. He took a last deep breath of the air. Soon he would meet Anthony on the battlefield, not for the fighting but for the talking, where either side would try to persuade the other for a truce or attempt to avoid the battle in some other way. Steve would not be willing to make any such compromises. He came this far and he would not leave without having everything that he wanted.

Steve walked back into the camp, the clatter of the men getting themselves ready for the day surrounded him. He needed only his closest men and not the whole of his army. James, as always, was dressed sharply in his dark armour, metal and leather covered every inch of his skin except of his head and face. He awaited his lord’s arrival by his tent.

“What of the other lords?” Steve inquired as he crossed James.

The knight followed him inside the tent. He stood behind Steve as the man fitted his sword belt around his waist. The lord was not as armour clad as him. He relied upon the thick leathers to keep him safe for the discussion. It would be on the day of battle that he’d dress himself in the protective gear, even then Steve preferred wearing the least that he could as it aided him to move his already heavy body more swiftly.

“They would not take long,” James answered.

Steve turned around to greet James with a bright face.

“I would head on sooner, but the day is slow,” Steve complained.

“The others must be breaking their fast at the moment. We do not need to hurry,” said James.

“I understand.” Steve shook off the excess breath inside him as he paced outside of his tent.

Steve had become visibly impatient as they waited for noon to come. He had collected his bannermen before the sun blazed at the highest of the skies and they began to travel down the small hill. In the distance, they could see large gates to the capitol open and the small figures of the King and his people came into view.

His breath hitched as he caught a glimpse of her, his sister. He gasped, narrowing his eyes to take in the lines of a face he had not seen for too long. She appeared beautiful, not as sad and angry as she used to be. There was still a mask on her face. One that showed her to be smiling when in truth a storm was boiling inside her. That much he knew.

But his mood turned sour as soon as his eyes had been warmed by her sight. The shades of golden and red on her body painted an ugly picture for him. Her head was held high. She wore no shame in marching along with her brother’s enemy, there was no attempt to hide that she had found home in his rival’s bed. The glint in her eyes when she looked upon him seem to show that she revelled in the way his face was wrinkled up. A small smirk edged her lips.

Steve curled his fingers tightly around the reins of his horse. If he acted on pure rage then he
would have unsheathed his sword and sliced her in half without a second thought. If he had her at his whims then he would have dragged her out of the field by her hair, hearing her beg him for mercy as the dust and dirt soiled her traitorous gown. But he did not have the power to do either of those. She was not scared of the consequences of her actions. She did not care to attune her manners in order to please him. She was not his and even a sharp blade would not deter her.

The noblemen came to a halt a few meters from each other. Steve’s position mirrored Anthony’s but his vision was more or less pinned on his sister. He had noticed the presence of Lady Danvers and that little weasel Lord Parker on either of their sides, but he paid no mind to them.

“Your grace,” Steve addressed the king and opened the conversation.

“Lord Rogers,” Anthony answered.

“I believe that you have something that belongs to me.”

Steve saw her shake her head and scoff at him.

“Claims can only be made by the winning side,” the king retorted. “I am not one to engage in your mindless chatter, which it seems you have a liking for, so unless you have a proposal for a truce, we can put this discussion to an end.”

Steve twisted his jaw. He promised to himself that he would decapitate this man himself on the morrow and take his throne as well.

“A truce can only be made if you and your men surrender to me, unconditionally.”

Anthony laughed. “That will not happen.”

“Yes, would you rather face a humiliating defeat, your grace? I have the numbers to take over your kingdom. The lives of the people in the capitol can be spared. I can forgive Lady Danvers, Parker and the others for going against me once I am the king. You, Anthony, cannot save them if you fight, but you can give yourself as a noble sacrifice, one that they would all remember. It would be less humiliating that having your throne snatched from you, I believe.”

“We do not need your forgiveness,” Lady Danvers spat at him.

“What you need is a lesson on how to be a proper woman,” Lord Clint barked at her.

His men broke into a laughter and Steve wanted to join them, but hushed them instead.

“I admire your strength; Lady Danvers and I would rather see it intact rather than torn apart by me and my men. You’d make a handy ally if only you chose the correct side,” Steve remarked.

Lady Danvers scowled at him and then at Lord Clint. She was angered, yet more composed than Steve would have been at her position.

“I can tear through ten of you, Rogers and then your petty little dogs.”

“Don’t pay mind to him, Lady Danvers.” Steve raised a brow as his sister finally opened her mouth to speak. “He has a habit of running his tongue loose. It’s a waste to talk with him. This whole discussion is a waste, your grace.”

Steve grinned at her, amused at her bravado. The broken damsel that he had tamed at the heel of his boot was absent. But he despised having to feel the loss of control and power over her. There
was a sense of urgency in him, it made him want to act quick or else he may lose her forever. And
that he would not be able to bear.

“You speak the truth, my lady. We shall return to the Tower then,” Anthony announced.

“Before that,” Steve interrupted. “I would like to have a word in private with my sister.”

“That is wishful,” the King replied while his sister eyed him with surprise and interest.

“I am her brother. I deserve to meet with her at least once before the battle. If fate does not take my
side then I may never see her again,” he said.

“You should never see her again even if you win. You do not deserve to call her your sister after
what you did.”

“She is my sister nevertheless. Do not worry, my kind king, I would not take her out of your sight.
We can exchange our words here itself. What do you say, sister?”

She was unsettled, tempted to take his offer and not appear to be afraid of him, but in conflict with
the king’s desires. Steve watched her as she leaned towards Anthony on her horse. Whispers were
exchanged. He was curious to hear what she said.

Steve arched his brow as Anthony gave her a nod before stepping off his horse. He contained the
bitterness brewing inside him as Anthony helped his sister to the ground. Lord Commander
Rhodey of the Kingsguard also joined them.

It took him a moment to register that they actually had agreed to let him talk with her. He hopped
off his own steed and walked into the middle of the field where Anthony and Rhodey stood with
his sister between them. Anthony acting as her guardian and protector filled his thoughts with
corrupted images of the ways he imagined his sister would have won over the King’s affection. It
made the blood in his veins boil. She had stained her body and soul with his enemy’s touch.

James followed after Steve as he marched on with heavy steps towards the young lady. They were
stopped several meters away from her by Rhodey.

“If you overstep your bounds then this will end here and we shall meet at the battle ground itself,”
Anthony warned her.

Steve contained his desire to curse at him. Who was he to dictate his behaviour with his own
blood? He nodded, however, not wanting to instigate Anthony against him and lose this
opportunity to get close to his little devil of a sister.

Anthony and Ser Rhodey kept on guard as they sent off the Lady Rogers to meet with her brother
in the middle ground. Steve had his eyes boring into her, there were equal parts of judgement, rage
and a yearning that he did not want to explain to anyone.

He smiled to himself when he observed hints of hesitation, fear, in her proud strut. Her lips were
pressed into a thin line, she fought hard to not let her thoughts show in her expressions. Steve did
not know yet for certain what urged her to come and talk to him when she had pure hatred and
disgust for him in her heart. He wished that he had a tighter grip around her when she was in
Brooklyn but he was aware that he needed her to be more dependent on him if he did not want her
running off a second time.

His sister stopped at a distance close enough for him to have to tilt his head downwards to look at
her. Steve took a moment to study her features, to remember the texture of her skin, her lips, her
hair and her body that he grown so familiar with. That he had dearly missed. Her gaze wasn’t as soft as his, it was unforgiving and glaring.

Steve wordlessly raised a hand to touch her face. She flinched, not in a fearful way but in a natural reflex. The men behind her raised questioning brows as well. With reluctance, he retracted his hand and kept to himself.

“What is it, Steve? Do you have anything to say to me?” She broke the silence.

Steve sighed. Her voice was sharp and her approach was blunt. There was no room for reminiscing, not even a false one.

“Plenty,” he answered.

“What?”

“You must know it. I want you to come back.”

She frowned at him first before giving a short laugh. Behaviour such as that would have earned her a scolding or a cold glare at the least. However, Steve kept his wrath at bay. That would not serve his intentions well here.

“That will not happen.”

“I know you fear punishment and pain,” he said as he took a small step closer to her. “I promise not give you either of them. I want my sister returned to me, back in the safety of her home and the care of her brother.”

She was reading into his deception. Even then she was baffled by his mere attempt at wanting to not make her feel threatened by him and believe that he did not harbour any ill intentions for her.

“Do you really take me for a fool, Steve? Do you assume that I will believe that you would take care of me shall I agree to go with you?”

“I wish that you would believe.” Steve reached to hold the tip of her fingers in a loose grip. He brushed his thumb over her knuckles and to his surprise she let him. “A man changes when times are tough and I am not immune to them. We are family, (y/n). We belong together, we are stronger together. Leave these fools and come with me.”

She snatched her hand out of his. Her jaw was clenched as she turned her head to the right and stared off into the dry landscape around the capitol. Steve felt a gnawing at his chest when she shook her head at him. She was unconvinced.

“You are truly evil, Steve. You would say anything. But it is stupid for you to think that I will believe your lies,” she snarled with venom.

“What I do not understand yet is that why do you not let me go? You would have me dead if you win or else you would not be alive to be bothered. Then why waste the effort to lure me in?”

“You simply do not understand me, sister. Your acts are questionable and offensive for certain, but I am brother. I care for you, I love you, I do not want you dead.”

She snapped her head at him as he spoke. Her cheeks turned rouge. Steve had never admitted his love for her, there was no love to admit. And though he was probably putting a false show it made her uneasy. Steve continued to speak as she gauged her thoughts and his.
“Your shortcomings can be changed later on. But for now, I’d rather have you at my side and not fear you being in the hands of my enemy who could easily harm you to weaken me.”

“Oh, would you care if they did?”

“I would.” Steve broadened his shoulders. “I would slaughter the man who lays a hand on you.”

She bit her lip and rolled tongue against her teeth. While she did not believe him, she could not see the reason for why he would want to say such things to her. He was not her lover; he was her tormentor. What was she to make of this scrambled information?

“Come back with me, right now. And all will be forgotten and forgiven,” he promised.

“No,” she replied quicker than he had expected. “I will not return to you in any condition.”

Steve tightened his fists at his sides. He was tempted to slap her, to claw at her hair and shed the layer of sweetness that he had donned. Cruelty seemed to be the only means for him to persuade her.

“So, you have truly sold yourself to them? Become a traitor? Look at you standing proud in his colours. Fucking whore,” he spat with contempt.

Even while his words pinched her, she managed to smile at him.

“There you are, brother,” she said as she looked at his reddening face. “Might I tell you that I find this gown, our king gifted me, rather comfortable.”

Steve was on the verge of combusting into flames and burn her down with him.

“They have turned you into their whore, haven’t they? Who did you fuck first? Strange or Stark? I would not be surprised if you fucked the whole capitol for them to let you in.” Steve let his tongue loose. His rage took control of him. “You must not have told them about us because no manner with honour and dignity would put their cock in a brother fucking whore such as you.”

“Do you think that Stark would make you his Queen? No, a used-up whore like you would at most serve him as a pretty concubine.”

“Fuck you, Steve. You would die in the battle tomorrow. Make do with these shallow abuses because I will throw your body to the hounds myself,” she stung back.

The sibling pair appeared on the verge of a duel combat for the exterior view. Neither of them was shy of using a sharp-edged sword at the other.

“You will beg for mercy, scream for me and regret refusing my offer today when I have you.”

“You will not have me, Steve. Even in victory you will not have me.”

“You are too confident to think that you will be able to run when I win.”

“I would not run, but I will not let you have me alive.”

Steve paused. “What do you mean?”

“It means that I will not live to let you put a hand on me.”

The chain of poisonous thoughts that ran in his mind came to an abrupt halt. He had not considered
the possibility of her going as far as deciding to kill herself to be free of him. He always imagined
that he’d have her trapped one way or another and that he if he is successful then he would finally
have her.

Steve did not want to argue with her about that. She was capable of many things. He felt helpless,
he had no way of preventing her from doing something that drastic when he had no control on her.
He could not think of a method to twist things according to him and intervene in her plans in such a
short notice.

His heart felt heavy at the thought of losing her to death. He had not even had a proper chance at
reunion and reconciliation yet. There were a hundred fantasies about her that remained unfulfilled
and would continue to be if she were to go like that.

“(Y/n),” he whispered. His voice was soft and desperate.

"This is how it ends for us,” she said with finality.

She shrugged and began to turn around. Steve caught her by her hips, forgetting about the
consequences, he pulled her into himself and smashed his mouth on hers. Gasps echoed around
them, but he did not care. He savoured the delicious taste that her lips offered like it very well may
be his last.

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Though you pushed at his chest you were left frail against his passion. You were taken aback by
his dangerously public display of whatever he had in his black heart of you. The intensity of the
kiss seasoned over the recollection of the mixture of words was overwhelming. His hands held on
to your body for dear life and did not loosen even when the two men behind you raised alarm.

“That is enough!” thundered Anthony.

He all but ripped you out of Steve’s grasps. Steve was left longing and you were left struck by the
kiss.

“You are a disgusting man, Rogers,” the king spat at the lord.

Anthony patted your face and shoulders with his palms, making sure that you were not harmed by
Steve’s outrageous actions. You caught your breath as you looked at your brother with disbelief. It
became difficult to judge what went on his mind at any given moment.

He appeared displeased by you and the King. He shot daggers at you and Anthony as he wiped his
lips.

“And you are a gullible one, King,” Steve replied to Anthony. “You must be naïve or ignorant to
let my sister fool you with her lies. But I understand, she ensnares a good man like a witch.”

Anthony glowered at the man while you stood cautioned by his line of accusation

“It surprises me to no limits that you would give home to a woman who picked out the poison that
killed your father. You must have a heart as big as the sea.”

“Steve!” You hissed at him. He will have you killed sooner and your image tarnished entirely.
Though you had faith that the king would not fall for Steve’s false claims, being aware of the truth
behind them did make you unfathomably nervous.
“You dare make such bold claims in front of me, Rogers. I have not met a man as numb headed as you,” Anthony barked at him.

Steve maintained an impenetrable stance. A dash of a grin painted his face.

“Are they lies, your grace? What makes you place your entire faith in a woman you met not long ago?”

“I have seen what you did to her.”

“You have? It must come to question why a brother would feel compelled to punish her own sister in that fashion. It did hurt me as well. But she is not easily contained as you see. Till yesterday she had me in her graces, planning treason within the boundaries of Brooklyn. Today he stands with you. I assume that being the sister of the king was not satisfying enough for her.”

Your jaw hung down as you stared at him with a sense of betrayal. Yes, he hated you for what you did, but he did not have to lie to such an extent. Tears brimmed in your eyes and it became difficult to breathe.

“Oh sister, I do laud you for your mind. I must say, I had not predicted the lengths that you would go to have what you want. Poor Queen Natalia, punished for crimes that she did not commit,” Steve faked grief. “I remember her telling me that the poison would not be traced. I should not have believed her then.”

“What are you saying, Rogers? Lady Natalia had been a traitor for long. I found the letters.”

“And when did you find the letters? After my sister arrived at New York, I assume?”

The king remained quiet for a few moments as he comprehended what he heard and contemplated the truthfulness of it. By the looks of his wrinkled brows, you dreadfully assumed that doubt was forming in his mind. Steve basked in the chaos he made.

“My sister plays a long game, your grace. You must not let yourself be controlled by her. She has made me lose enough,” Steve empathised.

Anthony pinched the bridge of his nose. His feet shifted from here to there as his mind raced.

“You grace, he lies. I did not do anything. You must understand!”

He did not pay a glance to you or your voice. He was more drawn to revelations proposed by Steve. Despite having suffered a lot to get to the point where you were at, you could see all of your hard work dissolving in mud.

Anthony neared Steve with closed fists. His heaving was loud and evidence to your brother’s success in riling him up.

“You killed your father,” Anthony said, holding on the last devasting charge against Steve.

Steve stood headstrong in front of the king; his confidence did not falter for a second in the face of what he knew to be true as opposed to you. You feared what devilry he would spew out from his mouth.

“Who do you think has more reason to kill their father, the Warden? A true born son who was promised to be the sole successor of the seat of Brooklyn, or the bastard who would fail to achieve her greedy ambitions because her father would deprive her of so.”
The thread of your patience snapped into two. You vibrated with sadness and rage alike. With nothing but frustration, you charged at Steve.

“How dare you say that, you fucking cunt?” You shed your lady manners. “How dare you say that?”

Your attempt to punch Steve was guarded by Anthony who pushed you back with his arm.

“That is the bastard inside her, your grace,” Steve commented while smirking at your futile pumps of fury.

You were crying. You did not want to. It only served to make you appear more incriminating.

“Do not cry, my sister. The king may believe you just yet.”

Anthony did not answer about whom his faith rested with. He appeared to be confused, but that was bad enough for you.

“We shall leave for now and meet for battle tomorrow,” he said as he made to walk back towards his bannermen.

“What about the truce?” Steve held the two of you back.

“I reject your conditions,” Anthony replied.

“I am willing to reconsider them. However, I would require my sister and a few more things. They’d better be discussed in a proper manner.”

Anthony raised his chin towards Steve and gritted his teeth at him.

“I would prefer to kill you.”

“You may try,” Steve mocked him. “Tomorrow my men will take over the lands and our ships would overwhelm the seas. It would be in your best interest to consider the truce. I will be open to discussion until before the break of dawn.”

“It is for you to decide whether you would sacrifice your pride in order to prevent war and save the lives of your people or have your name written in his history as the King who could not save his father nor his kingdom, and died while harbouring the murderer of his father behind his walls. I will be waiting should you change your mind.”

Anthony’s nostrils flared as he went red from the jibe and possibility of his failure.

“We will meet in the morning.”

He said no more and led himself away from Steve. You did not regard your brother for a last time before your hurried to match the king’s steps.

“Your grace—”

Anthony silenced you by showing you his palm. Your heart pounded with apprehension. You were desperate for him to listen to you. Yet, you kept your lips sealed, hoping that it would be better to talk to him when he would be calm.

You were helped to climb your horse by Lord Commander Rhodey. Anthony was busy in his thoughts. He did not meet your eyes, nor did he have a word for you or anyone along the whole
It was miserable to stew alone in your assumptions of the worst. You remembered how it felt to have your soul clawed out of your body and hated going through it again. A part of you wanted laugh at how easily Steve had turned the tables on you. Your damsel in distress act was nothing against the way he had twisted the words and events so intelligently to convince anyone that you were the thorn in the bush.

Once again you felt helpless.

Lord Strange waited at the threshold of the gate to the Stark Tower. Anthony went to him as soon as he dropped off his steed.

“Gather the councilmen and our bannermen. We must have a meeting immediately,” you heard him say to Strange. Anthony looked over his shoulder towards his Hand. “Edwin, come with me.”

Jarvis nodded and followed his King. Strange came to you before he could begin his task at hand.

“The King seems tensed. Did something happen?”

“I will tell you later. First, I must talk to him,” you passed him over to run after Anthony.

“Your grace!” Thankfully, Anthony stopped on his tracks before he could enter the Tower when he saw and heard you coming, but he had none the softness in his eyes that he usually held for you.

“What is it?” He asked sharply.

You were panting by the time you reached to stop in front of him. You darted your eyes from Jarvis to Anthony.

“You must listen to me—not him. Do not believe him,” you desperately urged him.

“I do not know who to believe, (y/n). But I would appreciate it if you told me anything that you have kept hidden from me. I would be much more enraged if I came to know that I have been made a fool of,” he said.

“I have not lied to you. I would never do the things he said. He is tricking you. You must not fall for it. Please, you must trust me.”

“I think I’d rather not trust either of you. You very well could be playing the same tricks as him. Yes, I would prefer if you stop giving me your insights and stay in your chambers while I talk with my men and decide what should be believed and what should be done,” he grunted as his gaze pierced into your soul.

Your heart shattered. Every word of his was a stab in you.

“Go to your chambers, Lady Rogers.” He turned to a handmaiden working nearby and gestured her to come forth. “Help the lady find her way.” With that he went away with Jarvis.

Your body felt hollowed, detached from you as the handmaiden led you to your chambers. You had lost the stability to make sense of anything. The reality around you seemed to be peeling off into another more hell like nightmare than the one you had before.

As you reached the corridor to your chambers you found a gold cloak standing outside your door. You had not been provided with such a high order of guarding before, you did not feel good about
You could barely make out his face from under his visor but you could see that the man was large beneath his heavy armour and you had no chance of fighting against him.

“What are you doing here?”

“I am supposed to keep a guard on you. King’s orders,” he answered.

“Why?”

“I may not answer that. Please, enter your chambers, my lady,” he pushed open the door for you with a gauntlet covered hand.

“Please,” he repeated sternly when you did not move.

Though you did not want to comply, it would have been foolish if to disagree with a gold cloak all the while the King is disputed with your standing at his side. You slowly went inside your chamber where Ros waited your arrival with a bright smile.

You jumped as the door slammed shut behind you. A trickle of a tear slid down your check. Ros frowned at you. She quickly came to your aid, holding you by your side as she led you to the bed.

“My lady, what is wrong?” She asked with concern, holding your hands in hers.

You emptily stared at her pretty face. It was wise not to answer. Any of your questionable actions would be reported to Strange who would then inform Anthony and at that point they could twist anything against you.

“Nothing,” you whispered.

“Should I bring you some water?”

“Wine,” you said.

The handmaiden made a quick work of bringing you a goblet of the dark red liquid. You drank the whole of it in two gulps, waiting for the warmth to hit your body.

“More.” You handed the goblet to her.

You thought that you were going mad. The gold cloak guarding you clearly meant that they saw you as a possible danger, a possible traitor and that did not bode well for you. There would be no method of escaping New Yok if they held you as a prisoner.

“Ros?” You called her as she poured the wine from the jug to your goblet.

“Yes, my lady?”

“Did Lord Strange happen to give you anything? Any item that you were supposed to give to me?”

“No. I would have given it you if he had.”

“Shit,” you cursed under your breath.

That poison may be your last hope if things went wrong. You would not stand to be beheaded in front of the capitol should Anthony decide to charge you with treason, nor would you accept being handed over to your brother. To your displeasure, you did not have the means to take the poison, nor run away.
You restlessly paced the length of your bedchamber or stared outside the windows into the seas while night came. You were not let out of your room. Food was brought in, but you did not have an appetite in the slightest.

Your mind was turning hazy thinking endlessly about what the king had decided. You needed to know how doomed you were. But no respite came.

Finally, when the night was at the darkest did door to your chamber was opened to let a lord come in. It was Strange, as you had expected. You were energised at his sight, eager to ask a million questions without stopping.

The lines of his face were strained, his eyes were tired and he looked at you with what you sensed to be pity. It stirred a whirlwind inside of you.

“My lord. I need to know everything.”

Chapter End Notes

Honestly, I am divided if I did a good job on that chapter or if it was totally not what anyone wanted. I am going to wait for you guys to tell me.

Please comment and tell me whatever you feel and thought about the chapter :)
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

The day of the battle

Chapter Notes

Hi people! How are you all? Here I am with another chapter and I am trying to post taking as less time as I can. I hope you enjoy it :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The lines of his face were strained, his eyes were tired and he looked at you with what you sensed to be pity. It stirred a whirlwind inside of you.

“My lord. I need to know everything.”

Strange sighed and folded his hands together in front of him. His gaze darted from the floor to you and then back again.

“I am afraid that I have nothing good to tell you,” he said.

You blinked at him; your heart sank lower than it already had. Though you had assumed the worse for yourself, you had expected some empathy and mercy from them. After all, they did know of your suffering despite what Steve structured it out to be.

“Tell me, nevertheless,” you whispered.

“Well, King Anthony had visited your brother before the evening to discuss his terms of truce.”

You gasped. “What?” If they had considered a truce then they had also considered giving you to him and that in itself meant that you did not hold any value here.

“Fortunately for you, our grace did not accept it yet again. Your brother’s demands were unreasonable.”

“What- what were they?”

“That is not a matter of importance. What you should worry about is the aftermath of the battle won by either side. There has been enough distrust regarding you and your tale. The council and the king are likely to make a decision on you as soon as the battle is over.”

You tilted your head at him, your brows furrowed in a question. You took a curious step forward.

“What decision?”

Strange exhaled. He ungracefully rubbed the lid of his weary eyes with his fingers.
“Ah...we are aware that you may not be as villainous as Lord Rogers wanted to portray you as,” his speech was dragged and slurred, “Yet, there remains an unclarity of your own motives and actions.” He paused, giving you a moment to prepare for the final word. “For that the council might consider a trial.”

For a few seconds you stood stunned, staring into his eyes with a blank expression. While he proposed a good enough solution for you, better than direct execution, you could not ignore that a trial can easily be lost.

“A trial?”

“To be fair,” he answered, passing over the hint of mockery in your tone.

“And who shall side with me and be my witness? I have no one here neither back in Brooklyn. How would it be fair?”

You grew more and more vexed as you imagined your helplessness and consequent defeat.

“I do not—”

“I might as well call for a trial by combat and have my brother fight for me!”

“I suggest that you do not say that in front of others.”

You became quiet, putting a halt to all contentious thoughts running in your mind. You ordered yourself to remain calm as you inhaled a deep breath. Stepping closer to the Master of Whisperers, you pressed the tip of your fingers together and prepared to plead with him.

“My brother and I are separate. We never conspired together. Whatever I did, I did to survive as would have anyone in my position. You or King Anthony. You know that, don’t you?”

“I- I do not know.”

“Then you must feel.”

“My duties are not that,” he said curtly. “You will get the chance to present your argument in front of the court. I am certain that if you are innocent then you will be safe and if not, I wish that our king would be merciful.”

“You men and your duties,” you laughed faintly and shook your head to yourself.

“Well... I did what I had to. I wish you luck and fair fortune, my lady,” he said.

“Wait,” you closed your hand around his blue robe covered forearm. “You promised to bring me something. At least give me the poison. Give me a chance to save myself.”

He looked upon you in a chastened manner and gently covered your smaller palm with his larger one.

“I am afraid that I cannot do that,” he said. The whiff of remorse in his voice meant nothing to you.

You let your hand fall away from his and distanced yourself from where he stood. Nodding slowly to yourself, you accepted his lack of usefulness to you with pain and dejection.

“Alright.”
You turned your back to him. Every face around you was that of the enemy. Even the sweet Ros who sat in the far corner of the bedchamber, acting to be busy in a chain of unimportant thoughts. You had wanted to be the queen but you could not even progress from being the sacrificial pawn on the chessboard. Never had you felt as if you weighed less than a grain of sand.

Strange left without another word. The scuffle of metal from the open door reminded you of the presence of the gold cloak outside. You wondered what it would take for you to compel the man to draw his sword through you.

No. You were ready to die, but you were not ready to give a man the satisfaction of killing you.

***

In the dawn, you awoke from a sleepless slumber. It was not a quiet morning. The grounds around the Stark Tower were filled with clinking of heavy metal gear, swords and shields, and the voices of the soldiers arguing about their loyalty and willingness to die for the kingdom.

The distant blaring of horns drove you to the window of your bedchamber. Warships bearing large banners of the House Stark had entered the sea and formed a line of defence. Through the morning mist, in the far-off ends of the dark water you could make out hints of the blood red flags of the North.

Your heart raced. The battle had come.

For preparations you had washed yourself with the water collected in the basin. A bath was not an option. You had asked Ros to help you braid your hair to perfection and sprinkle a bit of colours onto your face. You chose a gown with shades of black and none of red or blue for the day. In the battle, you stood for yourself and not for either of them.

“There. Pretty,” Ros commented as she presented your frame to the mirror.

You studied your reflection. The black lines of the rim of your eyes hid the puffed redness that they had gained in the night. Your eyes were to be bold, not sad. As were to be the rest of your aura.

The knock on your door came as the day grew young. There was no sun in the sky. Only the grey and grim clouds that had come to wash away the evidence of bloodshed from the lands of the men.

The gold cloak opened the door for you without your permission.

“Come with me,” he commanded. “You as well.” He pointed to the handmaiden.

You looked to Ros and gave her your hand. She held yours with a sweaty palm. You could feel her tense and nervous as the guard led you to the safekeep redoubt. The stone walls of the castle had trapped cold inside them. Along with the chilled winds, you could also smell a soothing earthly scent as you walked alongside the handmaiden.

“Are you afraid, Ros?”

“A little.” She giggled.

“Pray that your king wins. You are a beautiful girl. The men would have at you again and again.”

She shuddered at the thought. You squeezed her hand for comfort.

“You are a strong one as well,” you assured her.
"Do forgive me if I use you as a shield. I assume the men would desire more for a lady as pretty as you," she jested.

You laughed. "That would be a good strategy. Only no man would dare to touch me. Not from my brother’s side at the least."

“How so?”

“My brother would not let them."

“Oh. Then we stand divided."

“No, we don’t. Neither’s loss would mean any good to me."

“I do not think the King’s men would have you either. Aren’t you too important?"

You smiled at her bitterly.

“I cannot say for that. My dignity is not connected with my importance to them. And my importance wanes along with the death of my brother."

“Oh.” Ros bowed her head and bit her lip. “I do not know what to say."

“Don’t. Just fear for yourself,” you told her.

“You seem to be confident. Are you not scared?"

Thinking about the fear made you light headed. “I am terrified,” you huffed.

There was not a reason why you should not be scared. Though you could be crumbling down, breaking into tears and begging for someone to help you save yourself, you did not see any use in it. The last thing you wanted to appear was pathetic and petty.

“You do not look like it."

“Do I have to?"

Ros kept to herself as did you for the rest of the path towards the heart of the Stark Tower. You had been there a few times before when the King had called you to dine with him or share a noon meal, but not other than that.

The drawbridge lay open upon the dried moat which was filled with pointed spikes made of iron for the enemy should they attack. As safe as the enclosed structure seemed to be, you could not help but think of it as a trap. There will not be a place to run to once Steve’s army storm the gate and breach the walls. You had no knowledge of any secret tunnels in the whole castle despite of the rumours and as far as you remembered, Obadiah’s Holdfast did not have any either despite it being used as a hiding place.

Ros gazed upon the tall and thick walls of the tower with awe.

“I must thank you for this,” she said.

“Why?"

“Only the hightborn ladies and their handmaidens get to hide there. I was not serving one before.”
“I am certain Lord Strange would have arranged this for you even if you were not with me. You are very loyal. He prizes you,” you told her.

“Hm. There he is,” Ros said gesturing at the red cloaked man standing at the opening of the drawbridge.

You had once been fond of the grey wisps in his hair and beard, and the daunting yet helpful nature of his. But you wished for him to die in the war as well. You wished all of them would. You were resentful and you did not know how to forgive despite knowing that he did what he could for you in his capacity.

Strange, for the first time since you came to know him, had a sword hung from his belt which had a golden hilt that matched the colours of his robes. He also wore a chest plate and braces along his arms, but he was not given a full armour. There were visible regions in his body that could be cut to make him bleed.

As you reached closer to him you were able to see the chain links of shackles slipping from under the long sleeves of robe. A scowl formed on your face. The gold cloak caught you as soon as you had made to run, and pushed you towards Strange.

He presented the rusted and heavy iron shackles to you without any shame.

“I do not understand,” you said.

“Hold out your hands, my lady. Let us not make this difficult,” he said as he opened the cuffs.

“This is unnecessary! I am already going to be hiding. What is the meaning of this?”

You pulled yourself away from Strange as he attempted to bind you with the iron.

“Stand still!” The gold cloak barked at you. He pressed down on your shoulders; his strength was unmatchable by you.

“Get your hands off me!”

“Be graceful, my lady, as any lady should be,” Strange said as he locked the shackles around your wrists.

You had your teeth bared at him. “Why?”

“It is only reasonable to assume that any one in your position would want to run from here and we want you safe and unharmed should we have to use you for a bargain.”

The shackles were secured around your ankles. Your eyes stung from the humiliation. The tears were not of sadness, but of uncontainable anger.

“So, I am just a lamb then?” You glared at him as he reverted to his full height.

“Some have to sacrifice for the greater good.”

You were shivering. Strange took your fisted hand in his and raised it to his lips. You looked away as he pressed a feather like kiss onto your knuckles.

“I do regret this,” he said, softly. “But I must put the kingdom before anyone else.”

You snatched your hand out of his and held your jaw shut. There was nothing you could say that
would hold any meaning. For the tiniest of moments, you regretted the day you ran away from Brooklyn. Maybe you would have not been reduced to this position if you had stayed there and tolerated being degraded behind closed walls in return for retaining your status and having at least one side of the war in your defence.

“Ros. Keep this.” You saw him hand over a long and double-edged blade over to the handmaiden.

“My lord?”

“I trust you to keep yourself and the lady safe.” Strange smiled and patted her shoulder.

“I-I will try to.”

“Good. Take them away,” he ordered the gold cloak.

The chain of the shackles dragged across the floor as you walked. Their weight held you down and made you slow. You went where he took you, unconscious and unbothered of your surroundings.

“My lady, you must know, I do not believe them. I do not think this should happen—”

“Shut your mouth, Ros unless you want to be shackled and held for treason as well.”

The girl went mum, meekly lowering her eyes to the blade in her hand.

“Forgive me,” you muttered.

Ros and you were taken to what you presumed to be the Queen’s chambers. It was emptied of any lavish furniture and was stocked with wooden chairs, tables and some small beds for all the ladies and their handmaidens to sit on. The chamber was crowded as it was already and your addition seemed to displease most of them.

They gasped and stared at your bounded arms and legs. The highborn ladies were not accustomed to share the same space with a criminal.

“She has to stay with us?”

“The King commands so,” the gold cloak answered.

Murmurs and whispers were shared across the women. You closed your ears to them, instead eyeing for an empty spot for you and Ros to take.

The doors to the chambers were closed and locked from the outside. No man could enter, no woman could leave. All you had to do was wait to see which party would bring you your demise.

The ladies stared at you as if you were a foul creature. Not a few days ago they had regarded you much differently if not with warmth and respect. They looked down on you with pride and arrogance in their eyes, the kind that came with being a true born, pure-blooded noble. That which was absent in the highest of the bastards.

To your ease the crowd dispersed as you moved across it. You chose to take one of the beds that only had handmaidens on it. They did not question much when you sat next to the wall and Ros sat beside you.

“She is the bastard who killed King Howard!” Someone shouted from a corner.

You were alarmed. You searched the room for the woman.
“You are the reason why we are going to die, bitch!” Another yelled.

Daggers were being shot at you from every corner of the chamber.

“She should die out there. Why are they protecting her?”

Your eyes landed on the lady who screamed the last sentence. She was young and pretty with golden locks curled around her face. You grinned at her.

“Because sweetheart, I might be the only way to protect you stupid little dames should your King come to realise that he is not strong enough to win. Do you understand that?”

“What does she mean?” The lady asked her friends.

“Her brother would spare us if she is given to him,” said a lady with dark silky hair.

“Our King would win!”

“He may lose as well. I do not wish that! But it is wise to keep her here.”

“Hmm. Listen to her. She sounds like a clever one,” you commented as you settled back on your seat.

In silence they stared at you before returning to their muddled conversations about you and their fates. Ros looked away from them and turned to you, her eyes were soft and concerned.

“May I ask you something?”

“Yes?”

“Did you—did you play a role in his death?”

“I thought you believed me,” you said.

“I do but...”

“I did only what I had to be alive, as would have you if you were in my place or any of these ladies or those arrogant lords.”

Ros became more confused than before. You did not know if she had any judgements for you in her heart, but you wanted to believe she was more compassionate than the others. You did not take her to be cruel enough to draw her blade on you if the time comes.

“That is a fancy dagger,” you said as you reached forward to touch the ingrained designs on the silver end of the dagger she held in her hand.

“Would you be able to use it on the soldiers?”

Ros shrugged. “I hope I will.”

“Strange expects you to put it on my neck if I attempt to run.”

“He does...”

“After all this time, you are going to be the one who’d throw me back to my brother when you were the one who helped me escape. Pity the efforts.”
Ros twisted the dagger in her hand, pulling and putting it back in its sheath repeatedly. She chewed her lip as she immersed herself in her thoughts.

The whole chamber was distracted from their own activities as a muffled, yet loud explosion echoed from outside the walls. The ladies gasped and held each other. You embraced yourself with your arms and steeled yourself for what was to come.

A wave of other explosions rang in a continuum outside. It was restless.

“The battle has begun,” you said to Ros.

She flinched at another sharp noise. The blade nearly fell from her hand. You placed your hand on her shoulder and soothed her.

“It is alright. It will be over soon,” you cooed to her.

“It is terrifying,” she breathed. “Isn’t it to you?”

“It very much is. But I fear more what will come at the end of it,” you said.

“I do not think I can sit here like this and wait for what will happen.”

You watched her sweat and her breaths becoming uneven.

“At the least you have something to defend yourself with. And do not worry, for if they lose you will be able to protect yourself by disposing me.”

She heaved as she rocked back and forth. The chain of your shackled jingled as you rubbed her back.

“That would be so cruel,” she panted.

“What would be?”

“To give you away like that. To kill someone else to save myself. I have done many unruly things, but not that yet. All I do is spy for my Master.”

“You have been into danger before.”

“This is different. It is not the same as hiding in the background as a handmaiden. I knew I would be able to run then.”

“Hmm.”

You checked around yourself to see if anyone was listening or paying attention. You leaned into Ros and held her arm tightly.

“Ros?”

She looked at you from the corner of her eye. “Yes?”

“Do you know of any hidden tunnels in the whole castle? Any way we can run out of here without being caught?”

“Huh?”
You tutted and shook her a little. You went closer until your forehead was brushing with her temple.

“Think about it. Thoroughly. You must know of secret pathways inside the castle.”

“I—” You let her wonder about it, hoping that she’d yield a fruit.

“Think, please.”

“There—there may be ways. But I did not know of any. He only made the children use it.”

“The children? Which children?”

“His little whisperers.”

You comprehended what she had said. If he had children spying for him then why was he doubtful of you.

“Did he not use them on Queen Natalia?”

“I do not know. He may have...or may not. As far as I remember, she was not as suspicious to him until the King died. But he would not tell me everything.”

“But if he spied her, he must know!”

“Lord Strange does not always care for the truth but for the greater good.”

“Then—then why did he bring me here if he did not care?”

“I do not know.”

Your jaw fell agape. Until this very moment you had accounted Strange for being the only man who had willingly helped you. But it seemed to be a lie as well.

“Was I always a bait?”

“I—I cannot say. I do not ask, neither would he tell me.”

You let go of Ros and fell back into the wall behind you. Though you already were helpless and could not be any more than that, you still felt a sting of betrayal, deception. You could not confirm it, but it hurt to think that you possibly were doomed from the start. All the hope that you had garnered from the moment you set sail for New York was a lie. Strange had played with you.

You dug your nails into your palms in frustration. It was as if you were destined to be in shackles, you chose this fate yourself like a fool. None of good existed in these lands, that you should have learned from the very moment when Ser James betrayed you.

Despite maintaining a strong façade for long, you faltered and buried your head into your knees. Your cries mingled with those of others in the chamber and were as meaningless as theirs.

Ros placed a gentle palm on your elbow and stroked your skin.

“I am sorry,” she said.

You raised your head from within the folds of your arms and looked up at her.
“If you are, then think about a way to escape.”

She wordlessly stared at you.

“...or let me be.”

***

The atmosphere inside the chamber was nauseous. Each woman was at the edge of losing her composure. As the hours grew the noises that came from outside became uglier and uglier. Having no knowledge of what was happening on the battlefield drove everyone mad.

Your eyes had become dry as had your throat, but you did not ask for a sip of water nor wine. Ros and you did not exchange any words and were busy in trying to keep yourselves calm. While you itched to know, you did not ask her more about the tunnels either. Even if she knew, she may not want to tell you.

The crammed room full of people was sickening. Of course, the struggles of the ones hiding were no match for the ones shedding their blood and fighting till their death, yet it was not easy.

Your thoughts had fermented into something devious as the hours went by. You pictured the separated limbs of those who had wronged you and wished for their heads on sticks, decorating the castle walls while you sat behind them. You could not achieve even half of that damage even with the dagger that Strange had given Ros.

Soon the noon rays of the run evolved into the evening shade which peeked from the slits of wood that blocked the windows.

The fear amongst the ladies and handmaidens grew as the painful screams of the men dying became clearer and clearer from inside the room. You calculated. The scenery did not seem well outside. It was not an easy task to lay siege to the forted city, but you imagined that your brother had succeeded in that. If not that, then he certainly had breached the walls.

If they had won over the sea side then the king would be extremely weakened. The others were having the same realisations as you did. A girl or two had fainted already.

Tension brew inside of you. It became difficult to breathe properly or control your heartbeat. Ros, like some of the other naïve women in the room had resorted to praying to gods that did not exist.

You had become too unsettled to continue sitting so you took to your feet. There was empty space near the doors as no one wanted to be close to danger. You chose to use it to pace about. The weight of the iron shackled did not hold you back.

Ros, although she did not want to, was compelled to join you near the doors. She kept at her distance. Fear of death surpassed the fear of failing to obey orders from her master.

Each one of you had your ears open for the thuds of feet that approached the chamber. They and you held your breaths when the door was being opened. Everyone anticipated the worse. You expected it.

Smoke, dust and sounds of horror travelled inside the chamber.

You peddled backwards as you saw Strange emerge from behind the door. Sighs of relief greeted him. You noticed that his sword was out and in his hand. There was no blood on him nor much dirt, but he wore a thick sheen of sweat on his skin. His expression did not tell a good story.
“Lord Strange! What is happening out there?”

“Settle down, ladies. There is nothing to fear,” he told them.

But there was for you, you knew that when he fixed his gaze upon you. He approached you menacingly and there was not enough room for you to step back into. He did not regard you with kindness as he grasped your forearm.

“You must come with me,” he said to you.

“No!”

You did your best to put up a fight as he started to drag you out. Seeing that he was not going to budge to your pleas or struggles you decided that you needed to do more.

Without a thought you raised your arm to your mouth and dug your teeth into the back of his hand. You did not mind the taste of copper in your mouth as long as you got to hear him groan in return. He fell back, surprised by your attack. And just as he raised his sword, you collected the length of the iron chain in your hands and swung it at him with full force.

It was a blessing that Strange was not the most skilled of them and that his grip on the hilt was loose. The metal cluttered on the stone floor and you felt proud that you had unhanded him.

You did not rest and hit him with the chain again, this time aiming for his face. Crimson liquid trickled down his nose as he fell to the ground. He called to Ros but she was too shocked to act and you were quick to gain the sword.

“Ros!” Strange yelled at the poor girl.

He attempted to get up only to be slashed by his own sword on his face.

“Stay down!” You kicked your foot into his chest before standing over him.

You pointed the tip to his neck and glowered at him with rage. Fiery blood pumped in your veins and you were going to use it to your benefit.

“You are making a horrible mistake, Lady Rogers. You will get us all killed,” he warned you.

“It does not matter to me,” you spat him. “Now hand me the key to these horrid chains!”

“I cannot.”

“Do it or I’ll kill you! Do not doubt me!”

Strange winced as you put pressure on the sword to nick the skin on his throat. He was not afraid, but he was distressed. Yet he did not give you what you had asked for.

“Ros! Help me! Search him.”

The handmaiden trembled at the dilemma. She could only clutch the dagger in her hand but not make use of it.

“Please, Ros! You have to be quick! They’ll leave me to die!”

“Ros, stay your place! Or else you will face the consequences,” Strange intervened.
You slapped his cheek with the blunt end of the sword. “Shut your mouth you fucking piece of shit.”

You stomped your foot into his chest and prepared to dig the sword into his throat.

“Ros, do as I say or I will kill him!”

“Please, I cannot,” she whimpered.

“For heaven’s sake. We do not have the time to waste! Get the key and unlock me, then we will run together, alright? We are not safe here.”

The roars of men rang closer to Obadiah’s Holdfast while Ros hesitated to make a decision. You tutted at her with disappointment.

“No? Fine. I’ll kill him.”

She awoke to realisation just as you had lifted the sword to drive it into Strange’s neck. If she had not rushed to fetch for the key you would have not restrained yourself from killing him. You wanted to experience what it felt like to be the person who gives pain, but you had to contain yourself.

“Good,” you told Ros as she brought a single key to you.

With the sword still aimed at Strange you instructed Ros to unlock the chains. Strange did his best to talk sense into his handmaiden and you, but he failed to do so. You did not know why Ros was swayed by your words; however, you certainly were glad about it.

The heavy iron bounds fell on Strange and weighed him down further.

“You will regret doing this, Lady Rogers. The King will not spare you neither would your brother. You are putting yourself in danger.”

“You do not have to tell me that,” you remarked. “You worry about how you will save yourself.”

You looked into his eyes as you stabbed the sword into his thigh and then into the other one, uncaring of his howling and writhing. The essence of his life poured out of him in generous amounts. It was satisfying to watch. Ros shrieked beside you as did the other women. Their horrifying assumptions about you had become the truth.

“My lady...why?” Ros asked as tears sprouted from her eyes. After all, he was her master.

“I do not want him following me or alerting anyone of my absence.”

“Come with me now,” you grabbed Ros by her arm and led her out of the chamber.

She was frail from the ugly turn of events which made it easier for you to make her follow your lead without her resisting nor asking any questions. Once outside, you moved the doors to shut them, giving a last glance to Strange who was trying to stand on his legs with the help of some of the handmaidens. You put the lock on the door before any of them could have interrupted you.

Thankfully there was not a gold cloak nor any other soldier waiting for you beyond the chamber. All hands must be needed to win if they had reached the point of desperation to seek you out.

“Now, Ros, I need you to think hard for me. For us,” you reminded her.
“You can do that, right?” You held her wet cheek in your hand. “Shh... there is no time to cry. We’ll be safe. I promise.”

She gulped and wiped her eyes with the back of her hand.

“First we must leave here. Others would come for me as well,” you told her.

On tip toes you both made your way down to the drawbridge. It was empty when you got there and you ran across it before others could come. The battle could be felt on your skin in the open space. The air was impure to inhale and you could see the sky take up the colours of smoke and flames. Much destruction was done, you could tell, but the castle was yet to be invaded.

Ros’s lack of an answer compelled you to blindly turn to any deserted corner that you could find. For safety you had climbed up a floor so the men would not find you immediately and hid behind a window that was there in the narrow hallway. Through it you could only see fire, disaster and a sea of undistinguishable men fighting each other. Several of them had reached the gates of the castle.

The city was in shambles and soon you would be as well. It was easy to tell from your place the King’s side must be failing to defend themselves. You still could not believe that your brother was actually succeeding. You still did not think of him as capable enough of doing something in such a large-scale despite of him being an efficient leader and a skilled fighter in battles. The beat of your heart pounded louder than the last as you visibly saw your end marching towards you.

You crouched under the window beside Ros.

“Ros you have to say something! It won’t be long before we are found and I assure you that they would kill you. You do not wish for that to happen, do you?”

“I did not wish to come out here either!”

“I understand, but we have no choice,” you almost scolded her.

She did not seem happy with you. You sighed and calmed yourself.

“Please.” You held her hand with desperation. “You cannot imagine what they’ll do to me. I need your help. I will be forever grateful. Just tell me where to go. The Tower of the Hand? The dungeons? Please tell me! You can go back if you want to.”

“I—”

Her words became muted as the deafening ringing of bells tore through the winds and reached your ears. Your eyes widened and your body froze. The cacophony of murder had stopped as well. It meant only one thing. One side had surrendered. One side was defeated and you knew which one it was.

“We- we lost.” Ros looked at you with disbelief. “Why did he surrender?”

You had lost your voice and thoughts. Ros stood up to examine the happenings of the surrender.

“I do not understand. What is happening?”

“What?”

“See for yourself.”

Reluctantly, you raised yourself to your feet. Ros may be safe, but you were at the centre of the
risk. Your hands shivered as you placed them on the stone pane and peeked downwards.

It was an unexplainable scene. The men in blue and the men in red marched side by side, their swords raised for attack but not at each other. It was as if they had formed a battalion by joining each other’s forces only it was not clear who their enemy was. They all walked through the castle and on to the seashore.

“Where are they going?”

“I- I do not know. This is unusual.”

You remained stunned, unable to make sense of anything.

“There she is!” A coarse masculine growled at the end of the hallway.

“Get her!” A different man yelled.

You and Ros snapped your necks to find one of Steve’s and one of Anthony’s soldiers approaching. They wore damaged armour and were splattered with rotten blood from head to toe. You were feeble against their large forms and their long swords.

“Fuck,” you cussed.

“Find safety,” you said to Ros before you sprang into the direction opposite to the soldiers.

They ran after you with longer strides, faster than you could ever be on your feet. It did not matter to you that you did not have an escape nor that it was useless to attempt it, you just ran and ran even as your lungs burned.

The piercing screeches of death resumed from the sea side and only the sea side where the men of North fought for your brother. You had not the comfort to stop and ask someone if there had been a surrender or not, and if not then why were Steve and Anthony’s men chasing after you in unison instead of trying to kill each other first.

The only thing you knew to be the truth was that the enemy was at every corner and all that you could do was run.

Chapter End Notes

So Obadiah’s Holdfast is supposed to like Maegor's Holdfast in GoT. The castle structure is inspired by how it is in GoT but not point to point.

Another chapter with our reader left running. Tell me how you people feel about it.
Love you, stay safe and thanks for reading :)}
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Some of you may hate me... but hang on
Also warning for feeling nauseated as someone mentioned that they felt it while reading. This chapter may make you feel like that.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Four walls had become your friends. An iron gate, the little window that was out of your reach and the cold stone floor on which you slept as well. You had not seen the shackles for a while. They were not required, not when you had no energy left to put up a fight.

The food that they gave you was awful. But you prized the water. Your throat was always parched and you got to drink only two times a day, sometimes only once and some days not even that. Obviously, your tears had dried up long ago. You could not remember when. You had started to lose your mind after the count of the twelfth night that you spent enclosed in the cell. After that you had lost count of the days. Ages could have passed and you would not be able to tell. It felt like an eternity being trapped in there.

Yours was unlike Queen Natalia’s. You could vaguely remember that she had been given a door with iron bars through which she could look outside and feel less suffocated. All that you had was the little trap door through which they passed the food and water. Your bruised knuckles held the reminder of what happens if you try to reach out of it.

They took your voice as well. You could only hear it in your thoughts at times. Screaming till your throat became sore was of no help because no one was there to listen. There was no one to talk to except the cruel guard who did not hesitate to hit you if you did or said something wrong.

Your favourite leisure activity in the cage was to lay face down the floor and soak up its coolness into your skin. The scratchy burlap would absorb the dampness of the cell which you found pleasant among the other sensations. If you had your head towards the door then you were able to see shadows passing by, hoping that someone would come and set you free. But you had stopped hoping as well.

They killed you on the very day of the battle and left the body to rot in the dungeons. You continued to be oblivious of what happened and why had you been handed over to slow painful misery rather than being beheaded or sold. You had not the least of the knowledge of where Steve was or where was Anthony, or who had won. It was pitiful how you craved to look upon either of their faces. Any person would do for you. All you needed was to have someone to talk to, to keep you company and answer your questions.

You would wonder if this was your final punishment in itself. That you were supposed to starve to death in isolation while being kept from knowing who your punisher was so that you are driven mad as well. You had accepted that you may never get to know why and made your peace with it, only hoping that you won’t open your eyes again when you go to sleep.
The guard’s harsh voice startled you awake. His feet were level with your eyes when you fluttered them open. Behind him you saw other pairs of legs standing in the doorway. One of them wore boots made of fine leather.

“Up,” the burly man growled in your ear.

He grabbed you by your scruff and held you up on your feet. Your legs were too weak to support themselves. He forced you to look forward, towards the other man, that of a higher status, who stood in front of you.

You had not expected to be greeted by the lush of brown hair. The Hand of the King, Edwin Jarvis, came closer and scrutinized your state.

“She is not ill, is she?” the Hand inquired. “We wouldn’t want that.”

“I do not think she is,” the guard said.

Jarvis sighed. “Fine. We will have the Maester take a look at her if we get the time.”

He gazed upon you a last time before he stepped out of the cell and gestured to two young women to enter.

“Wash her up and make her look presentable,” he commanded them.

“Yes, my lord,” they sang in unison.

You found it difficult to form words to ask them anything. They did not seem to bother about giving you an explanation either. Like a lifeless doll, you were dragged out of the dungeons and into the land where ordinary people lived.

Fresh air blessed your lungs and the sharp rays of sun burnt your eyes. You did not get a chance to stop and examine your surroundings, but you could tell that the storm of the battle had settled. Birds chirped freely in the trees without any fear. The world had become good for them.

You were taken to a small chamber which only had a tub filled with water, a stool that had soap and oils on it and a table on which a gown decent enough for wearing was kept. They made you stand beside the tub so that you could take its support to keep yourself upright. You did not question when the handmaidens stripped the burlap off your body.

In the ripples of the water below, you could see the ghost of your image. A hollowed face, sucked off of nourishment and light, chapped lips and skin covered with dust and dirt. Your collar bones and ribs were visible through your thin flesh. You did not even know when you had been reduced to this state.

“Get in the water.”

They helped you sink your body into the tub. The touch of the warm water was strange at first, but became soothing soon. You let yourself fall back in a sleeping posture while the handmaidens did the work of washing and cleaning off every inch of your skin. It was a luxury you had not thought you would ever gain back and you chose to savour it.

The girls were wonderful. They made your body scent of roses and your hair of jasmine. You almost cried at the absence of dirt, piss and shit around yourself. Afterwards they cleared the knots
in your matted hair and combed it till they were carded neatly enough to make you not look like a feral animal.

You were happy to wear a gown once again and not the sickly burlap. Your feet were encased in shoes. You had gotten used to feeling the ground beneath your soles. At the end of the treatment you felt clean. It was a blessing. But you were disappointed that did not give a mirror to look at yourself and compare the transition.

They did not give you a moment of peace either. The Hand barged into the chamber as soon as you were done dressing up. He studied you again.

“Better,” he judged.

“Get her up and bring me the rope.”

You mewled at the sight of the thick rope in the hands of Jarvis. He did not care to ask nor explain your fate as he recklessly tied up your wrists together. The fibres of the rope bristled your sensitive skin.

“And the legs?” A man, whom you could not see, asked.

“Would not be needed. Does she appear in the condition to be able to run?” Jarvis asked.

“No,” the man answered.

“All good then,” Jarvis tapped your shoulder and checked your form again.

“Where should we take her?”

“The King asked to bring her to the port and so we shall,” Jarvis said.

_The King?_ Your ears perked up. Through your lack of thoughts came the question of who is the King and looking at Jarvis as the Hand it seemed Anthony retained his throne.

Had the battle all been a dream or is this a dream? You wondered.

“Help me with her,” Jarvis said to the other man as he began to make you move.

The man revealed himself to be one of the Kingsguard. A brute with a gold visor, golden armour and a gold cloak.

“Should I just carry her? It would be easier than making her walk that distance,” he suggested.

“It would not appear decent,” Jarvis expressed.

“I will put her down before they see us.”

“Alright, if you think that would be helpful.”

Jarvis shifted to the side to enable the gold cloak to reach for you. The man picked you up as if you weighed lighter than air and hurled you over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. With your head hung upside down, you could only see the change in the texture of the ground beneath you.

From the smooth stone floors within the castle to steep stairs to rocky lands. He deposited you to your feet at some distance from the sea. The crashing of waves against the shore told you that.
Jarvis and the gold cloak held you by each arm and led you down the small hill to the sandy plains of the bay. Your feet were unstable on the sand that sucked you in. The men kept you from falling.

You looked forward to find a large ship anchored by the port. Before you stood three men and a woman. On being taken near them you came face to face with King Anthony who sported purple blue bruises on his eye and lip, Lord Strange who limped on a stick, Lord Commander Rhodey, and Lady Danvers who appeared cold and angry.

You were given to Anthony who did not greet you nor looked at you. Instead he put a hand on your shoulder and made you face the front. Though you had expected it for long, you were not ready to see your brother standing in the distance, near to his ship.

He smiled at you briefly before it dulled as he perceived your lack of health. What surprised you was the woman he had in his grip. The red headed Lady Wanda seemed to be in a similar position as you. Her hands were tied and she appeared to be worn out as well, but not as much as you.

You had not the slightest hint of the reason why the exchange of you both was taking place. Was he not supposed to marry her, make her his Queen? And why was he not at the Iron Throne to start with? As far as your memories went, you remembered that fate had been on his side. He had been winning. Yet, it did not seem that he had won.

Your head ached from the confusion.

Steve yelled something from his end to commence the exchange of the ladies.

You felt Anthony squeeze your shoulder before he gave you a push to walk. Your legs trembled beneath you, both because they were frail and because you did not want to go to your evil brother. He may not have it written on his face, but you were certain that he would want to inflict unimaginable pain as soon as he had you in his hands. More so if he lost.

“Go, Lady Rogers. Return to your home,” Anthony said from behind.

You could not see another choice. Neither did Wanda. She did not protest, rather marched with pride and contempt towards Stark. Her red rimmed eyes told you that she did not have her will for it. You assumed that she had more knowledge than you.

She strutted fast as compared to your slow and unsteady steps. Wanda gave you an ugly, disgusted stare as she moved past you.

“You should die,” she snarled before moving on.

Unaware of your mistakes to her, you wondered what was to happen to her and why. You came to a halt in the middle of the pathway, your head turned to Wanda to see her being regarded by Anthony before she was roughly snatched by the gold cloak.

Dread and sadness filled in your heart both for yourself and for her. For it seemed that you both were being thrown into your own dark pits.

“Sister! Come here,” you heard Steve call for you.

He watched you with worry, his eyes fixed at your shivering legs. Without support, you found it difficult to carry your own weight along with the anticipation of a dark end. There was nowhere nor any means to run either.

The scorching sun was merciless on you. Your head felt lighter from the heat and the dryness of
your throat became almost painful. You whimpered as your knees began to buckle beneath your body. You attempted to take another step, but inevitably your feet gave away and you crashed into the burning sand.

Heavy boots rushed to your aid. Steve’s blurred image flashed before your eyes as he crouched down to your level.

“This is not needed,” he said as he pulled open the ties that bound your wrists together.

He threw the rope to the side and scooped you into his arms. You whined a little, but were in no state to put up a fight against him. It was easier and more welcome to be carried comfortably by him rather than putting the efforts yourself.

“Shh...shh... you are going to be safe now,” he cooed as he removed your hair from your sweaty forehead to look upon your face.

Steve tutted, “Look what they did to you. Such animals.”

You peeked at the growing image of the ship that shadowed you from the sun.

“Do not worry now. You can be safe and happy back in Brooklyn.”

It was not that you did not want to panic, but you were not able to. You were too tired and broken to object to him. Moreover, his unexpected gentleness served to soften your habitual anger as well.

Steve was incredibly strong. He did not falter for a moment as he carried your weight while walking up the gangplank and into the rocky ship. He barked orders to the people around him, his sharp voice made you flinch.

The bustle of the many people around was uncomfortable as well. Steve fixed that by taking you into the innards of the ship, straight to a cabin that had been prepared for your arrival.

He carefully laid you upon a soft mattress and soft cushions, a happy surprise for your back which had adjusted itself to the crude dungeon floor. You faintly felt a hand span across your thinned body and sliding down your bony legs. All the while he cursed them for doing this to you like a worried mother. You lay limp as he kissed your hands and expressed his joy for your return. Reaching to your feet, he removed the shoes and gently massaged your soles.

“W-wa—”

Steve attended to your head as he heard you struggle to speak.

“Yes? What do you need?”

“Water,” you produced a rasped whisper.

“Oh. Yes, of course.”

A part of you registered the disbelief and unease at his strange behaviour as he hurried to bring you a tumbler of water. You were more and more ready to believe that it was all a dream despite how real it felt. Perhaps you were dying or had died and were imagining a better life for yourself. Although you did not expect yourself to include Steve in it.

Steve came to you and knelt on the side of the bed. He slipped an arm under your head to lift it up and brought the tumbler to your withered lips. The cool liquid breathed life into you. It tasted like
heaven and you gulped it down eagerly.

A large sip entered your mouth and choked your throat. You immediately coughed it up and spat the water out on yourself and Steve. He placed the tumbler aside and wiped your lips and chin with the sleeve of his tunic.


He arched you up, making you rest your head on his shoulder as he patted your back to ease the coughing. For a while he held you like that against him, letting his whole body encompass your smaller on. It was warm and you could feel his slightly rushed heartbeat against your breasts.

At last he let you go with a kiss to your temple. He arranged your body in a comfortable position on the bedding and straightened the folds on your gown. The intensity of his gaze and smile was piercing. His happiness rarely coincided with yours.

“I will have them bring something better for you to wear. But before that, you must eat and you must eat plenty. After that you can rest all that you want,” he told you. “Yes?”

He expected you to answer but you only stared at him blankly, unable to comprehend the meaning of his generosity. As you recalled, he had intended to make you regret rejecting his offer and you were waiting for that to happen.

“We will talk when you feel better. I will have them bring the food.”

Steve caressed your cheek and pressed his lips on your forehead before he got ready to stand up. His hands were off of you to your relief.

“Now I expect you to be good even when I leave you alone,” he said with a grin and a wink.

You watched him with the corner of your eye until he exited the cabin for good. A thousand questions ran in your mind. You were starting to become restless and frightened, but could not fathom your defeat yet. The larger part of your focus was on the soreness of your body and the bliss you experienced at being out of the dungeon. You cared more for the basic luxuries that you had not expected to return to you, the consequences you would bother for later.

In the absence of any disturbance, your eyes drooped to close themselves. You could sleep for a thousand years if given the ability.

The scent of cooked meat and herbs pulled you to consciousness. A pretty young maiden brought a tray of food to you. She helped you sit upright on bed and placed it on your lap. Your eyes and mouth watered at the sight of edible, delicious food.

“Th-thank—you,” you squeaked.

She smiled at you. “He said to eat slowly.”

You nodded at her and waited for her to leave.

After having lived in the dungeon for as long as you did, you had forsaken the manners of using cutlery to eat. They did not give you any. And you were too hungry and impatient to use the knife and fork. You devoured the food with your hands. Lady Rogers could return when you did not feel like you were about to die.

Your tongue relished the flood of taste in your mouth and your stomach was glad to be filled with a
generous amount of food, not unfulfilling scraps. Even as your belly bulged by the end of the meal, you craved for more until you were satisfied. However, you practiced restraint.

You dabbed your lips with the napkin provided before anyone could see you as a mess, and washed your hands in the large bowl of water kept in the cabin for your usage. The nourishment gave you a slight charge up, yet your body called for rest. You predicted that for a few days you would be caught in the cycle of eating and sleeping until you get healthier.

The girl came in to take the empty plates not much later. She did not notice the absence of the knife among the cutlery to your delight. Another came with a long blue gown in her hands which was prettier and visibly more lavish than the one you were wearing.

“May I help you?” The handmaiden offered.

You gestured a ‘yes’ with your head. While Steve’s motives for making you dress up in beautiful things were not to your liking, you did not refuse it because there was no other harm in it. If you were to restore your status of being a Lady, that is if he allows it, then you needed to retake your old habits.

“Do you need anything else, my lady?” she asked as she tied up the last lace on the gown.

You shook your head and dismissed her. Once by yourself, you attempted to trample towards the circular windows. The splashing of the waves onto the walls of the ship drew you in. Through the glass you could only see the vastness of the sea merging with the ocean. New York had vanished from your sight and though you mourned, you also were repulsed by the memories of your time there.

If you separated the dark events that took place in Brooklyn, you were comforted by the knowledge of returning to your home. Your journey outside of it had been scathed by hellfire. There may not have been a man there who forced his way into your bed every night, but it had been an illusion of hope that hurt worse than the stab of a knife. Being trapped in the dungeon like an animal had been a nail in the coffin, your coffin.

You wondered if Steve would make use of the dungeons in your castle should he come to know that it hammered the will to fight out of your soul. The future may change you in a different way, having your fate written by another man continued to be unacceptable to you. But the tattered pieces of your vigour and resilience could be seen from your almost skeletal appearance.

The sick twist in your stomach had become a part of your living. It did not bother you as much as it did before. As long as a new threat was not there to shake your core again, you could keep yourself from breaking down into tears.

The pitter patter of feet echoed through the walls of your cabin all day. Your thoughts would always stray to your brother, wondering when he would come to you and more importantly, what had he done. You imagined that if he lost then at least you could celebrate that. You were eager to know but afraid to ask.

To your bewilderment, Steve did not show himself to you throughout the evening. You had your supper in peace and retired to bed without his interruptions.

Your fingers clutched your blanket to your chest in the anticipation of his arrival. It was defeating to be aware of your helplessness against his desires, yet you chanted to yourself to be calm. You twisted the knife under your blanket, picturing him entering your bed, coming close enough for you to slice his jugular. It should be easy. What would follow his death would be dreadful, but you had
little to lose.

All you required from him was to be near you. His pretence of sweetness could be benefited from if he continued it. You could be compliant yourself until you have his lips devouring your mouth or his head buried in your breasts. That would be the correct moment to strike. You closed your lids and hoped that he would find you as a vulnerable bait to play with.

Hours came and went in waiting for your brother. You were beginning to question his desire for yourself. It did not do well to be too proud. Putting an end to his life with something as simple as a dinner knife did seem like a tale of the children, where good overcame evil at the end.

A full stomach and a century of sleeplessness overpowered your bravado. You could not tell when your real thoughts dissolved into delusions and you surrendered to a fantasy of dreams.

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Snakes slithered into your bed, they choked the breath out of your throat with their endless tails and crept around your body until you could not move at all. When would you learn that thrashing about with your hands and kicking your legs never helped?

Your eyes opened to the dark night. Sweat covered every inch of your body as you shivered awake. Uninvited arms embraced you like a lover. A poisonous tongue whispered sweet nothing into your ear.

“... only a nightmare,” he said.

Your nightmare stared right into your eyes. Your hand went wild in its search for the blade that you had hidden and kept ready for this very moment. But it was nowhere to be found.

You inadvertently whimpered as Steve pressed you down on the mattress and seized your movements with his sheer strength.

“Hush, hush, don’t be scared. You are safe with me.”

A weak hand pushed at his chest and failed miserably.

“I will not hurt you, my sweet.” He curled a hot palm around your cheek and pulled you to his face. A wet kiss was planted on your neck. “Don’t be scared.”

The trembling of your body was out of your control. Any maester would take a look at you and say that you are suffering from a fever and may die by the morning.

“Tch. Tch. I have never seen you this afraid.” He rested his palm atop your pounding heart. “What did they do to my baby sister?”

He cradled you to his chest as easily as he would an infant who was blissfully oblivious to any wrongs of the kin of men. You wanted to plead for him to come out of his façade of gentleness more than you wanted for him to not touch you. It made you want to crawl out of your skin.

Your nails skimmed the thin fabric of his shift shirt yet did not damage him with the barest nick. Steve let out an exasperated sigh as he wrapped a hand around your neck and pulled you away from him with a jerk, pinning you on the bed under him.

“Calm down,” he grunted, his patience ran thin.
“Fight when you are capable of doing that. Look at you. I am trying to be kind and patient. Would you show me no gratitude?”

The sweat on your skin became icy. Your muscles stiffened in the face of Steve who liked to take more than give. His jaw was clenched as he glared you into submissiveness. He must be pleased by the glisten in your eyes because he relieved your neck of the pressure and caressed the skin there instead.

“Better,” he remarked.

His fingers painted designs over your clavicle as they shifted towards your chest. With no hesitation he began unthreading the strings the held the gown together over your breasts. And like every lesson unlearned, you started squirming and shaking your head at him.

“Quiet. I said that I am not going to hurt you, didn’t I?”

You had all the reasons to distrust him.

“I just want to see,” he justified as he bared your modesty to him.

He gasped as his palm ran over the edge of the curve of your breast. You saw him licking his lips as he feasted with his eyes. Gooseflesh erupted on your skin. Beneath the swell of your bosom, he touched the outline of your protruding ribs.

“Tch. We need to get some meat on those bones,” he said, “or you’d break on the slightest touch, wouldn’t you?”

He reached to your side where the flaked flesh of a scar came to his notice. Steve frowned as he dipped his head to get a closer look. He tutted for the umpteenth time, coming up to see the black blue bruise at the edge of your lips. You winced when he kissed it.

“I did not want this to happen. That motherfucker Stark,” he cursed. “You should never have trusted him, never have ran away.”

In the dimness of the cabin he could not see your mocking eyes on him. He liked to think that he was better than other brutes, that you would favour him over them, but you would not.

“S- St- Steve.”

“Yes?” He listened with intent.

“Wh- what- did you- do?”

Steve smiled at you; his eyes glimmered.

“I was wondering when you’d ask. But I would need for you to be patient, I will tell everything in due time.”

“Please,” you wheezed.

“I know you are a curious kitten.” He tapped your nose. “But there is no need to overwhelm yourself with such information. I want you to be concerned about your health, not be worried for such affairs.”

Your lips lay open but you did not put the effort to speak again. Steve took the opportunity to latch his mouth onto yours to give you the softest of kisses.
Steve fell to his side on the bed and held your back against his chest. His arm locked around your midriff while his hand cupped your breast. It was a serene position to be in.

“Go to sleep,” he whispered into your hair.

“We will be in Brooklyn soon. I hope that you feel better by then.”

You did not respond to him. Steve shifted himself so that his nose nuzzled into the crook of your neck. His larger body left little space for you to breathe in.

He did not struggle to find sleep and was snoring within a few seconds while you fought off the urge to do the same. Lazily, you searched the bed for the knife a last time before declaring it to be lost forever. You had no excuse for finding the heat of his body pleasant enough to be able to delve back into your dreams.

Chapter End Notes

Everything will be explained and hopefully it'll make sense.
Do tell me if this makes you feel worse or better or whatever it makes you feel.

Thanks for reading! Please leave comments :)


Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Evil laughter. There is smut, some anal and angst. Minor character death.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Steve did not touch you throughout the voyage from New York to Brooklyn. He did not keep himself entirely chastised, he was not afraid of using a hand on you as he stroked himself to completion. But he did not force himself on you, much to your surprise.

His concern for your health was astonishing. However, from his talks, you had assumed that he intended to punish you in a sinister manner which would not be as fruitful on your already sickly body.

You had attempted to inquire with others on the ship and gather answers as to what had happened once you were thrown in the dungeons. Steve had kept you from learning too much. He would keep you locked in your room and only allowed strolls on the deck with his company or James’s. The latter remained mum with you as if someone had sewn his lips together or cut out his tongue.

Nevertheless, you had reached to your own conclusions. You assumed that he had won the independence of the South. The lesser men and women referred to him as ‘his grace’. For you to understand how King Anthony and Steve’s own men agreed to such a truce, you needed answers from your brother himself.

The time spent on the ship was tedious. Being enclosed in the large vessel with your heathen of a brother was maddening. That he was generous and sweet with you seemed to only add to your agitation.

Steve wanted to enter every thread of your being. He wanted to be in your graces. He would play games with you to keep you engaged and apparently let you win at chess to make you happy, as he would justify his defeats. Your black queen striking down his white king meant nothing to either of you when in the flesh and blood he held your life at his whim.

He had caught on to you hiding the knives provided with the meals and had scolded you for it. Steve’s fingers crushing your wrist bone hurt twice as bad with the weakened muscle around it. His ways had changed though. He would kiss your bruised wrist and remind you that you will be allowed to live in peace if you do not provoke Steve to be violent. In other words, be his good girl or you shall be punished.

Your skin had become considerably thick by the time you arrived at Brooklyn. He had made sure that you were well fed. The rest of the width on your body was gained at your home. Steve was unimaginably patient. He continued to wait for you to be at your best before he lets you become an object of his desires again. Had you been in his place, you would have killed him long ago.

With the recovery of your health came the regaining of the stability of your mind. Though you chose to keep quiet around him and everyone, storms brew in your mind. The weight of your
predicament became heavier each day. You would only let the tears awaken in the lonesome nights when Steve had fallen asleep beside you.

Your will to murder and be murdered had come at par with each other. While the flaming rage and your pride had returned to you slowly, you were aware that they bore no meaning with you having lost all of your power and leverage. The best for you would be to die and he knew it too. Steve was forever vigilant and never gave you a chance to take your life.

It was difficult for you to celebrate your mended strength and poise with Steve bubbling to bed you after having to wait for too long. Yet, the unfortunate day had to come, and you had been anticipating it.

When the handmaidens came giggling to you and bathed you with exquisite scenting oils, you smelled the whiff of his lust coming. The thought of being underneath him again as he takes you and claims as his sickened you to your stomach. The beautiful gown on your body felt like a sentence of misery. Your legs quaked as you were taken to his chambers.

Steve had contained the urge to have you share the master bedchamber in Brooklyn with him as soon as you arrived there. He wanted you to come there when you would be in the condition to christen it with him. Obviously, the bed bore the stains of your shame and sin already from the past, yet he wanted things to go right and well this time.

The handmaidens deposited you at his bedchamber like a little lamb about to be sacrificed and devoured by the wolf. Steve was there, waiting, filled with joy and excitement. As you entered, you saw him twirling a long blade in his hand. You shivered, assuming it to be the device of your punishment.

His eyes glinted as he laid them upon you. He drank in your form and ate you with his gaze alone. Your throat became dry as he stepped towards you, tucking the knife in his belt as he came near. You grounded yourself on the floor like stone, using all your strength to not crumble.

Steve stopped when the distance between you and him was less than inches. Your eyes buried themselves into his chest. He placed a gentle palm on your cheek as he leaned down to sniff your hair.

“Aren’t you looking like my beautiful sister again?”

He kissed the crown of your head. Your body contorted in itself at his touch. A whisper of a sob left your lips.

“Oh, do not cry,” he cooed as he tilted your face to look up at him.

Wet eyes glistened at him.

“I cannot stand this anymore, Steve. Please- please just kill me,” you croaked.

Your words ushered from helplessness. You had no desire to seem weak, but you saw no light from the crevice you had fallen into.

“Shh... do not speak in that manner,” he chided. “Do you not know what I have done for you? For us?”

You shook your head at him. Steve never did anything for you, there was no reason for you to assume that he would after you escaped him either. He studied your aloofness and grinned at you.
“The South is free. I will be the King now!” Steve cheered for himself, giving you no explanation as to how he came to be the king or why should you be happy about it.

“How?”

“I know you have been curious and I have kept you from the truth for so long. But I think it is the right time to tell you, isn’t it? I think you will be happy to hear about it,” he said as he tickled your chin with his thumb.

You were restless as you listened to him unveil the happenings that led him to declare the South as an independent kingdom.

“It was not too difficult to convince Anthony of so once he saw his men dying like sheep. We had discussed the conditions of a surrender earlier as well. Peter was easy to kill and Carol? She would have been dead too had she not put up a good fight until the surrender.”

Queens was without a lord, you registered, that is if Steve did not allow Peter’s blood relatives to take his place now that he was their ruler.

“But what of the North? Of Sokovia? You made them a promise,” you asked about the most gruelling doubt of yours.

“Hmm...that had troubled me as well. But I gave Anthony a fine offer. I simply helped him defeat the northern armies in return of him giving me the free kingdom of South. We have some of Carol’s lands as well. The gold mines helped me satisfy some of our disappointed men....and of course, he gave me you.” He pinched your cheek and savoured the expression of disbelief and defeat on your face.

Though you already knew of him being the King, his deviousness rendered you horrified and afraid for yourself. For now, it meant that he had even more power and control than he had before while you had none of it.

Steve caressed your jaw and rubbed his thumb over your bottom lip. Even his gentle touches were the demarcations of his domination over you. One that you could not comprehend, neither accept.

“Are you not pleased, sister?”

You gritted your teeth at him. “Pleased for what?” You snarled.

Steve held your face in both hands and brought his head closer to yours. He looked deep into your eyes. Your breath stalled at his proximity.

“You are going to be my Queen,” he disclosed in a sweet whisper. “Have you not always yearned to be the Queen? Now you will become one.”

He expected you to be delighted, to join him in his cheers of happiness, yet you were oblivious to whatever he felt. Yes, you wanted to be the queen. But you never wanted him to be a king, much less your king.

Steve brought his lips to yours to give you a celebratory kiss. You turned your head away before he could do so. He desired you to play the role of his wife and queen, but you were not going to be compliant.

With your mouth absent, his lips merely brushed against your cheek. He sighed and rested his forehead on your temple. You heard his flared breath and felt his fingers tighten around your jaw.
He was enraged at your rejection, and it pleased you as much as it frightened you.

He jerked your head in his direction and pulled you to your toes.

“Why must you continue to deny me? I gave you what you wanted,” he growled. His eyes glowed red and he almost vibrated with rage.

You stared at him in defiance. The consequences bothered you less in the face of witnessing the effect of your disobedience on him. He could have the world, but never you.

“I do not want to be your Queen,” you spat at him and his gift.

His hand struck you for the first time in ages. That is all he could do with you. The familiar sting burned on your cheek and you fell to the ground by his force. Blood leaked out of your mouth. You could soothe your face with your hand but Steve could not do the same for his temperament.

“Little ungrateful cunt,” he grunted with contempt.

“Do you think you are the only one who has suffered and has made sacrifices?”

You wiped the corner of your mouth before glaring up at him. He had begun to unbutton his tunic and undershirt as he looked down at you. He revealed to you his muscled wall of a torso, the whole of it scattered with new scars and wounds that were had turned into scabs or were healing. They were his markings of the war won.

He knelt in front of you and grabbed your hand, bringing it to his chest to feel where he had lost parts of his flesh to the swords and spears of the foe.

“I shed my blood each day while you sat in the comforts and safety within the walls of New York. My men died in battle.” Steve trembled before you.

Oh, what a sight it was. One would deem you to be the victor and him at your mercy.

“I could have taken the Iron Throne for myself, have the whole kingdom for me and you dare to tell me that you do not want to be my Queen?”

You did not understand why he craved for you to accept him and his wicked desire for you, but you did savour not giving him what he wanted. It was only fair after all that he took from you.

“I killed our own father to have you! And you—”

“- do not want to be your Queen,” you completed his sentence. “Yes, I do not. It was all for waste, Steve.”

You gave him a petty smile. Steve looked at you with what seemed to be desperation that quickly turned to a cold wrath. You gasped as he tangled his fingers into your hair. He pulled them back until your scalp burned and your neck arched out.

"I tried to be kind. But if you want me to hurt you, I will," he cautioned.

He unsheathed the blade from his belt and brought the tip to your chin where he gave a threatening nick.

"You are just a worthless whore who needs to be taught her place. And you will start by telling me how and where you let Stark touch you," he ordered.
You laughed briefly at the knowledge of his jealousy. Despite of having you back in his hold, his
thoughts seemed to dwell in his dark imaginations about you and Anthony. You did wonder what
they were like.

"Why? Would you cut me where he touched me?"

"I will cut more if you want."

"He did not touch me-

"Do not lie to me! I know you have been a whore; you like to be one. You will tell me everything!"
You flinched as he screamed.

You clenched your jaw, irritated by his suggestions. If he was not going to believe you then you
were not going to lose an opportunity to play with him either.

You started with a devious grin. "If you want to cut me where he touched me, brother. Then you
might as well rip me apart because there is not a place in this body that has not been graced by the
King."

Steve’s nose scrunched at the distaste of your words.

"Oh yes. Our King was insatiable. And with his Queen banished he had to have me in his bed
every night to satisfy his hunger," you teasingly added as Steve seethed.

"You lie." Indeed, you did. But you saw more benefit in making him believe otherwise.

"How would you ever know? You were not there to hear me moan his name as he ravaged me
again and again through endless nights."

You smoothed a hand up your chest and made your eyes flutter while smiling widely in the
pretence of remembering sensual nights that you had never spent with Anthony.

Steve’s hand snatched your throat like a snake. His pressuring grip was meant to tear you out of
your sinful thoughts.

"Be careful of what you say. I may not hesitate to cut you into pieces," he threatened.

You snickered at his empty threat. "You did not make all those petty sacrifices to bring me from
New York to Brooklyn just to kill me," you said. “Lord Steve Rogers, what would you be without
me?"

Steve slapped you again, harder and on the spared side of your face. He lifted you up to your feet
and threw you on to the bed. You landed on your stomach and Steve climbed over you before you
could move away.

He gathered your skirts in his hands and tore them into shreds until your behind and your
womanhood were visible to him. Stabbing the blade into the mattress, he brought both of his hands
to your thighs and groped your flesh up to your ass.

“Has he been here?” He asked as he parted your cheeks to unveil the forbidden orifice of your body
to him.

The shame burned hot in you. He had you at his mercy, pinned beneath him in a manner that made
the bile rise in your throat. You were thankful to be facing away from him and hiding the unease
and fear from him. Yet, you kept your voice strong.

“There is not a place he hasn’t touched,” you answered.

It did not matter to you that sodomy was highly insulting to a lady and was only done by the whores. Not, as long as it served to bother Steve.

Steve slapped your ass without a warning and you winced aloud.

“You are such a filthy whore. You let him take you here?”

“What can I say, Steve? It was so difficult to resist his demands.”

Steve dug his nails into your hip. Your muscles tensed as he circled your untouched, virgin hole with a finger. He penetrated you dry, the sting caused you to whimper and kick your feet into the air.

“Are you lying, whore? You feel too tight to have had been taken in the ass,” he said as he mercilessly plunged his digit into you. “Hurts, doesn’t it?”

“He- he did not make it a habit. As he’d say to me, he preferred coming in my cunt.”

Steve halted his movement. His silence sounded deadly. You were aware of the grave of pain that you were digging for yourself, but you were content in doing with words what he did with his hands.

He added another dry and thick finger into your ass, drawing out laboured breathes from you. He bent forward and draped himself over your body, crushing you under his weight until his lips came to a rest on your head.

“You let him come inside you?” There was a warning in his tone. If you jest or you answer wrongly, you would pay the price.

“Answer me!” He twisted his fingers inside you.

You squirmed at the discomfort, but your anger only increased. You turned your face to your side so you could look at him through the corner of your eye.

“So many times, I’ve lost the count.” You finished with a giggle.

The red flush on his face was entertaining. Steve slipped a hand underneath your neck and choked your windpipe.

“Are you telling lies to make me jealous or are you speaking the truth?” He demanded in a ferocious howl. “Tell me at once!”

“Make of it what you will,” you rasped through the lack of air and the pain in your behind.

“You are your mother’s daughter. You enjoy being a common whore. You would suit well in a brothel rather than in place of my Queen. Is that what you want me to do?”

He retrieved his fingers from your ass without any gentleness. You heard the ruffling of his belt coming undone and your mouth turned sour. His cock was hard and ready to ravish you. It smacked on your thigh, the unwelcoming memories of it made you jolt away from him. Steve held you down with ease, however.
“Why are you trying to run away? I thought you have become used to taking cock whenever is asked,” he mocked.

“I am used to taking the cock of a man as strong and virile as our true King. You, Steve, on the other hand, are a small, weak and pathetic example of a man. You do not deserve to be the King,” you taunted back.

Steve slammed your head into the bed and buried your nose and mouth into it.

“How dare you say that? I should just rip out your tongue!”

“Yes, you should. Only by silencing me, you may be able to lie to yourself and others about being a strong and capable man when you are not!”

“Stop saying that! I won the battles! I could have killed your fucking Anthony. I made the South independent. Stop saying that to me and accept me as your King!” Steve yelled like a child who had been told that he would not get his desired toy.

“You will never be a King to me,” you sneered.

Steve stared hopelessly at you. He swallowed; his lips quivered as he let them fall open.

“Why?” He asked in a choked whisper.

The sadness in his eyes sated your hunger to degrade him, even if it may not last for long. You gave him a disappointed stare before you turned your head to the front, settling down and preparing for him to take you or do what he wanted.

Steve pressed his hand on the back of your neck and pushed your further into the mattress. Below he parted your thighs and ran the head of his cock through your folds. He used spittle to use in place of the slick that your body failed to provide.

“Alright.”

“Take your time, sister. But do not forget to learn that a bastard whore like you could only be a Queen because I willed it.”

You were about to bark back at him when he wrapped his palm over your mouth.

“No, you listen. Like a good little girl,” he said. “Spew out your venom all you want. That is all you can do. Here, with me, you will do what I want you to do.”

Steve licked a stripe along your cheek as he entered you. You groaned into his hand at the burning stretch. Contrary to what you said to him, you had not taken even a finger up there since had you left for New York which left you entirely unprepared for him. And after you angering him, he would not care for it either.

“You will fuck me when I tell you to,” he thundered. “You will love me when I tell you to, you will worship me when I tell you to, and you will give me children when I demand.”

His cock pierced through your womanhood until he had sheathed himself inside your warmth. The fullness ached in your core and his words pinched your pride. Steve let out a pleased grunt next to your ear.

“And if you do not want it, I don’t care. You will just have to accept that you don’t have a choice.”
He relished the way your walls clasped around him before sat upright to straddle your thighs. He pulled out to his tip then thrust back again with all of his strength. Tears were forced to spill out of your eyes.

“Little bitch, you’ll learn your place.”

Steve did not waste a moment to set a brutal pace to fuck you with. He slipped a hand between your legs and found your little bud to play with. To your dismay, he remembered the angles through which he must push his cock in to make you clench around him. The assault of his fingers along with that of his mouth on your neck and shoulder made you writhe under him.

The pain of his initial rutting was eased by the juices your body shamefully produced in response to his ministrations.

“Getting all wet for me, (y/n)?” He jibed.

“I could have given you pleasure through the whole night, until the sun rose in the morning, until you couldn’t take it anymore. But you had to ruin everything with that dirty mouth of yours,” he said with a sharp thrust.

You gripped the sheets tightly, finding some balance in them as your body rocked back and forth with his wild movements. He rutted you with spite and he managed to twist your pleasure against you. You loathed yourself for the building gush of an orgasm in your belly.

“Filthy whore. You cannot hold it back, can you? You can tell me that you hate me, but you cannot keep yourself from coming on my cock.”

Steve bunched your hair into a fist and tugged you back into himself. He supported your body with his own strength because you were flailing by yourself. The continuous impalement on his manhood made you unstable.

He settled his chin on your neck and pressed his chest flush with your back, so you could hear his bliss without any barriers.

“Your body is fucking mine. Do you understand that?”

Moans and whimpers were your only answers. You could not focus on anything but his delicious movements within your core.

“You live by my mercy. You belong to me. You are mine, only mine!”

He gave a fatal pinch to your pearl that had your thighs quivering. Steve let you fall to the bed, following with you as your completion tore through your mind. Your hips bucked into him for more without your control.

“My needy little sister,” he remarked as he proceeded to faster, shallower shoving of his cock to reach his end.

A string of dirty names and words were chanted by him in rhythm with his thrusting. You lay exhausted beneath him, conquered by his body and covered by the sweating dripping from both of you. Your pussy was sore but you were aware that you would not be given rest by him until he had spilt his seed inside of you.

Steve mumbled on something about making you carry his children, a statement you were tired of hearing, as his cock twitched and pumped you full of his come. The only things you wanted at the
moment was to have him off your body, run to the bathing pools and wash yourself of every sign of him.

But instead of going away, he comfortably crashed on top of your body, suffocating you with his presence in every sense of yours. His hips gave light stutters, milking out every last drop of his essence into your fertile womb. Ripples of disgust went through your body at the thought of carrying his child. There would be no greater shame for you nor a greater victory for him over you.

Content, at last, Steve lifted his upper body from yours, making enough space to flip you onto your back and have you face him. His eyes were dark, void of the kindness that you had disregarded earlier. He swiped the sweat of your cheek in a soft stroke before he grabbed your jaw and dug his nails into your bone.

He brought his face near yours until your noses were brushing against each other.

“I have had enough of tolerating your insolence. If you do not give me a son that is mine, I will steal the babe from your arms and have you thrown into the most rotten brothel that I can find and after that sister, I will never come back to even look at you,” he promised.

His voice was grim and grave. You were reminded of your vulnerability to him. The thought of having to serve in a brothel repulsed you. Him stealing your child from you bothered you as well. You did not doubt his capability of doing as he said. Yet, you knew that any infant that you give birth to would, unfortunately, belong to him and only him.

You kept your lips closed, afraid of offending him with any more profanities. Not afraid of bruising his pride, but of driving him insane enough to hurt you more than you would be able to take.

Steve raised your head from the bed and ran his mouth along your cheeks. You failed to understand his ability to kiss your face after what he had heard from your mouth. He drew back and removed the wet strands of hair that clung to your skin.

“Be grateful that I like you pretty or else you would be mutilated,” he grumbled.

It meant that you were spared from the knife. Perhaps, he had grown weary of using violence to bend you to his will as well which is why he proposed to you the ultimatum.

You stared into each other’s eyes as if you were playing the game of who would blink first. But it was to show that neither of you were afraid of the other and neither would allow the weakness that the other gave them to be seen.

Steve threw you away, seeing that your gaze would not falter. You landed on your elbows and watched him take his knife as he slid out of the bed. His brows were knitted together, he was tensed and in contrast with the warmth and happiness, he had carried when you had entered the room.

He left you without a word, not even a second glance or a taunt of what he will do to you in the coming days. The air in the chamber stunk of sex, hatred and gloom.

You had your mind running wild from thinking about the seed seeping from between your legs and the worry for the man that had left you with it. Moon tea had been placed out of your reach; your hope could only be placed on a barren womb. Although that may only leave your life to end at a brothel. You laughed at yourself.

As you sunk back into the pillows and spread your arms around yourself, you noticed the emptiness of the bed. Steve should have been there, sleeping beside you as he did as of late. It was the master bedchamber you were in, the one that was supposed to be shared by the King and his
wife, as he had imagined you and him to be.

You turned to your side and wondered which part of the castle Steve had chosen to sleep in as you stared at the light of the moon coming through the window.

Chapter End Notes

I know you guys wanted smut but sorry it did not happen in the way you wanted it to. Tell me how you feel about this chapter, thank you for reading and please leave comments :)}
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Smut, alcoholism and more breeding kink!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The throne room was overwhelmed by the voices that proclaimed Steve as their King. He stood with pride over the pedestal, before his rightful seat. The newly forged crown placed on his head lifted his dignity and worth beyond the skies, for he became the highest of the men in the South.

Steve searched for you in the hall. His eyes spotted you sticking out like a sore thumb as the disgruntled one among the jolly crowd of noblemen and women surrounding you. It was the first time he had looked at you in days since that night of chaos. For your hurtful words, his answer was the show of his power. Whether you thought of him as a competent ruler or not, it did not matter when the people of his land had already accepted him. The coronation was the evidence to your ranking as the prized pet of a King.

He had it all, the crown, the power, the armies, the people and the land at his disposal. What did you have? Nothing. You were worthy for as long as Steve deemed you to be. The name Rogers could be cut out of you whenever he willed it.

Their cheers and celebration choked your heart and made your eyes damp. You had no desire to join them in their feast and act happy for the man you despised. Before someone could inquire you about your saddened face and deduce your treasonous thoughts, you rushed out of the room.

Ser William stopped you at the doorway. He was a young man knighted by King Howard but served Steve happily in return for his recruitment in your brother’s very own Kingsguard. The knight had been an itch in your nerves ever since Steve appointed him to keep guard on you. He would follow you around anywhere you went to make sure you do not run away or do something stupid.

“You cannot leave. The King has commanded so,” he told you from under his visor.

“I do not care for his command. I am leaving because I wish for it.”

You attempted to move past his tall and muscled body only to have him push you back with his hands. Angrily, you slapped his arms until he unhanded you.

“Don’t you lay a hand on me, Ser!” You chided sharply. “Your King may not take kindly to it.”

He hesitantly withdrew his hands from you and clung to the hilt of his sword instead.

“But the King has commanded,” he argued.

“If he asks, I shall give him the answer. Follow me if you will since that has become your duty, but I am leaving.”
You gave a fruitless shove to his armour vest and marched past him. The heavy thudding of his boots haunted behind you as you crossed the castle’s pathways to find your chamber. The master bedchamber had been occupied by Steve alone and you had been driven back to the chambers that had belonged to you since you were a child.

Steve did not lay a finger on you after that one night of you sparring with him verbally and him taking you with anger. As comfortable and relieving his absence would seem, his silence and the wait was entirely unnerving. It was your brother; you were aware that the quiet was before a storm. He would never truly leave you to your peace. You were certain that he would want to have you under himself after his delightful feast following his coronation.

Caging yourself in your chambers would not save you from him for long.

“The King would not be pleased,” the knight warned you at the threshold of your chamber.

You turned to him with a forced smile.

“I am certain that he would be merciful if you beg for it humbly,” you remarked.

You shut the door on his face before he could irritate you by proposing to you another consequence of displeasing Steve. Men loyal to him were present at every corner of the castle. The only safe space for you was your own room.

In the corner table, you saw the solution to dull the unrest in your heart. You poured yourself goblet after goblet of wine and drank them clean until your head was dizzy enough to numb your thoughts.

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His voice reached you through slivers of consciousness and stability. It made you agitated and afraid even before you could wake from your drunken slumber. Your name echoed in your ears until you were rattled violently to life.

“Sister!”

Steve stood, no, knelt before you with his hands holding your body upright. The light from the torches and the moon made his crown sparkle tauntingly at you. The skies out of the window had turned dark, you could not recall when the shine of the morning had faded. You found yourself unmoved from beside the table and your wine.

“My, my, did you even eat something before you drank yourself to hell?”

You crossed your arms over your face as he reached to touch it.

“I don’t want to. I don’t want to,” you whined incoherently.

Steve shushed you and pulled down your arms so that he could look upon your reddened eyes and face. He was there, your mind registered. There to hurt you, to take you against your will and inflict pain.

“Please,” you cried.

“Hush now, be happy. It is a day for celebration,” he said.

Through a glazed vision, he saw him lift the crown from his head a present it to you. He brought it
closer to your face. You roughly studied the precious gems embedded into the trinket of gold.

“Isn’t it beautiful?” He asked.

You answered with a hiccup.

Steve raised it over your eyes and put it on your head. You flinched when he forced it down. It was wide enough to slide down to your forehead. The metal was tight and pinched your skin and the top of your ears. The long band shaded your eyes as well and limited your already compromised vision.

“A smaller one would be given to you of course. To suit your small and pretty head,” he jibed and laughed in himself.

Shivers ran down your spine as his large hands folded firmly around the side of your arms. He helped you to your feet, keeping you steady with his hold. His thumb wiped a fresh tear from your cheek.

“No, no... it is not the occasion to cry. It is a glorious night to make unabashed love to your King.”

Steve wrapped his arms around your middle and lifted you off the ground. You balanced yourself by clutching on to his shoulders and waist as he carried you with him. You assumed that you were being taken to the bed, but were surprised when he exited your chambers altogether.

You could only peek at the shadow of fire torches on the floor with the crown stuck to your head. Apart from that, you could not see much. You could feel your skin bruising under the metal and your weak attempts of removing it did not work.

He fondled your rear as he walked to only he knew where, and you had no choice but to endure it. The effect of the wine was wearing out but it happened slowly and it did not make you any stronger against Steve than you were before.

After being taken through the castle’s corridors and stairs, Steve threw you unceremoniously on a soft bed. You could see the glimpse of him standing by your feet and the sound of ruffling made you alert that he was removing his clothes.

Between him beginning to strip you off your gown and you struggling to defend yourself, you desperately tried to remove the crown that dug into your skin at all ends.

“Off... off,” your speech was slurred. “Hurts.”

Steve attended to your complaint by climbing over you and crushing his lips over yours. His hands travelled up your bare legs. Your core fluttered in anticipation of his touch. Closing your legs resulted in your thighs locking around his hips. He responded to it by grinding his hardness on your uncovered mound.

You produced little whimpers as Steve spread a trail of kisses and bites down your neck. Your hands become confused between trying to push off the crown and pushing away Steve. He did not bother about anything else than his deviant desires.

He was not hurting you though. He was tender when he ran his tongue across your nipples and as he let his fingers find your sensitive bud in the middle of your legs. The suction of his mouth and the pressing of his fingers forced out the wetness from your pussy that you did not want to give him.

Perhaps, the wine made you more aroused and aware of your own carnal needs, you reasoned with
yourself. The knot in your belly tightened as Steve skimmed the length of your flesh from your breasts to your mound just with his lips, tongue and teeth. His hands pinned you down if you moved more than his liking.

Not being able to properly see him seemed to heighten what you felt. The flush of his hot breath on your slick folds made your tremble. You froze when he gave a kitten lick to your swelling bud. Steve had never used his mouth down there before; he gave you pleasure in other ways but not in that one and you were nervous about how it would feel.

You were not prepared for the heat of his mouth to close around the whole of your mound. It made you twist and squirm under him.

“Steve—” you shrieked as the wet muscle of his tongue teased your entrance.

He smiled against your womanhood. Steve opened your thighs and hooked your calves over his shoulder to get better access to your private parts. His tongue pressed flat on your cunt, he gave long licks from your hole to your button, savouring the taste of you as you bucked your hips inadvertently into his face.

Steve’s lack of words was unsettling for you. He usually liked to taunt you for your reactions and spell out his filthy desires during the intimacy, yet he was awfully quiet. You yourself were dumbfounded from the mix of being pleasured by the King and the lingering taste of wine on your tongue.

Steve rimmed your entrance, making you desperate for more. Your breath faltered with the intrusion of his tongue. You bit your lip as he dug deeper, as deep as he could go. He brought his thumb over to pay attention to your throbbing bud. The cluster of sensations was strange and funny.

You almost kicked him as his tongue found an erogenous spot inside your channel.

“Stop!” You did not want to be arching your back because of him.

But Steve was relentless and unstoppable when he set his mind to something. He did not waste a breath in showing his determination to have you burning hot for him. You bit one hand and gripped the sheets with the other as the tingles increased as his tongue fucked you until you lost the track of your thoughts.

Your thighs quivered around his head as your arousal reached its peak and you could not take any more of his ministrations. He swirled his tongue deliciously along your walls, drawing obscene sounds from your mouth. Your toes curled and you dug your heels into his back. Your hips elevated from the bed and you ground yourself further into his mouth as he pushed you off the edge.

He devoured and lapped up all that you had to offer while you lay shamefully satisfied on the bed. Your chest heaved with your heavy breaths and your head lolled from the aftertaste of your undoing by Steve.

Steve peppered a few kisses on your inner thighs before getting up on his knees. His cock was at your entrance before you could even recover from his previous assault. Your core bloomed again with being filled up by him, the generous flow of your nectar eased the discomfort of the stretch that his girth gave. He swallowed your moan with his mouth, letting you taste your shame on his tongue.

Your body did not object to his slow and deep thrusts. He had your walls clenching around him,
asking for more of the joy that he had given you before. And to your delight, Steve was in a generous mood.

His lips tickled a soft spot on your neck while his hand kneaded and teased your erect nipples. Your gorged pearl received a bountiful of attention by his fingers and the thrust of his pelvis. Your walls welcomed his thick shaft even when he made you full beyond your capacity. Steve had your breasts curving into his chest in no time.

But he was void of words. The bedchamber was noisy solely by the animalistic and sinful sounds of pleasure that you both produced.

The mingling of your bodies was heavenly. It made you forget about the past and the future. The bed creaked under you with his forceful thrusting into you, he was insistent in chasing his end as well as yours.

You held on tightly to his shoulders, urging him to go deeper and faster. And he did until you were contracting around him with your second round of completion. Steve gave a choked grunt as he spilt his seed into you as you rode down the waves yourself.

Your hands fell off his back while he rested his body on top of yours. The guilt of enjoying this with Steve began to creep out of the depths of your mind as the distraction caused by your sexual needs was lost. Self-loathing and hatred stung in your head. You writhed to get him away.

Steve held you down and seized your movements. He responded to your mewls with a stab of his cock that was becoming hard again inside of you.

He caught your hands as they came to thrash at him and pinned them above your head easily. You panicked, feeling him start to rut you again. The movements were more overwhelming than enjoyable.

“S-stop,” you whispered.

Steve rammed himself up to your hilt. You yelped.

“I am not done yet,” he said.

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From taking you on the bed that once belonged to your father and his mother, Steve went on to occupy his solar and study as well. Steve inherited more than his father gave him, he won himself a title and acted to its par. Since the night of the coronation, he emanated a particular maturity or so it would seem from his calm and mostly quiet demeanour.

Steve had made himself comfortable with you again, shattering the wall of your words with silence. He did not need to speak; his strength and power spoke for him. Your verbal objections were overpowered by his ability to bend you to his will. And after having your arguments fall on deaf, uncaring ears for long, you became mum yourself.

You despised having to eat with him and seeing him sit where once your father sat in his time of ruling, while you remained on the same seat as before the old man died. The memory of that day when your father had announced that Steve would be the Warden and your hand would be offered to King Anthony resounded clearly in your thoughts. You could recall the previous meals as well when Steve and you would be peaceful on the exterior and could make the effort to engage in civil conversations with a hint of some jests upon which you may share a laugh. Those memories had paled and soured for you.
Steve was unlike how he used to be in the older days. He was aggressive and had a book or a parchment and scrolls kept beside his plate of food at all times. He had become busy with the new reforms, laws and structures of his monarchy being made. Even though you did not like to hear his chatter most of the times, having to sulk in the eerie silence beside him was painful in its own way.

It was only the sixth day of you sharing your supper with him and you had grown exhausted of it already. Your curiosity piqued at the scramble of letters on the table beside him, but the crane of your neck was unable to let you have a good peek at them, not with his hand subtly trying to cover their content from your gaze with his arm.

“If you want to know, ask,” he had told a day or two earlier.

You pouted your lips at that thought. Time and whispers would tell you who the new Lord of Queens was. What you knew as of then was that Lord Samuel Wilson had become his Hand and James had become the Lord Commander of Steve’s Kingsguard. It did not surprise you but it did bother you.

You felt like a cut piece of meat they both had stuck their forks into and savoured the juices and taste for themselves while ripping you to shreds. The Lady Wine had become a closer friend of yours. To battle with the ache of thoughts in your head you liked to drown yourself with the dark red liquid. Some days you would even drink mead and ale along with it to numb yourself better.

Steve tutted as you poured yourself another goblet of wine, seeing that the meat and vegetables on your plate seemed to have been nibbled on by a rat. He shifted the jug out of your reach. You were exasperated beyond belief; it was only your second helping of the bitter wine and you intended to have much more of it to make it through the night and have a sound sleep.

“Eat some food. You need to stop drinking so much of wine,” he scolded but in a soft parental tone.

“Why?”

“Because it is not good for you or the baby,” he answered.

You stared at him with disbelief, but he appeared to be confident in what he said.

“I am not with child. I did not miss my blood.”

“Yes, I know that. But you may miss your next one. You should be prepared for it and take the reasonable measures for the health of the child,” he stated. He tapped your plate with a long finger. “That would also mean for you to eat more. A healthy mother would birth a healthy child.”

Contrary to what he was trying to convince you for, your already frail appetite waned entirely. Steve talked as if you were his wife, as if you having his child was predicted in the prophecies and your task was to help it come true. He was indifferent to your lack of will regarding having his child and the sickness that came with that thought.

If in the few moments of him talking with you he would slap you with such alarming expectations then you’d rather that he does not speak at all.

Steve returned to his putting another bite in his mouth, leaving you to survive the storm alone.

“What have you thought about a name for our son?” He asked.

The scraping of the edge of his knife on the plate mirrored your screaming behind closed lips. You looked at him with worry.
“What?”

“A name for our son. Have you thought of it?”

A son. He was too hopeful about you giving him an heir when you were not even certain that you wanted to give him any children. Yet it brought to you the troubling thought of him getting disappointed and angry with you should you fail to give him an heir. You wondered if that would have you thrown into a brothel or not.

“What if- what if it is a girl?” You asked, fearfully waiting for his answer.

Steve dropped the cutlery from his hands to rest his elbows atop the table and knit his fingers together. Your stomach churned with the anticipation of a vile threat.

“Alyssa,” he said.

That strange word did not bear any meaning to you. You watched him with an arched brow.

“What?”

The edge of his lips twitched; his eyes darted from you to the front as he seeped into deeper thoughts.

“I would like to name her Alyssa. We could call her Alice or Lyssa with love. What do you think about it?”

Pushing aside the warming aspect of him being happy to have a daughter, your notice came to the readiness with which he had answered. He had thought of names for boys and girls. He never told you of when he had sewn these dreams of a family and children with you. All this time, you had assumed that the threats of making you with child were just to make you angry, afraid and ashamed. You did not expect them to hold any real meaning to a man like him.

“You could suggest a different name if you have one in mind.” Steve pulled you back into the moment.

You watched his hand come forth and flinched when his fingers touched your face. He caressed your cheek gently as he stared at your face. His eyes carried an intensity and depth that was not of lust.

“I hope that she is strong and beautiful as you.”

His hand slid down your shoulder and arm to rest over your palm on the table. You were left speechless, unable to make anything of his desires even when they seemed harmless.

“This reminds me of something I had to tell you. Now that I am the King and other thing are or are going to be in order soon, I want the wedding to take place before the second or at most the third coming full moon.”

There was nothing in your mouth, yet you choked at what you heard from him. Your eyes widened and your heart came up to your throat. The bond between you two was disgusting enough as it was, sealing it with a wedding sounded preposterous.

“Steve- we are- you are my brother,” you contended. “I cannot marry you.”

“And what law forbids that?”
“The law of nature? The people? No one would approve of it!”

“It’s my kingdom and I shall marry who I want. Love and marriage between brothers and sisters are not as unheard of as you make it seem, (y/n). Kings have married their sisters before. Those who question me will face the consequences. You do not have to bother about it.”

Steve had reasoned with himself about his perverted and abominable ambitions. Yours or other’s arguments would fail against his strong front of defence.

“But,” you objected.

“But, what?”

“What if- I give birth to- to Anthony’s child? I thought you would wait to see.”

It was impossible for you to have a child other than Steve’s, but you hoped that he would be deterred by the expectation of it coming true. His jaw tightened before he broke into a smile. He squeezed your palm with his fingers.

“You mentioned it yourself, sister. You have not missed your blood. It means that you have not conceived his child. But you will mine.”

“What if I’m barren?” You proposed with urgency.

He fell quiet momentarily as he massaged his scalp with his spare hand.

“No,” he rejected at once. “You are not barren.”

Steve leaned over his seat to near yours. He grabbed your chin before you could pull away and tilted your face to his.

“Let me worry about making you heavy with my babe while you worry for our wedding,” he spoke, his was voice low and hard.

Chills went down your spine. You sighed when he released you and retracted to his position. Your body had a mild tremble to it as your mind became foggy with the thoughts of children and marriage. As a Lady and a woman, it had always been your fate. But you were frighteningly unprepared.

“You can start to think about the wedding day, your wedding dress and discuss any details about the event and the feast you want with me and Lord Wilson,” he said.

You wanted to ask him whether he truthfully expected you to have a vision for a magnificent wedding with him. He had acquired the quality of denying any alternative and hurtful opinions and wishes of yours by dismissing their existence. He chose not to address the core of your heart. Perhaps, he hoped that with time your rage would dull and you would come to accept him and what he gives you. You were afraid of that happening.

Steve could not be blind to your sorrow when it was painted on your face, even though he would ignore your tears most of the time. He rubbed your arm when he sensed you becoming tense and stiff.

“Do not worry.”

He raised your hand to his lips and placed a chaste kiss on it.
“All will be well.”

Chapter End Notes

The scene with Steve forcing the crown on Reader's head and telling her to make love to her king is inspired by a similar scene from the movie Padmaavat.

Hope you guys enjoyed this! Please tell me what you feel about the chapter. Thank you for reading :)

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Please leave comments :)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!