Little Bird

by darkandstormyslash, Magpies_Treasury

Summary

Jim is taken in by Varys at a young age and trained to be a spy and inherit his network, when Varys receives warnings of the impending Bolton rebellion he sends Jim to verify these claims and keep him updated on their enemies movements. Jim meets Sebastian Moran, a Lannister bastard claimed as the son of Augustus Moran - one of Roose Bolton's banner-men. Sebastian doesn't understand the games he involves himself in and doesn't realize that he's playing for stakes way over his head. While Jim manipulates everyone around him, Sebastian is pulled into his web and isn't sure that he wants to be freed.

Notes

Hello! This is an RP written by myself and Stormy

This fic deals with a lot of heavy themes and contains a lot of sexually explicit content along with prostitution. Jim works as a spy and a sex worker and struggles to work out which occupation is the primary part of his identity. The story primarily deals with
relationship and character growth but does involve quite a lot of plot as well. If you haven't read the books or seen the show you should still be able to follow along very easily, we tried to write this in a way that Sherlock fans who weren't familiar with GoT or vice versa could understand what was happening. This story is very dark but it does have a happy resolution, the second half is considerably lighter in content. The story begins at the beginning of S3 of Game of Thrones and ends after S4. We used a young Freddie Highmore as a face claim for young Jim and young Alex Pettyfer for Seb.

I have tried to tag the major tw's for this fic, but I will also leave a chapter specific list in the end notes for each chapter. If there is anything you feel I've missed and would like tagged please let me know so that I can make changes. This fic will come out to over 200,000 words so I appreciate your patience with updating regularly, your reviews and kudos, and reminders about tags and tws. Thank you so much for reading and I hope that you enjoy reading as much as we enjoyed writing it.
Prologue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ever since he’d come to King’s Landing, Baelish had been known as a brothel owner, and he wasn’t ashamed of it. It wasn’t illegal, after all, and it was earning him more coin than half the sneering knights possessed. However there were some clients that had... special tastes. Maybe for things a little more damaged or broken. Or unwilling. Or younger. Those brothels he was less than happy to be associated with, and so he farmed them out to others, keeping control and keeping his hands on the purse string, while at the same time keeping enough of a distance to drop them if questions started being asked. Unlike Varys, he considered children far too unreliable and stupid for information gathering, but there were, unfortunately, some jobs that needed nimble fingers and bodies that could fit into small spaces. Which was why he met up with Ser Ashforth, one evening in a private room, to ask him if he knew of any of the boys in his particular special brothel he could trust enough to sneak into the castle and collect him a few little items.

Asforth frowned, thought, and then nodded. “Got one. Tiny little thing, started training him a few years ago. Does the job, does it well now he's been trained a bit, but he's bright. Too bright. Haven't beaten it out of him yet, so he'll get you what you want.”

The brothel owners named him Jim. He hadn’t had a name before that. He’d been dropped off at the orphanage in Flea Bottom when he was born, no one had any idea who his parents were. Most likely his mother had been a whore that died in childbirth, no one wanted to take on a whore’s bastard son. There was some speculation among the people that ran the orphanage that his father might have been Dornish because of his unusually dark hair and black eyes. He lived there until he was five, after that they told him he was too old and got into too much trouble and too many fights to stay. Jim didn’t do well on the streets of Flea Bottom, he’d had no skills or idea about how or where to get food. It had only been a few months before he was starving. By that point he’d been all skin and bones, curled up on the ground in an alley that stank of piss and shit and he’d waited to die. That was when Luras found him. He took Jim back to the brothel he ran with Ashforth and they’d fed him up until he got his strength back. Jim didn’t want to die. The choice had been easy.

They told him that he was too small to start working in the brothel, so they taught him how to steal in the meantime. How to blend in, how to get around and away from the white cloaks, how to spot a mark. He stole for two years before they decided he was big enough to start earning real money. They gave him training in that too. Jim had been working as a whore for two years now, he was pretty popular too. Not that he saw a coin for it, of course, but he was fed well and had somewhere to sleep when a storm hit. That was a lot more than many bastard brats could say. This was a harsh world and children had to make their way in it, same as adults.

Jim was nine now, he’d just finished up with a customer when Luras came in and collected the coin from the man. Jim wiped his mouth and starting getting dressed, turning his back to Luras. Ashforth had never touched him but Luras had been the one to train him and occasionally still checked to make sure Jim wasn’t getting lazy. Jim was still very small for his age and he looked younger too, part of him was glad because it meant that he was able to attract customers and it mostly kept Ashforth from hitting him too hard when he got out of line but the other part of him wished that one day he wouldn’t be the runt because then he’d be able to hit back. Luras patted him on the head, combing fingers through his hair. “You’re starting to smell like a sewer, you’ll have a wash tonight, understand? The Boss told Ashforth that he needs something done in the castle so it’ll have to wait.” Jim listened attentively while Luras described the job he needed done, some
papers he was supposed to steal. When he received a smack to the ear he headed off and squeezed through a small crack in the outer wall of the castle. Boss owned the brothel and Jim overheard Luras and Ashforth eternally bemoaning how much coin the Boss took as his cut. Boss showed these little holes in the wall to Luras and Ashforth and they in turn taught Jim and the other children who did jobs for them. He snuck across the grounds and into the castle, counting turns in the halls, following his mental map. The stones were cool under his bare feet and he ran his hand along the wall as he counted doors until he found the correct one and carefully turned the handle.

Jaime Lannister had rather assumed that once Cersei had married their little trysts would have to stop, but instead they continued, even more ferociously, as she tried to forget her husband. After her first child, the dark-haired screaming Baratheon brat, had passed away, Cersei had thrown herself onto him with almost indecent regularity, determined to have child, determined that he should be the father. Today he'd been hustled into a small room in the castle, sweeping papers off the table as they went, cuddling her close and feeling her hot breath, the smell that smelt of him, and then just as he was about to practically tear her dress open he saw two little dark eyes staring him at him from he doorway. His heart thumped unpleasently, and he dropped Cersei, reaching forward and grabbing the brat, slamming him up against the wall, “Who the hell are you? Who sent you?” His paranoid mind, currently rather starved of blood, jumped straight to the obvious conclusion, that someone was spying on him and his sister.

Another child might not have understood what was going on, someone more innocent and stupid, but Jim wasn’t either of those things. He knew desire when he saw it. Jim didn’t know who the man and woman were but it was pretty obvious that they knew that what they were doing had to remain a secret. Jim was just about to quietly close the door and come back later when the man rushed around the desk and slammed Jim against the wall. He tried to get his breath back while the man yelled at him but Jim held perfectly still even though his grip hurt. “’M—Just a page boy. I’m meant to deliver a letter.”

Cersei frowned at him, "You look nothing like a page-boy." She declared eventually, "You're dirty, you stink, you're not wearing any sigils, Jaime..." She gave him a furious look and Jaime rolled his eyes, yanking Jim out of the room and down the corridor, throwing him into a broom cupboard and then slamming the door behind them, grabbing the front of Jim's shirt again. "Do you work for Varys?" He demanded, slapping Jim hard across the face. "Do you even work in the castle?"

That name was actually familiar to Jim. He’d never met the man of course but the Boss held an interest in him, the children were to report to Ashforth if they ever saw a man who fit his description. Especially if he ever came to the brothel. Jim gasped when he was slapped that hard, a hit like that would bruise, this man was strong and Jim was still a child, and a runt at that. “No – no. I don’t work for him.” Jim was out of excuses and he couldn’t be caught trying to steal information. “Please, I’m just a whore. I got the wrong room.” Jim looked down at the ground and then whipped up his best smile for the man, the one Luras taught him, full of promises and mischief. “Look, I’m not supposed to do this but I’ll suck you off if you let me go. I’ll be in a lot of trouble if I don’t meet my patron.” Jim had already caught this man in a compromising position, there was no reason he shouldn’t take Jim up on his offer.

Jaime looked at him levelly, his panic starting to fade a little, and sneered at Jim as the offer was made, backhanding him hard again, "Why the hell would I want a whore, and a half-sized male one at that? She wants me to kill you, you know that?” He gave Jim a hard punch in the stomach and then looked at him helplessly. He had no desire to end the life of a small child, especially one as broken as this that he was willing to offer his own body. Instead he gave a little growl, and shook Jim's limp body, "If she sees you around here again, she will have you killed. if I were you I'd fuck off once you've recovered and stay in Flee Bottom, she never goes there. If you're that desperate to give out blow-jobs, Maester Pycelle should be around somewhere." With that, and a final hard
smack round the head he flung Jim onto the floor and then slammed the door shut behind him, striding off to finish up what he’d started.

Jim stayed quiet while he was hit, not wanting to anger the man who wasn’t going to kill him or further question his reasons for being there. Jim lay where he was flung onto the floor, trying to breathe through his mouth since his nose was bleeding pretty badly. He whined as he tried to roll onto his side and discovered that punch had broken a rib. “Fuuuuuck.” Jim muttered plaintively while he lifted up his shirt and checked the purpling skin. He could already feel his face swelling and bruising, Jim wouldn’t be able to work until he healed. Unless Luras was feeling pissy enough to give him to someone who wouldn’t care about marks, someone who would enjoy them, someone who would leave marks of his own. “Fuck me.” Jim breathed, realizing that that was exactly what would happen. He was hurt and he’d fucked up the job for the Boss, he’d not be able to go on more jobs for them here just in case the crazy lady saw him again. Jim sat up and curled into a ball as he started crying. That was the problem with being a child, when things got overwhelming it was very difficult to control your emotions and reactions. He couldn’t even cry properly because his nose was already clogged with blood. Jim was afraid now that he’d be let go from the brothel and he’d starve again. He could work as a whore but… that was so dangerous without someone to screen clients for him and without a building to operate out of. If the white cloaks ever found out he was whoreing Luras told him they take little boys to the dungeons where they service the criminals there until they die. Jim started to cry harder, getting worked up by his dark imagination.

The sounds of quiet sobbing were not all that uncommon in the castle, but it was strange to hear one coming from a cupboard. Varys heard it while walking through the castle, frowning and staring at the door, trying to work out what was usually kept in the small room, and why someone would have chosen it to cry in. Gently pushing the door open he gave a sigh as he saw the boy inside - beaten and bleeding, curled up and sniveling, still smelling faintly of his day job. Varys hesitated, and then closed the door quickly, kneeling down in front of Jim and looking him over, gently patting the dark mussed up hair. "Dear me... who was it? I didn't think Pycelle had such... tastes and the Hound is currently away in the Riverlands..."

Jim hiccupped and turned wide suspicious eyes on the man who entered the room. It only took Jim a moment to work out who he was, even though Jim had never met the man before. It was the smell of lavender that gave it away. "What?" Jim asked, confused. His voice was nasally from his stuffy nose and he wiped miserably at the blood with his sleeve. "Why do you care?" Jim challenged. He was still trying to work out how he could get information from this man, or ideally get him to fuck him. That was the main leverage the boss wanted over this man and maybe Jim could give it to him and they wouldn’t kick him out. Jim cleaned his face with his sleeves and took the man’s hand from where it rested on top of his head and carefully moved it down his face and throat and chest until it teased just shy of his crotch. "What are your tastes then?"

"I'm sure your master would love to know.” Varys said dryly, moving his hand away from Jim's body. This was clearly a prostitute, one of Baelish's, who'd either been sent out to a particularly rough client, or had got into trouble with something he couldn't cope with. The best approach, he knew, would be to leave the boy. Being seen wandering around with a young beaten prostitute would do nothing for his image. But something about the boy tugged deep inside him, reminded him of his own childhood and, of course, he always needed more little mice, to scuttle around the castle. It would be a bonus that this one worked for Baelish. Sighing and shaking his head at his own weakness he tugged a sack-cloth way from the corner and draped it around Jim like a cloak. "Unfortunately my tastes don't run to small damaged things. You need a bath and a meal. Then we can... talk. Agreed?"

Jim huddled in on himself when he was caught out, expecting to be beaten again. Instead a large
piece of cloth fell over his head and he looked up in confusion. “Why should I go with you?” He grimaced at his rudeness and tried to start over. “I mean... I need to be getting back. I suspect you know I’m in enough trouble already.” Jim realized that if this man really did know who Jim worked for then he was well and truly fucked. They’d never let him take another step in the brothel again. He looked up suddenly and stared Varys down. “I need a new job. Find me another brothel and I’ll owe you one. As many favors as you want. You know people, find someone who will take me. I’m a good worker, I made my people a lot of money.” 

"You should go with me, because all your other options involve you being badly beaten or worse." Varys pointed out, "I suspect getting back in that state won't do you any favours." He looked Jim searchingly up and down, trying to decide in his mind whether this boy could work as one of his little mice. He was clearly good at getting into places, desperate, used to following orders, but with a spark underneath that seemed to promise a certain intelligence. It was a high turnover job anyway, and he always needed more spies. "I could give you a far better job than selling your body out." He said, and the words came out more gently than he's thought. "To be groped and prodded each night, to open up and be split in half for the promise of coin or a meal. I can't promise you safety, but i can promise you won't be used like that. Either way, you need a meal and a warm bath first, you can always leave after that." It was an offer he'd made to many street rats in the past. None had ever left afterwards.

Jim tensed up and felt highly defensive and vulnerable as Varys lay into him with details about his job. He pushed past the raw feeling in his chest and smirked up at the man, Jim imagined the look was somewhat lost with his face swelling like this but it was worth a try. “I’ve seen your little birds, flitting about. Awfully quiet bunch, aren’t they?” Jim let his tongue fall out of his mouth. “Sorry but I’m rather fond of this, and I can tell you a fair few other people are too. I’m afraid I won’t part with it, not even for a hot meal and a wash.” Jim frowned and tilted his head to the side. “You’d let me leave? It’s a wonder that you’re still alive with an attitude like that, Lord Varys.”

"Of course I’d let you leave." Varys added, a touch impatiently. "I'm not interested and kidnap and torture to get my information. I care for and trust all my little birds, and they in return trust me. You needn't have to lose your tongue, which I'm sure is very talented. That can be discussed later, for now though, you're probably keen to get out of this cupboard and somewhere a little safer and more comfortable." He held out a hand to help Jim up. "Unless, of course, you'd rather stay here until you feel ready to crawl back to whatever trouble awaits you?"

Jim paused for a long moment and for a second it was as if he could see the future, both futures, that hinged around this choice. He could reject the hand and go back to the brothel, or try his luck on his own. He’d live a short life but one that was far too long anyway, taking as many clients as possible, never finding security. If they did take him back at the brothel they’d keep him for another few years before kicking him out when he got too old. Jim would have to find all new clients. Or he could take the hand. He’d live a short life, period. He’d be working for something, for someone who cared about him, trusted him. He’d be provided for. Jim would have opportunities working for someone like Varys. He sighed and took the hand before standing slowly and wincing as his broken rib was pulled. It didn’t matter anyway, street-brats never lived long lives.

Vary's gave a relieved sort of smile, picking up the sack-cloth and wrapping it around Jim before taking his wrist, peeking out of the broom cupboard to check the coast was clear before scurrying them out, giving a wan smile to a confused looking Maester Pycelle on the way, but thankfully not meeting anyone else. Once in his quarters he bolted the door and then took Jim into a sumptuous bathroom, with a large ornate tub in the centre. "I'll have someone bring up warm water, and some food for you. Oh dear..." he took out a sponge and cloth, laying them on the edge of the tub, and then looking at Jim severely. "Get in the tub and stay there, don't touch anything. Don't read
anything..." he hesitated "Can you read?" It was unlikely, but it would mean another job to teach the boy.

Jim wasn’t nervous exactly but he was... suspicious. As much as Lord Varys might protest, he was certainly sending all kinds of signals to Jim that he was going to fuck him. Jim noticed the locked door, the secretive journey to his personal rooms, the bathtub... the bathtub. Jim had never seen anything so lovely and his mouth popped open as he gaped at it. “Warm...?” He got out before he was given instructions and he hurried to obey. Jim would sit in the tub and he wouldn’t move until he was told to. He wasn’t sure if he was meant to strip yet or not and what would happen when he did. “No, Lord Varys. I can’t.” The idea was foreign to Jim, not even Ashforth could read and he ran the whole business.

"Well we'll have to teach you then." Varys murmured, "Strip, and put those rags you're wearing onto that cloth. I'll have them burnt." He wrinkled his nose and then left, locking the door behind him. A few minutes later he returned with a young woman who carried in two buckets of steaming water and widened her eyes at the sight of Jim, giving him a small smile and a little wink. Varys tipped the first bucket into the bath as she removed the bundle with his clothes in, and then picked up the sponge. "As I said, my 'tastes' don't run in your direction at all. So please don't try to tempt me, and don't worry about being hurt. I have much better uses for you."

Jim wasn’t sure how he felt about learning to read but he was determined to do it and do it well. It concerned him that he was already feeling purpose and a dedication to Varys, but he wasn’t sure that he’d be able to stop it. Jim tugged off his clothes and did exactly as he was asked, wanting to make a good impression. The water was very hot but Jim grit his teeth and stayed in the bath as Varys began to wash him. Jim was a bit insulted that Varys kept insisting he didn’t want him. He knew he wasn’t ugly and couldn’t see what the problem was. He’d been turned down by two men in one day, that had to be some kind of record. Jim sulked a little as Varys scrubbed at his dirty skin. “Yes, Lord Varys.” It made Jim nervous that Varys didn’t want to fuck him. If they were having sex then Jim had some level of control over the other man but—he couldn’t think of many other sure fire ways to manipulate him and protect himself that didn’t involve sex.

Varys chuckled, as if reading Jim's mind. "Don't worry my little bird." He murmured, washing over Jim's back and gently cleaning the scrapes and cuts from Jamie's fists that littered his face and thin body. "A man's cock might be the best way to win him, but there are a hundred other ways to control what someone does, what they say, even how they think. In time, I may teach you some, I'm sure you'll learn even more yourself. And the more you learn, the longer you'll survive." He smiled at the girl as she returned with a plate loaded with bread, fruit and even some meat. "Alright, Lienna will finish washing you. Eat and dress and then we'll talk. But think as well. You have a far greater capacity for thought than I'm sure you've ever used."

Jim took the words to heart, even if he wasn’t sure he believed them, they were still instructions and Jim planned to follow them to the best of his ability. He would learn as much as he could about human nature and everything else Varys asked because he desperately wanted to survive.

Chapter End Notes

TW: Discussions of child prostitution, physical abuse of a child
Infiltration

Chapter by Magpies_Treasury

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The years passed quickly for Jim. He soaked up everything that Varys could teach him and a few things he couldn’t. He’d learned how to read and write, in several of the most common languages. He learned to speak and understand them and he spent months hanging around the docks picking up as many accents and dialects as he could. Varys taught him how to hide in plain sight, how to disguise himself. He developed the skills Jim already had with thievery. There were things that Jim taught himself. He developed new ciphers and codes for Varys to use in his spy network, close to a hundred of them. Eventually Jim took over coordinating the Little Birds, they reported to Jim more often than they reported directly to Varys now. Jim developed a language communicated entirely with hand signals so that he could communicate directly with the Birds who could not speak. They were all able to write but messages could be stolen and it was difficult for an outsider to follow the complex sign language.

Then there were things that Varys could not, or would not teach him, that Jim couldn’t learn on his own either. He never entirely quit whoring. Varys had been right that day, when he said that there were hundreds of ways to control a man but Jim still believe that leading him by his cock was the best way. Varys gave him jobs, infiltration jobs, that involved climbing down a chimney or through an unlocked window. Jim still felt it was better to be invited inside than it was to sneak in. Jim tried to hide it at first but Varys always knew everything, there was little use hiding secrets from him. Varys didn’t like that Jim was using his body to get his work done but he also recognized that it was where Jim felt most comfortable and it was often the safest option.

So when Jim had seen his fifteenth name day Varys sent Jim back to Baelish, this time working in one of his legitimate whore houses. He spied for Varys and developed other skills that he hadn’t learned as a child. He knew how to pleasure a man from a young age but he hadn’t known how to entice one. Jim had never learned how to figure out what a man wanted, sometimes even when the man himself didn’t know. He spied on Baelish and the other whores and the patrons, he reported any information he’d found back to Varys. Jim was a fast learner and when he was considered ready for approval, they brought him in front of Baelish for the first time and he was fucked in front of the man and passed his inspection. They’d pierced his nipples as a sign of his status and given him androgynous clothing to wear. Robes made of thin and soft materials and tied off around his neck with metal cinched around his waist. He was kept shaved like a boy and wore thin metal bands that jangled around his ankle when he walked. Jim worked in the brothel for two years, very successfully, leaving both Baelish and Varys proud of him for entirely different reasons.

Right now Jim was sitting at a table with Varys at the castle in the man's private rooms, it was very late at night, Jim had to sneak out of the brothel for this meeting. He was dressed in his usual clothes, no disguise. If anyone saw him he would be waved off as a prostitute and not remembered. He drank from his wine goblet and listened while Varys explained the situation in the north to him. When he'd first met Jim, Varys had more than expected the boy to join his ranks of little mice, have his tongue removed, and eventually get too involved in something dangerous and need replacing. As he'd taught the boy, however, he'd realised that Jim was far, far cleverer than his background suggested, and even when the little birds had a sign language that was richly expressive and invented entirely by Jim, he couldn't quite bring himself to remove Jim's tongue.
Not least because Jim was determined to work in prostitution, to use that way to flatter men and slip past them, and Varys eventually sighed and let him get on with it, tongue intact, bringing in all the useful information that he did. Too long working for Baelish was dangerous though, and now he had recruited Ros, Varys was quite keen to get Jim out, explaining the full situation in the North to him before adding, "This isn't just for your information. I need a little bird up there to let me know what's going on. I have my contacts in Winterfell, naturally, but I'm becoming more aware that things are moving up at the Dreadfort. There are... rumours. I'd like them confirmed. And I'd like you away from Baelish before he realises what you do."

Jim was relaxed and comfortable in his chair and he drank from his wine again. These times alone with Varys were the only times that Jim was really able to be himself, whoever that even was anymore. Here he wasn’t one of Baelish’s top whores, he wasn’t the “Little Spider” as the Birds called him, he wasn’t any of the dozens of aliases he’d cultivated over the years. Here he was just Jim. The training with Baelish had suited him, Jim was seventeen but could still pass for fifteen or younger with his petite stature and hairless body. He’d gone from an awkward fledgling bird with no feathers to a young man who was very comfortable in his body from learning to use it in a hundred different ways. “Dreadfort… sounds cheerful.” Part of Jim’s education had been on the noble houses of Westeros. He knew the Boltons lived in Dreadfort and that they served as banner-men to the Starks of Winterfell. “What rumors will I be substantiating?” Jim asked curiously, looking Varys over for any of his hints or tells that he was lying or hiding something from Jim.

Varys hesitated before letting him know. He trusted Jim, as much as he trusted anyone, but he was still loath to give up secrets. "At the moment they’re serving the Starks, that would be reason enough to get closer to them. However there are also rumours that they're forming some sort of alliance with the Lannisters, working against Robb Stark. I know nothing more about what is happening, and believe me, I’d like to know more. I can get you a position in Lord Moran's household - he's a vassel Lord serving the Boltons. You can work as his servant." He gazed at Jim a little reproachfully, knowing he was going to lose this battle but determined to fight it, "You should not need to sleep with him, nor anyone there. The Boltons have something of a bad reputation."

Jim raised his eyebrows, a little surprised to hear that the Lannisters were possibly colluding with northerners. He frowned and looked down at his wine when Varys made his suggestion. His mentor’s opinion still meant more to Jim than it should and he didn’t like it when Varys didn’t approve of him or his methods. But he certainly approved of the results and that was all that mattered in the end. “What, no more buggery for the good of the realm?” He smirked but his eyes were serious and watchful. “Lord Varys I’m not going to risk something this important. He’s much more likely to be relaxed around a bed-slave than he is a cup bearer and you know it. I would appreciate it if you would help me prep as much as possible. What do you know about Moran? What does he like? I can figure my way around from there.” Jim frowned when he heard about the Boltons, he knew from his lessons they were a rather morbid lot but he didn’t see what that had to do with fucking Moran. “What kind of reputation?"

Varys gave a smile at Jim's words, and then a shrug, "It might be for the good of the realm, but I'd rather not lose one of my best and brightest, in order to keep Lord Moran's bed warm." He sighed, knowing there was no way to stop him. Jim was right, his best option was to let Jim know as much as possible. "The Bolton's have risen up against the Starks before, it failed then. They like to flay their captives, and prisoners, and anyone they're bored with really. Flaying has been outlawed in the North but, well, the Dreadfort prisons are a law unto themselves. Bolton had two sons - one legitimate, one illegitimate. Unfortunately the legitimate one died, and the bastard is well known for being quite... sadistic. He's not yet really acknowledged by his father, but he does live there. Moran has three daughters and one son, the daughters are long married off, the son is rumoured to be an illegitimate Lannister but it's never been proved and Moran has adopted him as his own. As
to what he likes..." Varys closed his eyes and gave a small shudder. "Young men. Sometimes very young. He likes to hurt them, to feel strong. There are rumours that even his own son, who after all is not actually his son has been taken to his bed, but these really are just rumours and I'm disinclined to believe them. Someone like Moran wants to feel powerful, superior, and smug. I'm sure you can work with that. You will need to dress a little warmer though."

Jim nodded, taking all of it in and already factoring the new information into his plans. A lot of that shit was concerning, especially that Bolton bastard and the flaying. The truth of it was that the northmen liked to pretend that they're all superior and honorable when they're actually just as sick and twisted as everyone else. Jim set his wine glass down and leaned forward, pressing one hand against Vary's knee. "I won't let you down." Varys had never tried to fuck Jim, although that had never stopped Jim from trying. It was petty and wrong but Jim had never quite gotten over that first rejection. He was... surprised that now that he was older Varys still would not use him. Jim never held it against the man, it was just a personal failing on his part. Not good enough, too used, too young. Not to his tastes. Jim didn’t even consider if he wanted to have sex with Varys, everything was always wrapped up in the other person’s desire and not his own. His own desire could be manufactured.

"I know you won't, my little spider." Varys gave him an uncharacteristically worried smile. "I will be only a raven away, and if things get too dangerous, run. Head south down the river to the shore, you will find a little village there, they can provide you with a boat and you can head around the coast to wherever you are safe." He patted the hand on his knee and then stood up. "Tomorrow, we'll send you off, take the fastest horse you can to Moat Cailin, and pray the army travels slower than you do. In Moat Cailin you change. Become a lost little boy looking for a protector. Find a cart to take you north to the Dreadfort, find Moran and get in his service." He finished with a brief description of Moran and then added. "His son, unfortunately, looks very different. Blond hair, fairer skin, broader shoulders and features. Now, back to Lord Baelish and try not to work any further tonight. You'll need your wits about you once you set off."

Jim had snuck out of Baelish’s whore house for hopefully the last time. The whores weren’t exactly allowed to leave whenever they wanted to, hence the secrecy. There was a horse and some supplies waiting for him when he made it outside and Jim thanked the little girl who waited with the horse for him. He rode hard, sleeping at inns when he could and outside when he could not. Jim’s supplies included some of the tools of his trade, or the trade he did for Varys anyway—lock picks, knives, dark clothes, several disguises and things of that nature. When he reached Moat Cailin he sold his horse and took his bag, furs clutched tightly around his body for warmth, and found a supply cart that would take him to Dreadfort. It had taken weeks of travel but he was finally staring up at the castle walls, frowning at how glum and dank everything seemed compared to King’s Landing where the sun was perpetually shining. Jim had spotted several whores in the north during his journey and he had to say, they seemed like a sorry lot. Dead in the eyes with dirty clothes practically falling off at the shoulder. Not everyone had a Baelish to keep them in silks. By now Jim was worn from the road and dressed in cheap northern clothes. He could almost pass for Northern at first glance because of his dark hair. Jim walked up to the gate and knocked, when a guard answered Jim explained that his uncle (a man in Varys's pocket) had written to him and invited Jim to come and work with him in the house. With his letter of reference in hand, Jim was grudgingly allowed inside and as he stepped across the threshold he felt a shiver of dread run down his spine.

The guard barely gave Jim a second glance, just ushered him in looking bored. There were soldiers around, and the air here was much colder than in King's Landing, the fort surrounded by high walls, all guarded. Varys’s man looked almost afraid as he opened the door to his small dwelling
and hustled Jim inside. "Bad business, all very bad. I've tried to send what information I can, but nobody tells me anything and it's all far too dangerous for me." He looked at Jim dubiously and shook his head. When he'd heard Varys was sending a boy to gain information he'd hoped for someone young, strong and strapping. This one looked like he'd be blown away by a strong wind. "Master Bolton is away with the army, fighting down South, and young Ramsey's in charge." He shook his head in disgust. "He spends half his time causing trouble with that Moran lad. Do you want to rest, or shall I take you straight up to the castle to work?"

“I’d like a rest, if that’s alright, uncle.” Jim glared reproachfully as the man blathered on about his spying duties. The walls had ears and eyes, Jim was the ears and eyes. No wonder Varys was hesitant to trust this man’s information. He was an idiot. Jim set his things down underneath a bed in the corner, clearly unoccupied. He laid down across the mattress and gave a great sigh of relief. “I’ll join you in a couple hours. Unless you’d like to tell me anything else while you have me here, uncle?"

"I'm not saying any more..." The man answered fearfully, shaking his head and glancing around as Jim gave him a reproachful look. "Alright Nephew, rest now and I'll take you up when I go for the evening shift. There are some clothes in the chest, along with a little money and other things." He gave the chest an obvious meaningful look and then scooted out of the door, leaving Jim alone.

Jim sighed and rolled his eyes at how stupid this man was. The fear was concerning though and Jim mulled it over as he fell asleep. When he woke he freshened up and his uncle guided him on a tour of the place, pointing out any frequent meeting places he knew of and which areas to avoid. The man had secured Jim a job maintaining Lord Moran’s personal chambers as his steward. Jim would change his sheets, bring him hot water, and make sure his wine was poured. Apparently the last boy who had the job had left recently under suspicious circumstances. It seemed like maintaining his chambers was a good way to get in his bed. The trouble would be keeping his place there. Jim was currently in Moran’s rooms, scrubbing hard at the stones and trying to get them clean. This trip was the first time he’d been able to wear trousers since he’d joined Baelish’s brothel two years ago and Jim enjoyed the mobility it allowed him.

To someone not acquainted with the Moran's or the Bolton's it might have seemed strange that two fighters such as Moran and his son were left behind during the battle of the North. But with his allegiances not quite set in stone, and designs on the North, Bolton needed a man in the Dreadfort he trusted. The flimsy excuse that had satisfied Stark was that Ser Moran had an injured leg, and Sebastian was not fully fledged as a knight. The excuse most people believed was that Moran was a sneaky coward and Sebastian a Lannister bastard. With his blond hair and handsome looks it was clear to most that while Sebastian's mother was Lord Moran's rather dull wife from the vale, his father was unlikely to be the dark scowling Northern Lord Moran. Either way, the two of them were now living in the main quarters of the Dreadfort - Moran handling business and Sebastian growing bored.

There was a new boy cleaning his chambers. Moran noticed at once because the place was actually clean, rather than untidily piled up and only half swept. He made an approving noise that increased as he saw the boy, scrubbing on his knees and looking damn good down there - pretty features and dark black hair. He ignored the boy after a first look, heading over to his desk and looking at the papers that had been lifted to clean underneath them. All they were was just daily problems and issues of the smallfolk but still, they were papers. "Did you do this, boy?" He barked.

Jim normally might have smirked to hear Moran’s noise of approval as he looked over Jim’s backside but he was a professional and he kept his head down and put his back into the work. He flinched as Moran’s voice barked out unexpectedly. Jim stood quickly, almost upending the bucket, every bit the picture of a lowborn boy intimidated by the scary Lord. “Ye-yes, Lord Moran.
There was dust and crumbs on the desk – the crumbs will attract mice sir.” Jim had looked over the papers as he cleaned but there was very little of interest, unsurprising.

Moran glared at him, rather enjoying how pretty the boy looked when scared like this. "Look at me when you speak to me." He commanded, pushing two finger under Jim's chin and lifting his face. The boy looked Northern, Moran couldn't imagine where he’d seen him before but there were plenty of newcomers, fleeing from the war in the south and looking for a safe place to stay. "Can you read them? I could do with a scribe." He had no such intention, but he needed to find out what this boy was capable of.

Jim bit his lip calculatingly, eyes still on the floor for a moment before he looked up through his fringe and locked eyes with Moran. The scribe thing was a lie, Jim could read it in the way his mouth twisted at the corners. He wouldn’t have changed his story anyway. “No, milord. I can’t read or write sir. ‘M afraid all I’m good for is cleaning.” It was a little early to make a bid but that comment might get Moran thinking of other things Jim could be good for.

Moran smirked, relaxing a little now he knew that Jim wasn't a spy. "Oh? Is that really 'all' you're good for?” His eyes ran over the boy’s body again, all slender and soft... he clearly wasn't used to this sort of work. Maybe some vassal lordling whose father had died or ran away, leaving him lost and alone. Or even a merchant's son, whose home and livelihood had been destroyed. The war left plenty of debris floating in its wake. And right now a very pretty piece had found its way into Moran's chambers. There was a knock on the door and Moran sighed, snapping out a "yes?” and glaring mulishly as Sebastian opened it. "Oh for - what have you done now?” He let Jim go and gave him a pat on the bottom.

Sebastian scowled at Jim and then snapped "Raven from Bolton. Thought you'd like to see it. I'm surprised it got here at all, given someone's tried to wing it with an arrow."

Jim made sure to look surprised and faintly scandalized when Moran patted his arse but he knelt back to the ground and got back to work at the floors. He kept a scowl off his face when Moran’s bastard son dragged mud onto the clean floors. It wasn’t a real problem, it gave Jim an excuse to spend longer in his chambers and a chance to hear something interesting.

Moran took the note and frowned at it, then raised an eyebrow, nodding. Sebastian looked down at Jim. He'd been born with blond hair, and from the first moment suspicions had been raised. His childhood had been full of snide remarks, whispered comments, and the odd snatch of "Rains of Castamere” whistled as he walked by. As soon as he'd hit puberty, he'd hit back, and the teasing had stopped fairly soon after. He nodded in Jim's direction. "That the new one? What happened to the old one?"

Moran gave him a disapproving look. "I'll thank you to mind your own business. Go back to whatever you were up to with Ramsay.” He crumpled the note up and threw it into the fire, looking deep in thought.

Jim frowned at the floor when Moran threw the letter into the fire. He’d have to clean out the fireplace later and hope that some piece of it hadn’t burnt up. That was assuming it wasn’t in code. Jim was very good at breaking unfamiliar codes but he needed more than a couple of singed words to do it. He’d almost finished up scrubbing away the mud when Sebastian walked back through the door and left more. The work was unfamiliar but the station wasn’t. He was used to being spoken of as if he wasn’t in the room and not being addressed by his name. Hell, when he’d worked for Baelish he hadn’t even used his real name, he’d used an alias. The point was, Jim was used to being slighted by people who thought they were better than him. It didn’t bother him. It only meant they’d be less likely to pay attention when he was around. “Can I get you anything Lord
Moran?” Jim asked quietly, from his position on the floor, eyes down.

Moran was still lost in thought, only looking up as Jim spoke. "Hmm? What? Oh-no. That's all for now. You can go. Please ask Maester Theros to come up."

Sebastian was pretty much just outside the door, eavesdropping and he sneered at Jim as he came out, slapping the back of his head. "Do you know what happened to the last servant who went in there? He came limping out, every day. You'd be better off playing with me and Ramsay." He grinned, knowing it was a lie. Ramsay was a mean little sod, whose ideas were often inventive and always gruesome, sometimes even frightening Sebastian.

Jim ducked and hung his head after Sebastian smacked him. That was irritating. Jim hadn’t been smacked so disrespectfully since he was a child. It was the patronizing element that got to him, not the pain. He kept his eyes on the floor though, widening them fearfully when Sebastian talked about what his father was going to do to him. “I’m—I’m a good worker milord. I’m sure that whatever the other servant did to get beaten was deserved and I can promise I won’t make the same mistakes.”

Sebastian gave a laugh, shaking his head, "Oh seven gods. He's going to ruin you..." Chuckling, he kicked at the bucket of dirty water in Jim's hands, watching it splash all over him, and then heading down the stairs as he heard Ramsay calling 'Moran!' from outside. "Get some ice for your arse - you'll need it!" he called back over his shoulder, heading out of the castle.

Jim sputtered and glared after the man as he ran off, leaving Jim soaked and dirty. He was already going to have to change his clothes because his trouser legs were wet from kneeling on the ground, but this was just fucking irritating. And it was freezing! Dreadfort was about the closest thing to the Wall, Jim couldn’t stand how cold it was with soaked clothes. He picked up the bucket and went to return it to a broom closet before heading back to his quarters and getting cleaned up.

The news from Bolton was intriguing, the worry that someone could have shot it down more worrying, and Moran found he didn't sleep well that night, even with the soothing draft from the maester and a long discussion with him. The next morning there was a hysterical house-maid to deal with, thanks to Ramsay Snow and Sebastian, and Moran was not feeling in the best of moods as he stomped back to his room, coming up short as he saw the pretty little serving boy. He instantly relaxed into a smile, patting Jim on the behind, "That boy will be the death of me. Should've stopped at three daughters! How about you boy, do you have any sisters?"

Jim had sensed Moran’s dark mood and had mostly kept out of the way. He wasn’t here to be Moran’s punching bag. Jim wanted the man to see him as someone who he could let go of his troubles around, that’s what Petyr encouraged from all of his whores. He’d been changing the sheets on Moran’s bed when the man came up behind him and touched his arse again. Jim turned around and let surprise and slight confusion show on his face. He smiled slightly bitterly, “I have many sisters, milord.” Of course he was referring to other bastard children like himself, but most specifically he thought of the Little Birds and even some of the girls from Baelish’s whore house.

"Ha! That's why you're so pretty." Moran sighed, collapsing in a chair and putting his feet up onto a small table that Jim had just polished, "You would've thought three older sisters would have made Sebastian a bit calmer but no, he spends all the time with Bolton's bastard..." Wearily he rubbed his eyes and then looked at Jim, making up the bed, "They're all married off. One of them to a Frey, poor thing, but she did say she wanted him. Come over here."

Jim smiled encouragingly, surprised and pleased that Moran was so talkative, even if it was only
over trivial matters. It was a start. When he was finished with the bed Moran called him over and Jim moved near him, just far enough away to be out of his reach. “Yes Lord Moran? Should I get the Maester for you again?” Jim knew that that wasn’t what Moran wanted but he was going to play this naïve coy game for a while longer.

Moran looked at him and shook his head, motioning at Jim to come closer, and then tucking a stray piece of hair behind his ear, his finger lingering over the curve of it for a few moments. "You're a good little worker. My study hasn't been this clean since Bolton left, and he kept it in an even worse state. Are you also an obedient worker? Ready to do anything to help your master?" He hesitated, but while Jim was looking lost he wasn't looking repulsed. Kicking the little table away he patted his lap, "Come on, pretty thing, sit down here."

Jim leaned into Moran’s touch, just enough to make the gesture seem unconscious. He made a show of trying to hide how pleased he was at the compliments to his work. “Thank you, Lord Moran. That’s very kind of you.” Jim nodded quickly. Yes. Yes, he would be obedient.

When Moran patted his lap Jim schooled his face into a carefully constructed expression of surprised embarrassment but kept any negative feelings off his face. "Sir I… It—it wouldn’t be proper sir." He looked down at the floor and let his face heat up, “I’m only a servant, I’m not an appropriate… companion for someone such as yourself.”

"Where are you from?" Moran asked gently. "Down south? Fleeing the war?" Taking Jim's upper arm, he gently tugged him closer, encouraging the boy onto his lap, "It's different up here. Colder, closer. My boy runs around with a bastard looking the spitting image of a Lannister and nobody cares if I say they don't." He rubbed a hand up and down Jim's upper arm, slipping the fur off his shoulder, "You are a rare bloom. No matter if you're only a servant, you've not worked this job long, I can tell by your hands."

"Riverrun,” Jim said, a little breathlessly. He nodded, yes, he was fleeing the war. “I was sent up here with my uncle. He looks after me now.” Jim slowly and awkwardly sat down in the man’s lap, as if he hadn’t done this before. Moran began touching him, slipping the fur off of Jim’s shoulder. He shivered as the cold air touched his skin. “Do—” Jim looked down coyly, letting his face heat further with embarrassment and hopefulness as if he was fishing for a compliment. "Do you – like them? My hands?"

"Ah yes… Riverrun." Moran smiled, rubbing at the exposed skin, and then slipping the fur off the other shoulder. Settling Jim comfortably on his lap he stroked his hands and nodded. "They're lovely - all soft and undamaged... I'd like to keep them that way." He smiled, pinching at Jim's leg and stroking his shoulders, "All of you is beautiful. Keep still now..." Gently he kissed Jim's shoulder and then bit down hard, one hand holding Jim firmly in place stroking down his back.

Jim gasped but held still obediently until Moran took his mouth away from his shoulder. “Ouch,” Jim muttered, rubbing at the bite mark gently with one hand. “What did I do?” Jim was sulky, frowning childishly.

Moran laughed at him, watching him rub the mark and kissing the top of his head fondly while a hand rubbed down Jim's back and over his arse. "Nothing, my pretty boy. In fact, you can take the rest of the day off, go down to the kitchens and tell Paul to get his lazy arse up here scrubbing away." His hands smoothed over Jim's palms again. "Go and rest, or whatever it is you do with your time off, stay with your uncle." He saw Jim's pouting expression and laughed, reaching in to bite his bottom lip as well, "You did nothing wrong. That was not a punishment, not by any means. Now go, and come back tomorrow evening to make my bed up."

Jim jerked his head back when Moran bit into his lip, he thought that would be the expected
reaction. He smiled cautiously, looking every bit the eager boy, so happy to please. So proud of himself for having done well. “Thank you, Lord Moran.” He stayed in the man’s lap for a moment longer, looking him in the eye daringly before quickly getting down from his lap and picking up his cloak off the floor. Jim scampered off and shut the door behind him, flushed with success as he went down to the kitchens to find Paul.

Lord Moran laughed as he left, feeling unexpectedly happier after teasing the little new boy.

The kitchens were outside the main building, and Sebastian saw Jim exiting, flushed and smirking as he caught up with the scurrying boy and giving him a push. "You look far too upright, what happened, he didn't fancy you?" he looked up, grinning as he saw Ramsay heading over towards them, "You should hear what happened to his last serving boy. And what we did to him once Da got bored of him for wailing too much when he put out."

Jim slid a little in the snow when he was pushed, not used to walking in the stuff. “Lord Sebastian, I’m on an errand for your father. If you’ll excuse me…” Jim ducked under his arm and tried to flee, he’d caught sight of Ramsay and that meant it was time to go. “Another time, maybe.”

Sebastian laughed, grabbing his wrists and tugging him back, "Oh don't go... the fun hasn't started yet."

Ramsay reached them, with a sardonic half-smile, "What have you found Seb?"

"Father's latest." Sebastian laughed, giving Jim a rough push towards the other boy.

Ramsay caught Jim as he stumbled and looked at him appraisingly, "Well he's not been used yet, and he can barely run. No good. Try again." He shoved Jim back towards Sebastian.

Jim did not appreciate being shoved between the two boys but he had very few ideas on how to fight back, self-defense was not high on Varys’s list of things that Jim needed to know. He knew a number of poisons, the best ways to go about assassinating people… but he wasn’t very familiar with non-lethal ways to incapacitate someone and he’d be whipped for hitting a Lord anyway. Ramsay pushed him one more time and Jim did lose his balance then, falling face first in the snow.

Sebastian laughed and even Ramsay gave a chuckle, aiming a kick at Jim's kidneys. "Seb you're boring. Remember that girl I picked last night? We need something like that, you useless cunt."

Sebastian laughed again, crouching down and grabbing Jim's hair, yanking him upright and smirking at him, "Oh c'mon. He's pretty."

Ramsay rolled his eyes, mimicking Sebastian in a high pitched voice, "'Ohhh he's pretty' - what good is that. I told you, for my next project I want someone important, someone useful. Not your dad's peasant." He looked at Sebastian's face and gave a sigh. "Use him if you want to. He's pathetic. Come on."

He struck out, snapping sharp nails into Sebastian's neck and making him yelp. "Alright! Ow, fine. Bastard." He spat the insult out and Ramsay scowled at him, the two of them still snapping at each other as they headed off, not sparing Jim a second glance.

Jim didn’t make a sound as Ramsay kicked him, just stayed very still and quiet on the ground, hoping if he just gave up and didn’t fight back they would get bored and leave. It worked and Jim remembered this tactic for later, he was sure to cross paths with them again. He thought it was a bit sick that Sebastian apparently wanted him even though his father had fucking marked Jim as his property with that bite mark. But he remembered the rumors that Moran had been fucking
Sebastian at some point and Jim decided that the boy could be entitled to a little payback if that was the case. Fucking savages. Jim decided he hated Northerners. He shook some of the snow out of his hair and got up with a wince, clutching his side. That had been a hard kick and it would bruise and hurt for a long while but Jim didn’t think he’d be pissing blood over it. He made his way into the kitchen, hoping maybe now he could look for Paul.

There were four other servants in the kitchen, three of them preparing food, one of them sweeping. Paul had been introduced to Jim the other day and looked up as he entered, raising an eyebrow that he was back so soon. Paul was a tall and slender sandy-haired Northerner who made no secret of the fact that he was willing to whore on the side. It had taken him about five minutes to see through Jim's act, but so far he hadn't bothered to say anything. He'd figured out a while ago that knowledge was dangerous so he was happy to have as little as possible. He glanced at the cook then stuck a tongue out at Jim, shaking his head as he saw the bite-mark and his disheveled clothing. "Your back sooner than I thought. If you ran away from him mid-way through you're in more trouble than you know."

Jim thought Paul suspected something, it was a lot easier for whores to see through each other, they used a lot of the same tricks. But the boy hadn’t said anything so Jim wasn’t that worried for now. The boy probably only recognized him as a whore and thought he was lying about it to cozy up to the master of the house. Which wasn’t actually far from the truth. “He told me to come get you.” Jim widened his eyes, a little over the top now that he was playing for Paul. “What do you mean? Mid-way through what?”

Paul grinned back at him and then widened his own eyes, shaking his head and biting his lower lip, "I-I don't know. But sometimes the boys come back from master's room all sore and crying..." He put down the broom and sighed, knocking Jim's shoulder as he headed past and whispering, "Huh, it's just because you're all pretty with soft skin." He didn't blame Jim, he'd have done the same himself if he could get away with it. Peeking out of the door he checked that Ramsay and Sebastian were nowhere in sight before scuttling out and up to Moran’s room.

Jim winked at Paul as he came in close, “Careful Paul. If you keep saying such sweet things, Lord Moran might get jealous.” He thought he would enjoy spending time with Paul, so long as the boy didn’t try to get him in trouble. Jim would hold his cards close to his chest, even, or especially in the presence of another whore. He wouldn’t fuck this up over some witty banter. Jim went back to his room and lay down, trying to work through what was likely to happen tomorrow and made sure to plan his reactions and what Moran would want from him.

The rest of the day Sebastian spent watching Ramsay causing unnecessary harm to small animals and he soon got bored, focusing on sharpening his knives instead, and trying to think of more excuses to get his father to let him joint the battle in the south. Being at war sounded endlessly fun to Sebastian, certainly more fun than hanging around the Dreadfort with the Snow bastard. Ramsay and Sebastian had naturally fit together, in a world where they were both semi-outcast, and both enjoyed violence, they fit together well. But Ramsay could be controlling, insane, and sometimes over the top even for Sebastian. They’d had a disagreement once, about a girl that Sebastian rather liked and Ramsay wanted to hunt, and the ensuing fight had put Sebastian in the care of the Maester and landed Ramsay a fierce whipping. They had reached a semi-truce since then, but it was enough to tip the balance of friendship. Now Ramsay called the shots and Sebastian followed, sometimes a little apprehensively, but never refusing.

Chapter End Notes
TW: Implied/Referenced child prostitution, implied/referenced sexual abuse of a child, non-explicit reference to animal torture, general Moran/Jim dubcon
Jim had enjoyed his free time, sorting through what possessions he had and locking up everything suspicious in the trunk Varys had arranged for him. Jim had removed his nipple piercings, knowing Moran would find them suspicious at this point. He rubbed a small bit of nice smelling oil around the pressure points of his neck and wrists like Varys taught him before setting out towards Moran’s quarters, careful to avoid the two bastards this time. He knocked quietly before opening the door.

Moran wasn't inside, in fact he'd half forgotten about the new serving boy. A straggling band of wounded had made their way home, and the Dreadfort was buzzing with organisation for them. It wasn't until he wearily clumped up the stairs and opened the door that he saw Jim making them bed and remembered. Giving a pleased little growl he pounced, flinging Jim into the half made bed and rolling him over to look in his face. "You smell of flowers and summertime." He nuzzled at the mark he'd made on Jim's shoulder. "And you look even better, my pretty river-boy." He bit hard on Jim's lower lip, worrying it until it was swollen and pink. "How do you feel like earning a few extra coin, hmm, my pretty boy?"

Jim had used Moran’s absence to search through the papers on his desk and do a more thorough search of the rest of his rooms and hadn’t found anything to write to Varys about. He had found a cabinet full of implements… floggers, canes, belts, that sort of thing. He’d almost finished making the bed when Moran came in looking tired and irritated. Jim allowed a surprised gasp to leave his lips when he was pinned to the bed and Moran nuzzled at his neck. He cautiously reached up and ran gentle fingertips along the scruff of Moran’s beard. He’d thought that the man might offer him something like this and Jim already knew what he’d do. “You are very generous. But sir—“ Jim appeared to struggle with his words for a moment. “I don’t… want to be – a whore. I won’t lie with you for coin.” He tentatively ran his fingertips down Moran’s neck to his open collar. “You are – I want…” He struggled for words again and gave up, pressing his lips briefly against Moran’s. “I… want you. That’s enough.” That was Baelish’s first rule. Make them forget you’re a whore.

Moran looked down at him, blinking in surprise. "You've done this before..." he managed eventually. He might be slow and careless, but he was hardly stupid, and the odds of some beautiful peasant from the riverlands spontaneously falling in love with him after a few days was pretty low. Reaching down he nipped at Jim's ear, "Be my pretty boy from the riverlands, just for tonight..." he whispered, "Whether you are, or whether you're not... just for tonight." He drew back, eyes bright, and tore Jim's shirt away, "And if you're here to assassinate me, believe me I'll throw what's left of you to Ramsay and you really don't want to experience that." He ran rough hands over Jim's exposed front.

Jim could practically hear Baelish in his ear, screaming at him for such a colossal fuck up. He hadn’t realized Moran was intelligent. That seemed like such a stupid thing to miss but everything about him was so brutish and straightforward, Jim hadn’t thought him capable of the cunning to work it out. Jim had relied on the man’s hubris to buy into the narrative he’d woven and now it had gone to shit in a spectacular way. Jim didn’t want Moran for the night. He needed the man to want to keep him. There was the possibility that he was guessing, that maybe Jim could really salvage it if he played this right. “No sir.” He looked down at Moran’s hand as it caressed his bare chest. “I
don’t… love you.” Jim looked up at him, rather helplessly. “You’re powerful, the most powerful person I’ve ever met.” He traced his fingers over the top of Moran’s hand. “And not bad looking, either. I don’t want you to think of me as a whore, so I won’t take your coin.”

Moran sat back and looked at him, considering and thinking. Jim's heart was hammering wildly under his chest and he couldn't quite tell why. "You've underestimated me boy." He whispered gently, and then wrapped his hand around Jim's neck, squeezing gently but firmly, with the threat of added pressure still there. "Alright, enough lies. Why are you here? You're a piss-poor assassin given it's been two days and I'm still alive, and you're a piss-poor servant given the state of your hands. You're going to tell me why you're here and what you want, and then I'll decide whether I still want to fuck you or whether Ramsay can play with you until you beg him to kill you." He couldn't stop the rising tide of disappointment showing on his face. He had very much been looking forward to fucking a lost innocent little virgin, and now it looked like he had a talented whore on his hands.

His heart beat wildly against his ribs, hardly believing things had so thoroughly gone to shit like this. He’d trained for this. He’d trained for years. He’d done everything right, so why…? Jim let that thought go, he was sure he’d have plenty of time to ruminate on it later. Right now he needed to fall on his back up story. Jim’s eyes widened in alarm, fighting to keep still as Moran’s hand easily fit around his throat. “M not an assassin. Or a servant. Well I am – I’m your servant.” He took a breath and tried to get his thoughts in order while he let enough of his panic show. “I – I’m a whore. Or… I was trained as one, anyway. My family sold me to a brothel in White Harbor when I was ten. I spent a few years doing chores and then last year they started training me. I ran away – the night before I was meant to have my virginity sold off to some ship’s Captain. I came up here because my uncle said he’d look after me. I don’t want coin, I don’t want secrets. I just want food and somewhere warm to sleep at night. Somewhere safe. You’re the strongest one here.” Jim let the tears flow, adding in a convincing sniffle. “Please don’t give me to Ramsay. I saw what he did to the kitchen cat.” He started shaking a little as Moran’s hand still hadn’t moved from his throat.

The boy was still a virgin, for some reason that fact alone made Moran lighten the grip around Jim's neck as he considered the story. It made sense, far more sense than anything else he'd been told. Jim clearly was made for whore work, and he could easily imagine a fed-up father with several older and stronger sons selling off the pretty youngest one to pay the rent. He tried to hide his pleasure through, keeping a stern look on his face as he bent down to lick up Jim's tears. "You know what I'm going to do to you, don't you?" He said gravely, "And you'll shed a good few more tears before the night is done. But I won't give you to Ramsay."

Jim stopped crying and nodded his head vigorously. He could tell that Moran was pleased, even though he was obviously trying to hide it. It might have worked but Jim was looking for it and there was very little Jim missed when he was paying attention. He let his eyelids fall to half-mast as he watched Moran through his eyelashes and let a slow grin curl on his face. His tongue darted out to lap at the blood on his lip. "Thank you, Lord Moran. It appears I’m in your debt.” Jim arched up, rubbing his hard cock against Moran’s hip and gasped at the friction through their trousers.

Moran watched him, then gave a grin landing a hard slap on the side of Jim's leg, "Ohhh - is that how it's going to be? You've been a damn insolent little whore, trying to trick me like that." His tongue licked up the last of the tears wetting Jim's face and his hard cock rubbed back against him, "Let's see how long this 'training' of yours holds up in the face of the real thing, hmm?" One hand reached down to paw roughly at Jim's crotch through his trousers, while Moran grinned wide, "I've never had a properly trained one warming my bed before. Should be interesting. Let's get that clever little tongue of yours to better work."

Jim hissed but smiled as a hand cracked down on the side of his leg. He’d been able to make some
deductions about what Moran would want just from the tools he kept in that cabinet, a smack was about the least he’d get. He smirked when Moran said he was insolent, “I’m sorry sir,” he said, not sounding very sorry at all. “I was trained very well, and extensively.” Jim said, telling the truth. “I think you’ll be more than satisfied.” The angle was a little awkward with Jim still pinned between Moran and the bed but Jim shimmied down the mattress, untucking Moran’s shirt as he went and pulled at the strings of his trousers. He gave his hardening cock a few strokes before taking him in his mouth. There was a limited amount he could do from this angle but one of his hands continued to stroke what he couldn’t fit in his mouth and the other reached around to grip and feel up his arse. It was muscular, just like the rest of the man’s body, and Jim dragged his fingernails against the exposed flesh.

Moran moaned, closing his eyes and thrusting his hips downward, snapping his cock further into Jim's mouth. A few more strokes and then he managed, with difficulty to tug his cock away, standing up and giving Jim's cheek a pat, "You don't get away with it that easily, you little brat. Do you know the penalty for lying to a Moran?" His eyes were sparkling and he stroked his cock as he talked, looking at Jim all spread out with flushed cheeks and a swollen lip on the bed. He got up and pulled his shirt over his head and dropped his trousers. Heading to the drawer, he tugged out a riding crop, snapping it through the air, "Alright, strip and then on your knees. You'll suck my cock while I teach you a lesson... and if you're good I might consider using a bit of slick while I fuck you afterwards."

Jim automatically shucked off his clothes and got down on the floor, dropping to his knees, his arms folded properly behind his back in position. He shivered a little, Jim hadn't even stopped to consider if this was something that the servant boy would do – he’d just responded habitually to the command. Moran fucked with his head a little bit like that. He reminded Jim of the trainers he’d had, obeying had become second nature. Jim wasn’t worried about Moran hurting him, it was nothing that hadn’t been done before – extensively – and it was nothing compared to what Ramsay would do if he refused. Looking eager was not difficult, although he allowed a bit of fear to show. Moran would want both. “Yes, Lord Moran.” Jim waited obediently, his hands still folded behind his back.

Moran raised an eyebrow, rather pleased and circled around Jim, running the riding crop over his bare skin, and sliding it along his arse and thighs, "You have been trained well, haven't you?" He was a little disappointed at the lack of begging but then he figured Jim would get there eventually. And after all, if he wanted crying and begging he could drag in any kitchen-boy. This kind of obedience was a rare treat. He rubbed his cock against the side of Jim's cheek. "So then, my trained little boy. Have you ever had a whipping before? Oh I'm sure you've been trained with a few little slaps and smacks, but have you ever properly felt it biting into that soft little bottom of yours... stick it out a bit for me... oh good boy."

Jim just did what he was instructed, hiding his amusement underneath his false excitement. He thought it was funny that Moran was at his core just like every other man Jim had been with. He wanted to feel smart, he wanted to feel desirable, he wanted control. Jim gave him all that and more, he didn’t want Moran to even think of getting rid of him while Jim still had uses for him. This was an exchange, Jim would temporarily give up his control and agency and in return Moran would trust him and whisper all his little secrets and schemes to Jim when it was over. Once he’d tasted how sweet it was to own Jim and how good he would make him feel, Moran would want more, he’d start bragging… and the secrets would spill from his lips just as readily as lies fell from Jim’s. “No milord. I’ve never been hit with anything other than a hand or a belt.” He let a bit more of his nervousness show but he stayed in the position that Moran dictated.

"Did you get hit often, hmm? Bet you did, cheeky little thing like you. All sore and belted..." Moran chuckled and then pressed his cock into Jim's obedient waiting mouth. For a few moments
he was happy to savour it, enjoying the new sensations that the benefit of Jim's training provided. Then he trailed the riding crop along the fading hand mark on the top of Jim's thigh, "A crop is a new thing entirely." He said dryly, the other hand gripping Jim's hair to keep him still. "Part like a cane and part like a little leather strap, do you want me to show you?" He gave a sly smile and tapped the length of the crop on Jim's left buttock, "This side of you will feel the cane, a sharp line of fire. The other side will feel the snap of the leather as the cane bends across that delightful pretty little bottom. Now..." He pulled away and looked down at Jim, "Why don't you beg me for it, nice and pretty, like you've been taught."

Jim was happy to be in the familiar position and really show off what he could do. This wasn’t a proper blow job so he didn't use many tricks but swallowing Moran down past his gag reflex was second nature by now and that alone seemed to please the man. He spoke to Jim while he worked and Jim listened attentively, waiting for the signal that he was going to bring the crop down. He grabbed Jim’s head by the hair and held him still, which was irritating but understandable. Jim privately thought it was stupid to try something new on a boy who had your cock in between his teeth but Moran was just lucky enough that Jim wasn’t green. Moran tugged his mouth away again by his hair and Jim licked his lips quickly to clean them. He moaned pitifully, tilting his head back far to look up at Moran and exposed his throat and the long line of his neck in the process. “Please sir. Whip me hard, please.” Jim shook his arse a little, hoping it would distract the man. He didn’t like the begging, it was so banal and stupid. The same words repeated over and over and always said to different men each time. “I won’t learn if you don’t teach me. I want you to mark me.”

Moran could tell that every word out of Jim's mouth had been rehearsed, probably put there with the belt, and laid over his mind with repetition. He found himself rather enjoying it, looking forward to the moment when he'd break down the fake begging into the real deal, the instant when Jim would lose the ability to act and break apart back to the soft and pretty young man he'd been before his training had started. He hesitated between stuffing Jim's mouth and wanting to listen to his cries and in the end settled for just gripping his hair tighter, keeping his mouth free. He murmured a "ready?" and then snapped the crop down, watching it bend around the curve of the wriggling little arse, the leather snapping off the right side of him with a satisfying crack.

Whatever Jim told Moran, this was definitely not the first time someone had used a crop on him. He was well familiar with them before he’d ever stepped foot in Baelish’s whore house, it still hurt but it was a familiar pain. He had to remind himself to cry out when it snapped down across his arse. Jim looked up at Moran with wide eyes, surprise written in the lines of his face. It would be the surprise first, then slowly the crop would win him over and he'd fake all kinds of pleasure and enjoyment from being stuck by the object. It was always the same.

Moran did notice the slight acting - he might have been brash and obvious but he was hardly stupid. Not all of Jim's reaction was fully spontaneous, but at a loss to figure out which bits were acting he decided it must be the training still coming through. The look of surprise etched across his face was certainly delightful and Moran smirked, "Alright now, who told you to stop servicing me?" He loosened Jim's hair to allow him to bob forward and then cracked down the crop again.

Jim chose to use his tongue rather than swallow the man down again, just in case. In a brothel this kind of thing wouldn’t have been done, or at least would have come with a severe warning to the patron. It was just stupid to put your cock in someone’s mouth when you were causing sporadic pain. Jim was used to working in bad conditions though, from when he was young, and he felt sure that he could do this without hurting Moran. The crop came down a few more times and Jim started getting into it, his yelps turned into moans and then the real trick—Jim’s hands slowly wandered away from their clasped position from behind his back to his front where he started to touch his own hard cock. The first step was to show surprise and then slowly learn to love it until he didn’t even realize it. The whole thing was manufactured of course, but it was made to look real
and natural. Jim wrapped his lips around Moran’s cock and bobbed his head enthusiastically while he touched himself.

Moran snapped the crop down a few more times, enjoying the look of Jim's backside as it bounced and reddened, the lines becoming more pronounced. He frowned though, as Jim started to touch himself and moan - not least because it looked like a natural reaction, for the first time as if the boy wasn't acting. Scowling he tugged his cock out of Jim's mouth and backhanded him hard across the face, knocking him sideways. "Seven gods you're as bad as Seb." He growled, "You've clearly been trained well." Grabbing Jim by the back of the neck he threw him across the bed, arse in the air and barked, "Hands where I can see them, even think about touching your cock and I'll lay this leather over the back of your balls. Let’s see how that training of yours handles a real whipping."

If all of his training had come from Baelish then Jim would have been feeling very bewildered right now, they were trained to enjoy everything that was done to them and make it look real. But Jim had worked and trained with Luras as well and many of his patrons had gotten off on Jim's tears and the pain that caused them. Getting hit in the face wasn't fun, Moran was even stronger than he looked and Jim was slightly dazed from the force of it. A real punch from him and Jim would be losing some teeth. The comment about Sebastian was interesting, Jim would have to look into that when he was in a less dire situation. Moran threw him face down on the bed and Jim placed his hands on the back of his head in a proper position, to free up his back if Moran decided to hit him there. "Please, milord. I didn’t mean to upset you. I'll be good, please don’t hurt me."

Now that Jim had a better idea of what Moran wanted he was quick to capitalize on it. Moran shook his head, chuckling, pleased that he'd guessed right, that the enjoyment was a carefully tailored act, "You didn't upset me boy - you were trained very well and I enjoyed it immensely. But now I'm afraid the game is over and we need to teach that pretty little backside a bit of a lesson, hmm?" He stroked over the red marks already there and nuzzled at the back of Jim's neck. "Don't worry, my pretty little river-boy. It'll hurt, oh it'll hurt like a whipping you've never had. You'll cry, I'm sure of it. And you know what you'll be getting once I've finished. But if you can be brave enough to get through this, you'll never need to fear for anyone else in the Dreadfort hurting you, understand?" He drew back, and tapped the crop against Jim's bottom, watching his face.

Jim bit his lip and nodded with an air of resignation. He was just relieved that Moran wasn’t really angry. Pain was a mixed bag for Jim, he was abused regularly as a whore but most people were always careful to never do anything that would leave a lasting mark. When Jim worked for Baelish he’d been one of the more popular workers, and Baelish was known for charging exorbitant fees when a patron damaged a whore without permission. This was going to hurt, of that Jim had no doubt – he hadn’t been whipped this badly in a long time, but he could shake and cry and convince Moran that this was frightening.

Moran patted Jim's bottom again and added in a low voice, "You'll also never want for food or a bed. And you can forget working as a servant, you'll stay up here in my quarters, well looked after. I've never had a boy of my own before." With that he stepped back, looked over Jim's trembling body and swung his arm down. The crop lashed down again and again - no show any more, just a beating, although Moran took care to land the crop only on Jim's arse and the tops of his thighs. He didn't want to break anything, or harm the boy. Just get him to break down in tears, revert back to the innocent pre-trained creature before Moran took his virginity.

After about five lashes Jim started yelping and buried his face in the blankets on the bed. His arse was already sore and being hit, really hit, on top of the pre-existing marks was painful. Another ten lashes later and he felt it was safe to start crying, although he pretended to be embarrassed over them and tried to hide it. Eventually Jim started sobbing openly, his face red and streaked with
tears, but he never tried to wiggle away or moved his hands from their position on the back of his head.

Much as he was enjoying lashing down on a subject who didn't swear at him or threaten him, Moran was also watching out for Jim, making sure that the boy wasn't too broken, or too injured. And his response really was everything Augustus Moran had hoped for, desperate squirming, attempts not to cry, sniffs and sobs and finally a desperate all out wail, tears running down his face. Dropping the crop, Moran stood behind Jim and stroked himself, one hand reaching down to squeeze the red lined backside and push it to the side, spitting at the entrance, "Time to show you what a fucking feels like." He grunted, rubbing the spit around with his thumb, which also pressed into the twitching hole. He'd pretty much forgotten that Jim might not be a virgin, or that he had ever doubted Jim's story. "You can screech and beg all you like, make them hear it at The Twins." His thumb forced it's way in, while his hand squeezed at the abused skin.

Jim quieted down when Moran put the crop away but he couldn’t stop the shaking. He froze up when Moran spat at him, that was not a replacement for lube. “Please,” he said, adding a bit of whine and desperation to his voice. “You – you said if I was good you would use slick. You’re so big, you’ll tear me open.” That was an exaggeration but it sounded genuine and that was all that mattered. Jim yelped as Moran pushed his thumb in, wiggling a bit but not moving from position since he hadn’t been told otherwise.

"Oh? They told you about slick did they?" Moran laughed, ramming his thumb in harder. Jim was tight, tight enough to convince him that the risk of friction burns was high. On the other hand, now Jim had begged for it, he didn't want to be seen as a soft touch. "Damn those bastards, they've trained you far too well... I was looking forward to a confused virginal little river-boy, all unsure about where my cock was even going.” He gave a laugh, but Jim had taken the beating well and he headed over to the desk, tugging out a small bottle before giving an evil grin. "Tell you what - you can have lube - but with three strikes of the belt first. Or you can forgo the belt but no lube. What do you say?” He didn't care what Jim chose, and was tempted to use lube anyway, but quite enjoyed watching Jim terrified and begging not to be hurt. He also considered it fitting punishment for all the whore-acting.

He had to think about it for a moment, he was worried this was some kind of test, that Moran would just do the opposite of what Jim asked for to fuck with his head. “The belt sir. Or…” Jim grinned cheekily up at him from where his face was turned into the mattress. He wanted to see how open to manipulation Moran was. “I could stretch myself and you could watch me.”

Moran looked at him, the disappointment that there had been no begging tearful Jim quickly giving way to delight at the boy's reaction. With both hands stroking and squeezing at Jim's bottom he bent over the boy, licking his tears and growling into his ear, "You cheeky little bitch, don't even think about pushing it, hmm?” This was fun, he was realising, more fun than Paul, who just wailed and screamed non-stop until it was all over. He nuzzled and worried at the skin of Jim's neck, biting down a few times and then growling again, "Well now I have to belt you, don't I? Be a brave little boy for me, and I'll make sure your tight little arsehole is all slick and stretched afterwards." Straightening up he undid his belt, sliding it through leather loops and doubling it over, shaking his head at the lines and ridges already marking Jim's bottom, "Don't worry, I'll get you a cushion for tomorrow. Heh." Moran was a mess of contradictions, he wanted Jim to cry and beg, but he also liked it when he didn’t break. He wanted a fight, but ultimately he wanted to win. Jim wasn’t entirely sure how that would translate into fucking, whether he should come or not for instance. How much he should enjoy it. But he had a belting and prep to figure it out. The belt came down, Jim counted the lashes out loud out of habit. Each strike was very painful on the red and bruised skin, welts raised up
overtop and Jim knew he really wouldn’t be able to comfortably sit down for a while. He’d have to find some way to get Moran to lay off sometimes, or at least start hitting his back instead.

Moran didn’t put his full weight behind the belt strikes; Jim’s backside had taken a good deal of punishment already and the hard snap of the leather against red swollen skin was beautifully painful even with the softest of strikes. After the three were over he spent some time rubbing and kissing at the red-hot mess left behind, gently stroking Jim’s hair and cooing over him a little, “Good boy... and so brave for counting! Well done, little river-rat. Now... let’s see your arse really feel it.” He dribbled the slick down over the crease between the red-hot curves, sliding a finger down and pressing it inside. "Mmm... how does that feel? Forget your training boy, you don't need to pretend to love it. Let me know how it feels."

Jim zoned out a bit while Moran cooed over him, trying to catch his breath and get himself in the right place mentally. Eventually Moran pressed a finger inside him and Jim’s breath caught as he pressed back against the finger. The man thought he wanted Jim to be honest, so honest he would get. “Hurts from the whipping, but it feels good too.” His cock agreed, it was becoming a bit of a trial to not try and get himself off by rubbing against the mattress. This was part of the training too, Jim wasn’t inhuman, he didn’t have complete control over his cock’s reactions but generally he’d been trained to get hard and remain that way in situations like this. The trainers tended to use the hormonal teenage years for evil, when they could get their male whores that young. “More.” He demanded, as he pushed back against the man’s hand again. Jim would continue testing Moran in little ways like this.

"Feels good?" Moran chuckled and then sighed, shaking his head, "Honestly, what do I have to do to you boys? Randy as stoats, the lot of you." He pressed a second finger in, stretching Jim hard, and patting his sore backside, "Demanding little creature, I'm going to regret this, I know I am..." Still, it was enjoyable having a hot little whipped thing demanding sex, and he licked a stripe along the burning hot backside, twisting his fingers, making sure Jim was prepared.

Jim turned back and grinned at the man, “I’m fifteen, what do you expect?” That was a lie but certainly not an obvious one. Jim looked fifteen, he knew Moran liked his boys young and that was about the youngest that Jim could comfortably pass for. He moaned a little as the man stretched him, panting hard. “I’ll make it worth it to you, that’s a promise.” Jim certainly thought his arse was worth what was coming to Moran in the end, but if it wasn’t, that was hardly his concern. Moran was the adult here, he would make his own bed and lie in it when the time came. Jim would enjoy every second that he led the man to his future slaughter.

"You're a brave little thing for fifteen." Moran smiled at him, patting his sore red bottom again and then idly running nails down it. "I'll hold you to that promise. Stop talking now, this is going to feel like a bloody battering ram in your insides." He'd only stretched Jim with two fingers and he tugged them out, lined himself up and then thrust forward, giving a deep moan of pleasure as he speared Jim hard from behind, his hands squeezing tight on the sore throbbing curves of his arse.

Jim yelped out and gripped the sheets tightly in his fists, desperately trying to relax. Seven hells, that fucking hurt. He tried to breathe through the pain as Moran picked up a punishing tempo… he’d waited long enough apparently. Jim was just glad that Moran hadn’t gotten his hands on an actual virgin, a poor kid with no idea what to do would possibly be bleeding right now. There wasn’t enough slick, not enough stretching, and Moran was not taking his time. Jim let a few tears leak out while he hunched over himself, just ready for this to be over.

Moran grinned at the strangled yelp it produced, giving Jim's arse a brief pat and then continuing pounding forward, roughly taking what he wanted out of the small battered body. Jim was wonderfully tight, gripping and hot. He slowed after a while, wanting to draw this out as it was
clear Jim didn't. He loved the boy being brave, but he also loved him in pain, crying and whimpering. Gently, he licked at the salty tears again, still hammering his hips forward behind Jim's body, well aware that at this angle his hips banged against Jim's sore arse with each thrust, "Mmm how are you doing there? First time's always the toughest. It'll get easier, little rat, don't worry."

Jim didn’t mind crying on command but he didn’t like having his face licked, that was getting old pretty fast. When he thought he could stand it, he’d clench down around Moran, determined to make the man as happy as possible this first time. Jim was still hard, and that was vaguely irritating. He was taught to respond to even the littlest bit of pleasure and while Moran was obviously not interested in getting Jim off or otherwise making this a good experience for him, he still managed to hit his prostate a few times. “Please,” he gasped, “touch me.” Jim remembered that he wasn’t allowed to touch himself, so that left Moran.

Moran slowed down a little at the request, shaking his head a little and kissing the back of Jim's neck. "Still hard? You desperate little slut. Alright then touch yourself, I don't want my hand anywhere near your cock. I want to feel it though, want to feel you taken over by it..." Despite everything he felt incredibly proud of Jim for remaining hard through it all, for coping with what had been a fierce and serious beating, and for pleasuring him so well. Taking Jim's hand, he even guided it under his body, "Let me see your face..." he gasped out.

Jim wanted to roll his eyes at the petty and cliché insults Moran threw at him, but he was better than that. Moran was going to lose it pretty soon, so Jim figured this would have to be quick if he wanted to get off. He made sure to make it clear that his body still hurt and that frightened him, but as Jim touched himself and closed his eyes, he slowly let that distract him from the pain. Jim began to gasp and moan instead of whine and cry, Moran helped him along by occasionally getting a lucky hit on his prostate. When he was close Jim turned his face and stared Moran in the eye as he cried out loudly and came in his own hand, body shaking and trembling with orgasm.

The feeling of Jim's body clenching and trembling around him, the look of Jim's face, tears still drying and little pained whimpers still emerging as he shook with the orgasm, was enough to push Moran to the edge. Giving a roar he grabbed Jim’s hips, lifting him up of the bed and hammering into him hard and repeatedly, not stopping until he came hard deep inside the smaller body. Giving a gasp, he let Jim stop, giving him a final whack on the arse and the snapped instruction, "Stay there." while he headed to the bathroom to clean himself.

Jim frowned a little miserably as he turned around and checked himself over. He was in a state, that was for sure. He didn’t dare clean himself up before he’d been told to, but he hoped Moran would allow him that soon. Jim hated being dirty and always wanted a wash immediately after a fuck. But whatever the client wanted the client got. Seven hells that had been rough. Jim hadn’t been used like that in years, Baelish never let his favorite whores be treated like that. He stretched out on his stomach, working his muscles loose and closing his eyes languidly while he waited for Moran to come back.

Moran returned, looking slightly uncertain to see Jim still there, no idea what to do with him. This was usually the point at which he kicked his boys out and let them snivel their way back to the kitchen. But he wanted Jim to stay, and also felt like he should make some sort of gesture, as the boy had taken everything so well. In the end he just dumped a wet towel on Jim's back and then patted his head. "Alright, get cleaned up then get to bed." He hesitated and then added gruffly, "You did well." Before getting into the bed.

Jim sat up and started cleaning himself down, it wasn’t a hot bath, but it would do. He wasn’t sure if “get to bed” meant he was to stay here or go back to his room. “Can I stay here tonight?” Jim
asked carefully, wondering if it was too soon to bring this up. “I could get you off in the morning,” he was quick to offer. He’d use his hand or his mouth though, his arse was going to be off limits for a while. Jim smiled shyly at the awkward praise, making sure to come off embarrassed but pleased. From someone like Moran that was practically a standing ovation.

Moran gave him a heated smile from the bed, "You certainly will be getting me off in the morning, c'mere." He tugged the furs away to leave a place for Jim, wrapping his arms round the slender little body and cuddling him close, one hand rubbing at his arse, which was still heated and throbbing, "Mmm... and you don't have to offer sex up like that. You're not a whore, you just almost were one. I'll take what I want, when I need it, and by the looks of you..." he gave the sore arse a little pinch, "You'll like it anyway." He chuckled, "It won't always be that bad, that one was a bit of a lesson for lying to me, trying to smuggle your way into my good books pretending to be an innocent little servant."

Jim smiled and crawled into the bed, not happy about sleeping naked with the man but it was a very good precedent to set for the future. He was faintly surprised that Moran was being so demonstrative, maybe orgasms left him feeling a little cuddlier than usual. Jim sighed and relaxed in his arms, really pleased at how warm it was with the fire and the furs and Moran’s body heat. It was so cold in the north, sometimes he thought he’d never be able to get warm. A part of Jim needed this, to be held, after the beating and the rough fucking. He hated himself a little bit for the weakness but understood it was normal. He nuzzled in closer to Moran, hoping that the man would see him as something fragile that needed protecting. “I’m sorry Lord Moran. I won’t lie to you again.”

Moran gave a sleepy little laugh, patting his bottom again and hugging him closer, loving having a penitent sorry little thing, all hot and damp in his arms, "Oh yes you will, I don't doubt it. We'll have that pretty little bottom sore and cherry red again plenty of times, I'm sure. But I'll look after you." He nuzzled the top of Jim's head and then pretty much passed out, exhausted after a long day and a good fuck.

Jim sighed and stayed awake a while longer, reviewing the last hour, memorizing the lies he’d told, planning out options for the future. He was pleased that he wouldn’t have to clean the rooms anymore, he’d been ill-suited for the work and it left him vulnerable to Ramsay and Sebastian. Eventually the warmth and Moran’s sleepy breath fluffing his hair pulled Jim into sleep.

Chapter End Notes

TW: Jim/Moran dubcon, sadism, underage
When he first awoke to find a body his bed Moran almost threw it out, grabbing Jim's shoulder and shaking him roughly before remembering, as Jim turned around to face him, that he had a little bed-creature now that was his. Giving a chuckle, he pulled Jim into his arms, sliding down to pet a bottom that he noticed, with pleasure, was still nice and heated, and grinding morning wood against Jim's inner thigh, "Morning sleepy-head. Still nice and sore?"

That was not a pleasant way to wake up. Moran startled him so badly that Jim had automatically reached under his pillow for a knife that wasn’t there. That was when he remembered that he wasn’t in King’s Landing anymore. His heart started to slow and he smiled up drowsily at Moran, nuzzling his cold nose against the man’s shoulder and slipping a leg in between his so that Moran could get off on it if he wanted to. Jim had taken care to keep up with shaving, even though it was a pain because Moran liked little boys and little boys didn’t have leg hair. Jim had started shaving while he trained with Baelish and found that he preferred himself that way so he kept up the practice. “Mmm, yes sir.” Jim pouted and scowled a little, not enjoying the pain in his arse at all.

Moran smiled and petted him as he heard the sulky pout in Jim's voice, commenting with mock-sympathy, "Oh dear, my poor little boy. Well, that's what comes of trying to get one over me..." he appreciated Jim's legs pulling him close and rutted against him harder, taking Jim's hand and pressing it between his legs encouragingly, "You sound wonderful, calling me 'Ser' - I prefer it to Lord Moran. I think I'll give your arse a bit of a break this morning, do you want to thank me for that?" Forcing a sulky little 'thank you' out of an unwilling bed slave seemed like an ideal way to start the morning, not to mention a quick hand job.

“Yes sir. Thank you, sir.” Jim replied cheekily, smirking up at Moran as he wrapped a hand around the man’s cock and got to work on getting him off. He was still half asleep but kept up a good rhythm, adding in something extra every once in a while to keep it interesting. Tentatively he reached further back and fondled at the man’s balls.

Once again, Jim hadn't given him what he'd wanted, but he rather liked it. Jim was a strange mix - sometimes he got exactly what he hoped for; crying, sniffing, sulky little pouts, and then sometimes the boy surprised him by being so damn enthusiastic. And he'd only known him for a few days. This was definitely one worth keeping. He smiled and patted Jim again, starting to rub at his bottom. "I want to see it before I go... a-ahh that’s good... but you might as well stay in bed. I'll tell Paul to bring some food up, a-ahh yess... good boy..."

Jim opened his eyes and smirked before letting go of his cock and rolling over. He let Moran have a long look before he rubbed his arse back against the man’s erection, figuring he could let Moran do the rest of the work from there. That way he could go at whatever pace he wanted and Jim didn’t have to try and read his mind this early in the morning. He was pleased that he’d get some breakfast, Jim was hungry after last night.

Moran, hadn't really expected Jim to obey right at that moment, and seeing him turn around, the marks of the crop still visible, made his breath catch. He moaned deep as Jim started to rub the hot sore skin against his cock, taking his hips and more than happy to just rut at the red skin, one hand wrapping around Jim's chest to keep him close, and panting hard into Jim's ear before cumming
hard all over him. He sighed and smiled, rubbing the salty cum into the sore marks before giving it a stinging slap and pushing himself up. "Alright! You get some sleep you beautiful little mess. I've got important business to sort out. There's fifty injured soldiers and fifty more pretending to be injured down there."

Jim hissed unhappily as Moran rubbed his seed all over his stinging arse. He sat up and reached for his cloth from last night before cleaning himself up. "I like the idea of you leaving to go oversee your castle. It suits you.” When Jim was clean he laid back down on his stomach and watched Moran get dressed, appreciating his muscular form more when he wasn’t using it to hurt him.

"Ha! If only it was my castle. It's Boltons, which is why his bloody brat has the run of the place. Still, mine at the moment." He was enjoying having a pretty little boy lying face down on the bed with a sore arse he’d made and giving him compliments. "Still - I'll get one of my own soon enough, if things go to plan. Would you like that, hmm? Getting to flitter around your own castle? You could even have your own rooms to stay in when I'm busy about affairs, so long as you spend the nights in mine."

Jim smiled and stretched out his gangly body, showing off. “I’d like that very much. Now you’d better get on, it would be a shame to keep your men waiting for you.” He wasn’t sure if the bossy words were too much, even with the teasing tone. Jim settled down and closed his eyes, hoping that he’d be able to sleep for a while before Paul came in.

"Oi!” Moran wriggled a warning finger at him, "Not too cheeky, you little brat." With that he left, and for a few moments the room was silent, with the sounds of talking and clatter from the courtyard.

Soon though, there was a clatter of boots on the stairs, and then Sebastian pushed his way into the room, looking hugely surprised to see Jim in it. "What the hell are you-" He caught sight of Jim's arse, and gave a sneer, "What, already? God that was quick. Well I hope it hurt, and I hope you've plenty more to come."

Jim startled awake as the door burst open and he glared at Sebastian, Moran’s brat. “I don’t see what business it is of yours.” He didn’t bother trying to cover up but he did sit up in the bed and turned his front towards Sebastian so that the man couldn’t see his arse. “What can I say? I’m irresistible. Now can I help you, Lord Sebastian?” The boy’s words reminded him of something that Moran said last night and Jim was curious if the rumors were true. Varys would want to know something like that. “You know, he told me the most interesting thing last night, while we were… you know.” Jim smiled patronizingly, as if he were afraid to say anything that would offend the little lord’s delicate sensibilities. “He told me something – about you.”

"Irresistible? Huh, you're a fucking whore and you know it." Sebastian sneered at him triumphantly, modiilly kicking the side of the bed when the insult didn't seem to have the effect it usually did on the poor servants who were dragged in and taken advantage of. "Where the hell is he anyway? There's been another Raven about that thing they're planning at The Twins..." He rolled his eyes as Jim spoke, "Oh, really? That's hardly a 'secret'. I don't even look like him, and apparently I'm the spit image of a younger Tywin Lannister. What does it matter to me if my mother couldn't keep her legs shut? She's dead now, I barely remember her."

Jim blinked lazily back at the boy when he insulted him, not at all phased. “Dunno. He’s off seeing to the wounded, running his castle.” Jim got out of bed, sauntering over to Sebastian, displaying his nudity and hoping it would set him off balance and cause him to make a mistake here. “I can take the letter for him if you’d like? I’m sure you have very important things to get back to.” Jim was now only standing a few inches away from the boy. He rolled his eyes, “No no. He said you and I
have similar... reactions.” He leaned in a couple inches closer, enjoying the effect he was having on the boy. “Tell me, does it make you jealous that it’s me he’s fucking now? What happened, did you get too big?” Jim trailed fingertips down the man’s muscular chest, smirking up at him. “Do you get lonely?”

"I'm not giving it to you!” Sebastian snapped, stuffing the note into his pocket, "You'd probably just - wha-!" His mouth dropped open as Jim continued, and as the sudden naked body was very close to him, a hand sliding down the muscles of his chest. He stared at Jim for a moment, mouth open and looking completely poleaxed, before he smacked a fist into his collarbone that knocked the boy clear across the room, "You little shit..." he hissed, stalking over and slapping Jim over the bruise his father had left on his face, "Oh is that what you've been doing? Winding your way into his room and giggling about me all damn night. You little whore - let's see then?" He grabbed Jim's shoulder and wrenched him up, slamming him face first into the wall and scraping nails along the marks over his bum, "You got fucking lucky- he should've beaten your hole with the leather end of it."

Shit shit shit. Sebastian punched him hard and Jim smacked his forehead against the stone floor when he fell. He was disoriented for a moment, enough time for Sebastian to storm over to him and slap him hard enough to leave him dizzy. Jim yelped and tried to pull away from Sebastian’s grip on his arm as he was dragged upright and slammed against a wall. Jim’s nose started bleeding and he gasped for breath, trying to work out how everything had gone so wrong. Things were different in the north, Jim decided. In the south everything was very tricksy and more subtle. He hadn’t expected to be attacked outright over an insinuation. Jim struggled against Sebastian’s grip, trying to get free so that he could run.

"Want to say it again?" Sebastian hissed in his ear, one hand still groping and scratching at the side of his arse. "Go on... it’s funny isn't it? A fucking laugh. And 'similar reactions' my arse, I bet you cried and wailed and begged him to stop. That's what the others did. Bet you never slammed your head back and broke his nose, and for the record, no. My father never f*cked me - if that's what you're wondering, and he's lying if he told you so." Sebastian couldn't stop himself fondling Jim's arse. It felt... nice, despite everything, and it felt good being around a naked body without Ramsay involved in the mix. "Fuck, you've broken your nose you idiot." He added with a certain amount of exasperation.

“You were the one who broke my fucking nose!” Jim had to take a deep breath and relax, he’d learned to stop swearing so much since he was a boy. It wasn’t proper. He was irritated that this man had gotten a reaction out of him. Sebastian’s hands were all over his arse and Jim rolled his eyes at how painfully wet the boy was. “You shouldn’t touch me, your father will be unhappy.”

"You seem to know him surprisingly well considering you've just met him." Sebastian hissed, fondling Jim's arse even more now he'd been told to stop, and feeling jealous that his father seemed to take all the soft and pretty ones while he was left having painful and passionless mutual wank sessions with Ramsay Snow. "Did he tell you about his other boys that come here and get broken? They're sometimes thrown to the whole regiment - me 'n Ramsay listen to them screaming from the guardhouse. So no. I don't think he'll be that upset that I've had a feel."

Jim groaned and flushed when he realized he was getting hard. Fuck’s sake. There was no use getting worked up about it, it wasn’t his fault he’d had it beaten into him. Best to get the Moran boy to leave before he got any further ideas. It wouldn’t hurt to reinforce the pathetic naïve boy act after letting it slip some with what he’d said earlier. “Please just leave. I don’t want to get in trouble.” Jim looked down at the floor, hoping submissive behavior would deescalate the situation.

"Well you're bloody well in trouble..." Sebastian saw Jim start to get hard and for a moment his
touch became almost light and caressing. The thought that someone would get hard for him was almost welcome, complimentary, and he leaned his forehead against the back of Jim's neck whispering, "You're a whore." And then after a little breath, "Keep still..." Gods he wanted Jim now, wanted him hard and needily, particularly given that his last orgasm had been in hissed and desperate darkness, with Ramsay’s nails digging into the tip of his cock "Gods Seb, what a slut you are, see if you can cum like this, go on..." His hands wrapped around his cock and pressed it into the small of Jim's back, "P-please keep still. Unh..."

Jim really wasn’t sure what to do. The man had already hurt him, badly, and he was still aching from last night. He could let the Moran boy take him, use it against him later or gain some loyalty from him... but if Moran found out, then Jim would lose his biggest ally and source of information. He couldn’t fight back though, Sebastian was a lord and there were heavy punishments for hurting a noble. Jim decided to do as he was told, it was an order from a lord and he was bound to obey or get punished. He wouldn’t be held responsible for this. Jim started crying, figuring it would help his case later. “Please don’t.”

"Oh fuck, don't cry..." Seb pulled away looking at him with a mixture of pity and disgust before jumping as the door banged open. He turned, furious, to see Paul holding a tray and staring at them both. Paul took one look at Sebastian's face and then dropped the tray and started running, while Sebastian pretty much dropped Jim and flung himself after him, doing up his trousers at the same time and yelping, "Don't you dare tell him, don't you fucking dare - get back here!" Jim was left alone in the room, with the broken tray and food scattered over the floor.

Jim tried to clean his face up as best he could in the washroom but there was no hiding the broken nose, both his eyes were already blackening. He got dressed, figuring that would help cover some of the other bruises. Jim spent the evening working out the best way to get a letter to Varys and cleaning up the spilt food on the floor while he waited for Moran to come back.

Moran came storming in, looking in a bad mood and glaring at Jim, his look softening immediately as he saw the damage inflicted on him. He remembered leaving a bruise, but this was far more damage than he'd inflicted on anyone for a while. Striding over he gently held Jim's face by the chin, looking him over and looking angrily at the marks. "Who did this? Tell me. Did you get into a fight?" And then gently kissing Jim in the forehead he added slightly softer, "You are not in any trouble, my pretty boy, just tell me now. Who did this?"

Jim flinched when Moran came bursting back into the room looking furious. He assumed the man had already heard about what happened, Jim didn’t expect him to care beyond the damage to Jim’s looks. Alright, the attempted molestation he thought might be a problem. Moran told him he wouldn’t be in trouble but Jim still shook his head and looked down at the ground, not answering. It was strange, but he wasn’t in much of a hurry to throw Sebastian under the cart. Something about how plaintive he had been earlier had given Jim pause. He didn’t understand why such a strong lad would sound so sad.

Moran gave a little growl, then gently stroked Jim's wounded face, "Look. You are mine. My hot little creature. And I know there is someone else in the castle who knows the correct answer. I will not have you hurt or used, I promised that when you entered my bed." Augustus Moran was not bothered about keeping promises as much as he was bothered about someone else thinking they could come into his room and break his possessions. "Do you really want me to start beating
everyone who entered this room until I find out the truth? Trust me, little one, it is not you who will suffer for this."

Jim looked up directly into his eyes and lied to the very best of his considerable abilities. He smiled faintly, looking embarrassed. “I slipped and fell on some wet stones, the floor is very slippery here. Nothing happened, I was only embarrassed to tell you.” Jim let his smile grow and he held his arms around the back of Moran’s neck as he leaned in and pressed against him.

“Although, I might slip more often if it gets to you so much. You’re very attractive like this. What would you have done if it was a man that abused me?” Jim encouraged the violent fantasy.

Moran frowned, but almost automatically wrapped his arms around Jim, pressing them onto his bottom and then shaking his head, giving a little kiss to the bruise under Jim's eye. “You silly little river-fish. Were you really so scared I'd be angry at you for damaging your beautiful face?” He smirked and bent his head, pressing Jim closer and nibbling at his ear with a growl, "If it was a servant, I'd have them flayed alive and their skin hung in the dungeons. A knight? I'd have them beaten and sent straight to the front. My son or the Snow bastard, I'd have them whipped till they bled. Roose Bolton?” He laughed, his bad humour clearly dying down and patting the side of Jim's face as he disentangled himself. "I'm afraid I'd have to strip you and hand you over with a little ribbon round your cock. My liege Lord is allowed what he wants. But rest assured no one in the castle will get away with hurting you." He pointed to scuffed area where Paul had dropped the tray. "I can see where you fell. Do they not have flagstones at river-run? Or is it all wood and weeds."

Jim smiled and nodded self-consciously when he was asked if he’d been afraid to tell him. Jim smirked as Moran described the punishments he'd have doled out, feeling perversely pleased to have protection for the first time in his life. “Riverrun has wooden floors. The walls are made of stone but… there’s a lot of water that gets tracked indoors… it would be too slippery.” Jim wrapped his arms around Moran possessively, enjoying the attention.

Moran laughed again as Jim wrapped his arms around him. He'd taken boys with varying degrees of consent before, but this was the first time anyone seemed to have truly wanted to have sex with him and, almost as Sebastian had earlier, he found himself enjoying the complimentary nature of it. Sliding arms around Jim he picked him up and carried him over to the bed, gently placing him down and starting to undo his own shirt, tugging it over his head, "Did you really miss me that much, sitting up here all sore and empty, tumbling down onto the flagstones?" He kissed lightly over Jim's injuries then harder over Jim's collarbone and was just starting to undo his trousers when the door opened, turning he scowled, looking into the shocked eyes of Sebastian who waved a small piece of paper a little feebly and managed to splutter out, "Raven..."

Jim was not ready to be fucked again and he was incredibly grateful that they were interrupted. As soon as Moran had his back turned, Jim held up a finger to his mouth for Sebastian in the universal gesture for “be quiet.” He cleared his throat and sat up, putting his clothes back together. “Lord Sebastian, is your timing always so notoriously awful? Or do you just wait outside the door, listening, for the right moment?”

Sebastian just frowned at him, confused, and assuming Jim was telling him to shut up. Instead he thrust the piece of paper at his father and snapped, "Raven arrived. Or are you too busy with your latest conquest?” Moran took the note and frowned at it, muttering something under his breath and heading out, almost reflexively knocking Sebastian on the back of the head as he passed. Sebastian stuck his middle finger up at his father’s retreating back then glared at the half dressed Jim, looking over his injuries. "You really can't get enough of him can you? You think he'll feel like this about you forever? What are you expecting anyway; gold? The old bugger doesn't own this castle, he’s looking after it while Bolton pisses about with that little Wolf-Bitch Stark. Whatever he's promised you, you won't get it."
Jim smirked and shook his head, “Oh you spoiled spoiled boy. There’s more valuable things in life than castles and gold. Although,” Jim took a moment to look around the room. “They are nice.” Jim dropped the act completely, starting Sebastian down with absolute seriousness. “Touch me again, hurt me again, and I won’t hesitate to tell him.”

"If you're going to tell him, why didn't you already?" Sebastian snapped back, glaring at him. "How long are you going to hang that over me? If I were you, I'd let him know quick because he won't give a damn once they start to fade." He stayed where he was though, not daring to step forward or run the risk of injuring Jim. He knew what kind of hold the boys could have over his father, even if it didn't last. "I don't have to hurt you, you silly little whore. He will. Plenty of times. Until he gets bored and then me and Ramsay can listen to you screaming in the guardhouse. They all take a go, you know, no matter how long they have to wait. Some of them go twice."

“I’m not going to tell him. This time. Do it again and I think you’ll find my discretion will diminish greatly. I didn’t tell him because I expect a favor from you, sometime in the future.” Jim smirked, “Of course he will. And it won’t matter because there are more valuable things in life, more valuable than general wellbeing. You stay with him even though he beats you, you whipped. I’m the same.” He laid back down on the mattress. “You’ve seen me with him, what makes you think that I would care about guards? Your threats don’t scare me, Sebastian Snow.”

"I stay with him because he's my father you bloody well chose to come here-" Sebastian gave an outraged squawk at the end of Jim's sentence, his fists clenching and unclenching at his sides, "That is not my name! And you damn well know it. At least I have a last name, not just some peasant farmer..." he hesitated. Jim clearly wasn't a farmer, and he had very little idea what Jim was. "Whatever. Your father didn't give a single solitary shite about you. Mine does."

"He's not your father though, is he?" Jim smirked, enjoying needling the man and exercising the power he now held over him. "You don’t have to stay here. You could go anywhere you like. Make your own path.” Jim laughed out loud when Sebastian got to the end, “You’re deluding yourself if you think your father genuinely cares about you anymore than he does for me. We both serve his needs, don’t we? Until he doesn’t need us anymore – then…” Jim snapped his fingers. "He's accepted me as my father, he's brought me up as his son and he will let me inherit as his son." Sebastian snapped, taking a step forwards and reigning in his temper with difficulty. "And your suggesting that I should stop being Lord Moran and go wander the wilds because I'm afraid of a few slaps for misbehaving?" he shook his head in disbelief, "There are pretty boys all over the place, but mother died years ago and unless you can pop out babies he'll not have another son. He'll need me for far longer than he'll need you."

Jim shrugged carelessly, “No I can’t give him children, thank the gods. But who’s to say that he won’t remarry? He’s still young, plenty of vitality left in him, as you can see. What’s to stop him from having a true son? Where will you be then, Lord Moran?" Jim pointed to the door. “You can leave now. Just remember what I said.”

"You listen here you little bitch..." Sebastian took a step forward then hesitated as he heard his father coming back up the staircase. Furiously sticking two fingers up at Jim he scuttled off, brushing past the man and earning himself another slap on the head before storming out to find Ramsay, finding him eventually in the kitchens, practising carefully skinning a dead pig while Paul, already bruised from his earlier encounter with Sebastian, tried to make himself look as small as possible hunched over the washing up. Sebastian stormed in, picked up a chair and flung it at the wall, "He didn't tell! He's got me over a fucking rack and he bloody well knows it, little bitch. What does he get out of going on and on about my real father, huh?" Ramsay looked up from the pig, looking curious and vaguely sympathetic and Sebastian flung himself down onto a stool,
tipping it back to balance on the back legs and kicking his feet up onto a bench. "Little shit. Dad's latest fuck-boy. I beat the shit out of him earlier for pissing around and now he's acting like some smug little Prince." Ramsay listened to Seb's rant until the boy eventually stopped, irritably kicked the table and brought the stool back onto all three legs and asked, "What are you doing?"

"Practising..." Ramsay smiled and pointed the knife at him, wet to the elbows with pig’s blood. "Listen. I'll cheer you up. Next... Friday. No, Thursday. Come to the glade. Late afternoon."

Sebastian sighed, shaking his head, "I dunno... chasing some poor bitch is hardly going to, oww!"

Ramsay smacked the knife against the side of his head, nicking his ear, and Sebastian rubbed at it, the sting clearing his anger a little. "Look Sebby, you're angry. You need something. I'll get it for you. Trust me..."

Chapter End Notes

TW: Discussions of childhood sexual abuse
Sebastian ignored Jim in the days that passed, keeping away from his father’s room, occasionally hearing the odd sound which he tried desperately to put out of his head. He also tried to forget Jim's face when Sebastian had pinned him to the wall. The shudder in his body and desperation in his eyes as he'd started crying. And of course the threat hanging over Sebastian, wondering every day if the master at arms was about to haul him out and beat him bloody, if Jim had grown bored and decided to let it slip. He came to the glade at the appointed time, his face twisting into a half-smile as he saw Ramsay with the dogs. "You stupid bastard, I knew it was a hunt...." His voice died a little as he saw the figure the Bolton men were dragging into view. It was a young man - pale, slightly bruised and scratched, stripped naked with a bag over his head. "Oh... oh no... you didn't..."

"I did!" Ramsay gave a delighted grin. "Of course I did Sebby - I did it for you!"

Jim had been asleep in Moran’s room when several men snuck in the bedroom and pulled a bag over his head. They hadn’t stripped him, Jim was already naked. He shrieked and fought, having no idea what was going on – if someone had learned of his purpose here or not. He continued fighting all the way to the glade. Jim had very little idea of what was going on but he could figure it out. Ramsay and Sebastian together, the dogs he could hear panting and snarling, and the words knew it was a hunt. Fuck. Jim started struggling again. “Sebastian. Consider this my favor. Let me go.”

Ramsay gave a delighted little chuckle stepping forward and tugging away the bag from Jim's head before running a little knife down his sternum, leaving a tiny scratch in the way. "But Sebastian isn't the one holding you... I am. And when these men let you go you have ten minutes before I release the dogs. You can spend it pleading with your dear Sebastian or you can spend it running..."

"He is not my dear." Sebastian snapped followed by a helpless, "Rams, this is not what I asked you for."

Ramsay stepped back, and rolled his eyes good-naturedly at Sebastian, "Isn't he sweet, your Sebby? Heart of gold. What a pity this isn't his choice." He nodded to the men who released Jim and then looked at him, a smirk on his face. "Ten minutes. Sebby doesn't have to join the chase, but I suspect he's got something of a vested interest in making sure you don't get back to the castle to report all this to Lord Moran. I suggest you... run."

Jim didn’t waste another second, he knew when he was wasting his time, he ran. His bare feet hurt and stung but he wouldn’t let that stop him, he was not going to die here. Varys was counting on him. He hadn’t survived the streets of Flea Bottom and a hundred other experiences just so that he could die here as food for Ramsay’s dogs. He ran for about five minutes before he stopped to catch his breath, looking around for somewhere to hide or something he could use as a weapon. Jim found a sharp rock and grabbed a fallen branch, quickly tearing away extra branches and further sharpening the broken edge. It wasn’t as good as a knife but it just might be enough. He heard the dogs close by, thinking that they were most likely a minute or two ahead of the men.

Sebastian watched a little helplessly as Jim ran. Ramsay was right, if Jim got back to the castle he would be the closest thing to dead - on the other hand, if Jim didn’t get back to the castle and his
father found out what they'd done he probably would be dead. "You idiot..." he said, but it came out a little fondly and Ramsay smirked at him.

"C'mon Moran. Where's your sense of fun?" Reaching out with his free hand he grabbed Seb by the balls and tugged until he heard a whine, "Tell you what." he added in a stage whisper, feeling Sebastian's dick harden against his hand, "If you find him first, I'll let you fuck him, how about it?"

"If I find him first, we can send him down South with the army." Sebastian said firmly.

Ramsay rolled his eyes, "You soft prick... alright... here we go!" With a cry the dogs were released, with Seb and Ramsay running close behind, Seb tugging out a dagger and Ramsay readying his bow.

The first dog reached him and Jim stood his ground, holding the sharp stick out and ready. He timed it perfectly and when the dog lunged Jim stuck his left arm out to block the beast’s teeth. Jim cried out when the dog’s teeth tore into his arm and tackled him down to the ground. Jim used his free hand to take his stake and stabbed it deep into the animal’s eye. It cried out and bled over Jim as it died. After it stopped moving, Jim pushed the heavy thing off of him and started running again, stake in hand. He ignored his ravaged arm in favor of his life.

Sebastian was first to find the injured dog, skidding to a halt to look at it, "Shit... Rams!" He stared at the hound, rather impressed. Ramsay's dogs were terrifying at the best of times and there was Jim, little Jim with his skinny little body, all naked and helpless, had managed to kill one.

Ramsay ran over, his face freezing as he saw the dog. "He killed it!" Sebastian hesitated, toning down his enthusiasm a little as Ramsay knelt by the dog and stroked its head. Then he stood up, not even looking at Sebastian as he snapped, "We find him. You fuck him. I castrate the bitch. Then you fuck him again. Then we kill him. Alright?" Sebastian hesitated, but he'd seen that expression on Ramsay before and just nodded mutely before they set off again.

Jim headed for the river, running as fast as he could when he heard more dogs on his heels. When he reached the water he slipped on some stones and fell as the dogs caught him. Jim screamed furiously and bashed a rock against the throat of one of the animals. The thing yelped and stumbled away, Jim hadn’t killed it yet but he’d crushed its windpipe. If it didn’t die soon then Ramsay would have to put it down himself. The remaining dog circled him and Jim barely managed to stay standing as he waited for the thing to attack. Jim’s one advantage over these dogs was that he had no problem killing them, the dogs wouldn’t kill until they were given a command from Ramsay. It lunged for him and Jim stabbed its throat with the sharp stick but not before it bit down ferociously on his leg. He choked on a scream and stabbed it again and again until it bled out on the banks of the river.

Jim had to take a moment to catch his breath and try and think around the blind panic numbing his mind. Jim had to hide. He paused to wash in the water and get some of the blood off his body, his own and the dogs. He shivered hard, it was courting pneumonia to be out here in the cold soaking wet with no clothes on. Jim worried that he was taking too much time but he grabbed mud from the bottom of the river and smeared it all over his body, except in the two areas where he’d been bitten. His pale skin would draw attention and he needed to disappear. This was just like one of Varys’s exercises in disguise. Jim would just disguise himself as part of the forest. He finished up and limped to the other side of the river, trying to keep quite. Jim stumbled along for a ways in what he thought was the direction of the castle until he couldn’t go on anymore. He was dizzy and it took the last of his effort to climb high up in a tree where it would be difficult to see him from the ground, especially with the mud hiding his pale skin.

He settled in with his back against the trunk of the large tree, trying to keep his pained whimpers to
himself as he inspected the bites. The first dog had bitten him very badly, ripping into his arm and leaving multiple rows of teeth marks. The second dog had stumbled off before he’d been able to sink into Jim but the last Rottweiler got his shin in between his jaws – that bite wasn’t as bad and Jim could still put some weight on it. It was going to be a long while before they gave up. Ramsay had been right, they were good as dead if Jim made it back to that castle. They wouldn’t give up easily or soon. Jim just hoped he wouldn’t lose too much blood before then. He didn’t have anything to bandage the wounds with. Jim shook with terror, adrenaline and the cold. He hoped that wherever Varys was that he was somewhere better than Jim. And that the information he sent off was worth this.

It was almost evening when Jim climbed up the tree but the hunt wasn’t over until sun up the next morning. He spent the time dozing, trying to keep alert. It got to a point where Jim recognized that if the party found him, he wouldn’t even be able to run off, his muscles had cramped long ago from sitting still for so long in this weather. The hunting party came by his tree, several times, but with all of their dogs dead they had no hope of finding him by scent. Ramsay kept up a constant litany of threats and promises of what he would do to Jim when he found him. Eventually the sun did come up though and Jim felt safe enough to climb down and out of the tree. It took him half an hour to limp back to the castle but he didn’t go to Moran’s quarters, convinced that Ramsay would be waiting to intercept him. Instead he went to the servant barracks, navigating in between rooms and beds until he found Paul and shook him awake. “Paul – I need… I need a favor. Please. Whatever you want. Later. But I need you to go and get Lord Moran. Bring him here. Don’t – for god’s sake don’t let Ramsay or Sebastian see you.” Jim shook heavily, trying to keep from collapsing where he stood. He was still naked and his body was caked with blood and dried mud, his skin under the dirt was pale and his lips were blue from the cold.

Paul shuddered awake, giving a strangled yelp as he saw Jim, for a moment convinced he was seeing Jim's ghost. Shivering and shaking his drew back, "N-no... fuck no... t-they took you on the hunt..." He'd known about the plan for days, and it had gnawed at him ceaselessly that he hadn't the guts to warn Jim. And now, Jim was back, looking half dead. "Oh god, oh god... Ramsay will kill me..." He moaned, helping Jim into the bed and curling around him, warming the freezing body with his own. Jim was covered in mud and Paul suddenly realised it was now all over his sheets. Either way, he was implicated. And he did owe Jim for not warning him. Getting out of bed, he hurriedly arranged the sheets over Jim so he was hidden - a casual observer would assume it was still Paul under there. "S-stay there. Try not to die. I-I'll get him. He's been looking for you..."

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I-in the little room by the kitchen. I-

"Stay there." Moran snapped, storming out of the room and down to the kitchen. He flung the furs off Jim and gave a growl of anger, picking him up and heading for the Maester's room. Waking the man, he lay Jim gently down on his bed. "Tell me if he'll survive. If he will, patch him up. Then fetch Sebastian and prepare a raven for Lord Bolton. I can't whip his bastard without his permission."

Jim woke up when Moran flung the furs off of him, shivering at the intense cold he still felt. The man was warm where he held him though so Jim settled in his arms without saying anything, just intensely grateful to be alive and feel safe now. He dozed lightly as Moran carried him from the kitchens to the Maester's room, still shivering. Moran laid him down on the bed and Jim was awake enough to hear what he said about whipping Ramsay, it didn’t take a lot of effort to realize that Sebastian would get worse. The boy still owed him a favor and if Jim could save his arse here then he would owe him quite a lot indeed. “Wh-wait…” Jim shivered hard and grabbed onto Moran's wrist tightly with his right hand. "Seb-Sebastian didn’t do anything. It wasn’t—wasn’t his idea… he saved my life. He killed Ram-Ramsay’s dogs.” Jim’s voice was faint and rough but he added as much conviction as possible to the words.

Moran felt his heart jolt as Jim grabbed hold of him, stroking his hair gently. He knew, deep down, that Sebastian would not have organised it. The boy would never have dared and besides, Ramsay was insane and by far the most likely suspect. "You're confused. Let the Maester care for you..." he said in a ragged sort of voice. "Sebastian is my son and he has disobeyed me..." He looked up as the Maester returned with Sebastian, who took one shocked look at Jim and then his face went white, staring dumbly at his father who glared angrily back at him.

Sebastian felt a shard of ice settle somewhere deep inside his stomach as he saw Jim. Somewhere in the back of his mind there was a rush of relief, but it was all glossed over by the way his father was looking at him, the anger in his eyes, the punishment he knew would follow. "Y-you wanted to see me ... Ser-" He managed, standing straight up right, gazing ahead, hands clasped behind his back, eyes only occasionally flickering to Jim's damaged body, while the Maester took a wet cloth and started wiping the mud away from his wounds.

Moran glared at his son for a while before snapping, "You hunted him. I told you not to hurt him, not to touch him or harm him, and you let that deranged maniac hunt him!"

Sebastian licked dry lips and glanced at Jim's body again before just responding "Ser."

Moran took a step forward growling, "Alright Sebastian Lannister - let's hear it then. Let's hear a good excuse as to why I shouldn't have you whipped till you can't walk and then thrown naked into the guardhouse."

Jim started crying then, great big hiccupping sobs. “Are you okay? He didn’t hu-hurt you? You were so b-brave…” Jim wiped at his eyes, trying to get ahold of himself. “I can’t believe you fought off the-the dogs. Thank you… thank you. I don’t hold it against you, I-I know you tried to make him stop.” He took in a ragged breath, willing Sebastian to play along. If the boy was stupid enough not to catch on after all of that then he wasn’t ever going to be useful to Jim anyway.

Moran turned, glaring at Jim, rather annoyed at the boy, but his gaze softening as he noticed the damage revealed as the mud was cleaned away. Sebastian looked momentarily stunned and then his face went blank, the gears working away behind his head, trying to work out what sort of motivation Jim could possibly have for spinning this lie - whether there was some greater revenge planned. In the end he settled for the truth. "Lord Snow organised a hunt." He hesitated and added, "Three of Ramsay's dogs are dead. Is - is he badly injured?" At least he could sound concerned
The maester glanced up at both of them, "Oh he'll live. If he's made it this far without dying of shock. He'll need to be kept warm, fed well, and hope his wounds don't go bad. But he'll live." Moran gave Sebastian a deep appraising look, trying to work out what seemed a suitable punishment given the new information.

Jim was so relieved by his prognosis that he probably would have collapsed if he’d been standing. All he wanted right now was to have a hot bath and sleep but this needed to be done now or it wouldn’t get done. “Ser… Augustus…” Jim tried, hoping that the use of the man’s first name wouldn’t be too forward. “You are needed throughout the day, you can’t look over me all the time.” Jim made sure to plant the seed of the idea without mentioning Sebastian by name, it would only make Moran suspicious. Jim did need a guard but if it was Sebastian, that would be all the better… providing the boy didn’t hit him, or molest him, or give him over to Ramsay. “I—I’m afraid. Please don’t leave me alone, I wouldn’t be able to sleep if I thought that—that man could come in and steal me from your bed again.” Jim sniffled rather pathetically but made a show of trying to look brave and save face.

"I promised him he would not be harmed." Augustus was still glaring at Sebastian, jaw clenched. He stroked Jim's hair absently as the boy begged. He knew Jim would be afraid for a while, and if that impacted on his ability to fuck him then Sebastian would be suffering for it. He sighed, shaking his head, his anger subsiding a little, speaking to Sebastian almost fondly, "You stupid little cunt, I told you to keep away from that bastard. You've got a fine future ahead of you - if Bolton pulls off this plan for the North it'll be a hell of a fine one. Go to the master of arms - tell him to belt you like he does his son. Then come back up to my room." He stroked Jim's hair, "For the next week, you'll be his servant - look after him, care for him, keep him warm and tended for. And understand what this means - he'll have full power over you. If he wants you punished, beaten, sleeping outside, a word from him and it will happen. You have no power over him. If he wants you to suck his cock, you do it. And if you even think about getting your own cock around anywhere near him I'll tell Ramsay to cut it off. Understood?" Sebastian nodded, mute, looking flushed and embarrassed as Moran turned to Jim and gently tugged his hair to get his attention. "Is that alright with you, little river-run? I promise now he will not hurt you."

Jim listened, faintly shocked at how far Moran was willing to go for Jim against his own son. This was why Jim insisted that fucking a mark was usually a better bet. Varys could have never gotten these results if Jim had just kept to serving in the house and scrubbing Moran’s floors. The mention of a plan sent Jim’s nerves singing, there it was. Just a hint of the real reason he was here. He was getting closer, Jim could feel it. He smiled through the pain and took Moran’s hand where it was petting his dirty hair. “Yes my Lord. Thank you.”

Seb glared at the floor until Moran snapped at him, "You are dismissed." And then stormed out. The maester finished patching Jim up and then Moran picked him up, carrying him up the stairs to the room. Ramsay was nowhere to be seen, thankfully. Moran lay Jim in the bed and gave him a kiss. "You sleep here. I won't join you in bed until you are well. I'll wait here until Sebastian comes back." Heading to the desk he wrote a small note, and then started looking through official papers until there was a knock on the door. Sebastian sloped through, standing inside and staring at the floor, eyes glassy and expression mutinous.

As Moran settled Jim down in his bed, he couldn’t help the hot rush of relief that brought genuine tears to his eyes, although he held them back. When he’d been running in the woods he’d never let himself consider the fact that he might not live, but right now, more than ever, his own mortality was staring him right in the face. The residual terror faded as he lay there, and repeated to himself over and over again that he wasn’t going to die. He wasn’t going to be eaten alive. No one was
going to rape him, or castrate him, or leave him otherwise mutilated. Jim was safe. He dozed off under the warm furs, finally able to relax now that his body temperature was somewhat reasonable again, although he was still chilly. The knock at the door had him startling awake and sitting up, slightly disoriented. It worried him that so little of his jumpiness was faked.

Augustus looked Sebastian over, walking around him, occasionally poking him and looking satisfied as Sebastian winced. "You will do the same tomorrow morning." He stated, "And every morning until that boy is back in my bed. I'll have food sent up for him. If you're lucky, he might let you eat some as well." With that he gave Jim a kiss on the forehead and Sebastian a pat on the arse and headed down the stairs, the door closing behind him.

Sebastian glared at the floor for a while before snapping out. "Still fucking hate you." and then, with a certain amount of admiration "You killed three of Ramsay's dogs."

Fucking hell. The rebellion was real. Jim blinked and made sure to keep his expression placid, it wasn’t difficult with the exhaustion. He smiled for Moran when he kissed Jim’s head and watched him walk out. He looked at Sebastian with raw contempt as soon as they were alone. ‘’S okay, I fucking hate you too. Hope you’re real proud of yourself.” Jim smiled slowly, “It doesn’t matter if you hate me or not. You’ll do what I say. Now draw me a bath, I’m filthy.” The maester had done everything he could to clean Jim off with towels but he was still dirty. “Have a servant change the sheets.” Jim sat up slowly and carefully tried to balance on his feet. He was still naked but he wasn’t embarrassed by his body and he knew that Sebastian wouldn’t dare to touch him after everything his father had threatened. “No you killed the dogs. Don’t you dare tell anyone differently.”

Sebastian frowned at him but to be honest, drawing a bath was probably the least he could do given what had just happened and he filled the large copper kettle in the bathroom, placing it on the fire and then adding cold water to the tub. "Why do you care. He'd have taken my skin off if you'd told the truth." The beating hadn't been bad, and had left very few marks and bruises that would survive overnight but it had still been harsh and long and the thought of one every morning was not welcome. "Ramsay knows I didn't. He knows I wouldn't dare. But Bolton won't let Da hurt him so he doesn't give a damn."

Jim focused on stretching and testing the damage done to his leg while Sebastian fucked around with the water. He shrugged when Sebastian asked the question, “Because you aren’t useful to me if you’re whipped and tied down to a bed in the guard house.” He shivered again and limped over to the fire and carefully sat down on a foot stool so he could keep warm. “It’s my word against Ramsay’s. I don’t know if you missed this or not but your father is rather fond of me. Besides,” Jim turned big tearful eyes on Sebastian. “I… I could never kill even one of those m-monsters. I need big M-Moran boys to pro-protect me.”

Sebastian gave a little snort of laughter, adding the boiling water and using his hand to test the temperature, "He wouldn't throw me into the guardhouse, I am still his son and heir and he can't have every soldier in the North boasting they've fucked me. Does he know you're a complete con?" He straightened up, winced and nodded at the bath. "S ready. I've fought one of Ramsay's dogs before. We had a contest. Dog won. Do you need any help getting in?"

Jim ignored Sebastian’s offer of help, got up, and slowly settled in the water, wincing at the temperature against his cold skin. When he could comfortably sit down all the way he rested his head against the back of the tub and closed his eyes. “Wash me.” He snorted, “No… just bastard children of Lords get to fuck you.” Jim peeked an eye open and watched him, “I’m not a complete con, I’m offended at the suggestion. You should be grateful I’m not really an honest sort or you’d be feeling a lot worse right now.” He laughed bitterly, “Fuck but you’re still alive. Means you won
in my book. I might have come out well in comparison to them but they’re just dumb animals, even if they are vicious sons of bitches.” Jim shuddered a little, looking at his arm and the wounds that would scar.

Sebastian grabbed a cloth and wetted it in the water, hesitating before gently starting to run it over Jim's back. He’d seen the dogs tear people to pieces before but somehow seeing a live body with the damage made it much worse. "How the hell do you know Ramsay fucked me?" He said, but it was resigned rather than angry. This boy was something different to the usual kitchen brats. This one was here for a different reason, and the thought that it might be to fuck up or in some way compromise his father cheered Sebastian up slightly. "Course I'm grateful. I'll avoid any whippings I can." And then, with some more grudging admiration, "You thought pretty fast considering you'd been out all night in that state."

Jim wasn’t just running his mouth, everything he said, everything he did was just as calculated to win Sebastian over as Jim was with Moran. He did the boy favors, he impressed him, he put him in close contact with his bare skin… everything was a tease and planted a seed for the future. Jim would slowly bind the boy to him until he was just as loyal as any. “I can just tell. He’s got your balls in a vice grip, if you were friends then he might have listened to you back in the glade. You aren’t friends. Means there’s something else keeping you together – sex is the obvious answer for two bored boys this far north without much else in common.” Jim closed his eyes while he listed off his deductions, feeling some of the tension from last night leave his body with the dirt and dried blood that Sebastian scrubbed away.

“Has not got me by the balls.” Sebastian grumbled, "He's the only one around here that doesn't start singing the Lannister song when I walk through the door, and we look out for each other. The only reason he put you in the hunt was because I was pissed at you. He doesn't give a shit, it was a favour for me." He hesitated, realising that this was probably not the wisest thing to boast about given Jim had full power over him and he was still aching from his beating. Sighing he rubbed the cloth over Jim's shoulders and arms, trailing his fingers after it, feeling a little sad that the beautiful smooth skin would now be scarred from the dog bites. "I fucked him once you know.” He said idly, trying to portray it as a mutual relationship - as if Ramsay tying his cock off with a length of leather and then bouncing on it until Sebastian screeched had been in any way enjoyable.

Jim opened his eyes and stared at Sebastian balefully. “Some fucking favor. Your arse was over the fire as soon as he took me, it didn’t matter whether I escaped or not.” He chuckled quietly and shook his head. “You’re so full of shit, Moran.” He felt the way the boy touched his skin with his fingertips but Jim tolerated it. He’d not let the boy fuck him but he’d permit and even secretly encourage other contact, it would allow the boy’s desire to fester. Because the boy did want Jim, everyone knew it. He reached up and wrapped a careful hand around Sebastian’s throat threateningly, “Are you going to let him hurt me?”

Sebastian’s hand automatically flew up in defense and then hesitated, inches away from touching Jim’s, and fell away. And then, fuck, his cock started to twitch with the threatening words and the small hand tightening over his skin. Ramsay found it hilarious how easy it was to get a reaction from him. "He's Ramsay..." he tried weakly. “He's Bolton's son, even if he is a bastard. I can't tell him what to do.”

Jim smiled slightly when Sebastian hesitated to retaliate, even if he was less than impressed with his words. “If he came in here right now and told you he was going to rape me and then let his dogs have as many turns as they wanted, you’d let him regardless of your father’s consequences and the debt you owe me?” Jim had overheard that particular threat when Ramsay and Sebastian had found the second and third dogs he killed. Ramsay had gone on about it in pretty explicit detail. If Sebastian wasn’t actually going to protect Jim then he’d have to come up with something
Sebastian scowled and looked away, not wanting to meet Jim's eyes. He remembered Ramsay's threats - remembered the point in the evening where he'd decided that if they did find Jim, he'd immediately rush forwards and slit Jim's throat, consequences be damned. "If Ramsay decides he wants to hurt you, he'll hurt you." He said finally, knowing from his own experience it was true. "But if he's uncertain, or hesitant I'll tell him to bog off. He'll find a new project soon enough, don't worry."

Jim looked Sebastian over in disgust before releasing his throat. "You're pathetic and weak. Get the fuck out and go present yourself to your father. Tell him you refused to protect me and that I want real men posted at the door if you're going to be such a coward. You're fucking useless. I shouldn't have wasted my time with you." Jim did still want Sebastian as a piece but not if he was willing to sell Jim out at the first sign of trouble. His face twisted up and he looked away, Jim wouldn't go through something like that again. He wouldn't risk whatever Ramsay’s revenge would be on some coward who would stab him in the back to save his own skin.

Sebastian stared at him in shock and then started to laugh, "You really have let this go to your head. Is this why you 'spared' me? To insult me and have me beaten before a whipping? Should I lie to you? Grovel down at your feet and swear to protect you from the big bad Ramsay at your orders, knowing as soon as he pulls a knife out someone's likely to get skinned? Fuck that." Dropping the wet cloth on Jim's head he headed for the door, putting his hand on it and looking at Jim challengingly. "I can promise you that you won't be hurt by Ramsay - not because I'll fight the bastard, but because I'll make sure he's never interested in you enough to hurt you, that good enough? Avoiding a fight with Ramsay Snow doesn't make me a coward, it makes me sane. I'm not afraid to go down there and tell Da to stripe the skin off my back, if that's what you want. Your choice. But there's no guard in this castle would stand up to Ramsay, and you might just be better off with the one person other than his father that he might be inclined to listen to."

Jim frowned as Sebastian challenged him but he listened to what he had to say. "You'll stay for now. But if he does something and you fail to stop him, you’d better hope he kills me." Jim threatened before taking a breath and dunking his head under water. He scrubbed his hair and rinsed the rest of the soap off his body. While he finished up with his bath, a servant came in and changed the sheets and brought a fresh towel for Jim to dry off with.

Paul entered with the sheets, looking incredibly relieved to see Jim upright and functioning and scuttling quickly and quietly passed Sebastian as he made the bed. He handed Jim the towel, wincing at the bruises and flashing him a quick smile before turning to Sebastian and asking, "W- would you like any food brought up?"

Sebastian shrugged and flung himself into his father’s desk chair, resting his feet on the desk, "No idea. Ask him. He's the boss now."

Paul turned to Jim, confused, but managing a sardonic bow, "Well, Ser Whore. Would you like some food?"

Jim rolled his eyes. "Yes, the whore would like some food. Thank you Paul.” When he was dry Jim crawled in the bed and shivered for a second under the furs. “Come here and get under the furs, it’s freezing. Put another log on the fire first.” Jim enjoyed having a Lord for a servant.

Paul gave a cheeky grin back at him, yelping as Sebastian pinched his arse as he scuttled back down the stairs. Seb gave a grin, then scowled, "Oh c'mon, I'm meant to be nice to you, not everyone in this damn castle my dad's fucked.” He grabbed a log and threw it on the fire, then poked it into place before tugging his boots off and getting into the furs. This was dangerous, he
knew. Already half frustrated and half turned on he was now in close proximity to a warm and pretty little body. He lay still, keeping himself ramrod straight and not touching Jim at all.

Jim snorted, “You are a coward. Can’t you pick on someone who is actually able to fight back? And your own size?” He shivered again, hiding how pleased he was that Sebastian seemed nervous to touch him. “What are you doing you moron? You aren’t helping anything from over there.” Jim scooched himself closer to Sebastian but didn’t do anything to make it seem like he was coming on to him. He sighed heavily, feeling weariness overtake him now that it was warmer. “I’m—exhausted. Let anything happen to me while I sleep and I’ll convince your father to feed you to Ramsay’s dogs.”

Sebastian hesitated before sighing and hugging Jim close. The warm damp body felt good against him, pressing close to the ache of his stinging skin. He wrapped his arms around the shivering body until the shivering stopped muttering an, "As if I would let anything happen to you." When he thought Jim was asleep. The last twenty-four hours had dragged him through a whole range of emotions and having been up all night tramping around the woods he was more than happy to curl up behind Jim and drift off to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

TW: Violence against animals in self-defense, threats of rape, violence, threats of bestiality/rape.
Somewhere in the middle of the night Sebastian half-woke to find himself cuddled next to a warm little body and almost reflexively hugged it closer, nuzzling into it and murmuring "D-don't you dare tell anyone I cried, Paul you little shite..." before falling off to sleep again.

Moran came back in the morning, frowning to see the two of them cuddled up together. It looked sweet, but Jim was his, and he wouldn't have Sebastian getting mixed up with it. Rolling his eyes he picked up the cane resting on the side of the room and snapped it across the top of the furs, knowing it wouldn't hurt either of them with the bedding in the way, but made a crack loud enough to make them jump. "Morning! My little river-rat needs to get to the Maester and my disobedient son needs to go see the Master at arms. Well done Sebastian, for keeping him alive overnight..." His voice dripped with sarcasm.

The crack echoed through the room and Jim startled so badly that for a moment his heart stopped. He gasped and automatically covered his mouth with his hand to stifle the noise – Ramsay would hear him… Jim froze for a good three seconds when he realized that Sebastian was in bed with him and Moran was watching them, a jealous glint in his eye. It took even longer to remember why Sebastian had been in bed with him. When his mind finally eased past the panic of his startling wake up call, Jim climbed out of bed and wrapped his good arm around Moran's neck and pressed his naked body against him, hoping to alleviate any suspicious thoughts he might be having. “The Maester said I need to keep warm, and you weren't there…” He explained, pouting just a little.

Moran wrapped an arm around him, still glaring at Sebastian who after the initial panic was now stretching and insolently taking his time getting up. "Oh I trust you, my little one, I just don't trust him..."

Sebastian rolled his eyes, pulling himself out of bed with a groan noticing he was still in his clothes from the day before. "I've been fully dressed all night, haven't touched him, alright? Not even while he was sleeping." He couldn't help a slightly jealous scowl cross his face while his father hugged Jim and patted his bottom before running over the wounds.

"Alright, get dressed and see the Maester. Sebastian will meet you there once the master at arms has dealt with him."

Jim scowled a little, “Oh don’t, please. Yesterday he spent all day limping and wincing, it drove me mad. Besides, I can’t put a lot of weight on my leg, I need to be carried around and I don’t want to get dropped on my arse just because he’s been belted.” He smiled prettily and leaned up to kiss Moran’s mouth, nibbling teasingly on his lower lip. “Are you going to be working all day again?” Jim was interested in getting more information since he was planning on sending another letter to Varys today.

"He's had far worse before..." Moran growled, curtly gesturing at Sebastian to leave and shaking his head as he stormed out, slamming the door behind him. "With that attitude he'll have far worse again. Sounds like he's putting it on for you to feel sorry for him..." his voice died out as Jim began kissing him, groaning and picking him up, wrapping the legs around his waist and then throwing his cloak around Jim's shoulders. "Mmmmm my pretty little boy. Things are very busy at the
moment. How would you like to come with me to the Raven's tower before we go to see the
Maester?"

Jim frowned when Moran said that he thought Sebastian was trying to trick him. "Well I don’t –
feel sorry for him. I just want him to be able to do his work properly.” Jim kissed him back, letting
out a little groan of pain after a minute when he was done, to remind Moran he was injured. It was
one thing at least, that Jim would be hurt for a while, and Moran had promised not to fuck him
while he was healing. Jim got up and pulled on some clothes and then wrapped Moran’s cloak
around his shoulders. “I’d like that. I’ve never seen the castle from up high before.”

Moran gently let him down as he groaned, shaking his head and muttering something non-
complimentary about Ramsay under his breath. "Come on then..." He headed up to the tower,
pausing to let Jim catch up and carrying him up the last flight of stairs. At the top, he put him down
and then pulled out some parchment. "I'm writing to a man called Locke - he works with Bolton.
They're down south taking part in the war at the moment. I need some more information about
what's going on. Have you worked with Ravens before?"

Jim shook his head, hardly focusing on what Moran was saying. After all, Jim was bright but he
was still a peasant whore from White Harbor… he was just distracted by all the pretty birds and the
view. “I can see the stables from here!” Jim answered, excited about things that peasants got
excited about. Of course he was listening very carefully to everything Moran had to say. When he
was done looking out the window he turned his focus back to Moran and hung off his arm a little,
“Can you teach me? How to work with Ravens? I could be useful. Well… I mean – after my leg
heals up of course.” He said, looking back towards the stairs sadly.

"Of course I can teach you." Moran laughed, stroking his hair again, and grinning as he noticed
that at the side of the stables was Sebastian, hands braced on the wall, the belt striking down
across his back, arse and legs. He still had his clothes on and Moran reasoned that considering the
material wasn't breaking it was a fairly soft beating. Picking up a Raven he stroked its wings, then
held it out to Jim. "Go on, they're perfectly tame. Take it."

Jim looked delighted but nervous as he first petted the bird’s feather’s tentatively, then stuck out a
hand for the bird to climb onto. “It’s heavy, I always thought birds would be light as air…” Jim
smiled brightly and turned to Moran. “I met a sailor once who told me that ravens can talk! Will it
talk to me?”

Moran laughed and shook his head, "You funny little creature. You're as sharp as a tack but
sometimes I forget you don't know very much. I'm sure you'll pick this up quickly enough. Raven's
don't talk. Well... not in a way we can understand." Rolling up the message he attached it to the
Raven on Jim's foot. "This is how they talk, through little bits of paper. This Raven is going to go
to Locke and ask him how many men they want up here to be ready to storm into Winterfell.
Now... can you throw it out? Out and up."

Jim did as he was told, and covered his head as the bird flapped his large wings and disturbed the
air, taking flight. He turned around and gave Moran a mischievous grin, “Oh I don’t know…” he
said, reaching a hand down to fondle at the man’s cock. “I think I know a whole lot of things.” Jim
pulled away and walked back to the birds, whistling at them happily and petting their pretty
feathers. “How come your men are going to fight at Winter-hell? Aren’t they your friends?”

Moran gave a shocked gasp and then a little laugh, wrapping his arms around Jim from behind and
pressing against him, "Hmm... carefully little boy, you might get something a bit bigger than you
bargained for." He kissed the top of Jim's head then let go of him to pick up another Raven,
attaching a second note. "Politics, my boy, all politics. Nothing you need to worry about. Just
getting closer and closer to installing you in a nice big castle, with plenty of servants to look out for you. Now, let’s get you down to the Maester."

Jim grinned happily and climbed onto Moran’s back so that he could take Jim down the stairs and across the halls. Jim chatted happily about what he wanted in the castle – a stable, he wanted to learn how to ride a horse. He wanted walls as tall as towers and fruit trees and a lake nearby for swimming in. Moran seemed to humor him and his childish fantasies, probably because Jim occasionally took advantage of his position on the man’s back to lick and nibble at his ears and feel up his chest under his clothing. Moran put him down in the Maester’s room and left for business and Sebastian came in as he left. Jim looked up at the Maester with fearful eyes, “Do – do you think the dogs had that illness? The one that makes them mad? Am I going to get that?”

"Ramsay's dogs aren't ill." Sebastian answered before the maester.

The man frowned at Seb and then turned to Jim, inspecting the bite marks. "It's been over a day since you were bitten." The maester explained, "If you were going to go mad, you'd have done so by now."

"Just don't let Ramsay bite you..." Sebastian grinned, and then yelped as the maester poked his side. "Stoppit! He's allowed to boss me around." He pointed at Jim, "You aren't. Alright master what do you want me to do today."

He knew the dogs hadn’t had rabies but it didn’t hurt to play up the ignorant peasant thing. The Maester wrapped his arm and leg in bandages, presumably to keep them from getting infected since they had stopped bleeding. Jim poked at Sebastian’s back to test the area, he’d seen the master of arms whip his back, Jim wasn’t sure he’d be able to carry him. “I have errands to run. Are you going to be able to carry me?”

Sebastian winced and squirmed away from him, scowling, "You want to be carried everywhere? Course I can carry you..." Pressing his hands above Jim's hips he lifted him and flung him over one shoulder.

The Maester gave a little yelp and waved his arms at him, "Don't carry him like that! Carry him either on your back or in your arms, are you trying to break him?"

Sebastian sighed and put Jim down again, before swinging him into his arms, "Alright Princess, arms around my neck, where did you want to go then?"

Jim yelped in surprise as Sebastian, the idiot, threw him over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. He grabbed a fistful of the boy’s blond hair for balance, afraid he was going to be dropped. Moran was rather tall. At the Maester’s instance Sebastian put him down and the picked him back up again, properly this time. At first Jim scowled and refused to put his arms around the boy’s neck but then he gave in when he felt like he was slipping. “Being a princess gives me higher rank than you little lord.” Jim stuck his tongue out and grabbed the hair at Sebastian’s nape, but he didn’t pull on it. “I need to go to my quarters. The peasant rooms. My things are there and I need some spare clothes. Then we’ll go to the kitchens, I’m starving.”

"You -" Sebastian swallowed the words and just nodded stony faced. There was no need whatsoever for Jim to leave the castle. Moran would provide him with all the clothes he wanted. Sebastian was pretty certain that Jim just wanted to show off to his uncle that Sebastian was under his control, "Very well Princess." He answered instead, heading outside and doing a good job of managing to hide just how much he ached from the punishment that morning. He was beginning to wonder if there was any way to speed up Jim's healing and get him back in his father’s bed as quickly as possible. He brightened up a little as he remembered Paul would be in the kitchens,
heading outside and ignoring the grins from the soldiers and guards as he walked to Jim's uncle's as quickly as possible.

“Wait outside.” Jim said when Sebastian reached the door. Jim limped in and shut the door behind him. He quickly opened the trunk and pulled out a paper and ink. Father, he wrote. Everyone is very excited here and we are preparing for a party the boss is planning to host at the Wolf's Den. Today we sent a raven, inviting many men to attend. It is very cold here but things are heating up. I found out that all of the frightening things you warned me about, can happen, they've been made real to me. You are right to worry. I miss you and wish I was home. Jim bit his lip hard until it bled and marked the corner of the envelope with his blood. It was a secondary marker meant to tell Varys that he had been hurt or was in a dangerous position, and that any replies should be delivered cautiously. Jim tucked the folded note into his uncle’s pillow case, where they agreed to exchange notes. The man would take it into a nearby town when he went to collect supplies for the castle and he would send a raven from there, since any ravens at the castle would be monitored. Jim grabbed a change of clothes and a knife, because he wasn’t walking around unarmed anymore.

Sebastian waited outside, bored and uninterested in whatever peasanty things Jim was doing inside. He stretched against the wall with an 'unh' straightening quickly as he saw Jim come out and picking him up again, biting his lip to stop a groan, "Alright, kitchen's then. Seeing as you fell asleep too quick to eat anything last night."

Paul was in the kitchens and he looked up, giving a smile as they entered and bowing low for Jim, "There's some soup and bread, Ser, if you're hungry."

Sebastian sat himself down on the bench opposite and pulled Paul into his lap after the food was served, tickling him until the giggle. "Dreamt about you, you clever little bitch. You'll never believe what I got you doing with your tongue..."

Jim grinned at Paul as Sebastian put him down and he limped over to a table. He rather liked the boy, or felt some kind of comradery with him at least. It helped that he’d possibly saved Jim’s life yesterday. Jim watched Paul and Sebastian together, it bothered him a little for some reason. Maybe because they were both close to Jim’s age and Jim usually ended up in bed with people twice his years. Jim raised his eyebrows curiously when he heard what Sebastian said to Paul. “Oh I think I can guess... it was up your arse, wasn’t it?” Jim grinned and licked the soup from his spoon obscenely. Sebastian liked to play at being hard, and he probably did fuck Paul, but he would always be the boy that enjoyed being fucked by people like Ramsay. It was nice to be able to blow off a bit of steam, even if he was still very careful around Paul and Sebastian, they were probably the two people he could be the most relaxed around. He could drop the innocent virgin thing at the very least.

Sebastian spluttered and Paul gave a delighted giggle, "Mmmm, was it? Have you told him yet - your fathers little whore, about what you get up to with Rams - oww!" Sebastian did something that Jim couldn't see down the back of Paul's trousers and he sniffled and quieted down.

Sebastian looked back at Jim, almost aggressively daring him to speak. "Careful Paul, he's the master now, he could have me flayed if he wanted, and I'm sure you don't want that." Paul squirmed on his lap until Sebastian relented and with a little nod to Jim of, "Scuse me, Master,” he started palming Paul's cock through his trousers, while Paul moaned and wriggled delightedly.

“At the table? Really?” Jim wrinkled his nose and rolled his eyes before taking his soup and bread and lifting it away from the table, like that would somehow keep it from being contaminated.

Sebastian looked over, pleased to have found a way to disgust the usually unflappable Jim, "What, you'd rather on the table?" With a grin he flipped Paul over, landing his back on the table and
pushing his legs up tapping his fingers fast and repeated against where Paul’s entrance was under his trousers while he gasped and squirmed, letting out little squeaks. "You're pretty choosy for someone who's been stuffing your face with my father's cock."

Paul’s face ended up right in front of Jim and he gave the boy a little sardonic smile. He looked up at Sebastian condescendingly, “I am choosy. That’s why I suck his cock and not yours. See how that works?” Jim set his soup on the bench next to him so it wouldn’t be upended. Then he raised an eyebrow and rubbed a bored fingertip along Paul’s upper and lower lip, almost automatically. Jim had done plenty of work with other whores before, the movement was lazy and thoughtless.

"Yeah? That's 'choosy' is it? He's the rich one, the powerful one. I'm just a half-Lannister runt." Sebastian gave a sneer, "It's obvious why you suck his dick, and why the hell would I want you to suck mine anyway? I've got this..." he slapped his hand down over Paul's entrance and the boy gave a strangled moan, his mouth opening to slide Jim's finger in while Sebastian lifted his hips and tugged the back of his trousers up over him. "Maybe if you think I need you that much, you should ask why I'm fucking him, hmm? And fucking Ramsay? And spending a whole night next to you without so much as wanting to touch you."

Jim didn’t look up through Sebastian’s little tirade, he just watched his finger as he slowly worked it into Paul’s mouth. “It’s simple. You want me because you’re not allowed to. Men will always want what they are told they can’t have.” Jim began working his finger in and out of Paul’s mouth, twirling it around his tongue and over the boy’s teeth. His next question was directed to the boy, “Don’t they, darling?” Jim popped his finger out of Paul’s mouth and gave him a quick peck on the forehead. “Enjoy yourself then.” He stood up, taking his soup with him.

Paul looked up at Jim slightly adoringly as the finger worked its way inside his mouth, gently nibbling on it and then giving it a suck as it left, "Mmmm... course they do..." he murmured as the finger left his mouth.

Sebastian scowled at Jim then gave Paul a quick grope and followed the teen, leaving Paul lying on the table making a little noise of outrage, "Hey - what happened to 'I want you to always protect me from Ramsay' - or was that another of your lies."

Jim glanced back at Paul, “Well that was rude. You shouldn’t leave him all turned on like that.” Jim smirked back at Paul, a tongue peeking out to wet his lower lip consideringly. “I would treat you better.” He looked back at Sebastian, rather irritated now. His soup was going cold. “I’ve not told you any lies.” Jim had honestly forgotten about Ramsay for a moment, and now all he wanted to do was go back to the rooms and hide out. He felt like there were eyes watching him, that stalked feeling from the woods returning. Jim looked around, trying to hide his nervousness.

"You've lied to everyone else." Sebastian said as if it didn't matter, scowling as Paul righted himself and blew them a kiss, a kiss that Sebastian was almost certain was not for him. "Oh great, now he's damn well besotted with you. Ramsay'll be bringing you flowers next. Look if you don't want to be in the kitchen we'll go somewhere else, but you shouldn't be wandering around the Dreadfort without me. Dad'll go mad, and you'll get the shakes again." He crossed his arms over his chest, hungry as hell but not about to demean himself by asking for food.

Jim thought for a moment and decided that it was actually better to stay away from Moran’s rooms, Ramsay would know to look for him there. Jim sat back down with a final look around and then when he decided that Ramsay wasn’t hiding in a barrel he turned and winked at Paul. “Would you bring him something to eat, love? I think he’s cranky when he’s hungry.” Jim turned and smiled cat-like at Sebastian. “Men pay good coin for our lies. You should be grateful you’re getting them for free.” His smile grew, nothing was really free of course.
"Nothing's free." Sebastian muttered, unaware he was repeating Jim's thought and collapsing back down on the bench, losing interest in Paul, and sex, and food suddenly. He changed his mind when the food actually appeared, wolfing it down and pushing Paul off when the boy tried to sit on his lap.

Paul pouted and went to sit next to Jim instead, wincing at Jim's wounds and wrapping arms around his shoulders, resting his chin on Jim's head, "Be nice to him, he's your master after all. And he's a better master than your father. Or Ramsay." Sebastian glared at them both but stayed quiet, busy eating.

Jim turned his head and ended up with his face very close to Paul's. He grinned teasingly, "My poor little arm hurts, do you think you could feed me?" Jim bent forward and bit down on the lobe of Paul’s ear, tugging slightly before leaning back into his own space.

Paul flushed bright red while Sebastian still glared at them both miserably. Picking up the spoon, Paul filled it with the soup and held it to Jim's mouth, whispering gently in his ear, "Thank you... thank you... I'm so sorry about the hunt. But I can tell you, if you like, I can tell you what Ramsay makes Seb do... he fucks him, and thinks no one can hear..." he blew on the soup and then fed it to Jim, making sure Sebastian couldn't really hear what he was whispering.

Jim smiled sadly, running a comforting hand up and down Paul’s thigh once and then leaving his hand near the boy’s knee. He’d already worked that out but Jim thought it was better to act like Paul had given him new information. He kept his voice down low enough that Sebastian wouldn’t be able to overhear. "Thank you for telling me," Jim murmured. "I'm not sure I can do anything about it, but for now Sebastian's with me he won't get up to any trouble." Jim paused for a second, realizing something he hadn’t considered before. "Wait – you mean Ramsay uses him. Are you saying he doesn't want to?" Jim had been under the impression that while Sebastian and Ramsay were hardly involved in a very healthy relationship, it was still something that Sebastian had at least agreed to.

Sebastian concentrated on his food, steadfastly ignoring the two of them whispering away. Paul completely misinterpreted Jim's interest, assuming that the boy wanted to hear all the details of how his rival was being hurt and grinned, flicking a tongue at Jim's ear. "Course he wants to. You should know enough about the Moran's by now, Ser Whore. He's determined to prove he's strong enough to take anything and Ramsay uses that to get Sebastian dancing to whatever tune he likes."

Paul giggled, becoming a little bolder now Sebastian seemed determined not to listen. "One time, Ramsay got him hard, then tied off his cock and balls so he couldn't cum. He was practically begging by the end of the day. He's not as tough as he thinks he is."

Jim grinned fiendishly, enjoying the stories again now that he knew they were consensual. "They never are." He took a bite of his soup, wanting to keep up with Sebastian. "Gods, he didn't!" Paul’s stories were amusing, but Jim could see the potential of having an ally who was in the confidence of the younger Moran. Paul was likely to get told anything that was intentionally being hidden from Jim and that kind of information could save his life. It was a balancing act though, he couldn’t risk what he had with Augustus. Jim squeezed Paul’s thigh and teasingly trailed his hand up the boy’s leg again.

"Hehe he did..." Paul was encouraged now that Jim seemed to be enjoying it, and was teasing him a little. Paul's sexual experiences consisted almost exclusively of either bored soldiers or Moran's throwing him forward over things or listening to Sebastian whining in the dark after a particularly bad Ramsay moment. Getting treated like this was new, and wonderful, and he was definitely enjoying it. "He tied his legs apart and beat all the insides with fire-leaves. I heard that. The whole Dreadfort heard that. And he always comes to me afterwards, because he doesn't want to cry in
front of Ramsay." Paul rolled his eyes, nervously checking that Sebastian wasn't listening. "He cries for me though. Ramsay's had things you won't believe up his arse..." he stopped nervously as Sebastian suddenly glared at them, terrified he'd been heard.

Jim kept up the attention as his mind worked through this situation further, looking for the best way he could spin it. How he could get the most of everything. If Augustus didn’t mind Jim fooling around with Paul (which was still a big if at this point) and he treated the boy well enough, that might leave Sebastian feeling betrayed and open up the possibility for him to come to Jim with his crying fits when things got rough. If Jim could provide something better than Paul. Which he knew he could, no offence meant to Paul, of course. Jim’s hand trailed up again and very lightly fondled Paul’s still semi-hard cock through his trousers. “And what can you tell me about Moran Sr? For instance, what would he think of this? Would he belt you for touching his whore?” Jim leaned forward and nibbled Paul’s neck, kissing the skin there after. Sebastian glared at them and obviously frightened Paul. Jim glared back. “Got something to say, have you?”

Paul drew back as soon as Jim mentioned punishment from Moran Sr giving Jim a long shocked gaze. "If you wanted me to stop you should've said." he hissed, mistaking it for a threat. He felt tears start to prickle at his eyes. He usually didn't cry when he was taken by the men - it was worth coin, after all, but Jim had offered him a certain amount of closeness, only to snatch it away.

Sebastian looked at both of them, unable to tell what was going on. He pushed his empty plate away and smirked as Paul looked upset, "Well there you go. Now you've upset him and he won't put out for you. Of course... I could always let slip to my father that you'd been fooling around with the staff while he's still not able to fuck you.”

"Or you could shut your fucking mouth, you stupid cunt.” Jim snapped out, suddenly completely fed up with the man’s shitty attitude. “Start telling lies to your father and I’ll make sure he knows the truth. About your little game with Ramsay yesterday. Threaten me, or Paul again and I’ll order you to be whipped. Now mind your own business.” Jim turned back to Paul and took the boy’s hand comfortingly, trying to push his irritation away. “That isn’t what I meant. I was concerned for you, that’s all. I don’t want to see you belted. Unless,” Jim wiggled his eyebrows humorously, “you’re into that sort of thing.” Jim smiled warmly and reached forward to wipe under the boy’s eyes where his tears had built up.

Sebastian stared at him then stood, flinging his plate off the table and growling at both of them before striding off to the other side of the kitchen in a clear sulk. Paul sniffled a little, shaking his head quickly. "N-no. I'm not... he is though." He shouted across to Sebastian who stuck two fingers up back at him, "Ramsay beats him and it gets them both off. Beat him with thorns once and came all over his bleeding arse and Seb was begging him to stop and then he got a ginger root and..." his voice gave out and he ducked back behind Jim.

Sebastian stared at him then stood, flinging his plate off the table and growling at both of them before striding off to the other side of the kitchen in a clear sulk. Paul sniffled a little, shaking his head quickly. "N-no. I'm not... he is though." He shouted across to Sebastian who stuck two fingers up back at him, "Ramsay beats him and it gets them both off. Beat him with thorns once and came all over his bleeding arse and Seb was begging him to stop and then he got a ginger root and..." his voice gave out and he ducked back behind Jim.

Sebastian stood again, threateningly and growling, "Shut the fuck up..."

Jim flinched very badly at the loud sound of the plate being thrown, badly enough that he brought his arms up to block a blow. When nothing hit him, he brought his arms back down and angrily glared at Sebastian as he sulked off. Jim took Paul’s hand again and whispered, “It’s okay. No one will belt you then. I’m sorry.” Paul and Sebastian started screaming at each other and Jim was somehow caught in the middle of their little domestic. Paul hid behind him and that triggered something for Jim. He wasn’t naturally a very protective person, he was too cynical, and had often never been in a position where he was able to keep someone else safe. But Jim had spent years interacting with Varys’s birds, had practically run the network for the man. He knew all of those children as individuals, taught them how to sign, communicated with them. He also sent them on dangerous missions, ones that they didn’t always come back from. Since Jim had taken over and
been able to dedicate his full time and Varys’s resources to the network, turn over hadn’t been nearly so high. But that didn’t mean they didn’t die, that many of them didn’t die. Jim still felt a protective urge for all of his little brothers and sisters. Somehow Paul had begun worming his way in there. “Stop. Sebastian. It’s alright.” Jim soothed and looked away for a moment, “You’re fooling yourself if you think that Paul and I both haven’t done worse, been treated worse, been humiliated as well. It happens, just…” Jim didn’t know how to explain that the humiliation was sometimes part of the job. Because Sebastian was a civilian, he wasn’t a whore, he wouldn’t understand. So Jim just turned to Paul and took his wrist, “No more stories, alright?”

"You two are whores." Sebastian shouted, his anger and frustration at the last two days starting to take over, riding him up higher and higher until he didn't care about pain and just wanted to hurt. It was why, he knew, he could throw himself into contests he knew he couldn't win, fight Ramsay's dog, take on men bigger and stronger than himself. "You are fucking, useless, soft, weak, bloody, whores. And I am the son of a Lord. It's fucking not alright. I could break both your necks with one hand behind my back and here I am, taking fucking orders from some slut who’s managed to wrap my dad around their cock. You two want to cuddle up and make nice, fine! Have fun. You're safe in the kitchen. And if you want me, master," He turned furiously on Jim, "I'll be in the stables with Ramsay." With that he stormed out of the kitchen and Paul gave a nervous giggle in the sudden silence.

Jim was very much not okay with Sebastian leaving but the man had already gone and Jim felt rooted to the spot. He had his knife strapped to his belt, Jim wasn’t completely defenseless anymore. He also knew that if Sebastian really did occupy Ramsay then there was very little to worry about. But he was still very afraid suddenly. It was easy to ignore when he had a lord-servant to taunt and a whore to flirt with but now the silence was filled with possibilities that Jim wasn’t sure he could contend with. He was torn between going back to Moran’s rooms and staying here, between keeping Paul with him and not wanting to put him at risk needlessly. Jim shrunk a little bit and looked around the kitchen uneasily but he decided to stay here until Sebastian came back. He just didn’t have the stomach to risk walking around the halls unaccompanied. Jim took a calming breath and tried to make himself relax, “One day he’ll figure out that ‘whore’ is not much of an insult.” It came out a little breathy but Jim was trying to joke despite feeling nervous.

"It is sort of an insult." Paul looked rather deflated and bit his lower lip, "If... when you want him back I'll go and get him for you..." sliding away from Jim he picked up the broom and managed a smile, "Probably best for you not to see Ramsay much at the moment. I don't think he'll be here much longer though. Everyone's been talking about Winterfell." He started cleaning the floor, sweeping up the pieces of the plate that Sebastian had dropped and shrugging. "Hopefully he'll leave soon. He makes everyone nervous when his father's not here. He wants to be properly accepted, like Sebastian is, but Bolton knows he's a maniac."

Jim shrugged lightly, maybe it was just because he’d been a whore practically all his life or because he whored for Varys but he’d never felt very ashamed over what he did. If people wanted someone to point the finger at it should be the patrons or the brothel owners who provided them with starving children for profit. Jim had been whoring on and off for ten years now, that was a long time, for anyone. He felt old suddenly and sat himself down at the table again, feeling drained. This job was going well but it was difficult. He hoped that Varys was happy. “He’ll come back for me eventually, no need to put yourself in a bad position for me.” Jim looked up curiously, “What’s everyone been saying about Winterfell?” He was going to feel really fucking stupid if even the kitchen boy knew about this secret information and he hadn’t even had to fuck anyone for it.

"Winterfell's going down." Paul grinned with second hand excitement from the soldiers. “I don't know why, or how, but Bolton has big plans for the North. He wants to be in charge of it. I mean
basically everyone does, but Bolton's really going to. Now that Ned Stark's been killed, well, none of his children are old enough or clever enough to take it from Roose. He won't be ordered about by some wolf-pup..." he hesitated and looked at Jim, head on one side, "That's all I know, and if you've any sense that's all you'll know. Knowing too much gets you into trouble, just look at how angry Sebastian got? Ramsay uses him though, and he's a little Lannister bastard. Everyone knows except him." Paul laughed, "He just wants to get to war - he'd be a good knight if anyone would bother to train him properly. But Moran's worried about his inheritance, specially now that he's going to get one."

“Poor thing. Safe as kittens behind his castle walls except when he wants to be hurt. Gods, to have that luxury…” Jim smiled bitterly and folded his arms carefully on the table and rest his head on them. While it would have been nice if Paul had some new information, Jim wasn’t surprised at all that he didn’t. He looked up, watching Paul sweep. “What can you tell me about Augustus? Since he’s fucking me and all. I don’t actually know him that well.” Jim understood him, the things he wanted, the things he liked. He memorized the profile Varys had on the man. But it would be valuable to have a servant perspective, especially one who he suspected Moran had bedded before.

Paul shrugged, "He's better than Bolton. Got a temper, likes to be in command. His main disappointment is that he didn't have any sons really. Just daughters. Then his wife went and got knocked up with Sebastian. Haha." He fell silent as the cook entered the room, looking displeased to see them both there and starting to prepare for the midday meal.

Chapter End Notes

TW: Discussions of potentially disturbing sexual practices between Sebastian and Ramsay
Jim and Paul gossiped for the next few hours and occasionally there was a touch shared between them or a look, but Jim wasn’t going to risk Paul getting beaten by Moran for playing with his things. He was in a bit of a state by the time Sebastian came back, hours of being on edge had left him very jumpy. Jim was angry that the man left and he ignored him by staring in the other direction aloofly.

Sebastian had gone straight down to the stables, in a raging temper, and Ramsay had been on him almost immediately, hissing and biting. It had felt insanely good, and taking it all from Ramsay made him feel much better about being helpless in the face of Jim and Paul. They ended up rolling around in the kennels amongst the dogs, and for a while afterwards Seb just lay on the floor in aching blissfulness, while Ramsay idly carved another notched line in the well-notched side of the stables. Eventually Sebastian stood up, re-arranged his trousers and tugged his shirt back on. "I should go ..."

Ramsay just raised an eyebrow at him, and Seb grinned and limped back to the kitchen. He didn't care a bit that Jim seemed willing to ignore him, made his job easier, but he did rather care when Ramsay stepped in behind him, staring at Jim and saying in a soft voice, "So this is the cunt that killed my dogs..."

Jim froze and felt his heart beat stutter in his chest before his pulse skyrocketed. That voice was enough to send him back to that freezing night stuck up in a tree and not daring to so much as breathe just in case he could be heard. He tried to swallow around the lump in his throat but couldn’t quite manage it. The whole thing was fucking infuriating, Jim had never had a reaction like this to someone. He’d practically trained himself to be able to go back again and again and give himself to people who had traumatized him. There was something different about Ramsay though. It wasn’t the sadism, Jim had seen that plenty before. It was the utter deadness in his eyes. Jim could use every trick he knew, try everything, and Ramsay would be unmoved. He wouldn’t be tugged along by his cock like so many other men, he couldn’t even be manipulated with one of the other hundreds of methods that Varys had taught him. Ramsay didn’t want anything except to hurt others. That scared Jim. He’d never met a man he couldn’t manipulate before, and it made Ramsay into this monster in Jim’s mind, no longer a man made of flesh and blood. Jim’s hand immediately went to the knife at his belt and it gave him a tiny bit of reassurance. “If you cared so much you shouldn’t have set them out against something smarter than they are.” Jim didn’t know where the antagonism came from, it was entirely bravado. His voice even shook when he said the words.

"I clearly made a mistake." Ramsay said, still talking softly, still with his eyes fixed on Jim, a small smile playing around his lips.

Sebastian looked between them, hurriedly, and then clapped a hand on Ramsay's shoulder, "C'mon, piss off Rams. I'm meant to be keeping you away from him, and you know damn well if your father could drag himself away from his plans at the Twins he'd sign off you being punished as well."

Ramsay gazed at Jim a while longer and then turned to Seb with a wide eyed look of mock worry,
"Careful Sebby, walls can talk. And listen. I'll see you tomorrow morning, with the master of arms." With a final glance at Jim he left the kitchen.

Sebastian scowled, throwing two fingers up at the shut door but feeling a lot better having had a good rough shag in the stables, "Little wanker. Don't worry. He won't touch you."

Jim stared Ramsay down warily, ready to try and run if he had to. He had a pretty good idea of what part of the castle Moran was in and he might be the only person here who would physically try and stop Ramsay if he came after him. Although, even that wasn’t certain. He didn’t like the way that the man looked at him, and Jim shuddered, knowing he’d be seeing those eyes in his dreams tonight. After Ramsay left, Jim stood abruptly, steady on his feet even if his hands weren’t. “We’re leaving.” He limped towards Sebastian, wanting to be carried even if right now he was angry and bristly. However, when he got close to Sebastian Jim flinched back hard as if he’d been struck in the face. “You—smell.” Sebastian smelled like sex, and Ramsay, but the strongest by far was the smell of Ramsay's dogs. Shit. Jim shied back several feet away and shook his head before, “never mind. Come on then.” His hands shook worse so Jim stuffed them in his pockets even though that was the last thing he wanted to do. He needed his hands in case – anything happened. Jim scowled at the floor, irritated at how badly he was reacting, before starting out the kitchen door and toward the bedrooms. He made sure to always stay within a few feet of Sebastian though, just in case Ramsay was lurking about.

Sebastian looked at him curiously, not entirely sure why Jim was so twitchy and scared looking all of a sudden. Then he realised - Ramsay's smell on him. Suddenly he felt ashamed, running off in a fit of anger like that and throwing himself at Ramsay for sex. Maybe he was just a whore after all. He muttered, "Don't tell dad..." and followed Jim out, keeping close to him. "You need a wash anyway, keep your wounds clean. We can fill the tub back at my father's quarters, and both clean off." He could practically feel Ramsay's cum sliding down between his legs and mumbled a, "Sorry. Sorry for running off like that," at the floor.

Jim clenched his jaw tight, fighting his impulse to dash off. “You smell like them—his dogs. Don’t ask me how they can have their own smell, but they do.” Normally humans had a difficult time remembering a particular smell after only experiencing it briefly, unless it was especially odious, but the memory of the dogs was traumatic and it wasn’t difficult for Jim to recall that mixed up smell of straw and blood and animal. Their breath smelled like raw meat when they snapped at his face. Jim didn’t promise not to tell his father or accept his apology. He was less angry about Sebastian leaving him and more upset that he’d brought Ramsay back with him. For a moment Jim thought that he’d done it intentionally, that he was going to get Ramsay to do away with Jim for him. They got to the rooms and Jim stripped off his shirt and shoes before curling up in front of the hearth and waiting for Sebastian to get the water ready.

"We were in the kennels." Seb said shortly, not ready to elaborate any further, and certainly not wanting to admit that the only way he’d found to deal with his anger and frustration was to get himself comprehensively fucked by a mad sadistic bastard. He filled the tub as soon as they got up the stairs, watching Jim huddled naked by the fire and sighing, rubbing a hand through his hair. "Can - can I get in the tub as well, uh, m-master? You can't spend the rest of the day flinching away from me. Won't touch you, I promise."

Jim nodded and reached in his trouser pocket for a bottle of oil that he’d grabbed from the trunk. This one was lavender and Jim only used it sparingly because of its associations with Varys, it wasn’t safe. He needed it now though. Most people wouldn’t look at Varys, the Master of Whisperers to a mad inbred king and associate him with safety, but Jim did. Even with the kinds of jobs he inevitably got sent on. For a year he’d worked in Varys’s house and learned as much as he could, reading, writing, languages, politics, and there was lavender growing tall outside the
windows. Varys wore the oil too. That was the first place that Jim had ever been safe and fed and happy for having a purpose. He needed the reminder so he poured half the vial in the tub. “So you don’t make the water stink.” Jim excused and finished stripping, unwrapping his bandages as well, before climbing in the water. He wasn’t able to relax, even with the warm heat. He kept the knife on a little table within arm’s reach and kept glancing at the door like he thought someone was about to come in.

Sebastian watched him and then gave a little sigh. Heading to the door he tugged a strong wooden table in front of it, then tugged his clothes off and threw them on the fire, where they smoldered away taking the smell with him. He wrinkled his nose at the lavender scent, then reached into a small side cupboard and tugged out a little bar of orange soap, "Orange blossom. From Dorne. A present from some visiting noble." Getting into the bath he rubbed a cloth along the soap, lathering it up and then gently approaching Jim. "C'mon. Relax and I'll wash you, you're wound up like a crossbow."

“You’d better hope your father doesn’t come back and find that table barring the door,” Jim whispered, his mind started turning again in the face of potential conflict. “And your clothes are gone. What are you thinking…” He knew that he could get beaten and possibly killed if Moran thought that he’d been sleeping with his son. “If it comes down to that I’ll tell him you forced yourself on me.” Jim muttered dully and swirled the water with his hand. “I’ll not let myself be killed for you.” Jim was too important to Varys, and Varys was too important to Jim. Although, he reminded himself, Jim wasn’t really all that important. He was replaceable. But that was good. It was right. The work Varys did was too important, it shouldn’t suffer if Jim died on a job. Gods what was he thinking about? Jim dunked his head under the water, trying to clear the morbid thoughts away. Sebastian climbed in the bath and started to slowly run the small towel over Jim’s skin. He wasn’t really all that aware of it, lost in his thoughts.

Sebastian gave a chuckle at that, somehow feeling more comfortable when he was threatened than when he was being reassured. "He's down with the men, he won't come back till later, and he'll not sleep with you until you're healed. He doesn't trust himself not to jump you." Sebastian's body wasn't scratched or damaged, but there were a few bite marks, and finger-print bruises over his hips - not to mention the fading marks of the belting he'd had that morning. "He won't kill you, you're worth more than that. If you like, I'll tell him I forced you. God knows after blubbing all over the place and Paul shooting his mouth off I need to claw back some respect." He continued gently washing Jim, rubbing the towel against his hair. "Besides, I told you I won't jump you. I doubt anyone could believe you actually wanted me."

Jim really wasn't listening, or he was, but he didn’t think anything about what Sebastian said. At this point his mind was just in a blank and quiet state of tension and anticipation. He liked listening to Sebastian’s quiet murmur, but then the man stopped and Jim realized he should probably respond with something. He tried to think back on what Sebastian had been talking about but it was elusive, maybe he really hadn’t been paying attention. The last thing Sebastian said was easier to remember, “I’m a whore. I’ll want anyone who has enough coin. Don’t act like my desire indicates your worth in any way.” Jim’s vocabulary stepped a bit above what he really should be using to keep up with his peasant farmer turned almost-whore story. He sighed and dunked his head again, washing out the suds from where Sebastian washed the soap though his hair.

"I don't mark my worth by how whores think of me." Sebastian answered, trying to sound flippant rather than bitter. "I have worth as my father's son. I care of what he thinks of me." he stopped, Jim hardly seemed to be listening, so he sighed and wiped Jim's back, thinking for the first time about the last few days. In truth, he did care about how Jim thought of him, rather a lot. "Should I say 'Winterfell'?" He asked in a low voice, "You seem to listen whenever anyone does. Do you work for the Starks?"
Jim was immediately more alert when Sebastian said ‘Winterfell’ and then internally cursed himself over the tell. Either he was losing his touch or Sebastian had been watching him especially carefully over the last few days. Jim sighed heavily and put his injured foot in Sebastian’s lap for washing. “I don’t serve the Starks, no.” Jim muttered, too tired to think of another reason why the little peasant might be interested in it but couldn’t come up with a good enough lie in this state.

“Well that’s good, because Bolton’s going to crush them.” Sebastian continued looking at Jim's face, washing and then rubbing at his feet. Jim had lovely little feet - all soft and pretty and perfect like the rest of him. Feet didn't do a huge amount for turning Sebastian on, so it was nice to have a safe connection with Jim's skin and he rubbed gently over the scratches covering the top before running this thumbs down the arch. "He wants to take over the North - he's got some plan brewing with the Lannisters - he'll help overthrow the Starks and they'll make him Warden. That's not a King, but it's basically as good as. All those southerners down there don't care about the North - they just see it as a barren wasteland above high-garden and the westerlands. Roose will be in complete control."

Jim’s eyes flew open, the confirmation that Bolton’s rebellion was being aided by a prominent southern family disturbed Jim greatly. It made sense though. Tywin Lannister hadn’t been doing well in this war, of course he’d try and create dissention between his enemies ranks. Although, now it sounded like they weren’t enemies at all. Moran was sending a host of men to Winterfell. The Lannisters were in cahoots with the Boltons. Something about the Twins. If Jim remembered his lessons correctly, and he always did, that was the Frey’s castle. But they weren’t affiliated with either side of the conflict. The only thing Jim could recall about Frey and this war was that he’d wanted Robb Stark to marry one of his daughters, there had been an engagement even, but Stark had broken it in favor of another woman. Varys was still trying to figure out who she was. Jim couldn’t tell how it all fit together exactly, he was still missing some information. Damn. He’d have to write another letter as soon as possible, his uncle was unlikely to have left on a trip yet, he could deliver both notes. “Seven hells,” Jim muttered breathlessly. “He wants his bastard son to inherit.” Roose would seek to legitimize his bastard son. He’d go to the Lannister king and they’d agree, for the future Warden of the North. And when Roose died, Ramsay would rule over the entire north. Gods alive.

Sebastian hesitated, he hadn't thought of the full implications of that and his eyes widened when he did, "Fuck - Ramsay Snow, no, Ramsay Bolton, in control of the North." He gave a shudder, and shook his head. "Wouldn't wish that on anyone." He shook his head at Jim, rubbing between the arch of his foot again, while smoothing hands over the top. "I've never known a whore so interested in politics. Oh seven gods, I've just worked out who you are." He started to laugh, still gently massaging Jim's foot. "You're from Pyke. They're being invaded to invade for years, and then the minute their boats start looming on the western shores of the Northlands - you show up. All beautiful and sexy and fucking gorgeous and smart and very strangely interested in what's going on around the mainland." He grinned, "You'll be skinned alive if anyone works it out. I might come and watch."

Jim burst out laughing when Sebastian asked if he was from Pyke. “Don’t you know anything? I thought you nobles were meant to learn all this stuff at the knee? Iron Islanders can’t read and they’re isolated as fuck from everything else except their islands. Besides, they don’t have any male whores on Pyke. Two men having a roll together is enough to get yourself mutilated and tied down to the beach for the surf to drown you. No little lord, I’m not Ironborn.” Jim moaned a little bit as Sebastian continued to massage his foot, running through the forest without shoes on had been pretty miserable. “You think I’m gorgeous?” Jim smiled teasingly, feeling a bit more like himself now that he had a puzzle to work out for Varys. “Little lord, you should stop guessing. If you guess right, I’ll have to kill you.” Jim smiled, the words sounded teasing and flirtatious but there was a dead seriousness there under the words.
"Learnt it over the knee more like." Sebastian grinned back, pleased he'd managed to make Jim laugh, even if the guess had apparently been totally wrong. "I wouldn't know, I've only ever met Theon Greyjoy and I'd take him up the arse any time. He's not true Ironborn though - he's trying to get them to join in Rob's rebellion as we speak." His thumbs rubbed underneath Jim's toes and he rolled his eyes at the teasing. "Alright, I'll stop guessing, don't want to cut off the line of House Moran in its prime. And of course you're gorgeous, you know that. You'd be a piss poor whore if you were ugly as sin."

Jim nodded, listening. "I've had a fair few customers from the Iron Islands," Jim explained. "They like to go on about how dangerous it is for them, what would happen if they get caught... on and on they go. I think they just want you to get in on the danger with them." Jim rolled his eyes a little, whores didn't need extra danger to get off on, they tried to avoid it as much as possible. Jim was a little different like that though. Jim took his injured leg away and gave Sebastian the other one. "Dunno, you'll probably do that well enough on your own, what with pissing around with Ramsay and not getting married to have little Moran babies."

"Of course I'll get married." Sebastian grinned again, taking Jim's other foot and massaging it, being a little firmer as this was the uninjured leg. The foot was still scratched from running through the undergrowth and scrabbling up trees, but they were only superficial scratches. "I don't know who to - I think it's being saved until Bolton's sorted out the North though. That's when they'll need to make alliances, shore up their defenses. I'm not important enough for any of the big name families, but there's no reason I shouldn't get myself a little wife from somewhere and fill her with a few babies."

Gods what Jim wouldn't give to see a list of potential marriage alliances for the future north and be able to present it to Varys. It was likely no one even knew yet, but that would be a bit of information to get as soon as possible. That way Varys could get people and spies in these new house-holds early. "I've no need to get married, obviously. Your father is going to build me a castle with a pond and orange trees and I'll spend the rest of my life growing fat and old." Jim spoke sarcastically and grinned. He was well aware that even if he wasn’t trying to royally fuck over Moran here, even if he wasn’t going to run as soon as he got word from Varys, that Moran would never keep him around that long. No boy was that beautiful or entertaining, not even Jim.

Sebastian laughed outright at that. He caught the sarcasm and besides, Jim was clever enough not to believe that. "Oh yes, he'll build you a magnificent one, just south of Moat Cailin. He'll visit you twice a week for a good shag, and I'll pop by every month with a whole host of little Moran brats and beat you under the orange trees." He grinned, "They'll all call you 'uncle whore' - and they'll all be little blond copies of Twyin Lannister, heh."

Jim paused for a second, debating the wisdom of the idea he just had but he thought it might help build a little loyalty. He checked the door again, giant table still blocking it and leaned closer into Sebastian’s space before whispering, “I’ve met him before. Tywin. Or I’ve seen him rather, but in person. You do look like him. You bare a similarity to his eldest son.” Jim still remembered Jaime Lannister and that time he’d beaten him in a closet. He wasn’t resentful, Lannister should have killed him but he hadn’t. Jim smiled, “Your attitudes aren’t very similar though. Your father’s a lot more like him than you are.”

Having Jim this close felt like the two of them were sharing a secret and Sebastian stared at the water, shrugging ruefully, "Tywin Lannister is my father, it's pretty certain although I know he'd die before admitting it. My mother conceived me during a visit to Casterly Rock to arrange some form of trade agreement." He gave a small laugh as Jim continued, "Huh, both my fathers are violent irritating bastards. Just my luck I'm not secretly related to a Tyrell or something soft and nice." He found himself reflexively squeezing Jim's foot at the words 'soft and nice'. 
Jim shrugged, “If that’s what you’re into, I suppose. I had a Tyrell boy. A few times. He was good.” Jim remembered that one in particular because Baelish sent Jim to him rather than the boy coming to the brothel. Jim didn’t do many home visits for Baelish. “Tywin’s much cleverer than Moran, so that should give you some hope. He treats his sons worse than Moran though, so perhaps you lucked out there.” Jim moaned again and his breath caught when Sebastian pressed his thumb hard into the arch of Jim’s foot.

"O-oh yeah?" Jim's little moan looked wonderful and Sebastian took even more care with the foot massage, wanting more lovely little noises out of him. He enjoyed wringing noises out of Paul, and knew Ramsay delighted in the sounds that Seb would give. "How often do his sons get beaten? He's got... two hasn't he?" Sebastian tried to dredge out what he knew about the inhabitants of Casterly Rock. "Wait... isn't Lord Tywin the one with the Imp? He passed through here a while back, travelling up to Winterfell with the rest of the Baratheons."

Jim shivered, a little bit because of the massage and also because of some of the stories he’d heard about Tywin Lannister. “Dunno about beatings. But he took his son’s wife, a lowborn girl he’d married in secret, and he had an entire garrison of soldiers rape her in front of his son. Then after they were finished with her, Tywin fucked her himself. It’s not a very nice story.” Jim rolled his eyes and looked up at the sky. “Yes, Tyrion is his son. You should be more respectful, Tyrion is currently serving as Hand of the King. Well, it’s nice that you had a chance to meet your family at least…”

Sebastian scowled, digging into the sole of Jim's foot a little harder than necessary. "They aren't my family, they're Robert Baratheon's family and even if they were Lannisters, I'm a Moran. I'd be a damn sight better off if I was a Lannister, all rich and living in a big castle on the rock, rather than in this damp bastard place." He shook his head, "Who would marry a lowborn girl? Fuck yes, but marrying, that's just stupid..." He rubbed Jim's foot gently

Jim looked away, feeling sad suddenly and not really wanting to discuss this any longer. “He was young, fifteen or sixteen. From what I heard she was the first woman he ever had. And his father raped her in front of his boy.” Jim snorted, “They are not Robert Baratheon’s family. Don’t tell me you haven’t heard the scandal of their inbred king? That’s how this whole fucking war got started.” Varys had known a very long time before anyone else, before Joffrey had even been born. Jim had told him about what he’d seen that day, about the man named Jaime and the beautiful blonde woman who he’d been about to fuck on a desk. When Joffrey had been born, with his light hair, Varys had known. He kept quiet, probably because he knew it would start a war. Which it did.

"Inbred? You mean the Queen and - oh!" Sebastian gave a disbelieving snort and then considered it, thinking a little. "Well I'd do the Kingslayer, he's pretty damn hot. Suppose Lannisters can't resist their own..." He realized that he was technically Jaime's half-brother and shuddered, "Dirty bastards the lot of them. I didn't know about that. Not sure many up here would care. They're more concerned about who rules the North. A body on the throne at King's Landing, is just another far-away ruler who doesn't understand how this place works. Whether it's a Baratheon, a Lannister, a Lannister claiming to be a Baratheon or a damn Dornishman, nobody gives much of a shit."

Jim laughed and shook his head, “Mate, you know I offered to suck his cock once and he actually turned me down? That man’s straight as an arrow.” He paused, thinking it over, “Maybe not since he was fucking his sister. But he’s definitely into women. Best to give up on your incestuous fantasies now.”

"He's mad. Mad as the last King. Turning down a blow-job from you, fuck I'd -" Sebastian bit his lip, not wanting to voice that particular thought with his arse still stinging from Ramsay and changed his features into a frown instead, dropping Jim's foot. With no idea how to deal with these
sorts of emotions, and far too used to hiding them in front of Ramsay, he defaulted to sulky anger instead. "Anyway, I'm Moran's son, and that's what matters. Was there anything else you needed Ser."

Jim watched Sebastian expressionlessly while he first went one way and then the other and ended up giving a splash as his foot hit the water when Sebastian dropped it. Jim looked away, breaking the magic of whatever spell kept them civil. “No. I think I’ll go to bed now.”

"Want me in there with you? Or do I just sleep on the floor with the dogs.” Sebastian tried to make it a sneer, but he couldn't help a rising wave of tiredness, of being completely fed up with life. That was Ramsay's trick - turning people into dogs, into things, and he'd locked Seb in there more than once. It had been a joke, Moran's mongrel, sleep with the dogs. The first time it had been frightening and exhilarating and crazy. After that it had been a bit too painfully close to the truth. Getting out of the tub he held up a towel for Jim by the side of it. "Could keep you warm."

Jim’s face flinched just a bit when Sebastian mentioned sleeping on the floor with the dogs, suddenly imagining waking up with the dogs in his room, in his bed, Ramsay hovering over them delightedly. Jim shuddered a little and stood before patting himself dry with the towel Sebastian offered. “Sure,” Jim muttered as he crossed to the mattress, “just put some clothes on first.” Jim started dressing himself and hid the wicked little dagger between the mattress and the head board. He wouldn’t be caught by surprise again. He flicked his eyes over to Sebastian’s body, noting his structure and the few noticeable scars he had. Jim realized that it was more likely that Sebastian would touch him tonight, and Jim thought that he might let him. He’d earned a few gropes in the sheets by diverting Ramsay’s attention, Jim would just have to keep it a secret from Moran Sr. if it happened.

"Of course Ser." Sebastian replied slightly dully and tugged on a shirt and loose trousers, and continuing his protracted sulk. It made sense - he wanted Jim, so he clearly couldn't have him. He moved the table away from the door and then snuggled into bed next to the boy as he got inside, staying close to him enough to keep him warm but not too far to be misinterpreted as anything other than platonic. He was still exhausted from the failed hunt and fell asleep easily, his feet sneaking up to twine around Jim's.

Chapter End Notes

TW: Discussions of past GoT canon rape
He was still close to Jim in the morning, and as he woke, and the day filtered in, he remembered that he had yet another day of being Jim's servant, of a beating in the morning, and of no respite in sight. Whimpering a little, he scooted closer and clung to Jim, "Don' wannah other belting." He muttered into Jim's back, and then, "Why can't you go into his bed yet? He only wants to fuck you. 'S not that bad."

"Shut the fuck up," Jim groaned as Sebastian’s bitching drew him from sleep. “You get half mauled by Ramsay’s dogs and then take a heavy whipping from your father and then let him fuck you and tell me you wouldn’t rather put it off. Piss off.” Jim rolled over so that he was facing Sebastian but he didn’t open his eyes yet. “You di’ good y’sterday. ’ll see what I can do about the belting. No promises. You should be thanking your stars I don’t tell him you ran off to bend over for Ramsay instead.”

The praise lifted him up a bit further out of sleep, and made him feel slightly better about the day. He'd done good - and wasn't it pathetic that some half-sleepy praise from his father's whore had such an effect? He wrapped his arms around the sleepy little body facing him and held Jim close, burying his head in Jim's hair, "'F you need me to take another one, I will... don't get father all suspicious on my account." He mumbled. He grinned slightly at the memory of Ramsay. "Huh. Didn't 'bend over' - was a bloody fight in the stables, all tearing and ripping. 'M not gonna just 'bend over' for him." He hesitated, "Yeah, don't tell 'im. Won't do it again."

Sebastian pulled him closer and tightened his hold on him. Jim could smell the lavender on both their skin, if he kept his eyes closed he could almost imagine he was back in Varys’s house with the sun shining through the window and another warm day ahead of him. “It’s your punishment, I don’t need you to do anything. You can’t just be grateful that the skin’s not being whipped off your back? It is meant to be a punishment you know, even if I did already save your arse once. How many times are you going to need your father’s whore to pull you out of the fire?”

"I'm spending the whole of my life being bloody grateful." Sebastian sneered, tightening his hold on Jim, one hand sliding down to stroke his backside, "Grateful to my father for taking me in, grateful to Bolton for being our liege lord, grateful to Ramsay every time he fucks or hurts me, grateful to you for getting belted. Bitch." He had an idea and grinned, "If I fucking well have to take one today I’m going to jerk off during it. Gonna imagine you standing there with that stupid fucking smirk on your face, telling me to damn well take it..." His cock twitched against Jim and he growled and rutted against him, enjoying the rebellion of disobedience. "If you want me whipped you can get it, any time. You're a little whore and you've been given complete power over me, I'm surprised I'm still standing."

Jim opened his eyes when Sebastian’s hand trailed down to grope at his arse and he began rutting against him. Jim stayed still, watching impassively. After all, he was the one protected in this situation. As long as he didn’t actively participate too much then Sebastian was the only one risking his neck here. “Poor little poshling… has to be grateful for the things he has. So sad to be a bastard and yet still be recognized as a Moran. Poor thing involves himself with Ramsay and then doesn’t have anyone to blame for it but himself. You’re a spoiled little bitch, poshling. You wouldn’t make it one day on your own as a commoner, trying to scrape for water, for bread. It
would be interesting to see if you could make it long enough that you had to start selling your arse
or if you’d get knifed first.”

Sebastian stilled in shock as Jim started sneering at him, then smirked, backing away and wrapping
a hand loosely around Jim's neck, "Oh? That's what you think of me?" He was already cursing
himself for getting in a position where he was showing weakness. After the bath, and a relaxing
night's sleep, he'd let his guard down, letting slip his worries and fears. Now the guard was up
again and he raised an eyebrow challengingly. "Don't forget, little whore, two days ago I was
hunting you, with big bad Ramsay Snow and his big bad dogs. I saw you shiver when I mentioned
them. Yes, I have to obey you, but who says I can't carry you into the stables? Or invite Ramsay
into the kitchen for lunch? I'm still the Lord's son, and you're still the whore, and as soon as my
father stops whatever madness he's feeling for you, your life will be worth about as much as the
last little kitchen brat who was thrown to the dogs."

Jim showed his teeth threateningly when Sebastian wrapped his head around his throat and then
threatened him further with his words. “Then you’d better get over your own little crush before
your father gets over his. I’d hate to see you heartbroken over a whore. Will you cry for me, little
tiger?” Jim thought about reaching for his knife or just going for the man’s still semi-hard cock but
there was more than one way to lead a man by his balls and damaging them wasn’t usually the best
option. Instead Jim moved against him briefly, rubbing a leg against the boy’s cock through his
trousers.

"I didn't cry the first time Ramsay fucked me, I'm not crying for you." Sebastian snarled at him,
giving a moan as Jim rubbed briefly against his cock. He wanted this boy, he wanted something of
the closeness they'd felt last night, and it was, of course, his own stupid fault for falling for a
whore. Gently, very gently, he reached down with his free hand to pat at the front of Jim's crotch,
trying to see if he was hard as well. "Just wanted a bit of a ride that's all." He lied, "Apparently
you've got quite an arse."

“I cried the first time I was fucked,” Jim’s voice was quiet and he looked away from Sebastian,
acting like he was ashamed. He hated having to barter his personal history like this but he thought
that he might be able to set out another line of hooks in Sebastian. He just had to be careful that the
lines didn’t tangle. Jim thought now that Sebastian was definitely interested and he’d been more
emotionally vulnerable the night before, Jim could show his own vulnerability and draw Sebastian
into it. Jim took in a shuddering breath as Sebastian copped a feel, playing up the touch a little. All
men wanted to believe that they were better, that they could make a whore feel things they’d never
felt before. Sebastian would be no different. Jim wasn’t hard yet but it would take very little to set
him off.

Sebastian felt his aggressive anger screech to a halt in the face of that little whisper, his hand
dropping away from Jim's neck. He felt the shudder as Jim's cock twitched against him and gave it
a few more gentle pats. Jim as a snarky whore was easier to deal with than Jim as an undefended
young boy and he gave an awkward shrug, "Yeah, well. It does hurt. Not surprised you cried, little
thing like you." His hand was still stroking Jim's cock, feeling a little better as it responded.

Jim was very pleased as the hand released his neck and he was able to breathe without the threat
hanging over him. His words had their intended effect and the small victories were always so
exciting. “I was even smaller then,” Jim said easily, “I had to have been under twenty kilos.” He
ducked his face and pressed his forehead against Sebastian’s shoulder so that he couldn’t see his
expression. “Does hurt. Your father – hurts me. I don’t want to go back to his bed.” Jim hummed as
Sebastian continued to stroke his cock, letting his face heat up and his body respond to the contact.

"Yeah... I know." Sebastian murmured back, sighing as he continued to stroke the responding cock,
the other hand reaching up to stroke the back of Jim's head, running through his hair. Although he knew they both snipped at each other a lot, and Jim probably half hated him, they were both facing the same enemies. He gave a nod, steeling himself for a good few more beatings, "Drag this injury out then. Everyone knows Ramsay's dogs are evil bitches. I can keep carrying you around and he'll never know. Besides, there's news from Winterfell that's got everyone buzzing around. He'll be too busy with that to pay you much attention."

“No, no.” Jim muttered, wrapping his arms around Sebastian’s waist hesitantly, like he needed the contact but was afraid he’d be rejected. Sebastian’s hand running through his hair actually felt... nice. He normally was very against clients touching his hair, he’d been pulled around by it too much, but this didn’t freak him out. “I can do it, it’s okay. He’ll be... gentle for a while. As gentle as he can be anyway.” Jim grimaced a little but put on a brave face. “Don’t you worry, I’m actually quite sturdy.” Jim gasped and gave a little moan as his cock really began to harden. “That’s – that’s good.”

"That's not very gentle..." Sebastian murmured, keeping stroking Jim's cock and giving a little smile, "I can take a beating much easier than you can take a fucking. Look at you, poor little scrap." The thought of how young Jim had been during his first time left a bad taste in Seb's mouth and, unsure of what to do with it he quickly moved on, "Does it feel okay? I dunno, I've only ever fucked with Ramsay and he won't let me touch his dick."

Jim smirked and let the heavy atmosphere dissipate. “It’s a handjob, it’s pretty difficult to get it wrong. Especially when you’re doing it like that – through the trousers. Here, let me.” Jim peeked up at Sebastian through his eyelashes and he wrapped his fingers through Sebastian’s before moving his hand a little lower so that he could get a better feel for it. “Ah! Yeah, that’s right.” It wasn’t that Jim was faking this, it did feel good, of course it did. But he was trying to ensnare Sebastian as well and that meant some things needed played up a bit. Jim wiggled a little and kept a firm grip on Sebastian’s hand like he just forgot to let go after helping him adjust. “He’s – missing out. Ohh.”

Sebastian rolled his eyes, not at all sure how he felt about receiving orders on giving a hand-job from a whore. It felt good, insanely hot and crazy and he gave a little half-tug of a smile, obeying Jim's orders and trying to look up through his lashes like Jim was doing. "I-is that good? I was told to obey you... in everything Ser..." he couldn't help a little snort of laughter but otherwise he stayed well behaved, letting Jim guide and move his hand up and down his cock. "Should I do anything else?"

Jim laughed outright at Sebastian’s imitation of him, it looked ridiculous on the larger man. Jim stripped off his own shirt and then laid down on his back, pulling Sebastian over top of him. He smirked mischievously and teasingly guided Sebastian’s spare hand up and down his front a few times. “I like this. Don’t just touch my cock, there’s other areas that feel good.” Jim treated this like Sebastian was a virgin. He wasn’t, but he’d never really been in charge before either and Jim thought Seb had the makings of a good top, or a switch anyway, if he only had the right person to bring that out for.

Sebastian gave a teasing grin, loving playing a whore despite the fact that he was clearly not built for it, and Jim was a good bit smaller and more delicate looking than him. "Is this how you train all the new boys...? Ser..." Once again he couldn't stay completely in character, giving a gasping laugh and a little mutter of "seven gods..." but it was more fun than he'd ever had during sex before. One hand staying stroking Jim's cock while the other raked the back of his nails over the soft inner skin of Jim's thighs, reaching down to give it a kiss. "You're seriously fucking beautiful. Do they build them like this down south?"
Jim was an expert at fantasy but even this was a bit strange for him because he was a whore. He knew there were clients that enjoyed being humiliated in the bedroom, but Jim rarely got those clients, he didn’t have the build for it. The idea of sex training being sexy was very strange to him and he wasn’t sure how to play this. Jim didn’t think Sebastian wanted anything realistic… he got enough of that from Ramsay, although from what he heard of their activities it was a bit extreme for training. Sebastian probably had some fantasy about what the training looked like but Jim had no idea what that was. So he fell back on what he knew. “Yes, slut.” Jim grabbed Sebastian’s chin painfully and tilted his head back as far as it would go. “You’d better get me off in the next five minutes or you’ll be back on the streets and you can find someone else’s cock to suck.” Jim dropped the trainer game so that he could answer Sebastian’s question. He wasn’t sure how he felt about his past being titillating, but Jim was used to feeling humiliated and looked down on. He wanted Sebastian to feel good. “I dunno, never knew my parents. They could have been northern or southern or even from across the narrow sea. But all of this,” Jim gestured down to his body, “takes effort. If you ever decide you want to be a whore I’ll take a razor to your legs and I guarantee you’ll change your mind, it’s a huge pain to maintain.” Jim looked Sebastian up and down critically, “No one would shave you in a whorehouse though, you look too old. Too muscular.” Jim scratched his fingernails across the exposed skin at the man’s collarbone.

Sebastian wasn’t sure what he’d been expecting. A few orders maybe, some guidance and pointers. But Jim had taken the game completely to heart and his cock jumped eagerly as the word ‘slut’ slid out from Jim's lips, as the threats and control took over. This was... different though. When Ramsay hurt him it hurt - all over and painfully, sex was something to grit his teeth and get through. When Jim scratched him and threatened him it... didn't. The stings were sexual, achingly hot. The threats were mere jokes to show off the lovely commanding tone of Jim's voice. He found himself panting a little, "You're not taking a razor to me - I'd look like a shaved d- rat..." He stopped himself from saying 'dog' at the last moment, not wanting to make Jim shiver. "What kind of whore would I be then?" He bit a round little red mark into Jim's inner thigh, sliding a hand up to tweak at his nipples. He had a sort of idea about what might be pleasurable, but his main strategy was simply aiming for all the bits Ramsay usually hurt and being gentle with them.

Jim paused to think for a moment, trying to work out what someone like Sebastian’s client base would look like. “You’d still bottom, but not exclusively. Some men like to knock around other men that look like little boys, some of them like to knock around big strapping ones. I think that’s where you’d fall in. Like a caged tiger. It’s a cop out, the client knows you could hurt them, knows you could snap their neck in a second. But you won’t because they have the power. That’s what they’d want.” Jim frowned, not enjoying this game anymore. Jim didn’t mind being a whore because that was what he was good at, but thinking of this green boy trying to make it in the world without understanding it at all made Jim uncomfortable. Sebastian bent down and bit at Jim’s leg and he swatted the man’s head. “No marks. Are you trying to get flayed?” Jim’s breath caught as Sebastian’s hands traveled up to play with his nipples, “Hold – hold on. I’ll show you something.” Jim rolled out of bed and padded over to his little sack of things he’d brought over from his rooms. He dug around and found his nipple rings in a little bag to keep them clean. He kept his back to Sebastian while he put them in and then tugged his trousers off, not wanting to make a mess in them later if things kept going this direction. Jim turned around and sauntered over to Sebastian, getting back in bed and pushing Sebastian forcefully on his back before crawling on top of him and straddling him, the nipple rings glistened in the light. “Have you ever had a real southern whore before, Lord Moran?”

Sebastian watched curiously as Jim got off the bed, by now it was clear they were both hard and he quickly tugged his clothes away before Jim returned, eyes widening at the little gold rings, that set off the pink little nipples that he suddenly wanted to lick and bite. ‘Lord Moran’ - Sebastian thought he could get used to that and suddenly enjoyed this game a lot more, "N-no... never been down
"Well, you can’t fuck me, but I think you’ll be more than satisfied anyway.” Jim started moving his hips from where he straddled Sebastian, rubbing carefully against the man’s cock. There was no penetration but Jim’s movements were very similar all the same. “We can still pretend.” Jim smirked at the compliment, pleased, despite himself.

"And what do you want to pretend, Ser Whore...” Sebastian grinned, moaning as he arched up towards Jim, hands rubbing over his skin, desperate for the touch of him. "You know what I want - fuck I want you. Tell me what you want, if you could pretend anything?"

Jim almost faltered in his movements he was so surprised by the question. He’d never been genuinely asked that before. He didn’t know the answer. So he went with what he thought Seb would want to hear. “Want – want you, ah! I would… I would pretend that we were here alone, that we could do whatever we wanted. Just us. I’d want to fuck myself on your cock.” Jim threw his head back as he gasped. This wasn’t doing a lot to stimulate him but they were pretending, and Jim wanted it to look right.

Sebastian gave a moan and pushed himself up into a sitting position. Jim's answer had been good, but it was a whore's answer, and he knew it wasn't genuine and suddenly, he wanted to know, to really know if there was any connection at all beyond the whore, he wanted to grab of it what he could. Wrapping his arms around Jim's small body he peppered his face with kisses and then looked into his eyes. "What do you want... and what is your name... whatever it is... tell me. Tell me what you want."

No one had asked his name since he got here, everyone just called him ‘whore’ and Jim was so surprised by the question that he answered honestly, even if he probably shouldn’t have. “Jim. My name’s Jim.” The other question was more difficult. Jim had never wanted for himself, had never had sex without some ulterior motive. This thing with Sebastian wasn’t any different. But somehow… the man had made it different and Jim struggled with what to do in this new situation. “I don’t know.” He finally answered truthfully, quietly. Sebastian had littered his face with kisses and it seemed silly now but Jim had rather liked that, if only because it was gentle and he wasn’t used to being treated with care. No one dared to hurt him badly when he’d worked in Baelish’s brothel as a young man, but no one was careful with him.

"Jim..." Sebastian murmured, licking down his neck. Jim's answer was disappointing, but he felt a heated little sense of satisfaction in his chest that it was at least honest. "I suspect you want me to fall for you... fuck but I have. Stupidest little poshling in the North." His hands slid over Jim's skin and then he jumped in terror as the door slammed back and Lord Moran appeared at it, grumbling about the cold and freezing in surprise as he saw the two of them in bed.

Jim tried to keep calm, he let a wide guileless smile spread across his face as he limped quickly across the room and wrapped his arms around Moran’s waist, knowing that he was likely to get punched for it. But he had to try to salvage this, he didn’t want to lose all of the progress he’d made. “There you are! I was wondering if you’d forgotten me.” Jim looked up and frowned in confusion when he saw Moran’s cloudy expression, “Are you angry? You did say I could use him. He hasn’t used me.” Jim smiled encouragingly, showing that he hadn’t done anything to betray Moran’s trust.

Moran scowled, giving Jim a swift little backhand. "Yes, I did. Said you could use him for what
you wanted." Reaching down he flicked hard at the golden hoops in Jim's nipples. "These are nice. Wearing them for him are you?" He sounded a bit annoyed, but not angry, and Sebastian scowled from the bed, glaring as Moran came over, still with Jim wrapped around him, and gave Sebastian's cock a squeeze. "Look at that. Silly boy, falling for a whore. Well then, roll over, show him what he's getting." Sebastian stared at his father in shock and outrage before jumping as the man barked, "now!" Flushing red he rolled over and buried his head in the pillow. Moran stroked Jim gently, tutting at him and flicking the nipple piercings again. "They do look nice. Keep them, you sneaky little whore. Now. Fuck him."

Jim yelped as Moran's hand cracked against the side of his face, but he moved back into place immediately, not wanting to upset the man further. Jim’s breath caught when Moran flicked at one of his hoops, "No – no sir. They were a surprise for you." He went over to the bed with Moran, trying not to look too uncomfortable as Moran touched his son. They weren’t biologically related but it was still distasteful. Jim whirled on the man in shock as he commanded Jim to fuck Sebastian. “S – sir! It wouldn’t…” Jim caught himself in time and tried to phrase that more diplomatically. “Sir, he’s a lord. Do you think it would be appropriate?” Jim was a whore and whores never fucked Lords, not unless it was their choice and paying coin for it. “I’ve – never done that before, sir.” Jim was being truthful and the idea that he had to top for the first time while he was being scrutinized was nerve racking. Of course he knew how to top, he’d been trained after all, but he’d only learned the technique, he’d never had to implement it before because no one in their right mind would pick Jim to fuck them. “I’m sorry if I’ve upset you, Lord Moran. But the fault lies with me, I was the one that asked him to. I got lonely without you here…” Jim frowned and turned his back to Sebastian, pressing his front against Moran. “Punish me, please sir.”

"I think it would be highly appropriate." Moran snapped, giving Jim a pat on the bottom. "And don't worry if you've never done it before. It’s surprisingly easy. There's his arse." He snapped his hand down in a hard crack which left a bright pink print on the firm muscle of Sebastian's arse and caused a muffled squeak into the pillow, "And here's your cock." He gave Jim a hard painful grope, briefly digging in nails and regarding him critically, shaking his head. "Don't worry, my little river-rat. You aren't in trouble. But if you insist, I will punish you." Turning he picked up a light thin cane from the cabinet and came back towards them both. "This won't damage you and I'll aim away from your injuries. But it'll land on both of you and it'll last until your cum is painting his insides so if I were you, I'd get on with it quickly..."

Jim started crying lightly, hoping that his tears would move Moran, or at least make him want to fuck Jim himself instead of making him do this. “Please, if I haven’t done anything wrong then why? I don’t want to do this.” Jim genuinely was upset and he started panicking. He’d been used before, raped, although most people would insists that you can’t rape a whore. Jim was completely against this but the professional part of him couldn’t help but weigh Sebastian’s wellbeing against that of the realm, of the information he continued to send to Varys. How many lives were being saved because of it? Was this one thing really worth fucking that up? Jim knew if it was the other way around and Moran had told Sebastian to fuck him, Jim would have bent over immediately, because that’s what Jim did. But Sebastian wasn’t like that, he wasn’t a whore and Jim didn’t want to hurt another person in the way he’d been hurt. Jim started shaking his head and cried harder, “Please don’t make me. Lord Moran, I’m well enough, I can service you now.” Jim dropped down to his knees and started to undo Moran’s trousers, getting his cock out and twirling his tongue around the head.

Sebastian lifted his head, giving a growl as he saw Jim start to undo Moran's trousers and he watched his father's hand snap around to slap Jim halfway across the room. "That isn't what I asked for, and you know it." Moran barked, raising the cane as he approached Jim, "And you aren't nearly as clever as you pretend to be, you little whore. Half the time you're too smart, half the time you're too dumb. I wonder if that uncle of yours might have a bit more to tell us if we got one of my
men to ask him nicely..."

He swung the cane down but Sebastian was already lunging out of the bed, catching his father wrist before it descended, "I don't know why you care." He spat into his father's face. "You treat everyone from the kitchen boy to your own son like a whore, why should it bother you that this one's trained? Jim, fucking run."

He father shook his wrist free and growled at Seb in anger, "Get back on the bed boy. Who the hell is Jim?"

Jim had gone down on Moran but hadn't been able to balance well on his knees, one leg was still hurting and he'd put all his weight on one knee to compensate. Moran hit him hard and with his weight overbalanced Jim crashed to the floor, spinning around with the force of the strike. He felt his cheekbone swelling already and Jim was afraid he'd fractured it against the stones in the floor. Moran yelled at him and Jim tried to scramble up again. He swung the cane at Jim but Sebastian was in the way, grabbing his father's wrist. Jim watched dizzily and could hardly believe that he'd turned a boy from hating him to defending him in only a few days without even getting him off. "That's my name, Lord Moran." Jim got shakily to his feet, trying to deescalate the situation as his face swelled. "Please, sir. I – I wanted to stay with you and watch you take your castle. I don’t understand what I've done wrong. Please, I can fix this. I’ll take any punishment you see fit but I need to know what I did wrong." Jim was the picture of a pathetic boy, still crying and occasionally sniffling with his head down low and arms folded neatly behind his back.

"Run!" Sebastian snapped, giving a groan as Jim kept on talking, but each word seemed to make Moran a bit more suspicious or, more likely, a bit angrier that he himself had been half falling for Jim.

Knocking Sebastian back he snapped the cane down at Jim, catching the side of his hip. "You don't understand? Not five minutes ago you were apologizing for it - for fooling around with my son. Oh I bet he's whispered plenty of little secrets at you, when that boy opens his legs he opens his mouth along with them."

The cane slashed down again before Sebastian caught it, giving Jim another yelp of "Fucks sake, go." before Moran knocked him sideways, and kicked hard at the side of Jim's head.

Jim heard Sebastian but it could take up to a month to install himself somewhere else. If he had to take a beating then he would do it if it meant he could continue to provide information for Varys. But Moran wasn’t swayed and the cane came down across Jim’s naked skin. He hissed at the sting from the first hit, the cane was light but there was more of a snap to it. “No! Lord Moran I apologized because I upset you, I only did what you instructed!” The second snap came down across his chest and Jim yelped at the sting on the sensitive skin there. “What secrets? I don’t know what you’re talking about milord, please!” Sebastian tried to wrestle the cane out of his father’s hand but while Sebastian was strong, he was still young and not as sturdy as his father. He pushed Sebastian away, Jim saw his foot fly towards his face and that was the last thing he saw. Jim hit the ground hard and didn’t get back up.

Moran stood back, staring at the unconscious boy on the floor and rounding on Sebastian, throwing the cane at him and snapping, "Now look what you've bloody gone and done!" His fist knocked one last time into Sebastian's face and then he shook his head. "Get him up and cleaned, let him rest. I want him back in my bed tomorrow and I want you on your horse with Ramsay heading towards Winterfell. Greyjoy's little bitch has invaded it, fuck knows why. At least it gives Bolton an excuse to take the place. You will go, and he will stay here."

With that he strode out of the room and Sebastian dropped down to one knee in front of Jim,
slapping his face gently, "Fuck. Fuck. Don't be dead."

Jim whimpered as he came around, his cheek hurt. Sebastian wasn't hitting him hard at all but his face was bruised and swelling from multiple slaps and the kick to the face. He'd fallen on it a couple times too. He cracked his eyes open, desperately looking for Moran. “j’kill em?” he slurred, his tongue felt thick in his mouth and everything from moving to thinking was difficult. He closed his eyes again, he didn’t want to be awake, it hurt.

"No..." Sebastian suddenly wished he had, just run a sword through the man's chest. Picking Jim up he laid him gently on the bed, then tugged on a shirt. "C'mon. We've got to leave. Now, if possible. Certainly before he gets back. He'll want to hurt you, you're nowhere near ready..." He sighed and stroked Jim’s hair then dropped a clean shirt on his chest, far too big for him, "You can leave your uncle a note before we go. We're headed for Winterfell."

Jim almost shook his head but remembered not to at the last second. “No I need to stay. Can’t go.” He found that he was a little more verbose now that he’d had a minute to collect his wits. Jim moved slowly and pulled the tunic over his head and then bent over to grab his trousers from earlier, before pulling them on too. “I can take it. Why the fuck are you going to Winterfell?” Jim asked carefully, seeking out new information he didn’t already have.

"You can't take it, why the hell do you want to stay with him.” Sebastian found himself getting strangely upset at the thought. "The Pyke boy has taken over Winterfell. But we won't have to fight. You won't. I promise. I'll - I'll look after you. I can't get you a castle yet, but I can keep you warm and safe, s-safer than he will. I can let you have a Raven, and new clothes, and whatever... fuck." Sebastian took a deep breath and tried to calm down, "Don't stay with him. Please."

“Thon…” Jim muttered out loud, trying to comprehend the information. He assessed his options as quickly as possible with the head wound and eventually arrived at a conclusion. Varys wouldn’t want him to stay. Jim couldn’t justify very likely being permanently injured or killed if he continued on like this. The problem was, he couldn’t go with Sebastian either. “Can’t – go with you. I’ve got to go…” Where was Roose Bolton now? Varys had sent Jim to Moran because he was slightly less clever and significantly more likely to bed him, but Jim could go straight to the source now that he’d been made. “Harrenhall?” He couldn’t remember where Bolton was last. But Winterfell was southwest of here… Jim could travel with him until then. It would be safer. “Help me to my rooms.” Jim grabbed his sack of things and his knife before climbing onto Sebastian’s back, not wanting to risk walking right now. He couldn’t see his reflection but Jim’s face was swelling and bruised, he’d fractured his right cheekbone and that eye was slowly filling with blood.

Sebastian rolled his eyes, picking Jim up in his arms as the boy tried pathetically to scramble onto his back and cuddling him close, "Yes, yes. I'm sure you're going to do well travelling to Harrenhall on your own." Quickly he hurried out of his father's rooms. The courtyard was a seething mass of men and horses and it was easy enough to dodge through and dump Jim in his uncle’s rooms. "Pack and let your uncle know where you've gone, I'll be back." With that he hurried to the stables, sorting out his armour and weapons and also grabbing a small sharp little knife for Jim, figuring he'd find it useful.

Jim immediately started in on the note to Varys, encoding everything properly this time. It would be suspicious if anyone found it but Jim had to be explicit about the information he’d be sending off. He marked that one with more of his blood and told Varys that he was on his way to Winterfell and then hopefully he’d be able to find and pursue Bolton along the way. He kept hold of that note, he’d send it on the road. He couldn’t trust his uncle now that Moran was likely to interrogate him if he caught him. Jim left a note telling him to run and tucked it away in the pillow case before digging through the trunk and taking what he’d be able to carry. It wasn’t much, there weren’t
many supplies he could use on the road. Jim looked up in fear as someone came through the door but it was only his uncle, the informant. “You need to leave, now. Pack your things, go south and send a raven for further instructions. You’ve done good work here but your job is done. It’s time to plant yourself somewhere else.” Jim normally might have actually been the one to give the man new orders if he was in King’s Landing, but he was so out of touch with what was going on politically in the north right now, it was best to ask Varys.

His uncle nodded fearfully, grabbing at his belongings and hastily reading and then eating the note that Jim had left for him. “I’m glad. Between Moran and Bolton setting up a rebellion, and the Snow bastard heading up to Winterfell it's a dangerous place to be. You can tell your Varys I’ve done enough for him.” Grabbing his few belongings he scuttled out quickly.

Jim rolled his eyes. The little birds were unfailingly loyal even after their tongues were cut out, this man could learn a thing or two from them. Jim startled when he picked up on what the man said the snow bastard heading for Winterfell. Fuck… Jim couldn’t be injured around Ramsay. He couldn’t travel by himself, not in this condition. He took a deep breath and dug through his chest of things and found an appropriate disguise. It was a peasant maiden’s dress and he stripped out of his clothes and pulled that on and laced a corset on over it. There were small sacks of sand on a harness that he dressed himself with and they looked like breasts underneath the dress. He pulled a small stocking over his hair to hide it before pulling a brunette wig on and pinning it to his head. It had been a while since he’d disguised himself as a woman but he knew how to do it well. He quickly layered some powder over his face to cover the bruises a little and made his face up. Jim pulled out some boots and a cloak from the trunk before tugging them on too. When he felt ready he quickly stepped outside, keeping his head down, and almost bumped into Sebastian.

Sebastian, picked up his things and hurried back to Jim’s uncles house, swearing as he almost knocked down some girl on the way, “Fucking - sorry.” Pushing open the door he gazed in desperation at the empty room, giving a groan, “Oh fuck where’s the stupid little bastard run off too... fuck.” Jim's uncle seemed to have vanished as well and for a moment Sebastian hesitated, the facts lining up one after the other in his head and raising a little flag of suspicion. Jim didn’t act much like an untried whore from the riverlands.

“Sebastian!” Jim hissed and grabbed his arm as the man went back into the rooms to look for him. At least Jim knew the disguise would pass at a glance. His voice was pitched a bit higher but not much. You didn’t need to do a lot to disguise yourself. “I’m right here you moron. Why the fuck didn’t you tell me Ramsay was leading this little expedition?” Jim handed his pack off to the man but wasn’t sure what to do about being carried. It might look strange. But he wasn’t sure how well he could do on his own.

"What?" Sebastian turned around and saw the girl, frowned, and realised it actually was Jim and broke into a grin. "What the hell are you dressed as? Seven gods, you look a sight." He cupped Jim's face and gently patted at the powder under his eye, "Shit, he fucked you up. What do you mean I didn't tell you Ramsay was leading this little expedition?" Jim handed his pack off to the man but wasn’t sure what to do about being carried. It might look strange. But he wasn’t sure how well he could do on his own.

"I'm dressed as a woman… I thought that was obvious.” He sighed and held his arms up petulantly like a child in the universal signal for ‘pick me up.’ “Yeah well… he did. I’ll be fine after I get some sleep. I get it, I get it. Let’s go.”

Sebastian slung himself into the saddle and then bent down to lift Jim up, snuggling him in front of him and wrapping arms around him to take the reins. "If you feel safer travelling in skirts then I'll not complain. Come on then, let’s leave before he works it out.” Wheeling the horse around he joined the confusion of men in the courtyard, who were already starting to make their way out.
through the gates.

Chapter End Notes

TW: Discussions of underage prostitution, brief pseudo-incestuous molestation?, threats of dub-con, physical violence
The ride was hard but they made good time considering they were moving with a small army. Jim shared a horse with Sebastian for the first day and then after that had found his own horse. Riding in skirts was fucking annoying and he was totally done with the knocking against his chest when his fake breasts bounced from the horse’s movement. Apparently the fact that he presented as a woman left everyone around him thinking that he was a camp whore, since he’d followed them to battle. Jim was good with the knife Sebastian gave him, and his new friend scared off quite a few of the rougher men. Eventually the camp as a whole figured out that Jim was Sebastian’s woman and they left him alone for the most part, even if many of them still called things at him, few dared to touch him. Ramsay was generally too busy to focus on Sebastian or Jim since he was now leading this small army to Winterfell. Their tent was near his but they weren’t together, thank the gods. They had finally reached their destination and Jim was looking forward to a bit of a rest the next day. Seb told him that they were unlikely to even be fighting tomorrow, they told the Ironborn that if they gave up Theon Greyjoy that they would allow the rest to go free. They’d surrender. Ironborn were smart that way. Jim had just lain down on top of the furs for a minute to close his eyes. He was still fully dressed and in his wig, Jim thought he made a rather attractive woman.

Ramsay was the one with the plan, and Sebastian was happy just to follow him, to keep his head down and stay out of trouble. Jim was still dressed as a woman, but after a few fights the cat-calls had stopped, or at least died down. Now Jim was almost accepted as part of the group, and he was hardly the only girl who hung around an army. Unlike the others though, he refused to put out for anyone, and Sebastian made it clear that anyone trying their luck would lose a limb. Ramsay teased him, but didn't seem interested in Jim. The road had been hard, and he'd been respectful of Jim's wounds. But now they'd stopped and he was rather hoping he’d be allowed to continue with the night his father had interrupted. Stepping into the tent he smirked as he saw Jim lying down in a dress, sliding a hand up his leg and whispering in a hoarse lecherous voice, "Alright lovely..."

“You want a smack?” Jim asked rhetorically, not even bothering to open his eyes. “Cause you’re going to get one if you keep up like that.” Jim smiled at the teasing, rolling over onto his back and stretching. Fucking corsets. Every time he disguised himself in this he felt more sympathy for the women he knew. Jim opened his eyes and smirked up at Sebastian, tired but feeling pretty pleased. There was certainly a lot of tension around the possibility of someone noticing him, or one of the soldiers trying to force himself on Jim, but otherwise it was very simple. He’d kept catching little barbs in Sebastian’s heart and the boy was happy to follow after Jim and protect him. Jim needed him. Out here he was alone and if Sebastian decided to turn on him, he could just give Jim to Ramsay.

Sebastian grinned back, moving his hand as Jim rolled over, thinking again how beautiful he looked. He'd stayed safe the whole journey, the soldiers as a whole more excited about the possibility of killing Starks than taking one small unwilling woman when there were a good few willing ones opening their legs. He sat himself down on the furs, sliding the back of his fingers down the side of Jim's corset. "You make a surprisingly pretty little girl. I'm surprised you've kept it going so long. And I'm fucking glad to be rid of the old bastard, makes me shudder when I think of what he did to you."
Jim grinned and watched Sebastian heatedly. “Oh I dunno. I’ve got quite a few surprising hidden talents.” Jim face was in better condition now, the swelling had gone down but the bruises hadn’t cleared up yet. His face was still sore and so were the dog bites. It would be a couple weeks before those would clear up entirely but he could walk on that leg now and use his arm. Jim snorted when Sebastian acted all concerned over what his father had done. “He wasn’t bad. Really, he was decent. He served his purpose. I’m more worried about what he’s going to do to you if he figures out you took me with you. He shouldn’t… I’m disguised, he’s more likely to think I ran off with my uncle, but still…” Jim reached out and gripped the hand that fiddled with the boning of his corset over the dress.

Sebastian wrapped his fingers around Jim's and scowled, not liking hearing about how Jim had enjoyed being with his father. "He would've beaten you, used you and left you. Only reason he kept you around was because of your pretty little arse. He would've grown bored of it..." He shook his head, not wanting to think about it. "I'm not returning until he begs me. Which he will, because he's no other heir. Until then me and Ramsay can win the north for the Bolton's and beat back that bitch from Pyke."

Jim rolled his eyes lightly, “Right because he’s such a fierce opponent with a hundred men. He’ll surrender.” Jim smiled, amused with how naïve Sebastian could be. “Yeah, that sounds about right. That’s sex with him in a nutshell. I’m saying he’s not bad, comparatively. Just look at your Ramsay if you want proof that your father’s not the sickest man out there.” Jim gripped the hand tighter. “You and Ramsay winning the north… where does that leave me? Will you grow bored with me then?”

"Ramsay was different." Sebastian snarled, trying to tug his hand back, "We were friends, we were equals. I let him, alright? And the things I was strong enough to sit through for him would make even a whore like you... fuck." He sighed and dropped down onto the furs, fed up of arguing. "Father never fucked me." He said quietly, eventually. "You asked once. He didn't. But he's watched Ramsay do it. He’s threatened me with it. He's beaten me in places he shouldn't have even been looking at. I'm not going to go back to him, and I'm not going to run off with Ramsay." He rolled over and threaded a finger through Jim's hair. "We can beat back Theon easily. We can take the lands his sister stole. And I would have you with me the whole way. Then I'll get Bolton to give us our own castle. Believe me, I would never grow bored."

“It’s not different,” Jim hissed back. “I absolutely let him do those things to me. I could have told him no. I could have wormed my way out of it. I killed three of Ramsay’s dogs, you don’t think I couldn’t have gotten his pants down and killed an aroused and careless man in about a hundred different ways? I led him on a merry chase by the cock. I manipulated him into spilling his secrets. If you didn’t notice that we were equals then you weren’t paying attention.” Jim sat and listened. It made him… sad but it wasn’t anything he had context for. Jim had been abused like the way that Sebastian had been abused by his father, but Jim had experienced those things at the hands of a hundred different men. He knew first hand that it was painful but he couldn’t understand the emotional or psychological trauma because for Jim it was common place. Jim didn’t have a father to make that betrayal real. He considered for a moment, how he would feel if it had been Varys. But then again, Varys had done some of those things, he sent Jim on jobs like this, he never beat him but… their relationship was hardly ideal either and Jim cared more for Varys than he did anyone else in the world. “Good,” Jim said easily. “You don’t need them.” He arched up off the furs a little, drawing attention to his body under the dress. “If you ever get bored that means I’m not doing my job right... how would you like to fuck me in this?” Jim asked slyly, reaching down to start teasing the skirt higher and higher up his legs, exposing the pale hairless flesh.

"Are you saying I'm Ramsay's whore?" Seb demanded, but it came out with a chuckle. His anger was dissipating because he really couldn't be bothered with it, not when he had a pretty teasing
little Jim inching his skirts up. Stroking Jim's ankle he licked around it with his tongue and then slowly started to lick his way up the pale, feminine little legs. "I would love to fuck you in that..." he growled, one hand sliding up the outside of the leg, taking his time rather than just diving into it. After all they had all the time they needed. "I've been watching you wriggling around in it for far too long..."

“You’re not a whore,” Jim muttered, rolling his eyes a little at Sebastian’s dramatics. “The point was that I have control. I’m never in a position of submission with a client, even if they think I am.” He was glad that Sebastian wasn’t angry at least. Jim had rather expected that Sebastian would rush, after all there was no real limit to the number of times he could take Jim tonight, and every night after that, beyond Sebastian’s own physical limitations. He didn’t need to go slow. But he was, and Jim… found that he didn’t mind. Sebastian lifted his ankle high up towards his shoulder, exposing him, but he took time to mouth at the skin on his legs. It tickled a little but it wasn’t unpleasant so Jim didn’t pull away. “You’ve been watching me, have you Lord Moran?”

"There's nothing else to watch." Sebastian murmured into Jim's leg. There was quite a bit of information contained in Jim's last few sentences, certainly enough to imply he was more than just some fragile and desperate whore from the riverlands. Sebastian decided to have a proper think about it later, when he was less horny. "Watching you riding your horse, watching you walking around the camp showing off - knowing that I'm the only one who knows exactly what the hot little arse and slutty little cock under your dress looks like." He kept Jim's leg high, keeping him open and running his tongue down to slide along the crease between Jim's leg and the curve of his arse. "Mmmmm... and seeing as we've nothing to do tomorrow except watch the soldiers smacking around defenseless Ironmen I've got you for the whole night."

“There’s always plenty to watch, you just don’t pay attention.” Jim scolded, reaching up and pressing Sebastian’s face further under his skirts. What he was doing felt good and Jim thought he deserved something if Sebastian was going to be spending all night smashing into him like a battering ram. “Yesss.” Jim hissed, agreeing to spending the night together. He was a little bit nervous that Sebastian would try and imitate the way Ramsay fucked him out of ignorance and because to Sebastian the pain felt good, but Jim was relieved this was finally happening. He’d done plenty of foundation work for this, it was time to start building something real.

Sebastian moaned dizzily as Jim pressed his face deep into the skirts, licking eagerly at every piece of skin he found. This was, in Sebastian's mind, the ideal combination of a bored Northern whore - a beautiful buxom girl who'd hitched up her skirts and occasionally made unconvincing noises and had, at one part, started ignoring Seb completely and getting herself off - and a hot young man. Although he hardened and came when Ramsay abused him he had no desire to repeat it on Jim - for Jim he wanted something different, and he just wanted to slavishly adore the hot little body, then turn it over and fuck it. His tongue twisted into Jim's entrance, closing his eyes at the feel of the material around his head and the hot smell of Jim's body all around Jim's breath hitched and he jolted a little as Sebastian pressed his tongue inside him. Jim moaned and tried to remember how many times someone had done that... not many. Sebastian was already surprising him and Jim stopped talking and asking questions for once, because he was loathe to see Sebastian move his mouth away from his skin. Jim continued pressing at the man’s head and ran his fingers through Sebastian’s curls, dizzy with the attention he received.

Sebastian had never actually had proper time to explore a cock before, other than his own, and he was more than willing to take the time to do it. He'd always assumed that he fancied ladies - what he did with Ramsay was a fight, not a fuck, just a fight that got very intense. But now he was suddenly very certain that what he really wanted was something with a cock - preferably Jim. His tongue slid back behind Jim's balls, running over all the skin, while his hands insistently kept Jim's
leg open, pressing on the pale smooth skin of his thighs. All of this was new, and all of it was wonderful. One hand decided to explore, sliding up Jim's body and hitting the corset. Sebastian grinned - more clothes to take off, and he was certainly going to take his time with them. The fact that there were no nice curves of breasts to meet him was more than made up for by the little pink nipples he knew would be there.

Jim was quite hard by now and no one had even touched his cock, it never took much usually but this was rather unprecedented. Sebastian was inexperienced in this area and his hands and mouth were hesitant but enthusiastic. Jim thought it was endearing and he arched up off the floor as Sebastian mouthed at his balls. The dress wasn’t helping anything, fuck. He was used to being in either androgynous or traditionally feminine clothing, Jim knew how to look good in a dress. Sebastian was doing well. Jim groaned as Sebastian’s hand trailed over the boning of the corset, and he curiously fiddled with the bags of sand that served as breasts. “If you tear those I’ll make you sorry.” Jim promised in a breathy voice.

Sebastian gave a whine. He’d been rather looking forward to tearing the corset away, but of course Jim had to keep wearing it the next few days. Rolling his eyes he gave a last kiss to Jim's inner thighs and then raised his head, looking over Jim's body and down at the corset. "Fucked if I know how to undo one of those..." He gave a grin and reached up to a likely looking piece of ribbon, tugging it and scowling as the whole thing refused to fall apart in front of him. "Ergh... alright. Leave it. Keep it on. Please..." He gave the fake-breast a little squeeze and then dived back between Jim's legs, enthusiastically sucking him off.

Jim arched prettily as Sebastian’s mouth wrapped around him, moaning loudly and quickly covering his mouth with his hand so that he wouldn’t make too much noise. He wasn’t self-conscious but he also didn’t want to draw the attention of the other soldiers either. Jim smiled and tilted his head back, exposing the long line of his throat. “Okay, yeah. Whatever you want – ahh!” Jim had his hands in Sebastian’s hair again, careful not to push an inexperienced boy down on his cock, but he wanted some kind of contact with him. It seemed… wrong that their positions were switched right now… Jim should be the one sucking Sebastian off right before getting fucked. But he was enjoying it too much to stop. Very few people in his life had cared about Jim’s own pleasure, as long as his cock was hard and he came his clients never felt too insulted. This was very different though and Jim felt like he was in unfamiliar territory for the first time in a long time.

Sebastian made up for what he lacked in experience with enthusiasm. He wrapped his lips around the cock and tugged it into his mouth, enjoying the taste and sucking eagerly. The noises Jim was making only spurred him on, one hand stroking up along Jim's stomach under the corset, pressing fingers into his skin and occasionally gently pinching against the pale narrow stomach. His head bobbed up and down beneath the skirts, his tongue licking and sucking away and his jaw aching at being held open so long.

Lying back and just receiving was not Jim’s style but he felt like maybe he could be allowed it just this once. He hadn’t asked for this, it was what Sebastian wanted to do. So although he felt strange because he hadn’t touched Sebastian’s cock once since they started, he wasn’t about to complain. He gave back to Sebastian by being increasingly vocal, letting the boy know when he was doing something right and just letting himself relax and enjoy this for a few minutes. “Start –uhh, shit.” Jim’s brain short circuited for a moment and it was difficult to get it back on track. “Start stretching me. There’s slick in my bag.” Jim wanted more than just his mouth, he wanted Sebastian’s enthusiastic fingers inside him as well. He was still nervous that Seb was going to end up being too rough and it would be better to do it now while he had a hot mouth to distract him from any discomfort.

It wasn't quite an order, but it was close enough for Sebastian to smirk at him and gasp, "Yes
Boss...” pulling his way off Jim's cock with a small 'pop' and reaching into the bag. He looked back at Jim, spread out, legs apart, skirts rucked up and cock hard and red, covered in Sebastian's spit. Part of him wildly wanted to beg Jim to abuse him, to slap him, tell him he was useless, throw him down and fuck him dry and then laugh. But he also wanted Jim to love him, to wrap arms around him and gasp that Sebastian had transformed him from a whore into a lover. He settled for just rubbing slick over his fingers and then sliding back down between Jim's legs, hitching his knees up and looking up to his face, "Tell me..." he murmured, "if it's not good, tell me."

Jim smirked as Sebastian watched him heatedly, the little break gave Jim time to sort his head out before they started again. He might have gotten carried away, letting Sebastian do all of the work. Jim would make it up to him later, in many many ways, he was sure. Jim knew that Sebastian liked his legs spread like a whore so he stretched them further open, obscenely. Jim was very flexible. Sebastian told him to be honest and Jim could have laughed. All the time he heard from clients they wanted him to be honest, but what they really wanted was for Jim to be good enough at pretending to pass so that they could feel good about themselves. Sebastian made him feel good, Jim was pretty honest about that, he wasn’t hiding anything from him. But he still thought the request was odd. “Why?” Jim asked instead. Sebastian would probably be okay, Jim was definitely going to get off, why did he care so much how Jim felt about it?

Sebastian frowned, he hadn't expected that as a question. "What? I'm giving you a blowjob... of course I want you to enjoy it. Otherwise it's a waste of my time, isn't it?" He frowned, a little worried that what he'd feared all along was true - sex wasn’t meant to be enjoyable, or fun. It was work for the person above and pain for the person below. Sighing, he rolled his eyes. "You don't have to. You could just hitch your skirts up and let me get on with it. But seeing as I'm down here and getting on with things I might as well give you something that makes you see stars."

“Oh…” Jim started, trying to reorder things in his mind. “I thought you meant the stretching. That doesn’t… always feel good, I thought that was rather expected.” Jim smiled even though he was a bit bewildered by the other man’s attitude. But this was what Sebastian wanted and Jim was benefiting from it so he wasn’t going to stop. “Your mouth feels good, you aren’t wasting your time.” Jim raised an eyebrow, “Oh? You think you'll have me seeing stars, do you? You’re ambitious. I like that.”

Sebastian smirked at him. Of course he was not at all certain he could drive a man to orgasm, let alone a man who was more than used to controlling his sexual feelings, but he could damn well try. Making sure his fingers were well lubed he started to stroke and gently prod at Jim's entrance, not going in, just teasing around the outside, rubbing a finger over it and occasionally threatening to dip inside. All the while, his tongue licked and slid along Jim's inner thigh and his other hand started rather enthusiastically stroking his slicked up cock.

Jim watched Sebastian jerk himself off and he raised an eyebrow, “If you come early I’m going to be very displeased with you.” Sebastian would be able to go again if that did happen but Jim found that it was fun to threaten the man anyway. He groaned in frustration as Sebastian continued to tease his entrance, every time he mentally prepared himself Sebastian would slide away at the last moment. Jim kicked Sebastian’s thigh in frustration. “Seven hells, get on with it. You’re going to drive me mad.”

Sebastian moaned breathily around Jim's cock, knowing that everything Jim said was probably put on for an act but beyond caring at this point. He ran nails down Jim's inner thigh and then pulled himself up Jim's body, eyes heated and eager. He pressed his lips to Jim’s, kissing hard and rubbing his tongue at the soft little lips until they opened, and as they did, his finger gently and slowly crept forward, sliding inside as he closed his eyes and moaned into Jim's mouth.
Jim enjoyed Sebastian’s hot weight above him, pressing him into the furs. The kiss was something a bit different, it was – nice. Jim was rarely kissed like this and it made him smile against his better judgement. He felt relief as Sebastian finally slid a finger insider of him. He was still horribly turned on and wanted more than just a single finger but knew it was better to wait and not get impatient. He still started moving his hips languidly, fucking himself on Sebastian’s hand. The man moaned in Jim’s mouth and he made a breathless noise of agreement before sucking Sebastian’s lower lip into his mouth and biting down on it expertly. He worked the lip between his teeth for a moment, causing pain but careful not to break the skin.

Sebastian moaned even harder as Jim started to rock back onto his finger, and as the sharp little teeth pressed deep into his lip. Eyes still closed he worked a second finger inside Jim, squirming it slowly, aware of the boy's breath below him and ready to stop if it hitched into a sob. His hard cock rubbed and pressed against Jim's stomach as he worked, his tongue still sliding messily around Jim's lips and teeth, wanting to taste him, to stay as close as he could.

Jim found himself getting caught up in Sebastian's enthusiasm, he kissed the man back just as fiercely, reaching up to tug on his hair and hold his face with one of his delicate hands. He panted into Sebastian’s mouth as he worked in that second finger, Jim moved his hips more carefully until he adjusted but the slick was very helpful and soon he was back to fucking himself on Sebastian’s hand. Jim blinked in surprise when he realized that he actually… liked this. It wasn’t the best sex he’d ever had, technically speaking, but there was something about this that was different from the usual. Something about the way that Sebastian held him, like he wanted Jim to stay, but not like he would trap him there, was teasing at him. It felt like everyone before this hadn’t held him because they knew he wouldn’t leave, either because they’d promised him coin or information or food, but Sebastian held him tightly like he was worried Jim would fly off and not come back. It bothered Jim a little that it was mostly true, he was planning on leaving for Harrenhall in the morning, and he didn’t think he’d be bothering with goodbyes when he left.

Sebastian paused as Jim's hips slowed down, but as they started moving again his fingers responded, eager and happy to fuck Jim with them. He would never have guessed that he could gain this much pleasure himself from pleasing someone else. This was different to any other experience he’d had before - he wasn’t trying to prove anything, or to just get himself off. It was sweet, and close, and intense. When he felt ready, he experimentally twisted a third finger in, breaking the kiss to look down at Jim's body as it entered, pressing deep and twisting around to stretch him. "P-please... can I fuck you...?" He gasped, forgetting for a moment that obviously he could do whatever he liked with Jim. "I want to... gods you're gorgeous."

Jim was feeling many of the same things that Sebastian was, and it was different to be on the same page desire wise with someone who he was fucking. Sebastian pressed a third finger in and Jim squirmed a little to allow for the extra stretch. As Sebastian pressed in with his fingers he brushed against Jim’s prostate and he yelled out with surprise and pleasure, trying to catch his breath a little after. “Do it again.” Jim ordered, pressing down against the fingers inside of him and hoping that Sebastian would be able to recreate the experience. After all, Jim had made it his personal mission to educate Sebastian as much as possible in how pleasurable sex with a man could be. If he was determined to focus on Jim this time, the Jim would show by example. The breathy and stuttered words almost caused Jim to pause, they caught him so off guard. He took a second to savor the moment and how sweet this boy was, the one who professed to hate Jim just a short time ago. “Yes,” Jim muttered. “Gods yes, please. Don’t wait.” Jim tucked his face up against Sebastian’s shoulder where he wouldn’t be able to see it just in case his expression was off. “I want you to fuck me like this is the only chance you’ll have. Please.”

Sebastian gave a moan of delight as Jim yelled in pleasure, hastily trying to twist his fingers in the same way, pretty sure he knew what had set Jim off. There was a sweet-spot inside that Ramsay
used to brutalise with anything he could hit it with. Good to know it could bring pleasure and he
pressed and rubbed his fingers inside the boy. He waited a while, even after permission, just
enjoying pressing close and inside and then finally withdrew his fingers. Something in Jim's tone
had been a bit off, and maybe if he hadn't been so randy he would have noticed. Sitting back he
hitched Jim's skirts higher, lifted his legs and thrust inside in one smooth eager movement, his eyes
widening at the slick tight heat, "Fuuuuuck... oh you bet I will."

Jim made an abundance of noise as Sebastian rubbed against his prostate, he knew that Sebastian
liked his reactions so he let them come more easily, and besides the man was earning them. He
held back on his orgasm and felt a tad relieved when Sebastian paused for a minute and just held
him, as they breathed in the scent of each other. That little break helped Jim get himself back under
control, he didn't want to come too soon, although he wondered why he cared when they'd
probably be going at it all night. Sebastian finally pressed inside him and Jim groaned and
tightened around him, trying to catch his breath a little. He hitched his legs up over Sebastian’s
shoulders, making use of his flexibility.

The legs over his shoulders was something Sebastian had always hoped the Northern whores
would provide, but the two he'd tried had been both unable and not bothered about anything more
than just letting him fuck them. He reached under to grab two handfuls of Jim's arse, squeezing and
massaging it as he thrust in, starting slow but speeding up, and moaning as he went, looking down
at Jim's flushed face, "Gods I've wanted this for so long - wanted to take you, wanted to fuck you,
wanted to watch you, while I fuck you... unhhhh..."

Jim met his thrusts with what force he could with his back bent like this, gasping and panting as he
was stretched open. He felt a little drunk on this, the lack of control scared him. “Gods yes,” Jim
panted, amazed that at how much Sebastian’s enthusiasm made up for over lack of experience. The
raw desire and desperation he showed pushed Jim harder than he’d been pushed in a long time.
“Want you to watch – watch when I come. You feel so good, gods you are going to make me
come.” Jim moaned. He wasn’t quite there yet but at this rate he wasn’t going to be able to hold on
much longer. This angle was intense and provided a deep penetration that practically sent Jim’s
eyes rolling back. Jim moved Sebastian’s hands to his tiny waist line, cinched in tight by the corset.

He preferred Jim's arse, but wrapping around the little waist, the highlighting of how small and
vulnerable Jim was, just sent Sebastian higher, made his thrusts harder and more erratic. He could
see Jim's cock, hard and leaking, and bent down, one arm wrapping around the little waist, where
Jim seemed to want him to hold, while the other slid down to wrap around his cock, tugging it
gently as he thrust in hard, "Yesssss... want to see you. Want to see you cum all over my hand, w-
want to watch you. Want to watch you break apart in my arms... fuck..."

“Ahhh- ah, fuck!” Jim arched up into another hard thrust from Sebastian. He felt so good right
now, nothing about this was manufactured, beyond what was so thoroughly engrained that it was
likely to never come undone. Sebastian helped him bend further off the ground and Jim groaned as
his back stretched further, he was a little out of practice. Sebastian’s hand on his cock was gentle
though and he used the hand that still had some slick on it so Jim felt deliriously good. "I want you
– want you to come inside me, fuck! Ah – yes, yes, gods don’t look away.”

Jim yelping orders at him, in a gasping desperate moan, was dragging him in completely, keeping
heated eyes on Jim's face as his cock ploughed even harder in and out of the sweet slick body, all
hot and wriggling and eager. Sebastian thought at that moment this could never be a whore's act,
this was Jim, it had to be, and he wanted it all. The hand on Jim's cock sped up as, moaning out
Jim's name he thrust repeatedly into him, slamming his hips forward and cuming deep inside him.

Jim’s orgasm came a minute before Sebastian’s did, gasping and moaning his name while he came
all over Sebastian’s hand like he’d been told to. Sebastian continued thrusting inside him after Jim came, drawing out the last bit of pleasure from him before orgasm hit him. Jim kissed the boy as he came and moaned Jim’s name and they laid there for a moment, breathing each other’s air, dizzy with it, as they both came down from their orgasm.

Sebastian slid down next to him, moaning gently, and wrapping his arms around Jim's little waist, drawing him closer and hugging tight. For a moment he was happy to rest, feeling dizzy and soppy and generally very pleased with himself. As he recovered he pawed at the corset, tugging a few of the laces and whispering hotly into Jim's ear. "Mmmmm... now I want to see you naked... d'you still have those nipple rings?"

They ended up rolling together quite a few times that night, Sebastian was young and seemed to have inherited that Lannister vitality at any rate. The other times were more fun and playful than their first time together and they ran through a number of positions and fantasies that Sebastian had. Sebastian really did fuck him like he’d never see Jim again. Still, as Jim cracked his eyes open in the half morning light as Sebastian dozed next to him, he felt that he’d really been able to give something back to the man. Jim had shown him that sex didn’t have to be painful or a punishment for the loser in a fight. He thought it was a bit ironic considering his own views on sex were highly cynical but he was happy to have been able to undo some of the trauma done to Sebastian. Jim watched the man sleep for a moment before getting up carefully, wincing at the ache in his arse. He felt well fucked and riding a horse this morning was going to be brutal. For a moment he considered putting it off a day… but that was tempting fate. Jim had a job to do and he wasn’t going to let Varys down so that he could continue his fling with a boy from the north. Jim knelt down so that he could pet Sebastian’s curls once before leaving a kiss near his ear before quickly and quietly packing up his things and getting dressed, this time as a boy. He gave the sleeping man one last look before he ducked under the tent flap and tried to locate a horse. Harrenhall was a long ride away.

Sebastian didn’t wake as Jim kissed him, exhausted by the night, and it wasn't until Ramsay's horn blasted through the morning that he stirred, swearing and scrabbling around. The furs smelt of Jim and he smiled, a little disappointed that the boy wasn't here to cuddle up with, but figuring that he'd gone out to get food. It wasn't until the camp started to stir, until the missing horse was cursed at, until he realised that Jim had left the dress behind, that he realised the truth. Jim had left. Fucked him and left. It felt like a stone plummeting through his chest, to realise he'd been so well-used by a whore. The rest of the day seemed almost dull, watching Ramsay killing Ironborn, and sending Theon off on a fast horse to the Dreadfort. He mooched around the dead bodies until Ramsay slapped him around the back of the head, listened to his story and then slapped him again. "What did you expect from a whore like that? I told you, you should've let me break him." Seb sighed and tried to go for a grope but Ramsay slapped him away and sneered, "How desperate are you? Half the camp heard you fucking him last night. I've got a dog to train, want to come and help?"

Sebastian shrugged then shook his head, "Piss off - why the hell would I go back to the Dreadfort? There's a war down South, and I might as well join it."

Chapter End Notes
TW: Discussions of childhood sexual abuse (Sebastian/Moran),
Jim rode hard, it was a very long journey from Winterfell to Harrenhall and he needed to make good time. He heard rumors at the inns he stopped at about Bolton’s engagement to a Frey girl. Jim needed to get to him before he left Harrenhall for the Twins. The travel was a lot rougher this time around, Jim had no money and he spent more nights sleeping outside, even in the bitter cold of the north, than he did sleeping in a bed. He was able to steal enough to eat but he still lost quite a bit of weight from the hard ride and lack of food. Jim wasn’t his best but he thought after a hot bath and a change of clothes he could really be back on his game. Maybe after a bit of feeding up. He could practically sense Varys’s disapproval all the way from King’s Landing, he’d written to tell him where he was going and he hadn’t received a reply but his instructions said he was to avoid bedding either of the Boltons. Jim fucked up so badly with Moran though that he felt he needed to redeem himself somehow. Finally the walls of the giant castle came into sight and Jim raced the last few leagues to get there as soon as possible. Many men were milling about but Jim heard one man above the noise, shouting out orders. He seemed to be in charge. “I bring news from Winterfell, I’d like to see Lord Bolton.” Jim told the weasely looking man.

Locke raised an eyebrow, looking at him slightly incredulously, clearly not used to being given orders from boys on horseback, he nodded though, "Lord Bolton's eating. Can the news wait until he's finished?" He took the reins and nodded at the horse. "You've ridden him hard, how are things at Winterfell? Bet young Ramsay's having fun." He gave an indulgent chuckle, "I'll get you a bite, and we can see his Lordship once he's finished sucking up to the Tarth Bitch and the One-handed Wonder. You look like you've not eaten for a while."

“Thank you,” Jim gasped, slightly out of breath from the hard ride. Jim was ready to get down and get something to eat. “Something to eat would be splendid, I rode hard...” Jim had actually left before he’d seen the culmination of Ramsay’s quest but he thought he could guess how it ended and if the stories didn’t exactly match up later Jim probably wouldn’t be around to hear about it.

"Come on." Locke took the horse, giving it to a passing servant and leading him into the kitchens, passed the dining hall where a glimpse of Lord Bolton eating with Jaime and Brienne could be seen. Locke noticed Jim's expression as he saw them and laughed, quickly ushering him into a long kitchen and motioning a boy to bring them food. "Oh yes, the Kingslayer! I found him and the bitch on the road to King's Landing. Thought they'd be more comfortable here. I took his sword-arm, Ramsay's not the only one who’s been having a bit of fun. He'll love that." He gave a grin, clearly expecting Jim to share it, and speared a bit of meat with a knife. "Oh, Bolton isn't happy, but he never is. Never lets fun get in the way of business that man."

Jim gaped for a moment, completely gob smacked to run into Jaime Lannister, here of all places. If he was this close to King’s Landing they probably intended to give him back to Tywin to curry further favor with the Lannisters, further securing their place in the north. Jim hardly recognized him, it had been almost ten years since Jaime beat him in that broom closet. The man had fresh scars on his face and while he’d clearly just had a wash, his hair was still long and damaged. The most noticeable change was his missing hand and Jim was careful not to stare at it. They passed out of the dining room and into the kitchen where Jim and Locke were alone. He sat at the table and grabbed for some fresh bread, trying to control how quickly he ate when he was this hungry.
Locke watched him eat, looking at him and trying to work out who he was. He was too skinny and scrawny to be a fighter, but he wasn't dressed like someone's bannerman, he was dressed like some peasant. He was grubby, but he looked like he'd be fairly pretty once he'd had a clean. His horse was good quality as well, someone had obviously wanted him to get here fast, with information they didn't want to trust to a Raven. "What's happened?" He asked curiously. "Last we heard Winterfell was burnt down and the Stark boys were dead?"

Jim gave the stranger a suspicious look, “I’m only to give my report to Lord Bolton.” No way was Jim going to risk telling the man now and then never getting to see Roose Bolton. Jim continued to eat and drank deeply from the water goblet in front of him. “When will I be able to see him?”

"Soon as he's finished eating." Locke eyed him suspiciously back, worried about exactly what this man's intent was. It seemed very suspicious that an unnanounced rider from Winterfell had just turned up. Still, he didn't look dangerous. There was the sound of chairs scraping back from the dining room, footsteps and voices in the hall. "Alright, up." He led the way through to the Hall, pausing to check that Jaime and Brianne had left before leading Jim in. Roose looked up, slightly annoyed at the interruption and Locke said, "A rider from Winterfell, my lord."

Jim executed a little bow and got right to the point, his head was feeling a lot clearer now that he’d eaten something. "Winterfell has been burnt and the Stark boys are presumed dead, milord. Ramsay arrived several weeks ago and offered a truce to the Ironborn holding the castle. They gave up Theon Greyjoy and Ramsay slaughtered them. Theon has been taken back to the Dreadfort as a hostage, milord." Jim was only saying what he thought happened, he hadn’t actually been there to see the events and he’d have to hope that he knew Ramsay and war tactics enough to not contradict any information that might have come through. “There was one other matter, milord. Your son sent me with the information in the hopes that you would find use for my… services. He seemed to enjoy them at least, milord.” Jim smirked, hoping that confidence was the right rote for this. He knew very little about Bolton’s preferences and he prayed to the Seven that this was enough.

There was a slightly shocked silence and then Locke started to laugh. Roose stood up, and came closer to Jim, "That's a very interesting story..." He said, taking Jim's chin and lifting it, looking at his face. "And you seem very certain that I'll believe it. Now I'm going to tell you what I think happened and then, maybe we should try another go at the truth. I think my bastard son found you in Winterfell, spent one night threatening you, and scared you enough to send you running down here looking for safety. What do you think?"

That question was addressed at Locke, who stepped forward and tore the shirt away from Jim's back, shaking his head. "Unmarked. He's not been used by Ramsay. Pretty little thing though."

His hand slid down Jim's back and Roose took a step back, considering, "Is he? He's unimportant, so who cares. Do you want him, Locke?"

Clever clever man, not to think with his cock and snap up a prize that had been given to him. Jim didn’t say anything while they talked over his head, not even when Locke started stripping him. Jim was very nervous about Roose offering him to the man who had cut off Jaime Lannister’s hand for no discernable reason but Jim also remembered the name from Moran, he wrote to Locke about important matters. It was better for Jim to be fucked and get information than to be fucked by the man in charge but get nothing. He kept quiet, just ducked his head and bit his lip. “The real story, sir, is that Lord Moran sent me here. He knows I’m clever, that I could be trusted to bring the information to you when a raven couldn’t… I’ve been serving him until now ser, but he grew tired of me and thought that you would enjoy me more.”

Roose looked up at Locke who nodded, "Sounds like Moran. Didn't he used to try get his son into
bed with you? The Lannister brat?"

Roose nodded, looking over Jim and then finally shaking his head. "Moran is a... valuable and loyal knight. He is an excellent fighter and I have trusted him with the Dreadfort. His taste in bed-partners notwithstanding, he has good taste. However he has no idea of the presents I like. Go with Locke. I expect him to feed you and clothe you for your services, but you will not be paid." With that he turned back to the map that a servant was laying out on the table.

Locke looked at him and gave an eager smile, then nodded. "Well come on, before I do anything with you, you need a wash. You smell of horse."

"Yes Ser," Jim said, a little shake in his voice. He wasn't in a bad place exactly but he was certainly nervous about this, and privately insulted that Roose didn't think he deserved coin for his work. That one was definitely straight... maybe that had been why Varys had warned against trying to bed him. Jim held on to the tatters of his shirt as Locke led him down to a room full of beautiful stone baths. The blue and green stones were chipped and not maintained but it was easy to see that the room had once been quite lovely. "Would you like to bathe with me?" Jim gave a teasing grin while he stripped off his shirt.

Locke looked at him a little nonplussed at first and then gave a little grin, "Where did Moran find you? You've been trained properly. Silly bugger - trying to win Roose over with a boy. Thinks with his cock that one." Unembarrassed, Locke shed his shirt and then his trousers, walking into the warm water with a sigh, "There is this to be said for the south. It's warmer and they look after themselves well. I'll miss these back in the Dreadfort. Come on then my pretty - and don't worry. I might not pay you, but I'll see you in plenty of pretty jewelry, would you like that?" He held out his hand to Jim.

Jim smiled and tugged off his trousers, not confirming or denying outright that he was trained. He got in the hot water and couldn't help a little moan as the heat soaked into his sore muscles. Jim climbed in Locke’s lap and flicked at one of his nipple piercings, “I like jewelry, Ser.” Jim didn’t know if Locke was even a knight but if he wasn’t he probably wouldn’t mind the title and if he was then it was expected. “The south has many hidden treasures if you stop to look.”

"Oh I'm sure it does." Locke tugged Jim into his lap and flicked the piercing after him, then grabbed it and gave it a tug, "I'll get you some lovely little things to stick in here." He tugged again, harder and then rubbed at the grime covering Jim's arm, "You got any other piercings? We could make you some more." His hands slid over pale skin in a practical examination of Jim's body. "How is young Ramsay, anyway? He's a good lad that one. Smart. You'd think a father would be proud of him... ah well. Maybe one day, now Domeric's no longer with us."

Jim barely stopped himself from recoiling when Locke suggested piercing him further, Jim was not going to let the man pierce his cock, no fucking way. He stayed seated and smiled though, wincing a little and giving a moan as he tugged on the small hoops. Locke washed at Jim’s arm and he showed him the fresh scars on his arm. It was an ugly thing, raised off the skin with several rows of teeth marks where the dog had repeatedly bitten him. “I’d say he’s doing quite well, ser.”

"Ramsay's dogs?" Locke gave a laugh, stroking the arm and pinching at the raised scars. "Don't tell me he tried to hunt you. You'd not be sitting here if he had. Expect you saw Lord Moran's son as well? Big sulky brute. He'd be a decent fighter if anyone taught him how but after three daughters and a dead adulterous wife Moran's terrified he'll lose the only son he's capable of having. Won't let him go to war until he's shacked off and produced a grandchild, which is damn unlikely."

“You do like to talk,” Jim smiled and ground his arse down onto Locke’s semi-interested cock. He didn’t want to be reminded of Sebastian right now while he was doing this. “How would you like..."
me to suck you off, ser?” Jim got down so that he could kneel in the water between Locke’s spread legs and took a breath before submerging his head and twirling his tongue around the man’s prick.

Locke blinked in surprise but wasn’t about to turn it down, putting a hand on Jim's damp hair and tugging it hard, "Sure you can breathe down there?" He grinned, "If I were you I'd take a deep breath." He left his hand on Jim's head, holding it to prevent the boy from bobbing up again while his cock was sucked.

Jim panicked a little when Locke tugged and grabbed his hair, restraining him underwater. The man was probably just exerting control, he wouldn’t really try and drown Jim. He sucked Locke off enthusiastically, focusing on suction and swallowing the man down, bobbing his head around the man’s length. Over a full minute went by though and Jim needed air. He took his mouth away but Locke held him down, one hair gripping his hair tight and the other shoving his body under water by the shoulders. It didn’t seem like he was even concerned about getting his cock sucked anymore, he just wanted to hold the struggling boy under water. Jim thrashed harder, bubbles of air floating up to the surface of the water and he grabbed Locke’s cock painfully, hoping that would convince him to let Jim up for air. He could see spots and his heart thumped painfully in his chest. He needed air.

Jaime wanted another bath, he’d fainted in the middle of his last one, and wasn’t that fucking embarrassing? He wanted a proper wash this time. Before he finished descending the stairs he heard splashing and he sped up a little, curious to see what was going on. Locke was there, the bastard, naked and wet and he was – holding someone down under the water. A rather small person by the looks of it, their struggles were frantic and it was quite obvious they had already been trying for quite a while. Suddenly Locke yelped and stood up, dragging the little body towards the surface and he cracked the boy’s skull against the side of the tub. The body stopped moving, and even sank a little in the water. Jaime held his breath, not sure what to do.

Watching the boy struggling and splashing was far too much fun and Locke gave a laugh, "Calm down... I'll not let you drown." His words probably couldn't be heard underwater though and the boy kept struggling, Locke watching and sniggering and then suddenly gave a yelp as his cock was grabbed hard. Snarling he lifted the boy up and slammed him into the tiles, lifting him up as he started to sink, looking dazed and woozy. "Well for a start no whore of mine gets away with that, you little bastard." Grabbing Jim's limp body he dropped him over the side of the bath with his legs still inside, arse up over the tiles and gave him a slap before jerking his cock up hard. He paused as he saw Jaime and raised an eyebrow at him, challengingly, "Keep on walking, Kingslayer. Unless you feel like losing the other hand."

Jim choked and coughed up water as he was flung across the lip of the bath and spread out. He hardly noticed Locke lining his prick up so he could shove it in Jim’s arse, he was too focused on trying to get the water out of his lungs. Jim rested his face pathetically against the floor, too tired to move after being half drowned. If Locke was going to fuck him then he’d do it, struggling would only make it worse.

Jaime drew up as much Lannister condescension as he could muster and stared Locke down even though the man secretly frightened him a bit, if only because he didn’t follow anyone’s rules. “I’m here for a bath, if you want privacy you should have taken him to your room.” He wouldn’t avoid Locke, he wasn’t going to let the man bully him. Jaime avoided looking at Jim’s face as he shuddered and gasped from the floor, looking quite pathetic. His stomach twisted into a knot but he turned away and walked to one of the other baths in the room, as far away as he could get from them. The room wasn’t all that large though, and worse, it echoed. He could hear the little brat’s wet breathing even from over here. Jaime scowled and took out the soap he brought with him and started scrubbing himself down quickly. He might have been unwilling to allow Locke to push him
around but Jaime didn’t want to spend any more time with him than necessary.

Locke smirked at him, watching Jaime walk away and then muttered, "Alright you little fucker…" before ramming hard inside Jim. The noise they boy made echoed around and Locke grinned, looking over at Jaime to see if he was reacting. "This is what we would've done with the bitch from Tarth. And with you, if we'd though about it. How does that sound, Kingslayer, or do you have no honour left to lose?" He thrust again, hands slipping over Jim's hips and tutting at him as a small tear pooled blood into a crack in the tiles, "Have to clean you up afterwards now. Unless the Kingslayer wants a go? What do you think, Ser Jaime, want a bit of help with getting yourself off now your 'sword'-hand's gone?"

Jim cried out loudly in surprise when Locke fucked him without any prep or lube. He felt himself tear immediately and every thrust after burned and tore his lining further. Jim didn't make any noise after that, just continued to breathe, his gasps echoed loudly in the space. At least he wasn’t hard right now, he didn’t think he’d be able to stand the humiliation. He stayed very still and let himself be used, spreading his legs a little wider in the hope that it wouldn’t hurt so much if he was able to relax. Jim was just exhausted and ready for this to be over.

Jaime listened to Locke impassively, not giving away his discomfort over Locke’s words or the muffled little noises that came from the boy he was fucking. Seven hells, this shouldn’t be bothering him. Jaime was this close to getting back home to King’s Landing, he was not going to fuck this up to help a whore. "You're very clever, but your fucking a crying boy doesn't exactly do anything for me."

"Would it do a bit more for you if we stuck a blond wig on it and called it your sister?" Locke sniggered, slapping Jim hard as he continued to thrust, "Don't pretend you're better than me, you dirty little Lannister boy. You think she'll even want you now? One hand, in disgrace, not sure any woman would." He sniggered and thrust harder, coming fairly quickly up to climax given all he was after was a quick fuck. "Well if you change your mind he'll be chained to my bed post. Pop in and have a go if you need to."

Jim was aware of Jaime Lannister now, he stared at the blond man with blank dark eyes, watched him wash up in the water. Jaime was still attractive, at least Jim could have something nice to look at while he was getting fucked like this. He started whimpering against his will as Locke thrust harder and tore him open further. As much as it hurt Jim was glad it was almost over.

Jaime snarled but didn’t say anything further. He had to look away from Jim when Locke compared Jim to his sister, remembering earlier when Roose Bolton had toyed with him and implied that Cersei had been raped like that, but then revealed she was safe. Cersei was safe. Jaime would go home to her, she mattered a lot more to him that some whore who he didn’t even know. He grit his teeth and tried to hurry up the rest of his wash, ready to be done with this. Jaime didn’t want to listen anymore.

Locke gave a dirty laugh at Jaime's discomfort and then concentrated on Jim, thrusting roughly into the small twitching and whimpering body until he came, the warm salty liquid spilling inside Jim, thrusting into raw and damaged skin. Locke tugged out then gave Jim another slap. "Alright, you better clean up, I'm not dragging you upstairs in that state. Go back to the kitchens once you're done." Grabbing his clothes, he roughly wiped the water off his skin and then shrugged them on before giving Jaime a wink, "If Ser Handless there wants a go with you, you let him, alright? Keep your little bum up like a good boy till he's finished with it. Why don’t you send a Raven to your dear beloved Moran to let him know just how battered you were?" Giving a laugh, he strode off out of the baths.
Jim didn’t make a sound as Locke came inside him but a few tears escaped because of the pain and sting of his come inside of him, even after Locke pulled out. He was still half in, half out of the bath. His hipbones were bruised terribly from being rammed against the side of the stone tub repeatedly and his arse and head were both bleeding sluggishly. Every breath hurt because of the near drowning he’d experience and Jim desperately shied away from the wish that he’d just stayed with Sebastian or gone home to King’s Landing. Maybe he could get Jaime to take him. “Hey,” he wheezed. “You’re going back to King’s Landing… right?” Jim had to pause for a coughing fit that agitated his lungs further. “Take me with you when you go. I’ll suck you off, you can fuck me, whatever you want. I know I’m just a half-sized whore, but I’m not so keen on staying here anymore.” Jim slid himself backwards carefully until he fell back into the tub with a yelp, trying to find a way to sit on the stone step without hurting himself.

Jaime gave a slightly bitter laugh, "I'm a prisoner. They don't let prisoners take luxury items with them." He hesitated, a dim memory stirring of a young boy who'd offered him something similar, and who had looked similarly bruised when Jaime had finished with him. Sighing he shook his head - that had been a young lost whore in King's Landing, probably long dead by now. This was some Northern peasant Locke was torturing. He gave a grimace of distaste. "I hope I'm going back to King's Landing. It's not quite certain yet."

"I can't… pay your debt if I'm dead." Jim finally sat with his arms crossed on the lip of the tub where he’d been fucked and rested his head on them, too tired to move. His words slurred a little and the thought briefly crossed his mind that he could drown before he nodded off, exhausted from his ride and half dying in these fucking baths.

"I doubt you're able to pay any debts while alive, you don't look very rich." Jaime looked at him in slight distaste and then got out of his bath and moved into the occupied bath, realising that Jim looked in danger of drowning. Sighing, he sat down next to the boy, looking at his used body and making a face, unable to understand what men like Locke saw in little damaged boys. "Just... I don't know. I'm not the best person to advise you what to do with your life."

Jim smiled a little and cracked his eyes open, “There are some things that are more valuable than castles or gold.” He watched as Jaime sighed and got out of his bath and walked all the way over to sit next to him in his. “I don’t have anything for you now, Lannister. He’s going to fuck me again tonight. And tomorrow. And every day after that. He’s going to pass me around between his friends when he gets bored with me.” Jim closed his eyes again, trying to stay awake and alert but not managing particularly well. “You still end up doing it. A lot. What will it be now, Lannister? ‘Hide in Flea Bottom,’ again?"

Jaime frowned, looking at him again. "Have we... met before?" He was growing slightly more certain that this was the young man he'd once beaten up, who'd seen him and Cersei together. Not that it mattered that he knew now, after all so did most of the realm. He patted Jim's lower back and sighed, "What do you want me to say? What do you want me to do? Locke is a bastard of a man and yes, he probably will fuck you a lot. He tried to rape Brienne and he cut my hand off. I'm afraid I'm currently out of the rescuing business."

Jim nodded and stared sourly at the wall, “You should have killed me to keep your secret, but you didn’t. I owe you a debt and I promised myself if I met you again then I’d pay it back. I don’t like owing people if I can help it. I’m sure you can sympathize.” Jaime’s hand felt… nice. The gentle gesture was comforting after what he’d just gone through. Jim snorted, now that he knew Jaime wasn’t going to be much help to him Jim fell back on humor. “You’re a knight, you’re exactly in the rescuing business. What good is your title if you can’t save a pretty little thing from being brutalized by the big scary man?” Jim looked Jaime over, seriously assessing him and how much help he was likely to be. He did have more cause to hate Locke than most, Jaime probably wasn’t
especially loyal to Bolton either. “When you go back… to King’s Landing – tell Varys I’m here. I’d really rather not die chained up to a bed with a cock up my arse if I can help it.” Jim looked at him carefully, “I don’t have anything to offer you, except my body. If you want me to suck your cock I can. You can fuck me, just don’t fuck me over, please.” The words didn’t come easily, but Jim managed them, bowed his head and grit his teeth and got them out. He hated how pathetic he sounded.

"My title!" Jaime gave a hollow laugh, "No good at all. I'm a failed knight, unmarried, one-handed. The only woman I've ever loved is forbidden to me, the land my father owns is no use to me, and I can't even protect my own family. I've let down everyone I know." He remembered Jim now, the little boy in the cupboard and kept the hand on his back, gently stroking him, "I'll speak to Varys for you, although I'm not sure if he's in the rescuing business either. What should I tell him - that one of his little birds is about to be fucked to death in Harrenhall? And stop offering me your body. I don't want it, although I'm sure," He added with exaggerated care, "it's a very beautiful one if you care for such things. Consider it... a debt repaid."

Jim smiled bitterly, "'M not sure if he'll get me out either but letting me die here is a bad investment. He hates those almost as much as Baelish. I'm not a little bird." Jim stuck out his tongue, “See? I’m the Little Spider, tell him that. I'll learn everything that I can but without anyway to send messages most of the information I manage to gather in between fuckings is going to be outdated.” Jim’s sighed heavily when faced with the reality of how fruitless his time here was going to be.

"The little spider." Jaime shrugged and looked around, "I don't know - but Bolton seems to have pretty big plans, and I'm sure you could get a Raven out. If you're smart. It's amazing how far the things you think are broken can go." He managed to crack a small smile, patting Jim's back and then standing picking up a towel and gently dropping it next to him. "My brother spent his whole life a cripple, believing the only women who ever loved him was a whore. Last I heard he was the King's Hand. Baelish was almost killed going after Cat Stark's hand, now he's the master of coin. And Varys - well who knows about Varys but I'm sure he spent plenty of time being fucked without wanting it. Just survive, little spider, because I can tell you now, Locke won't. One day he'll turn up dead on a battlefield or even better, hideously wounded, and you can slip your way free to spin another web."

Jim smirked and closed his eyes, not yet able to get out of the bath. “Pretty words, for a Lannister. Go on then. And send the maester down, if they’ve got one here.” Jim felt encouraged by the words, determined to believe he would escape somehow. Several plans started churning in his mind while he rested his head on the floor. If Jim could survive everything he had until now, he could survive Locke for the few weeks it would take Varys to come get him. He wasn’t finished yet. He would live though this and he’d help Varys help someone rule the seven kingdoms one day.

Chapter End Notes

TW: Violence and rape (Locke/Jim), non-consensual erotica asphyxia, drowning
Locke came back down to the baths later when Qyburn was seeing to him, the man gave Locke quite the earful on how to fuck someone without making them bleed. Locke didn’t seem to care but the maester said he wouldn’t patch Jim up again and Locke would be out a whore if he carried on like this and Jim got an infection. Locke restfully took the lubricant Qyburn offered to him and promised to be more careful. Jim wasn’t useful if he couldn’t be fucked. He didn’t end up chained to the bed, although his predictions about how often Locke would fuck him and sharing Jim with his friends turned out to be true. He found that he didn’t have a lot of time to send Ravens with how often he was watched, but Jim managed. Locke was a braggart and Jim ended up getting a lot of information from him and the men he brought in to use Jim. Locke, it seemed, was more than happy to buy into Jim’s act – the enthusiasm and reciprocation pleased him – until Locke wanted something different, either tears or blank apathy or for Jim to scream. He was worse than Moran and Jim sometimes found himself wishing that he’d ignored Sebastian’s request and stayed at the Dreadfort. Sebastian was a subject that Jim tried his best not to think about, it didn’t do him any good to waste time wishing he’d done things differently.

Locke did have Jim pierced though, he did the incisions himself before sticking whatever bit of metal he’d had made up through Jim’s body. It seemed that Locke found a new fetish for it because he ended up piercing Jim several times on each ear, through his naval, and even managed to get a heavy stud done for Jim’s tongue. That one had hurt and bled the most, Jim hadn’t been able to eat for several days after Locke stuck a needle through his tongue, it swelled and hurt too much to eat. Still, the tongue piercing became Locke’s favorite – after Jim sucked him off for the first time with it. It seemed like every day the man found some new torment for Jim, although he was lucky that everything healed—even the piercings. Each day Jim hoped that this would be the day that Varys sent for him but there was only silence from King’s Landing. He understood that there was very little Varys could do to get him out of this but Jim couldn’t completely quell the hope and inevitable disappointment at the beginning and end of each day. He’d watched from his window in the tower as Jaime Lannister rode off with Qyburn and Brienne. That night had been especially bad for Jim, Locke was pissed first that Bolton was allowing Jaime to leave and then was even more angry when Jaime saved Brienne from the bear in the fighting ring. One of Bolton’s men even shot the bear. Locke was supposed to have been able to fuck the Tarth girl after she was half mauled by the creature, and instead Jaime took off with her and Locke was left with Jim.

Locke was in a filthy mood when Brienne left, stomping up the stairs and glaring at his whore resentfully. In a way, he was proud of the boy - he looked debauched now, pierced and bruised like some exotic creature. He was carrying the dress Brienne had worn during her stay and he threw it at Jim's head. "You're the next best thing. Get that on. And fight me. I want you proper feral, you little bitch, but hurt me properly and I'll send you back to Ramsay." Irritated, he kicked his boots off and threw his sword into the corner, barking a "hurry up! We're heading back to the Twins for the young wolf's surprise party and I want to get a good few fucks in before we leave."

Jim wished he could say that this was the strangest thing that Locke had told him to do during sex, but it wasn’t. He didn’t argue even though Brienne was probably twice his size and the dress swamped him, hanging off his bare shoulder when he pulled it on over his head. “Am I coming
with you, Ser?” Jim asked as he tried to adjust the huge gown to something that would be suitable to fight in. At this rate he would only trip on the thing. He was very interested in the surprise party Locke spoke of. Young wolf was Robb Stark, and the only party he could think of involving him was Bolton’s impending nuptials at the Twins. Stark would be invited… all his bannermen would be. The rebellion would happen then. Jim would get word to Varys as soon as possible but he wanted whatever details he could get first.

"Why the hell would you be coming with me - it isn't a wedding, it's a massacre." Locke sneered, looked at Jim swamped in the dress and rolling his eyes. "Look at you, fucking inadequate as always. We're going to lock them all in and murder the lot of them. Now... my lady..." he gave a mock bow and then lunged at Jim, tugging up the yards of fabric to grope at Jim's thigh.

“I dunno, you wouldn’t want me there for fucking after you’ve slaughtered all those men? You don’t want to take me after you’ve helped Bolton secure the north?” Jim was not keen on staying with Locke but if he was taken on the road that provided infinitely more opportunities for escape. Locke sneered at him and Jim cast his eyes down demurely, “Yes, I am inadequate ser.” Generally the man liked to hear it when Jim repeated his insults back, Jim thought it was childish but eventually effective for psychological manipulation. As if he really needed more of that. Locke grabbed at Jim, pushing him back against the wall and groping at his body through the dress. Jim made a noise of distress like he knew Locke would want and he struggled in the man’s arms but was careful not to injure him in any way. Mostly he just tried to wiggle free.

"Heh... not so feisty now are you, eh?” Locke sneered then sighed. There was no way he could pretend Jim was Brienne, he was completely the wrong size, shape and personality. Stepping back he gave Jim a slap round the face. "Alright, bend over and get your skirts up. Beg me not to and squeal a lot, you can manage that." He'd found it was better just to tell Jim what he needed, after all the boy performed well each time. "Yeah, that's a point actually. It'll be a complete damn bloodbath, heh. We're locking the doors on the wedding party, slaughtering them all." He admired Jim's arse as it came into view, dipping two fingers into a little pot of slick and then shoving them roughly up Jim's arse, "It'll be hilarious, just imagine his expression! And of course, it'll keep the Lannister's happy.” He wriggled his fingers in Jim’s arse and added, "Beg me to fuck you. Tearfully. You don't want this, but have to take it, alright?"

Jim was actually a little disappointed in himself that he couldn’t manage to provide what Locke wanted and the man had to change his directions, he felt like he’d earned that slap. To be fair to himself, it was a rather unreasonable request, but it was still a bit of a failure none the less. The sting of that was washed away by this information Locke provided, this was exactly what Varys would want, Jim only had to send the information off as quickly as possible. He braced against the wall with one hand while the other held his skirts up as he bent over. “I want to see won’t you take me with you?” He didn’t flinch much as Locke jabbed him with his fingers, at least he was using lube now and bothering to prep him at all. It had taken ages to heal from that first time in the baths. “Please don’t do this,” Jim turned on the tears and looked back at Locke fearfully. “I don’t want it… you’re hurting me. I’m scared.” It was the same lines the man wanted over and over but they got him off every time so Jim didn’t mind all that much. As Locke continued to stretch him and rub his hands across Jim’s skin he started to whimper a little and then eventually started in with the different begging, just like he asked. “Please, please don’t… ah, yes – that’s… ugh. Please fuck me. Gods, I want it. Want you.” His tone was unconvincing, Jim played the part of a reluctant lover well – that was exactly what he fucking was.

Locke smirked then, giving Jim's backside, still pale but now lined in fading bruises and new grazes, a quick pinch shoving the endless skirts out of the way. "Mmmm... you bloodthirsty little thing. We'll make a Bolton of you yet!" He rubbed some more at the hole, thrusting his fingers in enough to please Qyburn and then following with his cock, groaning as he bottomed out and
knocking his hips hard against Jim's backside, "Mmmm... arse up, lovely, let’s hear how much my nice big cock is hurting your tight little cunt. Well if you want you can come, might as well take you, although I think we're sneaking back up North afterwards, so you might get dumped at the border. No point taking a whore if it'll get us into trouble."

Jim whimpered a little as Locke shoved his prick inside him, whatever the man said he was definitely average in size but that didn’t matter much when you hadn’t been stretched very well before hand. “Th-thank you ser.” Jim breathed, elated that he’d be going with them. That would have to go in his letter too. Jim could be home in King’s Landing in the next two weeks if everything went to plan. Jim cried harder, like he was told to, it wasn’t difficult to draw on memories from when he was a child and this was what his patrons wanted from him. “Hur-hurts. You’re hurting me. Ow!” Jim moaned and generally worked at sounding as pitiful as possible. He was only half hard and was pretty sure if it wasn’t for the conditioning he wouldn’t have been hard at all. Sometimes Locke liked it that Jim seemed to get off on how he hurt him, but some days it made the man angry – Jim could never predict for sure how he’d feel on any given day.

"Awww... bigger than you're used to, hmm?" Locke smirked, thrusting harder and reaching around to give Jim's half hard cock a squeeze, pausing for just a moment as his hand squeezed it hard. Sometimes it angered him, and he liked that Jim could never tell what the response to the involuntary reaction would be. "You're enjoying this, whore, don't lie…" he thrust harder, starting to moan. He couldn't get enough of this, hard rough fucks and Jim's pained whimpers. He didn't care that it was half an act, he hardly kept Jim around for the truth.

In some ways Locke was easier to deal with than Moran because Locke didn’t punish Jim for being a whore, he celebrated it. He wanted the act, didn’t mind voicing exactly what he wanted because he didn’t care how he got it as long as Jim was his. That wasn’t to say that working for Locke was easy, the sadism was a big turn off for Jim, but it was nice to not have the pressure of trying to make the man forget that Jim was acting. “Yes – yes. You’re sooooo big.” Jim turned his face to the wall and acted like the arm he propped himself up with gave out and he made a noise of pain as Locke’s momentum carried them forward until Jim’s whole front was pressed against the wall. He moaned obscenely as Locke touched his prick, working his hips so that he could meet Locke’s thrusts and also get himself off on the man’s hand. Seven hells, Jim should have long lost any shame he had but this kind of thing still managed to turn his stomach a little. “Feels… feels so good. More.”

"O-oh yeah..." Locke managed to gasp, Jim hitting exactly the right notes for him to finish quickly, a few more thrusts into the tight upright body, and then a few quick tugs on Jim's cock to help him along as well, before licking at the piercings over the top of Jim's ear, currently a little row of iron rings, "Mmmm... we will make a Bolton whore of you, you look bloody debauched like that." Grabbing the dress he ripped it up the back, then spat on the back of Jim's neck, pulling his cock out and smearing the cum over the red handprint still fading on Jim's arse. "Alright, keep out of trouble, I've got to teach three archers to play the sackbut before we head off."

Jim wiped himself off with the dress, hopefully it could get burned later. It still had Brienne’s blood on it and now their come and it made Jim sick. Locke spit on him and it surprised Jim so much that he flinched, he took a breath and let it out before wiping that up with the dress too. “You know how to play the sackbut, Ser?” Jim teased, coming back to himself a little now that they weren’t fucking anymore. All he wanted to do was have a lie down but he needed to use this chance to send a raven to Varys.

"No I bloody don't, but we need archers who can." Locke grumbled, shaking his head, "Honestly, bloody useless. Now stay there or I'll chain you to the bed." It was a threat he'd given many times but never followed through on. He couldn't be bothered to find the chains and Jim was well
behaved enough without them. A perfect little whore, available when Locke needed him. Adjusting his trousers he headed out, down to where the arrangements for the red wedding were being made.

Jim stripped out of the dress as quickly as possible and washed up some with a rag and a bowl of water before getting dressed. He had a note to send. *Dear Father, my friend is getting married soon and expecting twins. It’s quite the scandal. A betrayal of the gods. I predict it will end in tragedy. I’ll be leaving for the wedding tomorrow but you should expect me home soon. The Rains of Castamere has been playing in my head all afternoon.* Jim didn’t sign the letter and he tucked the little roll of paper in his pocket as he made his way out of Locke’s tower room. All of his things were kept there now and Jim rarely left, although he was given instructions to stay, Locke didn’t mind if he wandered around as long as Jim was back before he had to look for him. Harrenhall was huge and it took a while to get to the Raven’s tower. Jim found an available bird and tied his note off to its ankle. Just as he tossed the bird out the window, someone took his arm in a bruising grip and Jim whirled around fearfully to see Bolton standing there looking furious. Shit. At least Jim had already sent the bird and there wasn’t anything the man could do to bring it back.

Bolton had initially ignored Locke’s whore creeping past the room, but he’d frowned as it had occurred to him the boy had no reason to be there, not climbing the tower that lead straight to the ravens. He hurried out of his room, trying to keep quiet as he climbed the creaking stairs and giving a Jim a hard glare of anger as he saw the bird leaving, grabbing him to try and drag it back and scowling as he missed the bird. He gave Jim a hard shake, "What was that? Who were you sending it to? Did Locke ask you to send that?" The possibilities were whirling through his paranoid mind - who was Jim working for, who was Locke working for?

Jim grit his teeth as Bolton bruised his arm and shook him hard, his mind whirling just as quickly as the other man’s. “M-Moran, Ser. I’m sorry!” He added, using his free arm to protect his head like he thought Bolton would hit him. Jim wished he could lie and say that Locke told him to send it but the man would throw Jim under the cart in a moment, he couldn’t depend on him.

Bolton kept his hold tight on Jim's arm and dragged him down the stairs, while still furiously questioning him, "Why were you writing to Moran? What were you telling him?" He was calming down slightly, it may just be that this was some silly whore being an idiot but Roose Bolton hadn't got to where he was by assuming the best of anyone. "Locke!" he called down the stairs, "Get yourself to the main chamber, now!" Even if this boy was an idiot, he’d have to be punished and there was no way he would be allowed to stay with Locke. Seeing as they were headed to the Twins, he might as well just leave the boy to rot in Harrenhall.

Jim turned the tears on and he didn’t fight as Bolton dragged him down the stairs, he wasn’t sure if he would just be given back to Locke or if he’d be tortured for information. Jim was more than familiar with how Boltons liked to get information out of someone. “Just – just silly stuff, Ser. He wrote and said he missed me, that he wanted me to come back. Locke is taking me with you up north and I was writing to tell him that I could be back at his castle soon.” That should show enough ignorance and childishness to hopefully calm Roose down some. It also sounded like something Moran might do.

"You stupid, stupid little boy." Bolton wasn't sure how much he believed Jim - maybe it was time to put Moran a bit closer to the front lines in the future, if he could start trusting Ramsay a little more. He still wasn't sure whether he could trust Ramsay. "Locke!"

The weaselly man came hurrying out, looking shocked as he saw Jim there, "What is it - you said you didn't want him!"

Bolton scowled, giving Jim another shake, "I caught him upstairs. Sending a Raven." Locke stared
at Jim in confusion and dismay and saw Bolton's face harden. "I want to know what that Raven said, and I don't want him keeping any... secrets. Understand?"

Jim shook his head quickly, "I'm not keeping any secrets. He told me I could write to Lord Moran and tell him how I was doing," Jim indicated Locke and referenced his first day in Harrenhall. That had been more of a taunt and Jim knew that Locke hadn’t meant it literally but it was the only thing he could think of to save his hide. He continued crying and pleaded with Locke, "please don’t let him hurt me, I didn’t know I was doing anything wrong. I won't do it again, I promise!"

Bolton turned to Locke in fury, "You told him he could write!"

Locke shook his head dumbly, still staring at Jim, unable to believe his whore had let him down quite this badly, "What, no!" he couldn't remember, it was possible he'd taunted it at some point. Anyway, the damage was done now, and he was happy to throw Jim under the cart for it. "Please don't tell me Moran was stupid enough to write back... fucking hell what a mess."

Bolton glared at both of them, then finally shook his head. "Flay him, then dump what's left of him in prison. I'll be having words with Moran when we're back up North."

Jim did struggle then, there was nothing keeping him here and he didn’t particularly want to part with his skin. “Please, please don’t. You promised! I did everything you asked and you said you’d take care of me. I didn’t do anything wrong, please Ser!"

Bolton threw Jim at the floor, and Locke kicked out at him, spitting at him in fury as the guard picked him up with one large hand, "You stupid little shi-', what if one of those Ravens were intercepted? You were a good whore, but you're a damn stupid one. Take him away."

The guard dragged Jim out of the room, down to a dungeon containing the Bolton cross, deep down where nobody else would be able to hear. Another guard was there already, and stripped Jim down before he tied him to the cross, tightening the rope around his wrists. He then bent to tie Jim's feet while the first guard quickly muttered, "Scream like it's a flaying... little spider..." before stepping back and picking up a long whip.

Jim could only be grateful that he wasn’t worth paying attention to because he had made several huge fuck ups on this job. The first was the lie about Ramsay sending him on his first day, that lie had never been accounted for and probably seemed fairly inconsequential at the time but along with the suspicious behavior and sending a raven it was more damning. Luckily he didn’t warrant enough attention for people to remember a lie he was caught in ages ago. The second place he lucked out was no one thought to question how he was able to write in the first place. The third was the boasting he’d done about his intelligence when he first arrived at Harrenhall, apparently Bolton had written it off as bragging, which was probably the only thing that would keep him from, well… not being tortured because he was still going to be tortured, but he wasn’t going to be tortured for information. Jim was going to die here and all he could feel was gratitude that he wouldn’t be pressured into betraying Varys. The guards dragged him downstairs and he didn’t struggle, honestly he just wanted this to be over so he could die quickly. Until one of the guards whispered in his ear. Varys would know what happened to Jim… maybe this man would be able to get him out? Jim didn’t react at all to the whispered words, just continued to cry and beg the guards not to hurt him, keeping up the act of terrified whore. It wasn’t all that far from the truth.

The guard had been paid handsomely by a mute little girl to make sure that Jim stayed alive, however he was also paid by Roose Bolton to punish the disobedient and he certainly didn't spare the whip. The long length licked over Jim's shivering body, looking even smaller spread out over the cross, snapping at his back and the top of his legs, the end catching the back of his arms and the sides of his hips. The other guard waited, and listened, ready for any secrets that might come
spilling out. Jim's pale skin was soon covered in bruises but the guard kept up the pain and the pressure, only pausing briefly as the whip first broke skin along Jim's back, coming forward to take a quick look at the workmanship before continuing.

Jim flinched and cried and didn’t find it all that difficult to scream like he was being flayed. It hurt, fiercely, but Jim was confident that he could keep Varys’ secrets. Then the whip broke skin for the first time and Jim gave a genuine cry as he felt his flesh tear open and that tickle of blood that began oozing from the cut. The guard stopped and for a wild moment Jim hoped that it was over, but he started up again, more fiercely than before. Another minute and every blow drew blood and cut hot lines from his shoulder blades to the bottom of his arse and the sides of his thighs. Jim’s arms took some damage too, the whip was long and covered a wide area, even his neck was cut by the end of the whip a couple of times. It was absolutely brutal, easily the worst thing he had ever experienced and it didn’t take long before his screams weren’t forced anymore. By the time they finished Jim had sunk in and out of consciousness a few times and he had about twenty long bloody lines across his back and wrapped around his sides. When they stopped Jim panted for air and wiped his tears on his shoulder, it didn’t help, he just ended up smearing blood on his face.

The guard grabbed a bucket of salt water by the door and sloshed it over Jim's back, while the other one dabbed his face with a wet sponge and laughed, "Poor Locke, won't be using this one for a while." They both left then, leaving him tied to the rack, wet, bruised and bleeding, with the ropes cutting into his wrists where he was held up.

Chapter End Notes

TW: Some disturbing semi-consensual sex (Locke/Jim), rape fantasies, abusive relationship, non-graphic torture (whipping)
Alleviation

Chapter by Magpies_Treasury

Chapter Summary

We finished writing this RP yesterday so know it's completed and I just have to edit and upload. I should be able to keep up the daily upload schedule. This is also one of the last really dark chapters for a long while and the next arc is focused on character evolution and recovery - also happy characters!

Update: I've added a second part to this chapter since I first uploaded it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jim spent the next two days slipping in and out of consciousness while he hung on the rack. Eventually the guards seemed to remember he was there and they untied him, shivering, bloody and naked from the cross. Jim gasped for water, but they only laughed and shook their heads and dropped him off in a small, unoccupied cell furnished with a bed roll and a chamber pot. They brought him food and water the next day, by then he had healed some – the lines across his skin had long stopped bleeding and instead had scabbed over. Jim spent his waking hours in a constant state of anxiety over what would happen to him now. Neither Bolton nor Locke had returned for him, no one else had come to claim him… would he rot in the cell until someone killed him? Should he wait for Varys’ man or should Jim try and escape on his own? He spent some time mulling over his predicament but mostly he slept, trying to recover from the damage done to his body. The pain made him tired but it was becoming easier to stay awake the more days that passed. Jim saw the guard that Varys paid off several times but he never attempted to communicate with Jim and it was too dangerous to ask the man anything. He was forced to accept that the man was not there to help him escape, he was only paid to make sure Jim didn’t die. Somehow it wasn’t very comforting.

Jim spent a few more days in the cell recovering before they moved him again, this time into a much larger cell that held twenty or thirty other men. That first day with the other prisoners he tried to keep to himself, curled up against a stone wall, he kept his head down. But ultimately leaving a small injured boy unsupervised with bored confined criminals went as you’d expect. Jim didn’t fight the first man who cautiously came over and tugged one of Jim’s legs away from where he held it against his body, opening him up slowly like a package. Jim didn’t make any move to help the man along or otherwise reciprocate, but he didn’t try and pull away either, only watched him with resentful dark eyes. If it wasn’t this man it would just be someone else. And it was, later, after the first one was done. There were plenty of them. Jim doubted very much that many, if any of them would normally have fucked a man, but most of them had been imprisoned for a long time… entertainment and sex were both sorely lacking and Jim provided a bit of both, even pliant and unenthusiastic as he was. At least in the larger cell the guards remembered to feed him regularly.

Jim tried to barter at first, if he was going to get fucked he’d rather do it for something to drink, or food, or clothes but that venture was not as much of a success as he’d hoped it would be.
After not meeting any resistance for the last few days, the other prisoners were not all that interested in suddenly having to give away what little they had in exchange for something they’d been taking for free. Jim grit his teeth and dropped the issue.

The sex was bad. Jim was accustomed to being hurt and used but this was something different. Despite everything, Jim always took pride in his work; he’d trained hard after all. He knew what he was doing. But no one wanted Jim, the trained whore. They only wanted someone who would lie still and roll over, so that’s what Jim did. This was not a service, he wasn’t earning anything, this was being used and Jim hated it more than anything else that had ever been done to him. In the brothel, he was a valuable, replaceable worker, here he was nothing but a boy who had no say or respect. Jim was used to being in control, even if he was pretending to let someone else be in charge, during sex Jim led the dance. It wasn’t like that in the prisons.

After the first day Jim bled so badly that the guards caved and brought a small vat of lubricant to the cell, although they didn’t actually do anything to stop the other prisoners from hurting him. As far as they were concerned, anything short of someone getting killed wasn’t worth bothering over. On the days he worked in Baelish’s whore house, Jim would normally see three to five patrons during his shift. In the dungeon he didn’t even try to keep count, he just faded away and let time slip by him.

His wounds did not fare well as time went on, they did heal, but slowly. The scabs were ripped open repeatedly when his back or stomach was pressed against the stone floor. One of the men who fucked him liked to scratch at the wounds with his nails, open up the scabs and make Jim bleed. Many of the lashes got infected from the filthy state of the cells. Illnesses ran through the inmates like wildfire, Jim’s body was a breeding ground for them with all of the fluids that were exchanged through his person. The guards shaved his head early on, many of the prisoners were shaved to prevent lice from spreading any further.

The lashes did heal though, the scars were pink and raised, knotted and ugly. Jim hated them. He’d never be able to work again, not looking like a disobedient slave. Oh, he could go back to the cheap work he did as a child. He could work with the old whores, the ugly ones, there were brothels for those that couldn’t afford better. But he could never do seduction work for Varys again, no nobleman would ever let him in their bed. Jim was ugly now and somehow the brutal conditions in the dungeons felt like a fitting punishment for having failed Varys so completely. Jim tried not to think about that too much, it made it very difficult to want to stay alive.

He lost weight. The guards fed them every day but there were no rations allotted out, Jim had to fight for every scrap he got and while he was quick, he was still the smallest person in the cell. Sometimes he’d snatch up a particularly good morsel, only for one of the other inmates to grab him and wrestle it from his hands. Jim learned to take the worst pieces after that, they were small and almost inedible but at least he was able to eat something. After a few weeks of that, he developed a half-starved appearance, bones jutting out from his hips and spine, his ribs and wrists stretched against the skin. It left him tired and weak and more susceptible to illnesses.

Time went on like that in depressing monotony for Jim. He spent over a month in that cell before finally the guards had to separate him from the other prisoners when one of the men got especially bored and decided it would be interesting to see if he could fit his entire hand in Jim’s arse. That ended with Jim standing over the man with a severed ear he ripped off and bloody bit of stone he used to beat the man near to death before the guards could intervene. After that he was placed in a cell by himself. It was comfortable at least. He had a nice bed… well, a bedroll on a pile of straw, with a couple blankets, it was a lot nicer than anything Jim had slept on since he was moved here.

The guards eventually decided it was a bit of a waste to just leave him there so a couple of them
would use him at the end of their shifts. It was a vast improvement from his previous situation and
Jim never did anything to disobey or mouth off to the guards. He was beaten only once during
those months in the dungeons and it was after his one failed escape attempt. One of the guards was
using him and Jim took the keys away from him while he was being fucked. When he was done
with him Jim bashed his head against the floor and let himself out of his cell. They caught him
before he could reach the outside. The guards beat him badly but left him alive, and chained him
up by his neck. A collar locked around his neck and the chain was long and bolted into the wall.
Jim privately thought it was done more for humiliation than as an escape deterrent. There were
dogs they brought down sometimes to intimidate the prisoners and the guards noticed that Jim was
especially afraid of them, so they chained him up like a dog. Jim thought that the guards probably
liked tugging him around by the throat during sex more than they really expected the chain would
keep him stationary.

He got sick though, the stress finally got to his body and he picked up a bad, wet sounding cough.
Jim had a fever and the shakes, his body hurt all over and it only got worse when he coughed. The
whip marks had healed weeks ago, and he was relieved because he couldn’t imagine feeling the
scabs tear across his back when a fit of coughing took him. The guards had mostly left him alone
the last couple days and even brought him extra food and water in the hopes that he’d heal up soon
and they wouldn’t have to feel quite so guilty for fucking him.

One of the guards wasn’t feeling so generous. It had been more than two months since he was left
down here and one of his regulars came to the cell and brought him some water. He always came
on his break and he wasn’t going to let a little thing like Jim’s illness stop him from getting off.
Jim was grateful for the water but he was less than excited about the man’s request for a blow job.
Honestly he would have preferred the man use his arse but he seemed to find some sick
satisfaction from fucking Jim’s mouth when his throat was already raw from coughing. He slapped
Jim’s face every time his thrusts set off a round of coughing, like Jim could do anything to help
that. He understood though that that was exactly the point, the man enjoyed playing with him. Jim
managed his way through somehow and a few moments before his orgasm the man pulled out of
Jim’s mouth and came over his red and bruised face. Jim blinked, his expression blank and finally
noticed that someone else was at the door to his cell. “Sebastian…?” Jim breathed. His mind began
to whirl back up to speed, trying to work out how the other boy had come to be here.

After leaving the camp at Winterfell Sebastian had gone to look for the war, determined to get a bit
of fighting in. Heading south-west had led him neatly to the Iron Islands invasion, but fighting as
part of a marauding horde turned out to be less fun than he’d thought. Orders were snapped out, and
he invariably had to obey them, holding ranks and fighting enemies singled out. Eventually, he
rode off in disgust, finding some fun in picking off random enemy scouts with a longbow, but
otherwise mooching around bored until he got back to the Dreadfort. Even that bored him, Ramsay
had a new pet to play with and his father was becoming more suspicious, more risk-averse, and
finally grew exasperated enough to send him off to meet Bolton at the Twins. He’d arrived the day
after the wedding, treading his horse in disgust around mangled corpses of men and animals, giving
Roose and Frey a bored welcome. He’d listened to the banter for a while, and then frowned as
Roose asked him about Ravens. No, he hadn’t seen his father sending any, or receiving many, nor
was he bothered.

With no further people to fight Bolton sent him Southwards, with miserable orders: welcome the
Lannisters into Harrenhall and have Locke's whore killed. He'd dragged Paul with him for
something to do, despite the boy's protests, but once away from Bolton, Locke had privately
recommended said whore to him, "Give the lad a go before he's killed, you'll love it Sebby, he'll
even cry for you."

Paul had complained even more, but Sebastian had simply locked him in a room in Harrenhall and
sauntered down to the cells, listening outside in disgust as one of the guards finished with the boy. When the guard had made enough noises to sound like he’d finished, Sebastian knocked his way into the cell, freezing as he heard the boy call out his name in a soft breathy voice. Fuck. It couldn't be. Sebastian blinked stupidly at the small emaciated figure for a while and then swung around and punched the guard straight in the stomach. "For fuck's sake at least unchain him!" He shouted over his shoulder, "He's not going to run, is he? He can barely stand."

Jim watched blankly as Sebastian watched him back and then flinched slightly when he turned around and punched the guard in the gut. Jim took that as a cue he could move from his position on his knees and he grabbed up the small towel they let him have to clean up with. That irritating fucker had come on his face after half choking him and Jim was eager to get the disgusting mess off his face. “That’s exactly why I’m chained Lord Moran. I didn’t get far, as you might expect.” He was lucky they’d only beaten him instead of executed him but the guards had a bit of a soft spot for him. “Are you here to kill me?” He saw the surprise on Sebastian’s face when he’d recognized him, that meant he hadn’t known it was Jim he was visiting. He was either there to fuck him or kill him or both and Jim watched him warily.

"What? Of course I'm not killing you, don't be stupid." Sebastian snapped back, slightly hurt that the small pale little body hadn't thrown itself at him desperately. Remembering the last time he'd seen Jim was... hard. That wonderful evening of love and sweetness in the camp. And now Jim was here, doing his job again. His jaw clenched as the guard rushed over with a key and unchained him, and he saw the scars along Jim's back. "And someone get him something to wear, for fuck's sake do I have to do everything around here?"

Sebastian snapped at him and Jim raised an eyebrow in reply, he didn’t see what the man had to be so angry about. It had been a fair assumption. Jim stood a little shakily but he was stable once they got that padlock off his neck. He was happy to have the weight gone and he carefully rubbed at the bruised and chafed skin there. “No point, they’ll only get dirty. I’m having a bath, if you want to fuck me you can wait until I’m clean at least.” Jim probably shouldn’t talk to Sebastian like that, he was the only Lord at Harrenhall right now, that left him in charge. But it was difficult to remember that naïve malleable boy he’d left back at Winterfell, it was easier to think of him as an enemy until he knew exactly what his plans for Jim were. He pushed past the guard with a thin blanket wrapped around his shoulders to cover himself as he made his way towards the stone baths that he’d spent so much time in before he’d been thrown in the dungeons.

Sebastian clenched his fists, fighting the urge to follow him and instead snapped at the slightly confused guards milling around the door. "Let him bathe! He's a mess. Then bring him up to my room." Scowling he turned away, storming up the stairs, before turning around and barking, "And bring some food up here as well, he looks like he hasn't eaten for a week." Once up the stairs he grabbed at a surprised and squeaking Paul and hammered him into the mattress until he felt slightly calmer and less like screaming. How had Jim got into such a state? What was he doing back in Sebastian's life?

Jim soaked for an hour and scrubbed his skin raw with a coarse sponge, it was strange being back in the room where he’d spent his first miserable day in this castle with Jaime Lannister and Locke and then to come back on what was likely to be his last day here, either because Sebastian was going to kill him or turn him lose. He probably should have tried to run, but Jim was just so tired. Seeing Sebastian had got him thinking again, planning and scheming but even if his mind was alert for the first time in a long time his body wasn’t in a condition to keep up. So when an hour had passed and he felt a little less like he could still smell the stench of those prisons on his skin Jim got out and dressed fully so that no one would be able to look at his scars and allowed the guards to take him to Sebastian’s room. He was surprised to see Paul there but Jim didn’t acknowledge the other boy at all, only kept his eyes on the floor coolly. He had to assume the worst, that when
Bolton got up north he questioned Moran and they worked out that Jim had played all of them and now they sent Sebastian to kill the spy. “You wanted to see me, my Lord?” Jim asked carefully and formally, not wanting to trigger a coughing fit by speaking too loudly.

Sebastian had dressed and eaten when Jim arrived, although Paul was still lying face down on the bed, fucked and fed-up and nibbling some bread. Sebastian hesitated when Jim arrived. There was a lot he wanted to say, even more he wanted to shout, and a fair amount he wanted to do, involving sweeping Jim off his feet, kissing him and begging him for forgiveness for what Locke had done. Instead he simply gestured to the food. "As you've probably guessed, I've been sent to kill you. You saved me from my father's wrath once, so I'm repaying that now. Sleep, and eat, tomorrow we'll set out for King's Landing." He gave a short formal bow, feeling stupid as soon as he did. "I'll sleep down the hall."

Jim watched the conflict flick across Sebastian’s face, even after the months apart the boy was still stupidly easy to read. He wasn’t sure how he felt about what he saw in Seb’s face. “I saved you three times, stupid boy.” Jim muttered, a little fondly despite himself. He saw Sebastian’s awkwardness and decided that the formality Jim had initiated no longer needed to stand now that he knew Sebastian wasn’t going to kill him. “You can stay while I eat… I haven’t been in a position to keep up with what’s going on outside.” Jim knew of some things. He heard about the Red Wedding as they were calling it. That had been a difficult day, spent wondering if the raven had been too slow to reach Varys in time or if the man had decided it was more expedient to end the war now regardless of the victor. “Why King’s Landing?” Jim asked carefully, hoping that despite everything he hadn’t given Varys away to Bolton. He sat down and started with the water pitcher, drinking two full goblets before he felt hydrated enough to eat something.

Paul squirmed over to look at him, sniffling a little and propping himself up, looking with interest at the food until Sebastian threw some grapes at his head. "Just... wanted to see if the rumours were true." Sebastian said slowly, "About my... father. There's nothing up in the North - just Bolton's men clearing up the last of the Iron Men. My inheritance is pretty much set, so I thought I'd come down. You haven't missed much, really. Ramsay's got a new pet - the Greyjoy bitch. He's been having fun..." he hesitated, sitting down opposite Jim and looking at him carefully, "You... left. Didn't realise you'd gone until halfway through the day."

Jim and Sebastian watched each other carefully, each nervous that the other was going to go for the throat and open old wounds. Jim couldn’t afford anything like that right now, he had too many fresh ones to contend with. “I see…” Jim muttered, not really sure what to say. He’d told Sebastian about Tywin Lannister, the rumors were true. The only thing the boy would find is another father to be disappointed with him and embarrassed by him. It was rather tragic in a way but despite everything Seb was smart, he knew what he was getting into. “Met your brother… Jaime. Here at Harrenhall. He might like you. Tyrion too. Cersei would probably have your cock cut off.” Jim sniffed, anything that threatened her father’s reputation was going to send her into a rage, that was part of why she hated Tyrion so much. They were quite for another few minutes while Jim ate hungrily. “I had work to do… couldn’t stay.” His mouth twisted up and he looked away, there were plenty of times that he’d wished he’d stayed with Sebastian but his work was his first priority. “I told you once that there were some things more important than castles or gold… that’s why I couldn’t stay. What will you do with me in King’s Landing?"

"More important than castles or gold. I thought you meant -" Sebastian hesitated, well aware that Paul was listening, and that pouring out a lost desire to an injured whore was a bad way to go. "What do you mean what will I do with you?" He answered instead, "Do what you like. Didn't you used to send Raven's there? You must know somebody. At least now Stannis is out of the way nobody's trying to attack the place."
Jim glanced off to the side, he’d hoped at the time that Sebastian hadn’t paid attention to where Jim sent the ravens, but apparently he had. Jim still thought it was strange that he wasn’t still locked up or waiting to be executed. “Do you know why I was down there? Why Bolton locked me up?” He still didn’t know how much they’d worked out and that was important information that Varys would need to know when he got back to King’s Landing.

Sebastian shrugged then gave a smirk, "Sending Raven's, of course. That'll get you into trouble someday." He gave a sigh, "Look, you could be a seriously dangerous spy working for the Bank of Braavos for all I know. It doesn't bother me. Neither the Lannisters nor anyone else are interested in the wild north where the Moran castle is, and come winter time it'll be a horrible place to be. I'd like to earn some money and influence of my own while I'm here. I doubt you've any information that could lead to someone wanting me dead given I've managed to miss every war I tried to get to." Standing up he leant forward and gave Jim a small kiss on the forehead. "Rest. Paul will look after you. I - wasn't expecting to see you."

“Remember what I told you, Lord Moran. If you guess right, I’d have to kill you.” Jim didn’t mean it just like the last time he’d said the words. Technically Bolton’s war effort hadn’t been hurt in anyway by the information Jim sent off, but he was pretty sure that wouldn’t matter to the man. Jim held still so that Sebastian could kiss his forehead, somewhat touched by the gesture even if a large part of him was very uninterested in physical contact right now. Sebastian had earned that much and more for freeing him from those cells and not killing him like he was meant to. Jim coughed violently after Sebastian exited his personal space, when he’d taken a drink and soothed his raw throat he whispered, “Would you have rather it not been me?” Sebastian probably hadn’t wanted to see Jim again, he seemed plenty happy to be rid of him once they reached King’s Landing.

Sebastian hesitated before the door, "of course." He muttered bitterly, then turned to look at Jim, "Why would you think I wanted to see you in this state? Hurt and injured like this? I'd rather have seen any other boy in that cell, someone I could just have killed and not think about. Someone like Paul." He gestured to the bed and got a little outraged noise in response which he ignored. "I'd rather imagine you'd got away happy and content, found a place to stay and do your important thing, more important than castles and gold." There was another reason as well - now he'd have to lose Jim all over again but he wasn't about to say that.

Jim shrugged carefully, “I left, plenty of people would think this is what I deserved for that. Or they’d at least find some satisfaction from it.” It did surprise Jim… Sebastian had done enough spiteful and petty things to Jim before they’d run off together that he knew the other boy could be mean spirited. Maybe it said something about the state he was in that Moran actually felt some measure of pity for him. “You’re so foolish…” Jim whispered at the ground, not even able to imagine the ideal scene that Sebastian described for Jim. “…but I’m glad it was you. Rather you than Locke or Bolton or even your father. I’m glad it was you.” Perhaps that wasn’t saying much but Jim wasn’t exactly thrilled about Sebastian seeing him in this state either. It was better than dying though. And he was… pleased to see the other boy again, despite everything.

Sebastian hesitated. He didn't want to take Jim's words too far, to get too attached again, not after the first time had hurt so much. Instead he just swallowed awkwardly, nodded a "right" and then left, the door banging hard behind him.

As soon as he'd gone, Paul scurried to the front of the bed and grabbed at the food, occasionally glancing at Jim and finally saying, "I'm glad you're back. He's been sulking since you left. He gets mean when he's pissed off."

“Sorry,” Jim muttered automatically as he crawled into bed fully clothed. “If it makes you feel any
better I’ve not exactly been living like a lord here.” He knew that he should probably eat more but he was so tired it was difficult to keep his eyes open between his injuries and the illness and stress of today. “Wake me up if anyone comes in the room.”

Paul watched him dubiously, saddened as he remembered the pretty, play-acting teasing little innocent who’d first turned up at the Dreadfort. He thought about undressing Jim, but knew enough to realise that at the moment a man taking his clothes off might send Jim into panic. Instead he curled up next to him and tugged the blanket over both of them. “’S fine. Get some sleep. You look like death.”

Jim was ready to reply, he had a comeback ready and everything, but his eyes were already shut and his breathing evened out as he fell asleep before he could get the words out. That was okay though, it was okay to rest now. He didn’t feel safe exactly, but safer now that he could sleep for the first time in… so many months and be reasonably certain that he wasn’t going to wake up with another man’s hands on his body.

Sebastian slept badly, coming down early and opening the door. Paul shivered and woke as Seb entered, scooting further away from Jim. Carefully, Sebastian crept in and gently wrapped a hand around Paul's neck and whispered in his ear, "We'll leave as soon as he wakes. Find out who he is. I'll be leaving him alone." With that, he crept out, shutting the door and heading downstairs to prepare while Paul looked at Jim worriedly, trying to work out how the hell he was meant to do that and why he couldn’t have just stayed at the Dreadfort. Now that Ramsay spent all his time castrating people in the dungeons it hadn't been too bad.

Jim woke in the late afternoon due to a coughing fit and he immediately reached for the water, it was so good to be able to hydrate again. He felt a little less shit today, after a proper sleep his body wasn’t rebelling quite so much. Paul was still there and Jim was slightly pleased to know he’d had someone to watch him while he slept, even if he hadn’t really appreciated sharing a bed with another person. “Food?” He grumbled as he took another long draught from his goblet. “Am I allowed to leave the room or do I need to wait for Sebastian to escort me?” Jim asked, a little snidely.

Hastily Paul fumbled for the food left behind, passing it over and looking over Jim. "No we're... we're leaving as soon as you wake up. Lord Moran wants to get you out of Harrenhall before anyone realises you're meant to be being executed." He hesitated then tried for a winning smile, reaching out and gently stroking Jim's shoulder, "It must have been so hard." And then, rapidly running out of ideas, "Who are you? Who are you really? I know you're a whore, knew from when I first saw you. Are you really a spy?"

Jim snorted and shook his head as he picked at some bread that was left over. “Really Paul? You know they tortured me over those questions and I didn’t have anything to say to them either.” Jim glanced away and took a bite of the bread. “I’m a whore, that’s it. That’s all that matters.” He wasn’t a whore though, not anymore. He’d never work again after the scarring on his back. Jim tugged at one of the rings in his ear, a habit he’d picked up when he was stressed or upset. It was a stupid tell but Jim had very little to comfort himself in the dungeons and the grounding pain was not that big of a concession.

"They pierced you..." Paul said in a slightly shaky voice. Ramsay had tried it on him once, with a
red hot needle, and he still sometimes woke up dizzy from the memory of it, even if the injury, which he hadn't bothered to keep open, had long since healed over into a small scar. He sighed, realising he would never been as good a seducer or at information gathering as Jim but feeling he should at least have a second go at some point, to save himself a beating. "Shall I tell him you're up?"

Jim looked over at Paul dully, remembering the needle Locke used and how he had Jim hold it over the fire for him to get it hot before he'd stick it through Jim’s skin somewhere. Locke enjoyed causing pain but he also enjoyed seeing how much pain Jim could sit through voluntarily, without having to hold him down. Jim stuck out his tongue and showed him the thick stud that ran through the center of his tongue. “Plenty of whores in the south get pierced.” Jim remembered that Paul probably didn’t know that he’d already had his nipples pierced before starting this mess. He turned back to his food morosely, caught up in his thoughts now. “Do what you like Paul. I’m not the one that holds your leash.”

Paul gasped at the tongue stud, impressed despite himself and then reached forward and gave Jim a little hug, "I'll be okay - he'll take you to King's Landing and moon over you there and maybe I'll get to go back home.” He thought wistfully of the Ramsay-less Dreadfort awaiting him and then scurried over to the door, opening it and jumping with an "eep!" as Sebastian had been waiting outside.

Slightly awkwardly, Sebastian stepped around him and then handed out some clean clothes and soft bread. "I've got the horses ready. I didn't know you'd sleep so long. Do you feel you can ride?" it was a genuine question after what Jim had been through. "I can get us a cart if not."

“I can ride,” Jim answered confidently. “I’ll get tired easily but we can just make stops when that happens or if we are pressed for time I can ride with someone…” Jim wouldn’t do it all the time, but if it was a choice between sharing a horse while he slept and being left behind because he slowed them down, he knew what he’d choose. Jim packed the fresh bread and the clothes into a pack he would be able to take with him. “You should have had Paul wake me up, I didn’t realize I was keeping you.”

"Right. We'll bring two horses, work things out." Sebastian replied, giving an awkward shrug as Jim continued, "You looked like you needed sleep." Paul packed up the last of the things in the room and Sebastian looked around awkwardly, wondering if there was some way he could ask Jim to leave while he took out the pain and frustration of the night alone on Paul. There was no time though, and he hustled them both down to where the horses were waiting, clasping his hands to help Jim up onto the horse.

Jim wasn’t completely thrilled about long hours spent in close proximity with another body but Sebastian had gone out of his way to show that he wasn’t going to touch Jim. He was probably disgusted with him now that he’d seen him scarred up with a collar around his neck and another man’s come smeared all over his face. That was okay though, Jim decided, he was pretty disgusted by himself too. He climbed on the horse with Sebastian’s help and tried to find a position that was comfortable. Luckily he hadn’t been fucked in a few days because the guards didn’t want to be around him much with the cough. “Are you riding with me or Paul?”

"Paul.” Sebastian said, looking up with a quick, "Unless you'd prefer...?"

"He has to ride with me!" Paul squawked quickly, "I can't ride!"

Growling Sebastian cuffed him around the back of the head and then swung himself up into his saddle, leaving Paul to scramble up behind him. "We'll follow the Kings Road down, it's not a long journey from here."
“Why are you being such a bastard?” Jim said thoughtlessly and then immediately realized what he said and rolled his eyes. “Apologies, my lord.” He clicked at his horse and got it going at a brisk pace, more than pleased to leave this damned castle behind. “Where will you stay once you reach the city?”

“I’m hardly 'your lord.'” Sebastian snapped back. He’d rather enjoyed the real Jim coming out, it showed he hadn’t been completely beaten down. He wanted Jim as he had been before - young and sweet and desiring him - but of course all that had been an act. In all likelihood this was still an act. “My father has friends in the city. I’ll pay my respects to them and probably stay with one of them. I might be Northern but I fly under the Bolton banner, which means I’m allied to the Lannisters, which means that I’ll be safe enough.” He hesitated, "Where will you stay?"

“Yes Ser? You’re technically a knight, aren’t you?” Jim was just being petulant at this point, irritated that Sebastian was snapping at him for being respectful. The man obviously didn’t appreciate the precarious position Jim was in right now if he was going to be shitty towards him over using one of the few tools he had at his disposal to help his situation. “You be careful about who you trust in the city. The Lannisters are pretty much hated, respected, but someone desperate enough wouldn’t think twice about fucking you over if they thought they could get away with it.” Jim was nervous about leaving Sebastian alone in the city but there was just no way he could tell the man how to get in contact with him. Maybe he would wait around and figure out where Sebastian would be staying before Jim checked in with Varys and washed his hands of the situation.

“No I’m not technically a knight.” Sebastian sneered back, "I've never been knighted, I've never been in a battle. My father was trying to stop me getting killed, if you remember. If we're looking at technically I should be Sebastian Snow but due to the fact my father fucks boys now I'm the heir to the small rotting castle of Moran. You don't owe me anything, you made that clear." He bit his tongue to stop himself talking any further and added slightly wistful, "I'd like to be a knight though.”

Jim gave Sebastian a reproachful look, “Why’ve you got to be such a pissant? Is everything I say that fucking offensive?” Jim bit his tongue, a little surprised that Sebastian had brought him to swearing again. He glanced away and clenched his jaw angrily, “Course I fucking owe you. Doesn’t matter how often I saved your hide, all I did was keep you from getting whipped. You didn’t execute me, put yourself at risk to get me out. Of course I owe you.” Jim hated that, but he wasn’t going to play this game with Sebastian.

Sebastian gave a grin at that, looking over at him with a look of slight fondness, "God I would give away my whole bloody inheritance not to see you in that state again. You owe me then? Great - then next time you leave - tell me. Don't just slip away in the night not even letting me know. I won't stop you, and I would try to convince you to stay just... let me know." He sighed and reached behind him to pinch Paul. "Missed you."

Jim smirked, a little bitterly. “Every crumbling brick of your castle in the north? I’m touched.” Jim had a difficult time joking about anything to do with the dungeons, especially knowing he’d looked so pathetic that Sebastian actually pitied him. “Yeah, alright. I promise to say something next time. I’ll even do you one better and make sure you haven’t settled yourself with a nest of vipers in King’s Landing.” Jim didn’t feel bad about not saying goodbye last time, Sebastian would have tried to make him stay and Jim might have actually caved. He sighed and looked away unhappily, “Missed you too… Your friend Locke’s a right prick.” The man had been a means to an end for Jim, and Locke hadn’t made his situation as terrible as it could have been, but he had still been fucking awful to Jim and he hoped the man died painfully.
"Yeah..." Sebastian said shortly, suddenly realising that he hadn't been the best model of behaviour with Paul either, and smoothing over the skin he'd just pinched. "You're well shot of them now, they're sneaking back up to the Dreadfort again." He was happy to continue in silence until they stopped for the evening, tugging out the bed rolls and throwing one at Paul's head. "You two share. If Paul annoys you, kick him out."

Jim turned on Sebastian, thoroughly irritated after having to deal with Sebastian's attitude and then deal with a whole day of silence. "What is wrong with you? Why are you being so irritating. Would it kill you to remove that stick up your arse or are you going to continue to be completely miserable for the rest of the trip?" Jim was tired of the boy's sullenness and he was honestly a little irritated on Paul's behalf as well.

Sebastian was slightly taken aback by the response, for a moment tempted to slap Jim one. Then he just gave a growl and slid off the horse, helping Paul down afterwards. "What do you want me to say, Ser Whore?" He responded, tired but still a little mockingly. "You're out of Harrenhall, you're free, you're not being hit, we're taking you to safety. Any other man would be glad. I've fallen for your tricks once - it was embarrassing and made me angry, I'd rather not do so again. Would you prefer not to sleep with Paul? You've probably had more than enough of laying with soldiers."

Jim flushed angrily and recoiled at Sebastian's words. "Yeah, I have. Too fucking bad you're not actually a soldier, isn't it? What kind of soldier hasn't even been in a single battle? You call yourself a soldier because you're afraid the only thing you'll ever amount to is a breeder for your father to continue his line!" People calling him whore hadn't bothered him for a long time, but now being faced with the word that so much of his identity was wrapped up in that profession was no longer available to him... it shook him. Jim had put most of his stock and worth as a human being in his ability to seduce information out of a mark, now he was ugly and he'd lost that pride he had and his identity.

Sebastian's mouth dropped at Jim's words and Paul nervously inched away, but after a long and difficult silence, where expressions ranged across his face, he finally came back with, "Right. Yes. Clearly. Not a soldier. You fucking used me and left me you little pizzle and now you expect me to act like your best friend when I find you broken and naked in a cell. I'm trying to be kind to you, you dim little fuck. If I wasn't I'd have jumped you as soon as you were clean and taken back what I've wanted for so... fucking... long... except what's the damn point when I'm just another mark..." he took a deep breath and then barked at Paul, "Get the fucking camp set up. I'm going to sleep."

Jim was a little bit at a loss for what to do. He had used Sebastian, to say he hadn't would be lying. However, there was something more to it than that, even if it was just that Jim had learned to like being around him. He hadn't had anything like that before with anyone else he'd fucked. He grit his teeth and tried to resign himself to the fact that Sebastian had apparently been somehow traumatized by seeing Jim like that and the man was going to insist on bringing it up every other chance he got. "Why even bother waiting?" Jim hissed out, still stinging from Sebastian’s implicit rejection. He’d seen Jim at his least attractive and now he didn’t want him anymore. Which was fine. Jim wouldn’t want a used ugly whore either. “I’m sorry I’m such a terrible disappointment, I’m sure you know how that feels.” Jim growled in frustration, he wasn’t sure why he couldn’t just let it go and stop being such a bitch about this but if Sebastian was disappointed to find out his idealistic view of Jim was shattered, he was entitled to feel some of the same. He knew Sebastian was a pain in the arse but he still spent plenty of time in those cells imagining what would have happened if he stayed, and now they had been reunited by accident and neither of them could stand to look at the other.

"I am not disappointed you are fucking irritating." Sebastian strode over and was suddenly in front of him, holding him by the shoulders. "What if I do? What if I do exactly what I want, which is to
take you twenty times a night from here until Kings Landing until maybe, maybe I feel a little bit of the fucking stone you slammed into my chest chipping away. What does that get me? A hurting little beauty who can’t stand the sight of me who takes the rest of what he wants from me and then pisses off again once we get back to King’s Landing? I missed you every damn day you were gone - but I was just a job for you. Not even me, my father." He gave a bitter sort of laugh and finally let go of Jim, breathing a little unsteadily. "Just... sleep. Paul, c’mere." he gave the young man a rough sort of kiss and then tugged his shirt down to his waist, staring at the topless servant for a while before sighing and tugging the rest of the equipment down from the horses. "Sleep with whoever you want. Both of you." Paul turned immediately to look at Jim.

Jim didn’t like being manhandled but it did at least get him to listen. He just couldn’t comprehend what Sebastian was saying, the words made sense but not in that order. Fuck what had he done? He’d intentionally wormed as many barbs as he could into Sebastian’s skin and somehow hadn’t expected that it would hurt when he left and tugged them free. Sebastian was a couple years older than Jim, technically a man but he was still young, had probably never been in love before. Jim was so calloused and was used to dealing with people that were morally bankrupt and perfectly fine with using and abusing him that he never had to worry about another person’s feelings before except for how best to manipulate them. “You don’t mean that.” He finally said, referencing just about the whole speech Sebastian just gave. His words were a little breathless though, Sebastian had been honest, at least partially and Jim didn’t know what to do with that. “I’m sorry.” He said, and even meant it a little. Sebastian had wanted him, had missed him even and now he’d found him again, only…? Jim wasn’t in a position to return what Sebastian felt, his whole world felt poleaxed and it seemed spectacularly unfair to try and make any promises that he might not be able to keep while everything was up in the air right now. Watching Sebastian with Paul hurt and set off that strange feeling he had all those months ago when he first saw them together in the kitchen. At the time he thought it was a sense of bitter nostalgia, now he knew it was just jealousy over something he couldn’t have. Jim turned away and helped Paul set up the bedrolls.

"Meant every word." Sebastian responded back bitterly, and then sighed at the confused emotions on Jim's face. "Look, just get it through your head that you don't have to bloody well act any way for me. There's no way you can act that will keep me happy - and I don't know if that matters to you or if you're just pissed you've lost a mark but don't bother losing sleep over it. I'm not asking you to pretend to care for me, or to pretend not to, or to pretend anything. Just understand why I might be a bit quiet on the way to King's Landing. There's not much I've got between ignoring you and jumping into bed with you that won't hurt, and no need to be sorry either. 'S what you do. I'm sure I hit you a fair few times, 's what I do." Paul made a gloomy noise of agreement and then ducked under the slap, squirming down into Jim's bedroll and ignoring Sebastian who scrubbed at his hair and then offered Jim a half smile. "We've both fucked up in what we do. I'm glad I got you out of there. I'm glad they didn't break you. Is that good enough for now?"

“You broke my nose,” Jim muttered sourly. “And bruised up my face. Then you helped Ramsay sic his dogs on me and your father broke my cheekbone because you couldn’t keep your cock in your trousers...” Jim had a funny shy grin by the end of his incomplete list. “Just a fair few though…” Jim watched him warily while he tried to work out what game Sebastian was playing, what he was trying to manipulate Jim into – but that wasn’t right, Sebastian wasn’t playing games. This was hard. Jim wasn’t sure what to think, he needed time. “Yeah... it’s good enough for now.” Jim didn’t know how to be himself around another person, he wasn’t even sure who he really was before this whole mess started and now with the loss of his work… Jim just didn’t know. But maybe it was time to start finding out.

"Yeah well, I said I hit people." Sebastian hesitantly reached forward and stroked Jim's cheek giving a quick little whisper of, "Would never hurt you like them...” the venom clear in his voice at the very thought of what Locke and Bolton had done. He tugged out some food and then rolled into
his sleeping bag, watching Jim as the sun set and the moonlight turned the world into black and silver. He still thought Jim was beautiful, admirable and brave, but he was hardly going to incautiously throw his affections into the arms of a whore again.

Jim held still and allowed the little touch to his face, even leaned his cheek into Sebastian’s hand for a moment before pulling away. “I—” Jim started but was unsure how to explain that while Locke had been horrible, Jim had still been in control. He wasn’t in control in the dungeons and being with Sebastian gave him a similar feeling. Jim suspected that had less to do with control being forcibly taken from him and more to do with Jim considering giving it up willingly. That thought scared him too much to really ponder for long so he let it go. “I know.” He just ended up saying and curled up in the bedroll and went to sleep without eating, feeling vaguely ill from the mix of emotions and anxieties he felt warring in his gut.

Paul nuzzled into the back of Jim's neck, happy to be sharing the roll with someone who wasn't about to jump him, while Sebastian fell into an uneasy sleep in his. In reality, he couldn't wait to get rid of Jim again - not least because the feelings for the boy were a severe cock block. But the pretty young man made things... hard. Not that they'd been easier after Jim had left, because then he'd been busy missing him. Giving a little frustrated groan Sebastian banged his head against the ground. There was no help for it. He'd been smitten by an act, true, but the less the young man acted, the more smitten he got. And images of that last night, with Jim laughing in the dress, kept coming back to haunt him.

The next day was quiet but it didn’t feel quite as forced anymore. Jim no longer felt like the silence was pressure inclosing him and threatening to crash around his head. He talked a couple times with Sebastian about inconsequential things – some places to visit in King’s Landing, what he’d gotten up to while Jim was gone. He talked with Paul too, there was a… kinship there that bothered Jim slightly and thankfully Paul didn’t want to trade stories about clients, he wasn’t sure that he really wanted to do that. They set up camp early that night because Jim got tired and didn’t feel safe to ride anymore. Now that he was eating and sleeping regularly and was able to get out of that dank prison his cold had really started to clear up and he had fewer coughing fits. But he was still underweight and needed extra rest to compensate.

The next day had felt easier for Sebastian as well, warm and light on the King’s Road, still deep in summertime. Paul had chatted with Jim, and he’d even exchanged a few words with him, no more bitterness or force although it still felt strangely unnatural, to talk like this with so much between them. Jim was looking better by the day, and Sebastian even felt a little frisky, pawing and pinching at Paul as they set up the camp and then rolling him down into the bedroll, quickly glancing to check Jim looked asleep, before flipping Paul over and groping up between his legs, slapping a hand over Paul's mouth as he squirmed and yowled, "Shut up and get your legs apart. D'you really think I want to wake him? Any more noise and we'll see if a few licks of the belt quiets you down...

Jim startled awake again, he had only been dozing really, when he heard distressed noises from near where he was sleeping. Jim heard the words Sebastian muttered and he gave a low whine in his throat, it wasn’t the words exactly but the… casual disregard and ownership in his tone of voice. Sebastian didn’t even talk to Paul like he was human, Jim had been spoken to like that – quite a lot recently.
Paul gave a gasping sob into Sebastian's palm as the cock pressed into his hole, desperately trying to part his legs to make more room as Sebastian moaned gently and bit at the top of his shoulder. "Mmmm..." he nuzzled at Paul's skin then sighed, licking up the tears that threatened below tight-squeezed eyes, "Oh for fucks sake, don't bloody cry, you think Jim cried when they whipped him? He's a brave, tough little thing." One hand fondled down at Paul's backside, tugging it upwards to give a deeper ram in, Paul giving a heartfelt groan as Sebastian bottomed out inside him. "You know I would belt you if I could get away with it. You've such a soft little bum, it snaps so nicely."

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Jim was up like a shot despite his weakened state he stood and kicked Sebastian hard in the head with a booted foot to get him away from Paul. “He doesn’t want you. Are you so fucking self-obsessed that you can’t see that?” Jim snarled and felt the first real anger he’d experience since he’d gotten to Harrenhall sing through his bones. “You want to know what I honestly think? No games? I think you are full of bullshit. You said you’re not like those other men, but you don’t know because you weren’t there were you? I think you’re just like them, your father is the same fucking way. Are you proud of that? Maybe you are a Moran in the ways that matter.” His voice was vicious and poisonous, Jim pushed Paul out of the way so that he wouldn’t get hurt and Jim climbed on top of Sebastian and pushed his face into the dirt. “He’s a human being, I’m a human being and you can’t treat me like – you’re just… shit.” Jim stumbled up quickly, afraid of the rage he’d let take over him. He hadn’t hurt Sebastian physically, not really, but Jim had been out of control and he’d projected his situation onto Paul and that was – not good. “Fuck,” Jim whispered raggedly and stepped back, coving his face.

Sebastian jumped as Jim was suddenly attacking him like a small angry dog, the boot to his head making him dizzy and the fact that Jim's warmth was suddenly on top of him, pressing him into the dirt, was rather distracting. Paul scooted out of the bedroll, hands over his mouth and looking uncertain as Sebastian began to laugh, not moving from his face-down position in the dirt. "Oh dear... oh you poor summer child... did you want a knight in shining armour? One Good Bolton? You are a human being, and the whole of Westeros is full of human beings being treated like shite. I wanted a sweet soft little boy to rescue, the only person in the whole of damn Westeros who gave a shit about me and thought I was worth something. And instead I got used and left by a whore. You wanted some honest knight, who'd do everything you wanted no matter how you used him. Looks like we both lost out." Standing up, he grabbed the bed roll, then tugged a bag of coins out of his waistband and threw it down between them. "I'm not spending the next few days sleeping next to two whores I'm not allowed to fuck. Best wishes to both of you. Paul stop looking bloody devastated, I never belted you that hard. Pay for a ride home if you miss it that much."

Jim was still dizzy with his rage and the mess of feelings he felt caught in like a riptide, but one thing stuck out to him. “You can’t leave.” Jim started forward and grabbed onto the man’s sleeve. “It’s not safe for us to travel alone, Paul can’t ride and I’m – not in the best condition right now. I can’t protect us if... something happened.” Jim didn’t try any games, he knew that they would just make Sebastian angry so he was honest instead. Business like. “You can fuck me, or just my mouth if you aren’t... I’ve got this.” Jim stuck out his tongue and showed off the stud. “You can’t leave, please.” He was starting to breathe too quickly and it was embarrassing but Jim’s head was full of things that could happen to him, again, if he was caught. If riders from Harrenhall caught up with them and they didn’t have Lord Moran’s title or size to save them. Not when he was so close to getting home, he wouldn’t risk getting taken back or being seized upon by bandits or mercenaries.

Sebastian stared at him, and then wrapped both his arms around Jim, hugging him close and holding him tight, "D-don't - fucks sake don't offer your body to me like that." He murmured into Jim's hair. "I don't want to use you as a whore, even though I know I probably have. Just..." he looked up at Paul, who was crossing his arms and glaring at him unhappily. "Alright, yeah, I knocked the kid around a bit. 'S what he's for. And I'm not anything honourable or useful or even worthwhile so don't go kicking my head into the dirt about that, alright?" Sighing, he picked Jim
up, nuzzled his hair and then carried him back to lay him on the bed roll, tugging Paul over by the wrist. "Right... you two. Sleep there. Stay away from the big bad Seb, alright?"

Sometimes Jim just really thought that Sebastian had no concept of the way common folk lived. Whatever they pretended, they spent their lives living in fear – that they would starve, that they would be attacked, that nobles would steal their crops, that war would steal their sons, that winter would come and they wouldn’t be ready. Sebastian hadn’t exactly lived a perfect life, fuck look at the man he was raised by… but there was a privilege there that he was unlikely to ever grow out of. Jim was so pleased when Sebastian held him because that meant he would stay and that meant they were protected. Common folk couldn’t survive without protection. Jim didn’t try to pull away, he was so relieved that Sebastian wasn’t abandoning them that he grabbed on tightly and returned the hug, reveling in the first positive human contact he’d had since Jaime Lannister awkwardly rubbed his back as he bled in the bath after Locke raped him. It was pathetic and awful but Jim couldn’t help the knot of tension that slightly unwound in his gut. Right now Sebastian wasn’t saying awful things or hurting him or asking for impossible things that Jim didn’t know how to give. “You’re not. Useless. You got me out of there when V – no one else would. If you weren’t useful I’d have just let you run off and taken that bag of coin… seven hells. I know you’re not a white knight, fuck’s sake do you remember the list of my bones you’ve broken? Just—leave Paul alone, alright?” Sebastian nuzzled into Jim’s hair and for a moment he felt self-loathing rise up for his sheared locks. “Shut up you big idiot,” Jim replied on a tired sigh – suddenly completely exhausted. “Here…” He picked up the bedroll and laid it next to Sebastian’s before pulling Paul down on his other side with Jim in between Paul and an empty space on his other side. “Just lie down, quit fussing so much…” Jim was already half asleep, worn out from all of the tension and the long ride today.

Sebastian put him down gently, watching as he tugged Paul next to him, as Paul curled up defensively around Jim, and felt a wave of tiredness. Jim was right. He was no white knight. He wasn't even a good fighter, he'd never been in a battle, and the only people he could even boss around were two whores. Gritting his teeth he gave Jim another kiss on his shorn hair and then ruffled Paul's gently, picking up his longbow. "I'm just going to practice for a bit. I'll be right here, don't you worry, all the way to King's Landing. You two can't travel on your own." He only stepped a few paces away, and although the light was fading, he practiced against a tree until it got dark. Paul snuggled up to Jim, exhausted and murmuring thanks, one hand draping over Jim's shoulders as he fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

TW: Vague rape/non-con, violence, general disturbing content
It didn’t take more than a week for them to reach King’s Landing, and there weren’t any further personal incidence after that. Everyone maintained an uneasy sort of truce until they reached the gates. Sebastian was able to use his title to get them in, claiming Jim and Paul both as his servants. Jim was able to lead the others to the house of the family Sebastian wanted to stay at. Jim knew it well. That had the potential to be somewhat awkward. Varys had needed someone installed in the Holmes’s estate and Jim had attempted to seduce Mycroft Holmes, the young lord who controlled their lands and properties. Mycroft also spent a lot of time with Varys but Jim’s master had believed Mycroft was keeping important information from him. He’d sent Jim in to set up a long term post in the household, preferably in Mycroft’s bed. It was the only job he’d completely failed to complete for Varys. This was before Jim had taken up training at Baelish’s. It hadn’t gone over well. Jim had been about fourteen then, Mycroft was only nineteen at the time. Jim had been at the estate for a couple of weeks before he finally made a move on Mycroft, after the man had refused to take his bait for weeks. Jim had been promptly chased off the property and he hadn’t been back, although he was still familiar with the place because of his work with the Little Birds. Varys was always sure to keep a careful eye on Mycroft because they worked in similar circles. Still, it had been a few years since that incident and Jim looked very different now. It was entirely possible that he would go unrecognized.

Sebastian didn’t know much about the Holmes’s - but they’d heard of the Boltons, and Mycroft had known his father, and that was enough to get them into the city and into the house. Mycroft was a fawning business-headed true man of King’s Landing and politics and Sebastian disliked him from the start. Not least the way Mycroft had glanced at Jim - face frowning, then twisted, then carefully blank. Sebastian thought the rich lord disapproved of Jim’s rough looks and healing body, and sneered right back of him, dumping Paul in the room and heading out to King’s Landing as soon as he could. He wasn’t particularly expecting Jim to still be there when he got back.

Jim hadn’t realized Sebastian had taken off until after the boy left and now he was stuck here by his word- he’d promised not to leave again until he’d said goodbye and while Jim was not a very moral person he still liked to keep his debts and that was the price Sebastian had named for saving Jim’s life. He could wait an hour or two. Mycroft found him choking during a coughing fit and dragged him roughly into another room. In the room was a blonde man who looked up at their entrance in surprise. “My Lord, I’m sorry?” Jim sputtered when he finally managed to get air in his lungs again. He was pretty alarmed and had good reason to be, Mycroft Holmes was a powerful man in his own way.

Mycroft ignored Jim completely, nodding curtly at the waiting man, “This is Maester Wyttson, he’ll see to your injuries. I know you're no servant of Lord Moran’s, and I'd like to see you out of this house by tomorrow.”

Wyttson stepped forwards, giving Jim a small smile that was intended to be reassuring. “I heard you coughing on the way here. Could you... uh... take your shirt off? I'll have a look at your chest. It sounds like an infection as well as abrasive damage.”

Jim did need to see a maester and it didn’t seem like Mycroft was going to hurt him so he gave a polite bow, “Yes Lord Holmes, of course.” Before turning back to Maester Wyttson and giving a
nervous glance back at Mycroft as he stripped off his shirt, “Will Lord Holmes be… staying? For
the examination?” Jim asked blankly, trying not to show how much the idea disturbed him. Jim
didn’t want anyone to see him in this state, especially someone who worked with Varys.

"There are a few people in King's Landing who are anxious to hear your condition. I would like to
be one of those who knows." Was all Mycroft responded, watching dispassionately as Jim's back
was revealed, with the scarring.

John looked a little traumatised by the sight - he'd been a knight before taking the chains of a
Maester, and he'd seen injuries on the battle-field, but he wasn't used to such deliberate and
undeserved pain, as there was surely no justification for that. Taking a breath he placed a hand on
Jim's chest. "I'll sort out this infection first. Can you take a deep breath in and hold it?"

Jim kept his eyes on the floor resentfully but didn’t debate whether Lord Holmes could stay or not.
He was at the bottom echelons of society and Mycroft was very high towards the top. Ultimately
there was nothing he could do and Jim knew it. This was why he hated lords. Jim noted both the
stoicism from Mycroft and the disturbed look John gave him. It solidified something further in his
mind – normally a man would be plenty happy to get Jim’s shirt off, even touch his naked chest as
John was doing. But that little glint in the eye – the excitement wasn’t there. In its place was
disgust, John was unsettled just to look at him. Jim held his hands behind his back formally and
respectfully. In this house he was considered a servant and he automatically fell into what was
expected of the role. “Yes, sir.” He took in a deep breath obediently but that triggered another
cough and he had to cover his mouth so he wouldn’t be rude.

"Don't worry about covering your mouth, I need to see into your throat, and see what noise the
cough makes. Can you try another deep breath please?" John said, remaining professional, while
Mycroft walked around them, frowning at the scars and forming his own conclusions about who
would have made them. John pressed a cool hand against Jim's back for the next breath - looked
down his throat, and then finally got to the scars, running a hand down them, and pressing around
the skin. Finally he stood back. "I'll give you a draught for your chest - it should recover over the
next few days, so long as you keep warm and dry. The scars... could be made smaller, and neater,
but it would be incredibly painful to alter them all and you'll always have the marks. I would not
perform such an act however I have... known Maesters who would."

He looked over at Mycroft, who nodded and murmured, "Qyburn."

"Other than that, you're in good health." John finished.

Jim didn’t reply to John’s suggestion for cosmetic surgery, there was no way he’d ever be able to
afford such a thing and there was little point anyway. Jim was still young, eighteen, but he’d been
whoring for ten years now and he was tired. He tried to look at this like a blessing but couldn’
t manage. Jim glared a little at Mycroft before turning his back to him and asking Wyttson, “I need
you to check my arse. Is that also your concern Lord Holmes or have you seen enough?” Jim
mocked him and gave the unflappable man a challenging look over his shoulder.

"It is indeed a concern, but it's hardly a surprise." Mycroft murmured.

John took a deep breath and then nodded, "I can certainly look, if you let me know the nature of
the problem. If it's more of a digestive issue I can give you a -"

Mycroft waved a hand testily in the face of John's awkwardness, "I suspect your patient has been
buggered: hard, roughly and repeatedly, possibly with objects never designed for such a purpose.
Please check that he hasn't been majorly damaged and I suspect he'll want to know if he can still
perform in the future."
Jim looked down miserably and dropped his trousers before climbing in the bed set out for patients and lying down. Bloody Mycroft. Jim held back his suggestion that Mycroft also have his rectum examined for whatever large stick had obviously lodged itself up there. "You are right of course, Lord Holmes. Your insight never fails to astound the mind, sir." Jim laid down on his stomach and folded his arms in front of him so he could rest his head against them.

"I thought I recognised you." Mycroft gave a small unamused twitch of the lip, watching as Jim's backside was revealed. Before John could touch it he came over and laid a hand over it, patting gently. "Rest assured, you tried very hard and it took a lot of effort to resist you."

John cleared his throat, "Lord Holmes... may I examine my patient?" Mycroft stepped back, removing his hand, and John pressed Jim's legs apart and then lubed up a small metal tube. Lubed hands pressed around the entrance, and John gave a wince, "There's certainly superficial damage. Um. A lot of it."

“Yes, I’m sure it was a momentous strain…” Mycroft hadn’t wanted Jim at all, not because of his sexual preferences but because he was smart enough to work out who Jim was and what he was doing there despite Jim’s best efforts. That botched job was still a sore spot for Jim’s pride, it was hard to keep the sulk out of his tone. He winced a little at the cold hands that touched him, “Wonderful.” Jim answered sarcastically. “Will it heal?” He hadn't been buggered in a week, that was a new record for the way he’d been living recently. Jim just wished John had been around when he was actually being hurt and not well after when he was already starting to recover.

"It will. If I can take a look inside..." The small tube slid in easily enough and John bent down, examining him quickly and professionally before sliding it out. "There's still some damage, some healing needs to happen. I'd recommend not resuming your, uh, usual activities for at least another week. But there's nothing that won't heal up. It might feel a little uncomfortable or sore for a while longer, especially if you, um, insert anything." He stepped back, looking formal and staring at the wall. Working on a battlefield had not accustomed him to such injuries.

Jim sat up and took his time, staring Mycroft in the eye obstinately while he sat there nude. “One more thing... I – uh acquired a few piercings while I was gone. I want to make sure they’ve healed properly. This one-" Jim stuck his tongue out briefly to indicate which piercing he was speaking of, “I’m worried it wouldn’t close up if I removed it.” The metal piece running through his tongue was thick, Jim was afraid the hole was too large to heal back together properly. He’d already mostly resigned himself to keeping that one but potentially he could remove the ones in his ear and through his naval. Somehow they’d all survived his imprisonment, though they’d been tugged on plenty. “The nipple piercings are old… they were the only ones done professionally.” That was Jim’s diplomatic way of telling John that an unskilled man had repeatedly stuck a hot needle through his flesh and Jim hoped it was something that could be undone.

"Right." John stepped forward again, looking over the piercings and shaking his head.

Mycroft murmured "They suit you. Make you look fierce and exotic..."

John turned on him, managing to just about keep his voice respectful, "Lord Holmes, I'm sure you've seen all the damage to my patient that you need. Would it be possible for us to discuss privately his future care and management?"

Holmes hesitated for a while, and then nodded and bowed to them both. "Of course. Please excuse me."

With that he drifted out of the room and John looked back slightly miserably at Jim. "I am truly sorry for the indignities that have been done to you, those are some quite terrible injuries. I'm sorry
to say that your tongue will never heal completely. Your stomach would recover with only a small mostly invisible scar. The top of your ears may close, but some not completely and there will always be marks."

“It’s okay,” Jim muttered quietly, feeling a little self-conscious with how upset John seemed to be over it. He felt grateful that he’d finally made Mycroft leave. Pity was difficult to deal with. “My cheekbone got broken and I got mauled by the dogs,” Jim bragged and smirked, showing off the scars on his arm. “Few more holes in me aren’t going to do a lot of harm at this point.” It was easier to joke than it was to acknowledge John’s pity, because then maybe he really had something he should feel bad about. Pity made it real and Jim thought that reality was overrated. “What have I got to do to get myself sorted then? Future care and management? Have I got to come back?”

"You've been through a lot." John sighed, stepping back and handing Jim his shirt. "And the piercings don't look bad. Considering they were done by an amateur they're pretty well done - not gaping or tearing at the skin. They certainly could easily look deliberate, if a bit unusual." Turning, he picked up a draught, "Take this in the mornings for your chest. Otherwise there's not much to do. I said that mostly to get rid of him. We don't... get on. And he was getting annoying."

Jim nodded and took his shirt before pulling it over his head. He’d keep the piercings, maybe do away with the piece dangling from his bellybutton. It seemed poetic somehow that he walked away from this with too many scars but there was also something beautiful he got, even if the way they were done was fucked up and left Jim feeling nauseous at the memory of the hot needle. “He irritates me as well.” Jim agreed and took the draught from John before hopping off the bed and giving a little bow. “Thank you for your services.”

"He's an irritating man." John gave his first real smile and nodded, "Not at all, it's what I'm trained for. You can come back to me if you have any further troubles, although I believe Mycroft wants you out of here. He doesn't trust you for some reason." He gave Jim a slightly worried look, as if not sure whether he would suddenly explode or attack him on the spot.

Jim smirked and looked off to the side, “We have a… history together.” It amused him that John might draw the wrong conclusions about the nature of their relationship, although it was Mycroft. The man was known for being unmoved by anything, including beauty. He was already twenty and hadn’t even forged an engagement. “Thank you again,” Jim said before he made his way back to their room to check on Paul.

Sebastian spent the day exploring King's Landing, winding closer and closer to the castle until finally deciding to introduce himself properly the next day. He almost peeked into one of Baelish's brothels as well, scuttling back when there was a scream and a sudden explosion of angry Dornish from inside. He headed back to Mycroft's in the last afternoon, brushing past Mycroft's annoying brother reading in the shade and heading to the room, raising his eyes as he heard Paul giggling inside. He opened the door, trying to hide his pleasure that Jim was still there. "I'm going to formally introduce myself at the castle tomorrow - so wash tonight." He instructed Paul, hesitating at wanting to include Jim as well.

Jim smiled faintly when Sebastian returned and stood properly when he entered the room. At the last second he kept the automatic ‘welcome back, Lord Moran’ from escaping. Everything was a little strange being back here in the capital, and Jim fell back on the manners and proper etiquette he’d been taught. When he was at Dreadfort it wasn’t expected because the lost farmer’s son wasn’t expected to know court etiquette. Jim folded his hands in front of him. “Lord Holmes has requested that I vacate the premises.”

Sebastian looked at him for a second, slightly baffled by the new manners and then nodded.
"Would you, would you like me to find alternative accommodation?" He tried, without much hope. "You know where I'll be staying if you ever wanted to... meet up." It seemed unlikely, especially as he was hoping to spend more time at the palace, and if Mycroft was keeping Jim out... Awkwardly he fumbled in his belt. "Would you like some coin? Just to help you find a place, I don't know if you know anyone here...."

Jim was slightly warmed by Sebastian’s consideration, he couldn’t tell the man what his situation was and Jim could see how leaving someone in Jim’s position alone might be worrying. “I live here, actually. I’d never left the city before I traveled to the Dreadfort. I have somewhere to stay... thank you.” Jim meant the words, most people wouldn’t have cared what happened to someone in his position. He smiled knowingly, “I imagine we’ll see each other again.” He couldn’t promise that, he had no idea what kind of reception he’d receive from Varys... he didn’t think the man would have him executed but Jim wasn’t useful now that he couldn’t work and he knew quite a lot of dangerous information. It would be the smart thing to do. “I hope to see you again,” Jim added – shyly, almost defensively as if he expected to be mocked for the sentiment. “Mycroft doesn’t like me, he won’t want me around the house but I’m familiar with the place, I know a few ways to get in.” Jim winked at Paul as he started to collect his things.

Paul clung to him a little miserably as he started packing, not wanting to lose the only person who'd ever convinced Sebastian Moran to stop mistreating him, until Sebastian dragged him away by the collar and snapped, "For fucks sake, he's not going off to the fighting pits, he's going to meet a friend. And I won't be fucking you much either, they have much better whores here, when they aren't being frightened by confused Dornishmen.” He was annoyed to be losing Jim as well, but there wasn't much he could do and he was cheered by the thought that Jim might return. "Can you... spend a last night here?" He muttered at the wall.

Jim squeezed Paul’s hand reassuringly before Sebastian tugged him away. He was interested in the news that there were Dornishmen causing trouble but Sebastian wouldn’t know what was going on. He sighed and tentatively reached out and took Sebastian’s larger hand in his, “No. I’ve been gone a long time and any delay at this point doesn’t look good for me... stay out of trouble.” Jim bent up and left a quick kiss at the corner of Sebastian’s mouth before he turned and left, heading towards the castle when he left the Holmes estate.

Between organising weddings, hiding Shae, dealing with both Tyrells and Lannisters, Varys was feeling in a rather hassled mood when he heard the knock on his door. Throwing some papers quickly into a drawer and locking it, he frowned at the door as it knocked again, then headed over and opened it. For a moment, he didn't recognise Jim waiting outside, then he saw the expression in Jim's eyes and quickly hustled him inside. "Oh, my spider! Oh..." his hands petted over Jim's body, assessing for damage, providing comfort, trying to work out Jim's physical and mental state. "I received all of your messages, so useful, so valuable, are you injured badly?" He drew back and raised an eyebrow admonishingly, shaking his head with a little tut, "I did warn you about playing with Boltons."

“Yes, Lord Varys, you did. I’m very sorry.” Jim kept his head up but held his eyes to the floor, too ashamed to raise them. In Jim’s mind his body belonged to Varys, well – his skills belonged to Varys and his body was wrapped up in his abilities, and Jim had allowed it to be permanently damaged. Varys had warned him, told him to run when things got bad. Jim should have come back
immediately after leaving the Dreadfort, but he hadn’t gotten enough information by then… he’d made a calculated risk and he had no way of knowing if it had paid off or not. Varys’ attitude was encouraging but Jim knew better than to take the man at face value, he’d been taught too well. “I’m uninjured my lord, Mycroft Holmes had his physician check me over before I was able to come to you.” Jim ducked his head, “Lord Holmes was present for the examination.” Jim was embarrassed to have allowed information to fall into Holmes’ hands, despite his lack of choice in the situation.

"I know Lord Holmes was present, he was kind enough to come and tell me just how injured my little spider was." And hadn't that been an interesting meeting. Reaching forward he lifted Jim's chin up. Jim needed comfort, and pity, true, but he would have to find that on his own time. Vary's needed him to be useful, and knew that Jim needed Varys to need him to be useful. Petting over the boy would leave him feeling even worse. "Mycroft was very keen to tell me how useless my little spider had become. Do you think you're useless now?" He looked seriously into Jim's eyes. "Do you believe, truly, that you have nothing else to offer me? Think a while before answering, because if you do then I'm afraid we'll have to make you very quickly disappear."

“I don’t believe that I can continue to serve you in the way that I have been, sir.” Jim made himself say the words, as much as it hurt him to voice his failings. “My body has been superficially damaged and I am no longer sexually attractive.” Jim finally glanced up and forced himself to meet Varys’ gaze. “…but that doesn’t mean I’m useless.” Not very much had changed from the time he was a child and Varys had first found him in that little cupboard. Jim didn’t want to die. He could still be useful to Varys, as long as he was given purpose he’d find a way to continue on.

"Has it never occurred to you that it might make you even more useful?" Varys turned away from Jim, pouring him a glass of wine and motioning him to sit on the chair opposite, glancing around quickly almost out of habit to check no one else was in the room. "You do know, and I have told you, I used to sell my own body. Now I don't and I'm sure there's few in King's Landing that would want it. Would you consider me less useful now? You know all the tricks, my little spider, and you know how the Birds move and work and think. You know codes and words, and I know you've never believed that there were better ways to manipulate a man than going between his legs. Maybe now you'll find some." He gave Jim a small indulgent smile and motioned to the wine. "Drink. Rest. This evening we'll go to court and you can see how things have changed since you've been away. You look different enough, I'll find you some orange silks to wear and chains for your new piercings. We'll say you're from Essos, from Lys. As for how you can be useful... I'm sure you'll find ways. You always do. Just please, please beware of King Jeoffry. He's had several of my agents killed in rather unpleasant ways."

Jim drank lightly from his goblet, it had been a number of months since he’d had anything to drink and he’d have to be careful in his state to not get drunker than he meant to. “I’m not sure if he ever spoke to you, but Jaime Lannister knows who I am and that I work for you. I met him at Harrenhall before he was brought back to King’s Landing. Sebastian Moran is also in the city, he will be spending time around the castle… I’ve fucked him, traveled with him – he’ll recognize me. There’s a chance that Baelish will as well but ultimately it’s his word against ours and I do look very different. Those are the people you should be aware of.” Jim took another drink, getting back into the swing of things and falling into his comfortable role as Varys’ advisor.

Varys gave him an admiring little glance, pleased that Jim had returned in a reasonably normal and certainly useful state of mind. "Lannister, Moran and Baelish. Ser Jaime has far too many other things on his plate, and if the rumours about Moran's parentage are true, then he'll have even more in a minute." That would be a good thing to play in front of the confused and already struggling Lannister family. "Did you know they're running out of gold? The mines of Casterly Rock are running dry - their alliance with the Tyrells and the Boltons are all they have left - and the Boltons
are mad and the Tyrells don't like them.” He shook his head, “Their claim to the throne was weak to start with, if it wasn't for Tyrion Lannisters ability to get whatever he wants they'd be floundering badly. I'll trust you to handle Moran, from the sounds of it you've been doing so excellently. He even rescued you. Baelish... I'd rather Baelish believed you were someone different. We shall call you Brooke, a scholar from Lys. Please ensure Moran knows this.”

“Yes of course, sir. As far as anyone knows Sebastian is indeed Tywin’s son. He was conceived at a time when Lord Moran was away and Lord Tywin was staying in the castle.” Jim drew his eyes down again, “As far as I know from Sebastian, no one worked out definitively that I was a spy. Your involvement is completely unknown.” Jim smiled slightly with pride even as he kept his eyes on the floor. “They tortured me but I didn’t tell them anything.”

"Also from what I’ve heard he looks almost exactly like a young Lord Tywin and almost nothing like his late father." Varys shook his head and gave Jim a warm look "I would expect nothing less from you than to withstand whatever the Bolton's could throw at you. You've made mistakes, true, but you've done well in the circumstances." He took a small sip of the wine and then put the goblet down. "Other things you should know - Lord Tyrion is staying here with a... _lady_... named Shae that his father would almost certainly want to kill should he find out about it."

“What?” Jim almost upset his wine glass, “His ‘late’ father, Lord Moran is dead? …I don’t think Sebastian knows.” When he’d last mentioned his father to Jim he’d referred to him in the present tense and seemed to think he’d be going back home to him. Jim couldn’t help shaking his head when he heard about Lord Tyrion. “Again? Seven hells, you’d have thought he’d have learned from the last one… I suppose that the current Hand would be very much opposed to my presence at court if he finds out who I am?” Tywin was well known for hating whores and men who fucked other men. It could end very badly for Jim if anyone told him. “Sebastian wants to find out about his family… I’m afraid he’s not very tactful.” He was a loose cannon on the best of days but introducing a Lannister bastard in this political climate was just asking for a world of trouble.

"Sebastian Moran can look after himself." Varys replied archly before softening a little and adding, "And yes, Lord Moran was killed in a hunting accident. The kind of hunting accident that involves several men with swords pulling you out of your bed at midnight. The Boltons and the Ironborn are fighting over the North, and honestly neither of them winning is good for anybody. The North needs defending against the even further North, not to be razed and burnt. Even if there's nothing worse than winter coming." He sighed and looked at Jim rather sharply. "Lord Tywin would object most strongly to a whore from Flea Bottom at court. Luckily, you are not a whore, nor are you from that dreadful slum. You are a scholar from Lys come to help me with translating some ancient texts from Old Valarian. I suggests you aquire some ink-stains and a passable knowledge of Old Valarian..." He lost his professional guard for a brief minute to give Jim a small smile. "It is good to have you back. There is far too much going on at the moment. I haven't any time to spare on wedding security..."

“It was my fault,” Jim said quietly as he connected the dots. “Bolton saw me sending a raven… I told him it was to Lord Moran – love letters. He thought Moran was telling me things he shouldn’t have, or that he’d sent me to spy on Bolton. He probably thought Moran was trying to betray him.” Jim didn’t feel badly, he was glad that fuck was dead. If the gods cared for him at all then Locke would be next. “I remember quite a lot of Old Valerian from my lessons with you… should I pretend that I cannot speak the common tongue? It wasn’t strange for people from the East to not know Westerosi. Pretending would open up some opportunities for him but otherwise make communication in an everyday setting somewhat difficult.

"No, no, speak Westerosi, all the scholars can, and it'll be impossible otherwise. Put on an accent though, sometimes ask for clarification, let people rattle their mouths off in front of you and look
confused... they'll let more slip. But I don't need to tell you that.” He stood, and headed to the door. "Make yourself at home, I'll get you some clothes and quarters set up. With all the toing and froing lately I doubt anyone will notice you've not actually stepped off a boat, not with half of Dorne staying over and attempting to kill everyone."

“Yes, of course Lord Varys…” Jim stood with the other man and watched him go, and Jim prepared himself for the new role he would play.

Jim spent that evening resting and reporting everything that had happened during his assignment. He’d sent plenty of letters during his trip but the content was only the most important things Varys needed to know, now was the time that Jim gave over everything else he had learned and what happened to him while he was away. Jim skimmed over his time in the Harrenhall cells… it wasn’t important. He’d not learned much and honestly most of his time there was a bit of a blur when he tried to recall it anyway. When Varys released him that night Jim settled into his new chambers, on the same hall as Varys, and enjoyed a hot bath before sleeping in a real bed for the first time in too long. Gods, Jim had missed the luxuries of the capital.

The next morning Varys had a servant drop off the things Jim would need to solidify his disguise—there were many sets of robes, styled the same way as Varys’ with the long belled sleeves and beautiful colors. Jim picked one out in a dark purple and pulled it on over a silk pair of trousers. Jim found a small box filled with jewelry for him to wear and he finally got to remove the ugly iron pieces that Locke had pierced him with. Instead they were made from silver, Jim thought they were beautiful. Getting the stud out of his tongue was painful and difficult but he managed to switch it out for one of the pretty silver pieces, much smoother and better made than the iron stud. The only piercings that showed when he was dressed properly were the hoops through the cartilage in his ears and the tongue piercing when he spoke. He had to say that he liked the Lysenes’ fashion, and he liked the associations his clothing had with Varys – he really did look like a little spider now.

Officially Jim would be posing as a scholar from Lys but anyone who was anyone in the capital would be aware that Jim worked for Varys. Jim had always served in a very covert role but now he would be stepping into the light… or at least as far into the light as any spy dared to step. Jim would be visible and scrutinized in a way that he never had been before and he had to admit the idea thrilled him.

When he was ready he collected the books Varys dropped off, a few Jim had already read… the ones he’d used to learn Old Valyrian with, and a couple of new ones. Jim looked forward to finding time to sit down with them. Jim might have been a whore but Varys had seen Jim’s thirst for knowledge and his effortless skill for languages – by now Jim was better educated than many of the noble families’ children, he doubted very much that Sebastian knew Old Valyrian. He met with Varys briefly before they set off to wander the castle, on the guise of a tour. When they spoke to each other they used Valyrian because it was meant to be Jim’s first language and it gave him an opportunity to smooth over any flaws in his dialect. There was no need to formally introduce Jim to the court to get people’s attention, just Varys walking around the castle with a foreign boy was enough to alert anyone in the castle with spies and within an hour or two people from the court began to approach them and introduce themselves, inquiring about Jim and how Varys knew him. People were eternally suspicious of the master of whisperers – as they should be – and any time Varys did anything out of the ordinary it drew some attention from others who didn’t want to be
left out of the loop. Eventually their tour brought them to the throne room and that was when they bumped into an old friend.

The boat was waiting for him at the harbour, Dontos was properly primed and ready to go, but Baelish couldn't resist coming to take a look at Varys's newest acquisition before heading off. The boy seemed to be going on a tour of the castle, natural for a guest and even more natural for a spy in training, so it was easy enough to bump into them by chance. After a few barbed pleasantries with Varys he looked properly at the boy, unable to hide a brief flicker of a frown. He'd seen him somewhere, somewhere a long time ago, and his brain quickly flashed through old files to find him. "So this is Brooke - I do hope you enjoy your stay. The Old Valarian scrolls are a fascinating treasure trove for those interested in the history of the realm, and indeed those interested in the rule of the Targaryans..." He gave Varys a twisted little half-smile and then the busy workers in his brain found the information he needed and his eyes widened. This was no traveller from Lys. Looking through the robes, away from the piercings - admirable of Varys to attempt to hide his appearance with those - and putting some weight on he recognised the little whore who'd worked for him last year. Jim. He even remembered the name. He gave Brooke a small bow and tilted his head, "I'm sure we have met before, in my travels in Essos no doubt. I certainly recall you were very... talented at your work."

Varys smile became fixed and he wrapped an arm around Jim's shoulders, "If you will excuse us my Lord, we have not yet completed our tour."

Jim bowed back easily, keeping a pleasant smile on his face that turned sly as he addressed his old employer, "I was trained by the best, Lord Baelish." Varys wrapped his arm around Jim and began to lead him away, he was being surprisingly defensive of Jim since he’d returned from his trip. "It was a treat to meet you again, Lord Baelish. I'll keep my eye out for you in court." Jim gave another short bow before following Varys as they continued their tour.

Baelish returned the bow, watching after them as they left. Varys gave a smile, quickly squeezing Jim's shoulder and letting it go. "He's leaving for the Vale soon. Very soon. I wouldn't worry too much about Baelish's rumours. You've garnered enough mystique during this tour for there to be a whole pigeon-loft of startled rumours about you... ah - Ser Jaime!" He gave a bow as the man crossed their path and Jaime forced a smile as he saw them, giving Jim a confused look. "I've been wanting to speak to you for a while, this is my protégé - a scholar from Lys come to examine some of our oldest archives scrolls from the reign of the Targaryans."

"Is he?" Jaime looked at Jim, nonplussed and not particularly bothered. "Well I wish him luck. Old Valaryian was never my strong point. Particularly reading it." He had no idea why the small grubby whore from the Dreadfort was being presented to him as a scholar from Lys, and at the moment he barely gave a damn.

"Valaryian is my first language," Jim smiled and enjoyed using the accent from Lys. He was vaguely irritated that this man had seen Jim at two of his lowest points but was happy to at least be in one piece now and a tad bit more presentable. "Our mutual friend headed north. I hear that he’s doing poorly – not expected to live much longer you see. I’m sure he’ll be dearly missed." Jim lied. He wanted Jaime to know that Locke was in hot water and was unlikely to survive the next few months if Moran had already been dealt with. Bolton would not suffer a fool in this tense political climate.

Jaime just stared at him - not very good at this game and not particularly enjoying it. "We don't have any mutual friends." He said eventually, completely at a loss to work out who Jim meant given his only current friend was Brienne and Jim didn't know her, and she hadn't gone North.
Varys made a slightly scolding little 'tch' - annoyed Jim had broken his act for a moment just to comfort Jaime. "I think Brooke is mistaking you for your father - ah - Lord Moran!" Varys caught Sebastian out of the corner of his eye, pleased to have the two people who knew who Jim really was in the same place so that he could quickly get this sorted out. "Please let me introduce my protégé - Brooke from Lys - he's a scholar."

"Come to look at old Valaryian scrolls, I've heard." Sebastian finished, giving Jim a smirk and a wink while Varys gently murmured, "Oh gods..." under his breath.

Jim was surrounded by idiots. Maybe just Lannister idiots. What were the odds that Tywin would have four children and his brains went to the girl and the imp? Fucks sake. “Ah yes, I confused you for your father. You two are very similar.” Jim gave Jaime a little look to make it clear he thought the man was an idiot before he turned to deal with his other idiot. “The scrolls are fascinating, I can’t wait to begin my work.” Jim wasn’t entirely sure where this conversation was meant to go. His objective was complete, Sebastian knew he was meant to refer to Jim as “Brooke.” …what was he meant to do now? “You are also a stranger to this city? How do you like the capital, Lord Moran?”

Varys relaxed slightly as Jim smoothed nicely over the cracks - Jaime giving a small scowl as Jim glared at him, still at a loss to work out why he was now being told off by a small grubby whore from Harrenhall, or what he'd missed in the intervening time. "Yeah, it's nice." Sebastian said, giving a shrug, "Warm. Pretty." He smirked at Jim again, then facing twin glares from both Jim and Varys he rolled his eyes, "Alright, alright. I won't be hanging around with you anyway, will I? I'm more interested in meeting people."

Jaime was now completely as a loss to understand what was going on and simply gave a shrug, "Well, I wish you all the best of luck with your endeavours. If you'll excuse me, I haven't yet taken breakfast."

He left and Seb watched him, turning immediately back to Jim when he was out of earshot and reaching out to slide a hand over the delicate silver hoop running over the top of his ear. "You sneaky little brat - a spy for Varys? Don't worry, I'll keep your cover. You look good. Pretty."

Jim glanced quickly at Varys before looking back at Sebastian. The boy was an idiot, and oblivious but Varys was not. Jim would have to watch himself carefully, it wouldn’t do for Varys to think that Jim had any residual feelings for the boy. Personal attachments were a weakness that could be exploited, and having Sebastian as a weakness would leave him vulnerable indeed. The boy was brash, and Tywin’s bastard and he was bound to make waves while he was here. “Thank you Lord Moran.” Jim ducked his eyes appropriately, as a scholar he was still lowborn, even if he had more status than a peasant. “Have you – did you hear the news about your father?”

Despite Jim's concerns, Varys was pleased that Sebastian seemed to feel for the boy. As the only person who truly knew who Jim was it was good that he would be easy enough to control. Jim's hooks had found their target. Sebastian ran a finger down Jim's ear again and then frowned, not sure which father Jim was referring to. "No?" He tried, wondering what had happened.

Varys took over, quickly and smoothly, "Oh dear, I'm afraid news has reached the capital recently that Lord Moran passed away in a hunting accident."

Sebastian looked at them both for a moment, suspecting a trap, then clenched his jaw and managed a shrug. "Bastard hated hunting. Yeah. I can't put it into all fancy talk but you'll know what bloody well happened there."

“I suspect young Ramsay might have been involved... he does like to hunt.” Jim added quietly. He
wasn’t sure what the appropriate reaction to the news was, he doubted Sebastian did either. Jim was happy that Moran was dead, he was pleased for Sebastian’s sake as well. The man had abused him but he had still raised Sebastian, it was probably a complicated feeling. “Will you be staying in the capitol for long or will you return home now that you’ve inherited?”

Sebastian froze a little at the mention of Ramsay's hunt, staring into the distance for a while before giving Jim a bonk on the head. "You're a book-twat from Lys, how would you know who Ramsay Snow is." He muttered, "I don't know. If they're killing off Moran's up there it might be safer to stay down here, not to mention there's a whole Iron-born army between me and the Dreadfort." He gave them both an exaggerated bow. "Enjoy your scrolls. I might join Ser Jaime at breakfast."

Jim huffed in offence when Sebastian presumed to tell him how to do his job, they were alone right now and spoke quietly enough that it wouldn’t have been overheard. “That might be best then.” Jim refrained from offering Sebastian any aid, that would look strange from someone who was also supposed to be new to King’s Landing. He gave Sebastian a funny look when he mentioned going to find Jaime, unsure if he meant that he’d be introducing himself to his half-brother.

Varys watched as Sebastian stomped off, then patted Jim's shoulder. "What a very... angry man. Do keep an eye on him. You've done well, caught him nicely, but he has the potential to self-destruct in a rather messy way."

Sebastian had calmed down a little by the time he reached the hall, his mind still spinning, trying to find the right attitude to fit his father’s death in. His main feeling was one of intense relief, followed by a very real pain at the thought of Ramsay's dogs. He sat down moodyly next to Jaime and nodded at him, grabbing at the food and then suddenly losing his appetite, tearing a piece of bread into smaller and smaller pieces on his plate.

Jaime was in a similar sulk but he was actually eating, he had another pointless day of training his left hand to hold a sword. Last night Cersei had kicked him out again, he hadn’t been with her since he came back and Jaime was rather sullen about the fact that nothing seemed to be going the way he’d thought it would when he returned. That boy from earlier came and sat down near him, Jaime gave him a brief glance before turning back to his food.

Ser Jaime looked about as miserable as he did, which cheered Sebastian up slightly. He sighed, pushing the bread away from him and gazing out across the hall, looking at the beautiful ladies with their beautiful fashions. He imagined Jim wearing such a dress, and for a moment entertained a small happy fantasy of pushing him up against the wall, hitching his skirts up and sucking him off until he screamed, before realising it was never going to happen. "I've decided I don't like King's Landing.” He announced grumpily.

Jaime glanced up at the boy and followed his gaze towards the ladies before rolling his eyes, "plenty of brothels in the city, no point in mooning over the court girls. They'll keep their legs together no matter what you do… too much rides on their fathers being able to marry them off for large sums of money.” Jaime thought the whole thing was a bit distasteful and depressing, he saw what the practice had done to his sister and how torn up she was after Tyrion sold her daughter off to Dorne.

"They're prettier than the girls up North." Sebastian sighed, feeling sorry for himself as he realised that he'd now have to see Jim scooting around the court with Varys attached to him, in beautiful clothes and totally unobtainable. "I tried going to a brothel and almost got stabbed by a mad Dornishman. There was a girl up North - whore, obviously - I used to like her. She'd hitch her skirts up and then look completely bored until I finished. Sometimes she even told me to hurry up. Once
she told me my cock was small. Almost exploded on the spot. I don't understand women. 'S why I mostly fuck young men." He knew that the practice was frowned upon as much down south as up north but he felt like causing a shock.

Jaime rolled his eyes, “Could you try any harder to come across like a northern savage? Are you sure your mother wasn’t a wildling?” Insulting the boy gave him some measure of relief, even if it was petty. Besides, he was doing him a favor. Stupid lad was going to get himself into a world of trouble if he couldn’t figure out how to mind his words. “My father once told me if I ever touched a boy he’d cut my hand off.” Jaime gave a bit of a hysterical chuckle, he’d forgotten that event until just now. Look at what a mess he’d made of his life.

Sebastian looked at Jaime's severed hand and his lip twitched into a smile, "Well? Was it worth it? What did you go for, a hot little skimp of a thing to fuck into the mattress, or a big brawny cock-lover to fill you up." He banged his head on the table, "My father used to beat me for it. Believe me, they're no greater fans of it up there. And now he's been torn apart by a pack of dogs owned by the boy who used to fuck me. How poetic." Sighing, he grabbed at the wine, and after a thought, poured a second cup and pushed it towards Jaime. "And the only man I even want to lay with has skipped off to do something he finds far more interesting and important. More important than castles or gold. Do you know the first time he said that I thought he meant me?" He sighed and took a few big gulps of the wine. "Turns out I'm even more of a stupid cunt than my father thought."

Jaime gave Sebastian a highly distasteful look and went back to his breakfast. “My father didn’t cut off my hand you moron. I’ve never touched a man.” He looked over at Sebastian with mild alarm as the boy banged his head against the table and started going on about – gods Jaime didn’t even know what he was talking about. He took the wine though and sipped even though he’d be working in an hour. It was only a sip. He almost spat it out again when he heard what Sebastian said about his lover and Sebastian put the pieces together from the conversation in the court earlier.

“You – you’ve fucked the Harren-whore! You fell for him. Seven hells, you’ve got to be the stupidest boy I’ve ever met. That one’s trained, not just to suck cock but to make you want him, to love him. But that’s all it is.” Jaime saw the look on Sebastian’s face and shrugged, “Can’t really hold it against them, it’s the only security they’ve got in this world. Got to do what you have to to survive.” He frowned suddenly, remembering Jim practically begging to suck his cock in that closet because he thought Jaime would kill him. He huffed a breath and took a proper drink of the wine, feeling slightly uncomfortable and more pissed off than he was when he sat down.

"Yes I fell for the Harrenhall whore." Sebastian snapped back, lowering his voice before people started to look at them. "He was the Dreadfort whore then, and I didn't know... didn't know that's what he was. Gods..." The full weight of his stupidity hit him and he gave a groan, reaching for more wine. He didn't know why he was telling this all to Jaime, but Jaime seemed the only person likely to give him an ounce of sympathy right now, "I 'rescued' him from my father. He was acting all scared and soft and beautiful. We slept together in a tent, most amazing damn night of my life and the next morning? Gone." He finished the wine and put the goblet down, making a face. "Urg, too early for drinking. Rescued him from the prisons in Harrenhall as well. Didn't even get a hand-job out of it. Just got told off for sleeping with my other whore. Huh."

Jaime shrugged, “He’s a spy...” he said very quietly. “Has to be good at what he does... I couldn’t do it.” Jaime held back a shudder as he remembered that scene in the baths with Locke. He certainly couldn’t have willingly thrown himself at that man, kept him happy and participated in – that. For what, the good of the realm? What was more important than castles or gold? Jaime watched Sebastian reproachfully, “You’re very selfish, aren’t you?” He wasn’t a very empathetic person but for a moment he tried to imagine that he was in Sebastian’s place and it was Cersei that
had been – hurt, like that. He would have saved her, of course he would. Not that she’d likely require all that much assistance, she’d have ripped Locke’s prick off and strangled him with his own intensities. But after… Jaime wouldn’t have touched her, not until she wanted him.

"Yep!" Sebastian replied happily, pushing back the bench and standing up. "Selfish, stupid, useless, go for it. Now my father's passed away someone has to. I'll be heading out to the tavern this evening - the one with the chain hanging over the door. I intend to drink myself as close to death as I can manage, and you look like a man who feels he needs the same. Join me if you want. We can hit a brothel afterwards and try and get one of my fathers at least vaguely proud of me." He gave Jaime an ironic bow and staggered off.

Chapter End Notes

TW: Invasive medical examination, having an audience for said examination, discussions of homophobia
For some reason that escaped Jaime he did end up meeting the boy at the tavern that evening. Maybe it was because he also wanted to get drunk but didn’t want to do it alone, or because he felt something of a kinship to the boy but Jaime met him at the tavern and they did get spectacularly drunk. Too drunk to go to the brothel like Sebastian planned, so Jaime grabbed his arm and brought him back to the castle. The boy was too drunk to tell him where he was staying, he just kept saying “homes homes home” so Jaime took him back to his rooms. Finally after much huffing and groaning he dumped the boy on the bed and almost tripped himself. He hadn’t had that much to drink in a long time. “Fuck’s sake, keep still. You’re going to break something. Keep it down!” Jaime hissed as he clutched the bed post with his good hand and tried to keep upright.

Sebastian hadn't really expected Jaime to turn up, but was pleasantly surprised when he did - managing a civil conversation that got steadily more slurred and less coherent as the time went by. By the end of it, there was no way they would have been allowed in a brothel even if Sebastian had felt able to get to one, and he found himself being dragged along by Jaime while trying to sing the "Rains of Castamere’ and giggling as Jaime told him to shut up before a Martell heard. He collapsed onto Jaime's bed, laughing and tugging Jaime over with him, "C-can't keep still. Y-you're fucking room is moving too much. Oh godddddsss... can't remember las-time I drunk like that." He giggled again, "Hushush. Or we'll get gutted by a Martell. Heh."

“Brat…” Jaime hissed as Sebastian tugged him over onto the bed and he had to roll over to avoid landing directly on top of him. He groaned in agreement as the room spun from moving too quickly. “You’re going to be so sick tomorrow…” Jaime would be feeling it too, gods. Oh well, he was in a good mood right now – well, better than he had been anyway, and he wasn’t going to let his impending hangover ruin it.

"Sick as a Lord... heh heh." Sebastian rolled over onto his stomach, giving Jaime an infectious grin, "'M a Lord now though, now he's gone. Lord Moran. Gotta castle an everything... Don' wanna go there though. Ramsay's dogs. Fuck I hate Ramsay...” His hand slid down at the thought of the boy, Ramsay's killer smile, his easy violence. The way he'd laughed while whipping Sebastian's cock and balls with the fire-leaf. He sniffled a bit, his hand finding his cock, wriggling a little ashamed on top of it. "Let's think of happier things, yeah? Um..." Gods he was horny now. And lying here next to a beautiful man wasn't helping. "Well I think your lady is a complete idiot." He announced eventually. "You’re still strong, brave, 'n handsome. Look at you."

“Congratu-fucking-lations,” Jaime muttered, irritated at the reminder than he’d been officially disowned and didn’t have a title or lands. This kid had more than he did. And what had he given it away for? A woman who didn’t want him anymore, now that he was defective. He turned and smacked Sebastian hard upside the head for insulting Cersei—of course he didn’t know that he was insulting the queen. Or maybe he did, everyone seemed to know their fucking secret now. He sighed and looked up at the ceiling, completely oblivious to Sebastian touching himself. “’M not. Can’t fight. I’m famous for stabbing a man in the back, I’m not brave. And I’m over forty now – got scars on my face… not handsome. Just broken.” He scowled gloomily at the ceiling, wishing he was in bed with Cersei instead of this boy, starting to wonder how he’d be received—he could go to her room right now…
Sebastian gave a bit of a moan as Jaime slapped him, his cock jumping hard into his hand, which scrabbled down under his trousers, "Uhh... women think scars are sexy, y'know. Yer still handsome, still rich, still... fuck I'd take you, 'f I was a woman." He shook his head as he practically saw the thoughts crystalising in Jaime's head, "Nooooo... oh no you don't. You could go to her, I could go to him, and you know, you know, we'd both end up thrown out in disgust. Sides, I'll fall over if I try to stand. 'M happy just here." He curled up around his hand, eyes dilating a little, rather pleased Jaime hadn't noticed. The last thing he wanted was to be thrown out of the bed in disgust. "Men older than you remarry..." he smirked, "Or are you not... capable any more, old man."

Jaime made the mistake of rolling his eyes, “thanks so much…” and groaned as the movement sent off a round of dizziness. He could tell the boy was enamored with him, Jaime had told plenty of war stories at the tavern and the boy ate it up. “Never getting married… I’m disowned, I’m part of the King’s Guard… can’t marry. Doesn’t matter if I’m fucking capable or not, not like it does me any good.”

Sebastian smirked, slowing down on the cock-stroking front but still lazily fistimg himself down his trousers, "Wait till you're sober then and go get a whore or something. Fuck I don't know. Or have a wank." He closed his eyes, imagining Jim back in the rich Southern clothes, sitting up on a wall, smirking, with Sebastian's face burried in his skirts again and gave a dizzy little groan, "Course it matters if you're capable. Makes a huge difference. And disowned only matters for rich important fancy marriages. You could find some little lady with a merchant father. Or go to Lys... I hear they make them pretty there." He ended sourly.

"Don’t want a whore. Could have had your Harren-whore… a few times. Don’t want him either.” Jaime groaned and rolled onto his side and curled up some, feeling pretty sick and now he was miserable and drunk too. Why had he thought this was a good idea?

"Why didn't you want him...?" Sebastian was momentarily offended, but calmed down as he realised how miserable Jaime was. The man had curled up to face him, and looked a lot more miserable now the alcohol was gone. Hesitantly, he reached forward, patting over Jaime's crotch and giving a grin, "Go on. Think of her. Pretend you went to her quarters and she welcomed you with open arms and open legs..." His hand gently stroked at the bulge under Jaime's trousers. "Not like your father'll ever find out."

Jaime closed his eyes but scowled at the question, “b’cause the first time he looked about five… didn’t even come up to my hip he was so small. Then he was in Harrenhall and bleeding and he’d already been half drowned. Was hardly going to take him after Locke raped him. Besides, I don’t have a taste for men.” Jaime finally thought to tack on at the end. His breath caught a little as the boy tentatively reached out and fondled at his cock through his trousers. The fantasy was everything Jaime wanted and he was drunk enough that the hand on him could be confused for Cersei if he closed his eyes. “Mmmm…” He sighed, starting to relax and feeling a little less sick now that he had another sensation to focus on.

Sebastian gave a shudder at the images Jaime painted - small Jim, trapped and scared. Jim after being beaten and worse by Locke in Harrenhall. Quickly he banished the images, replacing them with the man in front of him. He wasn't Jim, true, but Jim was unobtainable now, and Sebastian thought that for tonight at least, he should move on. He pushed himself a little closer, one hand stroking his own cock, while the other worked on Jaime's, rubbing it until it was fully hard before sliding his hand inside. "Imagine she's wearing her most beautiful dress..." he muttered, his fantasy now changing to himself in a dress, Jaime pushing his skirts up insistently, "She's begging you to join her in bed, pouring out how much she wants you..."

Jaime gave and little gasp and worked his hips so he could press his cock harder against that warm
hand. The fantasy was a little ridiculous, out of character for Cersei – but his Cersei didn’t want him anymore so maybe it was better like that. Jaime gave a deep groan and worked his hand through the boy’s hair… maybe it was the wine or the fantasy but he thought the texture of his hair was similar to Cersei’s.

Sebastian gave a little moan as Jaime's hand worked at his hair, stroking harder at his cock and then giving a small experimental lick to the tip, "She ever do this for you?" He whispered, slightly horse, "It feels good..." he licked again, before Jaime told him to stop, one hand still fisting hard between his legs, slightly annoyed that the amount of wine he’d drunk was having a serious effect on how he could keep himself hard. Reaching back he tugged his trousers down over the curve of his arse, licking at Jaime's inner thigh to turn himself on a little more.

Jaime uncurled and rolled onto his back so that Sebastian could have easier access to his cock… it felt good. He groaned again when the boy asked if Cersei ever had her mouth on him… of course she had, so many times… the memories blurred together in a happy little whirlwind in his drunk mind. Sebastian’s tongue was enthusiastic but… inexperienced somehow. That realization pulled Jaime from the memories slightly – fuck, how old was this one? Old enough, certainly, but Jaime wasn’t all that young anymore… and he was a he, true Jaime wasn’t touching him and he was less bothered by it now that he was so spectacularly drunk but – he just wasn’t Cersei.

Sebastian crawled over his legs as Jaime rolled over, starting to lick and suck at his cock, moaning quietly. Jaime's body was so different from Jim's - older, leaner, muscle where Jim had been soft, tanned and scarred where Jim had been pale. He nuzzled at Jaime's inner thigh, and licked him again, frustrated that the man didn't seem to be getting any harder, or getting hugely more enthusiastic, instead he was touching him even less, and starting to look even worse. Giving a whine Sebastian tried to deep-throat, choking instead and pulling away, fisting Jaime's cock, "Oh fuck... I really am shite at this aren't I..."

Jaime found himself wilting in the boy’s hand and he started to push him off, he didn’t like that he was on top of him. “Stop, that’s enough. This is a mistake – it’s not your fault, I… don’t like men.” Or anyone other than Cersei apparently.

"Oh fuck you..." Sebastian spat at him in irritation, annoyed that he seemed to now be undesirable for anyone. "Of course it's a mistake - that's the only way anyone does ever try to fuck me isn't it? Either I'm being used or it's a mistake... clearly..." he remembered Ramsay's bored look when he'd finished, his father barking at him to stay still and he suddenly felt ill, lashing out to disguise it. "You think you're the dogs-fucking-bollocks, don't you. Oh you go on about how useless you are, but too useless even for me apparently. No wonder your lady doesn't want you, you're a worthless, dried up, miserable cunt with one hand and an - oww!" He gave a yelp as Jaime knocked him down with his good hand, spinning him off the bed with a thump. Snarling, he scrambled back up with a shouted, "Fuck you," groping for Jaime's cock and missing, sprawling over him and nuzzling into his chest for a second while Jaime tried to dislodge him and then turning with a jump as the door crashed back.

Tywin had heard the drunken singing as he walked down the hall and he spied… his son half carrying a young man in the direction of his chambers. He’d continued on to his destination, trying to put what he’d seen out of his mind, but then on his way back he passed by Jaime’s door and heard noises. Tywin slammed the door open and watched in disgust as the naked boy wrestled with his son on the bed. “Jaime Lannister!” Tywin snapped out. He paused for a moment to collect himself, “I can see that my decision to disown you was the right one. The only thing worse than seeing my castle and title go to my lecherous bastard dwarf of a son would be seeing it go to a cock sucker. I should have the other hand cut off, see if that doesn’t teach you anything. You’ve done enough to shame this family, I won’t have you continue on like this.” Tywin grabbed Sebastian’s
trousers and threw them at the boy’s head. “Get out. You-“ Tywin stopped a passing servant, “Make sure that this boy is settled somewhere else I don’t care. Just get him out of here.”

Sebastian looked up in amazement as Tywin appeared, grabbing at his clothes and snatching them away. He didn't have his own pride to salvage, but he managed to indicate Jaime's limp cock with a sneer. "Calm yourself down, Ser... oh fuck I’m gonna be sick... I came home with him for more wine and tried to jump him. He didn't want it. Wanker..." Sebastian was starting to feel infinitely more sorry for himself, and from the glare in Tywin's eyes suspected that he might be about to lose more than just his pride. "'M Lord Sebastian Moran..." he mumbled, in case his title helped preserve whichever part of him Tywin was keen on cutting off, and then he collapsed forward in the servant's grip and threw up all over the floor.

Tywin’s eyes widened, he remembered the Moran name, even though they were a lesser house... he remembered his – brief – affair with that Moran woman... it was after his wife had died. Her husband had been away and—seven hells. Tywin grabbed the brat by his hair, yellow hair, and glared into his face, scrutinizing. He was fairly sure of it now that he’d had a good look… this boy was his son. “Well, Lord Moran you can find somewhere to sleep it off. If I catch you in bed with my son again I’ll have you both castrated, is that clear?” He looked up at the fairly disgusted servant who was trying to hold Sebastian up and avoid the sick on the floor in the hall. “Take him away.” He ordered before turning to Jaime, “…We’ll be discussing this tomorrow. Go to sleep.” Before he slammed the door and walked away.

The servant dragged him away and although Sebastian knew that going to Varys quarters was bound to be noticed, and commented on, and cause all sorts of problems, he muttered. "I want to see Brooke from Lys studying old Scrollian from Valaria," desperately trying not to be sick again. He wasn't entirely sure what had just happened with the interruption, but he certainly was beginning to form some nasty suspicions. On the other hand he was still alive, although that seemed to be the only positive he could find at the moment. The servant helped him up a flight of stairs and knocked politely on a door, and Sebastian fell straight through it as soon as it opened and muttered, "I think I just tried to give my brother a blowjob..." before throwing up again.

Jim had been hunched over one of the new books Varys had lent him, enjoying his freedom to read and have his own space when he heard a knock at the door. He frowned and drew his dressing gown tighter around him as he opened the door and was promptly bowled over by a body crashing into him. Jim snagged out a hand and managed to keep himself from falling to the floor, the other body wasn’t so lucky. Jim was about to thrash the man when he looked down and realized it was Sebastian. And apparently he’d tried to suck off Jaime Lannister. Then he got sick and Jim wrinkled his nose, upset at the smell. “Thank you for bringing him to me, here.” Jim addressed the servant and gave them a coin for their trouble. Jim shut the door tightly before bolting it closed and sighed, looking down at the man sprawled out at his feet. “Can you get yourself into bed?” Jim asked and he bent over and started to try and tug Sebastian to his feet. Jim wanted to be angry, he had many reasons to be, but Sebastian looked pathetic and he’d just heard the news about his father today… Jim would wait to yell at him until the morning.

Sebastian staggered upright with a moan, clinging onto Jim and pawing at his clothes, "Miiised you, fucking - missed you so much. Oh gods... wanted to tug your dress up... but he got mine up... wanted... wanted to make you... fuck, oh fuck..." He retched but managed to keep it in, head spinning as he saw a bed and, still grabbing Jim, headed to it, trying to tug Jim in with him, "Gave him a hand job an- he shrunk. 'S not meant to do that. Fucking, come on in here, wanna fuck you, c'mon..." He was stronger than Jim but also currently in no state to be tugging anyone anywhere.

Jim could hardly make sense of what Sebastian was saying, he got bits and pieces – Sebastian had missed him in the… twelve hours since he’d last seen him. He’d missed him a lot apparently.
Sebastian started tugging at his clothes and Jim let him until he somehow managed to get the shoulder of his dressing gown off. That came too close to showing the scars on his back and Jim tugged the material into place again. “What am I going to do with you?” Jim asked rhetorically as he situated Sebastian in the bed. “I’d be surprised if you could even get hard like this… besides I’m not meant to get bugged for another week at least.” Jim was still sore and wasn’t interested in having anything up his arse in the near future. Sebastian pulled and tugged at him and Jim finally acquiesced, crawling into bed with him. “If you vomit on me I’ll break your nose.” Jim cautioned before settling next to Sebastian’s side. “You’ll be scrubbing my room from top to bottom tomorrow as it is…” Somehow Sebastian had lost his shirt and Jim rolled his eyes before tentatively settling his arm across the bare skin of his chest. He really shouldn’t be encouraging this but Sebastian was drunk and reacting on instinct and he’d be unhappy until he thought Jim would give him attention. That’s what he told himself anyway. Jim’s feelings were a mixed thing and he hadn’t had much time to evaluate them until very recently… Sebastian was a mark, Jim had used him, was still using him – but that wasn’t entirely it, either. Jim wasn’t sure what else there was to it, only that he didn’t want to see Sebastian hurt, he wouldn’t feel pleasure to hear he’d been mauled by dogs like Moran. Whatever he felt was complicated by Varys and this new job he was doing, Jim couldn’t afford any weaknesses and Sebastian was a weakness of epic proportions. He could get around that though. What he wasn’t sure he could get around was this – block he felt ever since he’d been freed from the cells. Jim didn’t experience desire himself, everything he did sexually was to manipulate the other person. Jim wanted what his customer or mark wanted, it was that simple. However, since he’d left the cells that barrier he normally kept up was shattered. Jim didn’t feel like he could casually let Sebastian fuck him and then walk away unscathed, he didn’t think he could participate and separate everything. Ultimately Jim was very very good at compartmentalizing. What happened in the dungeons had been like taking every chest he stored things in and dumping all of the contents from all the chests into a big messy pile and then expecting to be able to function just as well. It wasn’t realistic. Jim shied away from the thought that he was a mess – he had everything in order, he was doing well. But the thought of having sex with Sebastian, with anyone left him feeling uncertain for the first time since he was a child. He didn’t know what would happen – how he would react, if he could maintain control and not do something embarrassing. Until he knew for sure, he would be worried about fucking anyone. He thought that maybe if he treated it like a job, like he needed to do this to keep Sebastian’s loyalty, which probably wasn’t all that far from the truth, and that’s all it was… he thought that might help. This would be difficult enough without involving the new complicated feelings he’d developed. Jim trailed his hand up and down the bare skin of the boy’s chest, lightly tickling Sebastian’s flesh with his fingertips – testing the waters.

"Wanna fuuuuuck..." Seb whined, turning and wrapping his arms around Jim's slender body and then pretty much passing out on the pillow. He'd had too much to drink and everything spun around unpleasantly before his body decided that it was done for the day. Very soon after he started to snore.

The morning crashed into Sebastian's consciousness with a shaft of bright light that made him roll over and tug the blankets over his head, momentarily realising that they were in fact new blankets and he had no idea where he was. Hadn't he had sex with someone? Someone had shouted at him. He groaned and closed his eyes, resolutely determined to stay asleep, particularly if he was in a stranger’s bedroom.

Jim had eventually fallen asleep with Sebastian’s arms tight around him like he thought Jim was going to go somewhere. He didn’t sleep well, his dreams were – unpleasant. Sebastian woke him in the morning when he groaned, probably because of his hangover, and he rolled over, practically on top of Jim as he tugged the covers around them. “Morning princess,” Jim muttered quietly, still half
asleep himself. He was perfectly happy to go right back to sleep.

Sebastian gave a happy little moan to hear Jim's voice and wrapped arms back around him, drawing Jim into his warm nest of blankets and furs, "I dreamt you had to go again, an pretend to be a spy…" he murmured sleepily and happily in Jim's ear, before drifting off again.

Jim frowned unhappily as he dozed off again, he wasn't pretending. He was a spy. He was warm and comfortable and he felt back asleep pressed against Sebastian’s chest. Jim didn’t wake until an hour later when a coughing fit hit him. He reached for the side table where he’d left a glass of water and he drank from it, but it was still almost a full minute before he was able to quiet again and breathe normally. The fits left him tired and drained and Jim just rested for a few moments on the pillows, feeling a bit pathetic.

Sebastian gave an unhappy little moan as Jim had a fit of coughing next to him, reaching for him again once he'd finished and flopping arms around him. The events of the night before were starting to come back - had he really drunk that much? And talked about battles and fighting - with a man who now he thought about it was almost certainly Jaime Lannister, the Kingslayer, and technically his half-brother. "I need to practice with the long bow." He whimpered into Jim's side, followed with "I'm so pathetic gods, what must he have thought of me...

Jim closed his eyes and relaxed as Sebastian pulled him back under the warm covers. “Who, Jaime?” He asked sleepily. “Dunno… he’s seen me at my most pathetic too. Maybe he has a gift for it?” Jim grimaced a little and unconsciously cuddled closer into Sebastian’s side, not wanting to think about any of that when he was happy and warm.

"Ah well..." Sebastian hugged tight as Jim cuddled in close to him, pleased that he seemed to be welcomed. He could do this, he decided, if he got to spent time in bed with Jim in between the times in King's Landing. "Missed you last night..." he murmured, nuzzling Jim's neck. "Kept thinking of you in one of those posh long dresses rucked up round your waist, with me giving you a blowjob underneath." It was a fantasy worth sharing. "Or open shirts and tight little trousers that I could tug down from behind, all on warm grass and courtyards. The North is shite compared to here."

“Yeah, I know you missed me… that’s how you ended up here, moron.” The words were still sleepy and didn't have much heat. Jim hummed happily, as Sebastian shared his fantasies and opened his eyes to watch him. Last night Jim had been interrupted but maybe he could try now… He was just afraid of doing this prematurely and humiliating himself by finding out he wasn’t ready. “I agree,” He murmured and traced his fingertips down Sebastian’s chest and abs until he found the waistband of his trousers and stroked Sebastian’s cock lightly through the material, just enough to be a tease. He’d start slow and hopefully if he hit a snag then Jim would be able to change gears fast enough that Sebastian wouldn’t notice.

"Mmm..." Sebastian was just starting to remember, sadly, that Jim no longer wanted him and he was alone when suddenly he felt Jim’s fingers ghosting over his cock. And in a rush he suddenly found he was angry, startlingly, miserably angry. Reaching down he grabbed Jim's fingers, crushing them and scowling at him, "Fool me once, shame on you. But you won't catch me twice. Get your hands away from me, if you touch me again I'll break your wrist, and try explaining that to your fancy Varys..." Giving a sneer he tugged Jim's hand up and then pushed himself upright, sitting up and clutching his head. "Is that how easy you think I am? Is that how easy I actually am? Seven gods - I think Lord Tywin saw us."

Jim whimpered in pain as Sebastian surprised him and crushed his fingers in his grip. He gaped a little at Sebastian, he hadn’t expected that reaction at all. He knew Sebastian was angry at him but
the man had still taken every opportunity to try and bed him or – at least mention wanting to, since he’d pulled Jim from the cells. What was going on? “I’m – I’m not fooling you. There’s nothing of yours that I want, you’ve not got any secrets and I’ve no use for your lands or money.” Jim sat up, prickly and a little raw from the violent unexpected rejection. “If you don’t want me I understand.” He got up quickly and grabbed a set of robes before stepping behind a partition and changing. Jim wasn’t comfortable with anyone seeing his back.

Sebastian watched him as he went to change, part of him feeling defiant while the rest felt stupid. "Not fooling me? Oh, so you really do want to sleep with me? I'm not just another mark?" He asked challengingly, then flopped back into the bed with a sigh. "You're someone else now. Brooke from Lys. Varys' protégé. You convinced my father you wanted him, you convinced me you wanted me, hell you even convinced Locke, he raved about you. I've hurt myself enough falling for that, and last night I made a spectacular fool of myself because of it. Now I've got one father who's dead and another who probably wishes I'd joined him. We should keep away from each other, or your clever games will blow up spectacularly in your face."

Jim glared at the floor from behind the partition, feeling angry. “I’m not a whore anymore, I’ve not got any marks. I can’t work anymore, you’re probably the only person in the whole city that would fuck me now — but apparently even you won’t touch me. I hope you’re fucking pleased with yourself.” Sebastian could rub the men he’d been with in his face if he wanted to, Jim wouldn’t be able to do that stuff anymore and he was still bitter about it even though Varys had found him a new purpose. “I’ve always been his protégé, that’s nothing new. This is who I am, how different am I really from the person you knew?” Jim finished dressing angrily and stepped out from behind the screen. “Don’t worry, I’m not about to waste everything I’ve built for myself on a bastard from the north. If we’re meant to keep away from each other then you can get the fuck out of my rooms.” Jim sneered and he hurt, he hadn’t expected a rejection and it stung badly along with everything else.

Sebastian blinked at him uncertainly, then pushed himself out of bed. He was still dressed, although his clothes were wrinkled and slightly stained. "If I could believe that - if I could really believe that - I'd do more than just touch you." He replied in a low voice. "You're completely different to the person I knew, because the person I knew was someone you invented for me to fall for. I don't fucking know you at all. Here I am; lost, drunk, alone, fatherless, in a foreign city where everyone speaks strangely, to find you have friends, and aid, and speak strangely along with them." He stumbled towards the door, opening it and almost falling over Varys, who'd been just about to knock. "There you go, I'll leave you with him. You won't waste anything - you'll build yourself a whole empire here, gods knows you're clever enough." With that he stumbled off and Varys looked at Jim a little sharply, "What was that?"

Jim immediately covered his anger and hurt with blankness, it showed what a bad morning he was having that he couldn’t pull off anything better than ‘blank.’ He continued to pull his things together, aware that Varys would want him ready to go wherever he’d come to fetch Jim to. “Lord Moran… was intoxicated last night, apparently he went to bed with Jaime Lannister and Lord Tywin – walked in on them. I’m not sure what the full story was, he wasn’t making a lot of sense.”

"That would explain why Lord Tywin is in a towering rage this morning, although he's doing his best to hide it." Varys looked at Jim even more sharply, well aware that there was more here than Jim was letting on. "Did he hurt you? Threaten you? It would be easy enough to have him removed. It might even be beneficial. After all he's of no consequence - a small northern house, no other relatives who care much for him. An incident would be easy to arrange."

Jim dropped his eyes and folded his hands, Varys owned Jim – or Jim owed him so much that it amounted to the same thing. He knew better than to attempt to hide anything from the man. The
moment Varys thought Jim was willing to hide something from him was the moment Varys set up an ‘incident’ for Jim. “Sebastian came to my room last night and fell asleep. This morning I – made advances on him, he seemed vulnerable and it was a good opportunity. He hurt my hand but nothing is broken. He threatened to break my wrist if I touched him again. Sebastian is wary of me because of our previous – dalliance. I don’t believe he needs to be removed, sir. If he becomes too troublesome it would be just as easy to send him back north… we have fewer allies there and it would be remiss of us to dispose of Lord Moran when Bolton will only install someone who is loyal to him in Sebastian’s place.”

"He can’t go back up North, not unless he wants to wade through a whole host of Ironborn to get up there." Varys hesitated, then nodded. "Yes, at the moment I'd rather have people you can control around, rather than people you can't - or rather, people you haven't yet tried to." He gave Jim a gentle smile. "Get up and ready, I need you to visit the Dornish group, and if possible find a handle on Oberyn Martell. Keep away from Lord Moran. The Lannisters can sort their own out, goodness knows we're having enough trouble..." He hesitated, "And, if you can, please keep Martell away from the young Tyrell knight. Things are complicated enough without them both deciding that they hate the Lannisters enough to do something rash."

“Yes Lord Varys,” Jim stepped in front of the glass hanging on his wall to check over his appearance before he left. “Where can I find Lord Martell and what should my angle be… A Dornishman is more likely to be able to spot a fake Lysene due to their geographical proximity.”

Varys stepped forward, standing behind him and stroking his shoulders. "He'll know you're a fake - he'll delight in telling you. As soon as he does, drop the act and turn mischievous. Ser Martell is so very clever to notice - not even Lord Varys has noticed yet! You've really been sent by the lords of the Vale to spy on the Lannisters. Oberyn doesn't care about the Vale. Very few people do. But he will enjoy having his ego stroked. And indeed, other parts of him stroked." He turned Jim around and looked seriously into his eyes. "And please, do whatever you need to to get over this silly little crush you have on Lord Moran. We both know that it's a grave mistake and a huge liability. He saved your life, you were very vulnerable, it's not unexpected. But it needs to be crushed as quickly as possible."

Jim looked at Varys, trying to hide his alarm. “Lord Martell will not want me. I don’t believe that I can – perform to standards. The Maester told me that I should wait another week, I'm still damaged.” If Varys still wanted him to do it, Jim would, regardless of his personal feelings on the matter, but he wanted Varys to make an informed decision and that meant telling him that Jim wasn’t sure he was ready. He flushed lightly with humiliation when Varys pointed out Jim’s feelings. He didn’t have a crush. He did feel – an attachment, that was wholly inappropriate of course, but his feelings didn’t go so far as to be romantic. “Yes Lord Varys, I understand.”

Varys shook his head, "My dear boy, you are far too used to jumping in to bed with people. Martell is no Ramsay Snow. He has no interest in hurting people. And you have no need to get straight into his trousers. Seduce his mind, not his cock. Seduce his ego. I've no doubt you'll eventually sleep with him - he's a beautiful man and it'll do you good, I'm sure. But certainly not in the next week. Interest him. Make him chase you, make him wait for you, make him hunt you." His hands grazed over the bite marks from the dogs and he gave a little shudder, "Possibly a bad choice of words. But you need to learn to seduce men in ways other than presenting your backside, and Oberyn Martell is a good one to practice on. As long as you don't mention any Lannister sympathies, or irritate the man too much, he won't want to hurt you."

Jim’s mouth twisted up at the corners when Varys’ hand brushed his scars, “I will do everything that I can to adhere to your instructions.” Varys’ hands were deceptively intimate and gentle on his skin. “Why did you never want me? I offered myself – many times. Why did you always push me
away?” Jim’s voice was dull and controlled, there was no hurt or anger or even curiosity in his tone.

Varys looked at him, with a slight expression of exasperated pity. "Your childhood and mine... shared similarities. Both abandoned, both turning to the streets, both letting men use us. There's one difference you've never understood - I simply never wanted it. My mind and body do not crave sexual contact or romantic touches. I can recognise beauty when I see it, and understand attraction, and how it makes men's heads turn, sometimes too far. But I've always found it a distraction." He gave a little smile and then motioned Jim towards the door. "It'll never be like that for you - but you should see it as one weapon in an arsenal of many tools. You've overused it, as it's been far too easy for you - so beautiful and sexual. Now you'll have to work on your other talents."

Jim nodded and headed towards the door, all he wanted was to be considered valuable. Normally that meant ‘fuckable.’ With Varys he just had to try and understand that his worth was in his other abilities. The thing was, and it was very easy to see why Varys misunderstood this, Jim didn’t crave sexual contact. He never had, but he could understand how by watching him it might not come across that way. Jim was very good at what he did. He thought that – he might be able to feel that, for Sebastian at some point, but he’d never have the opportunity to find out and Jim thought that was better. He wanted sex to remain a bargaining tool and something to manipulate others with, his position would be in jeopardy if he ever let it become more than that. “I… understand. Thank you.” Jim gave a little bow and left Varys and the room behind, still frowning from the conflict and worry he felt in his gut. Things were moving and Jim could only hope that the last week had been enough to heal him both physically and psychologically. He couldn’t afford to fuck this up, a man like Oberyn Martell would not hesitate to kill Jim if he felt he was a threat.

Chapter End Notes

TW: incest
Oberyn had travelled before; in Essos, around Dorne, even up North, but King's Landing was an education. He wasn't used to paying so much for sex - beautiful men and beautiful women were more than happy to fall in bed with a Prince. Still, the experience wasn't exactly unpleasant, even if it was costing him. The women were from a variety of backgrounds, and he loved sharing the different exotic hues and tastes with Ellaria. And the boy - Olyvar - might be a hugely expensive investment, but he knew tricks and games that they really hadn't back in Dorne. Right now he was experiencing several of those tricks while buried prick deep in the boy, with one of the girls beautifully draped over him while tight little muscles milked and squeezed his cock in beautiful ways. It was only half a distraction when the door opened, and a pretty little boy was introduced. Oberyn beckoned for him to come forwards, giving a deep thrust of his hips that caused a gorgeous and most probably faked moan from deep in the sheets. "Yes? Can't you see I'm busy?" He looked the boy over and his lip twitched. Glancing over at Ellaria - currently lying back watching him with another girl’s fingers causing her to wet the sheets below he saw her nod, also looking over the young man. Smirking, he extended a hand, "Come here. What is it you want?" In Dorne, such a man would be added very quickly to the mix. Here in King's Landing, he was rather expecting the boy to do something gorgeous like squirm or blush.

Jim did both, making sure to keep his eyes on the ground as he let his face heat up. He wasn’t embarrassed, obviously – he’d worked at this exact brothel for years, but Oberyn wasn’t to know that he was a whore. He was meant to figure out that he was a spy, but never a whore. So he flushed up to his pierced ears and kept his eyes on the ground while he squirmed slightly, like he was trying to hide it. “Lord Oberyn… your grace. I was told I could find you here.” Jim had grimaced a little when he found out where exactly he was expected to search for Oberyn, he was unlikely to be recognized especially now that Baelish had left for the Vale, but it was still unpleasant being back here. “My name is Brooke, I am sorry to interrupt – Lord Varys has invited you to join him for dinner in his quarters. He wishes to welcome you to the capital.” Jim spoke with a perfect accent, even knowing that Oberyn would work out that he wasn’t from Lys, there was no reason he should make it easy on the man. Jim enjoyed a challenge.

Olyvar rolled his eyes as a young man appeared, then frowned, lifting his head and managing a quick peek before Oberyn gently but firmly pushed his head back down again. The boy’s blushed were truly delicious, covering his pale skin and a delicate little body that Oberyn itched to see more of. "The Master of Whispers wishes to see me for dinner?" Pushing himself out of Olyvar he gave the beautiful, full arse a quick little slap and came over, fully naked and unashamed, standing in front of Jim and grinning, "Oh, I don't know. Will you be at this dinner in Lord Whisperer's quarters? Have you ever eaten dinner with a prince before?" Ellaria gave a short breathless little laugh as she heard the old line coming out again. Oberyn thought his status and looks made it possible to get anyone into bed with him. Irritatingly, he was usually right.

Jim glanced up when he heard the slap, almost startling at the noise before he managed to catch himself. Fuck’s sake. Jim didn’t need to be nervous. Oberyn was… intimidating, even for someone like Jim who had been with many men. He’d never met anyone who was so comfortable and effortlessly powerful and sexual. Jim had to admit the combination was attractive, but that didn’t stop him from having nerves. This was his first job since Harrenhall and he couldn’t afford to make
any mistakes while Varys was testing his usefulness. Oberyn stood in front of Jim and suddenly it was a lot more polite to have his eyes up than down where they were. Jim watched Oberyn’s face for the first time, assessing him. He had a strong face. Jim let a little bit of the nebulous attraction and nerves show on his face. *Let them think they are winning you over against your will.* “Yes, Lord Oberyn. I am Lord Varys’ guest, I’ve been working to translate some scrolls for him.” He glanced down automatically before he got an eyeful and his eyes shot up again, “No, your grace. I haven’t…”

"Oh? Well this will be a new experience for you then." Oberyn smirked, and behind him Olyvar lifted his head, looking at Jim again curiously. The young man seemed halfway familiar, but Olyvar genuinely couldn't place him. One of Varys's little birds perhaps? Someone he'd worked for... or with... He was almost there when Oberyn moved, reaching up to gently slide the robes off the young man's shoulder, "Are there other things you have never done with a Prince? Things they maybe... don't do in King's Landing. Would you like to join us? I am happy to pay for you, if a place like this is out of your league?" The robes slid off one side of Jim's shoulder, and Oberyn moved his hand to the other shoulder, inching the material away. "You might enjoy it. No... you will enjoy it."

Jim froze over when Oberyn started to undress him, panic easing in quickly like the tide. He knew that Oberyn had to see his body, but Jim had to make sure that he wanted Jim first, or Oberyn would never fuck him when his body looked like this. He clutched the material of his robe tightly, not willing to show anymore skin. As it was he knew a thin scar stretched across his shoulder and could be seen. Jim breathed the tension out and smiled as he pulled his robe back up into place quickly. “I’m terribly sorry your grace, I’ll have to decline your generous offer. Varys keeps me on a tight leash and I’m afraid that the notion of pleasure is rather lost on him.” Jim immediately felt bad for saying it but Varys would hardly be offended, especially since it helped establish Jim on Oberyn’s side against Varys. It was an important move. He trailed his fingertips lightly over the tough skin on the back of Oberyn’s hand where it still clutched the material of Jim’s robe.

"That is a pity..." Oberyn gave him a little smirking smile and Olyvar hastily stood up. He wasn’t sure whether Oberyn would continue to flirt, or whether the boy would continue to resist, but he suddenly remembered who this was. Jim - the hot little whore who Baelish had trained around the same time as himself. Jim was a whore, who knew why he was here, but in all probability he’d come to seduce Oberyn. And, being used to King's Landing, probably assumed that playing hard to get was his best chance. Olyvar, however, knew enough about Oberyn to know that if the boy played too hard Oberyn would simply shrug and let him go. Feeling generous, not to mention curious, he walked behind Jim and gave him a little pinch, before unexpectedly tugging down the back of his robes, "Come on... we could make it - ah hell!" He froze at the sight of Jim's back, unable to stop his face twisting as he stepped away.

Jim gasped as the material was tugged away from his skin and his breath caught in his throat and triggered a coughing fit. *Fuck!* He’d forgotten to take the draught this morning what with Sebastian and Varys and - *fuck!* Jim quickly pulled up his robes again, trying to hide his back as much as he could from Oberyn as he tried to get control over the coughing. His eyes watered as he turned furiously on the stupid whore who should have *known* better than to undress a potential client without permission. He froze though as he recognized Olyvar first – they’d worked together, pretty often. They’d been – close. Secondly, he recognized the look of repulsion on his face, the same as Maester Wyttson and Sebastian and – oh fuck Jim couldn’t do this. He wanted to slink away, tell Varys that he hadn’t been exaggerating when he said he couldn’t do this work anymore. Varys hadn’t seen the marks himself, maybe he thought Mycroft had been exaggerating – whatever it was, Jim was out of his depth now.

Oberyn frowned at Olyvar as Jim panicked, waiting until he could breathe, before stepping closer,
looking concerned. It didn't really occur to him that crowding Jim with naked men might not be the
best idea and he patted Jim's clothes straight. "Leave our guest alone. Please reassure your master
Varys that I will be more than happy to receive him."

Olyvar tugged out a wrap and covered himself before putting an arm around Jim's shoulders and
quickly hustling him out. Once the door was shut behind them he gave Jim a confused sort of look,
"What are you doing back here? Oberyn doesn't fall for that 'oh please no!' routine. They do things
differently in Dorne. And hands off the Tyrell, I've been working on him for the last year..." He
hesitated as he realised Jim was close to hyperventilating. "Are you alright?"

Jim gave a little groan and nodded, ducking his head down. "'M fine. I'm not going to be taking
any of your clients – Tyrell only likes the pretty ones, you know that." Jim started tugging at his
earrings irritably, torn between anger and anxiety. "I've got to tug Martell along for at least a week
before – before I can do anything about it. I'm still healing. I'm not after his arse or his money, you
don't have to worry Olyvar." Jim sighed and tried to keep the bitterness out of his tone, letting go
of some of the tension in his body. "Do you – do you think he saw?"

"You are a pretty one." Olyvar grumbled, half listening at the door in case Martell called him back,
trying to work out if he cared that Jim was getting in on the Dornish action. Still he supposed
Varys wanted a handle in that. While they were working together he'd worked out, eventually, that
Jim was working for Varys but he saw no advantage in telling anyone's secrets unless there was
something in it for him. Ros had carried secrets for two and she'd ended up pinned to a wall by the
King's arrows. Olyvar just kept his head down, literally, and worked for Baelish in every capacity
the man needed. "Saw what? Saw you panic? Everyone in that room saw that, but he'll put it down
to you being a prude. Ha. As if." Olyvar gave a grin and patted the side of Jim's face before
shaking his head, "Baelish wouldn't allow it, if he were here, but I'll let you spend time with him,
for old time's sake. And for the sake of you keeping your clever little hands off my Tyrell. Deal?"

"No, my back you idiot. I know you're not as stupid as you pretend to be." Jim finally gave an
awkward grin, pleased to see his friend even if he wasn't sure that he would give him up. He took a
breath and wiped at his face with his hands. "Fuck that went badly. I don't think so. He won't mind. He might find it sexy. He thinks it's hilarious that I'm
all smooth and unmarked." He gave a little smile and then, slightly curiously, "How did it happen. I
can't see Varys... reducing your value like that. As for what's wrong with you... lack of practice!
You should come back here..." smirking he lifted Jim's chin with his fingers. "Hmm... I'm in
charge now... let's see... I'd take you on. For your training. Scars are exotic, plenty of men would
pay for a pre-marked thing. You'd need a bit of catch up training of course, get you back on track
for work. I'm sure we could arrange that easily enough."

His eyebrows raised Jim frowned unhappily, "They really do do things differently in Dorne..." Jim
had never been with a Dorneish man. He worked in a Lannister brothel, he wasn't even sure how
Oberyn had managed to make his way in here. "You know what I do..." Jim started quietly, "I got
captured by the wrong people – just managed to walk away with most of my skin intact." Jim
glanced away with irritation and a bit of shame. "Believe me, I'm hardly out of practice. Until a
week ago I was servicing around forty men—by myself. It wasn't the best of circumstances. I
wasn't getting paid. The money wasn't the thing, Olyvar would understand what not getting paid
meant for a whore. Jim glanced up in surprise when he heard Olyvar's suggestion. "I can't come
back to work in the brothel, Baelish is aware of who I work for and as soon as he comes back he’d
hand me over to the king for playing with. Training though…” It might be what he needed. “Could
you vet me? Just run me through the paces. I can’t keep fucking up like that, I need to know where
any problems are likely to come up so I can avoid them.”

"Unpaid?" Olyvar gave a little wince of sympathy. He understood, of course he did, what that
meant. To be worthless, to have the thing you prized most suddenly taken for free. "It happens."
He replied, a little more softly. "We get some of the boys, some of the girls as well, taken by the
Mountains men. The always pay, Baelish makes them, but the girls come back a bit... broken. It
takes a while to get that kind of pride back." He raised an eyebrow at Jim's suggestion, looking him
over more professionally. "For free? No. For a fee, certainly." His name was called out from
Oberyn's room and he rolled his eyes, reaching forward to give Jim a little chase kiss on the cheek
- a rent-boy version of a hand shake. "Come back when he's gone. Fuck - give it a few hours he's
bloody unstoppable. We'll work something out."

"Of course I would pay you for your time," Jim assured, almost offended that Olyvar thought he
wouldn’t. It was good business to state terms outright though, so Jim didn’t hold it against him. He
returned the kiss before Olyvar had to leave, “I will. Thank you my friend.” Jim figured he’d go
back to the castle and have a proper wash and a sulk while he waited for Olyvar. He wasn’t going
to let – whatever this thing was that tripped him up continue to fluster him. Olyvar would help him
set everything straight.

Olyvar gave him a nod, "Don't worry. It happens. I've seen it before. That girl Ros had to beat for
Jeoffry - did you know she was bought recently, for a hefty price, by some nobleman? She lives in
luxury now - servicing him and his wife, would you believe, wearing fine silks and using make-up
to make her scars stand out all the more. If she can manage, you can.” With that he hurried back
into the room, being contrite and cautious as Oberyn snapped at him angrily for scaring Jim.

Sebastian wandered around the castle for a bit, bored and irritated and badly hungover, before
making his way down to the training grounds. It was full of the Mountain's Men. Crude, noisy,
strong and expertly trained, and Sebastian found himself suddenly missing Ramsay. Back in the
Dreadfort it had been easy - a small pond with two big spoilt fish. Although Sebastian had never
been knighted, he'd rode around on a Bolton horse, had a smaller version of his father's armour
made and forced the servants to call him Ser. Out here - he was just some bastard brat with a small
pokey Northern castle. No influence, no name, no skills, and a whole host of Ironborn between him
and the small amount of land he now possessed.

Bronn chatted happily at the Kingslayer, loudly and obnoxiously. The man was terribly hungover
today and Bronn was appreciating the chance to piss him off as they walked to the area where they
regularly practiced sword work. The Lannister was coming along but Bronn didn’t expect the man
would manage to get much done today, he was mostly using this opportunity to get paid and he
enjoyed making him miserable. He was just going on loudly about the woman he'd had last night
when Jaime suddenly burst out with a, “Fuck’s sake!” And stormed over and decked a lad who was
walking along and crossed their path. Bronn whistled as the boy hit the dirt and Jaime still looked
pissed enough to spit.

Watching the Mountains men had been interesting, but their strength and obvious prowess had only
started to depress him. Moodily, he'd headed back to the castle, lost in his own unhappy thoughts,
and taken completely by surprise as he was suddenly attacked. His hands flung over his face,
looking up and scowling, his anger quickly turning into a smirk as he spotted quite possibly the
only person in King's Landing more miserable than him. "Awww... did you get into trouble with
our beloved father for your indiscretions last night?” He raised his arms again with a snigger as Jaime lashed out with a foot - rather enjoying being beaten up in the dirt. It reminded him of Ramsay. "Get a good whipping did you? S'not my fault you needed another hand to help you wank with, o-owww! Haha."

Jaime kicked him again hard and then went still when his brain caught on with what the crazyucker was saying. “What did you just say, little brat? Go ahead, say it again – louder this time. Maybe I can get my father down here to hear your delusions.” Fuck but now Jaime was looking at him and he did bear a resemblance to Tywin – to Jaime even. He still didn’t believe it, but fuck if it was true Cersei was going to lose her shit when she found out. “Touch me again you filthy little ingrate and you’ll lose more than a hand. Understand me?”

"You think you're the only Lannister producing bastards?” Sebastian grinned, still looking up at him from the ground, still high on the thoughts of the night before and the memories of just what Ramsay would have done in this situation - the disappointment, depression and serious feelings of inadequacy inside him fuelling him to taunt and spit and take each punch and kick. "Your precious father took a trip up North around twenty years ago. Met up with a captivating lady with three daughters whose husband was busy fucking little boys. Nine months later my father had a little blond son.” He spat on the ground, "You weren't complaining when I touched you last night..."

Bronn raised an eyebrow, looking down at Sebastian then up at Jaime, "I clearly missed quite a party last night. Serves me right for sitting up late talking about boring things like tactics."

Jaime grabbed Sebastian by the throat and slammed him down into the ground before he decked him. Jaime wouldn’t acknowledge Cersei’s children when he was alone with her, not even in his own head. He was damned if some stupid bumpkin pretending to be a Lord from the north would get away with saying it to his face. The boy still grinned at him with bloody teeth and Jaime grabbed his jaw tightly. “I don’t care if my father fucked every whore who spread her legs from here to the Wall, that doesn’t make you my brother.” He snarled and slammed the boy’s head against the ground again. “Shut up Bronn. Did you miss the part where I threw you out of my bed you senseless cunt? Or do you not understand what that means?”

Sebastian choked on blood, trying to spit as much of it back into Jaime's face as he could, not even bothering to fight back. He smirked instead, licking his lips with a bleeding tongue and humping his hips obscenely in Jaime's direction. "You're just jealous that even the son of a Northern whore matters more to your father than you do. And has more limbs than you do. And can fight better than - owwwww - fucking wanker. You were practically begging for me to roll over so you could get in my arse." His humour was quickly turning to anger, and shame, because of course Jaime hadn't - he'd been trying to get Sebastian out of his bed, because apparently nobody wanted Sebastian any more.

Rolling his eyes, Bronn stepped forwards, tapping Jaime on the shoulder and giving Sebastian a nod. "Ser Jaime - while I know you'd love to add to your already stellar reputation as a soldier by kicking a peasant to death we should really get going."

"I'm not a peasant." Sebastian snapped at the same time Jaime replied bitterly with, "He's not a peasant..." Sebastian managed to tack on the sulky half-lye of "I'm a knight under the Bolton banner."

Jaime stood angrily, still scowling at the stupid boy at his feet. “That’s a lie. Is anything that comes out of your mouth the truth or are you just a lying slut like your Harren-whore?” He huffed out an angry breath and turned to Bronn, “Weren’t we meant to be training? We’ve wasted enough time here…” Jaime was feeling slightly less angry over the incident now that he’d spent some time
trying to smash Sebastian’s face in, some of his honor felt restored.

"Call him a whore again and I'll rip off your other hand and shove it up your incestuous limp-dicked arse..." Sebastian snarled, well aware that he was now stretching the truth beyond its natural limits. Jim was a whore, and was now back to being one. He pulled himself up, sniffling and wiping the blood away from his nose, feeling sorry for himself, and feeling a forming bruise thudding around his eye. "Well I'm going to train as well. With the Mountain's men..."

Bronn gave a disbelieving laugh. "I wouldn't. They'll tear you to pieces and in all likelihood rape what's left in any holes they can find. You're that Moran boy. You've already a reputation for it - angering Twyin Lannister and trying to sneak into bed with Lord Varys's guest. If I were you, I'd keep quiet. Train somewhere no one can challenge you until you're actually able to defend yourself, because what you did against Lord Jaime just there was shite."

Jaime felt his anger flare up again and he enjoyed hurting the stupid boy and taking some of his shitty feelings out on him. “He’s a whore. He was born a whore, he’s made his living as a whore, and he’ll die as a whore when his value dries up and he can’t spread his legs to trick stupid boys into saving him anymore.” Jaime stood straighter and mustered his best Lannister look of condescension, “If my cock was limp it’s because you’re shit at getting a person off. And I wouldn’t go throwing accusations around after what you pulled last night. You made a spectacular impression, in fact you might have usurped Tyrion for ‘biggest embarrassment of a son.‘”

Sebastian stared at Jaime and then gave a growl and started forwards, tumbling back to the floor again as Bronn smartly stepped forward and knocked him down before he could attack. "If I see any more shit attempts at fighting today I'll give up knighthood altogether. Both of you, get up, stop arguing, and come with me. Ser Jaime needs to learn to use his left hand, Ser Moran here needs to learn to use either hand. You want to fight each other you can at least do it properly rather than scrapping like a couple of girls engaged to the same bastard." He threw his training sword at Sebastian, who just about managed to catch it, and shrugged at Jaime, "Why get paid for teaching one idiot to fight, when I could get paid for teaching two? Do you want to learn or not?"

Jaime grinned ferally, he didn’t like the Moran boy and didn’t especially want him chasing around his heels like a dog but he was also getting tired of Bronn beating him. Jaime knew he could beat the Moran lad, he wasn’t that hopeless. It would be nice to actually win for a change. "If the boy thinks he can keep up I’ve no problems with whacking the shit out of him for the next few hours."

"Of course I can keep up, old man." Sebastian spat back.

Bronn rolled his eyes with a "god’s help us." but didn't say anything else as he led them to the training yard. Jaime needed the ego boost of winning, and this Moran boy seemed to need to be hurt right now and he, Bronn, needed as much money as he could fit in a bulging purse. This solution seemed sensible. Once they were in the quiet and private place he nodded at Sebastian. "All right. I'm sure you have some training. Two of you, fight. You won't kill each other with wooden swords... I hope you won't kill each other..." He frowned and then brightened. "Still - neither of you have anyone to care if you do kill each other so it's no skin off my nose."

Chapter End Notes

TW: None
Faked

Chapter by Magpies_Treasury

Chapter Notes

07/26/15: I'm sorry for dropping off of the face of the earth, I moved out of my parent's house and started a new job and everything has just been a bit mad. Stormy and I are still writing though, we have a Military School AU that is close to being done and we've started on a 1960s gang AU thing with Mycroft and Magnussen as the two rival bosses, Jim as Magnussen's pet/second in command and Sebastian as a dirty cop who is in way over his head. Keep an eye out for those, coming soon. I want to post everything it's just hard keeping on top of all the editing that needs to happen. I want to post multiple chapters today so this is the place to start if you want to read the new material. Thanks for sticking around!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jim had centered himself while he washed, trying to find a way to distance himself from his body without losing the performance. He’d been trying to do that for years though and an hour in the bath didn’t help much, although he did feel more grounded and less like he was wearing someone else’s skin. Still, he was apprehensive as he made his way inside the whore house again. Not only because this was likely to be a difficult and emotionally grueling process, but because he didn’t want to fail badly in front of Olyvar, who was one of his colleagues. He found the boy and greeted him with a kiss on the cheek before he pulled out a bag filled with the standard amount of coin, plus a generous tip. “Thank you for doing this…” Jim would have a much more viable idea of what his limitations were – this problem would lose a lot of the mystery and that took power from it.

Olyvar nodded at the coin, feeling the weight of the bag to check it was sufficient before putting it to one side, looking Jim over critically. "What is the best way for us to do this? Do you want to be treated as a client, bought out of your shell, encouraged to feel, to feel sexual? Or do you want to be treated like one of the boys who have fucked up - cold, professional, slightly disciplinary." He walked around him, noting the way Jim stood, and then quickly made sure the door was closed. "We both know that Lord Baelish absolutely cannot hear about this." He warned, "I've no desire to end up chained to the King's bed with an arrow in my cock."

“I don’t… I’ve lost confidence in my abilities.” Jim wet his lips, wishing that he didn’t have to do this but certainly willing to do anything if it gave him some kind of hold over his problem. “Give me the test we pass for Baelish, run me though a list of things and see what triggers a reaction, what I can’t fake my way through. If you don’t buy my performance then I need you to tell me so I know what I need to be aware of. Especially things that Oberyn is likely to try. You be my client.” He snorted and shook his head, “My friend, Baelish would have me right there with you. You don’t need to fear that I will speak to anyone of this.”

Olyvar nodded, walking over to the bed and sitting down. In his experience Jim would work better with something dispassionate, professional, to allow him to distance himself. Certainly for the first time around. Then they could work on inserting the warmth and passion. "So. You would like a place working in this brothel..." He said, giving Jim a calculating look. "Alright. Strip for me. Let me see you."
Jim tensed only slightly, but he forced himself to relax and his mischievous grin came naturally. It helped that Olyvar had already seen his back – even if Jim knew what he thought of it from his expression. He wasn’t sure that he agreed with Olyvar’s assessment of his scars but he wasn’t going to quibble with him about it. Jim began stripping slowly but efficiently, swaying slightly where he stood as he stripped off his robe, pausing for a moment to show off the piercings and the silver jewelry Varys bought him to go in them before he turned around and bent over to take off his trousers and give his customer a good view of his arse. Normally that might have been sexy but there was still damage. Olyvar would just have to see his potential. In a week or two he’d be healed.

Olyvar looked at him, giving a small hum, and then stepped forwards. Jim would need to be comfortable with his scars, and any damage, if he was going to work around it. Pressing a hand on Jim's shoulder, he lightly ran a few fingers over the marks, "Some damage here, that will need to be reflected in your price." He kept an eye on Jim's expression, remembering doing this with Daisy, the first few times where the poor girl had broken down completely as soon as she'd been touched. "New ornaments..." his hand ran over Jim's ear and he grinned. "That'll please some clients a lot. Now... I'd like you to bend over and show me your backside... don't worry about flirting it for now, we'll cover that later. You realise that working here you will be fucked a lot - you'll need to be able to stand a lot of discomfort and pain here."

Jim shivered unpleasantly as Olyvar touched his scars but grit his teeth and managed to keep the smirk in place, although now it was starting to look forced. "I understand, sir." Jim turned and climbed on the bed on all fours so that Olyvar could examine him. He did a good job with this, it was a fairly similar process to how he’d been screened here before Baelish took him on. “I can take a lot of pain.” Jim could, he’d been tortured and he hadn’t broken. He just wasn’t sure how much he would enjoy being hurt after everything that had been done to him. Jim wasn’t sure he’d get hard for it anymore, that he could moan and wiggle and smile as people hurt him. That was important.

Olyvar gave a little hiss through his teeth as he saw the state of Jim's arse, shaking his head, "Alright... I agree with your maester. Nothing in there until the end of the week." He gave the swollen entrance a poke, just for the look of the thing, and then ran a hand down Jim's scars again, noticing how he hadn't enjoyed that bit, and wanting to help him get used to it. "Now... flirt for me. Wriggle it around, beg me to take you. I won't use you, but I’ll pretend with one finger, and when I do that I want you to tell me how you love it, how much you enjoy it. Alright? Then we'll move on to your cock."

Jim quickly rolled onto his back, automatically keeping the scars away from Olyvar’s hands and his eyes. He started wiggling obediently, playing with his nipple piercings and let his breath catch in excitement. It was easier like this, touching himself, giving himself time before he started touching Olyvar. “Please – please I’ve missed you. Gods remember those times we’d work together? Your cock felt so good, you always made me feel – ah – good. I want you to fuck me again, but this time with no one here to watch. Just us, Olyvar.” Jim moaned, getting into the part, personalizing the same lines he'd said a million times for Olyvar.

Olyvar couldn't help a grin at that, reaching forward to smooth over Jim's piercings as well, "Mmmm... I do remember. You were a beautiful little lay. But I didn't tell you to roll over. I want to see your back." He knew that would be harder for Jim but really, there was no point in getting him to do things that were easy. That wasn't what they were here for. "I want to see your little bum poking out beneath those scars, and believe me, there's plenty of clients that will as well."

Jim used to be beautiful it was true, now he was a grotesque, only able to fill some fetish that – he stopped that thought and exhaled carefully, trying to let go of the building tension. They had barely
started… The scars were a major hurdle but he had anticipated that. He could do this. Jim rolled over languidly, trying to make the gesture look natural and not like he was forcing himself to do something he very much didn’t want to do. Being on his stomach was… hard. Not just because of the scars but this was one of the inmates’ favorite ways to take him, they’d push into the fresh cuts in between his shoulder blades. No one even wanted to see his face. He wasn’t a whore there, he was a hole and that was a difficult thing to accept and move on from. Gods if he closed his eyes he could still feel the man who liked to scratch at his back and dig his nails into the cuts and scabs. Jim gave a shiver but moaned to cover it. “Yes, sir.” Jim breathed, “Please I want you to touch me now…” He didn’t exactly feel ready, especially not in this position, but it was better to get it over with while Jim was still doing okay.

Olyvar stroked the back of his neck and shook his head, "You don't sound ready, you don't look ready. Relax. This is... this is the hard part. Isn't it." He hesitated and then stepped back. "Roll over - I'll test your cock, responses, sounds, when you're hard, we can go through this bit again." He waited for Jim to move and then smiled at him, unable to suppress a small shiver. "Seven gods I hope it's never me. Your scars don't look bad. Really, they don't. They're visible, and clear, and messed up - someone's been poking them before they healed. But they aren't ugly. Now, spread your legs and touch your cock. Moan for me."

Jim was frustrated with himself but relieved when Olyvar let him roll over again. “I’m more worried about being touched and that setting me off…” Jim struggled to think through and anticipate what might trip him up, “We need to run through various pain instruments, cane, crop, w-whip…” Jim cleared his throat quickly to cover his embarrassing stutter. “I – don’t want my control taken away. You need to tie me down.” He took a breath and exhaled, still running various scenarios in his mind. “The worst thing I can think of is being tied down on my stomach… ankles and wrists, with a whip.” The worst things Jim could imagine actually involved dogs but he was not letting Olyvar get one of those in here. Besides, he already knew that he wasn’t comfortable around them. Thinking through things got him a little worked up and Jim had a more difficult time than usual getting himself hard. It took a couple of minutes of wiggling and moaning before his cock finally started to swell a little. It was less than impressive, although he was managing, and Jim tried not to get too frustrated with himself. This was only the first session and Olyvar wasn't expecting much.

He nodded at the list Jim gave, his mind already piecing together what it was Jim would struggle with. Lack of control, being unable to see, or to direct the way things were going. He'd have to throw Jim the occasional unexpected demand - just to check he could take it calmly rather than panicking. He wasn't used to bringing out the implements - he hated them, vain enough to not want marks and his entire career had been climbing high enough up the ladder to refuse them. Jim though, clearly wanted to be able to take them in his stride. Reaching back he grabbed a silken tie, running it over Jim's stomach with a teasing smile. "Hmm... how about today we start with just a tie on your wrist? Face up, you need to be much, much faster at getting hard and staying hard. I'll leave your back alone, we can do that next time, and you can prepare your mind for it before we start." He waved the silk teasingly in front of Jim's face. "One tie - and you better stay hard young man, and you better not let me believe for an instant that I'm not the seven god’s gift to your cock. Hmm?"

Jim nodded, “If I do well with this will you tie my wrists behind my back and fuck my mouth?” He was impatient, Jim had learned this stuff when he was seven – it would be like having to relearn how to tie his boots. It was juvenile and made all the more frustrating by the fact that he was actually struggling with such basic shit. He knew Olyvar was trying to help him relax and get into the teasing but he was starting to get angry with himself and he wanted to be hurt and pushed further than he should be at this level. Jim knew better. It didn’t stop him from wanting to push things. “Yes, sir.” Jim held out his wrist obediently and gave Olyvar a grin.
Olyvar gave him a teasing smile and then suddenly straightened up and gave him a slap around the cheek. Not to hurt, certainly not to mark, but to try and throw Jim off, to show him that he was not ready for any of the things he was impatient to get to. Without looking at Jim again he tugged his wrist up and tied it to the bedpost, securing it tightly with the silken tie. "I'm not about to push you till you break." He said, rubbing at the fading red patch on Jim's cheek while his other hand dug nails into Jim's shoulder. "But I certainly will fuck your mouth. If you can keep your cock hard." He fist it twice and then gave Jim a light slap on the hip. "And Martell is arse mad - so get used to having your bum squeezed, stroked, massaged and slapped."

Jim’s face turned to the side with the slap, it had almost been a surprise but Jim’s instincts were well honed after his long trip away spent in the service of violent men. Olyvar projected too much. Jim just grinned ferally in response to the slap at he turned his head back. Hitting was okay, he was even pretty confident about a belt or a cane as long as it stayed away from his back. Jim started falling heavily on the Jim that spent time in the company of men like Locke and Moran, a Jim that couldn’t be hurt – one who took everything and could still ask for more. One tie was nothing. He tugged on it till it would bruise his wrist and he arched up under Olyvar. “Oh I don’t think I’ll have any problems with that… I always loved your cock.” Jim grinned as Olyvar slapped his hip, “Is that all you’ve got?”

Olyvar raised an eyebrow and then shook his head, "Well... if you say so." The Jim he'd known had been elegant, refined, maybe with a wild side that the clients adored, but certainly not this feral creature. Olyvar himself was used to riches, smirking, gentle touches and maybe slightly harder fucks. This was something new. "Alright then - let’s see how your mouth still works..." He crawled his way up Jim's body, licking and kissing as he went, and finally knocking a gentle fist against Jim's chin, "Open up. He'll love you. You know his name? The Red Viper. A feral little hussy that he thinks isn't a whore will make his day." He tugged Jim's hair roughly and then forced his cock forward, deep and firm down Jim's throat, while he held the wrist that wasn't tied against Olyvar. "He, a-ahhhh, he also likes scratching... never damages, never marks. He's... ohhhh... you are... you are certainly not out of practice! Seven gods..." he moaned lightly.

Jim shivered badly when Olyvar ran his fingernails across the scars on his back. Fuck. He started to block out the sensation and focused only on sucking Olyvar off, his feeling, smell, taste… It distracted Jim from the off-putting touches. Jim could say this for his time away, he’d gotten excellent at sucking cock. He moaned and hummed as he swallowed Olyvar down again, determined to make him come. He’d all but forgotten the hand tied to the bed. The scars were clearly still a sore point. Olyvar paused after the first go and then ran his hands down again, pleased that Jim had reacted well. It probably helped having a distraction, being face up, all the other things. It was still clear though, that Jim didn't feel totally comfortable. Not great
for a whore. He continued stroking down Jim's back, occasionally scratching until finally he came, with a few last thrusts down Jim's throat. He drew back, kissing the side of Jim's face and reaching down to stroke his cock. "How would you like to get off..." he murmured. "You'll be doing it yourself... stay like this if you can, or roll over if you're feeling brave..."

Jim leaned up and kissed Olyvar on the mouth, sharing the taste of his come. “I want to roll over and I want you to stroke me off...” Olyvar had given pretty explicit instructions but while Jim was feeling pretty tired and raw he thought he could push himself a couple more times before he reached his limit. “Then we can finish with the belt?” Jim was pushing Olyvar to see how much leeway he could get out of him. It was almost automatic, he’d half confused Olyvar with a mark by this point.

Olyvar hesitated, then patted Jim's side. "Alright - but I'll make you cum before the belt." He warned, before thinking back to how they'd managed with Daisy - the unfortunate girl who'd been badly beaten by Ros on Jeoffry's command. "You don't want to get into the habit of screaming out 'stop' when things get bad - so if you start feeling you can't cope say "Lannister". He hesitated and then gave a little smirk, "You don't want to get into the habit of saying that word either. Say 'viper.'" He rolled Jim over and patted his scars, "I know this is your first time with this - but I want to hear noises of enjoyment, believe me, having to make them will help. I want you to pretend you're enjoying every moment of this, alright?" One hand stroked and tugged at Jim's cock, the other rubbed and petted at the scars.

“You're a good whore, I don’t see any reason why I shouldn’t.” Jim challenged, but he was starting to feel a little uneasy. Being on his hands and knees was better than being on his stomach, but the combination of being touched while giving someone his back and even being partially restrained was taxing psychologically. He had to focus on staying hard, something he hadn't had to do for years. Fuck’s sake if he could get hard for Locke while he abused him then Jim could stay hard for a pretty whore who only wanted him to feel good. He gave a shaky little moan as Olyvar started to stroke him off, it did feel good – the combination of touching his back and touching his cock confused him so for now he clenched his jaw and focused on adjusting and relaxing.

Olyvar could see that Jim was finding it tough - but maybe this was a good chance to find out where the limit actually was. And whether or not Jim actually could cum with someone touching his back. He knew that during the bad time Jim had been describing the men probably hadn't cared if he came at all, making him lose the habit. He licked up Jim's back, his hand moving skillfully and expertly between Jim's legs. "Mmmm... I've become a better whore while you've been away. I run this place now - only get to choose out the clients I want, and get to charge a price I desire. Baelish lets me control it while he's away."

Jim shivered hard again when Olyvar licked his back but he kept his eyes open and stared at the decor of the room. It was about as different from the cells as it got. The colors kept him present and he started to get into it slowly, his moans came out more genuine and he started to rock his hips back against Olyvar. "You've done – so well for yourself, mmmm… Maybe I should have stayed with Baelish..." Jim was only kidding, there was no fucking way he would have stepped out against Varys. He owed the man too much. Jim's mind started to drift and he remembered that night with Sebastian in the tent, the way the boy was so eager to get Jim off – how he just couldn’t seem to get enough of him no matter how many times he had him. Jim’s breath came heavier and he started to feel his orgasm build despite Olyvar touching his back.

Olyvar gave a laugh at that, "You and Baelish? Ha! He doesn't like people who are too clever working for him. Likes to be the cleverest around." He gave a mischievous grin, pinching Jim's bottom, "That's why he surrounds himself with stupid whores." He was hoping that discussing King's Landing was helping to ground Jim, and he did seem to be overcoming the sensations on his
back. "Good boy... well done. The Tyrell lad has finally stopped mourning Renly - at least he's stopped calling out his name. Would you believe they're trying to marry him to Cersei Lannister? There's a match made in hell if ever there was one." He gave a laugh and then bent down, licking over Jim's backside and then between to his cock, sucking on it as his nails scraped harder down Jim's back.

"Shows what he knows about you then…” Olyvar was plenty clever, not as clever as Baelish – but then few were. He certainly was more than a dumb whore though, Baelish trusted him with spying just like Varys trusted Jim. He even left the management of the brothel to him. Jim chuckled lightly, “At least I’m of a similar build and coloring to Renly, for you he has no excuse. The Tyrell was good – miss him. Not that I’m going to poach him off of you, already promised.” Jim grinned a little, feeling like he could get back into the swing of things. His breath caught as Olyvar licked over the sore and sensitive skin of his arse and then his cock. Jim made a noise somewhere between a moan and a whine as the confusing signals hit his brain as Olyvar licked at his cock and scratched along his back, fingernails catching on the scars. This was more difficult. He focused and grit his teeth, waiting through the adjustment period again.

Jim had paused again, and so Olyvarlessened his fingers, increase his tongue, and waited patiently for Jim to get over it, very aware he still had a belting to go. He knew that later sessions would be more intense, pushing Jim repeatedly to the limits to increase them, but he didn't want Jim's body to freeze and panic on the first session - it would turn the whole room into a potential trigger and make it much harder for them in future sessions. "He still is good. Pretty, kind, a bit sulky and arrogant, but then which nobles aren’t?” Olyvar said gently as he paused for a moment to give Jim a bit of a break from the sensations. "He likes them all shaved, smooth and soft so we get on well.” With that, he dived back down, using a skilled tongue and a million well-taught tricks to try and get Jim to cum.

When Olyvar adjusted Jim had an easier time of it, it gave him an opportunity to refocus himself and by the time he came a few minutes later, Olyvar was able to put quite a lot of pressure on his back. It still made Jim feel squeamish but he was learning how to block it out. Jim twisted a little so that he could look his back over – there were some red lines but they’d fade away to nothing by tomorrow. Jim was a little bit proud of himself, even if he should have been able to do this in his sleep. “I need to start shaving again – didn’t have access to a razor the last couple months.” Jim stood a little shakily and made his way to a table with a wine pitcher, he quickly poured himself a glass and drank it down. “Let’s end with the belt then.”

Olyvar shook his head, "Keep the fuzz for Martell, he'll get suspicious if you shave. Apparently nobody in Dorne does - you should see Ellaria with her skirts up! - and he assumes it's a prostitute thing." He took a breath and nodded, then came over and gently cupped the back of Jim's head, giving him a small teasing smile, "You know I don't want to do this to you. Just pretend it's for a mark - some little shit who wants to watch us." With that he gave Jim a deep kiss, tasting the wine on his tongue and enjoying sucking gently on his lower lip. When they broke away he leant his forehead against Jim's and smirked, "Look at us. Baelish's trained whore and Varys's pet whore. Do you think they'd both go mad if they knew we were doing this? Over the bed then - look at the sigils on the rug - might help keep you in King's Landing." Moving over to the dresser he opened a drawer, tugging out a leather belt and looking at it with distaste. "Why do they like this? Why would anyone like this? Madness."

Jim positioned himself over the bed, taking care to keep his breaths even. “Because when you’re hurt you feel small. And making someone else feel small makes them feel big and powerful. It’s always about control.” Jim was always in control. Except in the cells. He took another breath and let it out before he bit down on his lip, “Do you want me to beg or cry?”
Olyvar hesitated. Really, he wanted Jim to do whatever he was comfortable with, but right now he knew that Jim would be far too vulnerable to choose his fate himself. Smiling he patted Jim's bottom. "I want you to beg me for more. Act like you enjoy it. Unless Varys really has plans for you I doubt you'll be taking on the sort of men who want you to cry - and you need to remember not all men do. One cry when you're with Martell and he'll stop. He really will. He'll be insulted though, and think he's not sexing good enough. Heh." He took a breath and doubled the belt over, then swung it back without warning, connecting with soft flesh with a harsh crack.

“Men who wanted me to cry were all I had the last year. Well, almost all of them.” He’d cried once for Sebastian and he’d stopped. He’d been the only one. Jim sighed heavily, cursing his luck. Damn Martell. This would be so much easier if he was like the others, Jim wouldn’t have to act so much. The belt whistled through the air and cracked against Jim’s arse unexpectedly. He froze up but didn’t try and move away or tell Olyvar to stop. After an unreasonable amount of time Jim remembered to moan but it came out weak. He’d chosen the belt because it was probably the closest he could get to a whip without actually pulling a whip out. Fuck this was hard.

Olyvar waited, heard a tiny little sound and sighed, rolling his eyes and dropping the belt. Stepping close he smirked, slapping Jim hard on the back of the head, dragging his mind back to his own training days, "You useless little boy - you really think that's good enough? Think that's going to have every man in King's landing clamouring for your arse? You've failed for tonight. You want to progress further you need to get your head ready. Now - stick your arse out for me. No more belt, not until you can cope, but that won't save you from a spanking that'll stop you sitting. Push it out. Now."

Jim buried his face in the sheets and wrapped his arms around his head, feeling the hot sting of failure. Part of him wanted to insist that Olyvar keep going, he could do it. He could but Jim knew he’d end up a crying mess by the end, especially if Olyvar started whipping his back with the belt. He kept his face buried in the sheets and stuck his arse out automatically. He’d never done this badly on a training exercise, ever. Not even when he was a small child. Jim felt humiliated and discouraged, and in a sense he was glad at Olyvar was going to punish him for being such a fuck up. “Yes sir, I’m sorry sir.”

Olyvar watched Jim regress and felt a stab of pity, still, he knew the only way out of this was straight through the other side. He rubbed Jim's bottom, suppressing a shudder at the red mark across it. "You better be sorry, boy." His hand rose and fell, covering each area of skin, thoroughly. This wasn't even about pain, although he knew it would hurt, it was about punishment and humiliation. When Jim's entire backside had been covered he stopped, rubbing the red skin and shaking his head. "Good boy. One more round, and I better here you crying for me. Then the punishment will be over and you can start again at the next session." He hesitated and then added, "I'm going to give you one more stroke of the belt as well. You've managed very well today, and I want you to show me that you can take one more, and we'll do just as well next time. It'll be on your back." With that, he smacked his palm over the red skin once more, covering it all in a second layer. He knew a belt across his back would be hard - but he wanted to leave Jim with a sense of achievement. Even if it made Jim freeze, or panic, it would mean the end of the session on a high note.

Jim’s arse was already sore from the general damage that had been done to it and from the belt lashing he’d taken. Olyvar started up the second part and Jim started crying like he’d been told, quietly sniffing because it hurt, but he was used to much higher levels of pain by now. He wouldn’t have cried at all but he had been given orders. Jim was ready to be done but he wasn’t going to tell Olyvar that when he only had one more thing to do for the day. Even if that was the hardest thing he’d done so far. He listened as Olyvar picked up the belt off the floor again, holding his breath and waiting for the belt to come down. When it hit, it wasn’t very painful. There was a
lot of nerve damage done to Jim’s back during his last whipping; he could take one hit with a belt. But he couldn’t. It was the way it whistled through the air and the crack it made against his skin and the sting. All of the sense memory sent him back to the time he was being tortured and Jim keened once in distress as he stared ahead with glassy eyes and started to shake.

Olyvar dropped the belt instantly, sitting next to Jim and pulling him into his lap, stroking his sore bottom and kissing over his face. "Shhh... here you are. King's Landing, with me, Olyvar. You're a wonderful little whore, you'll be paid well for this, you're worth so much..." he cooed and fussed over Jim, stroking his skin, providing all the reassurance he could. "You took your punishment so well - you're even taking the belt on your back now." He kissed at the tears threatening under Jim's glassy eyes, wrapping the rich silk-embroidered blanket around him to cover him and stroking his face. "There you go. Well done."

Jim didn’t make another sound as Olyvar bundled him up in the blanket just clenched his jaw tight and tried to keep everything in – the shakes and the tears that were still threatening to spill over. His words didn’t really hit Jim but the tone was soothing and he managed to close his eyes briefly, no longer so afraid that his location would change if he didn’t keep his eyes on the room. After a minute of Olyvar’s soothing Jim was able to let out the breath he’d been holding and take in some much needed air. “Sorry – it shouldn’t be this hard.” Jim tucked his face into the dip of Olyvar’s shoulder for a minute, using it to get himself under control. “Do you still think I can be fixed?”

"Of course it's hard." Olyvar stroked his hair, still cooing at him, "You expect far, far too much. You've been through something no whore, no man, usually goes through. And you've done fucking well for your first session. We couldn't even touch Daisy the first few times with her recovery." He stroked Jim further, becoming practical. "So now we have a great idea of which things are hardest, where your limits are, which things make it easier. Of course you can be 'fixed' - that was a really good first session, and helped us map out a lot of things. We'll have you jumping naked into bed with Martell before you know it..." he hesitated and thought. "Make it two weeks. A week while you're healing, when we can sort out your responses and get you used to your new back. Then once your arse is better we'll get you used to being fucked again. You just keep the money coming." He gave Jim a chaste kiss on the forehead. "Stay here a bit longer, but unfortunately you can't sleep here. I need the room."

“I remember Daisy…” No whore had an easy life but Daisy hadn’t started training until she was fifteen, almost a full ten years older than Jim. “I’m different than her. I’ve been doing this longer. I’ve got a tough skin.” Jim had been experiencing trauma during sex for a long time, he knew how to cope and he had developed immunity to a lot of things. It was just taking him a little bit longer to deal with everything this time around. Jim spent another second curled up in Olyvar’s lap before he cleared his throat and slowly got up and started pulling his clothes on. “Thank you but I shouldn’t be seen here.” Jim desperately wanted to sleep and he couldn’t do that in the room. He was still shaky but no longer felt like he was spontaneously going to start crying. It would have to do.

“Thank you for the work you are doing.”

"Daisy was given one beating by Ros." Olyvar said, slightly techy. "I've no idea what happened to you, but I'm willing to bet it was more than that." He kissed Jim again, wiping a thumb under his eyes and giving a laugh, breaking out of the 'professional whore trainer' mood. "Absolutely. Stagger back up to Varys and get some rest. That was tough for you, tough for me, I hate hitting people. Just think of poor little me having to lift a belt." He joked, and flicked Jim gently on the nose, sighing as there was a knock on the outside door and tugging his clothes back on. "Alright, alright -" he gestured at another small door behind a curtain for Jim, "Slip out that way. Rest tomorrow - flirt and blush at Martell during your evening meal- then come back to me the day after." He headed grumbling to the door. There was a nervous looking girl outside who wordlessly pointed into the hall, sighing Olyvar followed her, raising an eyebrow at a rather battered looking
Sebastian scowled at him. He'd spent the afternoon trying to remember how fighting worked while being repeatedly smacked with a training sword by Jaime Lannister until Bronn had finally taken pity and told him to piss off and come back tomorrow. Sebastian had headed back to the room, found Paul had left, sulked, and then headed for the brothel. He scowled at Olyvar, "Yeah... I want something that looks passably like Jaime Lannister to fuck me hard and tell me how amazing I am at fighting, and being a knight. Can you manage that?" He added with exaggerated sarcasm.

Deran was called out to the front to meet some client who apparently wanted a Jaime Lannister look-alike. You got all sorts at Baelish's, he'd found. He wasn’t even meant to be working today but Baelish didn’t keep many male whores and Deran was the only one that really fit the profile he was looking for. He came out in his trousers, nothing more, standing casually and insolently. God this one looked like he’d been run over by a cart. “You alright mate?” He asked, “Sure you shouldn’t see a maester?”

Sebastian glared up at him, scowling at Olyvar and throwing a bag of coins at him, "Fucks sake I asked him to tell me I was amazing. If I wanted a Jaime Lannister look-alike to tell me I looked like shit I would've stayed in the damn training grounds." He felt like he'd been run over by a cart, but he knew that he'd not suffered anything dangerous. Jaime had chivalrously not actually broken anything, or even made him bleed once his mouth had stopped. Bronn had found it hilarious watching them - but had also offered plenty of useful tips that Sebastian would have appreciated more if he hadn't been made to spend the whole afternoon feeling completely worthless. "I don't need to see a maester, I need to see a whore. That is why I'm here. And I am quite honestly fed up with smart-arse whores who talk too much." He scowled at the floor again, already wondering if this was the most sensible idea he'd had.

“You hadn’t paid me yet,” and the girl hadn’t told him what he was meant to be pretending either. Seven hells. He raised his eyebrows and gave Olyvar a look for giving him someone who was so obviously high maintenance on his day off. “Alright then Ser, right this way…” He led Sebastian to the room that Jim had just vacated. He wasn’t totally sure what this kid thought that he wanted but generally when men and women chose him they wanted to get pushed around. So when Sebastian stared at the bed dubiously Deran came up behind him and bent him over the bed and started rubbing his quickly hardening cock against Sebastian’s arse through their clothes. “Oh Ser, your arse feels amazing.” He said just a tiny bit sarcastically, just because this guy was so specific about what he wanted.

Sebastian had been sure he wanted a whore to enthusiastically tell him how amazing he was. It seemed his cock - far too used to Ramsay - was happier with a sarcastic wore telling him he was useless. Growling he grabbed at the sheets, "You really are shit at pleasing customers aren't you?" He wanted to feel powerful, he’d wanted to all day, and thanks to Jaime Lannister and a whore who looked pretty much nothing like Jaime Lannister he was just feeling shit. "If I complain would you get whipped? Could I have you whipped? I would quite like to have you whipped."

Deran frowned heavily before rolling his eyes where Sebastian couldn’t see and started to put a lot more enthusiasm into his words. “Ser, you are – ugh – very hot. I’ve wanted you all day while we were… fighting.” Deran couldn’t quite remember what the boy had said he wanted but he tugged the boy against his chest and reached down under his trousers to grip the boy’s cock with a strong hand, hoping he’d get hard.

It was fake, it was far to fake and Sebastian found it even hard to get turned on. "Alright. Fucking stop, alright? Stop." He waited until Deran, clearly confused, stopped what he was doing and then moved from under him, tugging his shirt off to reveal his bruised chest and then sliding his
trousers down over his hips leaving them somewhere around his ankles and sitting on the bed. He looked up at Deran and sighed, scrubbing at his bruised eye. "Look. I've never had a male whore before. Well, ha, not knowingly. I had one without realising. So I have no fucking clue what I want. But I figure you've seen plenty of fucked up little lordlings trying to make themselves feel big.” Reaching into his pocket he pulled out another bag and gave Deran a half smirk. "There you go. I'm tired and sore and can't be arsed. You figure out what I want. If you get it wrong maybe I'll have you whipped. Maybe I won't. Either way you can have this." He tossed the bag of coin at the man.

Deran took the money happily, and almost felt a little bad for the kid. Deran just wasn’t a very good whore, he was what they called a one trick pony – this wasn’t his area but he looked like Jaime Lannister, sort of, so this was his job. Deran tried something new and laid back on the bed, all of his clothes still on before he tugged Sebastian on top of him. “What did your whore do for you lordling? You might not know what you want but I bet they knew. Tell me.” Deran started slowly leaving wet kisses along Sebastian neck and he went for a second fondle at his cock, going more carefully this time.

"Don't you even dare try to do what he did," Sebastian growled and then suddenly tears pricked at his eyes. After a sustained beating from Jaime maybe it was just a delayed reaction and he sniffled a little. "He put on a dress and I felt him up under it. Gods he was beautiful. So beautiful. I loved him. Would've given him anything... heh. Now you think I'm stupid." he looked up in time to see Deran rearrange his features from a slightly pathetic disgust into something approaching concern and sighed, rolling over. "Just fuck me. Leave my cock alone. Fuck me, then let me sleep."

Deran did feel bad for the kid then, even if he thought the boy was fucking stupid for falling for a whore. He sighed, “Come ‘ere…” Before he rolled them over and got Seb situated on the mattress, lying on his stomach with a pillow under his hips. This was something he could do – make someone feel good, even if he couldn’t get the emotional shit like this boy’s whore seemed to be able to do. He got some slick out and spread the lubricant across his fingers before he pressed one in as quickly as he comfortably could. “Would you like a lot of prep or do you want to feel it, little Lordling?”

It actually started to feel pretty good as Deran sighed and positioned him. And as Sebastian started to realise that he’d been expecting a bit too much - asking a whore to solve all his problems, most of them self-made. He managed a small grin, pillowing his head under his arms and rolling his arse out. "Wanna feel it." Was all he said, staring at the embroidery on the wall and adding, a little softer, "I won't have you whipped. I've just spent all day having the shite beaten out of me at the practice ranges. That's all."

Deran would spend less time on stretching the boy out and make up for it with plenty of lube. He added a second finger, setting a quick pace as he started to fuck the boy with his fingers, stretching him open and occasionally getting a jab in at his prostate. He was careful not to do it too often because he didn’t know how long the boy could last. “Yes Ser, I understand. Thank you ser.” Deran meant the words a little more than he had previously and he even managed to get his tone contrite. He pulled out his fingers before adding more slick and carefully pressing three fingers in. Deran wanted to give the boy a stretch and a bit of burn but no tearing.

Sebastian rolled his eyes and suddenly missed Ramsay terribly. Ramsay's smile, that promised so much danger. Ramsay's laugh, that promised pain. Ramsay's hands, cold and clinical, and fuck... had he really let Ramsay whip his cock one time? Scowling he reached back and batted Deran's hands away standing up he tugged another pouch of money out, his final coin, and threw it on the bed. "I'll stick with the real Jaime Lannister. You have a good evening." With that he stumbled out of the room, waving at a confused Olyvar as he went, and tugging his trousers up before leaving
the brothel. He wanted Jim, but he couldn't have him, and the idea of sex suddenly left him. He headed back to his room, still completely devoid of Paul, and collapsed on the bed, staring at the ceiling. Then, groaning, he rolled out and picked up the practice sword, sighing and forcing aching muscles to work their way through the moves they'd covered that day.

Chapter End Notes

TW: Dubious exposure therapy for sex
Jim spent the rest of that night curled up in Varys’s rooms, just sitting silently while the man worked. He asked Jim what was wrong but he couldn’t tell him – Varys would be angry that Jim had confided in one of Baelish’s whores. So he sat silently, lost in his thoughts until he went to sleep that night. He woke around midnight with a servant banging on his barred door. Jim had been – having a nightmare and he’d been… loud. The sessions with Olyver left him very unbalanced and even depressed but they needed to be done. He couldn’t imagine trying those things in an uncontrolled environment, on a job, it would be disastrous. Three days later was the dinner with Oberyn and Jim washed and wore some of his nicest robes and went a little early to wait with Varys in the rooms.

Varys had noticed Jim wasn't quite his normal self, but wisely decided not to intervene. He knew that after what Jim had been through there would be a certain amount of healing needed - and even the information from one of his little birds that Jim was visiting the brothel didn't concern him. Jim was doing what he needed to do, and Varys was proud of him. He also had a little bird watching Sebastian Moran, but all that had been reported there was that the boy was apparently getting into a daily routine of being beaten up by Jamie Lannister with a practice sword, then delivering huge amounts of money to a whore named Deran - apparently paying the young rent-boy to sloppily kiss him a few times, then watch him wank off while looking nonplussed. Varys had long ago given up understanding the sexual tastes of men. He looked at Jim approvingly as the boy appeared ready for the dinner with Oberyn, nodding at his outfit. "Good. I'll leave you to it tonight. I'll make boring small talk, you let him undress you with his eyes. If I need to, I'll leave the room, but you should be able to tease him just fine while I'm here."

Jim’s plan right now was to let himself get too drunk at dinner – men loved something vulnerable to look at and Jim could allow Oberyn certain liberties that a scholar might not while he was sober. He was invested and he wanted this job to go well – he hadn’t seduced anyone in front of Varys in a long time, his boss normally found it distasteful to watch Jim work. The evening would be interesting, no doubt. Jim tried to center and focus himself and bring all of the broken pieces back together for an hour or two. When there was a knock at the door Jim went and opened it, smiling and greeting the man and remembered to use his accent. “Welcome, Lord Oberyn. Lord Varys is very pleased you could attend.”

Oberyn gave him a smile back and nodded at Varys, cupping a hand behind Jim's head as he moved in, "I also, am glad I could attend." Varys fluttered forwards, murmuring pleasantries, asking inane questions about how Oberyn found King's Landing and finally seating them all at a table. A servant bought wine and Oberyn offered his glass, nodding at Jim as he received a similarly full glass. "I'm glad to see your boy here. I'm afraid I rather startled him when he invited me to dinner."

Varys raised an eyebrow and looked at Jim, affecting surprise, "Really? He told me you were very pleasant indeed, and he enjoyed seeing you." He hid a little smile as Jim blushed in return.

Jim blushed and took a long drink from his goblet of wine, looking like he was trying to hide his embarrassment and not paying attention to how much he was drinking. “I am sorry that I interrupted your – festivities last time, Lord Oberyn… I wasn’t startled.” He insisted naively,
clearly lying but trying to seem more mature than he was. He blushed slightly and took another
drink of wine and lowered his eyes.

"I do believe you are under the mistaken impression that Brooke is my servant..." Varys murmured
before raising his voice and clarifying, "Brooke is a scholar of Old Valyrian. He is here to study
and translate some old documents for me, there is a fascinating legacy here at King's Landing,
from the rule of the old Kings. Some of them are truly priceless and it would be such a shame for
them to be lost as knowledge of the tongue dies out."

Oberyn looked at Jim again, eyes keenly studying him, "I see." He said at last, "Forgive me for the
error, scholar Brooke. You are not from King's Landing, I believe? May I ask where you've
travelled from?" He took a deep drink of the wine while Varys secretly gave an inward smile,
pleased that Oberyn seemed to have grabbed the bait - to hear Jim's lies and, later, be seduced with
what he thought was the truth.

Jim was faintly relieved that Varys was helping him lead Oberyn in the direction he wanted him to
go. It was nice not to do this on his own for once. “I’m from the island of Lys, your grace.” Jim set
his goblet down and let the sleeve of his robe fall down to the elbow, exposing his long pale
forearm, the one with the scars. Jim had pretty skin and the scars would be noticed. It wouldn’t
hurt to give Oberyn a few clues. The sooner he could drop this scholarly façade the sooner he
could become the dangerous spy from the Vale. “I’m sure you are familiar with it, as it is not so
very far from your own country.”

Oberyn looked at him, eyebrows raising and gave a nod, "Indeed. I have travelled to Lys, as to
many parts of Essos. I know the people of that country very well. Very, very well..."

Varys nodded and gave a smile. "He came to me on the highest of recommendations and I am
enjoying having such a scholarly mind staying to visit. So few here know anything of the old
tongues and the old customs," he gave a sigh and took a very small sip of his drink. "I have also ...
travelled to Lys. I'm enjoying hearing about Essos as well, the news from the country."

"But of course ..." Oberyn replied, "A master of whispers..." Varys laughed and nodded as a
servant brought food. "Indeed. it is also good for me to hear the news from one who lives in the
country. But I assure you, Brooke is not here on my orders as a spy. He is merely a guest in my
quarters."

Jim looked between them, pretending at confusion. He wasn’t meant to be highly versed in the
common tongue, and that little bit of dialogue had been especially vague. Of course Jim was
following but the scholar from Lys would struggle some. “Me! A spy?” Jim laughed lightly but
added the tiniest edge to his expression, just a tightening around his eyes, like the thought made
him nervous somehow. “I should like to hear the news, I do not hear much about what is going on
in my part of the world while I am in the capital...”

Varys laughed and patted Jim on the head, affecting not to have noticed anything odd, "I'm afraid
we may have lost him a little."

Oberyn smiled, "I notice he has a fair trace of the Lysian accent." He said lightly. The talk turned
to other things, Dornish men and woman that Varys had heard of, and some sort of festival that
Oberyn was quite animated about. Oberyn spent most of the time watching Jim.

At the end of the meal Varys excused himself with a small apologetic smile, "Do excuse me
gentlemen, I shall see about getting us some more wine."

Oberyn leant back in his chair, looking at Jim for a long time before raising his glass in Jim's
Jim stilled for just a moment before he grabbed at his glass, by now he’d had several glasses of wine. That was usually well below his tolerance but he was still underweight and it threw his calculations off some. He certainly wasn’t as affected as he was pretending to be but he was at least tipsy. Jim took another long drink and watched Oberyn carefully over the rim of his glass. “I beg your pardon your grace? I’m afraid I don’t understand your joke.”

"Is it a joke?" Oberyn shrugged and tilted the wine glass, tilting his chair back with it. "I've been to Lys. Spent a lot of time there. It is a beautiful place. Will you tell me the colour of the governor's house? The flowers that grow around the old sept? Whether there is still an unsullied guard around the temple?" he looked at Jim's face and gave a small smirk. "Will you tell me the names of the ships that moor next to the old harbour wall? The lovely and beautiful whore who works in the brothel at the end of the main road? You may guess. You may even be right. But I know that you are not from Lys, although I have no doubt you are skilled in Old Valaryian." He let his chair fall back onto four legs as Varys reappeared, smiling and holding a new bottle.

"Here we are, my friends. Now ... where are those old scrolls I promised to show you..." he bustled at the desk while Oberyn gave Jim a little wink behind his back.

“I have many skills, Lord Oberyn.” Jim said, dropping the act, including his accent for just a moment before Varys came back and Jim became Brooke again. Varys put on a good show of being interested in the scrolls before he excused himself an hour later, urgent business, my apologies and finally left Jim and Oberyn together in his quarters. “So…” Jim drawled, enjoying the freedom not to worry about an accent anymore. “You worked it out. Very clever. Varys hasn’t even worked it out yet. Go on then, what gave it away?” He watched Oberyn calculatingly, letting his cleverness and mischief show in his expression.

Oberyn looked even more interested as Jim momentarily dropped the act, spending the rest of the evening squinting at him trying to figure out more. Jim was a challenge in more ways than one now, and an interesting one. When Varys left he was delighted that the act continued to break down, and just gave a smirking little shrug, pretty much undressing Jim with his eyes although he made no move to touch him. "It isn't obvious - Varys is even from Lys I think and he can't tell. But I've spent a lot of time there, quite recently, and I am very ... intimately aquainted with the speech and manerisms of the people there. You give yourself away in many little ways." He shrugged carelessly. "I don't think anyone else has noticed."

Jim got up and topped off both their wine glasses, he moved into Oberyn’s personal space and leaned one hand on the arm of the man’s chair while he offered him the wine goblet with his free hand. These robes were made of thinner and looser material and it fell open slightly around the neck as he bent over Oberyn. “You impress me. As you can imagine it would go very badly for me if Lord Varys, or indeed anyone were to find out. Go on then, tell me. What is it that will buy your silence?” Jim took a drink from Oberyn’s glass and watched him challengingly as he swallowed the fine Dornish wine they’d offered to honor him at their table.

Oberyn watched him and then gave a laugh, chucking him under the chin. "Now this is a game you are less good at, Mister Spy. Leave whoring to that smooth little boy in the brothel. I do not need your body to buy my silence, I am happy to keep secrets for my friends." His eyes momentarily hardened, "Of course, that depends entirely on who you are spying for... Because I also appreciate hearing the truth from my... friends."

“You don’t think I’m good?” Jim asked and gave the prince a mock-hurt look before he left
Oberyn with the glass and took up his own before sitting back down in his chair. Jim crossed his legs at the knee and bounced his foot, feeling a little restless. “You realize of course that the information I have is very sensitive and my wellbeing hinges on it remaining a secret, although I doubt you’ll care much.” Jim drew himself up slightly as though he was about to hand over some great information. “I am spying for the Vale and Lady Lysa. Her husband Jon Arryn trained me and taught me Old Valyrian before his passing.” No one much cared about the Vale but the people were rather known for their own self-importance. Modesty was not needed here.

"I think you would be very good indeed." Oberyn raised a glass to him, "But you are not used to selling yourself. You should not start. I do not think it is good - the way they treat their prostitutes here. There are courtesans in Dorne - rich and beautiful ladies who will teach a man the art of love for an agreed price..." He smiled with clearly fond memories and then frowned as Jim continued, "The Vale. To the east?" He knew a fair amount about the geography of Westeros but still, it was better to appear stupider and he genuinely wasn't quite sure about this area of the continent. "I have heard that whoever controls the Vale, controls... the Vale. They say it is impregnable; and there lies it's greatest strength and its greatest weakness."

“Your perceptions are not inaccurate, your grace.” Jim smiled sadly when Oberyn described the whores in Dorne, it sounded like a soft job. Maybe he’d retire there. The impossible thought sent a smile to his face, “It is not selling my grace. Merely a favor for a friend in exchange for another favor.” Jim understood that Oberyn was not interested in blackmailing him, which was a little irritating, his job would have been much easier if it was. Since the man didn’t want to take Jim’s power he’d have to take back some of his agency. “The Eyrie is almost directly north of the capital, your grace.” Jim corrected, pleased that he remembered his lessons with Varys and the maps he’d been shown. He shrugged and nodded, agreeing with Oberyn’s point. “The Vale is notorious for being closed off, my lady required a pair of eyes and ears in the capital to report back to her."

"I'm not surprised after what happened to her husband, and her brother-in-law." Oberyn nodded, pretty much exhausting what he knew of the politics of the Vale. It was a closed off place - nobody could attack it and nobody had much reason to. It had no great resources, it was not a strategic location and so long as the lords of the Vale didn't get involved in external politics it wasn't even politically interesting. "An exchange of a favour?" He shook his head and chucked Jim under the chin again, standing to refill his glass, "You Northerners really do think strangely of sex. You would be bedding a Prince - it is you who would be receiving a favour!" he gave a mischievous smile "And maybe that is a favour I would be happy to grant you. We will see." Stepping forwards into Jim's personal space it ran a hand curiously over the piercings in his ear, "Is this... usual for The Vale? Or did you pick them up during your travels. They are beautiful. They remind me of a girl I knew in Pentos - she had travelled from the Jade Sea, a far, far off place." He ran a finger over them again and stepped back, "They suit you. You should get some gemstones to balance on them - " he grinned, "Show off your worth."

He was glad that Oberyn was receptive to him at least, even if the man had strange notions about sex. Jim got the impression that things were very different in Dorne. Jim tiled his head to the side, exposing the skin of his neck as Oberyn touched the piercings at his ear. He still got a little uneasy when someone touched them, due to the traumatic nature of the injuries, but Jim smiled happily and pretended to be pleased with the compliment. “They are unusual for the Vale, I’ve not met anyone with as many piercings as me.” Jim grinned proudly but then sobered a little. “Spying can be… dangerous work. Often you are left in positions with very little power because those are the people that you least expect. Men with power can be… unkind.” He ran his own fingers across the hoops through his ear and then took a long drink from his wine. Jim smiled sadly, “I’m afraid gemstones would be a wasted investment.” Spies were often hurt and injured while they lived and they died young and easily. Anything of value he wore on his body would only be stripped from it
for selling when he died.

Oberyn frowned, taking a while to understand what Jim had said and looking slightly confused. He could tell Jim didn't like the piercings touched, but he gently and slightly apologetically, could not resist running a hand over them again. "This... this I do not understand. In Westeros they torture and hurt little children. They deny babies born out of love. And they show their unkindness to spies by making them more beautiful." He was very close to Jim now, eyes bright and one hand cupping his face. "I had never thought to find a Northern beauty from the Vale. And any worth invested in you would be... priceless..." he gazed at Jim and then looked up as Varys, who'd been lurking behind the door and decided to intervene before Jim got ravished all over the table, re-entered, effusing apologies. Patting the side of Jim's face he turned and bowed to Varys, "Thank you for a wonderful evening, however my Lady will be wondering where I have got to. Your young visitor and myself were discussing some ancient, uh, scrolls I have in my possession. I wondered if he would like to view them?"

Varys raised an eyebrow archly, "I'm sure that's exactly what you were discussing. He's my guest, Lord Martell, not my prisoner, he is free to view and discuss what he likes." Jim had to swallow hard and he couldn't look away from Oberyn as the man touched his face gently. It was a line, it had to be... but it was nice to hear anyway. Jim had thought for a moment that the man would kiss him but Varys chose that moment - and Jim was damn well aware that Varys had been listening at the door - to interrupt their little scene before it could go any further. It was probably for the best. Jim would have had a difficult time denying Oberyn anything without insulting the man and Jim wasn’t ready. He looked up and smiled at the man, still feeling warm from his compliments and the wine. “I’d be more than happy to see anything you’d like to show me, your grace.” He stood and set his goblet down on the table.

"I'm sure I will find something to show you." Oberyn winked at him while Varys gave a sigh and shook his head. Grinning Oberyn gave his farewells and left.

Varys poured out a glass of wine, waited until the footsteps had long echoed away and the front door slammed and then handed it to Jim. "Hook, line and sinker. And you thought you were useless. Well done."

Jim rolled his eyes but he was still pleased with the compliment. “He hasn’t gotten my clothes off yet. I never doubted my ability to catch a man’s interest it’s just – the after.” Jim took a long drink from the wine and finished that glass, moodily resting his head down across his arms on the table now that he didn’t have to keep perfect posture and smile and simper.

Varys shook his head fondly, "You put far to much stock in the after. I believe that man would be happy not to sleep with you at all if you pretended not to like men. Although to have him lying with you would be more powerful I will admit.” He stroked Jim's back and gave him a little rub. "I've been keeping tabs on Moran as well, you'll be pleased to know." He said, stroking the back of Jim's head and rather hating himself that he was looking to see what reaction the words had. He needed to know how much of a liability Jim's feelings for Moran would be, and wouldn't hesitate to have Moran removed if it looked like being an issue. "He's training himself bruise and bloody with Jamie Lannister and then spending the evenings in a brothel. He never sleeps with anyone. He just throws a lot of money around, scowls and leaves."

Jim laughed at Varys’ words, high pitched and bitter. “If I put too much stock in the after it’s because that’s what they actually care about. Everything is centered around them, you act like I make the rules. I just play by them.” He sighed and didn’t tense when Varys rubbed his shoulders and his back, Varys would always be associated with security in his mind, besides Jim still had his clothes on and he was growing more used to contact on the scarred skin. He sighed heavily when
Varys told him what Sebastian had been getting up to. “He’s an idiot. If you want to know what he’s thinking I couldn’t even tell you. He seems unhappy and he’s probably trying to find something that will make him feel slightly less miserable.” Jim wasn’t worried about Sebastian, the boy had to find his own way. As long as he wasn’t in danger then he wasn’t Jim’s problem. Varys was pleased that there was no tensing of muscles at Sebastian's name, no change in Jim's demeanour other than a factual analysis of what the boy was doing. "Moran and Jamie Lannister are the two people who could blow your cover." He pointed out, taking another small sip of wine, "Spending the majority of their days in a secluded area of the Red Fort beating each other up is probably the best we could have hoped for." He gave Jim a gentle smile. "I know, you play the game well. You should rest now - you've caught him and you can take your time reeling him in."

Jim snorted at Varys’ analysis of their satiation and stood when the man seemed to suggest that he leave for the night. Jim didn’t really want to – he hadn’t been sleeping well and he woke up in the middle of the night, plagued by dreams too often for his sleep to truly be restful. “You taught me well. Goodnight, Lord Varys.” Jim gave him a little smile before he collected his things and stumbled off, slightly drunk from all of the wine he’d had tonight.

Chapter End Notes

TW: None
Jim met with Oberyn several times over the next two weeks, under the pretext of those scrolls he’d mentioned in front of Varys. In truth they just spent time talking and drinking, occasionally exchanging chaste touches but nothing more than that. Jim also saw Olyvar quite frequently during that time, trying to prepare for what he was going to do. Jim still struggled in some areas but he’d relearned his enthusiasm and that was the main thing. He wasn’t sure that he would ever be back to the way he was but at least now he could stand to have someone touch his back, even learned how to block out someone scratching at it. Jim still struggled with whips and the belt, especially if the strike landed on his back but Jim thought this wouldn’t be a problem. Oberyn, it turned out, was a fairly reasonable man and seemed quite concerned with making sure Jim never did anything he didn’t want to. He would understand that there were some things Jim would struggle with.

Sebastian still practiced with Jaime Lannister but at some point he’d stopped frequenting the brothel and Jim was very glad for this as it decreased their chances of running into each other. Jim received a package just that day, from one of the Martell servants. Jim dressed in a nice set of robes and rubbed some oil on his skin before he walked to Oberyn’s rooms and knocked on the door, unopened parcel in hand.

Oberyn was inside, in a pair of lavish Dornish trousers and practising with his spear in front of a full-length bronze mirror. He jumped and twirled, clearly working through a routine, coming to a stop as he saw Jim and grinning. A servant opened the door then, at a signal, bowed and left them. Oberyn wiped his face with a cloth and flung it aside, smiling as he saw the package in Jim’s hands and then his face falling as he noticed that it was unopened, "Ahhhh - please don't say you have come to tell me you can't accept it. It was probably undiplomatic of me, but I bought it specially for you."

Jim let his eyes linger over Oberyn’s form in open appreciation, the man was good with his weapon – he hadn’t expected any less. Jim wet his lips with his tongue apprehensively and shook his head. "No your grace, I would never insult you by refusing a gift. I only thought it might be better to open it in front of you?” Jim tore at the paper teasingly and gave the man a smirk before opening the small package and taking out the sturdy looking piece of jewelry. Jim was pretty stunned, he’d been fortunate to be able to wear a little gold or silver here and there – trinkets from customers or marks. This however was unlike anything Jim had ever been given… it was an ear cuff that would wrap around the shell of his ear, it was a snake made of gold that had what looked like real rubies for eyes, it attached to his ear by hoops meant to hook through his cartilage piercings. “My Lord, I don’t know what to say…” Jim held the piece in his hands and just looked at it, genuinely stunned by the man’s generosity.

Oberyn stepped forward, please that the gift had had such an effect. He knew Jim was still trying to tease him; why he wasn't sure but his ego had decided that the man fancied him stupid yet was too caught up in Westeros sensibilities to quite accept him yet. He picked up the little piece of jewelry and with a brief, "May I?" threaded the little hoops through his piercings. "You say: Thank you, my Prince, I shall treasure it." He instructed with a little grin, picking up a mirror to show Jim the finished effect. It was more than just a nice present for a favoured court visitor - it was a viper. Oberyn’s mark, stamped across the newcomers ear. Jim was hardly an important piece on the board, but any piece he could take was good enough for Oberyn. "Do you like it? It suits your
Jim let his eyes fill up – it wasn’t all that difficult when he saw his reflection in the mirror, healthier looking, his hair had grown some, and he had a gorgeous gift in his ear. He understood the significance of the snake. “When they pierced me,” Jim started to explain, a little weakly “It was a statement, that he owned me. That my body did not belong to me anymore…” He reached up and carefully touched the golden snake looped around his ear. “Thank you, my prince. I shall treasure it.” Jim’s words were genuine, although he couldn’t keep a shade of teasing from his tone. Oberyn was willing to give him his mark, to claim him. Jim blinked heavily and took a breath, still at a loss for words. He’d been claimed before, but no one had ever given him their mark as a means of protection – to use Jim to represent them. It was always a collar before, but Oberyn was championing him instead. Anyone who saw the piece would know who Jim belonged to and what man they would answer to if they trifled with him.

Oberyn frowned at him, noticing that the gift seemed to have affected him quite deeply. Picking up the cloth again, he rubbed at his shoulders and chest, removing the sweat. "The men who... hurt you." He said quietly, "It was recent, wasn’t it. I do not think you should have been sent out to spy again so soon. Especially somewhere so unsafe as here." He’d had a worry that Jim would refuse the piece, that he would find it too unsafe, or political to wear his connections on his sleeve, or on his ear. But instead he realised the boy had come to him to tease and show off his gratitude and had ended up being completely overwhelmed. A little touched, he flung the towel over his shoulder and poured a glass of wine, "I'm pleased that you like it. You needed something beautiful to fill up the little holes they made."

"Yes, Prince Oberyn. I was still working my last job only a month ago.” He smirked but it was subdued, “Just enough time for me to brush up on my Old Valyrian. The capital is not such a dangerous place, if you have people to vouch for you, your grace.” He sighed and smiled at his reflection before turning on Oberyn, taking the goblet from his hand forwardly and drinking from it. “I have other piercings, you can see them if you will buy me more beautiful things to wear.” Jim was only teasing about receiving more jewelry, this was already the most expensive thing anyone had ever bought for him. He was serious about the invitation though.

Oberyn gave a delighted grin - finally they were speaking the same language, and he had a lovely young man to keep him occupied without having to pay for whores. "I will buy you all the jewelry in Westeros - better, I will buy you all the jewelry in Essos, which has far better finery. You should look pretty - and I know you enjoy looking pretty." He lifted the base of the cup, tilting it to Jim's lips and watching him drink, his eyes dark and intense. "What those men to do you - you will always have. But they will be yours, and because they are yours they will be beautiful. Show me."

Jim grinned happily, maybe it was shallow to desire the things Oberyn was offering but Jim had never truly owned anything before – he lived off of other men’s wealth and that privilege could be revoked anytime. These were gifts and Jim valued them more than he probably should. Oberyn was trying to spoil Jim and he couldn’t say that he was completely unaffected. “I have seen what you and your lady wear, everything is quite beautiful. I’d love to visit Essos someday…” Jim drank from the wine and let Oberyn take charge, dictating how much Jim would drink. He watched the prince with dark eyes as he explained Jim’s piercings and made him think of them differently, or at least see them in another light. He swallowed the wine slowly and licked his lips to catch the taste on his mouth before opening up and showing off his tongue stud. That one was both his favorite and the one he hated most, he liked it because it had a practical purpose and he hated it because he’d been made to put the little stud to good use when he was in Harrenhall.

"Oh..." Oberyn reached forward and gently slid a finger over the stud then shook his head
teasingly, "No, no, that is northern and metal and ugly. I will get you a new one." He smiled and slid the wet finger over the snake at Jim's ear. "How about a little ruby stud - that winks and glows in the firelight when you smile. A ruby is pretty, but can be sharp as well - suits your sharp little tongue and acts as a warning for anyone who tries... well... maybe one day I will show you what people could try with your pretty mouth." He wasn't sure whether Jim's mouth had been used - but if control and power were what he wanted a little gemstone would give him the option of using the tongue stud for either pleasure or pain, rather than it simply pleasuring whoever decided to stick a cock inside him. Oberyn was beginning to feel quite protective and passionate about his newest paramour - he knew Ellaria would sigh and shake her head and say "not again..."

Jim took Oberyn’s finger into his mouth and rubbed the stud against the pad of the man’s finger. “Maybe one day I will show you.” Jim promised with some heat, feeling warmed and pleased with the care Oberyn was showing on a professional and personal level. This was different somehow from his other marks, Jim put it down to Oberyn’s charisma and magnetism. Slowly Jim pushed his robe off at the shoulders but left it tied so that his robe hung inverted from his waist and left his chest bare, revealing his pierced nipples and naval.

"Oh?" Oberyn was suddenly very glad the young man was not a virgin. Some men preferred them, he knew, all tight and innocent. Oberyn preferred partners who knew what they were doing and could enjoy what they were doing. He swallowed as Jim slid off his robe, "I would like that, I would like that very much... ah now these are better." He could tell the nipples had been done properly, the holes were smaller and the little hoops neat and flush against the small nubs. Gently, he flicked at one and then bent down to lick over it. "These are already beautiful, but I will buy you plenty of gifts for them." He promised, licking at the other nipple and then kneeling in front of Jim to slide his tongue around the naval ring before drawing back to look at it speculating. "These... I have only ever seen one beautiful one. A dancing girl from Lys - who wore a diamond as large as an egg pressed into her stomach, which was flat and firm. Unfortunately, my beautiful Northern spy, I cannot get you a diamond as large as an egg." He looked up at Jim in mock sorrow, "Will you forgive your Prince for that?"

Jim’s breath caught as Oberyn’s tongue too briefly ran over the sensitive flesh of his nipples. Jim felt them harden under the prince’s tongue and he didn’t think he should be so affected, it was a little embarrassing if he was honest. Oberyn kneeling in front of Jim and holding his hips in place while his tongue danced around his stomach was doing all kinds of things for Jim and he was relieved that so far everything was going smoothly. "I wouldn’t want an imitation anyway. I like that the ear piece had a personal touch.” He smirked as Oberyn looked up at him and Jim reached out daringly to touch his hair. It was much softer than he thought it would be. "I’m sure if you wanted my forgiveness I could be persuaded…”

"Oh-ho - you are a bold one!" Oberyn caught his hand with a wicked grin and then flicked his tongue at Jim's trousers before standing up, dragging his tongue back up the left nipple as he did. Cupping Jim's face he whispered passionately at him, "I know you have been with a man before - even if you are not used to men and women all lying together in a pile. Lie with me now - I want you... and I am used to getting what I want." His fingers raked gently through the dark strands of Jim's hair. "No imitations for my pretty boy then. Only new and beautiful things."

Jim smiled and nodded, pressing his body against Oberyn’s and took a moment to enjoy the man’s hot skin against his and his faint smell from the exercise he did earlier. Oberyn was quite a bit taller than Jim but he was tall enough to latch his mouth onto the man’s neck possessively, although he wouldn’t dare to leave a mark without permission. “I could hardly parade around as a scholar and not show some embarrassment, my prince.” Jim let his hands wander down Oberyn’s chest and flat stomach before he hooked his fingers into the waistband of the man’s fine trousers. Jim luxuriated in the material and rich fabric against his fingertips. “I should hate to leave you
disappointed.”

Oberyn laughed, remembering that of course, Jim was pretending to be someone else and shaking his head. "I'm not used to having sneaky little spies slithering around in my bed." He teased, wrapping his arms around Jim and then lifting him, all in one movement, nuzzling and licking at his chest while he wheeled around, kicked a bedroom door open, and then deposited him on a bed covered in luxuriously sheets, all smelling of Oberyn and Dornish perfume. He slid his trousers right now and kicked them off, laughing at the half hard cock already beneath them, "I do not lay with people who I find disappointing."

“Most people aren’t, I find.” Jim grinned mischievously, enjoying the attention and vague admiration Oberyn seemed to hold for him. He laughed as Oberyn picked him up unexpectedly and sighed in contentment from the feeling of the sheets against his skin. He took a deep breath and inhaled the heady scent of the spices which reminded him of the wine Oberyn always drank. Jim had already seen the prince without his clothes on but he look a moment to appreciate the sight he made – it was gratifying to see that he was already hard. “I think you’ll find yourself more than satisfied Lord Oberyn. Now, undress me.” Jim thought the man liked that he had a backbone, and he wanted to see how far that sentiment would go. He was laid out on his back, so far everything was going well. Jim thought he could do this, Oberyn was an excellent distraction.

After almost exclusively having whores in King's Landing Oberyn wasn't at all used to being given orders and he gave a choked little noise of surprise. It was refreshing, true, but he also knew it could easily tip over into annoying. Reaching down he tugged open Jim's shirt and started flicking his tongue at any sensitive parts he could find, "Ohh... you are a demanding little spy. Be careful... birds that play with vipers get... eaten..." He nipped playfully at Jim's hip, then tugged his trousers down and slid a thumb over the tip of his cock, "I am glad they did not pierce you here. You are pretty enough without that. Also these ones are expensive, and heavy. And you... my cheeky little pretty boy... need to learn how to obey a Prince." There was not even the smallest trace of anger in his voice - he was enjoying this, loving the rough stubble on Jim's legs, the piercings and scars - all so different from the soft smooth whores. Jim's body was a whole story mapped out.

Jim took his cues from Oberyn obediently, trying to work out where to draw the line. He laughed a little as Oberyn tickled his stomach with his mouth and facial hair. "I was almost eaten once. The thing that tried to eat me didn’t come out of it well.” Jim held up his arm, feeling a little proud of the dog bites because he killed Ramsay’s dogs and that was something to be proud of even if he didn’t like the marks. The scars on his back were different. He gave a little moan of anticipation when Oberyn bit his hip and then tugged his trousers down. The Prince touched his cock and Jim's eyes fluttered closed for a moment, frustrated that he was only teasing. “You know, I’m glad they didn’t stick a hot needle through my cock too…” Jim breathed out, feeling a little out of breath. He reached down and dragged his nails down the back of Oberyn’s shoulders. “I can be obedient…” He whispered tauntingly, “but you have to earn it. I won’t be won over by a title. Although it certainly doesn’t hurt.”

"O-ohhhhh it doesn’t?" Oberyn, slid a thumb over his cock again and then reached up curiously to inspect Jim's arm, stroking and kissing over the raised scars and welts. "A true warrior! I think my respect for spies is increasing. I assumed they were all whisperers - fat, rich men, intelligent, true, but no fighters. It seems I was wrong." He gave a final admiring glance at Jim's arm, rolling his shoulders muscles as Jim's nails scraped down them. He enjoyed the way Jim's cock and hips seemed to be begging for more, and decided teasing Jim was fun. His tongue continued to slid over Jim's chest, playing with the hard nubs of nipples, "You know... you don't taste like a Lysian. Even if I hadn't known from your accent I would have known as soon as I rolled you into bed."

“It doesn’t hurt... I’ve never had a prince before.” Jim wiggled his hips encouragingly, enjoying
the way that Oberyn’s mouth and hands felt on his body. “The spy masters are all fat rich men, but
the men and women they hire to get the secrets for them are not like that. We are very dangerous
people to know.” Jim smirked and bucked his hips again, as he tangled his fingers through
Oberyn’s curls. “Oh?” He asked breathlessly, “What do I taste like then?” Jim gave a little
frustrated moan as Oberyn only continued to play with his nipples.

"I am not afraid of danger," Oberyn grinned wickedly, nipping at the little pink nubs and then
nuzzling Jim's hip again. "You taste like King's Landing - all flowers and salt-air and pretty
people," Gently, his teeth fixed around the piercing in Jim's navel and tugged it away. "These taste
like iron and hardness and cold." He spat it onto the floor and lavished his tongue over the spot left
behind before finally moving down to Jim's cock, flicking a tongue at it, before holding his hips
still and swallowing it right down.

“Ahhh – I’d like to see Dorne.” He hissed as Oberyn tugged out the piercing and shivered a little as
the man seemed to find the reminders of Jim’s time in Harrenhall personally offensive. Jim was
perfectly happy to let this man overlay those damaged parts of him with something new and
exciting. He moaned hard as Oberyn finally held his hips to the mattress and swallowed him down.
Jim had been sexually active since he'd come back to King's Landing, but his sessions with Olyver
were clinical and nothing as exciting as this. Jim had needed this for so fucking long. He ran his
fingers through the man’s hair but was very careful not to grab on or pull, it would be very rude
when Oberyn was of such a higher station. “You – you – ugh.” Jim gave up trying to talk for right
now and just let his head fall back against the comfortable mattress.

"If you are ever sent there, you should go - although you should not, of course, spy on my
countrymen." Oberyn slid away to reply, but soon took Jim's cock again, sucking and sliding up
and down it, enjoying the taste and loving the way Jim's hips tensed and buckled under his hands.
He even made the boy run out of words, which made him chuckle low around the cock in his
mouth. He slid out with a noisy pop, and then moved his hands up to press against Jim's nipples,
the thumbs rubbing against them. "Mmmm... take out the one in your tongue as well... just for
now. It spoils your taste." He licked over the new ear-cuff he'd provided and then pressed his cock
against Jim's encouraging Jim's hand in to surround them both.

“Why, have you lot got any interesting secrets?” Jim was only teasing… although it was a reminder
that Jim was doing this to spy on Oberyn… but for his own safety. Varys was worried that the man
would do something rash and having Jim with him gave opportunity for cooler heads to prevail in
case anything happened. Jim gasped, trying and failing to keep his hips still as the vibrations from
Oberyn’s chuckle set him off. Oberyn was better with his mouth than many of the whores that he
knew. Not as good as Jim was, of course. He groaned in frustration when Oberyn pulled away but
that was mostly for theatrics. Jim froze for a second at Oberyn’s request but he moved to pull the
stud out of his tongue anyway. “Are you sure you wouldn’t like to experience it for yourself first?”
That piercing was pretty grotesque without the stud in and Oberyn seemed rather taken with how
pretty Jim was, he’d hate to spoil it. Jim shivered happily as Oberyn licked his ear and the new
cuff. He did as Oberyn asked, wrapping his hand around both their cocks and focused on keeping
them hard but not pushing towards orgasm because he figured that Oberyn would want to fuck him.

"Dorne is full of secrets and mystery." Oberyn teased, thrusting his cock into Jim's hand, rubbing it
against Jim's at the same time, everything all hot and sticky in the sheets. He smiled and gave Jim
an open mouthed kiss, sucking on his pierced tongue without the stud in it. "I will 'experience' it
when I have made it beautiful for you." He announced grandly, he had no interest in forcing Jim to
wear a horrid ugly thing that he didn't seem to want to, and was rather taken with the idea of giving
him more gifts. "It is you I want to 'experience' - not something that others have made you."

Jim’s breathing shuddered in his chest and he watched Oberyn with heavily lidded eyes, his pupils
large and dark against the brown of his irises. Jim’s eyes were almost as dark as Oberyn’s. Perhaps he should have been offended at the prince’s apparent savior complex, but for now Jim let it stand because it felt nice for someone to care about him, even if he didn’t really need the help. “Are we ever truly anything other than a product of what others have made us?” Jim asked, pulling out the heavy Lysecean accent and grinning like a loon. “Do you have slick your grace?” He breathed out, praying to the seven that he wouldn’t have to have a fight about prep, but Oberyn seemed to make it his mission to ensure Jim was comfortable, he was thinking it wouldn’t be an issue.

Oberyn laughed at the heavy accent and smiled, shaking his head at the question. "I do not - not here - which is why I'm not already deep inside you far enough to make your Liege-Lord's feel it."
He reached down and joined Jim's hand, sliding firmly over both of them, using the other hand to keep himself up, enjoying looking at Jim spread out beneath him. "Don't be disappointed, my beautiful spy, there will be other times, many other times, I will be in King's Landing for a while. At least until I have taken the revenge I need. Maybe even longer." He gave a smile and licked at the side of Jim's jaw. He was being, in his mind, wonderfully careful and restrained - giving himself time to find out a little more about this boy before taking him passionately and completely. His lovers were his weak point, and they had been used as spies before, often with success. With Jim he didn't particularly mind some small corner of Westeros knowing what he was up to, but with political tensions high he thought it at least half-way prudent not to jump straight in.

Jim had a hard time remaining disappointed while Oberyn worked his talented hand over them both. Besides, Jim still didn’t feel entirely ready for the other man to fuck him so he was secretly a little relieved for the reprieve even if he also wanted the security that came from letting the other man fuck him. Although, *letting* at this point wasn’t really accurate word usage, Jim was feeling pliant and very happy to be in Oberyn’s bed. “…Are you saying you would take me back to Dorne with you?” Jim asked quietly, trying to focus on the words and the conversation but it was difficult with his impending orgasm building steadily in his gut. Jim reached up with his free hand and cupped the back of Oberyn’s neck so that he could kiss his deeply, working his tongue into the other man’s mouth and moaning deeply as Oberyn gripped their cocks tightly.

Oberyn paused at that, drawing back a little and looking him over giving a sigh. "This is fun, my small snake. Keep it fun.” His thumb slid gently against Jim's cock again, and then he dived in for a close kiss, rolling them both over to they were lying sideways next to each other, his hands gasping hungrily all over Jim's body, while thrusting into Jim's hand between them.

Jim grinned filthily, “I can do that…” and he started nibbling and sucking at Oberyn’s neck, careful not to leave any marks. Oberyn rolled them onto their sides and for a second Jim got a little overwhelmed as the prince’s eager hands explored Jim’s body, pinching and grabbing as he went – but the moment of nerves passed as his climax got closer and he focused on touching himself and Oberyn. Jim tightened his hand around Oberyn until it was tight but wasn’t painful, trying new things to work out what the man wanted.

Oberyn moaned, his hands sliding down, as Olyvar had predicted, to squeeze and grip Jim's backside, they didn't stop there though, and one slid up to his back, for a moment Oberyn hesitated as he felt the scars and then he latched himself onto Jim's lips even hard, gasping, "Oh, you are a fighter! A brave, tough, wonderful little Northern beauty... ahhh...” his cock thrust more erratically into Jim's hands and he came with a shudder, gripping Jim's arse hard as if he wished he were already inside it.

Jim thrust back erratically as Oberyn kissed him, moaning at the compliments breathed into his skin. It was a relief to know that the man wasn’t disgusted by his scars and Jim began to think that maybe he could still work. “Fuck you’re perfect,” Jim replied, actually not finding any faults with the man except perhaps from some unsubstantiated rumors he’d heard. He came about half a
minute before Oberyn did, shaking and gasping and he enjoyed his first orgasm with a partner in
too long. They hadn’t gone long or hard but Jim was a little drowsy in the afterglow – he was doing
much better but he was still physically recovering from the conditions they’d kept him in in the
cells and from his recent bout of poor sleep. Jim automatically squirmed closer to Oberyn in the
sheets, enjoying the man’s body heat and the smell of sex mixed with the spices from the sheets.
“Not too bad?” Jim breathed, hoping that the man wasn’t disappointed. He hadn’t done much of
the work and Jim didn’t want Oberyn to feel like Jim wasn’t a good investment or even consider
not coming back and letting him in his bed again.

"Of course I am perfect, I’m a Prince.” Oberyn said smugly, tugging Jim close and cuddling him in
the afterglow. His little spy was sleepy, and Oberyn suddenly felt that King’s Landing had more
than enough to offer. He would get to the revenge eventually, and that thought kept him happy as
well, but it seemed there were plenty of amusements until then. The window was propped open and
the gauze curtain billowed inwards at a sudden gust of wind, making Oberyn shiver, tugging the
sheets over the both, "So cold up here... bad? Of course it was not bad. No sex is bad." He kissed
Jim on the forehead and then patted his bottom gently, "Would you like to rest here for a while? I
have a council meeting of some sort that I am late for, but you are welcome to stay. I will order
you some food."

Jim was happy to be cuddled close, finally letting that knot of tension in his gut go when he had
someone with their arms around him. Someone he was already beginning to associate with positive
things. Normally Jim detested smugness but normally the person hadn’t earned it. Oberyn had. He
snorted as Oberyn shivered and covered them in the sheets, “I’ve had some pretty bad sex before.”
But Jim kept his tone light, he was too tired for any real bickering, he just couldn’t let Oberyn’s
idealistic notion go unchallenged. He nodded when Oberyn asked him if he would like to stay, “I
could wait here until you get back? We could pick up where we left off? Or would you rather I go
back to my quarters before then?” Jim was sensitive to the fact that Oberyn had many demands on
his time, including other lovers.

Oberyn hesitated. He would rather like Jim to stay but it would be impractical for the moment, and
would confuse Elliara. Eventually he shook his head, giving Jim a kiss. "You should get back to
your scrolls. Otherwise people will get suspicious." He grinned. They would be suspicious
anyway. "I would very much like to see you again though. Here. Alone." He pulled himself out of
the bed and started to dress in a yellow rich outfit. "If you're very lucky, next time I will bring
some oil." He winked.

“If I’m very lucky, hmmm?” Jim raised an eyebrow but smiled to show he was teasing. He’d nap
for an hour, eat and then go back before Oberyn’s meeting would be over. “I would like that too,”
Jim said, and he was honest. He couldn’t say for sure whether he would end up outgrowing Oberyn
by the end, when he was not so longer needy and uncertain, but for now he was the perfect love for
Jim so he would stay with him until circumstance ended things.

Chapter End Notes

TW: None
The next gift arrived two days later - Varys took it from the servant who delivered it and handed it across with a raised eyebrow, not saying anything. It contained two little baubles - a small circular ruby set in gold for Jim's tongue and an identical piece, twice as large, for his navel. Along with the gifts was a small scrap of parchment on which Oberyn had scribbled in a messy hand "The Prince of Dorne requests the company of the scholar from Lys for dinner this evening. Come sit with me and Ellaria my pretty..." Varys read the note after a polite pause and shook his head in amazement. "And you haven't actually done the deed yet? I'm impressed. These aren't cheap trinkets. How helpful to have money that you can attach to your body."

“It’s helpful until some poor bastard decides to rip them out so that he can sell them…” Jim read over the note and couldn’t help a smirk. He’d thoroughly enjoyed himself with Oberyn but he thought the man might be a little underwhelmed with Jim’s performance since they hadn’t fucked and Jim hadn’t done much work. “What do you think he’ll buy me the first time I suck him off? A castle? Maybe a horse...” He was only joking, Jim wasn’t in this for the money at all – he would be lucky if Varys let him even keep the pieces after this job was over. Jim secretly treasured them so he had to keep up a blasé attitude in front of Varys so he didn’t worry that his protégé was getting too caught up in this. Jim had everything under control though, there was nothing Varys needed to worry about. He raised his eyebrow at Varys’ comment, “And you wonder why I insist on fucking them… Moran was going to have his own son publically flawed for blackening my eye. This kind of thing is common enough, as long as I’ve done my job right.” Jim’s biggest trick wasn’t the sex it was creating the right amount of helplessness and dependence. Powerful men wanted to feel like they are needed, and Jim always made sure that they felt protective of him, even if they hurt him themselves – they still offered protection from outsiders. Oberyn Martell was no different.

"If you get all this without fucking them, I do wonder why, yes..." Varys replied, still trying to show Jim that there was a whole lot he could achieve without opening his legs. He let it drop though, nodding at the note, "You should go, of course, and Martell will love seeing you in his jewellery. I have ... rather a lot to be getting on with at the moment, so I'll leave it to you to sink some hooks into him, to ensure that my little birds keep collecting news from up North - tell me as soon as the Boltons control the North." He did want to spread Jim out a bit, to stop him getting too infatuated with Martell. "Meanwhile don't try to direct him or control him, not yet. We'll get to that later. Now go and choose something nice to wear for your dinner date."

“Because when I am fucking them the prizes are even greater. I’ve never gotten gemstones for a handjob though.” He smiled and took the note from Varys, reading it over. “Of course I’ll go. Ellaria will be there too, can’t say I’ve ever been to a dinner date quite like this. If you’ll excuse me then, Lord Varys. And I’ll keep you updated on any important information I receive.” Jim had started running the Little Birds again recently, very few faces were familiar to him and that was... difficult. Wondering if some of them would still be here if he hadn’t gone up north. Jim left and dressed nicely, putting the new pieces in and was thoroughly glad to be rid of the ugly iron pieces from the north. He found Oberyn waiting for him near the doors to the dining hall and Jim gave him a delighted smile as he came nearer to him. “Prince Oberyn, I was so pleased to receive your note.” Of course the accent was back, Jim stopped just inside Oberyn’s personal space, close enough to be intimate but far enough away that it wouldn’t raise any eyebrows if they were spotted
Oberyn smiled as he saw Jim - Ellaria had gone ahead and he'd hovered around the doors, hoping to see Jim before he entered. The boy looked beautiful, as always, and Oberyn could not resist running a hand over his shoulders, over the silks and trying to catch the glint of a ruby in Jim's mouth. "Did you get my gift? Did you like it?" As far as Oberyn was concerned, Jim was perfectly entitled to hand the gems back if he hadn't liked the style - he was rather enjoying having none of his gifts refused and decided that Jim was fun to buy things for. He stepped even closer to Jim, running a hand over his chest "Are you wearing it?"

Gods but Jim was satisfied every time he got that man to smile. He noticed Oberyn tended to look rather grim and when he was in public he kept up a sharp grin, but it was false and dangerous. Jim was pleased when he earned a genuine look of happiness because it meant he was doing his job right. Varys wanted Jim to matter more to Oberyn than a boy he fucked, and that’s what Jim would give him. He grinned but kept his mouth shut when he noticed Oberyn looking for the new tongue stud. “Why don’t you search me and find out?” He teased and drew them back into a shadowy alcove. It wasn’t very discreet but that only added more excitement to the game.

After a week of slowly running out of money - throwing himself into Jaime's practise sword every day - Bronn and Jaime had both decided Sebastian had taken it too far and silently agreed to stage an intervention. Not least because, as Bronn pointed out, a Sebastian who couldn't fight was no use to Jaime and a Sebastian who had no money was no use to Bronn. It was Jaime who took over, with a sigh, dragging his half-brother out to get some new armour under the condition that he wouldn't spend any more time in the brothel. And Sebastian, grudgingly, had agreed. He was running out of money anyway. The Moran family tree was many branched and rambling but surprisingly old, and somewhere near the base of that tree an ancient ancestor had decided that the house would be best represented by the stylised black and red face of a snarling tiger against a light blue background. Sebastian dug out the sigil and took it along to the armourer - feeling strangely proud as Jaime tugged the leather buckles into place along his finished breastplace - the dark blacks and reds reflected in the leather, a light blue cloak for formal occasions. And the next time in the practice courts he didn't just throw himself into Jaime's punches and strikes but actually put a decent amount of effort into fighting back. He still lost, but they took him out for a drink afterwards and it was almost a relief not to be at the brothel. The evening dinner was his first real time presenting himself at court. Officially he knew he should go with the Holmes's. Jaime had joked that as the lord of house Moran he was far higher status than a disgraced Lannister, but Sebastian had been warming to his half-brother, and wanted to show off. The leather gleamed as he dressed himself, meeting Jaime in the couryard and exchanging a few snipes and laughs before heading to the hall. Oberyn Martell was outside, with his hands fumbling in the clothes of some young man and Sebastian was about to sneer a crude comment and sweep by when he suddenly recognised Jim, his jaw dropping. When he'd last seen Jim he'd seen a desperate feral thing - with ugly piercings and a starved and tortured body - that Varys was trying to dress in silks. Now he was a pretty, smooth-skinned, well-fed young man in Martell jewellery and flowing robes that showed off the hot little body beneath.

Oberyn had opened up the front of Jim’s robe and was simultaneously grabbing at the skin, feeling up his flat stomach and the new ruby that hung from his navel, and kissing Jim senseless. Jim moaned quietly as Oberyn used his tongue to play with the new stud in Jim's mouth. Then suddenly Oberyn had untangled himself from Jim and the prince stared hostilely at Jaime Lannister and Sebastian Moran. Jim took a few moments to catch his breath and fix his robes while he got a good look at Sebastian and his new appearance. The armor suited him, it must have been Jaime’s idea. There was heavy tension in the air and Jim brushed Oberyn’s wrist with his fingertips to get his attention. “It would be rude to keep the Lady Ellaria waiting your grace…” Jim got close to Oberyn in the hopes that situations like this could be circumvented or dissipated, Varys didn’t want
any Dornishmen killing Lannisters or vice versa.

Jaime kept up his hostile stare while Sebastian was too busy trying to cope with the strange lurching sensation in his stomach to try and work out what to say. Oberyn finally gave a forced and dangerous smile, his hands petting all over Jim as he could see it was irritating both of them before finally giving a sarcastic little bow and heading into the hall, one hand still wrapped under Jim's clothes.

Jaime frowned after them, "Was that the whore from Harrenhall?"

Sebastian twitched and then managed to snap a "Yes. Yes it was a whore from Harrenhall. C'mon."

Jim had to hold back an eye roll as Oberyn used him to irritate the Lannisters. Men could be so peculiar sometimes. Still he was pleased that the prince was acting somewhat protectively, but was less pleased that the man used him to taunt his enemies. Jim wasn’t bait in their feud. They made their way into the hall and Jim stopped in front of Oberyn’s paramour. She was obviously a very open minded woman but Jim was no fool, he could see who led a man by his cock and if this woman decided she didn’t like Jim then he was sure that would probably be the end of their relationship. “Lady Ellaria, it is a pleasure to meet you. You are looking beautiful, as always.” She was a gorgeous woman, probably clever too and Jim could see why Oberyn kept her around.

Ellaria looked at him, shook her head and rolled her eyes, reaching forward to flick at the snake around Jim's ear, "You're going to get this poor boy into trouble." She gave him a smile though, reaching forward to embracing and whispering in his ear, "Don't let him push you around, there are plenty of whores here to keep him happy."

Oberyn sat down on the other side, with Jim in between them, and gave a growl as Sebastian and Jaime walked into the hall behind them, stopping to bow to Jeoffry at the head of the hall. "Who is he, that man with the Lannister? I haven't seen his sigil before anywhere."

Jim gave Ellaria a little wink and a nod and then sat down. He wondered how much Oberyn had told her about Jim, if she knew that Jim was a spy for the Vale. At any rate he was pleased that she seemed to accept him, he couldn’t sense any bitterness or jealousy in her. Jim reached for the wine and automatically pressed a palm against Oberyn’s thigh under the table in a soothing gesture. Court was not the place to show hostilities, especially in front of the king. “That is Sebastian Moran, lord of the house Moran. They are a minor family in the north, my understanding is that he has few relatives. It’s a small house with limited prospects.” Jim watched Sebastian carefully, nervous about having the boy at court. Jim was pretty sure Ramsay’s dogs were trained better.

"He's a Lannister sympathiser." Oberyn scowled, only moderately placated at the feeling of Jim's hand on his thigh and very suspicious that Sebastian kept shooting them little glances.

Jeoffry was at the high table at the end of the room and after dismissing Jaime and Sebastian in an irritated manner turned to address the Martells with "You do not greet your Kings - Ser Oberyn?"

Jim gave Sebastian a little glare because the stupid boy kept staring and it was making Oberyn edgy and suspicious. He likely thought they were planning to attack him, instead Sebastian was apparently pissed at Jim over something – gods knew what he’d done this time. Jim’s pressed harder against Oberyn’s leg nervously as the king addressed them. Varys had told Jim to stay away from the king and he was ill at ease in the boy’s presence. It was strange to think that they were the same age.

Oberyn looked up, and raised his glass in the smallest acknowledgement with a small forced smile. On the other side of Jim Ellaria twitched and tensed uncomfortably.
Jim watched the tension set over the table and he reached out for a platter spread out with some kind of cooked bird. “Are you hungry, your grace?” Jim asked in Valeryian as he handed the platter over to Oberyn, hoping the distraction would help the man relax.

Oberyn shot him an irritated glance. He was happy with Jim there, and looking pretty, and even feeling him up, but he wasn't happy with the boy interrupting his thoughts or trying to calm him down. At the high table, Margaery appeared to be attempting a similar trick with Jeoffry.

Sebastian scowled over at the two of them unhappily until Jaime poked him in the side with a fork. "Do you have any idea how stupid you look, mooning over a whore who is blatantly not interested in you. The river moves on, my friend, or as they say in the Iron Islands - that ship has fucking left harbour. Have some food. Try and find some dignity."

Jim noticed the glare and tensed in response, not sure what Oberyn would do when he got angry or irritated with him. He quickly withdrew his hand from the man’s thigh and kept his eyes on his plate after he served himself, but he only picked at the food. He wasn’t sulking, he had only withdrawn in response to the tension in the room and Oberyn’s dismissal. Jim glanced at Ellaria and saw that she was unhappy as well. He thought about trying to engage her in conversation but decided to leave everyone alone unless he was spoken to. Jim regretted that they lost the fun mood from the hall.

"It's so nice to see your... Lady." Jeoffry shot out as Oberyn put down his glass. The tension in the room had crackled up, despite Margaery’s efforts, "And your... boy ..."

Oberyn stayed quiet, still with the small dangerous smile, and then raised his glass again, "The pleasure is all mine, my King, and I look forward to your wedding." There was a short silence as Jeoffry tried to work out whether he'd been insulted, and then he gave an uneasy sort of sneering smile of thanks. Tyrion Lannister hurriedly bought forward the next guest to greet the King and Oberyn went back to eating, slamming his fork into the food in front of him a little harder than necessary while Ellaria hissed something at him in quick and unintelligible Dornish.

Jim glanced up at Sebastian then, wondering what the man thought of his nephew. There was no way he could ask in a public setting though and besides, it was rude. Jim took a few bites of his food, it was good – he just didn’t especially want to eat when his nerves were strung so tight. He didn’t try and speak with Oberyn or Ellaria again, leaving them to their thoughts and not especially wanting to test Oberyn when he was in such a dangerous mood. Jim had never truly felt uneasy in the man’s presence before but it was likely to happen eventually. Now he wondered why Oberyn had even invited him, what he had thought to gain from it. It was likely the man hadn’t thought through the situation all the way. Jim didn’t take offence to Jeoffry referring to him as Oberyn’s boy, it was the truth – at least for now. Jim wore Oberyn’s mark on his ear, it was obvious to anyone who looked at him who Jim belonged to.

The atmosphere in the room quietened down a bit, and eventually Oberyn rested a hand on Jim's leg, while Ellaria wrapped an arm around his shoulders and glared at Oberyn, "You see - you invite this man to dinner and you spend the whole time hating your Lannisters. You're ignoring him completely."

Oberyn gave Jim's leg a squeeze and forced a smile, "I apologise, my little snake. I have... other things on my mind."

Sebastian watched them cuddling up and made a face, while Jaime smacked him around the head with a spoon. "Seven gods, do me and Bronn need to force you back in that brothel? Ignore him. He's a viper now."
Sebastian forced himself to look away and then sighed, banging his hand on the table, "Alright, what didn't I do? Should I have bought him pretty jewelry? Is that what he wants?"

Jaime watched Jim and Oberyn for a few seconds and then answered with a mild, "Apparently yes. Bad luck, my friend."

Jim started to relax, and watched Ellaria carefully to see how she maneuvered Oberyn. He would not use the same tricks on the man that she did, but it was certainly a good reference. Wives seemed to have a special power over men that Jim could only imitate. At least Oberyn wasn’t so angry anymore. “I understand, Lord Oberyn. We can reschedule if you would prefer?” Jim grinned as Oberyn’s hand found his leg under the table. He looked up suddenly as Jaime smacked Sebastian around the head with a spoon, causing a small disturbance at the other end of the table. “They’re like bloody children…” Jim muttered out in irritation.

"They are murderers and cowards." Oberyn spat back, but he was calmer now, with Ellaria glaring at him, and stroked Jim's leg. "You are not going anywhere, if you leave now, he'll know we are upset. Besides, I like you here." He gave the leg a squeeze.

At the other end of the hall Sebastian sighed wistfully, poking at his food, "Do you think I could buy him something? A tiger-head earring?"

Jaime rolled his eyes, "No. Because firstly, you spent all your money paying a whore not to fuck you and secondly if Oberyn Martell sees your whore with a sigil faithful to the Lannister's on his ear Oberyn Martell will rip that ear off. C'mon, eat quick and we'll get to the practice courts. I don't think my father wants me here either. Especially not with you."

“You are right. Of course, your grace. My apologies.” Oberyn was angry, Jim was aware that the anger hadn’t been caused by him but in his experience that rarely mattered. His other marks or customers hadn’t ever taken issue with beating Jim over something he didn’t do, just because he was around and they could. Part of him still doubted that Oberyn would do that, but that part was overwhelmed by real experience and not just suspicions. Sebastian was still watching Jim and he wished he could tell the other boy to stop, he was making Jim look suspicious. He caught Ellaria’s eye and gave her a grateful little smile before taking a proper bite of food.

"He is not right, he is being an idiot and messing up a perfectly nice dinner." Ellaria snapped back, but it was a low snap and she was clearly just as annoyed as Oberyn at Jeoffry's manner. Oberyn sighed and kept rubbing Jim's leg, leaning down to flick an ear at the snake around it and whisper, "I am glad you wore it, and that you like my gifts." He'd marked Sebastian down as an enemy, but didn't really bother with him further, barely glancing as Jaime and Sebastian stood, bowed, and left.

Jim had to fight back a grin as Ellaria snipped at Oberyn. He was rather nervous about displaying too much of their relationship in front of the court but Jim would take his cue from Oberyn. He leaned in and whispered, “I like more about you than your gifts, Lord Martell.” Jim’s hand skimmed from Oberyn’s thigh to brush his crotch under the table. “I am interested in more than your jewels, although they are lovely as well.” He gave a shit eating grin and took a drink of wine from his goblet.

Oberyn smiled back and snapped teeth at Jim's ear, wanting to show the whole court that he wasn't afraid of male lovers, despite the glances from the surrounding nobles. Jeoffry was thankfully no longer paying attention but there were plenty of scandlised glances.

Jim sniggered and took his hand back from Oberyn’s lap so that he could focus on eating. He noticed the looks they were getting but there wasn’t much Jim could do about it without rejecting Oberyn – Jim much preferred this Oberyn to the brooding unpredictable one. “Did you have any
plans for after dinner, your grace?” Jim asked teasingly.

Oberyn smirked at him and bent to whisper in his ear, "Well... I did get some oil for my room. Smooth and scented of spices and pine..." He could tell Jim was a little uncomfortable with all the touching, but wasn't sure how much of it was an act. He settled for patting Jim gently and then eating, "Besides, I want to try out my presents to you..."

Jim smirked and peeked at the man out of the corner of his eye. “I’m not used to this new tongue stud… I could accidentally hurt you. Are you sure you’re willing to risk that?” He teased the man and took another bite of food, resolving to ignore the staring nobles as long as they were willing to mostly leave them alone.

Oberyn hesitated and then smirked, his good mood returning, "Hmmm... we could stop by the brothel and get you that pretty blond to practice on? Although I would not like you hurting him either." In Westeros they seemed to use hurt in sex more than he was used to, and in ways that confused him. "Maybe I will take the risk - I am not scared of danger, hmm?"

Jim grinned, a little delighted to have talked Oberyn into doing something he had reservations about. “I would promise to be very very gentle... If I do it wrong it would scratch but you are unlikely to get cut.” Jim gave Oberyn an assessing look as he cut up some meat. “You do not like to be hurt when you’re...” He gave up on finding an appropriate word to use at court and just left the sentence open.

Oberyn gave him a slightly odd look and just went for "I do not like to be hurt. That is why I fight well. And you - I suggest you don't get it wrong. There are great punishments in Dorne for those who scratch the cock of a Prince.” Ellaria gave a snort into her wine and shook her head at Jim, smiling, giving him reassurance that Oberyn was teasing him.

Bronn was nowhere to be found, and Jaime didn't quite feel ready to practice on his own, certainly not in visible practice grounds. Taking his leave, Sebastian took off his cloak and hung it over the fence, picking up a training sword and stretching, before starting to go through the moves. He was getting better at it, and it had reached the point where his improvements were noticeable, even to him, but there was a long way to go. Gregor Clegane sat outside while his men were all drinking and fighting, challenging each other to different contests when one of them spotted Sebastian and pointed him out to the others. “Oi,” one of them called. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing? This is our training area, you can find somewhere else to swing your stick unless you’d like it shoved up your arse.” The men generally weren’t very concerned with Sebastian, his presence was an irritant, nothing more.

Sebastian was half way through a move and didn't stop until he'd finished, looking around the training area. He was pretty sure this area was open to anyone and even if it wasn't he wasn't taking up much of it. He rolled his eyes and flipped two fingers up, then went back to his practice.

“Hey you stupid cunt,” a few of them had surrounded Sebastian and one shoved him from behind. “We told you to piss off. Are you stupid or mute?”

Sebastian had seen them approaching but hadn't particularly given a fuck. They were soldiers and sellswords after all. He turned with a growl as he was shoved, raising the wooden practice sword and landing a satisfying whack over the man's fingers. "I'm Lord Moran of the North, I suggest you piss off and practice murdering peasants elsewhere.

“Ouch! Fuck.” He shook out his fingers, hoping none of them were broken. “That was a mistake. Pin him down lads. And give me that fucking stick…"
Sebastian snarled immediately, jumping forwards and managing to get another strike in at the man's shoulder, before a strong arm wrenched the training sword away and another punched him to the floor. He scrabbled against the dirt, snarling and lashing out when he could and just about managing to gasp, "You think bastard fuckers like you will get away with beating a Lord?" He had status now, he was sure of it, and he was determined to make the most of it.

“Ohhhh, we’ve got ourselves a little lord then.” By now the other men had the boy pinned securely in the dirt and they handed him the boy’s practice sword as he’d directed. “Stupid sod. We’re the Mountain’s men. Haven’t you heard, we get away with doing whatever the fuck we want. Now tug his trousers down.” The man paused and inspected the little practice sword while the other men started to strip Sebastian. “That last blow wasn’t very good, little lord. Let me show you how to do it properly.” The man brought the practice sword down four or five times across the boy’s back. They were dangerous blows, with an oak sword like this, if he swung much harder he could have snapped the boy’s spine. When he was done and the boy was left gasping in the dirt the man smiled and held up the sword again, “Now, you have the choice between having this shoved down your throat or up your backside. What’s it going to be, little lord?”

Sebastian felt his brain go into screaming panic as the men yanked down the back of his trousers roughly, struggling and fighting as hard as he could and giving a hiss of pleasure as he felt his foot connect with something soft belonging to someone. There was no way he could fight them off though, and he gave a choked cry as the sword lashed down, feeling the impact dull against his ribs and praying that nothing would break, that he wouldn't be left paralysed and crippled. He looked up at the sword when the man had finished, wide eyed in fear before managing to pull the tattered remains of his pride together enough to spit at the man, kicking out again at the hands that held him. "I'm the bastard son of Lord Tywin Lannister... you really think he'll let you get away with this?" He snarled, playing the last card left to him. The man above him laughed with an "Arse it is then" and suddenly the training sword was landing over the bare skin of his arse, and two of the men were kicking his legs apart. He couldn't help a desperate cry then, panicked and scrabbling. He'd thought Ramsay was bad but this was different in a very sharp and terrible way. On the one hand, he wouldn't have the shame and prickling self-loathing of having asked for it. On the other, it would hurt more than anything, tear him, damage him.

Ellaria had kissed them goodbye as they left the dining hall, Oberyn could hardly keep his hands off Jim after all the teasing at dinner and they decided to cut through the training ground on their way back to Oberyn’s rooms. Jim muffled a laugh as the man stopped and wrapped his arms around Jim from behind before biting and then licking at the top of his ear and the serpent cuff. “Someone will see…” Jim scolded and looked around the training grounds to make sure no one was watching them. That’s when he heard a choked cry in a familiar voice and he froze, eyes landing upon the men who were standing over someone curled up on the ground. “Oberyn…” Jim grabbed onto the man’s wrist tightly, trying to work out how he could get the man to facilitate a rescue without letting on who they were rescuing or that he knew the man. “They’re hurting him. I don’t want to watch, can’t you make them stop?”

Oberyn was far more interested in groping Jim than getting into a fight, but when he saw it was the Mountain's men he grabbed at a small knife in his robes and strode forward, leaving Jim with a kiss and a "wait here. ...What are you doing?" He snapped at the men, "Is this really the best you can do? Hurting innocent young men?" He could see Sebastian between them, but the view at the moment was not highly recognisable “I suggest you move away, before one of you is seriously hurt.”

The man threw the wooden sword in Jim’s direction, getting in Oberyn’s face and hissing, “fuck off, unless you’re offering to let your whore take his place. That one’s a lot prettier than he is. I think I’ll fuck him too, after I’ve killed you.” His hand went for his own sword, strapped to his
Jim hung back from the men, hand behind his back. He was carrying a few large needles on him, they weren’t much for protection compared to a sword but if you knew how to throw them well and where to aim they could be deadly against a single opponent. He was only nervous because these men had swords or axes and Oberyn only had a knife.

"I don't need fucking rescuing..." Sebastian groaned, but it came out pale and whispered. A foot caught him in the stomach and stopped struggling, closing his eyes and just hanging onto the ground. Oberyn appeared to consider the offer and then gave a small smile, his hand moving like a flash to press a knife against the man's balls. "I don't think you'll be fucking anyone. If you don't move soon you will never fuck anyone ever again. This knife is tipped with venom - it's slow acting but incredibly painful. it will start in your balls, move to your cock ... you'll be able to watch it turn into a green a putrefying mess over the course of several weeks. And of course as it's venom I don't need to cut you just... a little prick." He moved his hand and the man twitched. "Tell your men to leave."

The man flushed and growled furiously but took his hand off the hilt of his sword and yelled, “Back off… We were only fooling around,” He made his excuses to Oberyn while glaring but the men all left, tension running through the air since they lost their entertainment and their pride all at once.

Jim tucked the needles back into the sleeves of his robe and quickly went to Oberyn, wrapping his arms around the man’s waist and pressing against him. “That was incredible. You didn’t even have to fight them. Would you teach me how to use a weapon?” He glanced down at Sebastian briefly but couldn’t really give the man obvious attention in front of Oberyn. “Oh, Lord Moran. I didn’t realize it was you, are you badly injured?” Jim was cool and polite, not willing to risk either of their lives by giving away that they knew each other.

"Lord Moran?" Oberyn looked down at the man he'd rescued and gave a little curl of the lip, annoyed he’d wasted time and effort on a Lannister. "Huh, I wouldn't have bothered for you.” He scowled again as he saw Mace Tyrell gesturing from a distance and gave Jim a quick peck on the cheek. "You are sweet, little viper. If you want to make sure he is fine, you can. I will see you later - come up to my room."

Sebastian stayed dully lying on the floor, feeling the throbbing of the strokes over his back mixed with the heat of the lines over his arse and the embarrassment of still being half naked. He sniffled as he felt someone next to him and muttered "Ramsay?"

Jim watched Oberyn heatedly, “It can be valuable to have people owe your favors, especially your enemies. I will come see you as soon as I am done with this.” Oberyn kissed his cheek and Jim smiled until the man was out of sigh. He knelt next to Sebastian and heard him ask for Ramsay, “You stupid fuck…” Jim whispered without any heat. “How do you keep ending up in these situations? Where is Jaime, he’s meant to keep things like this from happening.” Jim winced a little at the bruises and got to work on tugging Sebastian’s trousers up for him since the boy seemed too out of it to do it himself. The armour had protected his back somewhat but there wasn’t anything to protect his arse after they stripped his trousers.

Sebastian heard Jim speaking and half rolled over, ignoring the pain in his side and the welts forming over his arse his eyes widened and he suddenly wrapped his arms around Jim hugging him close and whispering in a sniffly voice into his ear, "D-don't want Jaime, want you, I-I know you don't want me and you can't and he's... but... if I could, if I could have you, fuck I'd want you. Fucking hurts not having you, s'why I keep hurting myself..." He held on tight, not even caring if
Oberyn was watching, not wanting to give up the opportunity where he had Jim to hold.

Jim tensed up in surprise when Sebastian hugged him and he was ridiculously pleased that Oberyn was already gone or he would have had a lot of explaining to do. “What are you on about?” He asked quietly, dropping the accent for a moment. Jim’s face twisted up with guilt, it wasn’t an emotion he was familiar with, he was good to people that were good to him and was happy to fuck over the ones who hurt him. But he had done this, turned Sebastian into this person, it had been months since their one night together and the boy was still this hung up over it. Maybe another time it would have boosted Jim’s ego but now he just felt sad. “I didn’t mean for any of this to happen… fuck, don’t do that. There’s plenty of people in the world who will hurt you, no sense hurting yourself too.” Jim quickly ran a hand through Sebastian’s hair, not knowing what to say that wouldn’t make it worse. Jim had missed the boy too, wished that he could talk to him and help him navigate King’s Landing but Varys would have Sebastian killed, Oberyn would kill Jim if he thought the boy had seduced him as a spy for the Lannisters. “I’m just trying to protect you, don’t waste my efforts by getting yourself killed, understand? Fuck, you stupid boy, you have to be more careful…” Jim hugged him back after making sure no one else was around to see them.

Feeling Jim's arms around him, hearing Jim fondly insulting him, brought back all the rushed feelings Sebastian had been trying to suppress. He wanted this man - to protect him, to serve him, to ride with him, and to work with him, and he knew that while he still had even the barest glimpse of a chance he’d not let it go. Maybe he had fallen in love with a dream, with a careful persona designed by a whore, but that didn't bother him anymore. Whatever Jim was, he loved him. It was that soppy thought as much as anything else, that snapped him out a bit, drawing back and wiping his nose, reaching down to try and tug his trousers up and yowling as the material touched the back of his legs, "Fuuuuck. Oww. Bastards." He sighed as he saw Jaime Lannister hurrying towards them. "Thank you. For... well thank you. I'll let you get on with your job, and try to keep my head down..." he gave Jim a heated look, only slightly spoilt by the tears and the dirty mess of his face, "But when you need me, you just say how high and I'll jump for you."

“Everything’s complicated,” Jim explained. “I... don’t want to see you killed. You shouldn’t have gotten caught up in all of this and I’m sorry for that.” Jim had taken this job knowing he’d never be able to form any attachments, that he’d probably spend his short life alone except for the men who he tricked into his bed, the ones who fell in love with a dream while he tried to hide how much he hated them. Oberyn wasn’t like that, but Oberyn was a short job and he’d leave for Dorne again sometime after the wedding. Even after he’d gone though, Jim couldn’t drop his work for Sebastian. He owed Varys too much and besides that, the man would kill him before he let Jim leave with all of the secrets he knew. That was the deal Jim had agreed to when he was nine. He grabbed up the sleeve of his robe and wiped the dirt and tears from Sebastian’s face before he bent forward and gave him a small kiss on the forehead. He stood and backed away when Jaime came running up, “You were meant to be watching him.” Jim bit out, still without the accent. Jaime hadn’t known that was his job but that’s what Jim had sort of manipulated him into doing.

Seb gave a half grin back, reaching up to stroke Jim's face with the back of his hand, "Worth it. Worth it for you. Pleased you've got that man, he treats you well. Think I can cope with that just... just want to know it's worth me hanging around still, yeah? If I keep out of trouble." He could never be the one man in Jim's life, that was out of the question, but he rather liked the idea of being the one constant factor - something Jim could run back to. And it suddenly occurred to him that he couldn't do that if his life was still volatile. He had the land, the status, he could travel and be sent back money from home without too much trouble. He could be a harbour for Jim to return too.

He hissed as Jaime approached, looking shocked and baffled. “If Oberyn Martell catches you two - dear gods, what's happened? I don't watch Moran, nobody has enough time in their life for that.”
Jim managed to get out a few words before Jaime Lannister reached them, “Keep out of trouble, it’s not safe for you to go home. Just – fuck you make things so complicated.” He turned on Jaime, feeling pretty furious. “I had to talk Oberyn into chasing them off, because you weren’t here to look after your little brother.” Jim shoved Jaime as he turned on him like a little pitbull, “He got attacked, probably because he runs his goddamn mouth when he shouldn’t, which is why you are meant to look after him.” Jim continued to shove Jaime every time he had to emphasize a word. “I still manage to watch him, and I have about a hundred children to manage and train and I’m trying to seduce a prince. All you have to do is make sure he doesn’t get killed, it’s not that difficult Lannister.”

Sebastian watched Jim shoving around a baffled Jaime and felt another strong rush of passion. Jim cared for him - that this wasn't an act anymore because neither Jim nor quite frankly anyone else had no reason to give two shits about Sebastian's loyalties or his life. He had no men, no resources, no political importance. Jim was the only person who even halfway wanted him, and the boy seemed very confused still about why, when it just made things complicated. He managed a grin, lifting himself up and doing up his trousers, limping over. "S'okay, I need to look after myself more. Don't worry about complicated. You're working, I'm training, s'fine."

Jaime could hardly attack Jim back, the boy was tiny, and seemed to matter to Sebastian, but he did look exhasperated, "I'm not responsible for what your crazy Moran gets up to... just... ow... stoppit!" He sighed, grabbing Jim’s shoulders, "Stop! Don't drag me into this. He's not my little brother - well I suppose he is - oh damn you. Yes alright, I'll try and look out for him. Although I do have my own problems at the moment, I've got a King to guard at a wedding."

Jim growled as Jaime took him by the shoulders and tried to wiggle free so he could hit the man again, it was good for stress relief. He rolled his eyes, “Don’t you dare complain. Do you know how much the Master of Whispers has to do for the wedding? Every guest needs to be scrutinized. There’s hundreds of them. Sure you’ll be the one who will protect him physically but we have been rooting out threats for weeks, the baker the Tyrells hired was planning to fuck with the cake and now the Tyrells are sore because their favorite baker was killed accidentally in a tavern brawl and guess who had to arrange that?” Jim sighed heavily and rubbed at his eyes. “Just look after him. Or get Bronn to do it, he’s not got anything to do. Can you take him back to the Holmes Estate and make sure he’s seen by Maester Wyttson? Don’t let him wiggle out of it.”

Jaime sighed, not really looking forward to dragging around a loose cannon of a younger bastard brother but nodding anyway. "Everyone gives me orders nowadays, don't they," He snapped, taking hold of Sebastian's upper arm and shaking his head at Jim, "You keep out of the way, alright? If Oberyn hears you're chatting with Lannisters he'll make what Locke did look like a happy day out in Highgarden. C'mon, little brother." He filled the words with as much sarcasm as he could and Sebastian blew Jim a quick kiss and then limped off with him, complaining all the way.

Jim scowled after them and huffed a breath before adjusting his robes and making his way towards Oberyn’s rooms. He had a prince to bed. A spy’s work was never done. Jim tried to shed his frustration on the way there but he’d been genuinely scared for Sebastian and that frustrated him and the boy frustrated him and crippled knights who didn’t do their jobs frustrated him, so when Jim knocked at the door he was still steaming and was actually looking forward to a rough fuck.
TW: threats of rape, assault
Oberyn opened the door, smiling and tugging Jim inside, noticing that he was riled up and kissing his lips gently as he closed the door behind him, "Mmm... Don't be angry my little viper, I'll get those men back, every one of them. Once I have taken my revenge on the Mountain. They won't hurt you." He thought that was what Jim was most likely to be worried about, that the men would remember his face and try to get back at him. "I will protect you, you have nothing to fear." He gave Jim a small slap on the arse, "Certainly not from them!"

Oberyn was always so gentle with him but today Jim wanted to test how far he could push the man to see how hard he'd push Jim back. He kissed Oberyn heatedly, biting down on his lower lip and then licked over the swelling skin. “Gods I hope I’m there to see you take that sucker down.” Varys and Jim always had spies sending updates on the Mountain and the awful shit he got up to, trying to keep track. They’d been trying to take him out for years but Varys couldn’t be seen to act against the Lannister’s man. Besides the guy was a beast. Jim figured Varys had plans that would involve Oberyn and that was part of why he wanted Jim near him – but if Varys had been scheming he hadn’t shared the information with Jim. “You were so hot.” Jim grinned and thought he should reward Oberyn for being such a good boy. His man swung his mighty sword and now it was Jim’s turn to hail the conquering hero. He pushed back against Oberyn and grabbed at his arse while he kissed him fiercely.

"Oh?" Oberyn hadn't been expecting this, but he was more than happy to growl gently back and return the heated kisses, running his hands under Jim's clothes and tugging them away while they kissed. Jim's skin was hot and slick, and for a moment Oberyn was a little suspicious at just how turned on the boy was. Maybe he enjoyed seeing men beaten - he knew some in Westeros did. He was happy to take advantage of it though, biting Jim back on soft lips and running nails over the curves of his arse.

Jim started stripping Oberyn as well, not bothering with pleasantries and asking. Tonight he would fuck someone the way he wanted to and not hinge the whole thing around what the other person wanted. Oberyn would tell him if he didn’t like something and Jim would adhere to that because it was just common courtesy. Tonight Jim did not want to pretend and create a whole fantasy to live as, he wanted something for himself. “My name’s Jim,” he whispered in between fierce kisses. “Call me Jim.”

"Jim?” Oberyn felt slightly confused, a little out of his depth but really - that just made the prospect of the evening more enticing and exciting. He wasn't sure when Jim started stripping him, however, it seemed the boy wanted more control than Oberyn was certain he should allow. He let himself be pushed towards the bed though. "I think I prefer Brooke."

Jim paused and recoiled when he registered what Oberyn said, “Brooke is just the name for my cover as the scholar… Jim is my real name.” He was a little hurt and Jim withdrew psychologically a little after having such an intimate part of him rejected. A little voice insisted that of course Oberyn preferred Brooke, Brooke was tailor made for him, Jim was a grubby whore from flea bottom… He squashed that voice down and lightly pushed Oberyn down onto the mattress and knelt down between his legs. “I think you mentioned wanted to see me use the gift you got me?”
"Then I will call you Jim..." Oberyn murmured into his hair, feeling pleased he'd been trusted with such an important piece of information. He kissed the top of Jim's head as the boy knelt down and opened his legs wide, smirking, "I would like that very much... and you should be careful not to injure your prince... or injure him further." He licked at the sore bite-mark on his lip, a smile playing around his eyes. "I think I would like to watch it as well... that little ruby in your mouth getting to work."

Jim gave a genuine little smile, pleased to have been given that much. “Only when we are alone of course... I should think you’d be very disappointed if Varys had me executed for spying.” Jim ran his hands teasingly up and down Oberyn’s thighs a few times while he smirked between his parted legs. “That little flea bite? I thought you were a great warrior.” He took Oberyn’s half hard cock carefully in his hand before bending down and licking a stripe from root to tip, mindful of the new edges on his piercing. Then he went back and blew air carefully along the path he’d just traveled with his tongue, going for a teasing sensation.

Oberyn moaned, his knees bending slightly and hips twitching as the ruby leant a whole new sensation to the wet tongue, followed by the teasing tremble of air left him in no doubt that Jim had done this before, and that he was in for a wonderful time. He pushed a pillow behind his head and locked his hands behind his head, looking down at Jim over the length of his body and smiling, "You would not be executed, I would swoop in at the last minute and rescue you, carry you off to Dorne."

Jim grinned at the noise he earned and was happy that Oberyn wanted to watch him, so many men wanted to close their eyes and pretend Jim was someone else. “Oh? What would we do in Dorne?” Jim was enjoying teasing Oberyn, the man was powerful and he coveted every little bit of the power that he handed to Jim. He twirled his tongue around the head of the man’s cock, gently running the tongue stud along the slit a few times before taking Oberyn in his mouth and bobbing his head enthusiastically, continuing to run his tongue along the shaft as he moved.

"Mmm... I would buy you a castle!" Oberyn relaxed, feeling powerful with Jim between his legs having just made a group of soldiers stand back even if it had been to rescue a Lannister sympathiser, which he was still a bit annoyed about. His hands stroked at Jim's hair, tugging gently at the strands and patting at the parts of Jim he could reach, "Mmm... you are... wow. Yes, I would fill the castle with gold for you - big wide gardens, long flowing robes. Pretty things for you. Maybe a pet - would you like a pet bird? Something from the Southern isles - big and colourful."

Powerful men had promised to buy Jim a castle before, but a tropical bird was something new. Jim stilled for a moment as Oberyn tugged on his hair, it hadn’t hurt but hair pulling was one of the few things Jim still tripped up on when it came to sex. After Locke had held his head down under water it could cause a pretty severe panic. Oberyn wasn’t pulling hard or trying to push Jim’s head down onto his cock so it showed only as a tension in his shoulders. He took a breath and pushed past it, trying to focus on the man underneath him, “How do you want to fuck me?” Jim said a little breathlessly, “I’d like to ride you…” He was still trying to make decisions for himself but what position they did it in wasn’t a big sticking point for Jim, he just thought it would be hot as fuck, keep his scars away from Oberyn - although the man didn’t seem to mind them so much - and he’d have some level of control. This would be his first time properly fucking since Harrenhall and Jim was trying to make sure he didn’t stumble on anything.

"Then you should ride me." Oberyn smiled, happy for Jim to be happy, and that he wanted sex and not some strange violent Westeros ritual. The boy was clearly flustered and shaken, and Oberyn put that down to having watched a man almost get fucked by a practice sword. "Calm down, little viper, it's fine... no rush." He laughed, "We have all night." Jim nodded and took a moment to relax, Oberyn was right – he was rushing, still running on frustration and adrenalin. “I like that
name…” He muttered as he crawled back up so that he could straddle Oberyn on the bed and bend down to kiss him. Little bird, little spider, little viper. At least his names were growing more intimidating. “It makes me sound fierce.” Jim grinned and rocked his hips down against the length of Oberyn’s cock.

"You are fierce... o-ohhh, even standing up for friends of Lannisters. I hope he appreciates it." Oberyn scowled but not for long. Jim's cock rubbing against his was hot and wet, and he reached over to the table by the bed, handing Jim a small pot full of clear oil. "For you. Scented with warm spices - it'll feel amazing." It smelt good as well, all heady and Dornish.

Jim took the little pot and had a quick smell, it did smell nice, he liked it a lot. He moved his hips again, enjoying all of the little noises and reactions he got out of Oberyn. “I want you to stretch me. Show me any tricks you’ve brought from Dorne, I’m a quick study.”

Oberyn grinned at that, propping himself upright and tugging Jim closer, one hand sipping into the pot and then sliding underneath a pale thigh to press at his entrance, moving around in little circles, "Mmm... I have been looking forward to this since I first saw you..." he murmured into Jim's ear. "All blushing and pretty and slender waiting to invite me to dinner. You were interesting then, Jim Brooke, and you became even more interesting. Moan for me my pretty viper... show me my jewel in your tongue."

Jim shivered as an oiled finger pressed at his entrance, the temperature of it was cold but Jim also thought some herbs might be involved to give it a chilling effect, good for hot nights in Dorne. He was apprehensive about this, he’d been – damaged, physically during his time away. Torn open too many times and Jim realized in his time with Olyvar that he’d lost some of the function of his nerves, the sensation from penetration wasn’t going to be the same. Some of it would come back with time but not everything would. Jim was nervous because he wasn’t sure how this was going to feel and he hoped that penetration could still be pleasurable for him. He hummed happily and gave Oberyn a gentle head-butt under the chin, “You have been very patient, your grace. I am impressed.” At the command to show off his ruby, Jim let his tongue hang from his mouth for a moment before he leaned forward and licked a long line from Oberyn’s collarbone to his jaw, pressing the stud in a little harder and scratching enough that the pressure was similar to a fingernail.

"I can tell you weren’t completely comfortable with going first time..." Oberyn sounded smug, like he'd worked out some great Westerosi secret, his fingers continued to swirl around, sliding gently up against the entrance, teasing, touching, but not quite entering, enjoying feeling Jim squirming around on top of him. He moaned as Jim licked up his skin, shivering at the feel and enjoying the little scrape from the jewel.

“Who would have thought – Prince Oberyn is a tease.” Jim grinned, teasing the man right back. He leaned in and scratched gentle lines down Oberyn’s pectoral muscles, stopping just shy of his nipples.

"Prince Oberyn wants to hear you moan..." Oberyn replied gently, sliding the oil around further and patting Jim's bottom along with it, before gently and softly sliding his finger inside, curling it as he went to rub along the inside. Jim felt tight, and appealing, he could tell that at some point in the past the boy had suffered some damage and he gave a little unhappy growl, nibbling at Jim's neck, "Someone hurt you..." he whispered quietly and then, "Tell me if it isn't good."

Jim softened at Oberyn’s gentle tone and he leaned in to kiss him, slightly touched by the words. He kissed him until Oberyn finally pressed a finger inside and Jim gave a breathy quiet moan against the man’s mouth. Oberyn made an aggressive unhappy noise, seemingly in reply and Jim
leaned back out of his personal space. Then Oberyn nibbled at his neck and specified what angered him and Jim relaxed, pleased that the man hadn’t been set off by something Jim had done. “I’m okay now…” He’d thought that the nature of his piercings had made it pretty clear what had been done to him but maybe Oberyn hadn’t known. Jim rocked his hips gently, encouraging Oberyn to add another finger.

"Good..." Oberyn's voice rumbled against him and a second finger slid up gently, rolled around the entrance and then joined the other inside. His fingers were constantly moving, sliding around, stretching Jim wanting him slick and stretched and hot. "Goooooodd... and you will feel so amazing when I am inside you. Move for me..." Jim shuddered happily and started to move his hips the way he would when Oberyn was inside him. He rolled his hips while he bounced slowly in Oberyn’s lap, fucking himself on the man's fingers. Jim moaned quietly, his breath came quicker and he tightened his grip on Oberyn’s shoulders. “I don’t want to wait. Fuck me now.” Jim was a demanding little thing when people let him get away with it, and Oberyn spoiled him endlessly.

"Not yet, my demanding little viper." Oberyn pushed Jim's backside up, one hand slapping the side gently, squeezing between each hit while the other slid a third finger in, "I want you ready, I want you perfect for me, hot inside and out... mmm? All wet and slick."

Jim laughed through a little groan of frustration as Oberyn pushed another finger in and squeezed at his arse. “You enjoy torturing me.” Jim muttered but he continued to roll and rock his hips gently, “I can be perfect…” Jim leaned in and touched Oberyn’s lower lips with his fingertips. “… have you ever thought about hurting me?”

Oberyn frowned and drew him back slowly, "No. Why would I?” He slid his three fingers in and out and admitted with a small grin, "Mostly I think about having sex with you... I told you, do not worry about being hurt. I can protect you.” He pulled his fingers out and slapped the other side of Jim, giving it a good squeeze and a rub afterwards. "Are you ready...?"

"Oh seven help me… that’s the point! Things must be very different in Dorne. Most men here are either apathetic to their lover’s pleasure or get off on hurting them. Scratching, biting, beating with a crop or a cane or a paddle, rough sex – fucking. You’ve never thought about hurting me? You’ve never done those things before?” Jim was delighted to have found something that the prince was possibly inexperienced at. “Next time you can fuck me like a Westerosi.” Jim explained all of this while he slicked up Oberyn’s cock liberally before pushing the man back down so he was stretched across the mattress with his head propped up on the pillow.

"Get off on - beating?” Oberyn hesitated, his hands moving away from Jim, sadness in his eyes. "Is that what you want? Me to... beat you? With a cane? Like they were doing to that - Moran?” He lifted Jim up and away, putting him gently on the bed and looking confused and a bit wary, "I do not understand. You told me you didn't like what those men did back when they hurt you? And now you want me to do it? Do you feel you... owe me? Why should I hurt you, you are my lover! I love you? Should I hurt the men I love?” He stood from the bed, pacing the room, before stopping and looking sadly at Jim, "Do you... you want me to do these things to you?"

Jim was quickly becoming alarmed as Oberyn went cold and sad, pushing Jim away. Fuck, that was not what he wanted. “It’s – I asked if you wanted to. No you – you wouldn’t do it with something like that, that can break bones and kill you. I’m talking about using a belt or a switch. It leaves bruises, welts. Nothing should be broken.” Jim hated Oberyn pushing him away, it left him feeling very self-conscious and judged. “I didn’t like that, you’re right. A lot of what happened to me is considered extreme... life threatening. I didn’t say I wanted you to, I asked if you wanted to! It’s different.” Jim looked at Oberyn completely perplexed. “Of course I owe you, you have
been... so good to me with the gifts and your attentions. Of course I want to try and do something to make you happy in return.” Jim froze, going over what Oberyn said. “You... love me?” He watched Oberyn with wide eyes, half expecting to be mocked and told that he’d misheard. “I... huh.” It was a cultural thing, it had to be. “I think I did not explain well. Some people like to hurt and be hurt in the bedroom, that is how it is done in Westeros, that is what I am used to. Tonight I would like you to fuck me like we are in Dorne. Are you... do you still want that?”

“What if I did want to? Would you let me?” Oberyn stared at him in dismay as he kept talking, "Is that what it is to you - sex should be something I do to you? To please myself? Would I be expected to enjoy that?” He paced back and forth next to the bed, looking occasionally at the confused little heap of boy sitting naked on it. "You owe me nothing." He spat, gesturing wildly. "If you want to leave now, with everything I gave you, you are free. Leave any time - with my gifts, and my affections. How would I be happy with you being upset, or hurt? I am happy when you are pleased and pleased and wonderful charming little snake.” He sat on the bed and gathered Jim into his arms, still looking hurt, "You are my lover. I love you. And I want to love you now - not hurt or hit you."

Jim glanced down at the sheets of the bed, wondering how everything had gone so wrong. “I would let you. I – freeze up sometimes when something reminds me of that other time... I would ask you not to do the things that make me freeze but I would let you.” He didn’t understand why Oberyn looked so fucking sad. This wasn’t Jim being jaded because he’d had some bad experiences with sex, these were the same ways that men took their wives, a commodity much more valuable than a whore. “I’m sorry prince Oberyn, that’s how it is here. That’s what I know. Once I had sex with a boy who cared about my pleasure but...” Jim shrugged rather helplessly. “I believe he’s soft in the head. Most men are not like that here. Not even with their wives.” He startled a little as Oberyn raised his voice suddenly and started gesturing wildly. “Your grace, I do not want to please you because I am indebted to you. I want to please you because you have shown me kindness and treated me fairly. Your body is beautiful and you make me happy.” Oberyn pulled Jim to him, finally and Jim wrapped his arms around the man tightly, not wanting to be interrogated anymore. Oberyn told Jim that he loved him again and couldn’t say it back – no one had ever said it to him before and Jim had never said it to another person, wasn’t even sure he knew what love was, but he thought he felt the same way for Oberyn that the prince felt for him and that would have to be enough. “Please, just... I want you now. No more fighting.”

"Oh we are not fighting my little viper." Oberyn stroked at his naked skin, and slowly started to move Jim to sit on his lap. Then before he could slide inside he lifted Jim's face by his chin and kissed under his eyes, "It is not that I care for your pleasure, I do of course, but pleasure comes from pleasure. To love a man, or a woman is to be as close as close can be, inside, above and between. If you want to please me then do pleasurable things. Everything about you pleases me - if it didn't why would I want to be with you?" He finally lifted Jim's bottom and slide in between with a little groan of relief. "There. Calm down and love me now."

Jim’s breath caught as Oberyn lifted him up and he sank down onto Oberyn’s cock with painful slowness, trying to get some payback from earlier when he wanted to take his time. When Jim was able to sit comfortably flush against his hips he took a moment to adjust before he started to move. “You – don’t always make sense to me but I like that.” Jim started to rock his hips, rolling languidly as he picked out a rhythm. Jim still held on to Oberyn and he moved up his face to kiss him slowly all over, trying to convey whatever it was that he felt. “I don’t – I don’t know how. This is something I’m not experienced with.”

"You seem very experienced to me." Oberyn's voice held a laugh as he felt Jim's tongue and hot breath over his face. His hands stroked and patted at Jim's hips and then wrapped around him, twitching his hips up so that Jim could work up a rhythm. "You very rarely make sense to me
either - but you are beautiful and I enjoy being with you."

Jim chuckled breathily through a drawn out moan, “No, you crazy man. You want me to – love
you and that’s not something I know how to show? Should I buy you gifts?” He groaned again as
Oberyn snapped his hips up to meet his, Jim pushed Oberyn down on his back so that he could ride
him properly – feeling up that warm hot chest as he went.

“You are loving me right now!” Oberyn laughed, his good mood returning now Jim wasn’t talking
about being hurt, and was riding him wonderfully well. "Strange little viper, Jim from the Vale,
who is Brooke from Lys." He allowed Jim to push him down, moaning and grabbing two handfuls
of his arse, "And you are doing it very well."

Jim laughed outright then, feeling pleased that he’d finally figured it out. “Oh! You’re talking
about fucking.” He gave an especially hard downward thrust, taking what he wanted from the man
and feeling perfectly happy to have his wicked way with him. “Yes I fuck well.” Jim leaned back,
getting a different angle and closed his eyes blissfully. “Ahhh-I yeah, I know how to fuck. Touch
me, gods I love your hands…”

"Strange, strange little viper." Oberyn grinned and kept his hands on Jim's hips and back, trailing
warm trails over the small pale body, scratching down nails, letting Jim control the angle and
timing. Part of him was still a bit wary of the conversation they'd just had, of what Jim was willing
to do to please him, but he decided to think it through later.

Jim trailed his hands down the front of his own body, tweaking and pulling at the piercings there
before a hand finally found its way to his cock. He bounced slowly and touched himself while he
looked down and watched Oberyn move underneath him, drinking in the sight of him and flushing
from the orgasm he could feel building slowly in him. “When you come I want you to say my
name. My real one."

"Oh you do! Such a demanding boy." Oberyn nodded, enjoying the show and happy to sit back and
let Jim work his body, while keeping his hands firmly pressed on Jim’s bum. In deference to the
conversation they’d just had, he experimentally started to slap it, a bit harder than he usually would,
rubbing the skin after each time, "Mmm... you like that?"

“I’m demanding because you spoil me and can’t tell me no.” Jim gave the man a cocky smirk, he
bet that Oberyn’s daughters were little fiends, if he couldn’t deny Jim anything he couldn’t imagine
how tightly those girls probably had him wrapped around their little fingers. Jim gave a happy little
jolt as Oberyn smacked his arse, tightening around the man’s cock. “With all due respect, your
grace- I’ve met women that hit harder.” Jim grinned widely to show he was teasing. He was
pleased that Oberyn was willing to try something new with him though. “Again.”

Oberyn couldn't help the slight flash of confusion in his eyes as Jim taunted his slaps but just
pushed himself up enough to press tight hard abs against Jim and kiss his lips with a "shhh... I will
treat you how I want - you cannot be trusted to decide for yourself, you only want to be hurt." He
gave a little grin as he lay back down, "And I can't tell you no." His hands rubbed in circles over
Jim's bottom before smacking down again, bouncing off the smooth skin and going straight back to
rubbing.

Jim groaned hard as Oberyn moved underneath him and surprised him with a position change, the
prince’s warm muscled chest felt wonderful against his and Jim didn’t waste any time before his
hands pressed and groped at the naked skin there. The kiss was slow and languid, Jim was happy to
let him set the pace. “I want you to pleasure me too.” Jim took one of Oberyn’s hands and moved it
over his cock, encouraging the man to touch him. He hissed happily at the feeling of that large
callused hand touching him and gripping his cock.
Oberyn shook his head, moving his hand into position and slapping Jim again for giving the order. He could sort of understand how the odd slap could be fun, how a nice heated little backside would expand the pleasure, but the idea of hitting Jim, over and over, no. He started stroking Jim's cock as the young man jumped on his, gasping his name for practice "Mmm... Jim. Jim..."

Jim gave an exaggerated little yelp and a laugh as Oberyn’s hand came down a little harder on his arse in retaliation. He groaned heatedly, just hearing the man say his name over and over with his exotic accent was driving him a little mad. He gave up on the slow and sensual hip movement and started to ride him with purpose, chasing his own orgasm. “Fuck – oh seven help me. Say it again. Gods you are so strong and fierce and I want you – all of you, you crazy Dornishman.”

Oberyn pushed himself up, heated and eyes wild, letting Jim bounce in his lap and smacking down hard at his arse at each bounce, "Mmmm... oh you fucking wonderful lover... Jim... yesss... you will have all of me, Jim..." The thrusts were driving him wild, and Jim seemed to be in heaven - he was perfectly happy to keep his hand bouncing off the tight little arse if it kept the boy happy.

“You feel so good...” Jim grabbed at Oberyn’s face when he sat up to pull him in for a deep hot kiss. “Want you – I’ll love you, whatever you want.” Jim promised, meaning it in the same way that Oberyn meant it but he didn’t want to commit to the Westeros definition of the word. He thrust down harder, and every time Oberyn’s hand cracked down on his arse Jim would give a little moan. “Don’t stop touching me, I’m close...”

"I do want..." Oberyn murmured back, not willing to stop what they were doing in order to ask just what the fuck Jim was actually talking about. He let the boy bounce, wincing a little as he saw a red handprint starting to form on Jim's arse but obediently not stopping, running his free hand all over warm skin, and then up to play with the little piercings on his chest, "Mmm... Jim, my Jim, will you cum for me?"

“Fuck – yes. Please don’t stop...” Jim felt himself get hot all over, it felt as if a fire spread under his skin. He shuddered and finally lost the tempo of his hips as Oberyn touched his cock with the lubed hand. It was hot and slick and he groaned loudly as he gave a final thrust and shuddered out his orgasm. Jim reached his hands out and grabbed at the man’s skin scratching and gripping anything he could get his hands on while he tried to get his breath back. “Fuck – fuck you... uh.” Jim started laughing quietly as he kissed and nibbled over the skin at Oberyn’s throat. “That was... wow.” The fire didn’t rage underneath his skin anymore, it had simmered down to warm lazy embers in his gut.

Oberyn wasn't used to quite such explosive orgasms, but it made him pleased that this one seemed to be genuinely coming from Jim, and his groaned and his eyes rolled up as the muscles tensed hard around him, gripping Jim's arse and holding it close as he came deep inside it. He kissed all over Jim's face, "Mmm... my little viper... you are beautiful.”

Jim gave a sharp grin, happy that Oberyn thought he was beautiful. It was strange, coming to King’s Landing he’d been sure that no one would ever say anything to him like that again. Now not only did he hear the words, but he believed them. Jim was pretty sure that had something to do with Oberyn and how soft in the head he was. Really! Enjoying scars, disliking shaved whores, disliking pain play, buying him such expensive gifts, telling Jim that he loved him... the man was obviously soft in the head. Jim leaned back and pulled Oberyn on top of him, laying on his back on the mattress while he continued to idly touch at Oberyn’s skin. “What did you mean? When you said you loved me?” Jim watched the man curiously, trying to work out what his motives were.

"I meant what I said." Oberyn replied simply, bundling him over into a hug, "You are beautiful, and I love you, and want to keep loving you... although..." He sighed and stroked Jim's face, "I
should warn you I have loved many others in the past - and will love again. It is not the love I feel for Ellaria - but it is still love, deep and passionate." He gave Jim a little kiss and then rolled back and tucked his hands behind his head, staring at the ceiling. "Would you like to come with me to the Royal wedding? You should not sit at my table - unfortunately it would never be allowed, but I will be able to get you a place amongst the stands."

Jim thought it was – endearing that Oberyn seemed… concerned that Jim would take offence to Oberyn being with many people, and that he loved his paramour more. "Prince Oberyn, I am many things but a jealous man is not one of them. You’ve been with many people and probably loved all of them in one way or another. I’ve been with many people and loved none of them. It’s rather fitting.” Jim… cared for Sebastian and Oberyn both, but he couldn’t say for certain that he loved either of them when he still didn’t really know what love was. Oberyn rolled away and Jim followed him, resting over the man’s chest and running his fingertips over the prince’s swollen lips. “Would you really take me? That would be splendid. I understand that I cannot be with you, but weddings are a time for –“ Jim stumbled over the words, Ellaria was not Oberyn’s wife but as his paramour she took priority, absolutely. “You should be with Ellaria. She is not angry that I have stolen you away this evening?”

Oberyn gave Jim a little concerned glance, not happy with the statement that he had been with people without loving them. Oberyn knew that sometimes the Westerosi regarded sex as a chore - a wife pleasing a husband, a whore providing for a client, but Jim was neither and should not have had sex he did not enjoy. He filed the information away for later, not wanting to have an argument while they were both relaxed. And he laughed at the mention of Ellaria, "She understands my infatuations, my desires. And I understand hers - I believe she's found some pretty young things at the brothel to play with. But of course you may come, I would be delighted." He wanted Jim to be clearly claimed for Dorne, and a wedding seemed as good a way to do it as any. He chucked Jim under the chin and smirked, "And no doubt you will listen in to talks and send lots of interesting Ravens back to your masters in the Vale."

“So the Lady Ellaria is the only person you have found who you have never grown bored with?” Jim’s eyes danced with curiosity – much of his job as a whore or a spy depended on men and how long he could hold their interest, he could have much to learn from a woman who kept a prince’s attentions all these years. Jim gave a feral grin as Oberyn knocked his chin, “Of course not your grace…” Jim delivered with mock sincerity. “The wedding of a king is a great celebration! What vile person would seek to smear such a holy event with ulterior motives?”

"I will not grow bored with you, little viper, do not worry." Oberyn laughed and snapped teeth at his nose, "But one day, things will move on, we will part. Ellaria I will never part from, she will stay with me and I with her. We are bound together by forces greater than love, or desire.” He laughed as Jim continued, enjoying the wicked little expression, "I would say everyone attending has ulterior motives. Nobody is interested in watching your bastard incest-King get married."

“I know that,” Jim was more aware than most the transitory nature of this type of exchange. He was usually the one that left in these situations but Jim supposed that after this wedding Oberyn would no longer have a reason to stay in the capital. “If the spying business doesn’t work out and I need an alternate lifestyle does that mean I could move to Dorne? Live in that castle you promised me?” Jim was quick to reassure him, “I wasn’t… being serious. No one outlives these jobs. The rich men who sit on their cushions do, sometimes. I mean you can’t just quit or run away – we know too much, enough to get many important people in trouble. If you don’t want to spy anymore you’re signing your own execution warrant. Oh, it’s never a public thing of course… it’s always an accident or a suicide or murder. Sometimes it’s preferable though, to what you’re doing.” Jim was being unusually chatty but he was feeling drowsy and there wasn’t really anything he was telling Oberyn that wasn’t common sense.
Oberyn rolled his eyes, giving Jim's bottom a pat, "Sleep little viper. I've given you presents, haven't I? If you find yourself stuck, or lost, or needing to move away very quickly, come to Dorne. Sell your rubies, buy a house. Maybe you can visit me, maybe I may even spend more time with you. But you are a clever little thing and I'm sure you will find ways to survive."

Jim gave him a grin, “I like you, but I don’t need you.” It was the first time that he'd ever said anything that bold to a client or a mark, but the lines in Jim’s mind were getting helplessly blurred. “I’d take your help though. I hope that my position never becomes so dire that I have to sell your gifts. I like them very much.” He was still fierce and independent even if he pretended otherwise most of the time. He gave Oberyn a long kiss before he settled down against his side.

"Oh you don't!" Oberyn was slightly shocked, but mollified by the thought that Jim didn't want to sell up and run as soon as he’d gathered enough presents. He smiled, and answered the kiss then announced, "I will get you another present for the wedding, I know you have plenty of your own wonderful clothes, but you need more shiny things to make you even prettier."

Chapter End Notes

TW: None
Foul Play

Chapter by Magpies_Treasury

Chapter Notes

I'm really sorry about how long it took to update this, real life got in the way but we are still here and I will finish uploading this story. It's still my favorite and I am enjoying reading over it.

The night before the wedding Varys handed Jim another small wrapped gift with raised eyebrows, "It appears you'll be at the wedding. I'm pleased. I'll be far too busy trying to make sure nothing terrible happens and trying to prevent the guests from murdering each other so I'll need you to listen out. I doubt you'll mingle with too many important people, but keep your ears and eyes open... as I know you will." The gift was a heavy gold necklace, shaped like a snake and joined at a clasp where the snake bit its own tail. "He really does own you, doesn't he?" Varys remarked with a sigh, but gave a smile, pleased that Oberyn had been caught so well and that it seemed to be keeping Jim away from Sebastian.

"Yes, of course I will keep an eye out. It's not as though I'll have much else to do while I'm there." Jim took the snake carelessly, not giving away any of his feelings. "You're the only person I owe any allegiance to, Lord Varys. He only thinks he owns me, they all do until the end." Jim tossed the snake back in the box. He… did like the gift, fuck it was gorgeous. He wanted to try it on, wanted to wear it. But Jim couldn’t give any of this away to Varys, it was too important that the man understood Jim wouldn’t betray him. Varys basically owned Jim, he’d never belong to anyone else and he wouldn’t want to. Of course he wanted to be his own man but there were few if any nobles who ever achieved that. Jim as a bastard peasant was very very lucky.

Varys watched him, and then smiled, coming over and picking the snake out of the box, "I know, my little spider. Now... put it on. Your eyes popped out as soon as you saw it, and it really is a beautiful piece of metalwork. I'm pleased you've hooked him so well." He attached the snake around Jim's neck and then headed to the wardrobe, opening it and looking critically at the silks inside. "You've no need to charm anyone except Oberyn, and I suspect he'll glance at you once and then get back to focusing on his own business. So something yellow - he'll like that, but no need to make it overly tight or seductive. You're better off blending in."

"Yes, Lord Varys." Jim looked at his distorted reflection in the glass hanging on the wall. The necklace was beautiful and fierce, just like Oberyn told Jim he was. He tried not to smile too much as Varys dug through the wardrobe – he hadn’t tried to dress Jim since he was a child and the sight left him feeling a little nostalgic. "He told me he loves me." Jim said very neutrally and evenly, not projecting his opinion one way or the other. Oberyn had tried to explain what that meant but none of it had made sense to Jim. He was hoping that Varys could shed some light, being more familiar with Dornish culture and able to explain it to Jim in a way that made sense.

"Are you worried about that?" Vary pulled out a yellow silk robe, and motioned to Jim to hold his arms out so he could dress him. After letting Jim off on his own for the last few weeks it felt good to reconsolidate like this, to reaffirm their closeness in working and loyalty. "I wouldn't be. Prince
Oberyn is well known for having mad dashing affaires and conquests, none of which survive long term. I believe he finds the feelings of love crucial for the act itself - he could never sleep with anyone he didn't love and never love anyone he didn't sleep with. I'm afraid it makes little sense to me, although I can see its merits compared with the system here in Westeros, where it seems that the feelings of love and the act of fucking are all but completely separate." He finished draping the cloth around Jim and stood back, smiling fondly. "There. You won't stand out, but you'll glitter in the sunlight."

“I am only worried because I don’t understand what it means. If it is a sentiment he expects me to return… I do not know how to exhibit such a thing when I don’t know what it is meant to look like.” That wasn’t even a line he was feeding Varys, Jim genuinely was concerned that Oberyn would expect him to be able to return his affections and Jim could not fake something he’d never seen. “He seems very confused by our system here. It’s been… difficult to navigate. I have upset him several times – accidentally of course. I believe he finds the way we live here rather unpalatable. In Dorne whores are even respected.” Jim snorted and shook his head, having a difficult time imagining something so strange. The robe looked very nice, although Jim wasn’t sure the color was very good for his skin. Oberyn would like it though. “Thank you Lord Varys, I agree. I’m going to miss Brooke’s wardrobe when all this is done.”

Varys tapped at the necklace, "I would say whatever it is you're doing seems to be working. Just enjoy being with him - he loves you, so he wants you to be happy, I wouldn't bother going much further than that. And, obviously, he wants to sleep with you.” Varys rolled his eyes, "Well... I should go and get some last minute wedding things sorted out - I do think wedding are a lot easier when half of Westeros doesn't want to assassinate the groom. We've got extra archers on the battlements, and I'll do a final sweep of the gates to check who’s been in or out. Mace Tyrell is as good as useless. I never thought I'd say this, but I do wish we had Baelish here. At least the man was competent."

“It is so difficult to get good help these days…” Jim touched the necklace, thinking about what Varys had said and felt better about his position. “Don’t look so grim, Lord Varys. It’s not every day the world has a royal wedding…” Jim rolled his eyes and smirked before heading back to his rooms. He was meeting Oberyn again tonight and then he’d be back to prepare the next morning.

He hadn't even started to get over Jim - his feelings were still strong and passionate and confused, but Sebastian had at least managed to channel himself into doing more useful things rather than getting himself beaten up. He was by now slightly more evenly matched with Jaime - and training sessions were going better for both of them. Although he was obviously not invited to such a thing as a Royal Wedding, he'd sneaked in with Bronn under Mycroft’s name, and the two of them were currently filching drinks, laughing at all the bored expressions and waiting eagerly for the entertainment to start. For once, Sebastian felt moderately relaxed - there was no reason a whore should come to a Royal wedding, and he was enjoying joking and flirting with attractive young men and women.

Jim had come with Oberyn’s party, it was a large group of Dornishmen and women. Before they got to the wedding Oberyn gave him a smirk and tugged at his robes a little before telling Jim to come back to his rooms after this was over. Until then, he was free to wander about and listen in on any conversations he happened to overhear. It did make him a little nervous to be separated from
Oberyn, if only because his job was to manage the man and an event filled with Lannisters was not a good time for him to be alone. He said a prayer to the warrior and wandered through the crowds. That was when he overheard some familiar laughter. Jim sauntered over and grabbed Sebastian’s arm hard from behind, “Fuck’s sake who let you in here? Are you trying to get in trouble? What happened to keeping your head down?”

"Wha-" Sebastian turned, and couldn't help the flash of excitement as he saw Jim. He was nicely drunk and Bronn was there and Jim was looking gorgeous so he wrapped his arms around him and kissed his forehead. "I'm with Mycroft's lot if anyone asks. We thought we'd sneak in for the free booze. You look amazing..."

Beron rolled his eyes at them, squinting around to make sure nobody Dornish was watching, "He's covered in snakes lad, I'd be careful unless you want to lose a hand." He turned to Jim, not trusting him for an instant, "Surprised you're here and all... didn't think they let in hanger-ons."

Jim paused and felt his anger dissipate a little at the compliment. But – fuck, “you shouldn’t do that in public. You’re going to get me in trouble.” Jim rolled his eyes good naturedly though, Jim would probably be able to talk his way out of it but Sebastian was putting his own neck on the line and could take care of it himself. “…thank you. Why don’t you get me something to drink.” He’d need it if he had to keep up with Sebastian today while trying not to be seen by any of the Dornish. He turned his eyes on Bronn. Jim had never met the man before but he knew who he was from his Little Birds and the reports they gave on Sebastian. “‘Hanger-ons…’ you mean whores.” Jim rolled his eyes, “Normally perhaps. Apparently it pays to play whore to a prince.” Jim brushed his fingertips along his ear cuff, smirking. Bronn was a great success story, he’d done very well for himself. And yet Jim was the one decked out in precious metals and rubies. “From what I’ve heard of your desire for gold, Ser Bronn of the Blackwater, I’m surprised you haven’t tried it yourself.”

Beron shrugged easily, not wanting to make an enemy, watching Sebastian as he gave Jim another kiss and then headed quickly to the drinks. "Never been my thing. I kill people instead. I suppose everyone has their own opinions about whether that's a better or worse way to earn coin.” He looked after Sebastian and shook his head, "That boy's mad about you. I suppose you know it. But he's been doing better since you've been keeping out of his way and I'll be honest, I prefer it like that. It was breaking my heart watching him get the living fuck kicked out of him every day. Wouldn't want to go back to that."

Jim frowned lightly but for the most part kept his expression placid. “Yes, I know. I was hardly going to let him blunder about the capital on his own and say a prayer that he didn’t get in over his head. I’m – glad you’re training him. He needs someone to teach him how to take care of himself.” Jim paused and looked away momentarily again before meeting Bronn’s eyes. “I appreciate the work you have done for him. I know that he is paying you, but if you ever need anything you can come to me and ask. I can’t make promises, you understand. However I would be… inclined to help you, given the favor you’ve done me.”

"That's a dangerous thing to promise a sellsword." Bronn replied quietly, even though he knew he would probably rather trust Cersie Lannister for a favour than this strange little unknown quantity. Sebastian returned with the drinks and he took his with a little muttered thanks, nodding to where Jaime and Loras were getting in each others way. "Look at that, stupid bugger. I told him not to get into any trouble, and now he's sniping at the poor lad about to get saddled with his sister."

Sebastian gave a laugh, trying to wrap an arm around Jim, "He won't. Cersei never would, they'd have to drag her screaming to the alter."

“I know,” Jim promised. Still, he took care of the people who took care of him. He wasn’t a
Lannister that paid his debts in gold but he paid them all the same – the good and the bad. Jim took his drink from Sebastian but dodged out of the range of his arm when he tried to wrap an arm around Jim’s waist. He managed to make it look natural though, like he was turning to get a look at Jamie and Loras. “Poor dear Loras. He’s grown up since I last saw him… he seems to be getting over Lord Baratheon’s death.” He turned and looked back at Sebastian critically, “Oh? Have you gotten to know your – the Queen Regent very well then?”

Sebastian waved a hand airily, "Ohh I hear things." Before realising that to Jim it would sound ridiculous. Bronn gave a snort of laughter and Sebastian wrapped a hand around him instead. "I didn't get into any more fights, are you proud of me?"

Bronn tried to disentangle himself with a grimace, shaking his head, "You're a handy sort of drunk, aren't you lad? Feel up your little Dornish hanger-on if you're going to grab at anyone, I'm no use to you." He gave Jim a wink, "He's tried, oh he's tried, but I've never been that drunk. Oh here we go - here they come." He sounded marginally more excited as the entertainment rolled out.

Sebastian’s joke got an actual laugh from Jim but he stepped back and away when Bronn suggested that Sebastian get handsy with him, “Don’t you dare you crazy bastard. I draw the line at chatting because I could reasonably be weaseling all sorts of interesting information out of you but you’ve got to keep your hands to yourself unless you want to cause some kind of political incident. You wouldn’t try and take one of the Dornishmen’s horses or wear his clothes…” Jim was trying to explain that at this point it wasn’t that Oberyn would be upset if anyone harassed Jim, by wearing his mark Jim was basically viewed as his property. Anyone who touched the Red Viper’s property when Jim practically had a sign on his back was asking for more trouble than he was comfortable dealing with. Jim looked over to the main arena and a large lion’s mouth opened up and out came… dwarves… maybe five of them, all in costume. “Oh for fuck’s sake…” Jim covered his eyes with his hand and wondered what any of them had done to deserve such a stupid stupid king.

"Shite..." Bronn said quietly as he saw the dwarves and Sebastian frowned, momentarily stopping trying to grab at one or both of them and frowning as Loras stood up and stormed off. He had very little idea what was going on, but judging from the carefully blank and strained faces of the guests it wasn't anything good. He saw Oberyn glancing over at them and quickly stepped away from Jim, trying to look like someone giving up Lannister secrets.

Jim kept his face very neutral, the only person who looked to be enjoying himself was the king. Sansa Stark looked quietly devastated, Jim folded his hands in the sleeves of his robes and turned away as the dwarf representing Renley was stabbed in the arse and chased around the arena. He grit his teeth and took a long draught of his wine, feeling quite badly for Loras. Oberyn looked for Jim and they met eyes for a moment. They were considered fairly public for court, there weren’t many who couldn’t work out what they got up to in the Prince’s quarters… demonstrations like this could turn people violent or cruel and Jim felt uneasy. Like a storm was about to break out. He would have felt more at ease sitting with the rest of the Oberyn’s company.

Oberyn gave Jim a quiet little nod, noticing he was next to Sebastian and feeling an angry stab, but deciding to give Jim the benefit of the doubt with it for now. There was more to be worried about with the entertainment anyway, which seemed to be causing all sorts of interesting reactions. Sebastian drew protectively closer to Jim and Bronn glanced around warily before muttering, "If it all goes tits up I'm off. Not loosing my life for a Dornishmans whore." Sebastian growled at him and he shrugged, "Well I'm not. Think we're pretty safe anyway. Unlike that cunt up there. I give him a month as King before someone has enough of him."

Jim shot him a look, “Shut up you idiot…” He glanced around quickly to make sure no one had overheard the thoughtless comment. He sighed and resisted rubbing at his face again, Jim could
already feel a headache on. Oberyn looked – less than pleased to see Jim in the company of a Lannister sympathizer. To be fair, Jim really couldn’t fault him after what they’d done to his family. The Lannisters were a rotten bunch, Sebastian was lucky to have escaped all of that. “I don’t need protecting.” Finally all of the dwarves took a bow and there was a reluctant smattering of applause. The tension dissipated and Jim finished off his goblet of wine. “I can say this for the Tyrells – they have beautiful children and excellent taste in food and drink.”

The applause and laughter after the entertainment left seemed more relieved and nervous than everything as people started to relax. Bronn eyed the approaching food appreciatively and nodded, Sebastian murmuring agreement as well. "Oh yes, better food than in the Dreadfort..." he sighed a little at the memory and then, prompted more by the alcohol than anything murmured, "I still miss that fucking bastard, god knows what he's up to now..."

Jim turned on Sebastian in irritation, “Ramsay? You’re fucking crazy. You know he castrated that Greyjoy? Sterilized his hostage and threw any hope he had of gaining political leverage out the window. Greyjoy has no use for his son if he can’t sire children. Despite that colossal fuck up I heard Roose Bolton has appealed to the crown to have his bastard recognized. What did I tell you about what happens when Roose dies if Ramsay is legitimised? That crazy fucker will have control of the north and then there’ll be flayings all around.” The Boltons were still a sore spot for Jim and he didn’t really appreciate hearing about how much Sebastian missed the man who tried to have him eaten alive.

Bronn looked at them, shrugged and went back to the food. Sebastian scowled, knowing he was unreasonable about Ramsay but not wanting to admit he’d been wrong. “I didn't say he was nice, or pleasant. I know he's a twat. But we were mates, you know? He didn't think I was weird, or stupid, or useless. And he was damn impressed with some of the things I came up with, and by how much I could take for him. He'll be a fucking awful ruler, legitimised or not, but at least he didn't need fancy expensive jewelry to put out. He never lied to me, or pretended to be anything he wasn't...” Sebastian took a deep drink and sighed, turning away and grabbing at some food, "Although admittedly what he was was a prise-arse wanker. Poor old Greyjoy."

“Oh, high praise. ‘Sebastian, this new method for disemboweling a cat is just so much more practical than the way we were doing it before.’ Your suggestion to leave the innards stuffed in the kitchen girl’s pillow was fucking brilliant mate. Truly the height of your accomplishment.” Jim gave him a look and set his empty wine glass down. “It was only overshadowed by that time he beat your cock with fire leaves for his amusement. Amusing Ramsay Snow, truly you could go no higher.” Jim turned and mustered up his best condescending look. “Yeah, I’ve got jewelry. What were you to him except another notch in the post, huh?” He looked away, frustrated with himself, wishing that they could have one conversation without saying shit each other. “…I never lied to you. I lied for you though. I still am, which is the only reason you’re still walking around and your ankles aren’t tied to a sack of rocks, weighed down to the sea floor. You always knew what I was – anything else was just you making up stories.”

Sebastian gave an unhappy frown, glaring at his drink and about to snap something back about how Jim could hardly talk about notches in bedposts when Bronn spluttered in shocked laughter into his drink, "You - you let Ramsay Snow beat your cock with fire leaves? Are you fucking mad?"

Sebastian scowled even more deeply before spitting out, "He tied me down alright - look - it was a bravery thing. A game. It was the only way I could make myself feel fucking worth something.” He spat the words at Jim, somewhat bitterly, calming down a little as Bronn patted him on the shoulder.
"You've got something seriously wrong with you, boy, but for some reason I like you anyway. So in the interests of us not getting decapitated by Oberyn Martell stop shouting at his whore and - oh bloody hell what's happened now?" There was a commotion from the high table as Jeoffry keeled over and the crowd shuffled, confused and uneasy and trying to look.

Jim looked up and blanched as Cersei Lannister ran forward to hold her boy while he – choked, or something. No, that was wrong. Blood was pouring from his eyes and nose, his skin was too pale. Jim tensed up all over and automatically reached out to grab Sebastian’s hand as Cersei started screaming. "Oh seven help us… somebody’s murdered the king." Jim let go and started to leave, “I need to go…” He needed to stay with Oberyn, being alone in this kind of climate was just asking to get killed in a situation when anything could happen.

"Fuck..." Sebastian muttered and Bronn nodded, standing on tiptoe to see and then smartly stepping back, grabbing at Jim's arm. "Calm down you stupid twat - you really think a panicked Dornish whore fleeing the scene is what people need to see right now? Stay put." The crowd was starting to surge forward to see what was happening, while the Kingsguard surrounded the King, and Bronn nonchalantly edged backwards, putting himself into gaps left behind by the crowd tumbling forward. Sebastian followed, one hand on his sword, but nobody seemed that interested in them, not with a dead King nearby. "If you know any quick ways out of this damn garden, now would be a good time to let them slip." Bronn murmured.

Jim glared at Bronn and the grip he had on Jim’s arm, “I’m not panicked you twat.” He was getting really fucking tired of men leading him around like he was a child. Still, he felt better being with Sebastian and Bronn then he did on his own. He reached into his sleeves and pulled out the needles cautiously, wanting to have them ready just in case. He looked up when Bronn spoke – “to your right, off to the side. Behind the hedges there’s a gate. It’s not exactly secret but it looks like the guards have gone forward to check the king, we should be able to leave through there."

"Head there then." Bronn muttered, but it looked like they weren't the only ones with the same idea, and the people in the crowds that weren't rushing forwards were rushing back.

Sebastian looked around with a small grin despite the circumstances - who wanted to be here and who desperately didn't? Bronn pushed his way to the gate and undid it, holding it for Jim and Sebastian to make their way through and then swiftly following them. "Holmes." Sebastian said quickly, "We'll be there until any backlash has passed. Did he... what happened. I didn't see. Did they get a maester to him?"

“Hard to say from that distance but if I had to guess I’d say that he’s dead. The Queen Regent wouldn’t have been screaming like that. Did you hear what she said? ‘Take him, take him.’ They might have made an arrest even, I can’t say how it was done. Shit, shit shit.” Jim should have been just about anywhere other than with Sebastian right now, both Oberyn and Varys were going to take it out on his hide. They managed to make it to the Holmes estate without too much trouble, although Jim took them through a few alleys and short cuts to avoid rushing guards and people.

Bronn slowed down as they reached the Holmes mansion. The bells were starting to ring and he gave a nervous little glance around. "I won't come in, think I better take my chances elsewhere. Stay safe lad, alright, and you?" He glanced at Jim before muttering, "You'll be fine."

Quickly Sebastian headed into the house, giving a sigh of relief once the outer door was locked and looking down at Jim, "Are you alright?" He hand gently stroked a piece of hair away from Jim's forehead, "Fuck me... is he really dead? That'll cause problems, won't it?"

“Course I’m alright,” part of Jim was elated that the King wasn’t in a position to rule anymore, especially as he’d been hearing rumors about the king trying to gain support for a new law that
would make homosexuality punishable by death. “Yeah… there’ll be a witch hunt to find the man or woman that did it. It’s an awful thing, killing a man at a wedding. Still, the gods have a kind of irony. The Lannisters just planned and executed the Red Wedding and now they are reaping what they’ve sowed. You can count on the fact that we’ll suffer for it though…”

"Will we?" Sebastian looked a little awkward at the mention of the Red Wedding - given it had been masterminded by Roose Bolton whose banner he still technically flew under. "They've got a spare though, Tommen. Cersei's youngest. If I know Tywin Lannister, which I don't really I suppose, he'll have Tommen crowned by the end of the week, as soon as the mourning for Jeoffry has stopped. Holmes is right - the Lannister's don't have anything except Tywin, and he'll want to keep the ball rolling." He shook his head, all of the politics confusing him and looking at Jim, shaking his head as he ran a finger around the snake necklace. "Nice. Say what you will about that wanker Martell, he's got taste."

Jim nodded, “Tommen will rule in name only. Tywin will be the one calling the shots… like he wasn’t for the most part already…” Jim trailed off and watched Sebastian carefully touch the necklace at his throat. Jim gave a smirk, “Of course he does, he likes me doesn’t he?” Jim dropped the strange accent and watched Sebastian carefully, not wanting to start up their fight that got interrupted. “I meant what I said, you know. I never lied to you. I could have, I just… didn’t want to, I suppose. Knew you’d be more interested in the truth. There were things I couldn’t tell you obviously, but you knew I was spying, you knew I was a whore, you knew I had to leave for Harrenhall. I used you, I own up to that. But I think I compensated you fairly for your services all the same.”

There were plenty of angry things that Sebastian wanted to respond to that, but he couldn't bring himself to, and instead just stroked a finger delicately around the snake winding over Jim's ear. "Does he... treat you alright?" He demanded, "Doesn't hurt you, doesn't force you?" He wasn't sure what to think of Oberyn Martell, who was as hot as hell but obviously not interested in anything connected to Lannisters. "I hope Bronn's alright - I mean he should be, right? He's only connected to Tyrion, and Tyrion's the King's uncle, he won't be a suspect."

Jim looked away and swallowed hard, trying to think of how to be honest in a way that wouldn’t break the boy’s heart and set him running into Jaime’s practice sword again. “Yeah… he does. He reminds me of you sometimes.” Jim cleared his throat and changed thoughts, not wanting to hash that out. “No, he’s never hurt me. Never left a mark on me. He’s… he’s a good job. He’ll be leaving soon, probably as soon as they are allowed – what with the murder and all. Don’t worry about it, I’ll belong to someone else soon… whoever Varys decides to point me at.” Jim took Sebastian’s hand away from the necklace and held it for a minute before he squeezed, trying to distract the boy from the necklace and what it meant. “…he’ll probably be okay. Bronn’s a tough bastard and he can look after himself. I’d be more worried about your sparring partner… he just lost family. So did you, technically.”

"How does a Dornish Prince remind you of a Northern bastard?" Sebastian laughed, not sure whether it was an insult but feeling pleased that Jim at least still thought of him, and pleased that Jim wasn't being knocked around. He couldn't help a small whine as Jim mentioned moving on though - on Varys orders. Of course; Jim belonged to Varys, and would be taken by other men for as long as he lived. "Jaime? Oh yeah he's just lost his... fuck..." He guessed that would probably be the end of the training sessions for a while, as Jeoffry was Jaime's son, and Jaime had lost a lot already.

Jim watched him for a minute and couldn’t think of a way to answer Sebastian’s question without hurting him, so he didn’t try and sugar coat it. “He says he loves me. Dunno, I guess it’s the way he looks at me reminds me of you. You’re both eager and full of yourselves,” Jim gave a teasing
grin there. “I don’t know how to explain it. I’ve done a lot of jobs like this, I’ve been with a lot of men and the two of you stick out somehow… I know you both – care about me and no one else who I’ve fucked has bothered.” Sebastian made an unhappy noise and Jim tried and failed to give him a reassuring smile so he covered up the twisted expression by holding the other boy. “It’s alright, that’s just how it is. There’s nothing I can do to change it and as long as Varys thinks – I have feelings for you, you’ll be in danger.” He gave a great sigh and wished he knew an answer that would fix this. “I never meant for any of this to happen.”

Sebastian wrapped his arms around Jim in return, burying his head into Jim's hair and whispering "I know... I knoww..." He grinned at Jim's description of Oberyn, "I'm glad he loves you. Someone needs to. And cares about you." He kissed the top of Jim's head, "And you know I’d do anything for you. I'm not as crass as to suggest we could run upstairs right now and catch a brief moment when you're not pretending to be someone else - I mean I could suggest that but I won't - but you're welcome to stay here until you feel safe to get back to Varys." He jumped as the door opened but it was only the rest of the Holmes entourage returning and he reluctantly pulled away from Jim.

Jim tucked his head into Sebastian’s shoulder and was frustrated when he felt his throat get hot and close up. Fuck’s sake he was going all to pieces. “You’re a lot better than I give you credit for. You’ve grow up and –” Here Jim had to take a breath and reign himself in because there was nothing harder for him than expressing what he wanted. “And I wish I could ask you to wait for me… if I had the choice, after this job was over I would want to give up that part of my life. But I made my choice, a decade ago and I – I can’t take it back.” Jim squeezed Sebastian tighter for a moment before mostly letting him go. “I don’t want to do any of that. This has to be enough.” Just then the door opened and Jim wiped at his face quickly as he pulled away, trying to pull the mask in place again.

Holmes Sr. stormed through the door, looking at them and snapping, "The King has died, Lord Tyrion has been arrested for it, I do not need Martell's whore making out with a lesser Lord in my hallway."

Sebastian snarled, wrapping a protective arm around Jim and sticking two fingers up at Holmes, "Fuck off." he swept Jim out a side door, and then sighed and stroked his hair once they were safely in the walled off garden. "But I will wait. And you'll have someone else and I'll wait through that. I'm not waiting for when you're free. I'm waiting for the moment you need me and... I hope you will need me, or want to need me. See - see what else Varys asks you to do. You needn't always be fucking people. And if you are - well - I think I can live with that. Just..." Inspiration struck and he gave Jim's forehead a kiss, "You wear a mask with everyone. With me you don't have to. Maybe that'll help, every now and again, if you need someone to drop the act around. Now... do you feel safe going back to the castle?"

Jim watched Mycroft blankly, not letting the bust of anger and resentment he felt show. Sebastian took him outside and it seemed strange that it was still sunny and warm out – it hadn’t even penetrated his head that Tyrion had been arrested. “I don’t want to be a whore anymore…” Jim whispered so softly he could barely hear it himself. He wasn’t allowed to want things, and voicing such a traitorous thought out loud was something he never would have considered doing before. Jim looked at Sebastian dully, “If I didn’t need you I would have done the right thing and cut you loose by now. I haven’t encouraged you but… I could have tried harder and I haven’t.” He watched Sebastian with fascination, not able to understand what he had done to earn this loyalty. “Okay, I… I can do that. I should go back – Varys and Oberyn will be angry.”

Jim's words almost broke his heart and Sebastian held him tightly, stroking his hair and then
reaching down to give him a small chaste kiss on the lips. "It's your choice, but just so you know if you want to cut and run any time I'll be right there." He murmured. "Now go back and reassure your masters that you're alright - but remember, if you need a night without acting, you know where I am. And if you need me to move somewhere else for you, I'll do that too. Whatever you want." He patted Jim's shoulder awkwardly, then gave him a tight hug, "And for the gods sake, be careful. It'll be a nest of bees in there."

Jim wrapped his arms around Sebastian’s neck briefly while he kissed him. When he was done he pulled away and looked at the ground, “I wished I stayed in the tent. The whole time I was at Harrenhall all I wanted was to do it over.” Jim managed a smile before turning and walking away, desperately trying to pull the pieces of himself back together in an order that worked before he got back to the castle.

Jim's last words had left Sebastian more shaken than he hoped he'd let on - Jim had wanted to stay with him, not just fucked him for a present and left. He kept quiet though, sensing Jim was struggling and gave him one last hug before walking back to the Holmes residence. There was a fair amount of arguing and turmoil going on and Sebastian went up to his room, ignoring it, taking out his practice sword and going through a manouvre. The other option was to wank himself stupid and he didn't want to cheapen the moment he'd just had with Jim.

The castle was half mad with the scandal which actually made it easier for Jim to slip by unnoticed. He went to see Varys first, the man was glad Jim was okay at least, but he quickly shooed Jim away to Oberyn. Apparently the man was postponing his trip since Tywin had already mentioned wanting him to be a judge for Tyrion’s trial. Jim found the Prince with Ellaria and he let them know he was alright. Oberyn was irritated that Jim had been speaking with a Lannister sympathizer but understood when Jim explained that he was meant to be spying on them and to do that he had to carry on conversation sometimes. That night it was very difficult to sleep and he watched the red sun come up with a sort of hopeless longing over the future he could never have.

Chapter End Notes

TW: canon-typical homophobia, whorephobia
A week had passed and the trial was still going on, witnesses paraded in front of the judges. Varys was able to get him into a couple of the hearings but not all of them, Jim just wasn’t that important and everyone wanted to see if Tyrion Lannister had really killed his nephew. He was walking through the halls now, on his way to visit Oberyn. His prince was very involved with the trials as a judge and Jim met with him regularly after the hearings for a good fuck and to hear Oberyn’s point of view on what he had heard that day. Jim was dressed in light orange robes today, Martell colors, and he was wearing his ear cuff and other piercings but not the necklace today. There was a bit of a ruckus up ahead and Jim kept his eyes forward as he pushed purposefully past a group of Lannisters.

Tensions in the castle had been on edge; right now neither Martells nor Lannisters were particularly favoured. The men sneered and jostled Jim as he pushed passed them, until one of them saw his earring and remarked loudly, "Oh look, it's the Martell whore." That got some more sniggering, and they stopped moving through to let him pass, blocking his way instead.

"He's not a whore - that blond bitch who works for Baelish is a whore. This one ..." one of the men slapped at his ear, making the snake cuff jangle. "This one does it for free. Lies down with that goat-fucker."

Another man jostled against him from behind, making him stumble. "My mate lost a hand to that goat-fucking Prince... how do you think he'd deal with a little payback?"

Jim grit his teeth but didn’t reply immediately, trying to think through what his options were. He was armed of course but these were Lannisters, even if they weren’t very influential Lannisters, and Jim would face a fierce beating or a hanging for seriously injuring any of them. “I’m sorry, I am not from here – I do not always understand Westerosi as well as I should.” That was the most diplomatic Jim could get, voice confused and his accent heavy, and he tried to push past them again.

They just laughed at that, jostling him more, one of them tugging his robes up behind, "Awww... do you understand bend over? Or doesn’t your goat-fucker even ask?"

The man next to him slapped his ear again, "Fucking makes me sick, all these strange foreigners coming here, fucking things up, killing our King, threatening people, starting fights..."

The man behind had got most of his robes rucked up and the one who seemed to be in charge looked around quickly, "Fuck this... get him into the chambers before someone walks by. There's guards everywhere."
Jim hissed and snarled, turning around as they spun him around and tugged at his clothes. Jim wore trousers underneath the robes but Jim didn’t want them tearing at his clothes. He started yelling loudly, calling for help, but one of them slapped a hand over his mouth while the other untied his robe and used the cloth belt to gag him. Jim screamed furiously as the picked him up off the ground and dragged him into a side room with his robes hanging open in the front, leaving his midsection and piercings exposed.

The room was the small council chamber, not that any of the men knew, or cared. The gag was tied tightly around his mouth and his robes tugged away, torn in places, leaving him just in his trousers, with his arms pinned in place. One of the men stroked his face, and then tugged hard at the ear piercing, "Well... we'll have to get that out, any ideas?"

One of the men sniggered, dragging fingers and then nails down the marks on his back, "looks like this one’s been in plenty of trouble before - pretty at the front, fucked up at the back." He gave Jim's arse a slap. "Wouldn't mind a go myself... pretty as a girl these Lysians."

Jim quieted down as they all started pawing at him, he tried to shove their hands away, that was really everything he could do in this position. He wished he could accept it just as easily. Jim had done a lot of work with Olyvar in the brothel but he could feel his confidence start to peel away as panic began to take its place. Fuck, but he didn’t want to be raped again. His ear was very sore from all the hitting and pulling they were doing on the cuff and he shuddered in revulsion as one of them scratched lines down his back over the scars. He shook his head back and forth as he tried to breathe around the gag in his mouth. One of them pushed him down to his knees, grabbing the back of Jims head as the Lannister rubbed himself against Jim’s face through his trousers.

The men laughed as one of them dragged Jim down to his knees, tugging the gag halfway out of the way before rubbing his trousers against Jim's face. "C'mon... I've got to smell better than goat."

More laughter and another one grabbed his hair, yanking his head back, "You should be proud, taking men from Westeros... now the first words out of your pretty little lips when I take this gag off better be about how strong and brave Lannister warriors are, right?" There was more laughter now, the men jostling and punching each other in fun, and rubbing hands and crotches over Jim.

“I hope he kills you,” Jim snarled angrily. It certainly wasn’t the most diplomatic thing he’d ever said but Jim was really starting to lose his cool – they were pulling his hair and rubbing against any bit of him they could find, it was too similar to what happened in the prisons for him to cope with a cool and collected head. “Lannisters are cowards that would rather attack a scholar instead of fighting the man himself because you know you would lose!” Jim was not allowed to fight with fists or teeth but he could fight with his words.

A hand slapped him hard across the face at that, and then dragged him up by the back of the neck, flinging him face-first across the table. "Fucked if I'll be spoken too like that by a whore..." large hands held him down and then there was a certain amount of hesitation. The men looked at him, looked at his arse, considered, and then the leader tugged out his knife, "Hold his head still - we'll start with getting that damn snake off his ear."

Jim felt a little dazed from the slap and then being thrown roughly against the table, they held him down and they touched him and one of them held his hips down and started rutting against him and Jim just wanted to be sick. Their leader tugged out a knife and they held Jim’s head against the table so he could start cutting. He started screaming and thrashing as the knife cut him with slow sawing motions as they started to sever his ear from his head, along with the cuff. Someone must have heard the noise Jim made because suddenly the door slammed open and Tywin Lannister stormed in, bellowing out “What in seven hells is going on in here?”
The man cutting his ear was taking his time, sniggering into Jim's screams and clearly enjoying it. He jumped as Tywin appeared, they all did, and the man holding onto him abruptly let go. "Just having a bit of fun..." The man with the bloody knife tried, aiming for a smile and getting a nervous twisted expression instead. "It's the Martell whore, nobody important."

Jim started crying – it would be strange for a scholar not to. Tywin’s face flushed he was actually so angry at the incompetence his family showed. “Fun? Well then I hope you’re still in the mood for fun later when Oberyn Martell finds out you damaged his property and tried to steal from him. For god’s sake let him go!” He took a step forward and snarled, “Get out I will be dealing with all of you later.” As they released Jim he stepped forward and snarled, “Get out I will be dealing with all of you later.” As they released Jim he stepped forward and snarled, “Get out I will be dealing with all of you later.” As they released Jim he stepped forward and snarled, “Get out I will be dealing with all of you later.” As they released Jim he stepped forward and snarled, “Get out I will be dealing with all of you later.” As they released Jim he stepped forward and snarled, “Get out I will be dealing with all of you later.” As they released Jim he stepped forward and snarled, “Get out I will be dealing with all of you later.” As they released Jim he stepped forward and snarled, “Get out I will be dealing with all of you later.” As they released Jim he stepped forward and snarled, “Get out I will be dealing with all of you later.” As they released Jim he stepped forward and snarled, “Get out I will be dealing with all of you later.”

Tywin stalked through the halls, reaching Oberyn's room and knocking on the door, Oberyn opened, frowning and quickly growing angry as he saw both Tywin and Jim, "What happened?" He snarled, taking Jim and wrapping arms around him protectively as Tywin pushed him in Oberyn's direction, "Let me guess, more of your wonderful treatment of young boys? You are in a very, very dangerous position Tywin Lannister, and if you think to goad me by-"

"I must apologise for the behaviour of my men." Tywin snapped back, interrupting and not sounding very sorry at all. "A few of them decided to take out their... frustrations upon this young man. They will be suitably punished, I assure you. May I ask that you refrain from attempting to poison myself or my family in recompense until I have at least finished the mourning period for my grandson?"

Jim continued crying, which was more or less put on, but what he didn’t have control over was the shakes he had. He was pretty sure that mostly it was relief but some of it was definitely fear and pain. His clothes were torn and bloody and hanging off him and a bruise was forming on his cheek where he was slapped. “It’s okay. Fine. Just – leave it alone. Oberyn, please. Lord Tywin made them stop.” Jim’s job was meant to be controlling Oberyn not setting the man off to do more violence against the Lannisters.

Oberyn stared at Tywin in disbelieving shock and then finally managed to twist his face up, "I will take care of him, but not for you." He spat, "Only because you have promised me an audience with the man who raped my sister. Although clearly," he indicated Jim's torn and damaged clothes and continued sarcastically, "Lannister men would never contemplate such an act."

Tywin nodded, and then said, "At the risk of causing any more discomfort to you, I think you should know that young man is, in fact a whore from King’s Landing. Not a scholar from Lys."

Jim froze at the accusation but he hoped it wasn’t all that noticeable while he was shaking. He could manage this, he could but only when he had the privacy to speak with Oberyn candidly. Jim would have to wait until Tywin left. “And how would you recognize a boy whore, Lord Tywin?” The man gave Jim a scathing look and so he hurried to explain, “Then I think this is something that has been told to you. This thing is false. I am thinking that whores do not know High Valyrian, yes?” Jim played up his accent just a bit more, it would be understandable when he was under so much stress. He continued to cover his ear with the ruined sleeve of his robe but with the other hand he clung on to Oberyn tightly. Of all the times that Tywin could have pulled this shit – it was fucking infuriating. And Jim had even been trying to help the man by cooling Oberyn’s temper.
Oberyn looked at Tywin and gave a scornful laugh, "You say this as if I do not know... it is fine my viper..." He misinterpreted Jim's shaking and petted him gently, "I think there are fewer and fewer people you have to pretend for. He told me who he is - he works for Lord Baelish of the Vale." Tywin's eyebrows rose at this new information but he stayed silent. "You think I do not know what Baelish does to his people? You think I am unaware - after spending most of my time here in a brothel? After seeing how this poor young man is confused by love? You make me sick, all of you in King's Landing, and I hope I will be alive to see you rot." He spat at Tywin's feet, his arm still wrapped protectively around Jim.

Twyin looked at him coolly and then said, "I understand your... passions. And I will see to it my men are punished."

The part of Jim’s head that was still rational got a bit irritated with the way Oberyn was talking about him like he was a victim of society. He wasn’t. Jim just knew how to play by the rules of King’s Landing. Maybe those rules were different in Dorne but Jim was just grateful that Oberyn hadn’t decided that Jim had been lying to him. He took a rasping breath and then steeled himself to look Lord Tywin in the eye. “They were trying to steal from Lord Oberyn, a gold cuff with gemstones. Tell me, what is the punishment for stealing from nobility in the Capital? It is amputation of a hand, is it not?” Jim knew exactly what the penalty was, he’d done enough stealing in his time to be aware of the consequences. Attacking Jim, attempting to rape or disfigure him wasn’t anything that they would be punished for but stealing from a prince... Tywin would have a difficult time weaseling out that that. Jim watched him coolly. Oberyn would not know the laws but that was why Jim was here.

Oberyn looked at him in confusion, "They did not steal from me, they stole from you..." he hesitated as he saw the blood pooling on Jim's robes where they held against his ear, his eyes narrowing, "What did they do..."

Tywin gave a small bow to both of them, "As I said, I will see to it that they are suitably punished."

Oberyn turned on him with a snarl and Tywin swiftly left. Bundling Jim into his room, Oberyn stroked the non-covered cheek and looked at Jim worried, "I cannot believe they - that any man would - let me see.

"It’s okay," Jim soothed the man and wished that he could calm himself down. He felt disconnected from his body, Jim’s mind was coming down from the adrenaline and fear but that did not work for his body, which was still wracked with tension and tremors. Fuck it was still annoying, even if he understood why it happened. It wasn’t useful and it just made him look weak. Jim impatiently wiped the drying tears from his face. “I’m smallfolk, I’m not protected under the law but your property is. It’s more beneficial to have me legally listed as your property than it is for me to file a complaint on my own. I know the gifts you gave me are mine but stealing from a prince is more serious than it is to steal from me.” He took a breath and clenched his fists for a moment to try and stop the shaking. “They – I wear your mark, so I belong to you. Attacking me is just like – property damage. It’s still more justice than I’d get for myself, don’t worry about it. It’s like vandalizing your horse… although depending on the horse that could carry heavier charges… if the animal was extremely valuable and well bred.” Jim was rambling a little bit but he felt dizzy and pale as he continued to cover his ear. “They didn’t – use me, Tywin stopped them. Nothing happened, it’s okay.” He kept muttering platitudes in a soothing voice as he rubbed Oberyn’s shoulder, trying to get the prince to relax and not be so angry.

"You are not property and I swear to you one day I will kill Lord Baelish." Oberyn promised, sweeping him up and cuddling him, which didn't really help his ear. Placing him gently on the bed he tried to get Jim to show his ear, concerned about the amount of blood coming out. He rose
quickly as the door slammed open, drawing his knife with a growl as Sebastian charged in, followed by Wyttson, looking wary. "You! Was it you? Have you come to finish what you started?"

"Where the hell is he, what did they do?" Sebastian yelled back.

John quickly headed to Jim and murmured "For the love of the Warrior, keep that cloth against your head before you bleed out."

Jim was really confused now but then he wasn’t following the conversation very well. “Lord Baelish? But he didn’t do anything…?” He laid down obediently on the bed but kept his sleeve against his ear, hiding the injury. It hurt a lot and that whole side of his head seemed to throb with heat as the head wound bled furiously. Oberyn was still trying to coax his hand away when Sebastian slammed inside like a moron. “Don’t disturb a viper in his nest, especially when he’s injured.” He muttered with irritation. Oberyn pulled a knife and Sebastian screamed back at him and Jim was thoroughly tired of both men and their explosive emotions. “Can you both please stop fighting? I’m obviously fine. Oberyn, he didn’t hurt me. He’s brought a maester, let him in.” Jim was less than thrilled to have both of them in the same room together but at least Sebastian understood he shouldn’t give anything away about Jim. “Hello, Maester Wyttson…” Jim murmured pleasantly as he laid his head back against the pillow and closed his eyes for a moment. “Hurts.”

All of Jim's words were incredibly quiet, and it was that, as much as anything that made Oberyn and Sebastian stop fighting and look at him, and Wyttson glared at them both as Jim gracefully keeled back whimpering to lie on the pillow. "I need warm, boiled water, a flame and a sterile needle if we want any hope of rescuing his ear. Argue later." Sebastian and Oberyn glared daggers at each other but Sebastian rushed out to get water and Oberyn picked up a needle and held it in the fire. John stroked Jim's forehead and pressed down hard against his ear. "This will hurt, if you pass out now it'll probably be easier. Don't worry, I'll stop these two idiots from killing each other."

Jim opened his eyes at the words, glancing to Oberyn as his panic came back. “No needles. Isn’t there another way to do it?” Jim bit down hard as he tried to keep his feelings dull and calm. He yelped as John pressed down hard against the wound but he bit down on any further noise and just groaned. He could do this. He’d been good for Locke. “I’ve done this before, I can be still... they don’t need to hold me down. Will – will the stitches heal?” Jim realized that if the needle pierced the cartilage there was going to be very little chance of it healing over again. “I think you’re going to have to buy me some more earrings, Prince Oberyn.” Jim gave a twisted little smirk and tried to psych himself up.

"We have to use needles" John murmured gently, not knowing where the boys fear came from but recognising it was something quite a lot deeper than just a regular dislike. "Close your eyes if you like, I can give you something to bite on..." he hesitated guessing that having a piece of cloth shoved in his mouth wouldn't do Jim the best of favours right now. "There will be marks, I'm sorry, but better to have your ear attached." Sebastian returned with the water and a clean cloth while Oberyn watched them suspiciously from where he was holding a needle over the fire. John gently removed his hand and dabbed the water over the mess that was Jim's ear.

“Fine.” Jim was less than pleased but he’d rather keep his ear. He’s done this before, he’d be fine. The Maester would do it better than Locke. “That’s alright, I don’t need anything to bite on.” Jim glanced over at Oberyn and tried to avoid looking at the hot needle in his hand. Sebastian came back in with the hot water and the maester began to clean around the area while Jim bit his lip bloody trying to keep any noise in. He pressed his face into the pillow to hide any tears that escaped. It was just water, they weren’t even sterilizing the wound yet.
John kept cleaning, gently starting to remove the piercing as he went, tugging away the little loops from the blood and then wiping it away with the cloth. "Shhh... there you go." Sebastian stroked gently at Jim's arm, not sure what else he should do, feeling angry and worried, a screwed up ball of fire deep inside him which he was trying hard not to take out on Oberyn. When the area was clean, John placed a dry cloth under Jim's ear and then nodded to Oberyn. "Let it cool a bit, it needs to be sterile, that's all. Have you got any spirits?"

Jim couldn't help a whimper when John started to remove the cuff and it couldn't help but pull at his ear some and tear it. He relaxed some when it was finally off and John stopped touching his ear all together. Jim turned to look at Sebastian with bright eyes as he stroked his arm and made soothing noises. He gave a groan and a strained laugh when John mentioned the spirits, knowing it had to be done but not looking forward to it all the same. "Just be quick, maester." Sebastian looked so torn and worried and Jim tried to give him a reassuring smile. "I'm okay, it's just a cut."

"it's not just a cut...." Sebastian mumbled while Oberyn still watched them, eyes narrowed, trying to work this out and whether it placed him in any danger. Tywin's words didn't quite seem to fit the impression he had of Jim, and he was slowly working through his own suspicions.

John took the spirits as Oberyn handed them over and then took a deep breath and poured them over Jim's ear, standing back to give the boy a chance to react to the pain then taking the needle. "Alright, let's get this done quickly. Do you want Sebastian to hold your head or can you keep still? It'll be over a lot quicker and better if you can keep still."

Jim saw Oberyn’s inscrutable look and it was so out of place on the man’s normally cheerful face that he took Oberyn’s hand and held onto it. John didn’t give him much warning about the spirits but he did know it was coming and had enough time to bury his face in the pillow while he shrieked and squeezed Oberyn’s hand until his knuckles turned white. It took a minute for Jim to get his breath back while he tried to push past the echoing sting and burn from his ear. “No I’ll – I’ll be still. I’ll be good, I promise.” Jim’s brain had basically checked out in response to the pain and the blood loss, he was getting a little mixed up about where he was exactly, but Oberyn’s hand was grounding all the same. “I’ll be good.” He reassured again as he braced himself against the pillow.

"You are good." Oberyn murmured back at him sadly, gripping his hand and letting Jim squeeze while Sebastian continued to rub Jim's arm. John placed one had on Jim's hair and stroked it, before holding it firmly and starting to stitch up the torn ear, working quickly and keeping the stitches as small and neat as possible. "It was Lannister men who did this." Oberyn said snidely to Sebastian who scowled with an "I know... and I'm not a Lannister man."

Jim buried a distressed moan into the pillow and tensed up but he was very careful not to pull away or move his head as John held him down and popped the hot needle through the cartilage in his ear over and over again as he reattached the torn ear to his head. Tears pushed out of the corners of Jim’s eyes as he squeezed them shut but mostly he was quiet. He couldn’t help a pained noise every time he panted out a breath and he squeezed Oberyn’s hand until it hurt but Jim was good and stayed still and mostly quiet. “Locke would be so proud…” Jim muttered distractedly to Sebastian as John tied off the string, forgetting himself and where he was. “You should have come sooner.” He didn’t even really understand when he was talking about exactly, they were just ramblings of his mind as he tried to stay conscious through the horrible pain.

Sebastian felt a stab of pain as Locke was mentioned, but having himself defaulted to Ramsay when he'd been beaten he could understand. "Yeah... you're doing really well, fucking awesome. We're proud of you kid." Oberyn squeezed Jim's hand harder, trying to piece all this history between them together. He felt he'd been played in some way, but really, Jim was hardly
threatening and he was impressed with the small young man for being so brazen. John finished sewing, gritted his teeth and poured more spirit over the sewed up area before patting Jim's head a final time and reaching for bandages.

“M not a child… Ahhh – fuck fuck fuck… Ow…” John had just poured more spirits over the wound and Jim turned to glare at the man weakly as he placed some large bandages over his ear. “You’ll not be shaving my hair, I just grew it back.” He focused on breathing and coming back to himself after he’d been floating in a gray fog of pain for a while. He felt weak and exhausted but now that the worst of the pain was over he was able to push past the rest. “Ugh fuck…” Jim sat up slowly and took off his robes and then the gag that still hung around his neck. He left his trousers on for now since they hadn't fared too badly. The bloody ear cuff sat innocently on the end table and Jim was sad that something so important to him had been the cause of all this. “Did – are you two going to have it out now that I’ve been settled then?” He was still short of breath and pale but his shoulders had stopped shaking, it was mostly just in his hands now.

John stepped back as Jim pushed himself up, ready to catch him if he fell but he seemed fine, if weak and wobbly. "He'll need rest, food with iron, lots of liquid, no alcohol. For a week at least." He said before either Sebastian or Oberyn could butt in. He turned away then, busily picking up all the bloody bandages and taking them to the fire.

Oberyn and Sebastian looked at each other, both scowling then Oberyn sighed and shook his head. "My poor little viper. You have a more interesting history than I first suspected. Who is this man?"

"Sebastian Moran, Lord from the North, serving under House Bolton." Sebastian snapped back. "No Lannister, nothing you need to panic about. I knew him back when he... worked..."

"As a whore?" Oberyn said dryly, reaching forward to stroke Jim's hair, but with a slight sadness. "I am not angry at you, but I think it wise we spend a little less time together:" he picked up the earring and dipped it into the spirits, cleaning it off, "I would be grateful if you would keep your gifts, and sometimes wear them."

“No… don’t do this.” Jim wanted to take Oberyn’s hand again but didn’t feel like it would be welcome so he bunched the sheets in his hands instead. “I’m not a whore, I’m a spy. I’ve not been a proper whore for ten years, please. I worked for Baelish and I spied on his customers, but I was a spy. ” Jim felt like he’d been kicked in the chest, trying to breathe around splintered ribs. “No one pays me, I’m not a whore.” Everything was shaky and unstable and suddenly Oberyn wanted to leave Jim? Over what?

"I know, shhh..." Oberyn looked at him with pain in his eyes, "If you were a whore that would not matter, you know that. You know how I care for you." He reached forward and kissed Jim's forehead, "But you are a spy. And I am no longer sure who you are spying for. It is wise to be wary around such men. Now... we will talk. I promise. I will still care for you. But until you get better you should stay with Sebastian..."

Sebastian hesitated and then cleared his throat, desperately hoping he was doing the right thing for once. "... I'm not sure that's possible, Prince Oberyn. I'm staying at the Holmes' and they would not allow one of Baelish's men in there. I'm also broke. He needs care, and rich food, and someone who can stay in the capital to watch him, not someone who may be summoned up North at a moments notice."

“I’m not your enemy. I would never betray you,” Oberyn was the first mark that Jim genuinely wouldn’t fuck over, the man had been too good to him. He hadn’t even been passing information to Varys, Jim’s only job was to try and keep the Prince out of trouble. “I’m okay, I just need a night of rest. They didn’t hurt me that badly.” Jim blanched when Oberyn suggested staying with Sebastian.
It wasn’t that Jim was opposed to spending time with the man but Holmes would have him smothered in his sleep and Varys would lose his goddamn mind if he found out Jim had lost his mark and was instead shacking up with the boy he’d explicitly been told to stay away from. “It’s not possible for me to stay at the Holmes estate… I can go back to my rooms.” Jim fucking knew that wasn’t safe but there was little else he could do if Oberyn continued to ban Jim from his bed. He turned cold and looked away, trying not to let the harsh sting of rejection affect him too much. “If it is your intention to get rid of me there are far kinder ways to do it. Throwing me out of your bed and leaving me unprotected is cruel. If you had no intention of taking care of me then you shouldn’t have given me your mark, at least I could have remained neutral in people’s minds. Now your enemies will see that I am un-championed and there is nothing to stop them from doing what they like with me. If your intention is to get me killed then I’d rather you slit my throat now and be done with it.” It might have seemed overdramatic to someone like Oberyn who was a noble and didn’t have to think about such things. But if Oberyn claimed him and then took it back, there was nothing to keep him safe any longer.

Oberyn looked between both of them, a little nonplussed by all the intensity and Sebastian shrugged, "He won't kill you and he's hurt." Sebastian said eventually, stroking Jim's hair. "You owe him one night at least."

Oberyn sighed and rolled his eyes. “He can stay in my chambers - go and fetch that whore from the brothel, Olyvar, he can watch him. I will be away with the trial all day, and I would rather have another pair of eyes to keep him safe and to keep him... watched. I would not have my enemies hurt you, I would not have anyone hurt you."

Sebastian gave Jim a small kiss and stroked his hair, "I'll visit, if he'll let me, and if you want me. You'll be safe, s'okay, neither of us want you in trouble."

John watched it all but said nothing, giving Oberyn a small bow. "Thank you for letting me take care of your boy, Prince Oberyn, is there anything else you require of me before I take my leave?"

Jim experienced a mood-swing and intense rage in the face of his own helplessness. “Oh fuck off. I’m not a child to be placated and pitied.” Varys’s voice in his head told Jim that he was making a mistake, that he should roll over and beg to get in Oberyn’s good graces again but that voice was overwhelmed by his own feelings. He was fucking tired of needing other people to protect him. Jim felt his face get hot and he stood up suddenly, wobbling for a moment before he locked his knees and balanced himself out. “How many nights have we spent together? I’ve never once tried anything and suddenly now you think I’m out to kill you?” The suspicion had some merit, Jim had killed marks before for Varys but he never waited longer than a night to do it. The accusation hurt, it shouldn’t have, none of this should be personal. Jim got way too close to this. “I don’t need you. Any of you. Just leave me alone.” Jim snarled and stormed out the door, not bothering to slam it shut behind him, just leaving it open rudely as he made his way to his own rooms in only his trousers. His chest felt tight. Oberyn meant – something, to Jim and to have him so easily and suddenly throw away all of the work Jim had put into the relationship was insulting and hurtful. If this was what love was, he didn’t want it. It hurt and blindsided you and got in the way.

Sebastian looked at Oberyn who frowned after Jim. That had seemed like an honest reaction, not a good reaction for a spy-whore. Sighing he looked at Sebastian, who shrugged. Taking a purse out of his pocket Oberyn threw it at Seb, who caught it, and shook his head, "I do not understand that young man. Take that to the brothel and send Olyvar to his rooms. I will... have it known that he is still under my protection. I still do not know who you are, but I trust you with him, even if I do not trust you with me."

Sebastian nodded and took the money, hesitating outside Jim's door and knocking on it gently. "I
know you probably don't want to see me - but I'm going to get the whore to watch you... and I thought if you're going to scratch anyone's eyes out it might as well be mine rather than his. You're a brave and fiesty little fucker. But this is King's Landing and you can't be too feral or you'll be caught out.”

Jim heard Sebastian outside his door and he chucked a heavy boot at the door in response with a “fuck off. I don't want to see him.” The last thing Jim needed was Olyvar in here and to see his disappointed face when he saw what a bad whore Jim was being. Because Jim should be groveling and crying and offering to suck as many dicks as it took to fix this but he wasn’t going to do that this time. Sebastian’s reprimand made Jim even more angry and he stood before shouting through the door, “Shut up about it already. I don’t need a stupid bastard from the north to tell me how to do things in my city.” Jim threw the other boot at the door for good measure, appreciating the heavy thud it made but he wobbled on his feet a little as dizzy spell hit him. “Ah fuck…” Jim had pushed himself too hard and he managed to make it to a chair before he had to sit down suddenly. “I know I’m a fuck up, you don’t need to remind me.”

"You're not a fuck up." Sebastian laughed as he heard the boot hit the door, secretly pleased that Jim hadn't just rolled over and let Oberyn fuck him. "You just got your ear cared for by Oberyn Martell, Prince of Dorne, who’s just given me a whole purse of coin to make sure you remain safe and well. And that's after he found out you've been lying to him about who you are. That's not fucking up, that's doing excellently well. You've got jewels, you've got money, you've got two big bastards ready to kill for you. Don't do anything stupid to exhaust yourself and I'll be back with the whore.”

Jim glared fiercely and tried to get his breath back from his little tantrum and calm down. It was irritating that Sebastian was being sensible. “I didn’t lie to him. Much.” It was a lie of omission maybe, but Jim hadn’t been hiding his history either. Oberyn had never asked before. He’d left the cuff on Oberyn’s night stand, maybe he’d take it back after he thought of some way to worm his way back into Oberyn’s bed. He didn’t deserve it as he was right now. Jim was so tired, weary and in pain, but he had to figure out what angle he would take with Oberyn, what was most likely to work. After a few minutes he fell asleep in the wooden chair with his head rested on his folded arms on the desk.

Sebastian headed straight into the brothel, barging in on Olyvar in a silly costume and tugging him away by the wrist while both he and the client complained furiously. Once outside the room, Sebastian handed Olyvar the purse to shut him up and tugged his robes away until he remained in a sensible shirt and tight trousers. "C'mon. Jim's gotten fucked over and he's having a meltdown. I dunno how you deal with that but he did throw a shoe at me. And Martell wants you to guard him - guard him from people trying to hurt him and also make sure he doesn't sneak anything away from Martell." Olyvar followed, still loudly complaining, even as Sebastian pushed him into the room, shutting up finally as Sebastian gave him a slap. "I'll pay off your client - I'll fuck your client if he still needs it. You just stay here and sort him out, okay?"

Jim startled awake as Sebastian came in with Olyvar. He was immediately on his feet and pulling Olyvar away from Sebastian as he got between them when Sebastian slapped the boy. “Don’t hit him I swear by the seven…” Jim wobbled and his grip on Olyvar’s arm because less protective and more for balance. “Leave him alone, he’s not done anything. You’re the rude one.” Jim’s tone was angry but there was less passion in his words now that he had fallen asleep and cooled down some.

Sebastian rolled his eyes as Olyvar rubbed at the side of his face and stared at the floor, before turning to help Jim stand up properly. "Alright, alright. You two do... whatever you do. Can I watch? Heh joking... joking." He looked between them, checking that Olyvar wasn't about to inact any revenge on Jim but they seemed fairly close. "I'll get you food." He said abruptly, and left,
locking the door behind them and then, as an afterthought, shoving the key underneath so they
could let themselves out if required.

Olyvar turned to Jim with a sulky "He pulled me out of a job... what is even going on?"

“Sorry, Oberyn will pay you. I know it doesn’t make up for it. He asked for you specifically.” Jim
let his gaze trail off to the side and then moved to lie down on the bed. He wasn’t looking forward
to explaining himself to Olyvar at all. “Dunno. I got hurt, Tywin Lannister was pissed and he told
Oberyn that I worked in Baelish’s brothel. Now suddenly Oberyn doesn’t trust me. He still doesn’t
know I’m working for Varys but he probably suspects I’m not really working for the Vale.” Jim
gave a miserable little shrug even as he kept his face blank and impassive. “I might have thrown a
bit of a tantrum when he said we should stop seeing each other.”

Olyvar raised an eyebrow and then gave a snigger, lying down next to him and patting his stomach
gently, "Your life is... a lot more interesting than my life. Let's keep it that way. The High Septan
has a new game, you know? We dress seven of the girls up like prostitute versions of the seven and
all walk around him while I do rituals. It's fucking messed up. He loves it, horny old bastard." He
continued stroking Jim's front. "Tell your man if he hits me again I'll find a way to have him hurt.
I'm not that powerful, but I do know people.”

“Sebastian is very rude to whores, I’m still trying to break him of that. Perhaps he’d be a lot more
respectful if he spent a week in one of Baelish’s lesser houses.” Jim scowled a little at the thought,
he’d never let the stupid boy do it, he’d be eaten alive. “Gods I don’t miss that shit. Sorry you’ve
still got to, but you’re in a better position now at least. Fuck. I shouldn't have lost my shit like that.
It was such a novice mistake. It was just – I’ve done a lot of work on him, you know? Getting
Oberyn hooked and I thought I had him and then... out of nowhere he doesn’t trust me and won’t
fuck me anymore. He’s only still providing for me because I had to remind him that if he left me
now the Lannisters would finish what they started. I’m disappointed.” Jim paused for a moment
and took Olyvar’s hand. “Have you... has a client ever fallen in love with you? Loras maybe? Do
you love him?”

"You think people would want to fuck that?" Olyvar made a face. "Even if he was cleaned up and
polished, and tied down... no. I wouldn't let him in to one of ours." He gave a small twisted smile.
"You're here with half an ear and two angry marks and I'm laying next to you as the head of a
brothel with tons of money... and you're sorry for me? Don't be.” He waved his hand dismissively.
"Oberyn won't be here for much longer. I'm sure you've got what you need. The trial will be over
soon, Lord Tyrion will be executed and he'll sail back to Dorne.” He frowned a little at the
question, squeezing Jim's hand and shrugging. "Ser Loras is my best and highest paying client. I'd
be disappointed if he left me, yes. His money is financing most of the new games and things we're
starting to run. Baelish would never have let me before, but he's got other plans now."

Jim snorted and shook his head, “No no I was talking about the brothels Baelish is hiding. Like the
one I started with.” Baelish had brothels he didn’t claim but they were his, seedier brothels that
were illegal and took in clients who were usually too poor to afford a top whore house. “I suppose
you’re running that now.” Jim watched Olyvar with a blank face, not giving away what he thought
about that. He gave a sigh and closed his eyes when Olyvar brought up Oberyn leaving. “But you
wouldn’t… have any feelings about him leaving? You don’t care about him? If he was suddenly
penniless and disowned you wouldn’t see him anymore?” Jim wasn’t sure what he was asking, or
indeed what answer he was hoping for. He didn’t know how to navigate this experience and he
wanted someone to give him directions.

Olyvar frowned and shook his head, "No. I only run the official ones. The others... I don't know
about them." He'd heard rumours, but even here, locked in a room with Jim, he didn't feel safe
enough to substantiate them. "I suppose there might be a market, if he were tied down, to be taken, but even then, he's too young for that." He gave a shiver - being thrown to one of those brothels was an old threat but it still cut through him. "Of course I'd feel sad, if he were penniless. I'd miss him. But no, I wouldn't see him. Why would I?" Olyvar grinned, stroking up Jim's chest, "You think I'd see you if someone wasn't paying?"

"They exist. That’s how I became a whore, I was five years old and starving. One of Baelish’s whore houses for children took me in. They didn’t sell me until I was seven years old but there was training before that, of course. They toss their children out once they hit puberty. Varys pulled me out after I’d worked there for a couple years. Baelish doesn’t know. But I remember.” This was probably not something he should be talking about but Olyvar worked very high up in the man’s organization and deserved to know. “Those lesser brothels make a surprising amount of money. Sebastian is in his twenties now, he’s not too young. I didn’t mean it though, I wouldn’t want that for anyone.” Jim turned to look at Olyvar as he teased him. “You’re a bitch. Whatever.” Jim was teasing. He’d never be rude enough to expect anything else. Olyvar’s time was valuable and Jim wouldn’t ever ask a whore to work for free. “…I would see Oberyn. If I didn’t have to because Varys told me. I would still see him. If he wanted me to and I had the ability to choose, I would go to Dorne with him.” Jim took a deep breath and couldn’t help cringing as he expected Olyvar’s criticism. A client falling in love with a whore was embarrassing, a whore falling in love with a client was a disaster. A whore who couldn’t keep business and pleasure separate wasn’t one that worked much longer. Usually they starved and died alone when the client abandoned them after they grew bored.

Olyvar awkwardly turned away a little as Jim mentioned the secret brothels. Of course he knew they existed, he knew who ran a few, but they were a part of his job he preferred not to think about and was too scared to discuss. He turned back as Jim teased him, sticking his tongue out at being called a bitch, and then listening to his next words carefully. When Jim had finished he laughed, a genuine laugh, and kissed Jim on the nose. "My dear Jim. I'm afraid your application to join our brothel has been unsuccessful. You are no longer a whore. I'm sure Varys will still be interested in what you do - I'm led to believe you control an entire gang of mute small children - but you are Not. A. Whore." Each word he gave Jim's chest a little poke, lying down next to him delighted. "Which means you're my client... Ser Spider."

Jim took note of Olyvar’s silence on the topic and filed that information away. Sometimes it was just as important what someone said as what they didn’t say. Olyvar kissed his nose and Jim laid his head back against the pillow, wary of whatever the other boy was trying to pull. “Wasn’t applying… I’ve got too many jobs as is.” He had mixed emotions about Olyvar telling him that he couldn’t be a whore anymore. “I don’t understand. What game are you playing?”

"Calm down, I'm not playing any games." Olyvar chuckled, rolling back to run his hands over Jim's body. "It's just funny. Oberyn doesn't want you to be a whore, Sebastian The Irritating Bastard doesn't want you to be a whore, Varys doesn't want you to be a whore and even you don't want to be a wore. So why are you so upset that you're not a whore? You luuuuurve Oberyn. And that's fine. But from what I've heard he'll move on from you pretty quick once the trials over and he's back home, so if I were you I wouldn't get too attached."

“Dunno. I guess it’s just been a part of me for so long, I’ve been doing it for ten years. Of course I know how to do other things but that’s what’s stayed constant. It’s what’s kept me alive and how I’ve gotten as good at spying as I am. It was what kept me safe and fed. That doesn’t mean that it hasn’t been bloody awful sometimes and that I’m not glad… It just makes things more complicated.” Jim rolled his eyes and pinched Olyvar’s side. “Yeah, I get it. I still need to find a way back into his bed as quickly as possible for what’s left of his stay. Just because he might not want me anymore doesn’t mean I don’t still have a job to do.”
"You'll get back in. You really think he's going to refuse you?" Olyvar grinned at the pinch and snuggled into Jim's side, stroking his front again. "Don't push it, that's all. Let him come, he will. Play apologetic - you had your job, you needed to do it, please don't tell Varys, and so on. He'll still want you. I would." He sighed and looked passed Jim, part of him slightly jealous that Jim had clients like that. "Then get whatever your job is done. Then he'll be back in Dorne and, well, unless you try to go after him you'll both be able to move on." He moved to kiss Jim's chest, pausing as there was a knock at the door. "Shall I get that?"

Jim gave a grin at that, "No I don’t think he’ll refuse me.” He had a few ideas but Jim never liked committing to any kind of plan when it came to manipulation, he needed to be as flexible as a snake. Jim was okay with Oberyn leaving and never seeing him again, it was only the early dismissal that had taken him by surprise. “Go ahead and let him in, I hope you’re hungry because I’m not likely going to be able to eat everything he’s brought.”

"I'm always hungry." Olyvar headed to the door, opening it carefully and giving a little scowl as he saw Sebastian, followed by a shocked little noise of disgust as Sebastian gave him a light whap around the back of the head before bringing some food in.

"Alright, eat well. Not you... him." He picked up some bread and meat and bought it over to where Jim was lying. "Are you okay? Does it still hurt?"

“What did I tell you, huh? Don’t hit him. You’ll start being more respectful to whores Sebastian Moran.” Jim scowled and looked directly at Sebastian as he said, “Eat Olyvar. Ignore the brutish man holding the tray.” He sat up and started picking at the grub Sebastian brought in, he ruffled the boy’s hair and then picked out some meats. “Course it still fucking hurts, I’ll live though. I suppose I can tell Oberyn I just had a fit of panic. Not that far from the truth. Lannister bastards.”

"Do you want me to get them for you?" Sebastian wasn't sure whether he could take them all on, but he was getting pretty good with the crossbow. He could take them out one at a time, from a distance. He watched them both eating and scowled as Olyvar gave Jim a kiss on the non wounded side and then smirked at him. "Alright, alright, I'm respectful. It's not whores I mind, just that one.”

Olyvar gave him an outraged look, "What did I ever do to you? You were the one who used to come to the brothel, throw money at us, and then run away without fucking anyone."

Jim hopped on board with Olyvar quickly, "Yes what on earth was that about? Stupid boy, I was actually getting worried. No, leave them be – no reason for you to get killed or get Oberyn accused of doing it. They didn’t even get around to raping me and I just got smacked a couple times. My ear will heal, no harm done." Jim and Olyvar had always been a bit more demonstrative, even for whores but it was purely platonic. Watching Sebastian scowl and get grumpy was fun. Jim smirked and took a grape in his mouth before he turned to Olyvar and kissed him and managed to pass the whole grape to the other boy’s mouth without dropping it or looking like an idiot. “I always liked that trick.”

Olyvar was rather surprised to suddenly have a grape in his mouth but he took it instantly, enjoying watching Sebastian squirm and giving Jim a little fondle as he took it, sucking it obscenely away from his mouth. Right now it would be good for Jim to feel wanted, "That was one of our better ones. You didn't even want to get f**ked, did you? I don't know what you wanted."

"Shut up." Sebastian moodily sat down on the bed, watching them both in a bit of a sulk. Still, they were both pretty and hot and it wasn't that hard of a sight. "What I wanted was what I requested, you couldn't provide."

Olyvar grinned and licked his lips, smirking at Jim and flirting with him, "Do you know what he
wanted? Someone who looked like Jaime Lannister to fuck him hard and call him wonderful. Isn’t that freaked up?"

Jim rolled his eyes, “Oh please… Loras called me Renly every time he fucked me. Apparently I looked a lot like him when he was a boy, before the beard. Then Locke put me in a dress and wanted me to pretend to be Brienne of Tarth. A woman twice my size, blonde, and ugly as sin. Put me in her dress with her blood still on it. We sell validation as much as we do sex, it’s not all that strange of a request. Throwing money at whores when you don’t get either of those things is strange though. Where’s Paul? What ever happened to that boy?”

"We’ve had stranger requests, but nobody’s requested their half-brother yet.” Olyvar raised a smirking eyebrow at Sebastian and this time managed to duck the cuff round the head. "Who's Paul?"

Sebastian gave a shrug, "No idea where he is. He might have run off, joined the Sept, fuck knows. He's not at the Holmes' anymore, I know that much. He was my servant." He added for Olyvar's benefit, taking a grape and tossing it up before catching it in his mouth. "So you two... you ever... been together?"

Jim rolled his eyes at the question and snipped out, "Are you going to ask that about every boy you meet? Yeah, course we have. Lots of times. It was always for work though. Before you can ask – Olyvar fucked me. He’s stockier than I am and nobody wants to pay to see a twink top. Normally it doesn’t get that far unless the customer is impotent.” He took another few bites of food and drank from the water that was provided. “No bloody alcohol for a week…”

Sebastian leaned back and crossed his arms, looking at them with a little smirk. "I'd pay to watch you top him. Pay a fair amount if I could."

Olyvar rolled his eyes and threw a grape at him, "Fucking hell what does Jim see in you? You haven't got any money, save that little fantasy to wank over and if you're a very good boy we might give you a kiss to watch." He shook his head at Jim, putting on a despairing expression. "I don't think he knows how expensive I am nowadays."

Jim smirked, “I find he rarely appreciates the things he should.” He gave Sebastian a smile though to show he was teasing. “I’d not take your money, I’ve never topped before. Keep dreaming though.” He back down on his back, feeling exhaustion down to his bones. Jim should have blacked out earlier but he’d hung on – inadvisably to be sure. “How is Olyvar meant to protect me? He’s hardly a warrior.”

"You're in a room with a locked door, it doesn't need a warrior." Sebastian looked at him as he lay down, and then bought over a fur to cover him, not that it was really needed in the warm room of King's Landing. "You just need someone who can reliably remain conscious, and Martell wants someone to make sure you don't root around in his papers as well. Why he trusts a couple of slippery little fucks like you two I don't know. You rest now, and get better. Do you want me to reassure Varys that you're still in the land of the living?"

“Oh fuck no. Stay away from Varys, he’s going to kill me…” Jim tugged the fur over himself and the pulled Olyvar down next to him. He still felt emotionally bruised from earlier and if he couldn’t go and settle things with Oberyn then he wanted physical contact from somewhere else. “You’re staying too aren’t you?” He asked Sebastian warily, “If you’re staying you should get in the bed.” He remembered having Sebastian in bed with him the last time he’d been spontaneously attacked like this, when Ramsay had tried to hunt him.

"Can I?" Sebastian asked a little too eagerly and Olyvar snapped at him, "If you touch me it'll be
another purse of coin." Grumbling, Sebastian kicked his boots off and tugged his shirt over his head before lying down on the other side of Jim stroking around his bandaged ear, "Can I, if I'm good, can I give that little blond shit a good ramming? I miss Paul..." he murmured half-teasingly into Jim's bandages, wrapping an arm around Jim to keep him close while Olyvar snuggled into him from the other side.

Sebastian’s body was different, a little sharper and more toned from spending hours and hours practicing with Jaime and Bronn. His skin was darker too from being out in the sun. “You’re not a soft little boy anymore.” Jim teased, which was a little ironic considering he’d probably look about twelve his whole life. “Mate you’ve not the coin and Oberyn will cut your dick off if he finds out that you’re spending his money so you can fuck a whore.” He felt better somehow now that he had a person on each side, less exposed. “You have been a good boy. You didn’t even shout too much at Oberyn and no one lost any blood. Except me. Huh.” Jim closed his eyes and shivered a little while he pressed his cold toes against Sebastian. It should have been too hot with the warm weather and the furs and their body heat but Jim had lost quite a bit of blood and his body was having a difficult time regulating temperature.

"M not a boy." Sebastian said, sounding happy at the praise.

Olyvar gave a disbelieving snort, "Listen to you, I can practically hear your tail wagging..." he stopped as Sebastian gave a low growl, annoyed at the comparison to a dog, particularly given his history of people who treated humans like dogs. He wrapped his arms around Jim and tugged the furs up closer. "You're freezing..." Olyvar pressed against him from the other side, licking his good ear and murmuring, "Please, please, don't let that big bastard fuck me. I'm not meant to be fucked by barbarians like him. He'll tear me."

Jim started to drift off while they talked around him and Sebastian tightened his hold on him. His eyes came open sluggishly when Olyvar licked his ear, but then he saw who it was and he let his eyes close again. “He’d not tear you. He was very gentle when he had me. Still, he'll not touch you because he’s promised to be more respectful of whores, haven’t you?” Jim reached back and gave Sebastian’s arm a little pinch.

"Huh... I'll not touch him because Baelish will cut my dick off if I do. And Oberyn will cut my dick off if I touch you. Huh. All these beautiful whores around and I'm not allowed them..." Sebastian murmured, then quietened as he saw Jim falling to sleep. He stroked his arm, happy to be close to him, pleased to be trusted with him, and very relieve that Jim was well and stitched up.

Chapter End Notes

TW: attempted rape, minor mutilation
Someone moaned and Jim opened his eyes blearily to find himself alone in the bed. That was when he noticed Olyvar sitting on his desk with Sebastian kneeling between his spread legs and enthusiastically sucking him off. “Really? In my room? While I’m in it? I’m sickly and injured, no one has any respect these days.” Jim got out of bed as quickly as he was able to manage his sleepy limbs and he stumbled to his wardrobe to pick out something fresh to wear that wasn’t torn or bloodied. He stripped down naked and stood indecisively in front of the wardrobe for a minute or so before deciding on some dark blue robes today. They made a statement after all of the Martell fire colors he’d been wearing recently.

Olyvar jumped as Jim spoke, biting his lower lip and with a guilty look flooding his face, "I'm, unh, he wanted to.... just a minute..." Sebastian closed his eyes and kept sucking, bobbing his head back and forth until Olyvar came with a guttural sort of moan that the clients never heard. "Um..." he rearranged one of Jim's dressing gowns and flushed, while Sebastian wiped his lips and stood, giving Jim's bottom a little pat as he passed him, looking determined not to look guilty and murmuring. "I've still got it."

Jim gave Olyvar a rather alarmed look at the noise he made when he came but went back to his clothing and managing to get himself dressed. “No, it’s fine.” Jim muttered when they were done. “Not like you’ve got anything else to do while you are here. I’m going out.” He was feeling a little stronger today and wanted to get a little sun. A walk in the gardens seemed the thing. He forwent the snake necklace Oberyn had given him, so this would be the first time he’d been in public without Oberyn’s symbol on his body. Good. Jim shouldn’t have taken it personally – Oberyn’s decision was a professional one, but after going on and on about how he loved Jim to suddenly decide that he couldn’t trust him not to kill him in his sleep was personal and insulting. He’d been jilted before, he’d get over it. Especially since he was determined to fix things.

"Shit...” Olyvar murmured, looking crestfallen as Jim left and turning on Sebastian, "I didn't know you were off limits! You should've told me you were off limits!"

Sebastian shrugged mulishly, crossing his arms and feeling even more determined not to feel guilty. "Calm down and piss off back to your brothel before Oberyn has to sell Dorne to pay for you. I'll make sure he doesn't get injured. Not that anyone cares about him when there's everything else going on."

Varys had been anxiously hovering around the Martell rooms when he caught sight of Jim, following him and walking next to him, giving him a small smile when he turned. "I hear you’ve been causing quite a commotion. Five Lannister men have been whipped and Tywin's in a foul humour. Oberyn Martell isn't much better. Would it be possible for you to take care of business in my room this afternoon, I have to give evidence I'd rather not, unfortunately."
“I’m not in trouble?” Jim asked cautiously, surprised that Varys hadn’t gone off on him already for losing Oberyn. Maybe he didn’t know. Jim cursed himself heatedly in his head, he had meant to go to the gardens, instead he’d been lost in thought and automatically made it way towards Oberyn’s rooms. “I could always poison you so you don’t have to testify.” Jim suggested cheerfully. “What business would you have me see to?”

Varys gave him a distracted sort of look, "Why would you be in trouble? What have you done? And no, I'd rather not be poisoned. I'd just also prefer not to have to testify against Lord Tyrion - possibly one of the few people in King's Landing I think deserves to be here." He gave a despairing sigh and tried to pull his mind back to the present. "I want a list of everyone who's been in to visit Lord Tyrion in prison. I want to find out what Bronn was promised and who by. I'd also like you to find me a trustworthy ship captain from the docks - just someone who can be discrete when called upon. It may... not be necessary. But it may be.'

Jim gave Varys a wary look and considered lying but then just decided to downplay. “Lord Tywin rescued me yesterday and then saw fit to tell Prince Oberyn that I served as a whore in Baelish’s brothels… he is worried about where my loyalties lie and has decided that perhaps we shouldn’t spend as much time together… He expelled me from his rooms.” Jim left out some of the more incriminating details but he’d covered everything Varys was likely to hear on his own. “Yes Lord Varys, I should be able to complete those things by the end of the day.”

Varys gave him a slightly worried look and then shook his head, "That isn't the... greatest of news. But I suppose things could be a lot worse. I'd appreciate it if you could regain a portion of Lord Oberyn's trust - just to find out what he plans to vote in the trial, and what his sympathies are for Lord Tyrion. If you could. If not, just keep controlling the little birds. Keep the information coming, keep tabs on the Boltons in the North, and ideally find out where the seven hells Lord Stannis has gone." He pinched the bridge of his nose and then turned to Jim, looking troubled. "What do you think, Jim. If you were allowed to chose any future, any King, what would you choose for the realm?"

Jim nodded along with Varys’s requests until he asked Jim that question. He paused and had to think, Jim had never really considered the question before, this kind of thing was Varys’s job. Jim only got the information, he never decided how to use it. “…Tommен would be a better king than most. But I fear that he won’t live very long and Tywin and Cersei would control him like a puppet… I’ve heard good things from the East about the Targaryian girl but she’s young and needs better proper counsel.”

"Oh you've heard that have you..." Varys murmured and then managed a smile, gently rubbing Jim's neck below the bandage. "Things have been hard in King's Landing lately, I fear they're about to get much worse. You need to stop seeing yourself as working on individuals, picking them off one at a time, controlling them for all or nothing. It was a disappointment that you've temporarily lost Martell, and even more so that you're now injured, but you need to see things from the centre of the web, not just one strand. The country is recovering from a war that has left thousands stranded, starving, homeless and suffering. Meanwhile the Lords take riches and money and don't care. There are some who would argue with that. There are more who would act against it. The North has been taken by the cruelest house - Lord Tywin hangs onto power by a threat - House Tyrell is trying to take over without any allies and Stannis is somewhere out there and will not have given up." He turned to face Jim, cupping his face and looking him in the eyes. "You need, you need to concentrate on all of that, all of those strands, with all the resources you have. And if, in the purpose of this, you need to loose a mark or two, or rescue a whore or two, or keep a brute of a belligerent fighter in your bed, then you must do so. You need to stop being afraid of me - to stop believing you are owned by me, or any man, and join me in the service of the realm." He gazed into Jim's eyes, "This is perhaps the most serious thing I have ever asked of you, but I cannot do it...
alone anymore."

Jim felt… overwhelmed by Lord Varys’s request. Jim did the foot work. Tracking down and handling individual marks was his job, it was what he was trained for and what he was comfortable with. Varys suddenly asking Jim to do this was like asking a regular whore to do Jim’s job. “Are you… do you believe that the work I have been doing until now is not helpful or making an impact?” He was internally scrambling a little while projecting outward calm. “I’m not… afraid of you, Lord Varys.” He wasn’t. He was… occasionally concerned with what Varys could do but Jim wasn’t afraid of the man. He associated him with safety and care. “But you do own me. Are you saying that if I wanted to you’d let me leave? That I could run off with someone and live out the rest of my life?” Jim found the idea ludicrous, that couldn’t be what Varys meant. “I will help you in whatever ways I can, Lord Varys.”

Varys took a breath - the strain of the last few days of the trial starting to show. "No, you misunderstand." He said quietly with a little smile. "If you ran off with someone I would have to have you killed for you know too much. What I would like you to do is take more control - be more involved in the whole picture. The work you have done up to now is invaluable, and I could not have managed without it, however I have more and more... other things to attend to. The city is getting dangerous. You already manage the little birds, this just requires you stretching your web further afield." He looked at Jim gravely and decided to dispense with subtlety. "If you need to fuck Sebastian Moran in order to help you achieve this, then that is what you must do. If you need to stop taking marks altogether, or, conversely, if you need to spend a few days working in a brothel to release steam. This task demands a lot from you, and you will need to take care of your own desires in return. I have... my own ways. Do you remember that box I brought in? That... helped me. You will find what helps you."

“You want me to take over the network. The whole thing.” Jim ran King’s Landing, which was a hell of a lot to handle by himself, there were hundreds of little birds at a time and they all had their own marks and needed to be trained and housed and – but Varys was talking about all of the other men and women across the realm, people like his “uncle” at the Dreadfort. People who sent in ravens. Varys wanted Jim to run all of that, their missions, their information, the risk versus potential reward… it meant making decisions by himself and that was going to be the heaviest burden of all. “...I don’t want to be reassigned to another mark after Prince Oberyn leaves. I want it to be my decision if I take another one, ever.” He gave a sadistic little smile when Varys mentioned the box. “I – I think I can manage.”

"I want you to start taking over more of it." Varys looked at him frankly, "I'm getting far too well known, and things are changing too fast for me to be completely safe at all times. Something may... happen. If it does, I'd prefer the network was still here and owned by someone who knows what to do with it. I'll still be here, obviously, but I need you to start taking more control." He nodded as Jim mentioned the marks, giving a little smile, "I've been telling you so for years, I think that's a wonderful idea."

“I believe that’s within my capabilities. Are you… do you suspect that there may be an attempt on your life? You’re not – ill are you?” Varys always seemed to untouchable to Jim, it was disturbing to realized that the man wouldn’t always be there. He’d been the biggest constant in Jim’s life, the person who had been with him the longest. Jim huffed, Vary might have been right about Jim’s burn out, but no one liked being told I told you so, especially when Varys had given Jim the jobs. “Right, and you never benefitted from the information I got. I get it, that’s in the past now. ...I just wanted to make you happy.” The last bit was quieter and showed more vulnerability than Jim was used to showing in front of the man, but Varys had been honest with him and Jim could return the favor.
Varys gave him a look that was almost tender and gently patted his cheek. "Everything I ever got from you was more useful than you knew. Trust me. You have made me more than happy. If I had any inclination to, I believe I would have wanted to sleep with you - I know you found it a great slight that I didn't, but I live in hope that one day you'll recognize what it really meant." He gave a small smile and then patted Jim's face again. "I don't believe there may be an attempt on my life, not... at the moment. But as I said, things are moving fast and I'm not a young man anymore. There was a Prince once, who would have been a great king. We all hoped he would. But his father was mad, and dangerous, and unfortunately the war that followed his death claimed the young Prince as well. There are so many things that could have been, Jim, so many paths that could have sent the realm into happier, peaceful times. But so many men will choose the chaos for their own advancement..." He momentarily looked briefly angry, a flicker of a twitch in his jaw and then he gave a small smile. "The game of thrones is a game for younger men than me and besides... there is hope but it lies far away from here. I may have to travel to find it. And I would like to know that someone I trust so implicitly - someone who is smart, and knows what they're doing - is working in my place. I always admired your work, despite the methods." He hesitated and then gave a brief flicker of a smile. "And for goodness sake, please do try to fuck Sebastian before one or both of you explodes. Take all the time you need, he will wait, he is loyal if nothing else. But you should try to get round to it eventually."

If asked, Jim would have denied it until he was blue in the face, but he genuinely treasured any affirmation he got from Varys. Kind words were rare in their country and Jim didn’t expect so much – he just wanted to know that what he was doing, all of the work and danger, and personal sacrifice was worth it. And Varys’s words meant more to him than they should. Jim couldn’t help a bit of an embarrassed smile when Varys told him that he probably would have wanted him, if he had been capable of wanting anyone. It was a little embarrassing now, thinking back. For years Varys was the only person that Jim had any connection to, he was Jim’s savior and the man who held his leash and his teacher. Varys filled many roles for Jim because he hadn’t had anyone else. It was a bit pathetic but Jim had definitely latched on and from an early age had felt an intense need for the man’s approval. Now that he was older and didn’t need that as much, it was easy to see his infatuation had been about security and wanting Varys to value him and need him in return. It had been about survival as much as it was tied into isolation. As a young boy Jim had wanted someone who would love him. Varys couldn’t do that – not in the way that Jim needed him to. But Jim didn’t need that crutch anymore. Now that he had a taste of the real thing he knew he could stand on his own if he needed to. “I was a child and I needed you. You recognized that what I wanted wasn’t really sex – I can see now that you made the right decision, even if it left me feeling insecure.”

Jim was honored that Varys was willing to trust him with the network, he was vaguely aware that the man was most likely training him to take over one day but he never thought it would be so soon. He wasn’t sure that he was ready but Jim was determined to do well. “I won’t fail you. I’ll keep the network running and if you ever decide to bring this ‘hope’ back to King’s Landing the network will be here waiting for you.” Jim wanted to reassure Varys that he was welcome back to the city, if he did have to leave, that Jim wouldn’t cling to the power Varys gave him. He was smart and excited for the challenge but really Jim knew what a difficult burden it was to bare and Varys would always be welcome here. Jim flushed slightly when Varys spoke of Sebastian, he knew that Varys had given him permission but it still tasted like failure to admit that he hadn’t been able to entirely shake his feelings for the boy. “Lord Oberyn will take priority, of course. But thank you. Although, your estimations on how long he is willing to wait might be erroneous.” Jim’s mind flickered back briefly to the compromising situation he’d found Sebastian and Olyvar in this morning.

"I know you will keep it safe for me." Varys stooped to give him a small kiss on the forehead and
then stepped back, suddenly professional again. Jim was exactly what he needed, if he had to leave he needed to trust that the whole system would continue without him, yet at the same time would not be taken over by some ambitious and ruthless person who only desired self-gain. "He will wait for you." He said dryly, "Although he may not be entirely chaste while he does so. He's not the brightest thing to come from Tywin Lannisters activities. I don't wish to insult the dead but his mother can't have been the North's greatest contribution to intelligence." He raised an eyebrow archly and then stopped thinking about it. "Oberyn, yes, you need to reconnect with him before he becomes too suspicious to trust you. We have plans for him - Lord Tywin is in grave need of rescuing. I hope he has his own plans, but if he doesn't I may need to... engineer something. Try and encourage your Sebastian to stay good friends with Jaime as well. We'll need him too.”

Jim spent a productive afternoon in Varys's office, dealing with the projects that needed dealt with, learning his way around from the papers locked in drawers that Jim suddenly had access to. After he had seen to everything that Varys needed he had gone down to the dining hall for supper. Jim saw Oberyn there, with Ellaria but they didn’t invite him to sit with them, nor try and engage him in conversation. In the end Jim sat in quiet, alone while people tried to sneak glances at him. Jim wasn’t hugely important but people had heard about the attack yesterday – Lannisters making a move against the Martells was worth talking about. People noticed that Jim sat alone and that he was no longer wearing Oberyn’s mark or dressed in the Martell colors. After the silent meal, where everyone treated him like a leper and stared at his ear, Jim got fed up and left the hall in a stint. He’d started working on a plan to get Oberyn back – it would be a big gamble but the man appreciated grand gestures. Jim could only hope that this didn’t just make him trust Jim less. He pushed through the door to his rooms and scowled when he saw Sebastian was still there. “What do you want? Money ran out then?”

Sebastian had been pacing around the door to Jim's rooms for the last half hour, rehearsing what he was going to say. Something sensible, about how he was an idiot, and Olyvar was annoying, and he would buy Jim presents or do whatever it took to make up for it. He also wanted to say something about how fucking lonely and confused he still was, alone in charge of the Moran household, that was several thousand miles and a couple of armies away. Trying to temper the feelings he'd had with Ramsay and the feelings he'd had for Olyvar with the deep and burning passion he still felt for Jim. And of course the fact that Jaime hadn't spoken to him since the arrest of his brother, that Bronn had vanished somewhere and he was starting to panic. When he saw Jim though, the little scowl, the haughty looks, the scars on his ear from Harrenhall, all he could do was stare, feeling his plans drop away he managed to stammer out, "I'm sorry I blew the whore."

“Are you though?” Jim gave him an unimpressed look and sat down at his writing desk so that he could work out some things for Varys. That was when he remembered who's naked arse had been pressed up against it and Jim wrinkled his nose and stood up again. “You don’t have anything to be sorry about, you aren’t tied to me. It’s none of my business.” Jim wasn’t upset about Sebastian being with someone else, he was upset that the boy had done it in his rooms, in front of Jim, while he was recovering from an attack. “You know I was almost raped yesterday? Again? And you thought ‘huh. Jim would probably really like to wake up to see this. That’ll just make his day.’”

"I didn't think you'd wake up..." Sebastian whined back, before remembering that he was an almost knight and Jim was just a commoner - but that in turn reminded him that Ser Jaime had been going
to knight him and now probably never would. Sighing he sat down on the bed, staring at his boots. "I was sleeping next to you, I woke up so hard and needy. I was going to go take care of myself but then that little *bitch* woke up..." He groaned and scrubbed his face with his hand, "No... it wasn’t his fault. I even said I'd pay him. I should've... should've thought of you. What you'd been through." He looked up at Jim, "How's your ear..."

“Don’t talk about him like that, what did I say about being respectful to whores? Olyvar is my friend,” probably. Mostly. "And you don’t get to bad mouth him just because you were lucky enough to be born to a family that had no sons."

Jim reprimanded Sebastian but there was no anger in his tone. The boy seemed genuinely sorry, that was something at least. Almost a first. "You weren’t even this sorry when you set Ramsay’s dogs after me.” Jim sighed and then walked over to the bed, pushed Sebastian down to lie on his back and then Jim crawled over him, just lying on top of him. “You aren’t tied to me. But I don’t want to see you. I didn’t go around shoving Oberyn in your face, did I? How would you have felt to wake up after the mountain’s men attacked you and see me sucking the Martell off on your furniture? It’s a shit thing to do. But you won’t do it again.”

He sighed and propped his chin on Sebastian’s chest so he could watch the boy’s face. “I’m alright. The ear will either stick or rot. Not much I can do now except keep it clean and hope it heals right. The rest is just bruises, the swelling in my face has gone down from yesterday.”

Sebastian frowned as Jim talked, twitching at the reminder of how badly he’d been beaten by the Mountain's men - waking up to see Jim sucking a cock would definitely have been a low point.

Reaching out hesitantly he stroked at the bruises still present on Jim’s face, deciding that the complex emotional discussions were a bit beyond him and sighing, "I wish you'd let me hurt them for you. I could take them one at a time, beat them and leave them for Tywin Lannister to find. Nobody should get away with doing that - d'you know what he's done? Shouted at them. That's it, that's fucking all. That's barely a punishment, even if he is fucking terrifying." His voice dropped a little, losing the anger as he nodded, "Yeah. Won't do it again." and then even lower, "Wouldn't be so bad, being tied to you."

Jim purposefully tilted his face into Sebastian’s hand, aggravating the bruises and sending a sharp pain through his face. “No sense in hurting them. They’re stupid beasts with no effect on this war. I don’t need to lose you over some ill thought out revenge.”

Sebastian’s words got Jim thinking and for a moment he zoned out, before recalling something else Sebastian had said. “Varys told me they were whipped. Still it’s a light punishment, I agree. Although I can’t feel it’s appropriate given that they mocked my scars. Now they’ll have some of their own.” Jim rested his good cheek against Sebastian’s chest, “Did you find what you were looking for here? Was Tywin everything you thought he would be?” Jim gave Sebastian a little smile, “I... had a talk with Varys. I don’t know if I ever told you explicitly but I was forbidden to see you after we got back to King’s Landing. I kept an eye on you though, my little birds watched you. Just to make sure you weren’t getting in over your head. Today Varys told me that – well, it’s complicated but I’m allowed to see who I want now. The Martell comes first, until he sails for Dorne, but after that I’ll be allowed to do what I like... no more jobs like this.”

Sebastian cheered up a little when he heard the men had been whipped, "Ha - they kept quiet about that. I suppose Tywin doesn't want it known that he'll punish his men so much for a Martell whore..." He tripped over the last word, and fell silent to listen to what Jim had to say. It all seemed very complex, and he still wasn’t sure whether it was the truth - was he being used again now that the Bolton's were starting to take over the North? "Tywin is a great leader, and an ambitious ruler." He finally answered mildly, "Why would he have use for a drunken degenerate bastard son with another name. You do what jobs you need to. For Varys or for anyone else. I'll be here. No bloody point be being anywhere else now, is there?" He pouted and then brightened as he remembered he actually had something useful he could say. "I haven't seen Jaime at all since the Wedding, or Bronn come to that. But I know Ser Jaime has been visiting his brother in prison. I've seen him."
He gently stroked at Jim's body, not entirely sure whether Jim was promising something or warning him that he'd be thrown over for someone else. "Fuck knows where Bronn is, but he knows trouble when he sees it and if he's any sense he's left before something happens to him. Even Lord Tyrion's squire has been sent away."

"Lord Tywin is a fool, he only will use the best pieces on the board and throws away anyone that doesn't meet his impossible standards. You shouldn't like to be useful to him. He has no loyalty to anyone. Not even family." Jim cuddled up to Sebastian and languidly worked his hand underneath the boy’s tunic, Sebastian hadn’t done up many of the buttons and Jim ran his fingertips along his collar bone. “I decide what jobs I do now, I decide what jobs everyone does now. I’m very important for a whore, you see.” Jim smirked and pressed a light kiss against the skin on Sebastian’s chest, briefly poking his tongue out to taste him while he listened to the man talk about Jaime. “That’s very helpful, good boy.” Jim had somehow missed Jaime’s visits, they weren’t in the log and even the people he had interviewed hadn’t mentioned it. Jaime must have paid quite a lot of gold to get them to hide it from his father.

"You're not a whore, you're a spy..." he managed once he'd taken a breath and recovered a little, "Do you decide what jobs I do then?"

Jim watched Sebastian carefully, enjoying the way the boy tensed underneath him but didn’t lose control or touch Jim without his permission. He enjoyed being with Oberyn greatly but the man was very experienced and talented, it was difficult to get the man to lose control, ever. So Jim was taking his time and enjoying this game of putting in the least amount of effort to get Sebastian to snap. Jim looked up and watched him while he asked if Jim was the one who gave him jobs. He bent over and licked a long line from the bottom of his rib cage to his collarbone, dragging the sharp edge of the tongue stud along the way. “Uh-huh…” he answered as he ran his tongue teasingly over the boy’s body.

Sebastian felt his skin trembling under Jim's touch and momentarily closed his eyes, trying to drag back the worst parts of Ramsay, the more irritating parts of Olyvar, to stop himself getting turned on. He was pretty sure this was a punishment, or a test, or possibly both. After what he had done it was more than deserved. He almost whined again at the 'good boy' - after nobody but the irritating youngest Holmes to talk to for the last week it was pathetic how much that mattered to him. "You're not a whore, you're a spy..." he managed once he'd taken a breath and recovered a little, "Do you decide what jobs I do then?"

Sebastian groaned, squirming as the sharp little tongue stud scraped up his body, his hands fisting in the sheets below him as his whole body tensed. The edge of the stud, combined with the wet heat of Jim's tongue, the absolute certainty that he was about to get punished, all sent his mind into a dizzying spiral and his cock rock hard, "P-please... fuck... I'm sorry. W-won't blow off anyone again." He gasped. The idea of having Jim so close, and then being either dismissed or hurt, seemed too cruel, but it was certainly what he deserved. "W-what do you need me to do..."

Jim sat up and gently teased his hand over Sebastian’s tented trousers before he grabbed a fistful of Sebastian’s cock and squeezed, starting with a moderate amount of pressure but willing to tighten his grip to get what he wanted. The knowledge that it fed into Sebastian’s masochism made it all the more enjoyable. “Uh-huh. I don’t know… you don’t sound very convincing to me.” Jim tightened his grip and then released his cock, rubbing the heel of his hand against it for a few seconds before Jim grabbed it again and squeezed. “I want you to do something for me, it would make me feel better. Do you think you can manage that?”

Sebastian gave a horse yelp as Jim grabbed his cock hard, gasping and managing a wide smirk, eyes shooting open again. It was Ramsay - but a gentler Ramsay, a less crazy Ramsay, and a Ramsay he'd happily follow into hell. Also, if he had to admit it, far prettier and cleverer than Ramsay who, while sharp in the many ways of hurting a man was not hugely enlightened in almost all other respects. "Yesss... ahh... oww... what is it..." His look now was almost adoring. "You
know I'd do it. You know I'm stupid enough to do almost anything. Just point me where you need to go. Unh... fucking ow..." It hurt, but in a wonderful sparking pleasurable way that had nothing whatsoever to do with the dull ache of pain. And Sebastian certainly wasn't complaining as his cock throbbed desperately under Jim's tight grip.

“Gooooooood boy…” Jim practically purred and smirked, remembering how easy this was back at the Dreadfort. He missed this, the way Sebastian made the game almost too easy. He let go and started stroking the boy again, watching his face carefully for any sign that he was about to come early. “I have a very important job for you, it’s going to take some skill and planning to be done right. I have faith in your abilities though.” Jim suddenly got up and moved away from the bed leaving Sebastian half hard and he went to sit at his desk. “I’ll write down your instructions, I want you to eat the parchment if anyone catches you with it, do you understand? I’ll have to teach you some code at some point.” Jim finished writing the note quickly and folded it up into a little square and dipped it into the front pocket of Sebastian’s trousers. “Off you go then.”

Sebastian moaned back at Jim as his cock was stroked and then gave a little whine as the touch was suddenly removed. Heated anger flared through him as he was suddenly dismissed - at least Ramsay had let him come once he'd done torturing him and trying out new ideas. The emotions raged clearly over his face, until he finally gave Jim a look of pure lustful hate and gave a stiff nod. "Right. Fine. Why the fuck you have faith in my ability to do anything is beyond me.” He felt stupid again, he'd been certain Jim was telling him that Jim wanted him, and now it seemed he was just being used again, given a job and instructions and a pat on the dick and sent on his way. Worse, he was actually going to do it. He glared at Jim and then suddenly swept over to him and gave him a heated kiss on the forehead. "Fuck you. I'll get it done."

It seemed stupid in hindsight but Jim hadn’t actually expected Sebastian to be that angry over leaving him turned on and wanting. “Come here,” he whispered and pulled Sebastian down for a long kiss. “I have faith in your abilities because I know that you won’t let me down.” Jim reached up and kissed him quickly before whispering, “Maybe when this is done I’ll let you.”

Sebastian blinked, the anger evaporating as Jim was suddenly close to him and warm and teasing him and kissing him again. He clenched his back teeth together and tried to push out Ramsay, Olyvar, the pain of the morning after the night in the tent by Winterfell and after a short break manage a little smirk back. "You silly little sod. You'll be dangling that in front of me until it drives me mad. I'll get it done, don't you worry. And I'll wank myself stupid if I have to, but you won't drive me back to that bitc- uh, the boy at the brothel. Just... please don't use me again. Don't leave me like you did before.” And with that he flushed and left quickly before he got any weaker. He read Jim's instructions as soon as he got back to his room and smiled wickedly, shaking his head and realizing he should never have doubted the boy.

Chapter End Notes

TW: None
Elated

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

The days trial had been long and harrowing, and Oberyn was starting to wish he'd never stayed. He wanted revenge, but Tywin Lannister was looking increasingly like he wouldn't be about to give it, and he was starting to warm to Tyrion. He wanted lovers, but there was limited time for the brothel and his favourite lover was in a complicated situation. He was engrossed in his thoughts, and when he opened the door to his room to find someone there he wasn't expecting his dagger was immediately in his hand. He frowned as he saw it was Jim, the lights were low, candles lighting the room, and Jim's feet were propped up on a small crate. The snake necklace was wound around his neck, and it glittered in the candlelight. Oberyn paused, relaxing a little bit still suspicious, "My little viper. What are you here for?"

Jim wanted to watch the knife carefully but instead devoted himself to looking Oberyn in the eye and ignoring the potential threat. “I have something for you… you’ve given me so many gifts and I thought it was time that I gave you something in return.” Jim took his bare feet off of the box and kicked it so that it skidded into Oberyn’s boots. “I think this should help affirm my loyalties. I don’t work for Baelish. I don’t work for the Lannisters.” Jim had pushed one shoulder of his robe off to show the bare skin there and now he reached up and played with the snake necklaces, running his fingers up and down the little scales. “It’s not rubies, but I think you’ll value this more.”

Oberyn looked at the box warily, "You've... bought me a gift?" He tapped his knife against the box and grinned. This wasn’t sexual excitement, but it was a dangerous game, and he liked danger, he also appreciated the set up; the candles, the atmosphere. Jim had thought this through, whatever it was would be a big gesture. "Open it. Show me."

Oberyn had taken the bait at least. Now he would have to see if his gambit paid off. “You know it’s rude not to open your own presents,” Jim tisked before getting up and making his way over to the chest where it sat at Oberyn’s feet. He took his time sauntering over, spending probably more time than he needed to kneeling at Oberyn’s feet and watching him as he paused with his face in front of the man’s crotch. But Jim knew better than to draw the suspense out too long so he stood and gave Oberyn one more smirking glance before opening the box and handing it over to the other man so that he could see what sat on the red cushion inside.

Oberyn looked down at him sternly, knowing what game Jim was playing. And, of course, still falling for it, because Jim looked pretty sexy in the low light wearing his jewelry. He looked down at the box, his eyes opening wide as he saw the contents - the severed head of the guard who'd tried to molest him, shot through the forehead with an arrow that had since been removed. He took a step back, not sure whether to suspect a trap, or a threat. "You - you did this?"

Jim shrugged non-committently and smiled, “I didn’t do the thing myself, but it was done on my orders. Let’s see if next time Tywin spares the rod. A one handed Lannister is better for him than a dead one. They’re all like this, actually. But I thought that many severed heads would begin to stink.” Jim closed the box tightly and latched it shut before setting it down on the desk and sidling up to Oberyn. “Are you happy?”

"Your orders?" Oberyn gave a little disbelieving laugh, but wrapped his arms around Jim as the boy approached, "Was that a warning? A threat? A gift?" He used his fingers to tilt Jim's chin up, looking into his eyes. "I'm... shocked and surprised my little viper. But also... impressed. I'm glad
you have such power, and especially that you have power and are still willing to wear my gifts." He ran a finger along the necklace and then disentangled himself to slam the dagger down into the top of the man's skull and stalk to the table to pour them both a glass of wine. "You are no longer my little viper - you are a snake of your own. I cannot own you, no man can, nor can I have you as my servant, my boy, my little prize. But I would be more than happy to still have you as my lover. And your gift is appreciated."

The power Jim had now was still pretty new to him, twelve hours ago he had had nothing, he wasn't insulted that Oberyn didn’t seem to believe him. “I told you it was a gift. I have no interest in thwarting the Martells, or indeed, anyone from Dorne. I would rather see a Dornishman on the iron throne than a Lannister bastard.” Jim grinned as Oberyn held him and touched him, letting something a little more genuine and soft come forth. “Of course I will wear your gifts. You loved me when I was nothing, I cannot just forget that.” Jim thought that same sentiment had something to do with why he had so much difficultly letting Sebastian go. Both men had treated Jim well, and cared for him despite the gap in their places in society. Oberyn went over to the table to stab the skull and Jim didn’t even raise an eyebrow, just watched impassively. “I would be careful,” Jim suggested as he took the wine Oberyn offered him, “that you not let that be found in your possession. But if it is – someone planted it here to make you look guilty. A Tyrion sympathizer perhaps, to get you discredited and banned from the trial.” This was Jim’s way of fishing out which way Oberyn was planning to vote. Weather he was sympathetic to Tyrion’s case or not. “No, you’re right. I don’t belong to anyone. But we can still pretend, can’t we? Or do you prefer me like this?” Jim tilted his head to the side, smirking a little as he sipped from his drink.

"I prefer you... infinitely... like this." Oberyn smiled back at him clinking the glass against Jim’s and then taking a drink. "And I will remove your gift from my possession and... ahhh... I would rather not talk about the trial." His sigh was one of exhaustion rather than care and he continued almost instantly, "It is taking far too much time. It is clear the dwarf did not do it, and I dislike being present to dispense Tywin Lannister's anger against his own children. I will have to pronounce him guilty if he cannot find anyone to actually give evidence for him and I would not like to do that.”

“Alright, we don’t have to talk about the trial…” Jim had basically already gotten everything he needed anyway. Jim took another drink of his wine and set the goblet down, “why don’t we talk about how you are going to make things up to me? You were so rude yesterday.” It was clear from his tone that he was only playing and was no longer offended over being kicked out of the man’s bed now that he was allowed back in. Jim leaned up and cupped the side of Oberyn’s face before he bent in to kiss the man lightly and nibble on his bottom lip.

Oberyn gave him a rough little pinch, eyes gleaming as his hands slid up under Jim's clothes, "Princes to not need to 'make things up', particularly not to vicious little snakes like yourself." He gave a laugh and then picked Jim up bodily, encouraging the slender legs to wrap around his waist as he held his body in place with upper body strength alone, kissing at the hot eager lips, "You are a dangerous, clever little man, and you fooled a Prince of Dorne. There are not many who can say that."

“Mmm, I’ll make sure they add that to the songs…” Jim wrapped his legs tightly against Oberyn’s waist as he kissed him back heatedly, feeling happy and proud that his plan had worked and he’d gotten Oberyn back on his own power. He hadn’t waited for Oberyn to change his mind only to crawl back like an obedient dog. “Have you ever fucked a man against a wall?” Jim figured the answer was probably yes, Oberyn was more experienced than some of the whores in Baelish’s brothel.

Oberyn ignored the question and kept on kissing him, pressing him back against the wall and just
nodding slightly in answer, he tugged Jim's legs up higher and then prodded a finger at his entrance, nodding at the small table next to them with a jar of oil on it. "There... use that... "

Jim was pretty much focusing on keeping a good grip on Oberyn but he wrapped an arm around the man’s neck before reaching out and grabbing the jar of oil waiting on the end table and handing it over to the other man. Then Jim focused on trying to get their clothes off while he peppered kisses along any skin he managed to expose. Undressing them was difficult with only one hand while they were both working to keep Jim from dropping to the floor, but he managed to get Oberyn’s tunic off at least and Jim worked his own silk trousers down over his arse and down to his knees, that was about as far as they would go with his legs wrapped around Oberyn’s hips and he was too impatient to climb down and strip all the way.

Oberyn was more than happy to just hold Jim up and watch the young man trying to do everything one handed, it made him grin as the clothes slowly fell away, as Jim's arm tightened around his neck, as Jim's breath hitched as he tried to pull his trousers down one handed while precariously balancing. When he had finished Oberyn kissed his forehead then grabbed the oil, pouring it on his cock and then slicking himself up. "Prepare yourself as much as you need." He said gently adding in a satisfied tone, "Because then I am going to fuck you into the wall."

Jim poked his tongue into his cheek as Oberyn just smirked and watched him fumble with the clothes. “You could help you know…” Jim grumbled but then Oberyn kissed his forehead and Jim couldn’t help but smile at him, happy to be back in the man’s good graces. Outside of the job, Jim hadn’t wanted things to end like that between them. He stuck his fingers into the pot, enjoying the Dornish oil and the way it made his skin tingle where he touched it. Jim pushed two fingers in and moaned, holding Oberyn’s gaze with his eyes while he worked himself open and pleasured himself. “Just going to sit back and watch then?” Jim was lucky that being a whore kept him in good shape or else his body would get tired from holding himself in this position.

"I will join in when you are ready." Oberyn said smugly, content just to watch Jim twisting around, and considering it partial payback for Jim's tricks and lies. He was still wary of the boy, who had shown himself capable of killing, but in a way he was relieved that he no longer had to protect Jim. Jim was more his equal (as far as Oberyn considered anyone equal to the Prince of Dorne), and he could enjoy loving the boy without having to get mixed up in some form of ownership of him.

Jim groaned in frustration but nodded, resigning himself to waiting for Oberyn to involve himself. Oberyn was a smug bastard and Jim itched to wipe that grin off his face but he’d let the man have this victory. He spent a minute or so working his fingers in and stretching himself, focusing more on getting himself hard and aroused since Oberyn didn’t seem all that interested in helping with that right now either. “Bastard…” Jim moaned but he smirked. If Oberyn made it easy on him, then it would be boring.

Oberyn smiled and shook his head, carrying Jim around to where a rich tapestry hung from the wall and pressing him against it, moving his hand to join in with Jim's, sliding fingers inside his prepared hole and moaning gently, "No - I am a high born Prince. Keep stroking yourself.... mmm..." His hand moved to slide and squeeze at Jim's backside, still slick with oil, pleased to be close to Jim again and even more pleased to be about to fuck him. Moving his hand back to hold Jim up he lifted him slightly and then simply dropped him down, giving a growl as the well lubed cock and arse fused into each other.

The tapestry was made of thick material to resist wear and it padded the rough wall nicely. Jim untied the belt around his waist and left his robe open and draped off his shoulders. “Ahhh…” Jim arced and pressed his shoulders hard against the wall to adjust the angle as Oberyn pressed a finger inside him next to the two fingers Jim already had. He was pretty worked up by now and frustrated
so it was a relief when Oberyn finally lifted him up and he settled onto the man’s cock. For this part there wasn’t much that Jim could do besides hang on for the ride and he was more than content to let Oberyn have his way with him and just enjoy himself.

Oberyn moaned harder and then started to move, lifting Jim's body and pumping his hips forward, surging up inside him with each thrust and gently biting along the edge of Jim's jaw as he did so, remembering that the young man seemed to like a little edge of something sharper. The low light and the hurried half-undressed nature of both of them seemed to only make it hotter.

Jim scratched his nails across Oberyn’s shoulders, his back, his chest, anywhere he could get his hands on. Oberyn thrust up into him and every breath that Jim took bordered on a moan or whine, he felt good and wasn’t shy about telling Oberyn that. “Could I – uhh, can I mark you?” Jim pressed his mouth against the skin of Oberyn’s neck and sucked gently, lightly enough that it would leave a little red mark for a few hours but would be gone by morning, especially on his dark skin. Jim didn’t want to do anything more permanent without permission.

Oberyn frowned at the request, not sure what it would mean. Did his strange and violent little viper want to leave scars? Bruises? He growled back a "No..." bouncing Jim harder and trying to distract him with the force of the thrusts to make him forget about any other strange Westerosi sex ideas. Each thrust bought him closer to coming, and further away from wondering why he was so smitten with this crazy dangerous boy.

Jim stopped sucking immediately after Oberyn growled at him and told him no. It had been a bit of a stretch anyway, Jim had liked the idea of claiming a prince, but if Oberyn didn’t want it, he didn’t want it. “You won’t mark me, you won’t let me mark you… I thought Dornishmen were meant to enjoy all kinds of wild sex practices?” Jim was careful to keep his tone light and challenging so that Oberyn would not mistake the words for criticism. Besides, love bites were about as light as you could go. Oberyn fucked him harder and it was more difficult to think after that, Jim clung on tightly, mouthing at the skin of the man’s throat, nibbling lightly, but was careful not to leave any bruising.

"In Dorne we fight and we fuck... it's only in the North you do both at once to save on time." Oberyn grumbled, fucking Jim harder to make him shut up. Still, everything the boy was doing felt good so he wasn’t about to complain. He bounced the hot young arse up and down, thrusting strongly and feeling the orgasm build inside him until with a roar he thrust Jim down even harder cumming deep inside him.

Jim snorted when he heard Oberyn’s answer and let the matter rest, entirely focusing on the things that Oberyn made him feel and the reactions that he got from his body. It felt like Oberyn was punishing him for something and Jim couldn’t complain, arching his back hard against the wall and balancing himself at an impossible angle so that he could really feel it. Oberyn came before he did and Jim held the man while he came, rippling his arse to pull the last waves of orgasm from the man’s body. Jim slid down the wall and winced as his feet touched the floor, his arse was bloody sore. Jim finally stripped himself of the rest of his clothing before he waltzed over to the bed and laid down on his back, touching his still hard cock lazily and watching Oberyn with a smirk on his face. “Good?” He asked, just to check and make sure the man wasn’t actually angry over something Jim said.

"Always good." Oberyn smiled at him, coming over to lay next to him, lazily stroking Jim's stomach as Jim's hand worked away at your cock, he slid down to pat and squeeze Jim's arse, gently and almost apologetically patting the sore entrance between the curves. He didn’t say anything though, not wanting to set off another idealistic argument of two opposing viewpoints. Jim had his own way of enjoying sex and Oberyn knew that when he returned to Dorne the young
man would no doubt find other partners to do it with. For now, the sparkling beautiful man was his, and he should enjoy that.

Jim smirked and took the opportunity to put on a little show for the man, touching his own cock and pressing fingers up inside himself, gasping and wiggling, moaning the man’s name when he came a minute later. Jim had already been close and it hadn’t taken much to finish himself off, especially with the man watching him and running his hands over his body. When Jim had cleaned himself up he climbed on top of Oberyn and smiled down at him, “you said I no longer belong to you. Does that mean you would not be unhappy if I was with others like you are?” Jim gave a sharp grin and lightly held Oberyn’s wrists against the mattress. There was no threat in the gesture, Jim was much smaller than him and he wasn’t gripping hard in the first place. “Would you enjoy watching me with someone else?”

Oberyn found his grin growing as Jim started speaking his language, smirking at him as the young man held his hands back, stretching his body out under Jim’s. "Why should I be unhappy if someone makes you happy? And I would very much be honoured to watch..." he hesitated "Provided they are not hurting you in the way you have sometimes asked to be hurt." His thumbs rubbed at Jim’s wrists, "That would not be enjoyable for me to see... however if you wish to injure that young Lannister man in my presence I would not... object." He groaned and shook his head, rolling over to pin Jim down, "What have you done to me, hmm?"

Jim gave a delighted and slightly sadistic laugh as Oberyn flipped them, “I doubt that despite my experience and training there is very little I could educate you in when it comes to sex Lord Oberyn. Any ideas in your mind were already there to start with.” Jim wasn’t sure that Sebastian would go for that, sure he’d let Jim hurt him but he would be very grumpy if he thought it was so that Oberyn Martell could get off on it. “He’s a Moran, and he was the one that killed all those Lannisters for me. Come to think of it, he deserves a favor for that.” Jim leaned in and kissed Oberyn hard on the mouth, “You both like to watch, I like to be watched… I’ll ask him. Later. When I am less distracted by your beautiful body.” Jim arced up and latched onto one of Oberyn’s nipples with his teeth and licked at the hardening nub.

"I would prefer not to touch him myself... even without the lannister armour..." Oberyn couldn’t help imagine the armour-less body and gave a little scowl because it probably would have a beautiful arse as well. He moaned as Jim grabbed the nipple in his teeth, his hands tightening around Jim's wrist, "Unh... ohhhh you have a bite little viper. But I have another day of the trial tomorrow, the final day thank the Warrior."

“I’m sure I could satisfy him myself. You can watch and touch me.” Jim rolled his eyes lightly, “It’s Moran armour. Their sigil is a tiger, not a lion." He licked the nipple apologetically and turned to give Oberyn a mock pout. “You don’t want to piss of Tywin Lannister by coming in looking like you’ve just had a good fuck?” Jim rolled over onto his back, “Would you like me to stay tonight or go back to my rooms?”

Oberyn considered and then smiled, licking at Jims neck and then reaching down to lightly slap his arse, "Stay. We will piss off Tywin Lannister together and then tomorrow you may bring your tiger to help us forget the trial."
The next morning Jim and Oberyn fucked loudly and energetically, Jim left the prince’s bottom lip swollen and his hair mused. He had a bit of a lie in and then eventually got dressed, went down to the kitchens for some food he could bring up to his rooms, where he expected to find Sebastian. The boy had been camping out in his rooms and didn’t have a good reason to stay with the Holmes. Jim came in with a tray of fruits and meats grinning widely, “Morning sunshine.”

Sebastian had spent the evening in a bit of a sulk, wanking himself stupid after killing a whole group of men for Jim and then not even getting sex as a reward. He’d amused himself by piling the bodies up outside Tywin Lannister’s door and then knocking and running away, which was entertaining until he realised how childish he was being and half the castle was looking for him. He’d retreated to Jim's room and was doing his morning warm-up sword practice when Jim entered, giving him a wide smile. "Morning! Well - from the look of you your gift had the desired effect. Your limping." His good mood returned at the though and he continued exercising, wearing nothing but a loose pair of trousers and swinging the sword through Bronn's training paces. "I take it your Prince is a fan of severed heads then? My esteemed Lord Father was not amused by the rest of him."

Jim whapped Sebastian across the back of the head, "I heard about your little stunt last night. I told you to dispose of the bodies properly. I gave clear instructions so that they wouldn’t be found." He rolled his eyes and sat down with his tray of breakfast, settling in and quickly starting in on the meal after working up an appetite last night and this morning. “He’s a fan when they are Lannister heads. I don’t think I even really needed to go through all the theatrics, he probably would have come to find me sometimes today after the trial was done.” Jim was glad he took the initiative though. “I’m surprised that you haven’t asked about your reward…”

"They won't be found, Twyin will make damn well sure of that, he's trying desperately to hush it up." Sebastian smirked, pleased to show that he was still independent despite following all of Jim's orders. Finishing with the sword he put it down then picked up his crossbow, giving a grunt as he cocked it with his hand alone and then gave a satisfactory nod. "I think this - it's longer but lighter than most of the others, much longer range and more effective than that massive bastard thing Jeoffry had. I can cock it with one hand, look..." Jim didn't even bother to look and Sebastian rolled his eyes before taking the arrow out and leaning the crossbow back against the wall. "Do I get a reward? You don't look in much state to give me one right now..."

Jim smacked his forehead with the palm of his hand, “You… you do realize which one of us is most aware of political climates? Perhaps you should listen to me next time. If I don’t think you are capable of following orders than I won’t be able to trust you.” He poured some juice and drank it down, looking to replenish his strength, and he admittedly wasn’t really listening to Sebastian’s talk on crossbows because his mind was working through potential consequences for Sebastian’s actions. He looked up though when Sebastian asked if he was getting a reward. “Please. I could make you see stars even if I was spilling organs. I’m fine. How would you like to fuck me tonight… with an audience? You’ve received an informal invitation from Lord Oberyn. It was my suggestion if that makes you feel better.”

"Yeah, yeah, I followed your orders didn't I?” Sebastian grumbled, rolling his eyes, then spluttered as Jim made the proposition, trying to think it through. He wasn’t keen on Oberyn, and was pretty sure the man was even less keen on him. "Doesn't he hate me?" He asked dubiously, wondering if this was still a punishment and if so how damn long he was going to be punished for. "You don't want him to beat me do you? They work with poison, the Vipers, I'd rather not get any of that in my dick."

“No, he doesn’t hate you. Quit looking so scared, I thought you wanted to fuck me?” Jim reached out and pinched Sebastian’s nose, “When have I ever let you suffer when I could help it, hmmm? I
sucked your father off just so that you wouldn’t have to suffer a fucking that you half wanted. No one gets to hurt you unless you want it. Incidentally he did express interest in watching me hurt you, but that’s entirely your choice. And you would get to choose whatever implement we’d use. I’m a viper too, and you aren’t afraid I’ll poison your cock.” Jim had worked with a variety of poisons over the years, Oberyn’s nickname was more appropriate than the man knew.

Sebastian looked down at him and for a moment hesitated. But really - if he didn't follow Jim, who would he follow? Did he really want to spend the rest of his life competing in tournaments in an increasingly fraught and difficult King's Landing sulking over not being a Lannister? To go up North and spend his time serving the Bolton's and occasionally getting used by Ramsay if the boy could tear his attention away from his new pet? Far better to throw his lot in with Jim - Jim who he already adored. For Seb, it wasn't a half-measure. If he was loyal to Jim that was it, that would be his path. He bit his lip and then turned to pick up the crossbow before bending down on one knee in front of Jim. "You watched over me even when I was hurting you with Ramsay. You thought of me even when you were being locked away and beaten in Harrenhall. And you had Varys's birds spy on me while I was being an idiot in King's Landing. I'm a fighter now, and I would be honoured to be your fighter.” He looked up at Jim, only sincerity in his eyes, "If you want to hurt me, you can. You know that. If you want Oberyn to fuck me I'll wave my arse in the air. And if you want to poison my cock..." he hesitated then gave a little smirk, "Well, we'll see if I'm still hard then. But yes, I would very much like to fuck you as often as you'll let me, and I'd like to shoot people straight through the eyes for you even more."

“’Almost as much,’” Jim corrected automatically. “You shouldn’t like anything more than you like fucking me.” He wasn’t quite sure how to react to Sebastian’s speech but he didn’t let any of that hesitance show or else the boy would get insulted and sulk. “You were already my fighter before now, but thank you for making an oath.” Jim felt a little overwhelmed, he’d never expected to have a noble swear an oath to him like that. Jim reached down and petted Sebastian’s hair thoughtfully, “Oberyn doesn’t mind if I’m with other people. I don’t suppose there’s any reason that we couldn’t – be together regularly. As long as you understand that my work load has increased by about a hundred and I’ll be working insane hours.”

Sebastian felt his heart soar, not to mention his cock, as Jim discussed they being together more regularly. "I'm not a sodding dog." He growled as Jim stroked his hair, unable to keep the pleasure out of his voice. "And I would say 'almost as much' but I haven't really had enough experience at either.” He smirked, looking up at Jim, "Course I understand. You've got your shite to do, and I'm sure I'll have plenty coming my way as well. Because whatever the trial results Lord Tywin will go mental, and the Tyrells biggest player is their weakest, and that boy at the Holmes's insists that we're about to be run over by an army of winter walkers. Stannis is in the North - so are the Boltons - that'll be fun. Dorne is in the south, dragons are in Essos, fun times for all."

“No, you’re a tiger. A very ferocious one.” Jim patted Sebastian’s head again just to irritate the boy, although he didn’t really seem to mind. “Ha ha. you should apply to be the new king’s fool – oh wait, you already are one.” Jim pulled Sebastian's hair lightly as he smirked down at him. Jim whirled away and sat down at his desk, "Oh fuck! Fuck! How did Mycroft get that information before us? Bloody Baratheon sympathizer…” Varys had wanted Jim to track down Stannis, but Mycroft had gotten there first, probably because he supported their claim quietly with money. Sebastian's growl turned to a purr as Jim tugged his hair, getting up and going back to his stretches as Jim talked, pleased he had useful information. "Mycroft knows about Stannis because he has links with Braavos. The bank there just gave Stannis a massive loan to land in the north. Nobody gives a shite about the Walkers except the piss-annoying Sherlock and a few nights watchmen. I can stay at Mycroft's as long as you want information on Stannis. Send a bird in with me.” He hesitated and then gave a laugh, "I found out what happened to Paul, by the way. He's gone to
Highgarden, little bastard slipped away. Apparently he figures it's the place least likely to have a war in it. Gods alone knows what he's doing there."

Jim shook his head distractedly while he continued to write an encrypted code to Varys, “No, Mycroft will kick you out soon. You’ve overstayed your welcome and as soon as it’s got back to him that we are hanging around each other again, once he’s figured out what my new role is there’s no way he’ll let you through the gates. He’s a suspicious bastard, that one.” Jim finished the note and stopped to blow air on the ink to get it to dry faster, “Good for Paul. He’s not wrong. Hopefully he’s found a nice rich man who wants a whore to spoil.”

"I'm sure he has. He was rich enough to send me a lovely little raven apologising for running out. Silly boy." Sebastian finished the exercises then leant against the wall, happy to watch and wait. "At least this fucking trial will be over soon and they'll either hang the little imp or send him to the Night's Watch. It's making everyone twitchy. And I want Jaime and Bronn back." he scowled and then gave a mock pout, "They're ignoring meeeeee... Bronn's talking with Cersie and Jaime's talking with his brother."

Jim gave a happy little grin, thinking of Paul in silks before he stepped out and peeked into the hallway. He saw a little bird outside cleaning the floors. This one was probably assigned to watch Sebastian today. *Come inside, I have a job for you.* Jim signed quickly before holding the door open for the little girl.

She came in warily and looked at Jim in confusion, *he should not know my face.* She signed unhappily, indicating Sebastian. *He's your brother now. If you ever need help you can come find him.* That might have been stretching the truth just a tad but Sebastian would agree to help Jim keep his little birds safe or else he could find someone else to follow. It’s not like it was a big deal or anything. *Have something to eat, then I want you to take a note to Varys. He should be at the trial. Do not approach him if he is involved.* Jim smiled and touched the top of her head briefly when she climbed up on a chair and started digging into the food. “Sebastian, I’m sure one of them will get you in the divorce. Have you thought about training with Wyttson? He was a career soldier before he took the Maester’s chains – you might be able to get information from him on Holmes."

Sebastian watched them waving at each other, a little nonplussed and then turned to Jim as he talked. "Yeah, yeah, I'll get in touch with him. Don't you worry. Is there anything else you need me to do other than training? Or shall we see what happens to the littlest Lannister first?"

“Wait for now, there’s only a few hours until they will pass the sentencing, no point wasting time committing to something when we have no idea what will happen…” Jim glanced back at the girl, trying to remember her name, who was Sebastian’s guard today? “Seb, this is Aiana. She’s your guard today.” Jim spoke and signed slowly, trying to show Sebastian that each word had a sign and it wasn’t just random waving. “If you see any of my little birds in trouble, you’ll look out for them, won’t you?” The turnover rate was still higher than Jim would like, despite the extra precautions he put in place. It was a bad investment to spend all this time training them only to have them get killed on jobs.

"Course I'll look out for them." Sebastian rather liked the idea. They would all be younger and smaller and conveniently mute, so next to them he was bound to look good. Aiana looked at them both and then ran off quickly to obey Jim’s orders. Sebastian watched her go and then said, "I wouldn't tell me any more, don't tell me who they are or what they know. Fuck knows I don't want to be your weak point."

Jim sauntered over and pressed a fingertip against Sebastian’s lips, parting them and stroked his
finger along the tip of Sebastian’s tongue once. “I could always have this taken out. Although I suppose you wouldn’t much like that…” It hit Jim suddenly that now he was in power he could fight harder to stop the mutilation of the little birds. It was unpleasant but he also understood that a severed tongue often meant that they were given a quick death instead of tortured for information. There wasn’t a good solution. He’d have to think about it longer and make his own solution. “Fine. If you see anyone beating or trying to kill a child between five and twelve you can probably assume that they’re one of mine. If not you’ll have done your good deed for the day.” Jim smirked before he laid down and stretched out on the bed, happy to relax for a little while.

Sebastian shivered, knowing that if Jim wanted to cut out his tongue he would have to let him. His loyalty was fixed now, to the bright dark star in front of him, however close it burned him. He swiped his tongue at Jim's finger, "I dunno... I think you'd like to keep my tongue... once you've tried it out. Do you have any other jobs for me other than babysitting urchins or shall I have another go at finding Jaime Lannister and asking him when I can get knighted?"

“Leave him alone until this mess with Lord Tyrion gets sorted, Jaime will have enough on his mind.” Jim gave Sebastian a rather hopeless look at the blatant innuendo. “I’ve have your tongue before darling. I don’t forget as easily as you do.” Jim watched the other boy’s mouth for a moment and thought about kissing him, but Jim had a lot of work to get done today before their little date later with Oberyn. “What do you want used on you later? Would you like something that would control your climax?”

"Guhwa-" Sebastian twitched a little at the sudden twist in tone, as things went from discussions about protecting urchins to discussions about sexual promises. "I - fuck I don't know. Just don't use fireleaves and you should be fine... seven gods I'd be happy with anything I can get from you." He lowered his voice and stepped closer, his eyes shining, "Of course I remember. Best evening of my life, you with your skirts hitched up, moaning in heat, fuck me I've relived that night enough times to remember. Just let me know when and where you want me..."

Jim rolled his eyes a little, “You are spectacularly unhelpful. Is there anything you’ve ever wanted to do with me but never had the chance? You have to have a few fantasies we didn’t cover last time.” He felt his insides squirm uncomfortably, still realizing how much Sebastian still wanted him after all this time and how desperate the boy was for his attention. Jim worried that in their time apart Sebastian might have built him up in his mind, and that he’d be disappointed when he found out that Jim was human and not an object of fantasy. Of course, that might just be the thing that caused Sebastian to want him more. “We will have to see how long the court proceedings go today but sometime after supper we can go to Oberyn’s rooms together. It’s probably best that you arrive with me and don’t spend much time alone together. He doesn’t like you much.” Jim gave a grin and went to his wardrobe to find something to wear – he was still wearing yesterday’s robes.

"Anything I've wanted to do with you but not had the chance - yes. Sex." Sebastian answered a little nonplussed. He was only used to Ramsay's type of experimentation, the kind due to pain and suffering which was tied into sex, but simply because everything Ramsay did was tied into pain and suffering. He had a feeling Jim knew better ways to cause pain and obviously as a whore knew lots of tricks, but Seb didn't want tricks, just Jim. "Do what you like, I'm sure if I don't want it you'll know soon enough." He watched Jim changing, looking at the scars over his back and the marks on his slender body and then stepped forward to slide a hand down Jim's back, "Gods I can't believe I have a chance now, have a chance to have you."

“We’ve had sex. A surprising number of times considering the single evening we had together. Well, I suppose I don’t keep you around for your imagination…” Jim smiled fondly despite himself and just shrugged – if Sebastian didn’t know what he wanted then they could just find out together. He shivered as Sebastian touched his back and the scars – he’d learned to accept them but it still
felt like a vulnerable area, even though there was actually some nerve damage. “I never thought I’d get here. That was the plan, I think but there were so many variables and I should have died so many times… A bastard from Flee-Bottom and I’m running the largest spy network in the seven kingdoms.” Varys had come before Jim and created the foundation but it would still be quite the accomplishment if he was able to run it successfully. “I never thought I’d have the freedom to choose my own bed partners.”

"That was before." Sebastian said softly but didn't push it, just grinned as Jim talked about the power he had, pleased he'd backed the right horse. "A clever, smart, wonderful little bastard from Flee-Bottom, and really, all I am is a useless bastard from the North. Least I can fight now."

He frowned as the door swung open and Varys was suddenly there, harrassed looking and confused. "Oh seven gods, now it's really kicked off." he frowned as he saw Sebastian, who got the message, bowed, and left. Varys turned to the door immediately locking it and then making a face, "Well. Not sure why we need to stay secret, the whole world will know soon enough. He's asked for trial by combat. Lord Tyrion, that is. The whole trial is now a waste of time, and I'm pretty sure he'll end up dead or banished."

Jim didn’t really understand why Varys supported Tyrion, as far as Jim knew the man was a lecher and a drunk. He did think the man was one of the more sensible people around but Varys was the one who covered the small council, Jim didn’t have to be very knowledgeable of its members or interact with them. As far as Jim knew Tyrion was a reject from his family, had very little power, was frustratingly straight (so had never been one of Jim’s marks) and was generally not very valuable as a resource. Varys saw differently though, and Jim trusted the man’s judgment – especially since Varys had a more personal relationship with the dwarf. “Trial by combat was a smart move, there was no way Tywin would allow him to remain in the capital and Lord Tyrion would have only been killed at the Wall – in action or through some spy of Lord Tywin. Don’t they have that man – oh fuck what’s his name… Slynt? Former member of the King’s Guard, Tyrion had him sent to the Wall for murdering King Robert’s bastards… Lord Tyrion would not have survived long. Now at least he has a fighting chance, as long as he can find someone to be his champion.”

"Whoever is his champion will be fighting The Mountain." Varys said bleakly. "He has no supporters and no chance at all. I suppose he may get Bronn, or his brother, to stand for him. Both would get killed." He turned to look at Jim and shook his head, "I suspect he will then be sent off to the wall, if Tywin can manage it at all. If he's not discretely killed on the way I'm sure he'll not survive long there. He has no friends..." He looked at Jim and lowered his voice, "He is the one man in the whole of Westeros I would trust as the hand of the King. He was a masterful small council member, don't be fooled by his actions and behaviour. He is a frighteningly clever man. It would be far preferable for the realm if he were alive and serving it."

Jim gave the man a suspicous look, “I heard about the way he dealt with his woman, I don’t trust men that treat their whores like that.” Jim pulled on a green robe, dressing quickly now that there was work to be done. “Still, we can’t all be perfect. If you want your dwarf saved then I’ll think of something. I’m guessing that’s what you wanted a boat secured for?” Jim gave a snort, “Can you imagine? A dwarf fighting the Mountain?” Jim stilled and inhaled sharply, “Oberyn. Lord Martell could serve as Tyrion’s champion. He’s got to be one of the few men not intimidated by Lord Tywin and he’d be more than eager to get in the arena if it meant that he could get his revenge…” Jim started to smile slowly, “He could do it too. Kill the Mountain. It’s perfect.”

"Lord Tyrion has always treated his whores rather well I thought." Varys answered mildly, "It's his father who's punished them, often without his consent..." He hesitated as Jim suggested the plan, frowning and thinking, "You really think Lord Martell would take on the Mountain? If he could,
Jim shrugged lightly, “You aren’t friends with as many whores as me. You hear things. Sansa Stark was lucky to get of the capital when she did, for all the obvious reasons, but one of the little birds overheard a fight between Tyrion and his whore over his desire for the Stark girl.” He shook his head “That’s not important now, if you want him freed I’ll see him freed. Oberyn will definitely do it, I’ll propose the idea to him tonight. You might not agree with me, but I think the loss of Tyrion Lannister would have been worth the benefits from Jeoffry’s death. I understand that you’d rather not lose him though.”

"There were many people who posed a danger to Sansa Stark, and I can tell you now Lord Tyrion was not one of them." Varys replied, but nodded as Jim continued, "I would have preferred to sacrifice a less important piece, but you are right, of course, about Jeoffry’s death. Tommen will be a fair and secure King, and Lord Twyin will not last forever. Do what you can with Oberyn, it would be far better for us all if Tyrion were to live, and while you're at it, try and find out where exactly our little Sansa has flown too."

“My best guess is that Lord Baelish has her. They were friendly at court, he’s never made a secret of his love for her mother, and it seems a little too convenient that she disappeared right as he left for the Eyrie to marry her aunt. I can’t imagine that she could survive on her own, if she’s not with Baelish then she is with someone else who is protecting her. I’ll try and find a way to substantiate the idea one way or another.” Jim sighed and rubbed at the pressure behind his eye that was fast building into a headache. “Prince Oberyn has accepted me back into his bed… I hope you weren’t too displeased by my methods.”

"I did hear something." Varys gave him a little smile and a raised eyebrow. "As long as you have Sebastian on a lead you’re more than welcome to do as you need. Just make sure you can control him, after all, he did grow up with Ramsay Bolton. And use whatever methods you need for Oberyn, although I suspect wiping out the Lannister army would be a tad unwise. We may end up needing it.”

Chapter End Notes

TW: None
Jim worked through the day, plotting out assignments, receiving letters, sending ravens. After dark Sebastian came back and together they made their way to Oberyn’s rooms. Sebastian seemed to burn with a quiet excitement under his skin and Jim was looking forward to enjoying both men tonight. It would be Oberyn’s show, he would have the final say because they were using his rooms, Oberyn was the most stubborn out of all of them and he was used to getting his way. Still, Jim was fairly confident in his abilities to work the other man and bring him around to his point of view.

Sebastian had spent the day in a sort of nervous excitement, not wanting to swing into practicing too much in case he strained something, and instead heading for a long walk around King's Landing, keeping away from the castle and all its problems. He returned, and went to Jim's room, dressed plainly in a top and trousers, with no insignia and wrapped an arm around him as they knocked on the door. Oberyn opened it, saw them, scowled slightly, and then nodded. "Come in - I suppose you have heard the news about the trial?"

Jim came in and kissed Oberyn in greeting, “My prince, can we save political talk for later? If you are very good tonight I think I could tell you something that would make you very happy indeed.” Jim grabbed at the front of Oberyn's trousers and grinned fiendishly. He knew that this threesome had the potential to go very badly if he couldn’t keep everyone relaxed and happy.

Oberyn laughed, picking Jim up and swinging him around, "Very well! The day made me angry and unhappy, and now I want to be happy with you. Come in..." He gestured to Sebastian, who slouched in after and shut the door as Oberyn placed Jim delicately on the bed with a kiss and then turned to Sebastian, "And what is this you've bought me? A tiger without his armour?" He came over, walking around Sebastian who scowled at the floor and flushed. "I take it you were responsible for taking out my previous gift. It was a good shot."

Jim stood from the bed and came up behind Sebastian so that he could hold the boy from behind, “Lover, did you invite us here so that you could bully the poor boy?” Jim stood up on his toes so that he could whisper in Sebastian’s ear. “You’re being very good. Be obedient, but have fun. I’ll send you home if you can’t behave, tiger.” Jim licked up the shell of Sebastian’s ear with the tongue stud and then worried the earlobe between his teeth, working his hands over Sebastian’s chest and untying the boy’s tunic so that he could show him off for Oberyn.

"Would I do such a thing?" Oberyn was looking a lot happier now that Sebastian had turned up without all the Moran armour and Lannister arrogance. If anything the boy looked nervous. He stepped forward as Jim undid Sebastian's tunic, sliding his hands over the firm muscles of the young man's chest, admiring them and noting the way his skin shivered, the way his hand slid fingers against Jim's palm and then squeezed the tips of his fingers. "Is he a virgin?" He gave a smirk at Seb's expression in response. "No? But nervous... or excited..." his hands slid around Sebastian's waist to cup his arse over his trousers.

“You would if you thought a person would let you.” Jim watched Oberyn carefully and noticed the way his eyes darkened slightly as he looked Sebastian over, prodding at his skin and assessing him the way he might a horse he was interested in buying. Jim let his hands trace lower, down to Sebastian’s slowly hardening cock. “Excited, I think...” He began kissing Sebastian’s neck and shoulders while he stripped the boy’s tunic away. Jim rutted against Sebastian’s arse...
where Oberyn squeezed it experimentally. Jim grinned mockingly at Oberyn over Sebastian’s shoulder, “Tell me boy… have you ever been with a prince?” He did a good imitation of Oberyn’s accent, attempting and failing to deepen his voice properly. “I think I’ll start by whipping you with the prince’s belt, would you like that?” Jim bit down on Sebastian’s shoulder as he continued to palm Sebastian’s cock through his trousers and rub up against him from behind.

Sebastian kept carefully still and quiet as they both felt him up, his cock hardening almost instantly at being the centre of sexual attention from one man who looked attractive and dangerous and one man he was besotted with. He wanted to make a good impression on Oberyn, feeling dimly that he would have failed somewhere along the line if he didn’t. Oberyn chuckled at Jim's impression of him, playfully stroking at Jim's head with his other hand squeezing and petting Sebastian's arse, which automatically pushed back towards both of them. Sebastian gave a groan as Jim surrounded him, panting hard and nodding at the suggestion, shivering as Oberyn slid his belt out of his robe and then handed it across to Jim. It was slender light leather - nothing that would bruise deeply, and looked beautiful in the low light. "Go on..." Oberyn said softly stepping away and heading for the table and a glass of wine, "Show me this strange pain they give in Westeros, that is still love."

“Never said it was love, just promised it can feel good. Men like to pretend they are powerful, but now I can see why sadism doesn’t hold any appeal for you, you don’t have to pretend.” Jim smirked and swung the belt lightly through the air, testing the weight before he snapped it across his own thigh to gage how much force was needed. “Prince Oberyn only fucks the people he loves,” Jim explained to Sebastian, “so I wouldn’t hold out your hopes for that. Still, you wouldn’t mind watching me with him, would you tiger?” Jim brought the belt down across his own thigh, harder this time and was pleased with the result. “Alright, tug your trousers down then and we can get started. How many lashes do you want?”

Oberyn winced as the belt slashed across Jim's thigh, and Seb gave a little whine, not sure if he wanted to beg Jim to hit him, or grab the belt and add a few more pretty little lines across the pale inner thigh. Oberyn stepped forward and brisly tugged Sebastian's trousers down before helping him over the bed, sitting cross-legged in front and watching with interest, one hand stroking Seb's hair while he held his wineglass in the other. Sebastian thought back to the beatings he'd received back in the Dreadfort and licked his lips, "Uh - start with six..." the hand in his hair felt wonderful.

"I think I could love him..." Oberyn mused from in front of them, looking appreciatively at Sebastian's bare arse. “And I don't think he would mind at all."

Jim nodded, “I want you to count the strikes. I’ll start out fairly light and increase the force each time. Ready?” He waited for Sebastian’s nod and gave Oberyn a smirk before he swung down, the belt whistled a little and it left a light red mark. He continued going, increasing the strength of his swing each time, but Jim stopped short of bruising. When the allotted number of strikes was through Jim stopped and rubbed a cool hand over the skin of Sebastian’s arse. “How did that feel for you?” He smiled when he saw Oberyn still stroking Sebastian’s hair, “What did you think?”

The first strike was nothing but a sting, and the force gradually increased until the final one was reaching the standards of old Lord Moran and made him yelp, squirming and grabbing at the sheets. He counted each one obediently, grateful for the hand stroking his hair - that was new and certainly kept him hard and happy. He assumed both questions were for Oberyn, moaning lightly as the cool hand rubbed against the red lines, and Oberyn answered them both. "I think you are both crazy. But he is certainly enjoying it and I have no objections if you wish to continue." His eyes sparkled and he raised a glass to Jim as Sebastian moaned again and rutted slightly against the
Jim slapped Sebastian’s arse hard enough to make his hand sting, “Quit that. I didn’t tell you to get yourself off. Roll over.” He grinned at Oberyn to reassure the man that this was okay and it was part of the game. Jim stripped off his robe and stood in only his trousers while Sebastian rolled over and Jim fished a little silk bag out of his pocket. “Have you ever used one of these before?” He opened the bag and a metal silver ring fell out. Jim knelt between Sebastian’s spread legs and grabbed the boy’s cock, slipping the ring over top. “Now behave and I’ll think about taking it off later.”

Sebastian gave a little yelp at the sudden slap and smiled up at Oberyn as he chuckled, giving a mock pout, "Prinnnnnncce Oberyn... he's so bad to me..."

Oberyn tugged at his hair and smirked at Jim, "Shhh Tiger. If you complain too much I might make him stop."

Sebastian looked curiously at the little ring and then let him head fall back into Oberyn's lap where it was stroked again, "N-never one like that. Ramsay used to tie a leather strip..." he stopped, wincing and looking away. He didn't want to think about Ramsay, or how much that had hurt, "Please... c-can you whip me some more?"

Jim shrugged lightly, addressing Oberyn, “We could always gag him if he gets too noisy.” Sadism had been part of Jim’s training in Baelish’s brothel, although he was rarely called upon to use it. Although Jim didn’t find it particularly arousing, he loved teasing and seeing how much Sebastian enjoyed it. “I’ll give you seven strikes and then we’ll be done with the belt.” Jim hit himself a couple more times, working out the maximum amount of force he could comfortably use. “Count for me again, tiger.” The first blow was weaker than the last ones but stronger than when he started in the beginning. Jim worked up to the same power he’d practiced on himself and finished. By the time he was done Jim had worked up a light sweat and he was slightly out of breath. “Good boy, good boy.” He knelt down behind Sebastian, touching the hot lightly bruised skin and rubbing it. Jim smirked up at Oberyn before he spread Sebastian’s cheeks slightly and licked a line along his crack.

Oberyn raised his eyebrows at the thought of a gag, having a partner he couldn't hear didn't sound too sexy to him, but he would trust Jim on that one. Sebastian moaned as the strikes started up again, counting obediently and starting to hiss and whimper as the final strikes cross over old lines, his arse sore and red, his face nuzzling at Oberyn's cock and his eyes screwed shut as Oberyn patted his hair gently, "No... poor Tiger... I do not understand this love... but you like it..." He smiled at Jim as his tongue slid over between the red and trembling curves, and Sebastian shivered and gave a little mew, "And he is very good at giving it." Pressing a hand under Sebastian's chin he drew him up for a deep kiss.

Jim passed the belt over to Oberyn, “You don’t have to understand it to enjoy it. What do you say, my prince? Want to take a turn? Either way works for me, I’m flexible.” He continued touching and licking at Sebastian’s hole.

Oberyn looked at the belt, slowly running it through his hands and looking at both of them. Patting Sebastian's hair he pushed himself upright, kneeling on the bed and looking at both of them. "Come up here." He watched as Sebastian crawled onto the bed, rubbing his sore arse and Jim as well. "Enjoy each other, kiss, touch, I think you both want too." He smirked at Sebastian's eager expression and then doubled the belt in two and snapped it hard at the back of Jim's thigh. "Like this?"

“Come here…” Jim pushed Sebastian back so that the boy could lay back with his head
on the pillows and his knees bent. Jim crawled between Sebastian’s legs and stuck his arse out for Oberyn while he slowly started to touch Sebastian’s cock and stroke him. Oberyn brought the belt down across the back of Jim’s thigh, “Ahh, yeah – that’s good. You can go as soft or as hard as you want, I have a high tolerance.” Oberyn had brought the belt down pretty hard but Jim had a lot of experience with belts, Oberyn would have to go for a long time, leaving marks on top of marks before he’d get Jim to cry uncle. “How do you like this?” Jim touched the cock ring and grinned up at Sebastian before he put the head of the man’s cock in his mouth and began sucking him off.

"I - unhhhhh..." Sebastian gave a yelp as the belt next snapped across his nipple, grabbing onto Jim as his cock jumped again against the ring, "I-I think I'm going to find it harder..."

Oberyn sighed and snapped the belt at Jim again, then trailed fingers over his skin, "I am not interested in your 'tolerance' little viper, I am interested in driving you wild with desire. This one, this Tiger, he has no tolerance. Not when his dick is hard. He is letting himself cry and moan and enjoy it all. How do I make you do that?"

Jim grinned and crawled into Oberyn’s lap, “I can do that. I can cry or moan, you only have to ask.” He ground down into Oberyn’s lap as he wrapped his arm around the man’s neck and kissed him heatedly.

"Oh for - I do not want you to do it because I am asking, I want you to do it because you cannot stop yourself doing it, and I do not know how to do that..." Oberyn kissed him back.

Behind them, Sebastian gave a small grumble at being ignored and then a low little chuckle, coming up behind Jim and nipping at his earlobes, wrapping arms around him and then sliding arms around him to tweak at his nipples, "Heh heh... I know... looks like I'm good for something."

Jim gave a cheeky little grin for Oberyn, “Well it usually helps if someone is willing to fuck me...” He gave a little gasp as Sebastian began tweaking his nipples and playing with the little hoops through them. Jim tilted his head back so that he could rest it against Sebastian’s shoulder, “How about you big boy? Interested?"

"Always interested." Sebastian nibbled at his earlobe and Oberyn looked at the two of them, pleased that they were getting on and that Jim was getting hot. Moving his hands between Sebastian's he rubbed at Jim's chest following his hands with his tongue while Sebastian gently pushed his cock along the curve of Jim's bottom, wining a little at the heat in his own.

Oberyn looked up at Jim as he worked, then at Sebastian behind him, "Well Tiger? How then, how do we send him mad?"

Sebastian grinned, "Pleasure and power. He's a power-junkie. And he's an important little viper nowadays. Whole of King's Landing in his web."

Oberyn's tongue dipped lower and he chuckled against Jim's skin, "I can believe that...

Oberyn wrung a little whine out of Jim as he licked over his sensitive nipples. “Slick is in the drawer there…” Jim groaned and reached back to tug Sebastian’s hair hard, “I really will have your tongue out, bastard.” Oberyn would not betray Jim but Sebastian still shouldn’t go around bragging about Jim’s work, not when he was a /spy/ and he was meant to be an enigma. “Now I’m the fat scheming man who sits safe on a cushion…” Jim reminded Oberyn of one of their first conversations.

"Not even if my tongue does this?" Sebastian rested his tongue on the back of Jim's
neck, licked it gently and then slid all the way down the still-prominent little spine, lying down on his stomach to flick it underneath Jim.

Oberyn smirked and shook his head at Jim, "He really is disobedient. And you are now a skinny little beautiful sparking boy who sits on a cushion." His own tongue reached forward to flick at Jim's nipples, both him and Sebastian now lower than Jim was, "He has told me nothing I do not know." Oberyn lied sincerely, "And you are in no danger from me. And right now you have two men who would lick your boots to fuck you, completely at your mercy..."

Jim jolted a little as Sebastian flicked his tongue against his arse. "A gag then, I could take it out when I want and keep you quiet the rest of the time." Jim scowled a little when Oberyn said Sebastian was disobedient, “He’s new. Give me a few weeks and I’ll have him broken in.” Jim arced his back prettily for Oberyn, watching the man with mischief in his eyes. “Uh huh…” Jim was very very good at reading lies and even though Oberyn was sincere, he caught it. “I think you are unused to telling lies my prince.” To be fair, Jim didn’t think he’d ever met a more honest man in his life. “Are you really at my mercy? If I wanted to tie you up or fuck you, you would let me?” Jim arched an eyebrow challengingly.

Oberyn laughed, delighted at being caught out and flickering his eyes at Sebastian who smirked back at him challengingly. "Would he?" Sebastian nodded with an "Oh yes..." and Oberyn caught the challenge and flung it back.

"Fine. I think a Prince can cope with anything a half-bread Lannister bastard can..." he might be impulsive sometimes, but Oberyn was also perceptive enough to notice that slurs in a certain type of voice made Sebastian's cock twitch harder and sure enough the boy gave a little moan, his tongue still flicking at the tight little ring of Jim's arse. "Is that what you want, little viper? Both of us tied, ready for you to decide which one you will fuck first?"

Jim froze a little as Oberyn called him out, taken completely by surprise at the prince’s consent. It had been a bluff, and Jim was caught out now that he had been called on it. “I’ll tie you, what I decide to do with you will be my choice,” he covered quickly. “It might just be that I fuck myself on your cocks and don’t let /either/ of you touch me.” He groaned a little in frustration as Sebastian licked at his arse. “Maybe I should make it a competition…” Oberyn would have the advantage in any sexual games they played due to being with Jim longer and more often than Sebastian had, in addition to his greater experience. Still, it could be interesting. They already seemed a tad bit competitive.

"I'll win." Oberyn smirked.

Sebastian raised his head to stick a tongue out at him, "I've been with him for longer, you've only just met him!"

Oberyn pushed his head back down and then reached around to pinch a welt across his arse, grinning when Sebastian yelped and then flinging himself back on the bed. "Very well, tie me up. If this is a trick, you will both pay dearly..." He sighed and rolled his eyes, "The Tiger will enjoy it. You will not. Now... lets see if you can best a Prince, boy..."

Jim frowned and bent to kiss Oberyn sweetly, “I trust you with my secrets and my life why do you not trust me?” He shook his head smugly and tried to keep from smirking, “What do you think the prize should be..?” Jim asked smirking and teasing, “Winner gets the choice between my arse or my mouth and the loser gets whichever the winner doesn’t pick?” He wiggled and jerked as Sebastian’s tongue poked at his entrance. “I’ve worked out the game – whichever of you can get me to make a genuine noise first wins. You can move me around, put me in whatever position you want... everybody wins.”
Oberyn hesitated, and then nodded, rather relieved he wasn't getting tied up just yet, reaching forward to kiss Jim passionately, "I can't trust anyone completely," he said gently stroking Jim's face, "And I know you cannot either... hey!" Sebastian gripped Jim's arse and flipped him up, tugging his backside apart and diving his tongue in between as Oberyn scowled at him, "Cheat..." Tugging up Jim's hair, Oberyn kissed him again, sliding his tongue into Jim's mouth and taking him with it; if he couldn't make Jim make a noise he could at least stop any noise Sebastian made being heard.

Jim squeaked in surprise as Sebastian flipped him over unexpectedly and caused Jim to face plant into the mattress while Sebastian lifted his hips up in the air. He reached back to tug the boy's hair sharply in retaliation. Jim did not appreciate being thrown about like a sack of potatoes. Jim squeezed his eyes shut tight as Sebastian spread him open and worked his tongue inside, "One of you should grab the slick from the drawer." Jim cleared his throat as he covered for the noise. Oberyn tugged him up by the hair and kissed him stupid, Jim wanted to touch the other man but he had to balance on his elbows.

Oberyn smirked, breaking the kiss and shaking his head, "Calm down, does that count as a noise?" He looked up at Sebastian who surfaced long enough to grin, shake his head and flip him off. Oberyn slid a hand down Jim's chest, stopping to play with his nipples and kissing at every part of Jim's face and shoulders he could reach, "There is plenty of time, shh now, we have to get you all hot and worked up first." He looked up heatedly at Sebastian and growled in a low voice, "If you were in Dorne I would have you beaten for that gesture - a big wide strap over your backside and the backs of your legs." Sebastian mewled into Jim's ass and grabbed his cock while Oberyn gave a triumphant grin. He assumed if he managed to make Seb cum, he would win by default.

Jim panted as Oberyn broke their kiss, he felt himself quickly hardening again after neglecting himself before. “Good luck,” he panted out to Oberyn “I have iron control.” Jim was exaggerating but his control /was/ good. He could probably lose his erection if he wanted to but there wasn’t any point in playing the game if he wasn’t going to enjoy himself. “I swear – if one of you – don’t stretch me - before the game is over - no one gets to – uhhhh, fuck me.” Jim shook his head, trying to clear it a little. “Seb’s winning, Oh-Oberyn. You’re going to let him?”

Oberyn smirked and bent down to kiss him again, sliding his arm under Jim's body to wrap a hand around the young man's cock, stroking and sliding over it. "You better tell Sebastian that, he's the one taking up the space in your arse..." Oberyn murmured into Jim's ear. Sebastian was now poking his tongue at Jim's entrance, kneading and rubbing Jim's backside as his tongue started to prod inside, his head filling up with Oberyn's fantasies, but adding to them a kneeling Jim sucking his cock as the belt lashed down.

Jim bit down on his lip hard when Oberyn started touching his cock, “Fuck… love your hands...” Jim kicked a foot back and it connected with Sebastian, “Stretch me. I will never let you take that cock ring off if I have to wait any longer after this to get fucked. Don’t – don’t stop with your tongue though – Oh!” Jim scowled and exhaled in frustration, hunching over and burying his face in the mattress.

Oberyn chuckled, looking over at Sebastian, "He's bossy when he's turned on isn't he? We're getting warmer, don't stop or I'll whip you to Dorne and back then fuck you with my fist..." He was getting into this - not least because Sebastian was so hot and frustrated not to mention smooth young and muscular. His hand kept sliding over Jim's cock, smoothing over it as he pretty much forgot the terms of the game, "Shhhh little viper. Soon you will feel my mouth on you, and then maybe we will let your poor hard tiger fuck you."
“I am bossy, because I’m the boss. Fat cushion and all…” Jim squeezed his eyes shut, getting lost in the sensation of Sebastian’s hot wet tongue inside him and his breath on his skin – Oberyn’s hands on him and his words in his ear. Jim wanted to scream this was driving him half mad. Tears gathered at the corner of his eyes from restraining himself. “I – I’m going to cum… Don’t sssstop.”

Oberyn moaned and moved down his body, rolling Jim onto his side and ignoring the fumbles as Sebastian tumbled onto his side as well, keeping his tongue poking and sliding around where it was. Oberyn kept one hand stroking Jim's chest, the other dug into Sebastian's shoulder as he enveloped Jim's cock completely and sucked hard, running his tongue around the base.

Jim finally cried out when Oberyn swallowed him down, a tear leaking while he moaned and writhed, laughing like a madman. “Oh – oh you fucks… Seven hells… Ahhhh!” He threw his head back and bucked his hips, reaching a hand back to tangle his fingers in Sebastian’s hair as he pressed Sebastian’s face closer.

Sebastian moaned deep into him, his tongue pushed in as far as he could go, wriggling and squirming it around while Oberyn bobbed his head, sucking eagerly, one hand sliding along the little pink nubs of Jim's nipples. This was what he had wanted, to get to the point where Jim stopped asking how he should respond, and finally just responded, raw and intimate, completely unacted and unscripted. Sebastian's hands scratched down his back as he arched, then fondly rubbed up again.

Jim whined when Sebastian moaned and the vibrations traveled down his tongue. Oberyn had a masterful mouth and his hands played with Jim’s nipple rings. “I – oh – oh fuck me please…” He pulled Sebastian’s hair hard and gripped the back of Oberyn’s neck. “I’m going to come,” he warned as he held Oberyn’s neck tightly, “You’ll swallow it.” Jim tensed hard and cried out loudly as his climax hit with Sebastian mouth on his arse and Oberyn’s mouth on his cock.

Oberyn nodded then closed his eyes as Jim came hard, Sebastian moaning and gripping tightly to Jim's sides as his felt his ass clench and spasm. He tugged his tongue out then, resting his head on Jim's arse and giving a little sigh of happiness, reaching down to tug at his own cock, swollen and hard around the cock ring. Oberyn swallowed and then pulled away, moving up Jim's body and wrapping arms around him, hugging him close and kissing his neck, "I will miss you, oh so much, my lovely beautiful creature."

Jim gave Oberyn a satisfied grin, enjoying the temporary haze from his orgasm. “I’ll still be here during your next visit – or I could take a trip to Dorne. I doubt we will never see each other again after you leave.” Jim smiled and kissed at Oberyn’s face and mouth while he threaded his fingers through Sebastian’s hair happily. “How would you like to fuck me with that on, tiger? I could go again.”

"I don't t-think I could... can't I take it off..." Sebastian gasped, giving a hiss as Oberyn half-rolled over to give him a hard slap on the arse, "Unh... fucker..."

Oberyn simply smirked and handed him the oil, "Your master needs serving - if I were you I'd get it done."

Giving a deep and desperate moan Sebastian poured the oil over Jim's ass as Oberyn held him, stroking his back and hair, and then slid a finger inside. "I'm going to explode, my cock is going to burst, I hate you both, a-ahhh..."

“You can and you’ll love it. Trust me.” Jim laid happily on his stomach with his head in Oberyn’s lap, he scooted his body forward some and sat up as he took Oberyn’s hard cock in his
hand and started to stroke him. “Is there anything that you want my prince? Before I tie you up that is?” Jim grinned fiendishly and squeezed the man’s cock just past what was comfortable.

"A-ahh you will still do that?” Oberyn had assumed the games were over, but he was more than willing to continue in good spirit. It was good to see Jim relaxed and enjoying things, and with a new strange Northern boy with strange Northern desires to play with. "Nothing I want, but to see you cum again.” He said mischievously as Sebastian twisted a second finger inside while his other hand pawed and stroked at his trapped cock, trying to give it some relief before the next ordeal.

“Sebastian there should be some cloth ties in the trunk at the foot of the bed. Grab anything else you see that catches your interest.” Oberyn had brought along a trunk with a variety of toys and implements with him from Done. “Don't worry, I am very good with knots. I will make sure your hands do not fall off. I love them too much.” Jim leaned forward and kissed Oberyn languidly while he dipped his fingers into the oil and continued to stretch himself in Sebastian’s absence.

"I... very much hope my hands will not fall off.” Oberyn replied, his cock still hard as he watched Jim stretched and as Sebastian hobbled over to the trunk and bought back the cloth ties. "You... come here.” He handed the ties impatiently to Jim and then tugged Sebastian down for a kiss, running hands all over the firm muscles beneath his skin and squeezing hard at his welted backside. "You must look after him, when I go back to Dorne. If I return and find him damaged in any way I will be very angry with you.”

“I’m not completely helpless you know…” Jim muttered as he knotted the ties to the bedpost, grabbing Oberyn’s hand away from Sebastian’s skin irritably before tying the hand off to the headboard. “I was trained with weapons… sneak weapons but they still count.” Still, he was happy that Oberyn would be upset if anything happened to him so he pressed a kiss to Oberyn’s mouth and started tying his other hand. “Seb quit touching yourself, you’ll only make it worse…” Jim sat back so he was straddled across Oberyn’s hips and looked at his work – the man’s upper body stretched out underneath him. “Look at you... fucking gorgeous. I could do anything I liked to you…” Jim was certain that Oberyn could still kill him, even naked with his hands tied but it was all part of the game. He crawled down the man’s body and positioned himself on his knees and elbows in between Oberyn’s spread legs with his arse presented to Sebastian. “Go ahead and fuck me now, I’ve had enough prep that I won’t tear, just lube up well. I want to feel you stretch me open while I see to the Martell ‘spear.’” Jim smirked at his own pun and wiggled his eyebrows at Oberyn mockingly.

Oberyn felt himself tense, and then relax as he was tied up. He had tried this with a woman before, in Lys, but never with a man, and never with two men. "Oh I know you are very dangerous little viper.” He reassured Jim, "But it is good you have someone who will help protect you.”

Sebastian whimpered as he slid oil over his cock, staring at the ceiling and panting and then giving Jim's arse a hard slap, feeling he deserved it. "Fucking... finally...” and then he grabbed Jim's hips and plunged forward hungrily, moaning at the new sensations of his cock throbbing under the ring while buried deep inside a hot tight body.

Jim arced his back and tensed up at the intrusion while he reminded himself to relax. “Told you – ugh – you would like it.” Sebastian started to move and Jim had to grit his teeth and breathe through his nose while he adjusted for Sebastian’s cock. “Ahh okay... you watching?” Jim gave Oberyn a fond little smile and started kissing the inside of the man’s thighs, tickling him with his tongue and teeth and breath while the man couldn’t do anything to stop him.
"Tell me if he hurts you, I'll beat him till even he screams." Oberyn growled back as Sebastian slammed hard and furious into Jim's entrance, a bit lost in the wonderful feelings sparking and shuddering through him, and the closeness he'd finally gained. "I'll whip his arse, his cock his a-ahhhhh..." his voice died to a moan as Jim's lips worked over him and his arms twitched in the constraints as the hot little kisses worked at sensitive inner thighs.

"Mmm, asked for it. It’s alright, I’m adjusting.” Jim moaned as he was fucked hard and he gripped onto Oberyn’s hips tightly, trying to push back against Sebastian and keep from losing his balance. “You’re still mad at me right? For leaving? I can take it just – missed you. I missed you.” Jim encouraged Sebastian to take out what residual anger and resentment he still harbored on Jim now, the first time they were able to be together since that night in the tent. After tonight it would be good and positive, this was the time to put those old insecurities and hurts to rest. Jim licked Oberyn’s cock from balls to tip, then began mouthing at the man’s balls.

"N-no ..." Sebastian gasped back, pounding Jim harder, "N-never been mad, n-not really, j-just fucking missed you. Glad your back, fuck you feel good..." Oberyn's eyes rolled up as Jim's tongue got to work, temporarily missing what was going on as Sebastian clung to Jim. "S just I've got a ring on my cock and need a damn, good, fuck. With you. That's all. Need you so much..."

“Okay… okay…” Jim gasped and pushed back against Sebastian, briefly reaching around to brush his fingers across the back of Sebastian’s hand where he gripped Jim. “Worth it?” Jim went back to sucking Oberyn off, bobbing his mouth around the head.

"Always worth it...." Sebastian groaned, thrusting harder, his hands digging into Jim's side, while Oberyn's eyes continued to roll up as Jim's tongue worked, his hands tugging and twitching under the restraints.

Jim moaned loudly around the cock in his mouth, deep throating Oberyn every time that Sebastian snapped his hips forward hard. Seb wasn’t really experienced enough to know how hard he should thrust to make the experience comfortable. But Jim was used to things getting a little rough and he was able to compensate for that until Sebastian started to get overexcited and Jim choked as his throat fluttered and tightened around Oberyn’s cock. He had to pull away and cough to the side, trying to get his breath back and Sebastian pulled out, presumably to check on Jim and give him time to collect himself. “Fuck, are you trying to kill me, you bastard?” Jim’s eyes watered and he swallowed convulsively a few times, trying to get his body to relax. “What the fuck are you doing?” Jim turned around and saw Sebastian pawing at himself, trying to get the ring off.

Watching Jim choke turned out to be far hotter than he'd thought and Oberyn gave a dizzy moan as Sebastian pulled out, desperately trying to tug at the ring around his cock, needing to cum far more than anything else at that moment. He gave a feral hiss as Jim turned on him, muscles tensing under the light, "I'm trying to cum you little wanker, what do you think, unhhhh..." Oberyn opened his eyes, frowning at the lack of heat on his cock and watching both of them with interest.

Jim frowned, “I didn’t say you could take it off.” He smacked Sebastian’s hands away irritably and grabbed the boy’s throat, starting very gently and then beginning to press against his windpipe until the boy’s face turned red. “You choked me, that wasn’t very nice. Tell me you’re sorry and then get me a glass of wine.” Jim said with a hoarse voice as he nodded towards the pitcher sitting out on the table still. “When you come back you’ll feed it to me, and then sit like a good boy on the bed while you watch Oberyn and I. If I see you touch your cock again, at all, I’ll make you wear the ring all night. Be good and I’ll give you something nice later, tiger. Understand?” He let go of Sebastian’s throat, he hadn’t ever pressed hard enough that the boy wouldn’t be able to breathe, it was only a warning. Jim grabbed the slick off the small table and
Sebastian’s hands flew up as Jim grabbed his throat and then fluttered down again, his Adams-apple bobbing against Jim's hand as he tried to breathe as shallowly as he could. Oberyn had jumped a little but was now grinning slightly nervously at Seb's discomfort. Sebastian squirmed, hissing a little and scrabbling at the sheets underneath them before snapping out a "Sorry... Ser... I'll go get your wine..." Sliding off the bed he poured the wine out, pressing the cool goblet against his cock briefly, trying to get some relief.

“If I wanted your prick dipped in my wine I would have told you that.” Jim just smirked though, knowing it wasn’t going to help Sebastian’s situation. Jim turned his back to Oberyn and slowly slid down onto the man’s cock, taking an inch at a time in the reverse position so that Sebastian could watch them. “G-gooood. Oh fuck.” Jim gave a happy shiver as he bottomed out and slowly started riding Oberyn’s cock, happy to torture the man underneath him when his hands were tied and he had no control. He moved deliciously slowly, circling his hips low while he kept his head fairly level. “I’m thirsty, boy.” Jim stalked Sebastian with his eyes, a dangerous smirk on his face while the boy slowly came over with a scowl on his face and tipped the wine carefully into Jim’s mouth. The wine was luxurious and Dornish, a lovely companion to the cock filling him up. When he’d had his fill Jim lunged up and thrust down hard, knocking the goblet with his chin and spilling some of the wine down his naked front. “Lick it up, all of it.”

Oberyn gave a growl and a moan, writhing more against the ties as Jim took his cock entirely. He wanted to grab the beautiful bouncing little backside that his cock disappeared so slick and perfectly into, to take it harder, to press and rub it, and the constraints were stopping him. Sebastian shuddered as Jim called him ’boy’, his cock feeling heated and sore now, the feeling sparking back up to his orgasm. Coming over he pressed the cup against Jim's lips, watching him drink and then flinching as the wine was spilt, "S-sorry, sorry..." He crawled onto the bed on his knees, reaching forward to lick the wine off Jim's body while one hand slid between Oberyn's legs to feel his thighs and reach up to prod at his balls as Oberyn bucked almost hard enough to throw Jim off.

“Ah ahh,” Jim’s breath caught as he moaned and tensed up when Sebastian’s trailed his tongue over Jim’s front obediently, licking over his neck and chest, the sensitive nipple rings and then down low to his naval, tasting the wine as it mixed with the taste of his skin. “What do you think?” He asked breathily as he started picking up the pace, “Do I taste like I’m from King’s Landing or Dorne?” Referencing the first time that Oberyn and Jim had sex. “Oh fuck!” Oberyn had kept his hips mostly still, letting Jim have the power and control, but apparently Sebastian had decided this was the time to freak the man out. The two men’s movements had coincided and Jim had thrust down just as Oberyn bucked hard and it left Jim seeing stars and moaning. He was definitely hard now, “Fuck... Gods have mercy.” He tried to get his heartrate back to something reasonable and get his dominance back together after that little surprise. “I said no touching. Now, go sit across from me on the bed and I want you to watch. Try and convince me to change my mind about letting Oberyn come first.”

Sebastian grinned as Jim jumped and squealed and Oberyn gave a breathy laugh, giving a disappointed moan as Sebastian was called off, “A-ahhh c'mon little viper... l-let him... ahhhh...” Sebastian moaned, pulling away and glaring at them both sulkily, "Fuck how am I supposed to convince y-you if I can touch me and I can't touch you... c-can't I suck you off?"

“Quiet man, or I’ll leave you tied up for the next few hours and not touch you once. Someone could find you in a very compromising situation tomorrow morning...” Jim leaned back on a hand he pressed against Oberyn’s chest, turning around and grinning to show the man he was
only joking. “Use your words darling boy, make me a better offer.” Jim’s breathing really picked up, his face was warm and flushed and his eyes dilated hugely.

Oberyn laughed and panted. "Oh yes... all my men will be in here tomorrow - I think they'd love to find a little Moran boy tied up with a hard cock... you'd be fucked till you couldn't cum any harder..."

Sebastian whined, unable to think of words right now, "Let me cum or I'll rip his arm off and beat you with it?" He tried hopelessly, his hands still grabbing at the sheets.

“Mmmmm...” Jim put on a show, smirking and moaning, occasionally touching himself to taunt Sebastian. “Oberyn how long do you think you could hold off? Ten minutes? Twenty? Are you willing to wait twenty minutes Seb? No? Then use that mind of yours and surprise me. Threats aren’t interesting. I know you have it in you, don’t disappoint me or I’ll leave you equally disappointed.” Jim said, nodding at Sebastian’s red and swollen cock.

Oberyn bounced his hips again, trying to get that wonderful gasping reaction they’d had before, trying to make Jim lose it. Sebastian gave a low guttural growl and jumped forward, licking and sucking Jim's cock desperately, then yowling as Jim scowled and knocked him back, rubbing at his face and letting himself fall forward on the bed, pretty much squirming around in a desperate and undignified heap in front of Jim "I-I don't know what you want m-me to say... I-I can't promise you more than you have, b-but you can do anything to me, I-I promise, you can beat me and whip me and hurt me-

He stopped as Oberyn kicked him and snapped, "For the sake of all the gods, Sebastian, this is meant to be sexy. Tell him sexy things."

Sebastian gave a whine, wrapping his arms around his back and curling up around his hot swollen cock, "I just want to cummmm... fuck Jim I want you, need you, always did, since I first saw you with my father, fucking loved you, I left my home to find you, would've left everything, just for you, just to kill the men you needed dead then lick your fucking boot."

Jim whined hard and snarled his teeth at Oberyn when the man tried to distract him from the game by pleasuring him. It was good, fuck it was good, but Jim was more interested in getting Sebastian to play than he was on getting caught up in his desire. He smacked Seb when the boy disobeyed him, frowning at the pathetic display. He patted Oberyn’s thigh happily, pleased that the man was helping Sebastian out. Gods knew that Jim didn’t have all the time and patience to do it himself. Jim slowed his movements as Sebastian talked, pausing and tensing up as Sebastian let slip that he loved him. Jim had known of course… it was probably infatuation, or at least it started out that way. He was at a loss for words, unsure of what to do but he patted Oberyn’s thigh apologetically before he climbed off and laid down next to Sebastian, pulling the boy on top of him and carefully taking off the cock ring. “I know, good boy. Go on, make it count. You’ve earned it.” Jim wrapped his arms around Sebastian’s neck and squeezed himself down onto the boy’s cock, moaning at how hot and swollen it felt inside him.

Oberyn gave a scrambled cry of curses and complaints as Jim slid away from him and Sebastian's hands and arms wrapped around Jim, holding him tight and close, squeezing his eyes shut as his desperate cock was released, and then surrounded by slick hot muscle. He managed a choked off cry and a little gasp of Jim's name along with a repeat of "F-fucking love you" before he came, hard and powerful enough to make him see stars, his hands clutching at Jim's skin as he lost it.

Jim held on tight to Sebastian, blinking hard and swallowing back something he couldn’t quite name as the boy came hard inside him. “Love you too…” He whispered so quietly
Jim could barely hear himself. Jim felt his skin bruise a little under Sebastian’s grip but it made him happy somehow. “You were so good for me, thank you.” Jim gave the boy a final squeeze and a little kiss on the mouth, “Mark me? That one refuses to.”

It took Sebastian a few moments to come back down to earth, but when he did he heard the little tiny words and kissed Jim gently, "Love you..." it was gentle and Sebastian was half embarrassed about it, pleased he could hide his blushes in Jim's neck, kissing and biting and licking at a sensitive little spot to raise a red blushing mark while Oberyn groaned from the bed.

Jim arched underneath Sebastian rubbing his erection against the man’s hip and gasping happily while he sucked hard on his neck, the pain and the boy’s hot mouth felt so good Jim would have been perfectly happy to lie there and neck lazily for the next few minutes but there was a needy tied up prince a few feet away and Jim didn’t have the heart to leave him wanting. “Come here lover…” Jim climbed over the man, slinking and rubbing his hands over any skin he could find. He paused to trace the diagonal lines near his hips and Jim bent down to suck and bite at his hip bones where there was very little flesh and the skin would pinch between Jim’s little teeth and the bone – the skin was sensitive there too, it was one of Jim’s favorite places to be bitten. Jim smirked up as the man fought his binds, enjoying having this much control. “Oh I don’t know… I could always tell Seb to pleasure me and leave you like this… Convince me lover, the boy could use a lesson in eloquence.”

The teeth against his hip made Oberyn writhe and whine and suddenly he wanted his hands back. He did also want to show Sebastian how a real man could talk of love and so gave Jim a lust-filled gaze, dragging up phrases he’d heard in his travels across Essos, "You are my moon and stars, little viper, the prettiest and most dangerous little spider in Westeros. You have commanded warriors, killed your enemies, and tied up a Prince. I will remember my time with you when I am down in the heat or Dorne, when I walk through the markets of Essos, and I shall remember the love I felt for my viper, in my jewels. Let my hands free, my beautiful lover, and I will take you again, and, ahhh!"

Jim laid over top of Oberyn and listened to him speak, “You’d best not forget me or I’ll have to travel there myself to make you remember.” Jim straddled him and bent over to kiss him heatedly, grabbing a handful of hair and tugging Oberyn’s neck to the side so that he could suck on the skin there. Jim’s mouth was insistent but he was gentle. “You have a silver tongue my prince.” Jim sat up and finally untied Oberyn.

As soon as he was untied Oberyn sat up and wrapped his arms around Jim while Sebastian sat smugly at the end of the bed, "You do not need to tie me up to get me to say such things..." He gasped heatedly, running hands down Jim's body and lifting him gently to slide him back down onto Oberyn's cock. They both seemed to have forgotten Sebastian, who lay back and watched them, keeping his eyes on Jim's face and smiling at the pleasure he saw there.

Jim chuckled, “I know… but it was so much fun!” He kissed Oberyn hard, looking over the man’s shoulder to lock eyes with Sebastian. “Seb, come here. Touch us.” Jim tipped back and pulled Oberyn on top of him he wanted Oberyn inside of him, desperately. He hooked his legs over the man’s shoulders, spread across the mattress on his back invitingly. “Please fuck me…” It was a kind of release to take charge and dictate everything, only to hand over control to another at the very end. “Love me.”

Oberyn gave a small chuckle, flexing his wrists and pleased to have them free. With Jim spread out below him he didn't need asking twice and reached out to grab the oil, sliding more over his cock before gently slipping into Jim - gentler and less erratic than Sebastian, his cock thinner but longer, filling Jim up completely as his hands slid over his body. Sebastian hovered, uncertain, until
Oberyn rolled his eyes and grabbed him by the hair, tugging him in for a kiss and then pushing his face down onto Jim's nipples. "You need to teach him how to love you properly, not just to ram his cock inside you." He tugged Sebastian's hair again as Seb obediently flicked at Jim's nipples and rubbed his hands over both of them. "I wish I had more time to teach him."

Jim tightened around Oberyn encouragingly, rippling his arse and moving his hips slightly. It probably shouldn't have turned him on so much to bounce from one cock to another, but fuck it did. Jim had to believe that it was due to his bed partners because he'd been shared before but it had never felt like this. Jim chuckled quietly as Oberyn lightly criticized Sebastian, "I might just send him back to Dorne with you. He can spend some time in the brothels there, being taught by the women there. This one," Jim reached out and tugged on Sebastian's hair, "is disrespectful to whores. I think he could benefit from some education." Jim was mostly teasing, in a more peaceful time maybe Sebastian could travel but Jim would need him here for the time being.

Oberyn shook his head, smiling now and stroking Sebastian fondly, feeling him shiver, "No. He should not be taught by whores. He should be taught by someone who loves him. And he should stay with you... a-ahh..." He fell quiet as the feeling started to rise, as Sebastian got up onto his knees and started kissing his chest and face, turning to respond, one hand sliding over Jim's chest as he rocked back and forwards, fucking him smooth and gently.

Jim had started to flag a little after while due to lack of stimulation but his arousal came back. "A whore who loves him then." Jim still struggled some with the words, but they seemed to come easier in the moment, when he was with two men who professed to love him. "Don't worry, I've no plans to let him go. You'd beat him for leaving me vulnerable to ahhh - attack." Jim rolled his eyes and smiled, teasing Oberyn for being such a worrier. He hummed happily as Oberyn fucked him carefully and intentionally, feeling happy and full and a little sore from Sebastian's rough fucking earlier. Sebastian kissed him and Jim worked his tongue into the other boy's mouth, feeling happy and content here with these men. Jim had never felt so relaxed and taken care of during sex.

"I certainly would." Oberyn managed to gasp, not quite ready to commit to speaking again when he was so close and watching the two of them kiss while holding Jim's hip and stroking Sebastian's back. His fingers dug into both of them as he moaned harder and then pushed Sebastian all the way off the bed to sweep Jim into his lap and claim his mouth, kissing him passionately as he came hard deep inside the boy.

Jim touched himself, stroking himself in time with Oberyn's gentle fucking. His second orgasm built slower, a forest fire as opposed to the explosive bomb. Jim moaned hard as Sebastian's hand joined his, touching him – pushing him closer and closer... then suddenly that extra hand was gone but Jim didn't even notice Oberyn pushing Sebastian off the bed because the prince was kissing him like he'd never get another chance to and Jim cried out as he came – hot and shaking and boneless. "Fuck – that was good. I'm brilliant, this was... wow." Jim had experienced a lot and he'd been with many men in a variety of positions and situations but he thought this would be difficult to top. "I love you," he muttered quietly in the man's ear, still self-conscious over the words but he meant them.

Oberyn laughed as he said it and kissed him gently, "That word means a lot to you, little viper, and I wouldn't waste it on someone like me." He peeked over the bed where Sebastian sat up and rested his head on the duvet, flopping a hand over to stroke Jim in a tired sort of way. "Come on tiger, back on the bed, we all need rest and then tomorrow we can watch the Ser of the Blackwater defending Lord Tyrion's honour. All too soon I will go back to Dorne, and find other beautiful young men to love and to fuck."
Jim knew better but it still felt like a rejection all the same, the way that Oberyn implied that the word did not mean the same thing to both of them. He crawled off the bed and went back to his wine glass, draining what was left and then he found a towel to clean himself up with, keeping his back to the bed. Jim just needed a few moments to himself to bury the defensive feelings before he made his proposal to Oberyn. The reason the comment had stung was because Jim’s feelings were genuine. Oberyn had welcomed him into his bed at a time when he was still raw and aching from Harrenhall, he’d facilitated Jim’s transition into who he was today, had been an instrumental part of that – much more than Sebastian who he had needed to avoid for the months since he returned. Jim had done the work but Oberyn had still helped shape him, given him something back that he had lost, he’d been the first man Jim chose to be with purely because he wanted him. To hear that all of that was just a waste hurt somehow and Jim both celebrated his freedom and loathed the weakness it brought. Jim had never been hurt before, because you can’t hurt a ghost. When clients called him names or degraded him, it wasn’t Jim they were talking about but some fantasy he created for their consumption. The freedom to be himself came with weaknesses that Jim didn’t think he liked very much. When he was clean he turned around with a smile and crawled back into bed with his boys, grabbing a lit candle on the way. He sat in between the two of them, a hand pressed over Oberyn’s heart in his chest. “I told you that if you were very good I would give you something. You have been very good to me lover, so I’ll give you the Mountain. Ser Bronn will not fight for the dwarf. You could be his champion and get the revenge you have been seeking.” Jim tipped the candle and dribbled a little wax onto Oberyn’s chest where it quickly cooled and hardened.

Sebastian watched Jim going anxiously, having a vague idea that he was going through something, and half tempted to smack Oberyn for it. But that would be a terminally stupid idea and instead he lay down, giving Jim’s back a stroke as he returned and looking at him, concerned. Oberyn frowned at the words and then yelped as there was hot wax on his chest, scabbling upright. “You misunderstand...” he murmured, nipping Jim’s ear and tugging Sebastian down between them. “I am honoured to have your love. And I know you will feel it deeply. But also, I do not wish to hurt you by leaving - if you can still love me and not be hurt when I go then I will be more than happy to have it. Stop dropping wax on me, get me some wine, and tell me about the Mountain.”

Jim watched Oberyn impassively, he’d closed off some and it wasn’t so simple for him to open up again, even when he knew that the slight wasn’t real. He sighed and warmed though, even if he couldn’t quite manage to get back to that happy relaxed place he had been. “You won’t hurt me. I’ll –” Jim had been about to say that he’d miss the man when he left but that was still beyond his emotional capabilities at the moment. “I will think of you, and remember our time fondly, but I would not go with you even if you were able to take me. I have enjoyed our time together but I have a life here that I have spent too long trying to build. I believe we have similar feelings about your departure.” Jim’s tone was perhaps a tad formal but he was able to smile a little and pressed a small kiss to Oberyn’s lips while he pouted. “The wax feels good.” It was one of Jim’s favorite mediums for pain because it was hot but it wouldn’t leave any permanent damage or hurt tremendously. He scratched the wax off of Oberyn’s chest where it dried and kissed the slightly reddened area before getting up again and getting wine for all three of them. “You understand how a trial by combat works, of course. Two people fight and the gods decide who is right by declaring a victor – one lives and one dies. Ser Bronn has been seen speaking extensively to the Queen, he will not be fighting for Tyrion Lannister against the Mountain. As it stands now, Tyrion will be fighting himself because no one will represent him. You could be his champion, fight the Mountain, kill him in legal combat and save the dwarf from an unjust fate. Remember too that this fights are public, the whole court will be there to watch. That gives you a platform to tell why you want the Mountain’s head, not just revenge but justice.” As he spoke he bought over the wine and served it to the other two men and sipped at his own, thirsty from their exploits.
Sebastian shook his head, "Bronn won't fight the Mountain. He'd be mad. Even without Cersei - the man's too strong." He glanced at Oberyn, "Even you... you should be wary of him. But if you don't fight him Jaime Lannister will have to and, heh, even with two hands Jaime couldn't defeat him. Only one man I know who would stand a chance. Barristan Selmy." He took gulp of wine, "or Ser Loras on a bitch in heat I suppose."

Oberyn stroked Jim's hair, knowing he'd never get the full intimacy back after that, but maybe it was for the best given he was leaving. "Public, in front of the Lannisters and all the court? it's not in a separate justice room or anything?"

“No, it is a part of the trial – there must be witnesses. The case is of interest to the public – the king’s killer and all. The Lannisters will make it a spectacle.” Jim turned and raised an eyebrow at Sebastian challengingly, “Oh? Have you seen Loras fight then? Let’s not forget which one of us has fucked him, I think I know him and his capabilities. He’s a talented knight but the Mountain is another thing. He defeated him at the jousting tournament but he could not best him in combat.”

"A spectacle - I think I can make it into that." Oberyn smirked, putting a finger into Sebastian's mouth as he opened it to complain and gave a little laugh as Sebastian spluttered to a halt and started sucking it. "I am not at all interested in this Loras - well, I may be but not his fighting style. What do you know about the Mountain, how does he fight, can you tell me?" Sebastian nodded around his finger and mumbled, "I can show you. Maybe... tomorrow."

“He prefers to hack and slash. All of his movements are wide but the blows are powerful and he’s surprisingly fast and agile for a man of his size. He will probably wear metal plating, normally he fights with a broadsword or a great sword.” Jim smirked and stuck his tongue out at Sebastian while he sputtered.

Sebastian sucked and licked at Oberyn's finger for a few minutes before pulling away and collapsing back, "Fuck, I'm done for today. Tomorrow I'll show you - I know it pretty well a group of them thumped me and I've been watching him train. You can take him, pretty sure of it. It'll be a close thing, dangerous, but you could do it."

“Of course he could,” Jim smirked and scratched his nails along Oberyn’s chest, warming up to the man again now that he was getting excited about the fight. “You will be magnificent. The Red Viper against a Mountain? I would very much like to see that. He will try to crush you but you will cut him to ribbons.” Jim crawled up and kissed him while he petted Sebastian’s hair. “You were so enthusiastic the first time we were together, tiger. How many times did you take me that night? Now you come once and that’s all?” Jim was teasing, privately pleased that Sebastian didn’t want to go again since he was tired. “Are we staying here tonight, lover? Or would you prefer Sebastian and I go back to my rooms?”

"Stay..." Oberyn cuddled them both close, smiling as he watched Sebastian pet and grope at Jim, clearly exhausted after what he'd been through. "I am sure your tiger would take you many, many times but I fear you have exhausted him. Tomorrow morning, we can go through what you've seen in the Mountain's training grounds and then I will go and visit your Lord Tyrion and see if he will have me as a champion. Which he will. Of course, how could he refuse?" He gave Jim a little kiss on the head. "That was magnificent, little viper, and I am pleased to have been shown these strange tricks you use in Westeros."

Jim was pleased to be allowed to stay, Sebastian tried to grope at him and Jim caught his hand tiredly and intertwined their fingers before pulling Sebastian’s arm so that it was wrapped around his waist. “I told you it can be good. Just – has to be done right. You’ve got to care about how it’s done and your partner’s enjoyment or ’s not good.” Jim’s eyes were starting to close and he curled
into Oberyn’s side where it was warm.

Oberyn and Sebastian surrounded him, and then Oberyn gave Sebastian’s forehead a quick kiss over the top of him, smiling and shaking his head as the young man started to gently snore, "Amateur..." He knew that when he woke the next morning he'd be ready to take on the challenge, and the thought of finally getting his revenge danced tantalizingly in front of his eyes as he passed into sleep.

Chapter End Notes

TW: None
Jim did his best to prepare Oberyn for the fight coming up, he put the man in contact with people who would be able to give him information on the Mountain, they showed him where his training area was, they spent an afternoon watching the Mountain carve up untrained prisoners one by one as “practice” while Cersei Lannister watched on smugly. Jim snuck Oberyn into the prisons so that he could talk to Tyrion and he doubled the spies watching the Lannisters just in case they had a plot to rig the fight somehow. When the morning of the fight came Jim got out of bed and dressed himself boldly in Martell colors, he wore the snake around his neck and he even managed to fit the little viper cuff back over his ear now that it was almost healed. When Sebastian was ready too they made their way down with the rest of the spectators, towards the little arena on the coast. Oberyn was there, waiting for them and grinning like a mad man. “I hope you aren’t waiting for us here like a fool instead of warming up…” Oberyn’s fighting style relied heavily on acrobatics and quick movements, the man would have spent the whole morning stretching and preparing his body for the fight.

Varys kept out of the whole procedure, clearly arranging his own plans, but took Jim aside the night before to give him a nod, "Well done. Good work. Now pray to the gods he wins."

Sebastian didn't sleep at all the night before, having been kicked out of the Holmes's they'd decided it would be best if he stayed in a small boarding house within the city and he tossed and turned, unable to sleep. In the morning he dunked his head in cold water, managed a shave, and then dressed in his shiny new armour, putting on the sky blue cloak and heading to Jim's room before they both went to join the spectators. He nodded as he saw Oberyn, looking slightly sick as the man smirked and gave Jim a kiss on the forehead, petting Sebastian's hair.

"I am ready to get my revenge. More than ready. And thank you, little viper, for giving me the chance." He gave Jim a quick hug, then repeated on Sebastian, muttering something in Sebastian's ear before heading over to the combat area, where Ellaria was waiting for him.

Jim squeezed Oberyn’s hand briefly after the hug and gave him and smile and a nod before the man walked away, he was confident the man would win. “Of course, lover. You will do splendidly. Afterwards we can drink and fuck like crazy to celebrate your victory.” As Sebastian and Jim made their way to their spots in the stands, Jim took Sebastian's arm. “What was that all about then?

Sebastian smirked and rolled his eyes, "What do you think? Told me to look after you." He didn't fancy telling Jim the whole of what Oberyn had said, that if he lost Sebastian was to get Jim out as quickly as possible so he could hide the Martell signs he was prominently displaying. While part of Sebastian knew Oberyn had a good chance of winning, he was also feeling sick to think of the Mountain, and the strength the man had. He kept a hold on Jim's arm, watching as the men prepared and muttering, "He'll be fine. He'll be okay, fuck that is one big bastard..."

Jim rolled his eyes but he was pleased, “If he has enough time to worry about me then he’ll be fine.” He was excited for Oberyn, the prince would finally have his chance to avenge his sister and the oncoming justice was satisfying to Jim. They found their spots, pretty good ones considering everything. Varys had been considerate enough to reserve them for Jim. Tyrion came out, looking tense but collected – his time in the prison cells had not done him good. Oberyn was with Ellaria, his arms around her, kissing her and Jim smirked before looking away – it was right and good that
Oberyn had his paramour with him today. The crowd stirred and began cheering politely when the Mountain came out in full armor, Jim shuddered a little just looking at him. “Oberyn is a good match for him. Quick and small, like his name.” A horn blew and Grand Master Pyccel stepped forward to begin the trial, going on about the rules and formal proceedings, after a minute Tywin Lannister waved his hand and they blew the horns again and Pyccel shuffled out of the arena quickly, not wanting to get caught up in the fight. Ellaria kissed him one last time and Oberyn took his naginata, an eight foot long spear, two feet of the ting was bladed at the end. Oberyn worked through a quick warm up, putting on a show for the spectators as he twirled and danced across the arena, slashing at the air and spinning with his weapon. Jim clapped politely with everyone else when he was through, proud to see his Red Viper like this.

Sebastian was still feeling pretty sick but kept himself propped up, relaxing a little as Oberyn whirled through his paces, "Oberyn means 'quick and small'?" He muttered in confusion, then fell silent as the two men faced each other, flinching a little as Oberyn bought up the rape of his sister, and the killing of the Targaryian children, "Ohhh this isn't going to go well..." His gaze flitted from the fight to Tywin Lannister, who was looking carefully expressionless, almost hiding the flicker of rage beneath his looks. Jaime was also looking miserable, Tyrion nervous, and Sebastian suddenly knew that whichever way this went, things weren't going to look good for the Lannisters.

“No, you idiot,” Jim hissed quietly, never taking his eyes off the arena. “They call him the Red Viper because he poisons his weapons. Small and quick but bloody venomous. If the wounds don’t kill you the poison will.” The Mountain took the first swing and Oberyn dodged out of the way effortlessly, that dangerous smirk unwavering. Oberyn was typically a bit broody, although he had a sense of humor – but when he smiled like that, Jim had learned that was when he was at his most dangerous. Deceptively pleasant. They exchanged blows while the spectators gasped and cheered as they got into the fight.

“"I'm going to hear you confess before you die." Oberyn spoke loudly and clearly so that everyone was able to hear him. “You raped my sister. You murdered her. You killed her children. Say it now and we can make this quick.” The Mountain attacked but Oberyn parried, dancing away again after he knocked the Mountain’s helmet off with the blunt end of his spear. “You raped her. You murdered her. You killed her children!” Oberyn growled in frustration when the Mountain kicked him hard in the chest and sent him off balance, rolling a good five feet before he stopped. Jim reached down and gripped Sebastian’s hand hard, suddenly feeling nervous now that Oberyn was off his feet. He stood again though, slashing quickly and spinning with his spear as he suddenly pressed the Mountain back. The Mountain swung his great sword and splintered the shaft of Oberyn’s spear, sending the prince to his knees. Oberyn did a back flip of the way, escaping from the Mountain’s reach and he got another weapon from his station.

Sebastian’s hand gripped back, just as hard although he tried to control himself slightly to stop him from breaking Jim’s fingers. He could feel the crowd around them murmured at Oberyn's accusations, his own panic rising before he stomped on it. He had to be here as a rock for Jim - if Oberyn won and there was a riot, or if Tywin Lannister tried to cheat, or if Oberyn lost ..." Sebastian closed his eyes as the spear shattered, opening them in relief as the fight paused for him to get another. "He's good." He managed to croak, "He has a chance. He does have a chance to win."

“Of course he does. He’s the most dangerous man in King’s Landing.” Jim was still tense with anticipation but he fully believed in Oberyn’s abilities. Even if the two men were evenly matched in abilities, Oberyn’s conviction would see him through. The fight continued furiously, almost two fast for Jim with his limited training to follow. At one point The Mountain grabbed Oberyn by the back of his leather armor and threw him bodily across the arena like a sack of potatoes. Jim inhaled sharply as he watched Oberyn face plant on the ground and the Mountain swung his sword down,
barely missing as Oberyn rolled out of the way and then stuck his spear into the Mountain’s side. The crowd cheered and Jim clapped, “Yes! Fuck yes.” The blade at the end of Oberyn’s spear found a weakness in the armor and the Mountain staggered as Oberyn ripped the blade out of his body before slashing a deep gash across the Mountain’s back.

“You raped her! You murdered her!” Oberyn screamed now, making sure that no one could miss his words or the accusations he was making. The Mountain made a desperate swing of his sword but Oberyn dodged, getting behind him and cut the back of the Mountain’s calf. The crowd made a dismayed sound as the Mountain went down on one knee and Oberyn stalked him slowly, “You killed her children!” The prince took a running leap, stabbing the Mountain in the gut mid-jump and pinned the giant man on his back as he choked on his blood. Oberyn must have punctured a lung or perforated his stomach. There was a mix of cheers and cried from the stands but Jim grinned fiercely, proud of his prince.

"Poisoned, isn't it..." Sebastian murmured as he watched the spear drag at the Mountain's leg, giving a small smile of relief. That was it then, the Mountain was dead, now it was just a point of finishing the fight. He allowed his relief to mount, then remembered there was nothing he could do about the fight and switched his attention to Cersei, who was looking murderous, and Tywin, who was still looking impassive. Each accusation was sending a ripple through the crowd, which was almost leaning back from the force of the words. This accusation was ringing around Westeros - it would even reach Ramsay eventually, Seb knew, the new Ramsay Bolton. He felt fear, but suddenly a vicarious thrill. The world was changing and growing dangerous, and here he was at the centre of the action, hugely involved and, for the first time, capable of actually retaliating. His fingers twined around Jims and rubbed them gently.

“Undoubtedly, there’s no way Oberyn would leave him a possibility of survival.” Jim relaxed a little as Sebastian rubbed some circulation back into Jim’s fingers after they had both squeezed so hard. Oberyn left the spear in the Mountain’s body for a few moments while he said something that Jim couldn’t catch when there was so much chatter from the stands.

Oberyn ripped the spear out and it suddenly got very quiet and his words could finally come through, “say it… say her name. Elia Martell. You raped her, you murdered her, you killed her children.” Oberyn’s voice was horse and ragged, he had fought hard and Jim couldn’t imagine how it must feel to finally have his revenge after so many years. “Elia Martell!” Oberyn pointed and watched Tywin Lannister, vindication and conviction in his face as he aired Tywin’s past crimes. “Who gave you the order? Who gave you the order!?” Oberyn lunged towards Tywin, still pointing the finger and shaking his weapon at the man. For a moment Jim was afraid that the prince would throw the spear into Tywin’s chest and but he was clever enough not to start a war before he finished with the Mountain. “Say her name! You RAPED her, you MURDERED her, you KILLED HER CHILDREN!” Oberyn stalked around the Mountain’s head where he was still lying flat on his back. “SAY IT. Say her name!” Oberyn looked up for a moment and caught Ellaria’s eyes from across the arena and she gave him an encouraging smile.

The whole scene seemed to be crystalizing around Oberyn as he raged and shouted, he was playing now, the Mountain just another piece in his drama and Sebastian felt a stab of satisfaction that for the first time so far this was no longer Tywin Lannister's circus - that one of the performers had broken free, challenging the ringmaster. Each accusation sliced deeper into Tywin's plans, each shout reverberating around all present. Sebastian could feel a nervous prickle of fear as he watched the Mountain on the floor, Oberyn stalking around him and he muttered, "Kill him... fucking kill him you bastard..." low enough that he hoped Jim didn't hear. It was over now and he wanted it to be over - to be hustling Jim away as Cersei raged, as Tywin lost, and as the Lannisters tried to reform around the splintered pieces.
Oberyn looked away for just a moment but that was all the time it took, “SAY it!” The Mountain reached out and knocked Oberyn off his feet and onto his back.

Jim latched onto Sebastian’s hand, “No. No no no no no no…” His whispers were quiet but Jim was praying to every god he could think of while he stared in horror at the arena. Oberyn landed flat on his back but he didn’t waste any time, quickly climbing on top of the Mountain, trying to get a grip around the man’s neck. The giant couldn’t move much but he swung his fist and his Oberyn hard enough that blood and teeth flew out of his mouth and splattered across the arena floor. “Oh fuck…” Jim felt like he couldn’t get a breath, Oberyn was too far away to reach his weapon and the Mountain had a hold of him now. He threw Oberyn on his back and climbed on top of him, gripping his head and face hard so that he couldn’t get away.

“Ellia Martell!” The Mountain taunted and his face twisted up as he dug his thumbs into Oberyn’s eyes. The prince started to scream, blood dripping from his eyes and his mouth. “I killed her children! And I raped her!” Oberyn started thrashing, screaming and writhing as the Mountain crushed his eyes in his skull. “Then I smashed her head in, like this!”

The Mountain squeezed and Jim watched on in horror as Oberyn’s whole skull was crushed like a piece of overripe fruit. Ellaria’s screams echoed in Jim’s head as he wavered on his feet, staring at the bloody puddle of hair and brains and broken bone where Oberyn’s face used to be. The Mountain keeled over, losing consciousness and he landed on his back next to Oberyn’s body.

Ellaria was still screaming and the sound curdled Jim’s blood. A low whine of distress left his lungs, he couldn’t take a breath and Jim kept staring at the bloody puddle like he expected it to reconstruct itself and Oberyn would stand up grinning and waving at the crowd in victory. His legs gave out and he almost fell but Sebastian caught him by the elbows.

Sebastian jumped as the Mountain moved, clinging back to Jim and watching in horror as the events unfolded, as an easy victory turned into a hideous and terrible defeat. His mind panicked, and then turned almost in default to anger - anger at Oberyn for being so /stupid/, at the Mountain for not being dead, at Tywin Lannister for being right all the time. He felt Jim stumble next to him and quickly grabbed him, keeping him upright and pushing him back through the crowd, one strong arm wrapped around Jim's waist. This was bad, he knew, Jim couldn't afford to do this, couldn't be so weak. One hand reached up to tug the snake cuff away from Jim's ear, tempted to throw it away but instead quickly pushing it into a pocket as the sound of Ellaria's screams echoed around them, and as Sebastian pushed away from the crowd and away from the castle, deciding to head for his boarding house. Varys could not see this.

Jim felt numb, his face was utterly blank but something had shifted and he couldn’t seem to get his feet to steady underneath him. He didn’t even wince as Sebastian pulled his ear cuff away, the boy didn’t know how to take it out properly and now Jim’s still healing ear was bleeding again but he didn’t notice. Sebastian pushed them through the crowd but Jim didn’t see it, all he could see was Oberyn’s face as it screwed up and his screams before his head imploded, over and over again. It took a few minutes but Jim finally came back to himself enough to realize that Sebastian and he were alone on some dirt path, the castle behind them. Jim trusted him enough not to worry about where they were going, “Give me a minute…” Jim swallowed hard and stumbled away from Sebastian and behind some bushes before he fell to his knees and got violently sick. He’d seen people die of course, he’d killed them himself. But he bled them out, or poisoned them – Jim had never seen anything that violent and his stomach rolled as he got sick again. Tears collected at the corners of his eyes from getting sick and he started blankly at the ground, just trying to catch his breath before he got sick again.

Sebastian let go as Jim stumbled, standing above him as he threw up in the bushes. The elated feeling he’d felt, when he'd realized the importance of himself and Jim, had not been dimmed by
Oberyn’s death. The violence was nothing new, Ramsay had hardened him to that, and the regret he felt at losing the sweet lover of the week before was easily covered by the staunch and solid fact that the man he loved far more desperately needed him now. He bent to sweep Jim’s hair out of his eyes, glancing up and down the road, but other than the curious looks of surrounding peasants and traders, all of whom hurriedly looked away as Sebastian glared at them, nobody had followed them. The bells were ringing up at the castle, and it was clear that something had gone badly wrong, but two guests stumbling out to throw up were nothing of note. "Take your time. We'll get back to my place and you can clean and wash. Varys can't see you like this, we'll wait until you're ready," was all he said.

“Oh fuck…” Jim groaned quietly and shook his head slowly wobbling a little since his neck didn’t want to support his head the way it was meant to. “Little birds… you think he’d let me walk around without someone to watch me?” Jim wiped at his mouth, trying to clean up his face. “He won’t deal with it immediately. He has – plans that need to go into effect immediately, but he’ll know…” Varys always knew. Just because Jim had taken over the network didn’t mean that Varys was no longer a major player and no longer dangerous. The man wouldn’t have him killed over this, but Sebastian was right – it was weakness and it would cause Varys to doubt Jim’s abilities. Jim wiped at his face with the large belled sleeve – he’d worn gold and orange today – pulling himself together so that they could leave. He’d already thrown up everything in his stomach, Jim didn’t anticipate having to stop again. He stood, his expression haggard but blank and hid his hands in his sleeves so that no one would see his hands shake. “Do you need to leave? I’m – I won’t have you mock me. If you can’t handle this then I’ll need you to leave.”

"Then Varys will have to deal with it." Sebastian responded simply. He helped Jim stand, gently pushing his hair back and then rubbing at his arms, "Why would I mock you? Nobody fucking expected that, and he was a stupid bastard for not finishing it properly. But it's done, and bastard everyone is rethinking their life. I know you were close to him. C'mon let's get inside before people start to work out what we're doing here." Wrapping an arm around Jim's shoulders he hustled him into the boarding house, wanting to get the rich robes in Martell colours out of sight before the news spread too far.

Jim wasn’t ready to think about it too much so he ignored what Sebastian said and pressed on, trying to focus on their surroundings and keep appearances up. When they reached the little house, Jim didn’t really take notice of the sparse décor, he just stood there and wasn’t sure exactly what to do with himself. Distantly he realized that he was in shock and that it would wear off at some point. He felt blank and hazy like he had taken too much Milk of the Poppy. There was some wine lying out, nothing fancy but it would do. Jim stepped over to the table and poured some into a wooden cup and drank deeply, trying to get the taste of vomit out of his mouth.

Sebastian carefully locked the door behind them, relaxing a little as they were locked out and feeling himself start to shake. There was wine, and he waited until Jim had taken a glass before taking one himself, tugging his cloak open and letting it fall, then downing the cup before sitting on the bed and starting to unbuckle his armour. He didn't speak, but watched Jim, ready in case he needed a hand to catch him, or to scream. He didn't know what Jim would need, what would happen next, but he was pretty sure he could cope with it, take it and be there when they needed to move on.

As soon as Sebastian set down the wine Jim poured himself another, wishing it was something stronger. “He’s gone.” It was a rather big case of stating the obvious, but Jim was in shock and the realization was only just now starting to hit him. He kept going over the fight over and over again, working out where things went wrong and how this could have happened. “This is my fault. I thought I was helping him, I thought he could do it.” Jim stared at the table top for a minute before draining his glass again, it churned unpleasantly in his queasy and empty stomach. “Oh fuck…
Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck…” Jim covered his mouth with a shaking hand as his breathing started to come too quickly and he felt a panic attack coming. Now he was going through everything, all of their time together, the months spent in bed and at court, the first time they met in Baelish’s brothel. None of this would have happened if Jim had not wormed his way into Oberyn’s life, if he hadn’t tried to manipulate the man into political schemes he wasn’t aware of.

Sebastian looked up, worried, and then came over, grabbing the wine bottle and helping Jim over to the bed, “Nah, don't be stupid, calm down... look... he wanted to face the Mountain. That's what he came over here to do. If it hadn't been the trial he would've found some other way. He fucked it up, the stupid bastard. Seven gods..." He felt a slight wave of helplessness and sadness go through him, but quickly slammed the anger down on top of it and bundled Jim into his lap on the bed, pouring more wine into his cup. "That cup, then no more. Things'll move quickly now, and you'll need a clear head tomorrow."

“Stop it…” Jim’s voice wasn’t as strong as he wanted it to be but he could feel anger hot and wild underneath the numbness and he didn’t want to lose it on Sebastian just because the boy was too stupid to keep his mouth shut. Jim drank it obediently, something about the wine catching his attention – it was wrong. He had grown used to the taste of Dornish wine, warm and spiced, heady. This was watered down and sweet, maybe from High Garden. Jim still swallowed it down, desperately trying to smother the wave of anger and despair and panic that he felt rising up inside him. “Having a clear head rather defeats the purpose of getting drunk.” Jim stood and left Sebastian’s lap, pouring himself another glass – getting drunk was a safe thing to focus on, it gave him a task and he didn’t have to think too much.

Sebastian took a look at him and then stood, and knocked the goblet out of his hands, watching it spill out, “You can't get that drunk. Not drunk enough to leave for a few days, you don't have that luxury.” He snarled, trying to find a way to get it into Jim and hating himself for having to be so cruel. What he wanted was to let Jim get drunk and cry in his arms, what he had to do was keep the boy functional enough to cope with the next few days. "Tyrion Lannister is going to get executed tomorrow - do you know what that means? It means Varys has a plan, somewhere, which may need you. And it needs your brain, you can't destroy that."

“I don’t care. Oberyn’s life was worth more than a dwarf who fantasizes about little girls and who hits women. He’s vulgar and he’s cruel and I don’t care if he lives or dies. I will help Varys if that’s what he wants but this was a stupid idea – Varys should have left him to die.” Jim didn’t care that Tyrion was very likely innocent, “If he had killed that retched bastard of a king then maybe he would be worth saving, but no. He’s a drunk and a letch and for all I care Tywin can cut his head off tomorrow. One less Lannister running around.” Jim grabbed the wine and drank defiantly, straight from the skin because his cup was now on the floor.

Sebastian snatched the skin away, flinging it into a corner and then slapping Jim around the face, "Is that how you're going to think now? Judge people's worth by how you like them? Tyrion never wanted the Stark girl, Sansa, he never slept with her, never consummated their marriage. He risked the wrath of his father when any other man would have jumped into bed with her and ravished her on the spot. Can you even imagine if she'd been married to Ramsay? So he hits women and drinks. I hit women and drink. I'm sure a fair few women have hit him back. He's the best man on the small council aside from Varys, and Varys needs him. If you're going to run a vendetta against Lannisters just remember who you have standing in front of you."

Jim’s face turned with the force of the hit, he didn’t move or react except to go numb and cold. “Get out.” He didn’t want Sebastian here, it wasn’t that the man was right, he wasn’t. Jim just wanted to be alone.
Sebastian hesitated. He'd been half expecting Jim to turn on him like a wild thing and not sure what to do now he hadn't. He nodded though, and stalked out the door, shutting it behind him and loitering slightly awkwardly on the street. A man wearing a sackcloth robe and bare feet looked at him suspiciously, and a small child watched him warily from a doorway. Sebastian scowled, and then took a second look at the child. Well dressed and reasonably well fed for an urchin. Clearing his throat he snapped at the sky. "Spider needs tonight. He can come back tomorrow, yeah?" The man in sackcloth backed away and the child gave him an impassive look and then vanished.

Jim watched Sebastian go impassively, a few tears leaked from his eyes but quickly wiped them away and Sebastian didn’t see with his back turned to him. When the door shut loudly, Jim didn’t really know what to do with himself. The wine was gone and now there didn’t seem to be anything to do with himself. He needed a release, and his favorite release was gone now, his brains spilt out like the wine on the floor. Jim shuddered and looked away from the mess, not able to stand looking at it anymore. He needed to be able to focus now, to purge himself of the emotion he felt growing and ebbing under his skin impatiently. Jim couldn’t afford to lose himself to this, not even for a night. If he let himself feel then it would be too late. He’d have to accept that what he’d had was a weakness and he’d have to exorcise any remnants, any pieces that where left. Guilt rose up in him suddenly, guilt and self-loathing. Sebastian had been right, Jim was a wretched creature and it wasn’t difficult to see the pattern in the string of bodies he’d left behind. Jim reached inside his sleeve and pulled out one of his throwing needles, looking at it blankly a while before he sat on the bed and quickly stabbed himself in the arm with it before he could think about it too much. Pain always cleared his head, Sebastian said he needed his head clear… Oberyn would want Jim to focus and do his job. He’d want revenge. He wanted to make this right somehow but he didn’t know what to do. There had to be some way to make this right. He pulled the needle out and stuck himself with it a few more times, it hurt but there wasn’t a dangerous amount of blood, Jim couldn’t afford to get woozy. He was careful to avoid too many veins. Slowly the noise in his head quieted, he couldn’t hear Ellaria screaming anymore, and he was able to breathe around the tight band that crushed his chest. “I’m okay,” he whispered as he reached up with bloody fingers to touched the golden snake wrapped around his neck. “I’m okay.”

Sebastian waited outside, growing more and more anxious as there was nothing but silence from within and then finally decided Jim had had enough time and opened the door again, locking it behind him. Jim was sitting, silently clutching the snake necklace at his neck, and it wasn't until he walked around the still body that Sebastian saw the blood. He looked into Jim's eyes impassively, saw the dark walls behind them and sighed, tugging out a skien of water and using the edge of the shet to wipe away the mess, unhooking Jim's hand from the necklace with difficulty. "Come on, get your clothes off. Go on. Get into bed." And then, shaking his head, "Silly little bugger. You need pain, you ask me for it, alright? Don't need you doing something stupid to yourself."

“I was careful. I’m okay.” Jim muttered the words again, unfeeling and relieved. It took him an extra few seconds to remember that Sebastian wanted his clothes off and Jim started listlessly at his lap for another moment before he slowly started to undress, leaving his hurt arm limp in his lap. He’d remembered to avoid any major muscles in his arm but the wounds were deep and it still hurt so he didn’t try and move it too much. Jim took off everything but the necklace and laid down on top of the blankets, “I’m not tired.”

Sebastian sighed and then ripped the bottom of his cloak off, wrapping the sky-blue cotton around Jim's arm and shaking his head at the pin-point pricks of blood that escaped onto it as he worked. Jim was correct, no major damage had been done, but it still wasn't a sight he enjoyed seeing. "I know you're not tired. I know you might not sleep again for a while. Fuck, I know all I want to do is hold you and let you cry and all you want to do is drink yourself into black oblivion, but we can't.” He tugged his boots off, hopping round a little, and then tugged his shirt over his head. "So I wasn't sure if you wanted to fuck me senseless or if you wanted me to fuck you senseless but you
need an outlet somehow and this is the best one I know how to provide.

Jim shook his head slowly, he didn't want to be touched right now. “I have an outlet. I'm going to kill the Mountain.” Jim's voice was quiet but held absolute conviction, he’d do it soon, if the man didn’t die tonight Jim would finish the job tomorrow. “I’m not going to cry. He made me weak but he’s gone now, I don’t need that anymore.”

"The Mountain's dead or as good as." Sebastian sneered, leaving his trousers on and sitting on the bed. So Jim didn't feel like an outlet, which was a pity because Seb damn well did, still a little jumpy and twitching. "Good. Don't cry. I'm shite at comforting people. But it's not worth barging past Cersei Lannister to try and kill a man who'll already be suffering with poison dragging through his veins. You've got a world to take over, anyway."

“Cersei has that new man, Qyburn. You never met him but he treated me at Harrenhall. He does experiments, he has knowledge most Maesters don’t. There’s a possibility that he didn’t use a fast acting poison, since the Mountain was still – still alive. That give Qyburn time to find an antidote. If The Mountain isn’t dead by tomorrow I’m going to do the thing myself and you aren’t going to stop me. The job was to save Tyrion Lannister and get rid of the Mountain, I’ve done most everything needed for Varys to help Tyrion escape and that just leaves the Mountain.” Jim rolled over on his back, watching Sebastian apathetically, “If you want me, you can have me. I’m hardly going to tell you no.”

"Qyburn..." Sebastian frowned, "Just don't get yourself killed, and don't be pissing stupid." He slapped the bed next to Jim's head and then stood, worried he might hit him. "You really think I could take you like this? All limp and cold and empty? Maybe if I wanted to wake up dead on your orders, or if I truly hated both you and myself. Just... fuck..." He closed his eyes and then murmured quietly, "He told me, whispered in my ear that after this was done he's fuck me up the arse so hard Ramsay would hear it. Now he never will. I'll bloody miss him. But... I've got you."

“I’m not going to get myself killed, I’ve done this before. When I was young, before I trained at the brothel I was one of the Little Birds, mostly that means spying but sometimes that means assassination. Trickling men into taking me home and then leaving a corpse behind. I still remember how to do it without getting caught. I won’t fuck up.” Sebastian punched the mattress next to his head and Jim just watched him indifferently. “If I ever killed you I’d do the thing myself.” Jim almost smiled when Sebastian told him what the prince had promised but the expression never quite manifested because with it came the reminder that he was gone. “You can’t hurt me right. It needs to be me, I have the control that way. It doesn’t really matter.” Jim watched Sebastian pace around the room like a caged tiger. “I’m sorry.”

"I know, I know, just... don't sever an artery by mistake I'm not sewing you up and I'm damn well not leaving you in Qyburn's clutches." Sebastian grumbled moodily, pacing back and forwards in his trousers, occasionally growling a little, irritated at his own helplessness. "Why are you sorry, like I said it was his own bastard fault. Prancing around shouting bollocks for the world to hear instead of just stabbing him right through the chest." He wished he'd seen Tywin Lannister's face as the mountain had roared out the truth, but it seemed like a hollow victory now.

“Stop it.” Jim grit his teeth a little and looked away towards the door, starting to think about his responsibilities. “Qyburn was nice to me, he made Locke use lube after he tore me open while your brother watched. Lannisters are cowards.” Smart, self-preservation was the only way to survive in this world and Jim was not a big believer in living with honor but Jim never had a lot of power – he wasn’t a Lannister. “I think I should go and find Varys. There’s nothing productive to do here.” Jim needed to keep moving, he didn’t want to sleep and he didn’t want to fuck or eat – that was pretty much all that Sebastian used this room for. “You’re welcome to come with me, but you
don’t have to.”

"Fuck else am I going to do." Sebastian muttered, grabbing his shirt and pulling it back on again, then throwing open his trunk and grabbing another shirt for Jim, "That's far too big, just belt it around your waist so you don't stand out too much in the crowds. Lannisters may be cowards but they're bloody well good at surviving when they need to." Grabbing the skin of wine he'd thrown to the floor he upended it down his throat and then tossed it away again. "Fuck. Yeah. Varys. Let's go."

“Don’t tell Varys about my plans for the Mountain.” Jim pulled the shirt over his head slowly and rolling up a sleeve so that he didn’t get blood on his shirt and wordlessly handing over his arm to Sebastian so that the other boy could bind it up. “He’ll worry I’m putting revenge before Tyrion, I’m not. Everything will be done before I devote any time or attention to the Mountain, but Varys won’t understand that.” Jim pulled on his trousers and shoes and reached up to his ear, finding the crusted blood there and the missing cuff. Jim held his hand out and looked at Sebastian, “Give it back, I’ll put it away with my things when we get back. “I’m okay now.” Jim had only been able to put everything on pause, this wouldn’t last, but he’d find some way to keep it up until there was no more work to do.

"I won’t say a thing unless you ask me to." Sebastian promised, hesitating slightly before putting a hand into his pocket and handing back the cuff. It almost hurt him to give it back, remembering how jealous he'd been that Oberyn had bought Jim jewelry - how he'd wanted Jim to have something tiger-striped from Seb. At least Jim was looking better now, although he could recognize it was a temporary facade.

Jim nodded, pleased that he had Sebastian’s silence. He wasn’t trying to hide things from Varys but the man was paranoid and wouldn’t understand. Jim was still intensely loyal to the spider and that overrode everything else – even if he was hiding this, it wasn’t to hurt Varys. This was just something that Jim would have to do if he ever wanted to be able to sleep at night. He slipped the cuff in his pocket and squeezed it before leaving it there, he tucked the snake under his collar and nodded to Sebastian before they left. It was a bit of a walk to the castle but when they got there everything was surprisingly quiet. Most people had anticipated the Mountain’s victory and Tyrion’s execution, there was certainly a lot of talk but no preparations needed to be made. Tywin was efficient like that. Jim knocked on Varys’s door, determined to be useful and bury himself in work.

Varys opened the door, looking harassed and rushed and seemed surprised to see Jim. Quickly he hustled them both inside, making a displeased noise as Sebastian went straight for the wine. "There you are. I’d heard you were... indisposed." He gave Jim a quick little glance, but seemed far too preoccupied to make much of it. In the middle of the room was an open crate and Varys nodded at it, "Sebastian, when you've finished with the wine could you please take that down to the docks? I'll give you the name of the man to deliver it to, but it needs to be there and I'd rather people not know it came from me. Jim..." he turned, concern on his face, "Do take the evening if you need to. Bathe, rest, whatever you like. There's nothing that can be done now until nightfall."

“I’m okay,” Jim kept repeating the phrase and he reached up again unconsciously to grab at his necklace. I can help you pack at least. You’re leaving. Aren’t you?” Jim hurt badly for a moment at the idea that he’d be left in this city by two men who he cared about in a single day. A moment later the feeling was gone and he forcefully locked down on the emotions.

"Lord Tyrion will be leaving, I currently plan to stay, although do believe me I have been tempted."
Sebastian put down the wine, looking rather shamefaced, and headed to the crate, tugging it up onto one side. "Alright then. Yeah, I'm fine. Where am I taking this?"

Varys gave him a name and address, and then turned back to Jim as Sebastian tugged the crate onto his shoulders and left. "I'm glad you got out. It was mayhem. Absolute mayhem. The Martell woman screaming, Cersei yelling, Lord Tywin trying to establish order... that man is all that stands between King's Landing and anarchy." He reached up and stroked gently at Jim’s ear, wincing a little, "I will get Lord Tyrion out - I need him to do a rather important job for me, one that I would not trust anyone else to do. I should be returning before daybreak. I'll look at the reports from the North when I get back, we need far more information on Stannis than we have."

"Is she okay?" Jim asked quietly, speaking of Ellaria. “She has people to look after her and protect her, doesn’t she?” Personally at the moment Jim thought that the capitol could burn and he wouldn’t care, but there were plenty of innocent people that shouldn’t have to die for this, for Tywin Lannister’s grudge. “You trust Tyrion Lannister more than me?” Normally Jim would have never said it but he felt numb and wasn’t afraid of the truth today when everything was already wrong. Jim ducked his head away from Varys’s hand and accidentally lifted his injured arm to protect his sore ear.

Varys let his hand drop and looked at Jim gravely, then reverted back to professional, "Ellaria was not harmed, she was taken away by a handmaiden and will be returned safely to Dorne. I trust you far, far, more than I ever would trust Tyrion Lannister, but I cannot send you over the narrow sea to try and find a lost hope of a Queen. I need you here, and I need someone with a name to introduce to a Khaleesi. Lannister is a name, even if the name feels sour to us now." Reaching forward he gently gripped Jim's shoulders, "I am truly, truly sorry for what happened. It would have been better for us all if he'd won. But things move swiftly, and now we must remove Lord Tyrion to Essos, and ensure Ellaria is sent back to Dorne. We also need to do our utmost to prevent Dorne actually invading, Lord Tywin will be useful here, he cannot afford another war. This is a crucial time, a dangerous balancing time. I am... glad you were able to come back."

Jim maintained eye contact with Varys, daring the man to say anything and refusing to look away. Jim was relieved to hear that she was okay at least, taking a losing opponent’s woman was a common thing throughout history, and the Lannisters were definitely not above that. Ellaria was a strong woman but she would be hurting right now and needed someone to watch over her. Jim was satisfied at least that Varys trusted him, even if he wasn’t the right person for the job that needed doing. He understood the importance of delegating. He didn’t want to be touched but he wasn’t feeling suicidal enough to pull away from Varys’ grip on his shoulders, his platitudes weren’t welcome even though Jim was pretty sure that Varys meant them. “I’ve killed marks before, although very few by accident.” Moran was another one that Jim had not directly intended to die, but he’d been killed all the same because of Jim’s influence in his life. “I didn’t have a choice, there is too much to do here. It’s pointless time wasting and unproductive.” The words left a sour taste in Jim’s mouth but it was nothing worse than what he already felt.

Varys nodded, understanding that Jim wanted to be kept busy. "You've saved far many more." He said gently, moving his hands and heading to the desk, picking up three ravens notes. "This is what we have from the North so far, one copy of a note intercepted sent by Baelish, one from Roose Bolton requesting his son by officially recognised, that's been done by the way. And an intercepted one from Walter Frey. Notes on the little birds up there are here. Get me a strategy for it, work something out. That'll be your area. We want to know exactly what Stannis is up to."

Jim nodded and sat down stiffly, “My best guess is that Stannis is going to make a move on the Boltons. Until now his military strategy has involved removing all of the ‘false kings,’ starting with the weakest and working his way up. Rob Stark called himself the King of the North and now
Bolton holds that position, with the blessing of Tywin Lannister no less. He knows that he can’t take Tywin as long as the man has allies in the North. He’ll look to uproot the Boltons and then secure someone he trusts in the North, someone the Northmen will respect as their warden, and then he’ll use their might to move on the Capitol. That’s if he can beat the Boltons of course.” Jim bloody well hoped so. “I’ll work out a strategy and start getting spies in places we’ll need information.”

"Warden of the North, Bolton is Warden not king..." Varys muttered distractedly. "And yes, Stannis needs to defeat them. Who'd have thought we'd be relying on Boltons for a buffer-zone. There are still a few Starks running free, and of course he could always back a lesser house. I suspect the Boltons have been making plenty of enemies. If Stannis manages to take the North." He sighed and rubbed at his temples, ushering in a little bird through a side door, and nodding as she conveyed that Ser Jaime was ready and would carry out his part. "Good, good. If Stannis takes the North with the might of Braavos behind him, the Lannister/Tyrell alliance might not hold the South, and if Dorne attacks as well it'll be a disaster." He turned, stopping flapping around and looked at Jim, "Do you want to see Ellaria before she leaves?" He asked flatly, watching Jim's face closely for a response.

Jim personally was absolutely tired of seeing the Lannisters rule, that didn’t mean he wanted to see Stannis on the throne or see another war, but he couldn’t be sorry that the Lannisters were in deep shit when they were the root of all their problems. Varys was testing Jim with Ellaria but he kept his expression neutral, “Absolutely. If you are worried about Dorne waging war against the Lannisters then it is best that we do everything we can to show that we care about what happened to her… to the prince.” Jim corrected quickly, keeping his face blank. “It might not stop a war but quietly shuffling her out of the country is guaranteed to start one. We were barely able to hold off a war when Elia was killed, now Doran Martell has lost a brother and a sister to the Lannisters. His commitment to peace may not hold. We must do everything we can to assure him that this was a tragic accident of his brother’s own making and that we are very sorry for the prince’s loss.”

"Good. In that case go and see her. I have more than enough to keep Sebastian busy." He quickly gave directions to Ellaria's quarters and then as Jim turned he murmured, "My little spider - believe me I have no love for the Lannisters. But we need them, we need Tywin and we need Tyrion, because at the moment Tywin is all that stands between King's Landing and anarchy and Tyrion is the only person who could approach the Targaryans. Tommen is no King - Cersei and Margaery will tear the place apart between them and Mace Tyrell is as good as useless. I personally despise the Boltons, but we need them between us and Stannis. It is never easy. Now go."

Jim nodded to Varys, hatting his job very much for the first time. He did not want to work in the interest of the Lannisters, not because of what he had seen today but the long list of injustices and cruelties their family had inflicted upon the people. Still, he understood what Varys was afraid of and he couldn’t fault the man for the decisions he made. Varys was one of the few people in King’s Landing who was not in this for personal gain. Jim stopped by his quarters first to wash up and change into black robes, it wouldn’t do to show up a bloody haggard mess in Sebastian’s giant clothes. He kept his necklace tucked into his robes until just before he reached Ellaria’s door and then he pulled it out just before knocking, trying to figure out what to say to the woman.

There was silence for a moment as he knocked, then the sound of women's voices and then a servant opened the door, suspiciously, "Who is it...?"

Ellaria was on the bed, still tearful and shaking and when she looked up to see Jim she strode across, face twisted in pain and anger, and slapped him hard across the face. She started crying again then, grabbing Jim and tugging him inside, enfolding him in a hug, "H-he's gone! Oberyn! my Prince..." her words hitched and caught as her arms held Jim in a tight desperate hug.
Jim’s mouth twisted bitterly when Ellaria slapped him but otherwise kept his face expressionless and he never considered retaliating. The woman was grieving and Jim thought that he deserved worse for his part in this. She held him and Jim knew this had been a mistake, he couldn’t do this – her grief seemed contagious and he knew he’d have to do something to bring himself in line again after his visit. Seeing the pain he caused Ellaria was much worse than the needle. “I’m so sorry, my Lady…” Jim managed to wrap his arms around her and held her while she cried and he worked to keep his eyes dry and stay in a professional mindset. He couldn’t afford to be weak. “I’ve come to ask if there is anything I can do for you during this time. You showed me kindness and I know Ob – he loved you a great deal. I would see that your needs are met while you are still here in the Capital.”

She gave another wail, clutching him tight and then pulling back, looking at his face, her own tearstained and hurt, "Have... have you not even cried for him?" She stared at him horror struck and then threw him down to the floor, her fists beating at his body and at the floor around them both while handmaidens twittered around and tried to calm her. "He loved you! He would have given you anything! Did you just want his money, like all the others! Want his gold, his words... ohhhhhhh..." Her grief was heartbreaking and she flung herself down on the bed, tearing at the pillow, "Did you care for him at all, or were you just like them." She spat. "The Lannisters. I will kill them, every single one, from the old man to the littlest daughter."

Ellaria was taller than Jim and strong, he didn’t fight her or try to restrain her when she threw him to the floor and hit him, he didn’t even try and block – she needed to grieve and Jim had to be here when her lover could not. Jim’s expression twisted briefly when she accused him of taking Oberyn’s money, of using him. “Please don’t…” When she moved away Jim sat up, wiping some blood from him mouth and he sat on the bed with her and stroked her hair when she cried. “In Westeros we… have different expressions of grief my lady. I did not use him for money for anything else. I – I loved him very much and I will miss him every day.” Jim took a breath and bit at his split and swollen lip, aggravating the injury until he felt like he could speak without his voice shaking. “You have lost so much and there is nothing I can do to return what has been taken from you.” Jim leaned forward so that he could speak quietly in her ear so that the servants would not overhear. “But if the Mountain survives the night I will finish it myself. It is the least I could do. I know that it does not begin to fix things, but I know that I would not be able to sleep without knowing that man is in the ground.”

She looked up at him then, sniffling and wrapping her arms around him. "H-he told me." She murmured eventually, stroking his hair. “Came to me, told me that he and his little viper had come up with such a plan, such a wonderful plan..." She sighed and pulled away, gesturing to a handwoman who bought over some warm clean water and a cloth. Dipping it in she began to clean Jim's lip, automatically. "He came to fight that brute. That was his purpose. That was all he wanted. It is possible I will never forgive you." She managed a small tearful smile at Jim, "But one day, you should at least forgive yourself. Tears will let you do that. Grief will let you do that. They do nothing properly in Westeros."

Jim had never had difficulty understanding why Oberyn loved Ellaria so much, but this made it more clear to him than ever. He softened some and let her hold him while he pressed his forehead into her shoulder to hide his expression. If she noticed the redness of his eyes she didn’t comment on it. Jim was only twenty and had never known the gentleness or love of a woman, of a mother and for the first time in his life he regretted that. Ellaria cleaned his lip and Jim let her, knowing that he shouldn’t let himself take comfort from her touch but it was difficult to deny himself something so basic as gentleness from a fellow griever. “I thought I could give him something in return for all of the kindness he showed me.” Jim’s mouth twisted up and he cleared his throat and shook off the heavy regret he felt. “I understand my Lady, I very much doubt that I ever will but your kindness is appreciated, it’s more than I deserve.” Just being in this room was hard, it smelled...
Dorish and like Oberyn and Jim felt its loss already. He managed a small smile for her and nodded, “You are correct, of course. Are you sure there is nothing I can do for you?”

She shook her head, sniffling, running thumbs under her eyes to clear her tears, "No... thank you. Thank you for visiting, for seeing me. Nobody else has. I shall go back to Dorne." She looked at him, a moment of sharpness through the haze of her grief, "I will not tell you what plans I have, I still have no knowledge of who you are working for. But believe me, the Lannisters will pay, and they will know grief." She held an arm out to him. "Stay... just for a while. You knew him. The whore did not."

Jim wasn’t surprised that no one had been to visit Ellaria, if Oberyn hadn’t been so fond of him she probably would have cut something off. “A wise decision, my lady. You should have the support of your people, your family. They will sing songs about him all the way to Dorne.” Jim sighed lightly and wasn’t entirely sure how to answer her. “I serve the realm. But just between the two of us I can’t say that more dead Lannisters would bring me grief.” Jim nodded carefully, sitting a little bit closer to the woman but he was unsure of what exactly she wanted him to do. “Whatever you want my lady.” Jim was committed to at least trying to fix this, even if he could never pay her back for the years lost, he could at least try. It was something to do and everyone else was being frustratingly vague – telling him that he had work to do and then not giving him any work.

Ellaria looked at him, sitting there, trying to be helpful, trying to work out what she wanted, when of course all she wanted was something that could not happen; for the last day to unwind itself like a woolen garment, ready to be re-knitted into something she wanted. She sighed and stroked his hair, but he clearly wasn’t about to unbend and the last thing she wanted was an awkward young man carefully controlling his feelings. Reaching forward she kissed his forehead. "Thank you for coming to see me. Go now, do what you need to do. And I will do the same."

Jim felt a small pang of loss as Ellaria asked him to leave, even if it had hurt being here he felt – a kindred-ness to her and her pain. Even if he wasn’t in a position where he could experience it himself there was something releasing about seeing her, like she could grieve for both of them. Jim hoped that she never forgave him, if that was just a small part of her hatred it still would see her through. “I understand. I meant what I said, earlier. I intend to keep my promise.” Jim leaned forward and kissed her cheek, squeezing her soft hand encouragingly. “You should rest if you can. You know where my rooms are if you need anything. As a fellow bastard it was an honor to have met you, Ellaria Sand.” Jim squeezed her hand once more and even managed a sad smile before he stood and fixed his robes where they had gotten rearranged during their little fight on the floor. His lip was still split open but it wasn’t bleeding much anymore.

She tugged him close for a final hug before he left, kissing his forehead again and murmuring, “Come to Dorne some day, you will like it. But not in the next year or so, the sand snakes will bite.” She stroked the blood away from his lip and then let him go, turning to embrace her handmaidens as he left.

He bowed and took his leave, trying to work out what he should do next – but the time with Ellaria had muddled his thoughts, released something in him that he needed to stay quiet and unnoticed. Eventually he just went back to his room to wait for Seb, there wasn’t anything else Varys wanted him to do and if he needed him he knew where to find him. At least here he had some semi-privacy. He was tempted to pull the needle out again but it was still sinking in that Varys had seen his arm and Jim wasn’t keen on giving the man any further ammunition on him. The pain helped him focus and work, that was what Varys wanted so Jim didn’t see why he had any reason to judge him for it, but Varys could be strange like that sometimes.
Chapter End Notes

TW: Canon character death, gore, self harm
Sebastian had spent most of the day lugging chests and various luggage down to the docks, he'd caught sight of Jaime once but the man had scuttled away from him. Miserably, he'd headed back to Jim's room when Varys had dismissed him, hesitating as he saw Jim inside, sitting on the bed. He knew Jim was still hurting, in some strange distant way Sebastian had no hope of touching, and he was starting to feel the aching pain himself. Oberyn was dead, Paul had fled, King's Landing was full of strange people and customs, and now Jim, the reason he'd decided to stay, was going hard and cold and hurt, and he seemed powerless. Unable to think of anything to say he tugged his boots off and then lay down on the bed next to Jim, his mind frantically shuffling through options for conversation as the silence grew stranger and more oppressive.

Jim had sat in his room for an indeterminate amount of time but he thought that it was probably a lot longer than was reasonable to just stare at a wall. It felt like he’d been there maybe half an hour but in reality it had been closer to two, it was night now. Once he’d established that there was no wine in his room – probably due to Varys’s influence he’d sat down on the edge of the bed and stared at the wall, resisting the urge to hurt himself. He was still somewhat embarrassed that he had done it at all, and twice in one day was excessive he thought so he sat there and tried to come up with reasons why he shouldn’t. This hadn’t been the first time he’d done something like this, he’d tried it the first time when he was a young child working at the brothel and that kind of thing still bothered him, back when it made him feel dirty in a way that he’d never felt before even though it had been the first time in his life he was bathing regularly. Luras had beaten him stupid for it, for damaging merchandise, and he told Jim that if he did it again he wouldn’t even bother with kicking him out of the brothel, he’d just drown him and leave him in the bay. That was the first time that Jim had truly realized he was an object, a valued one, to be sure, but an object all the same. There were more instances after that but Jim’s memories were disrupted by Sebastian, Jim didn’t want to look at him because of the scene he made earlier today. It was just shameful. The worst part was Jim still wasn’t ready – he was still off balance and shaken from seeing Ellaria and he kept hearing her accusations and the sounds she made when he died earlier. Sebastian laid down next to him and Jim couldn’t think of anything to say. He wanted to be touched but not when he was like this. All jagged and barely held together. He’d cut someone.

Sebastian closed his eyes, but there was no way at all he would be able to sleep like this - not with Jim next to him, not with Jim staring so blankly. Another eternity of silence stretched out before Sebastian licked his lips and managed horsely, "How was she. Ellaria, his... woman." He still wasn't quite sure of the relationship between her and Oberyn but knew they'd been close. He remembered Oberyn's last whisper - how they'd been going to throw themselves into another bout of sex after the fight with Oberyn triumphant and crowing, and Jim all smug and satisfied, and Sebastian - Sebastian knew he would've been rammed hard and loved well by one or both of them. But now it was all too late. He felt tears prick up against his eyes and angrily tried to force them down.

“She hit me,” Jim’s tongue peeked out to lick at the split there on his lip. He took a deep breath and let it out carefully, trying to find a way to talk about it and keep his voice steady. “Ellaria asked if I was fucking him for his money. And she told me that she can never forgive me.” Jim nodded blankly as if agreeing with some inner thought, “She’s grieving and she’s angry. They were together for years. We’ll be lucky if she doesn’t start a war.”
"Why shouldn't she start a war..." Sebastian mumbled back. "Won't make any difference. People will hurt and people will die and that's what they do." He stared blankly at the knowledge that Ellaria had hit Jim - of course she had, and it wasn't as if he could be there to help, or protect Jim, or... anything. "Fuck, fuck..." he murmured as tears began to squeeze uncontrollably out of his eyes, as the wonderful night in the tent by Winterfell seemed to grow even further away. It was dark, thankfully, and with any luck Jim couldn't see his response.

“I’m tired of seeing your father on the throne. Varys thinks that we need the Lannisters to protect us from Stannis.” Jim shook his head slightly, “Tywin versus Stannis, the Martells, the white walkers and the Targaryen dragons? He doesn’t stand a chance. At least with a Martell as our ruler there’s one less opponent in the long run. Who knows.” Jim was just tired of feeling like all of his work was for nothing, his work at the Dreadfort and Harrenhall didn’t stop the war or stop the Boltons taking over, climbing into bed with the prince hadn’t spared his life, and now he was working to ensure the Lannisters stayed in power while the common people suffered. For a moment after Sebastian’s outburst Jim just sat there, not knowing what to do, but eventually he reached out and petted the boy’s hair uncertainly, trying to mimic Ellaria’s comfort from earlier. “It’s okay,” he whispered the words from earlier that he’d used to psych himself up into this state. “It’s okay.”

"Wish he hadn't died..." Sebastian mumbled, feeling even worse now that Jim was the one giving him comfort, "Wish it had been me, fighting then. Mountain would've smashed me, but it would've made fuck all difference and your Dornish Prince would still be alive..." The tears were far too obvious now and he turned away from Jim, rolling up, "Sorry I stopped you getting drunk." He muttered, rather wishing Varys had left them both with a lot of wine, or at least some. There was more he wanted to say, but there was no way he could manage more without sniffling or sounding disgustingly weak.

“Please stop,” Jim shook his head and cleared his throat to dispel the crack he could hear in his voice, Sebastian was breaking him and he couldn’t deal with that right now. “If – if it had been you in there he still would have left and then I would have had no one. Don’t think like that. I – value you both and I wouldn’t trade one of you for the other.” It was true that Jim had loved Oberyn much longer, and possibly more, but that wasn’t how he saw things when he couldn’t stand to lose either of them. Sebastian rolled away from his touch and Jim withdrew his hand blankly, surprised that such a little rejection could hurt him when he was already at this point. “You were right,” it was hard for Jim to say, he felt like Varys and Oberyn had both tried to create him in their image and now those two parts of him were at odds with each other. They couldn’t both exist, Jim couldn’t be the perfect spy – unattached and focused with all of this messy emotion in the way. The prince had been a fighter, but he wasn’t a strategist. A tactician needed a clear head and a hard heart. “It was selfish of me. I’m focused now so you don’t need to worry.” Jim frowned and stared at the wall for a minute, wondering if he could make up some more work to do.

Sebastian took a deep breath, managing to hide most of the tremors, his eyes squeezing shut and then deciding that Jim's needs were more important than his own weakness right now and rolled back over, wrapping an arm around Jim and holding him close. "S' - S'alright. Fuck. I-it’s part of the job I guess. Not really a job I'm used to. I-" And then he couldn't really hold it back, shaking and trembling in Jim's arms as it finally washed over him just what Jim had lost, what a fucked up mess they'd both made of it. They'd fallen in love, like two dopey little kids on holiday, and it had come back to hurt both of them badly. For Jim though, Jim who'd barely known such love before, Sebastian could feel his heart cracking at the thought.

Jim tensed up a little when Sebastian wrapped his arms around him, he’d done a lot of regressing today – he’d lost a lot of the work Oberyn had done with him and that was frustrating. He just – couldn’t do it without losing himself completely so he scrambled and held onto his self-
control tightly while he wrapped his arms around Sebastian and tried to comfort him. “It’s okay. You don’t have to be sad… because everything’s okay. Don’t be sad.” His tone was vaguely soothing but mostly blank, speaking out loud the internal mantra he’d practically hypnotized himself with today. “That’s what happens Seb. Sometimes they die, sometimes they make you leave, most times you leave first but all marks leave in the end.” Until Oberyn that had been an encouragement to Jim when he felt frightened or he was ready for a job to be over. “Don’t cry for them, they don’t really love you. It’s not real.” Jim had run out of soothing words and had fallen back on what he knew, on the things he told himself at night when he was a child to get him through another day. He was sort of out of it and wasn’t aware that his words were probably a little strange for the situation. But the prince had been a mark, that was why Jim approached him. He’d played a good game.

Sebastian's eyes opened properly at that, no longer worried about his own weakness as he froze slightly at Jim's words. He'd not really understood before just how much Jim had twisted his own thoughts around. He was suddenly starting to understand more about what Jim had been going through, how he'd had to deal with Sebastian and Sebastian's father. He stroked Jim's back softly and sighed, sniffing a little more. "Nah, it's not alright. Not yet. And I am fucking sad, I'm damn destroyed." He reached forward and kissed softly under Jim's eyes, "He loved you." he whispered gently "It was real. He did love you. He didn't love me but maybe he would have."

“Don’t say that,” Jim swallowed hard and looked away, trying to get everything to settle again. It was okay, Jim was breathing and his body was in fairly good shape and he’d never have to take another mark after this. His prospects were very good. “No, no, no, that’s not how it works.” Jim whispered with more emotion behind his words than he’d shown since this morning. “It can’t be real because you can’t fall in love with a ghost. You can’t love something that’s not real. I’m not real – I’m not a scholar for Lys, I don’t work for the Eyrie, I don’t believe in love. None of it’s real. You can’t love someone who isn’t real.” Jim had to take a breath and tuck his head against Sebastian’s shoulder while he gripped the boy back hard.

"Oberyn was a Prince, and he loved a spy. Wasn't that real?" Sebastian whispered back, his arms wrapped tight around Jim, feeling little fingers gripping back at him, "I was just a northern bastard who couldn't fight very well and I love you. That was damn well real and still is. For a bit I worried it might not be, but... it was. I loved you when I thought you were a whore, I loved you when you were all smug and in a dress and I loved you when you limped back from Harranhall - unbroken and undefeated. You're no ghost - you're real flesh and blood and he loved you and don't you ever believe he didn't. Fuck." There was no stopping tears now, wet hot tracks that he was pretty sure Jim would be able to feel against his hair. "And anyway - I loved him. A little. I loved the way he treated you."

Jim couldn’t say anything to that, just shook his head quickly over and over like he thought it could keep Sebastian’s words from landing and taking root. “Oh gods – don’t. Don’t do this.” He wasn’t ready for the realization to hit him yet and he could feel the façade of tranquility breaking. Jim didn’t know what he would find underneath, only that it was messy and ugly and he didn’t want it, he couldn’t do it and still do his job. “Can’t. Fuck I can’t care Sebastian. Because it’s going to take hold and it’s never going to shake lose, emotion fucks with your head and I won’t be able to be objective again.” If Jim let himself feel this, if he let it be real then he’d never let Sebastian out of his sight because he’d know what it felt to lose that and he couldn’t do it over and over again. He needed to be objective or Sebastian couldn’t do his job.

Sebastian drew back and sniffled a bit, wiping his eyes, "Huh." he sniffled again, trying to make it look like he wasn't crying and stroking Jim with his free hand. "I'll stop if you want. But that's bullshit about emotions. Ramsay never damn well feels them and he's as well balanced as a wheelbarrow with no wheel. You can care, and you can be emotional, you've just got to control it -
iron fucking rigid control. Don't ask me about that because I'm shite at it, but I know I can feel tonight and still go out and be there for you tomorrow. It - it needs to be another part of you. Otherwise you'll lose any ability to be anything other than numb and that'll do fuck all for your objectivity."

“What do you know about it…?” Jim whispered without heat, feeling pretty miserable and pathetic and he hurt so fucking much he just needed it to stop. “If I asked you to would you hurt me right now?” He had noticed a while ago that Sebastian was crying it hadn’t really registered because Sebastian hurting meant that something was wrong.

Sebastian shook his head, "What do I know? Precious fucking little. I -" He hesitated, not sure at all whether he should continue and then sighed, his fingers carding through Jim's hair, "Alright, I was bloody loopy about Ramsay, you know. Fancied the pants off him. Even when he fucked me up, I used to pretend that was him showing me he loved me - him giving me more chances to show him how much I could take for him. Then... well... it became clear he didn't give a fuck about me, and... we sort of settled into mates. Then there was you, and I was fucking loopy over you as well. And then I loved you." He looked down at Jim gravely. "If you need me to hurt you I can, because fuck I know that sometimes pain needs to happen. I won't kill you, and I wouldn't injure you - not unless it was a desperate situation and that was the only way. But if you need pain I can give it to you."

“I tried to tell you Ramsay was a beast,” Jim scratched at the scars on his arm lightly, trying not to think about it too much when he already felt so shit. Sebastian’s fingers through his hair were comforting and he started to get a little scared that he was being so nice and gentle, what kind of shape must he be in if Sebastian was trying to comfort him? “I’m sorry I made you love me. I was scared... I don’t think I even realized that at the time, but I was. I didn’t start in on you until after Ramsay attacked me, I needed someone on my side. And lust is the easiest emotion to manipulate someone into, I already knew you wanted me, but it had to be something more than what your father felt for me. I manipulated you into it. If I had pushed you away or antagonized you it probably wouldn’t have happened.” Jim wasn’t sure exactly if Sebastian’s life would have been better without Jim, but it had to be something more than what your father felt for me. I manipulated you into it. If I had pushed you away or antagonized you it probably wouldn’t have happened.” Jim felt like he should be punished, he’d made a horrible miscalculation, this was his fault and he shouldn’t be well when the prince was not. “He – he’s gone. Fuck. Fuck, fuck no. Gods what have I done?” He started shaking first as he tried to keep everything back and then the first couple of tears fell as his breath started coming far too fast – Jim couldn’t breathe and he latched onto Sebastian hard with fear, it felt like he was being poisoned.

Jim was breaking apart in front of him, and suddenly, like he was on the other end of the see-saw, Sebastian's head started to clear as Jim fell, watching the body twitch and shake like a drowning man. He kept his arms wrapped around Jim, sliding one hand down to gently rub and then dig his nails into Jim's flank, "I fell in love with you." He said gently. "I wanted to, and I've never regretted it. Maybe you made it happen, so what if you did. I'm a big boy, I can live with the consequences of my own feelings. Oberyn took the consequences of his own decisions. He decided to fight. I decided to sleep with you. You beautiful slick little twisting crazy thing. You've lost a lover. It'll hurt like your heart being torn out, probably worse. But you've still got another lover, and I'm not fucking going anywhere." He removed his nails and rubbed the area gently again, and then said gravely, "If you need a belting let me know. And afterwards I'll hold you till the crying stops and some of the hurt dies down. That's what hurt does, eventually."

Jim continued to gasp for breath desperately, feeling a little dizzy as his blood took on too much oxygen and he got a head rush. Jim grabbed Sebastian’s arms hard enough that the shaking stopped in them even if the rest of him still vibrated with tension as his panic attack took
hold. “You – you’re… fuck I love you, of course I do you crazy bastard.” Jim couldn’t breathe but he felt like he had to tell Sebastian that, because he needed Sebastian’s support right now. He pressed his lips against Sebastian’s hard but he didn’t try and deepen the kiss or start anything up, he just needed to stop breathing for a second so that he could calm down. “Choke me,” Jim gasped as he dug his nails into Sebastian’s back. He didn’t want the belt, taking it on the back would he hard psychologically but that area had some pretty severe nerve damage from scar tissue, and a belting wouldn’t feel like dying a little bit. Besides, stopping himself from breathing might help him get his breath back when it was over.

Sebastian hesitated and then nodded, offering a quick prayer to the gods that he could do this correctly and not accidently fuck it up and kill Jim. If he did, at least there was the thought that Varys would have his hide. He rolled over, kneeling up above Jim, and wrapped two large hands around his throat, stroking gently before increasing the pressure, "Just know why I'm doing this..." he rumbled. "It's not a punishment, not because I want to hurt you. It's to help you leave things for a little, it's because I fucking love you, James, and I need you back."

Jim wheezed hard as Sebastian’s hands slowly tightened around his throat, the boy blocked off blood flow rather than his air – probably because he was afraid of damaging Jim’s wind pipe. Immediately he could hear and feel his pulse rushing, trying to move around the blocked arteries, Jim felt his face go red and his hearing dulled until all he could hear was his pulse and the ragged little breaths he took, his body still fighting for air even as Jim started to relax and focus on going limp so that he wouldn’t get hurt. It made him aware of his body and what was happening, something that he hadn’t really been aware of while he was disassociating. Jim watched Sebastian’s face, just staring at him until the blood rush hit and he couldn’t see. That was when he started to panic, he was afraid that Sebastian would go too far and Jim grabbed at his hands ineffectually while tears leaked down his face.

Sebastian held his hands hard in place, watching Jim's look daze, watching his body twitch and then go limp and then Jim's fingers scrabbled at his hands and he couldn't help a smile, giving it a few seconds that to Jim must have felt like infinity before loosening his grip, reaching down to kiss at the tears, "Shhhh beautiful thing. I know what I'm doing. You'll be struggling to speak tomorrow, but you'll not be dying tonight." He waited as Jim gasped, watching his lips to make sure they didn't turn blue, and then tightened his hands again.

Jim groaned, his throat felt awful but he took in air while he could when Sebastian loosened his grip the rush was exquisite as his body released endorphins as his blood reached his brain unimpaired. He’d thought it was done so when Sebastian tightened his grip again Jim tensed up and he started getting hard – intellectually he’d never been into a lot of pain but his body had been trained to respond a certain way and learning how to survive a choking and look sexy when you felt like you were dying had definitely been a part of his training. He trusted Sebastian though, he wasn’t afraid to die but his body still fought and his eyes blurred with tears as his body was pushed to the edge and his mind couldn’t keep up the barriers anymore. “Fuck – fuck!” He wheezed around Sebastian’s hands, Jim reached up and held the boy’s wrists, just to have something to grab onto so he didn’t lose himself.

Sebastian felt Jim getting hard underneath him but knew, as certainly as if he'd been told, that unless Jim jumped him he wasn't getting laid tonight. To try and take Jim now would be a betrayal of everything he'd been asked to do, everything Jim needed from him right now. He loosened his hands a small amount, tightened again, watching Jim's eyes roll and his legs twitch, feeling his hands scrabble at Sebastian's wrists. It made him feel a little sick, remembering the last time he'd watched Ramsay do this, how long the sadistic boy had kept it going for, the state the poor stablehand had been in by the end. He twisted his fingers painfully against the skin and then released, stroking the side of Jim's face, waiting to see if he needed more.
Jim rolled a little until he was lying on his side and he could cough roughly while he rubbed at his throat, the panic attack had passed but he was still hurting – it hadn’t been enough. “Still hurts, just want it to stop hurting…” Jim reached up and grabbed the back of Sebastian’s neck and started to kiss him desperately, warring impulses battling it out. On one hand he did want physical contact, he wanted to feel real, he wanted to feel something other than grief and regret and guilt. But fucking someone else, even if they had never been true to each other to begin with, felt so fucking wrong. He was meant to be punished not, enjoying himself. But it was only recently that Jim had started enjoying sex at all, before that it was work on the best days and a punishment on the worst ones. Jim arched up underneath Seb, whispering raggedly, “hurt me.”

Sebastian slid an arm behind his head as Jim reached up, kissing him back hard and biting at soft full lips. He sighed, knowing exactly what Jim wanted and feeling a little unhappy that he had to be the one who did it. But there was no point inviting anyone else in here, Jim would clam up instantly. His hand scratched hard at Jim's side, "I'll hurt you." he murmured as they separated, "It'll hurt a lot. But I want you to promise me that you won't hate me for it, 'k? Or if you hate me, at least you won't feel nothing for me. I'm not another mark. I'm yours." With that he spat on his fingers and roughly shoved two of them hard inside Jim's tight little entrance.

“Won’t hate you,” Jim whispered as he kissed as much of Sebastian’s skin as he could reach. “Fuck, you’re all I have anymore – I’m not sending you away.” Jim grimaced a little, “Make me bleed, fuck I can take it.” Jim groaned painfully as he pushed back against Sebastian’s hand and his cock really started to get hard as training took over. Sebastian said that he wasn’t another mark, and that was true. He belonged to Jim and nothing would change that, but he was conditioned to see certain circumstances in a certain light and Jim turned the charm up hard, trying to lose himself in the role so that he didn’t have to be so fucking miserable for a few minutes. Jim the whore never felt anything. He wondered briefly if it was more destructive long term to hurt himself with a needle or a knife or if this kind of psychological damage was worse. “Couldn’t hate you. Didn’t hate you when you were a prick from the Dreadfort, and I didn’t hate you when you hit me or called me names. Now come on, you’ve got nothing to be afraid of tiger.”

Sebastian looked down at him, and then smirked, noticing the game Jim was playing. Well - if the only times he got to fuck Jim were when they were having a game, so be it. He was starting to get an idea of all the things Jim had been through, and if games were the only way the boy could manage sex, well, he'd be happy with Jim in a dress, or Jim playing this game. His two fingers twisted hard and rough up Jim's entrance and he reached forward and gave his bottom lip a hard bite, "You know you're not getting lube, don't you? I'll stretch you good and then fuck you hard, but you'll be all raw and hurting when Varys gets back tomorrow.”

Jim’s lip had stopped bleeding but it broke open again as the other boy bit down hard on his lip, Jim tasted the metallic blood in his mouth and he groaned before kissing Sebastian back, sharing the taste. Sebastian said he wasn’t getting lube and Jim remembered the spiced container from Dorne sitting in his bedside dresser, “No lube. I don’t want to be able to walk tomorrow.” Jim wanted to spend all day tomorrow lying in bed and drinking himself stupid, even if that was not likely to happen, he could still hope.

Sebastian gave a tight little nod and then shoved a third finger in, twisting and stretching, watching Jim's eyes, trying to find the point where it was too much. It was difficult to remain hard now, strangely, this felt like an exercise in one of Ramsay's games no harder Sebby, c'mon, make him cry... that's it... now get me the knife and the thought almost killed his arousal, making him hastily drag up memories of Jim splayed out in the dress, Jim smirking and smiling, Oberyn... oh God... the look Oberyn had last given him when I've killed him my Tiger, I'll fuck you raw on his bloody cloak. Tugging Jim's legs up he buried his head between Jim's legs, licking and sliding his tongue over every part of him, hiding his expression.
Jim yelped and started to struggle away, he hadn’t been fucked like this in a year – since Harrenhall. Before – this. Sebastian’s mouth was good but that wasn’t what Jim wanted right now. He let the whore go, watching Sebastian carefully and noticing that something was wrong – he wasn’t hard. Jim sighed and pushed Sebastian away before crawling into his lap and straddling him. “What wrong tiger? You can talk to me.”

"I... oh shite..." Sebastian looked down at him miserable. He wanted to be strong for Jim, but right now he felt distinctly delicate, and now was when Jim needed him most. "Fuck I'm trying Jim, b-but I don't want to. Don't want to hurt you. I can, if you need it I'll bloody well make myself, b-but I don't think I can get hard." He wrapped his arms around the little body in his arms, kissing at the bruises on his neck, "I miss that Dornish bugger. And I miss Bronn and Jaime. Fuck I even miss my dad and Ramsay. Just... keep losing people, and I'm fucking terrified I'll lose you as well - because I'm not good enough." He stroked Jim's cheek fondly, "And you... every time you find something a little wrong, little cracks, you fucking panic and think it's your responsibility to cover them up. Just let them a little crack, alright? Especially for tonight."

"It's fine," it hadn't occurred to Jim that Sebastian might not want to hurt him, that it would actually hurt him to do it. Jim didn't want to hurt anyone else. He shushed Sebastian quietly, holding him and rubbing his back. "I'm not going anywhere. You just have to trust me. I've never lost anyone before but I wouldn't do that to you now." He grunted as Sebastian kissed his bruises and aggravated them with the pressure. "What do you think I should do then, since you know so much about it?" Jim's tone was a mite sarcastic and teasing but he genuinely would take direction right now if he thought it was good. He was drowning in his own inadequacy and couldn't help but cling to whatever life preserving pieces floated by.

Sebastian hesitated, looking down at Jim, and trying to think hard, despite the misery washing around the room and half drowning him. He had no idea what Jim should do - his own emotional development was stunted enough, and what an ex-prostitute, damaged and beaten through the years, should do to mourn the only man who'd shown him love, was beyond him. He gave an awkward half shrug and then licked his lips nervously, "That's your call. But just know that here, with my arms around you, you are safe to do what you need. I won't leave, I won't sneer, I won't laugh or look down on you. You need to break, then break. Cry, then cry. Scream, hurt, order me to do the vilest things to me or you or hell, to the Lannisters. Then tomorrow you'll be back to snapping at the little birds and I'll be back to swinging a sword but now, and fuck, whenever you need it, you can just be fucking you, right?" He felt a warm glow of usefulness fall over him, the certainty of what he was saying settling down, "'S what I'm for." He wasn't yet the strongest fighter, or bravest warrior, and he certainly wasn't rich or influential, but he could give Jim this.

Jim stared at Sebastian, fairly shocked by what he was promising. “I don’t know how to break,” he whispered quietly. The idea was vaguely terrifying, mostly because it was something that people had been trying to do to him since he was a child and he’d always resisted it or weaseled his way out. They hadn’t even broken him at Harrenhall, not entirely anyway. But even giving that much ground had set him back for months, he’d never fully recovered. He didn’t know what he would look like on the other side or if he’d be able to put the pieces back together in the right way. He started crying quietly, Jim didn’t really notice when he was lost in his thoughts like this, “I don’t know if I can do that. If I can break and put myself back together by tomorrow. It’s not that simple.” Jim either needed time to heal or not to heal at all, he didn’t have the luxury of any other options, and he really didn’t have the luxury of time either. He was shocked that Sebastian wanted him to be himself, when no one else had ever really wanted that, except perhaps Oberyn. “You don’t understand, I don’t know who that is. You don’t understand what you’re offering me. I’ve spent my whole life being other people, even with Varys or Baelish and – I don’t know how to do that.” It was fucking hard saying that he didn’t know something, especially
something so intrinsic and supposedly instinctual. But Jim had lost himself a long time ago and he’d never tried to find those pieces again, because they were weak and held him back. They didn’t help him survive so he’d cast them away, now when he was safe enough to be himself he didn’t know how.

"You won’t break while you’re here." Sebastian whispered back, just stroking his back gently, vaguely remembering his mother doing something of the sort when he’d been very young. Break had been the wrong word, he knew, this wasn’t breaking, this was Jim tugging himself together, piece by piece. "You’ve been twisted and bent but you’ve always survived, you mad beautiful thing. Except now you've got to try and twist back, knock away the bits they've mauled, pull the bits of you back together..." He remembered the maester, working away at some poor soul Ramsay had torn to pieces - if skin and bone could heal, maybe fractured minds could as well. "I know it's not simple, hell Jim I'm not expecting you to wake up tomorrow all right. Just... a bit better maybe." His hand kept stroking Jim's back gently, "'S not asking you to become weak - it'll make you stronger, I promise, because if you know how to deal with hurt then even people who hurt you they'll never stand a fucking chance... look at it this way." He drew back a small amount and smirked at Jim, "Tomorrow, you're gonna kill the Mountain - yes? When you do that, do you want to be numb and empty? Or do you want to feel the warm hot satisfied rush - to know your Prince has been avenged, to know the lesson has been learnt."

Jim sighed by nodded, “I want to kill that fucker. And I want to feel it.” He smiled and pressed into Sebastian, trying to convey wordlessly how much the other boy meant to him. For a moment Jim tried to imagine what he would be doing right now if Sebastian had just gone back home after he dropped Jim off in King’s Landing. It was a highly unpleasant thought, being alone and having to hide what he was feeling from everyone. Having someone to share it, someone who knew the prince even briefly, was what made this bearable. "Don't think you're going to like what I've got planned for that…” he whispered into Sebastian’s shoulder, wiping away his tears impatiently.

"As long as the fucker hurts I don't care." Sebastian growled back, still petting him gently, but not yet recovered enough for his cock to be interested in the proceedings. It was... nice though. Hugging someone so close knowing they weren't going to get bored and squirm or get evil and hurt him. They molded together, him and Jim and he felt strangely peaceful, despite the misery. "Just knowing that fuckers been in agony almost makes it worth it. That poison's supposed to be deadly."

Jim shook his head lightly. “No, I mean you aren’t going to like how I plan to get access to him. I need to see Ellaria again tomorrow.” To remain inconspicuous it would be best if Jim could use more of the same poison Oberyn used, that way it could pass off as a coincidence. If Jim used a knife or a different poison then that was riskier but not impossible. Just then the bells rang loudly through the castle and Jim sat ramrod straight while he listened to them, as if he could discern who they were ringing for just by the sounds. “Oh fuck. Something’s gone wrong.” Jim got up and washed his face quickly before he started to pull his black robes on again. “We need to check on Ellaria and find Varys. Get dressed quickly, someone’s been killed.”

"Someone important..." Sebastian scowled, angry that they’d been interrupted during something that had been sweet, and different, and important. And now they were thrown back into the chaos, although Jim somehow seemed better. More... focused at least. He tugged his clothes on quickly, giving Jim a quick kiss on the cheek as he passed him and reached for his sword. He could hear servants running around outside, some cries and noises, the bells kept ringing. There was a frantic knock on the door, low down on the wood and Sebastian opened it quickly, standing back as a little bird slid in and frantically signed at Jim Lord Twyin has been shot. Lord Tyrion has escaped. Where is Master Varys?
Jim thought quickly, trying to work out what Varys would do. He couldn’t be sure of course but it wasn’t difficult to make an educated guess. He’d left Jim. He felt a hard wash of emotion and further loss but he blinked it away and buckled down on the weakness. *Master Varys is gone now and he’s left me in charge. Gather all of the little birds in the sanctuary, no one should be out tonight, it’s too dangerous. Stick to the shadows – hide in the walls and use the tunnels under the castle. The tunnels will be checked soon so hurry.* Jim dismissed the boy and grabbed at Sebastian’s wrist, “I’m fairly certain Varys has gone. I can check for sure later, right now I need to preserve the network and check on Ellaria. We will do that first, let’s go.” Jim stepped out into the hall, almost getting trampled by some passing guards and he quickly and quietly took Sebastian to Ellaria’s rooms, avoiding as many people as they could. When they got there Jim knocked quickly and had to pray to the Seven that no one had thought to blame the Dornishmen for this. Tywin’s death would make what he had to do much easier though.

Sebastian watched impassively as Jim signed back to the girl, thinking he should probably learn all that hand waving. "Varys has left - why? The fuck is going on." But it was said as a grumble as he quickly followed Jim, frowning at the guards and servants who got in the way and heading quickly to Ellaria's bedroom. If Jim hadn't the time to tell him, then he'd find out when he could, right now he was more than happy to just do as he was told while Jim figured out the best plan. The door was opened suspiciously by a handmaiden, dressed in black, and Ellaria waved her out of the way as soon as she saw Jim, motioning them both inside and scowling at Sebastian, slapping him hard around the face before closing the door and bolting it. "What is it? What has happened?" Sebastian rubbed his face, winced, and decided not to ask.

Jim had forgotten that Sebastian could not understand the signs but his mind was too busy to stop and explain – time was of the essence and he had to move quickly to protect himself and his. He grimaced a little as Sebastian was slapped but there wasn’t anything for it, Jim could hardly restrain her. “Lord Tywin is dead, it is believed that Lord Tyrion killed him in his escape. You should leave soon – tomorrow if you can. I came to check and ensure that you hadn’t been hurt or blamed for the matter. You should bar your doors tonight after I leave. It will be very dangerous in the castle tonight – there will be looting and raping, men do strange things when they believe there will be no consequences. With Tywin dead, our ruler, no one will give your troubles any mind. I’ve come to ask a favor, to kill the Mountain it would be best if I could use the same poison that Oberyn used on his blade, or one that he was known for using if there is none left. That way it looks like the poison won out or there was a secondary agent that was missed by the Maester. An unfortunate oversight. You’ve had his things brought to you, correct?” There was no way Oberyn’s rooms would have been left as they were, servants would have packed his things and brought them to his mistress to prevent looting and destruction of his property.

Her eyes widened and she gave a hard smile of satisfaction as she heard Tywin was dead, "So the Lannister's start to fall. Do not worry, we will be more than safe. King Tommen is still the King, I believe, even if the boy clings on to power, and I suspect people will be more worried about consequences to be doing much destruction. We will stay safe." Heading to the bed, she tugged out a small box, opening it and taking out a copper vial, handing it over, "Put this on a knife, and then if I were you I’d destroy the knife. Do not touch it, you are not used to using it, so be very, very careful. I hope you kill him.”

Jim did not bother correcting her, Tommen may be king but he did not rule. He took the vial carefully and wrapped it in a spare cloth before tucking it away in his pocket. “Thank you my lady, I hope I am successful as well. Stay safe tonight, I do hope to see you again someday – under better circumstance. I have other matters that need seeing to tonight, thank you for your gift.” Jim leaned forward and kissed her cheek before pulling away and nodding for Sebastian to follow him. The guards would not let anyone leave the castle so they would have to be quick and go through the tunnels before they sent men to search them. “We must hurry, come on.”
Ellaria's mouth twisted, but she allowed the kiss and gently stroked his hair one final time. "Thank me by leaving him dead, and I too hope to see you, although maybe you should wait a while, times are no longer safe." Sebastian gave her a nod and hurried after Jim, while around them servants wailed and guards clattered towards the gates in confusion. As Ellaria had suspected though, there wasn't the same sort of disorder as when a leader of a normal house passed away. Everyone seemed too terrified at the thought of what would happen, more people were barring their gates instead of taking to arms.

Jim led them to an older part of the castle and checked to make sure no one was around before pushing aside a tapestry and pressing on a discolored brick to reveal a false wall. “Come on, I have to check on the little birds...” Jim ushered Sebastian into the tunnel and closed it behind them quickly. It was dark as pitch in there but they couldn’t risk a torch, besides that Jim knew these tunnels so well he could walk them blindfolded. He took Sebastian’s hand and used the other hand to brush along the stone wall in the dark to keep track of where they were headed. “Are you okay? I know you weren’t exactly close but he was still your father, and your brother just killed him.”

He gripped Jim's hand, feeling the strange wild elation again that they were going to be fucking alright. If Jim could unwind, even just a little, even in hurried snatched moments before the world went mad again, then maybe one day he’d unwind all the way - emerging strong and victorious - what was it the Ironborn said? What is dead could never die, and Jim could only rise now, rise to the top of the stinking pit of corruption that was King's Landing. He closed his eyes as they stumbled through the dark, hoping to gain his night vision as quickly as possible. "I'll - fuck I'll think about it later. Right now we'll sort this damn mountain out. And then get out the castle while the crazy settles down. Wyttson's still at the Holmes's even if they've buggered off to find Lord Stannis. He'll let us stay there for the time."

“I liked him,” Jim answered easily, trying to keep Sebastian’s mind off of everything and keep the situation light. “Stairs. Thirty-two steps.” Jim felt the edge of the first step with his toe and then managed pretty well from there, still guiding his hand along the wall. “I’ve been thinking that I should hire my own maester, I get enough injuries anyway. The little birds could use someone to see to their injuries or illnesses as well, I could certainly keep him busy enough if he’s looking for employment now that the Holmes have moved on.” That would make a good base of operation, Jim couldn’t stay in the castle for long now that Varys had probably disappeared and Holmes was a paranoid bastard. He certainly had tunnels and escape routes that Jim could use as long as he could find them.

"Stairs - what? Fuck!” Sebastian stumbled against the wall, growling and counting under his breath as they went down, his voice hushing as there were confused noises from the other side of the wall and he whispered a "Fuck, sorry. Do you need me with you for the Mountain ... or shall I round up your birds and get them to the Holmes's. It's a big enough house, plenty of guards, plenty of escape hatches. And I bet you Wyttson'll know where they are, slippery bastard.”

Jim nodded quickly and gripped Sebastian’s hand hard when it looked like he would lose his balance. “No you can’t come with me, there will be guards – maybe only one or two right now with everything so crazy. I’m getting in as a whore that the Lannisters sent over – two things the Mountain is known for is his brutality and his sexual appetites. Not men, unfortunately, so I’ll need to grab a disguise from the sanctuary. I’ll tell the Little Birds to go with you – although to be fair they know the city better than you do. Getting them in will be the thing. Look after the littlest ones, our supplier just sent over a fresh batch of birds and they have only been here a week, they won’t know where to go or how to communicate well."

"Urgh, they can't talk and I can't wave my hands around - still most people understand
‘follow me before you die.’” Sebastian grumbled but nodded, giving Jim a quick pat in the dark before the wall slid aside for them to exit on the exterior of the castle. "I'll grab one little flighty thing and tell them to get the rest, probably the best plan, and don't worry, they'll be safe. Tywin ran the place. Everyone'll locked in their rooms shitting themselves, apart from the guards who are standing at the front gate shitting themselves. Good luck, yeah? And take care." With that, he scooted off.

Chapter End Notes

TW: consensual choking, rough sex
Jim took a deep breath to settle his nerves before going back the way he came, this time taking a side tunnel that came out closer to Varys’ rooms. They were empty. Not entirely, of course, but Varys wasn’t there and his most important things were gone. Jim would have to have what was left moved to the Holmes’ as soon as this was done. He found the trunk under the bed with some disguises in it, some of the disguises were tailored for Varys but some were Jim’s too, he wasn’t able to keep his spy things in his room while he was pretending to be the scholar. He dragged out something silky and a large set of fake breasts. Once the halter was in place he tied and twisted the dress material around his neck so it covered his breasts and back but left his stomach free so his navel piercing would show. The skirts were mostly see through but it was opaque enough near the top that Jim was able to hide a dagger and the bottle of poison, both strapped to his thigh. The wig was next, a large red wig with hair falling all the way down to his arse. He chose it because he knew none of Olyvar’s girls looked like this, if someone suspected him later then a random prostitute probably wouldn’t get killed for it. Besides, the distinctive hair drew attention away from his face and would make it more difficult to remember later. When Jim had brushed some color along his lips and eye lids he moved out into the hallway and made his way to the Maester’s chambers. There was a single guard still standing in front of the door, looking edgy and nervous. "Hello there, ser. I've been sent to service the gentleman inside. Will you let me through?"

The guard looked down at him, and frowned, not sure at all why a prostitute was out on a night like this. He rolled his eyes though, shaking his head, "Maester Pycelle doesn't stay here anymore, he's been sent up to the tall tower." And then, a little gentler, "Listen lass, the castles all in an uproar tonight, if I were you I'd head on back to the town for a few days. You'll get your coin when things have recovered, and I'll tell Maester Pycelle that you called for him."

Jim tried not to frown at the minor setback, Pycell’s name always set a bad taste in his mouth. "I’m not here for the Maester, sir. I’ve been sent for the Mountain, I’ve already been paid for. I’ve been told that he’s – he’s ill and requested that someone see to his needs. Do you think I could go in and check if he is awake? I wouldn’t want to be in trouble for wasting the boss’s time, sir."

"The Mountain?" The guard look worried then, looking at the door and nodding. In this case, it made far more sense that someone had been sent urgently, as the Mountain was in a critical condition as far as he was aware. "Did Maester Qyburn send for you?" He hesitated again and then unlocked the door. "Be... careful lass. I don't know what the Maester is up to, but he's got a... reputation and he might not need you just for your skill in the bedchamber. That's all I'm saying. In you go."

Jim smiled prettily, a little impressed with how simple but sweet this guard was. Maybe he was new. Jim had been fully expecting to have to suck someone off to get through the door. He’d tried to powder up his neck to cover the darkening bruises but they might have actually
helped in this case – making him seem vulnerable and hurt. “I’ll be careful sir, thank you.” He quickly stepped around the guard and went inside the chamber, letting his eyes take a few seconds to adjust to the darkness.

There were no lights in the chamber, just what the moon shine through a window, illuminating Qyburn, sitting at his desk and peering intently at a small bottle - swirling it around in his hand as its contents slowly thickened and darkened. Behind him, lay a table covered in a bulky sheet, clear that a large body was underneath. Three tubes came out from under the sheets, each attached to other bottles, two filling, one emptying slowly, its contents a dark purple that dripped down the tube in thick droplets. Qyburn looked up as Jim entered, watching him for a while before saying softly, "Maester Pycelle is at the top of the tower. Tell me - why are they ringing the bells?"

Jim stilled in surprise when he saw Qyburn at the table, he hadn’t been expecting him – he’d thought he’d already be seeing to Tywin. Jim didn’t want to kill him if he didn’t have to, because Qyburn had given him aid, but he wouldn’t spare him if he insisted on getting in Jim’s way. It made him slightly nervous, Qyburn had met him once, it had been over a year ago and he probably looked too different with the disguise to be recognized, but it was a possibility he had to be ready for. “I wouldn’t know, they ring them when there’s some kind of occasion – a wedding or a royal birth or a royal death. I dunno though.” He wasn’t sure what to say about Pycell and just had to hope that Qyburn would get interested enough to leave because while the guard wouldn’t know any better, Qyburn had been tending the Mountain and would know if the man was conscious or whether he’d asked for a whore or not. If not then Jim might have to start in on the maester first and then move on to the Mountain. He’d rather do it diplomatically though, because Qyburn was likely to make noise and either wake the Mountain or call the guard.

In the dark, Qyburn couldn’t make out much of the woman. She was pretty, he supposed, all whores were, and her clothes were well kept. She looked like one of Pycelle's - all masses of red hair down her back and he gave her a smile. "Well, I suggest you get on with your business, young lady, you’re clearly in the wrong place. I assure you I did not send for a prostitute.”

Jim thought quickly and smiled winningly at Qyburn, trying to work out what he should do. “I wasn’t sent here for Maester Pycell, Maester Qyburn – I was paid for by the Queen Regent, as an expression of gratitude for your work.” Jim hoped that knowing about Qyburn’s and the queen’s relationship, and knowing that he was a Maester despite wearing no chain with the addition of his given name would be enough to convince him that Jim belonged there. He would just have to be very careful because Qyburn would get suspicious if he saw what was under Jim’s skirts. It wasn’t implausible, there were male whores that regularly dressed as women but they were more of a novelty and not something you would buy for a man when you didn’t know his tastes.

"Queen Cersei sent you?" Qyburn put down his glassware with a small chuckle and came over, stroking through the red curls of Jim's hair. "Well. Here." He took a coin from over his robes and handed it across, "I think you have done admirably. Please return to Maester Pycelle and tell him that your little joke nearly worked. I would suspect Lord Baelish were it not for the fact that he's fled the capital under rather suspicious circumstances." He cupped the back of Jim's neck. "Next time, please recommend the Maester to send that rather adorable boy who hangs around Loras Tyrell - although I doubt he could afford it."

Jim didn’t pause to think, just jumped in – he wouldn’t have another chance like this, with just one soft guard at the door and Qyburn in the way with the Mountain completely defenseless. It ran a higher risk that Qyburn would recognize him but he needed to try at least. “You prefer boys, Maester Qyburn?” Jim hadn’t been affecting his voice much but he dropped it back to his usual tenor and smiled lightly, “That’s very convenient. Are you sure you still aren’t interested?” Jim reached back and took Qyburn’s hand from the back of his neck, carefully trailing
his hand down the bare skin of his navel.

"I - oh..." Qyburn found his heart skipping as his hand trailed over the skin, and then, watching Jim's eyes curiously, trailed all the way down to his cock, giving it a gentle squeeze and then a harder squeeze. "Ah - I seeeee. Were you really sent by the Queen?" It seemed a strange gesture, but then he still hadn't quite got a handle on Cersei. She supported his experiments and appreciated him, which he liked, but her motivations ran far deeper. He squeezed and fondled Jim's balls a little longer, tugging them gently. "I'll have more of a reputation than Pycelle if she keeps sending these..." he murmured and then with a smile he detached. "Can you remove your... um... bosoms? I'll just tidy away..."

“I know how to be discreet, Maester Qyburn.” Jim fell into the role – trying not to let any of the negative emotions he was feeling cloud his judgment or cause him to hesitate right now. He hadn't wanted to do this again, hopefully ever, but he owed Qyburn a debt – enough of one that he wouldn't feel right killing him just for being in the wrong place at the wrong time. “I’ll just be a moment...” Jim ducked away from the low light of the candle on Qyburn’s desk, into the dark corner he quickly took off the harness and carefully hid the dagger and poison so that they wouldn’t be seen.

"Leave the dress on it's... ha... rather fitting." Qyburn carefully cleared the desk away and then patted it, "Up on here? If you would." He gave Jim a light smile. "I haven't had the pleasure since I was last thrown out of Baelish's... excuse me..." there was a deep groan from under the sheet and Qyburn turned away, lifting the sheet and fiddling under it, movement accompanied by a hiss and then a small thud. "So sorry..." one of the jars attached to the pipe was full or a creamy liquid and he emptied it into a larger one, grimacing in distaste. "Yes this isn't really the best... still... like I said it's been a while since I've had the chance. Lift the dress to your waist please, and spread your legs."

This was fucking not Jim’s day but he took a deep breath and smiled even as the hair on the back of his arms stood on end and he licked his lips nervously. There was something about the idea of Qyburn touching him, after avoiding situations like this for a year that filled Jim with dread. Still, time off wasn’t enough to overwhelm years of training. He did as he was told, climbing on the desk and facing Qyburn he spread his legs and laid down on his back. Hysterically Jim thought that Qyburn fucked like he practiced medicine, he’d given Jim the exact same instructions when he tended to him at Harrenhall. “This is good – please, just hurry.” Jim moaned and somehow he’d managed to get hard, probably something about having the skirts up, showing off his eagerness for a customer. Fuck he felt sick.

"Hurry? Why, have you other tasks tonight?" Qyburn asked calmly, opening a small drawer and removing a large two-jawed metal speculum. "The Queen really is very generous, and I'm certain she'd allow me to take my time. I'm pleased she listens to all my rambles about my research." He smiled and gently rubbed Jim's stomach. "Don't worry, my nervous little boy. I won't send you back damaged." He gave Jim's balls a fond little tug, and then poked at his puckered entrance hole. "Relax. This won't be comfortable." There was a jar of goose-fat on the edge of the table and Qyburn started to slick up the speculum, "And I will need you to spend seed."

Jim’s heartbeat accelerated and he asked a little breathlessly, “You aren’t going to fuck me?” Jim felt sick but he glanced over at the Mountain under the sheet to steel his nerves. It didn’t matter really if Qyburn damaged him, there was already scarring and possibly some bruising from what Sebastian had done this evening. Jim swallowed back his nausea and just looked away, pretending he was just getting a regular medical check-up. Baelish had all his whores check over frequently, it shouldn’t be any different. Except none of the physicians had ever wanted to experiment on him before. “Yes, of course. She told my boss I would be paid well for my time,
there’s no rush. I can – I can do that.”

Qyburn looked at him in amusement and pressed a fingers gently against his lips, "Please, please do not misunderstand me. You are a beautiful young man and you also make a rather stunning young woman. However I value my cock and there are some places I have no desire to bury it. This is not a slight on you." With one hand, he started pressing the large jaws of the speculum inside Jim's entrance, rubbing a greased finger around it. "There are... some things I will do to give me pleasure. Believe me, I will certainly enjoy this." He gave a little apologetic smile and forced the jaws of the speculum deeper, watching Jim's tight ring contract desperately around it. "Relax. It has been such a long while since I've had the chances to study that Cersei has given me. It would be a shame to waste them."

“Of course, Maester. The queen made it clear to me how important your work is.” Jim’s breath caught and he tried not to squirm too much as the metal piece was pushed inside him. It was uncomfortable, larger than a cock and he bit down hard on his lower lip, trying to distract himself from the feeling of violation and scrutiny with pain from his split lip.

Qyburn nodded and gave another small smile, patting Jim's stomach with a "good boy". He kept up the pressure on the speculum, not stopping until it was completely embedded in Jim's arse, and ignoring the little whimpers and whines the boy made. Stepping back he wiped the goose-fat off his hands with a cloth and nodded. "I'll just let you get used to that for a bit. Keep your legs spread." He patted the inside of Jim's thigh and then tugged open the draw again, pulling out a parchment and pen and making some scribbles for a while. "Alright... now. Let's open up and take a look." A small dial on the side of the speculum opened the two jaws wide and Qyburn, gently twisted it, peering inside Jim as he worked.

Jim gasped in pain as the device opened him up further, if he didn’t push past the panic he was going to lose his hardon very soon. He moaned quietly and tried to convince himself that this was part of the typical pain he felt during sex, as long as he could convince himself this was just some kind of strange sexual act he could be okay to finish. A customer testing to see how far they could stretch him open wasn’t uncommon—there was that man in Harrenhall who had tried to fit his whole hand up there – stop. Jim gripped the material of his dress hard and he stared at the instruments along the tables, thinking about what they might be for and avoiding giving any more thought to Harrenhall at this moment. “Everything look normal?” He breathlessly tried to make a joke.

Qyburn gave a little laugh at Jim's comment, reaching up to stroke his cock, "I'm impressed. Most of the other young men would lose it by now. Cersei chose well. Normal? Hmm... normal for a young man whose been badly used." For a moment his voice hardened, while he himself could carry out often painful experiments, what he did was for a purpose. Senseless violence, in the name of power or sexual appetite, displeased him. "I've seen worse though." He took a small wooden implement with a flattened edge and gently inserted it into the open hole, pressing and prodding and then repeating with his finger, looking at Jim's cock as he pressed and rubbed against different areas. "You may touch yourself. And don't look so scared. I just want to see how you react, inside and out, to... stimuli." There was another noise from the bench, a choked mew of agony and Qyburn rolled his eyes, "I'm so sorry, these are not ideal surroundings, please keep your legs apart. I may have to resort to milk of the poppy if he doesn't keep quiet, I've resisted using it so far..." sighing he moved under the sheet again, twisting something inside around with some effort until the mew choked off into silence.

Jim knew that he had it bad, but he was still alive and relatively healthy so he couldn’t complain – but thinking about whoever Qyburn had examined with worse trauma than him wasn’t a happy thought. He squirmed and swallowed back his nausea as Qyburn touched him, trying to
keep him hard no doubt. “I’m – uhhh tough. I’ve had worse.” Jim grinned and threw the words back at the other man. He’d had worse, but not recently, and that definitely factored in. He flinched badly as Qybrun pushed something else inside him twisting it around and prodding at him. He gave a startled jump when Qyburn jabbed a little too roughly at his prostate and his cock sluggishly started to fill again like it couldn’t decide if it was going to cooperate or not. He recognized that this was not a request so he let go of the tight grip he had on the material of his dress and unenthusiastically started to stroke himself mechanically. Participating in humiliation always made it worse and for a moment he realized that Oberyn, as obsessed with vengeance and justice as he was, would probably be very unhappy if he knew Jim was doing this. A tear leaked out and he rubbed it away with his shoulder distractedly and tried to relax. Oberyn wasn’t here anymore, and Jim had to look out for himself – and he knew he wouldn’t be able to sleep at night knowing the Mountain lived. “I’d be more stimulated if you fucked me.” Jim pointed out honestly, he did not enjoy the things they were doing and would have happily fucked Qyburn if it meant that it would stop. Jim had to avoid thinking about the Mountain too much in the moment or he would entirely lose his cool knowing Oberyn’s killer was just a few feet away from him.

"Are you having... trouble?" Qyburn shook his head with a little 'tsk' and rummaged around in a cupboard. "Of course, well, that's to be expected. Here." Taking out a vial he handed it over, lifting Jim's head to help him drink, "All of it... there you go. That'll keep you nice and sensitive for me. Now..." Reaching across Jim he picked up a wicked little clamp and smiled, sliding a thumb across Jim's nipple and watching it rise. "Before that kicks in, let’s see how you respond to this one..."

Jim struggled a little but Qyburn held his head in place and opened his mouth so he had to swallow whatever it was he’d given him – Jim would throw up first opportunity he got to try and alleviate some of the symptoms, he couldn’t kill the Mountain if Qyburn did something to affect his body. He still coughed and sputtered, glaring weakly as Qyburn clamped something metal and heavy onto his nipple. “They’re already pierced, you don’t need to do that.” Jim stayed propped up on his elbows so that he could see, no longer trusting Qyburn enough not to watch what he was doing.

"They may be pierced but I want to see how they react... hmm... wrong one." He took the clamp off, looked at it, and then scuffled around to find one with crocodile teeth, that would bite either side of the sensitive nub. With a snap he attached it to the left hand side, and then picked out another one, snapping it onto the right before scurrying back down Jim's body. "That wasn't poison, it was just to keep your cock... excited, shall we say. I don't want to alter your body in too many other ways, otherwise I won't get the right responses." His finger was back, pushing and prodding against sensitive inner muscle.

Jim squeaked in surprise as the sharp clamp bit down – fucking literally were those teeth fuck that’s disgusting, they’d better not be dog’s teeth. Jim was starting to really get scared, this wasn’t anything he was familiar with – the acts were the same but he wasn’t in control, Qyburn wasn’t overcome with desire – Jim was supposed to be the one who was cool and collected, and being scrutinized and tested in strange ways was starting to get to him. He could feel his nipples bruising quickly and he was surprised that he wasn’t bleeding. Jim’s breaths came quicker and he started to struggle a little even as he felt his skin get hot and his cock harden quickly “Fuck – no.” He didn’t want to be hard or feel this way – Jim wasn’t ready to give up just yet but he wanted to find a way to make Qyburn stop.

"Shh now... yes..." Qyburn tugged at his balls again, he seemed to enjoy that, his fingers twisting and poking as his other hand tugged at the clamps, first gentle little tugs then harder sustained pulls. When Jim's cock was fully erect and full, and Jim's noises got annoying, he stopped, turning to his parchment and writing something down, then back to the speculum and
turning the dial a little further. "It'll hurt here tomorrow." He said, gentle yet clinical. "And it might be hard for you when you relieve yourself, but the pain will pass. Now... how do those feel?" He tapped at the clamps, "Tender?" Another little tug and then he was ferretting around in a drawer again with a muffled, "Please keep your hands either by your side or on your cock."

"Please just fuck me..." Jim was losing hope that he'd be able to seduce Qyburn away from his studies, the man had his hands all over Jim's body and hadn't really lingered. Still Jim reached out and fondled Qyburn through his robes and almost shuddered when he realized the man was already very hard. "That can’t be comfortable... let me take care of that?" Jim couldn’t move with the device still high up inside him, not without damaging himself so he waited for permission instead of bending over or getting down on his knees like he wanted to. "Ow – fuck..." Qyburn pulled on the nipple clamps hard and repeatedly, one of the little teeth pierced his skin and a little trickle of blood ran down his chest. Mostly he just felt the bruising on his chest spread. Jim was hopelessly turned on from whatever Qyburn gave him and that was frightening – not even having control over his reactions in a situation like this. Jim bit down harder on his lip as he was stretched too far by the device, he thought he would tear soon if Qyburn kept this up and he knew how sore he’d be. Jim just wished he could go back to his rooms, wished Oberyn would be there waiting and angry that someone had hurt Jim. He loved Sebastian but he could be shit at calming him down when he felt like this. Jim started crying sluggishly – Qyburn didn’t know who he was and he wasn’t going to tattle on him to Varys, besides it would probably be strange if Jim wasn’t visibly upset by now – apparently the other boys Qyburn had in here hadn’t reacted well either. "It hurts," he answered the question with a bit of anger in his tone, frustrated that he couldn’t make Qyburn stop. This had better fucking be worth it. Still, he obediently rested his hands by his sides since he didn’t want to touch himself and give Qyburn the satisfaction.

"Shhh - my you really are eager." Qyburn gave another little chuckle and ignored Jim's words. "Just keep calm, I know it hurts, good..." more scribbles on the parchment and then he reached over and unclipped the left clamp, immediately bringing down a square chunk of ice on the nipple, pressing it against the sore nub and watching Jim's face intently.

Jim quieted down and just resigned himself to whatever Qyburn wanted to do, he flinched when the ice scraped against his bruised and hot skin but after a few moments he started to relax when it numbed the area and stopped hurting. "Doesn’t hurt so much now," he quietly answered Qyburn’s implicit question. His nose was a little clogged from crying and Jim thought he sounded pathetic.

"Good boy..." Qyburn smiled at him and then removed the ice from his nipple, reaching down and sliding it inside his arse instead, past the speculum. Having done that he reached up and unclamped the other nipple, flicking at it hard and looking at the two of them while the frozen ice slowly melted in Jim's entrance. "Hmm..." reaching back into the drawer he pulled on a glove, and then a small pot of cream, rubbing it over the non-frozen nipple, "I'm afraid this'll be quite uncomfortable again, don't worry, your master will be well paid for your time."

"Ah – fuck, stop..." Jim let himself cry a little harder, he'd never had anything like the ice in his arse, it was rough and felt sharp at some points as it scraped his insides. The cold was intense and at first he didn't like it, mostly because the chunk of ice was so uncomfortable but then the cool seeped in and soothed the bruising in his arse. He still wanted it out and hoped that it wasn’t going to have to wait for it to melt, but Jim flushed as he felt the water dripping out of his open hole while it melted inside him and it dripped on the floor. He was so humiliated he didn’t even notice Qyburn putting on the glove and getting the jar until he was rubbing the cream on his sensitive and bruised nipple. Jim groaned in pain and thrashed a little bit as the cream heated up from his skin. "Burns, fuck..." Jim cried outright, adding in little sobs occasionally, hoping that if nothing else Qyburn would pity him.
Qyburn ignored his noises, frowning slightly as Jim thrashed and tapping at the tip of his cock with the non-gloved hand, "If you keep moving I'll need to tie you down..." the responses of Jim’s body to the different types of pain were endlessly fascinating - heat and cold, sharpness and stretching, all the while his cock stayed hard. As well as the effects on his ass, he could also see the tensing in Jim's muscles, the changing blood flow, his voice, stomach, everything, changing and reacting. Taking a second piece of frozen water he pushed it firmly into Jim's arse, stemming the water drip for a while and watching as it too began to melt. "How do your nipples feel now? Has the burn finished building?"

Jim bit his lip until it bled to keep himself still when Qyburn regretfully threatened to tie him down, he couldn’t have that – bondage was still hard for him generally but more than that he couldn’t kill the Mountain if he couldn’t move. So he held still, shaking with strain as his muscles all tensed up, trying to keep still. He moaned and couldn’t help but wiggle some as the second piece went in and pressed firmly against his prostate, stimulating him – but then the area started to go numb and Jim groaned in frustration at the peculiar feeling, like he was aroused but couldn’t really feel it when the area was numbed. “Still hurts – but I don’t think it hurts more.” Jim finally just let training take over – he’d be as obedient as possible because that was easier than fighting.

"Good..." and then Qyburn patted his stomach again, "Good boy, I know this is hard. If it's any consolation it's incredibly useful." He looked at Jim's cock, hard and straining, and then dipped a finger in the cream again, sliding a circle around the base of Jim's cock and a line up the front. "Now... if you want a leather to bite let me know." The cream returned to his heated abused nipple and rubbed more on both of them, all the sensitive areas of his body stimulated before Qyburn tugged the glove off and gave his balls another tug. "Hmm..."

It wasn’t any fucking consolation, but Jim kept quiet about that. Qyburn’s soothing words didn’t do anything to physically help him but he’d been trained to be soothed by them – the trainers hurt him until they praised him and comfort and looking after came when everything was done. Praise was tied into Varys as well, when Varys was pleased then Jim could quit a job and take a break, it meant the job was almost done. Jim relaxed some until Qyburn rubbed the cream over his cock, Jim arched his back and groaned at the pain, even as his cock betrayed him and started leaking pre-come. Jim cried harder as the cream burned him and he reacted to the pain, it was arousing and humiliating and he hurt.

Qyburn twitched faintly at the cries, clearly seeing them as an unfortunate side-effect of his work and started poking again into Jim's rectum as the ice melted, making little noises of interest and scribbling on the parchment as Jim squirmed and wept. He nodded as Jim's cock stayed hard, pleased the potion was working, and then moved up Jim's body, occasionally poking at places with the scratchy tip of his pen. He picked up a curious little wheel, with tiny little spikes around it, and watched Jim's eyes carefully as he ran it along Jim's skin, the spikes pricking but not drawing blood, pushing against his skin, and then gently pricking into it as the wheel ran over his sore and throbbing nipples.

Jim bit his lip ragged trying to keep quiet and still as Qyburn ran the little tool over Jim’s skin. He was very experienced with sexual sadism and what types of things customers were likely to use but some of this was new – or at least the way Qyburn went about it was, even if he was somewhat familiar with most everything he was using. The little wheel was different and Jim flinched as it ran over his nipples, stabbing at the sensitive skin there and drawing some blood where they broke skin. “Hurts, not in a good way.” Jim was in no way aroused by the little wheel and he hoped that would be the end of it. He didn’t need little holes in him everywhere.

"Not in a good way?" Qyburn smiled at that and put the little wheel down, poking again
at the melting ice pooling in Jim's arse and making a few more notes. "You're being very brave. Almost finished now," his fingers trailed over Jim's skin and he reached for the cream again, taking a rag and sliding the rag around in it. "I have to admit, this one his less for my notes..." he looked at Jim a little sadly and then asked, "Would you care to suck me off? I would enjoy it, and I think you would too." Reaching into Jim's arse, he flicked the rest of the melting ice away, leaving it empty and sore, still stretched by the speculum.

"I'll do whatever you want as long as you take that thing out of my arse.” Jim was still shaking but he stopped crying and wiped at his face in frustration, now that he had something he could do and he was in control again on familiar ground everything felt a lot less dire. It helped that the cream had been wiped away and his arse wasn’t fucking leaking water.

Qyburn smiled as he wiped the tears away, dropping the rag in the pot of cream, rubbing until it was covered and then whispering "What a good boy..." before stuffing it all inside Jim's stretched arse, wiping his hands on his shirt, and stuffing his own rock hard cock into Jim's waiting open mouth. "You know what I have under that sheet..." he whispered at Jim's wide eyes, his hands at the back of Jim's head, forcing it back and forward with his head twisted sideways on the table. "My biggest project yet. I'm not a sadist, really I'm not, but there is something infinitely fascinating about what the human body can take. And that body... it's taken a lot. It'll take a lot more. But it's still clinging onto life. And your body, little whore from Harrenhall? Your body can take a huge amount. I do hope Cersei manages to purchase you for me again." His cock continued to hammer hard into the back of Jim's throat, not giving him a moment to breathe.

Jim screamed as Qyburn shoved a fucking rag in his arse with the fire cream soaked through, he started crying again but quieted down when Qyburn shoved his hard cock in his mouth. Jim's throat hurt something awful after being choked by Sebastian and now being used like this. He shook and shuddered, trying not to gag as Qyburn used him roughly and at such an awkward angle. Jim closed his eyes to block out Qyburn's face as shame filled him when he said that he recognized him. He took a breath and then jabbed his tongue stud into the maester's cock, when Qyburn yelled out and let go of the back of his neck Jim muttered "Sorry, did I hurt you? Was that pain good or bad?" There was a bitter edge to his voice but Jim obediently took Qyburn's prick in his mouth again, intending to finish him off quickly and be done with this now that he'd made his point.

Qyburn look at him hard as he picked his cock back inside Jim and shook his head, "If I was a worse man than I am you'd bear a bruise for that remark." Was all he said, concentrating on fucking Jim's mouth again, watching his arse twist and pulse in pain and taking some satisfaction from that. "Yes, I recognise you. Not until I got you open, of course, but I definitely did then. And no, I won't tell anyone, it doesn't matter to me and I doubt it matters to the Queen that you've joined the exodus of travelers moving into King's Landing. Mmmm... o-oh that is good. Don't you finish now, I'll sort you out once I'm a-ahhh I'm done..."

Jim hummed when Qyburn threatened him, yes he was aware that most men would have had him beaten stupid for hurting them like that but he wasn’t perfectly behaved like he used to be. Occasionally he couldn’t hold back a groan of pain or a whimper, because his arse felt like it was on fire, like a candle was burning his insides. He was relieved though that Qyburn really thought Jim was a whore and that he had no nefarious purpose here, it was about the only saving grace in this situation. He was still achingly hard but Jim was afraid that if he came early Qyburn would only make him go again. As it was he wasn’t sure what kind of affect the drugs he gave him would have on his erection. Jim pushed the thoughts away and focused on sucking hard, using his tongue to pleasure him and get the Maester off as quickly as possible.

It wasn't too much longer before Qyburn was moaning and gasping, his thrusts getting
more erratic, his hands tugging and grasping at Jim's hair before he shot down Jim's throat, moaning and then pulling away slightly dazed. The rag by now had reached the peak of its burning, and Qyburn took a pair of tweezers and yanked it out of Jim's arse, before finally twisting down the speculum to close it. "There you go... goodness." He patted at Jim's backside and shook his head, "Clear and unmarked, but believe me your nipples and arse will hurt for a few days. Now..." he took a glass tube and a little pump and fixed the tube over the top of Jim's cock. "Let's get this sorted... hold on to something..."

Jim swallowed obediently, shuddering a little as his come went down his throat. He lay there pliantly while Qyburn took out the rag and the metal device, his arse hurt something awful, like he’d just been fucked by five men without any lube, possibly more than one of them at a time from the way his arse felt stretched out. “You’ll get better results if you use your cream first and then the ice.” Moron. Jim was panting and flushed, his arousal starting to make itself known now that he wasn’t actively being hurt. He should have been more alarmed when Qyburn fit a tube over his dick but he couldn’t make himself care anymore, even the tube felt good it was something and Jim just grabbed onto the edge of the table so he wouldn’t disrupt whatever the Maester was about to do. This was the final thing and Jim wasn’t going to fuck it up.

Qyburn looked interested at the remark, even slightly delighted that Jim had gained some scientific appreciation for what was going on, "I shall try that next time, this was merely a first exploration. But thank you, and thank you for getting through it so well." He pumped hard at the little pump, watching the pressure tug at Jim’s cock in the tube, pressing around it, and then pumping harder to release his cum, one hand grabbing and rubbing at Jim’s balls to stimulate him. "Just relax now, I know this isn’t exactly comfortable but it will make you cum quickly."

Jim squirmed and gasped as the tube tightened painfully around his cock and he tried to keep his hips still when all he wanted was some friction. A few more tears squeezed out of the corner of his eyes and he shouted as he came hard into the tube, his erection went down some but refused to go away and Jim hated his body and the drug’s influence.

"Well... that can sometimes happen." Qyburn patted Jim's cock a little ruefully. "You might have a bit of a tough night. I've heard from men who know that a blow-job eases the discomfort enormously, and... well... I hope your colleagues might help you out a little there. Either way, in a few days’ time there should be no pain or discomfort left at all." He took out a little bag of coin and left it next to Jim with an apologetic smile. "For you. On top of whatever Cersei provided. I'll just go and put this on ice while you... re-bosom." He waved the little bottle of Jim's spunk then vanished out of a side door.

As soon as Qyburn left Jim tried to stand, fell, and then tried to stand again, this time finding more success. He hadn’t been in this much pain in a long time, Oberyn had spoiled him. Jim’s face twisted up at the reminder of why he was here and he limped determinedly back to the corner where he took up the poison and the knife again. Jim found a pair of gloves at the work station and carefully dripped the contents of the little bottle onto the blade, making sure not to spill or waste any. When the blade was covered in the poison Jim stepped over to the Mountain, ripping the tarp off and taking a moment to appreciate the moment. The man was pale and obviously ill but Qyburn spoke as though he believed the man would live. Jim could not allow that, so he held the knife over the man’s wound, carefully stitched, before sliding the knife into the same place Oberyn had stabbed him earlier that day. The Mountain twitched and made a pained noise but didn’t wake as Jim stabbed him and left the dagger for a moment so that the poison would have time to do its work. “You took something from me, and now I’m returning the favor. I hope you are conscious enough to feel it.”

Jim got dressed quickly, not willing to waste time gloating at the risk of his life. When his harness
was back on and the evidence cleared up, Jim checked the man’s pulse – his heart was no longer beating. Jim grinned in fierce satisfaction, even as his legs shook underneath him from the pain his body was in. He found the needle and thread and quickly stitched him up again, carefully and close enough that it passed for Maester Qyburn’s stitches except under very close scrutiny. That was unlikely, it would be assumed that he died in the night due to the poison – there were no new wounds and his one wound was seemingly untouched. Jim strapped the knife to his thigh and limped out of the room, startling the guard on the other side. He looked like he was about to ask Jim if he was okay – stupid boy for worrying about whores. “The sick man inside was not well enough – so Maester Qyburn took advantage of my services, since I was already paid for. He even tipped me.” Jim jangled the little bag of coin happily before he curtsied with a wince and limped away, back down the halls to his rooms.

Chapter End Notes

TW: dub-con, nonconsensual medical experimentation.
Once he was there he quickly changed out of the disguise, just in case someone came looking for the red headed whore who visited Qyburn, and dressed in his black robes again, washing his face of his tears and the makeup at a basin of water. He needed a minute to lie on his side and build up his strength but eventually he was able to sit up and pack himself a bag with all of the evidence and a few necessities he’d need until he could get people to move his things to the Holmes estate. He packed everything Oberyn had given him, not wanting any of it to disappear – everything else he didn’t care about. Jim limped to the secret passages and out of the castle cursing occasionally and muttering as he went. It started to hit him then that the Mountain was dead – Oberyn was dead. Tywin had been killed by Tyrion and Varys had left. Jim groaned as he was temporarily overwhelmed in the dark but after a few minutes of listening to himself breathe he grew impatient with his own weakness and trekked on. It was far to the Holmes estate, probably further than he should have been walking in this state, but he needed to see Sebastian very suddenly and everything else but that desire got pushed out of his mind. The guards let him in and Jim shook hard from exhaustion and pain as he finally crossed over the threshold and made a bee line for Maester Wyttson’s rooms.

He set his bag down and knocked hard at the door, by now it was very late and the man was possibly asleep but it was more likely than not that he was still awake because an army of children had invaded his living quarters. He wanted to see Sebastian but Jim wasn’t sure where he was and it was more important that Jim get checked out and make sure none of that shit Qyburn put in or on his body was going to hurt him long term. The cuts on his chest needed disinfecting as well. Jim wanted nothing less than to see a Maester after what he had just gone through, but he had to put his health before his fear.

It was Sebastian who opened the door, blinking in surprise at Jim before tugging him close for a deep hug, " Fucking hell, good job. Is it... is it done?" Wyttson was behind them, speaking earnestly to a young boy with his wrist in a sling, he hopped off the table as Jim arrived, gave him a grin, and then left. Sebastian picked Jim up in one movement, carrying him over to Wyttson looking proud, "What happened then? Are you alright? The castle is full of kids, Holmes would go mad if he knew, haha...."

Wyttson frowned, looking Jim over with a more professional eye and murmuring, "Are you alright?"

“Go settle our rooms Sebastian. There’s plenty to do, I’ll just be a moment.” Jim got down from Sebastian’s arms, just wanting him out of the room. It wasn’t that he was going to try and hide what had happened with Qyburn because he bloody well couldn’t with the state he was in, not after he stripped naked anyway, but that didn’t mean he wanted him to see the particulars. ‘I’m going to have Wyttson take a look at my arm.” Jim had stabbed himself pretty good that morning, it probably would help to have it examined too.

Sebastian gave a little whine at not even being told if Jim had succeeded but he quickly kissed his forehead and then left. Wyttson raised his eyes in surprise as he went, "Well... you've got him well trained there. I wouldn't have thought that boy would take any orders, let alone from... well." He gestured at Jim helplessly and then frowned, "What's wrong with your arm then? From the looks of you I'd think your arm was the least of your worries. What happened?"
Jim could have told Sebastian the Mountain’s fate but he would want to celebrate and Jim just wasn’t in the mood right now. “I’m practically in the business of training brutes,” but Jim said it with a grin and sarcastic tone. “I hurt it earlier, that was just an excuse.” Jim’s face was strained and his legs still shook pretty bad. “Got hurt on the job, thought you should probably take a look since I don’t know what kind of shit he put in my body.” Jim started stripping and was irritated to he was still hard. “This isn’t a come on I promise.” He smirked and folded his clothes and winced as he moved his arse.

“I think that's pretty obvious - you don't look in a state to come on to anyone.” John looked around, he didn't have any kind of examining table, there were just a few chairs and a trunk. He winced as he saw Jim's nipples, and quickly went to the trunk. "Alright, best way to do this is if you sit down on a chair and stick your feet on the arms. I'll have a look, check you're alright and then, umm, I could sort you out with my hands, in a strictly non-coming-on way, if that would help?" John blushed a little at the words, but he could tell Jim was in a lot of discomfort, if not pain.

Jim shrugged lightly, avoiding the chair for now. “I’m not...” His face twisted up a little but he let his expression go blank and continued, “I’m not thrilled to have you touch me, even for an examination.” Jim paused then and took a steadying breath while he got in the chair, “You’ll need gloves. He used gloves to protect his hands.”

John nodded, "That's fine then, I'll be as quick as I can, and just check there's nothing wrong with you." He could tell Jim felt open and powerless, so he dipped a cloth in spirits and handed it to him, "Use that to clean your chest, just to make sure no rot sets in.” He tugged on a pair of light gloves and bent down in front of Jim, keeping his head low so as to look as deferential as possible. The gloved finger pressed against the sore rim of his arse and Jim gave a little hiss, "This has been stretched pretty badly and... burnt? Not burnt badly at all, it just looks pink and raw. No damage though, you'll be pleased to know, nothing that won't heal up."

Jim winced as he had to drag the cloth with disinfectant over the little scratches on his chest, but it had to be done – there was no telling how dirty that little pinwheel was. He hissed as John touched him, “He put – this cream on my body, inside me. It burned and still hurts. That’s why you needed the gloves, you shouldn’t let it come in contact with your skin.” Jim tensed up as a particularly bad wave of pain passed. “Make it stop. I don’t care what you have to do it fucking hurts and I’m not going to try and sleep when it feels like I’ve got a live flame up my arse.”

"You can still feel it?" John frowned at the cream, and then shook his head, "I've no idea what it might be, I'm sorry, but I know oil should help to soothe and shift it. Who... who was it who hurt you?" He asked cautiously, "You don't need to tell me, but it might give me a bit of an idea about whether there'll be any lasting danger." Going to the trunk, he took out a little vial of oil.

Jim glanced over at John suspiciously and decided that if he could trust him with his little birds then he could trust him that much – besides, he’s spared Qyburn once, he owed the man no more favors. “It was Qyburn. He said I would hurt for a few days but...” Jim shrugged. “He gave me a vial of something to keep me hard since I wasn’t exactly enjoying his little games. He used that funny metal thing you lot use, he stretched me open too far, tried to stick shit in me that didn't belong.” Jim scowled and resisted the urge to put his feet back on the ground to protect himself.

"Qyburn." John said flatly. He knew the man got up to dodgy experiments, but he hadn't expected to see any first hand. His jaw twitched and he resisted the urge to go on a rant about what he thought of the disgraced Maester. "Very well. Well. Right. At least if it's Qyburn you'll know it probably was fairly safe. Not pleasant, but not lastingly dangerous. Here we go." He noticed Jim's twitch and worked quickly, using the glove to slide the oil around the exterior of Jim's entrance and then looking up at him, "Does that help? It should be starting to feel better." Standing, he handed
Jim the vial. "I'm sure you can manage to do it yourself, rather than me fiddling around down there. If your outside feels better in a few minutes use that to clean out your... um... insides. Then rub it over your penis - it'll reduce the burn there." His jaw twitched again, "And help you with relieving the pressure."

“Fantastic,” Jim bit out sarcastically. He had a difficult time keeping calm around the other man when he always seemed to end up in vulnerable positions around him. He dug through his bag until he found the bag of gold Qyburn left him. “You’ll be paid regularly for the work you do, of course. But there’s a little something for your discretion.” Jim took the oil, frowning at it and then put it away in his bag while he started getting dressed. “Will you work for me? Is it possible with what you know about me? Most men don’t like being in the employ of whores.”

John shrugged, "I help those who need it - and the Holmes's. There is no shame in serving those who have nothing to sell but their bodies, in fact it can be of far greater use than treating soldiers who have steeled themselves to pain and who are sometimes determined to cause their bodies as much damage as possible." He handed the coins back to Jim, "Varys was in the employ of the small council. You are not. You will need that more than I - the Holmes's have seen to it that my every need is met." The last few words came out slightly bitterly, but then he sighed and smiled, "Your 'little birds' I have already seen to, some of them had been hurt, or were suffering from lack of meat or good food. They will be well while they stay here. Do not assume that all men are monsters just because most of King's Landing is."

“Well I am not a good man, Maester.” Jim took back the coin since Wyttson apparently didn’t need it. “I hope you can live with that.” Jim held out his arm for the man to look over, it had stopped bleeding but there were dark bruises surrounding the puncture marks and then Jim pulled aside his collar to show the bruises at his neck. “Neither of these feel life threatening but perhaps you should check them anyway.”

"I didn't say you were a good man." Wyttson gave a slightly twisted smile as he gave the coin back, "I was just warning you that I am." He stepped forward to look at the bruises, brushing the spirit cloth over the marks on Jim's arm and then starting to wrap a bandage around them. "I won't ask about those, keep them clean. Don't make them worse. However tempting it is." He'd seen marks like that before, particularly in the higher reaches of king's Landing. They weren't usual for smallfolk - usually too busy trying to keep themselves alive to worry about self-harm. "These... don't look like Qyburn..." He inspected Jim's neck, shaking his head and shrugging, "Bruising, but no further damage. Try and keep away from men who want to strangle you."

Jim gave a funny little smile, finding the physician’s instructions amusing since he was the one who asked Sebastian to hurt him. Jim hurt enough now – he didn’t think he’d be interested in hurting himself anytime soon. He gathered his things quickly and left, suddenly feeling exhausted down to his bones. One of the little birds directed him towards the room Sebastian was occupying and Jim entered tiredly without knocking. “I need your help with something personal and then I need a fucking bath.” Jim dropped his things in the corner and started stripping again as he fished the oil out of his bag. His arse felt better, so he figured he’d just have Sebastian finish the rest. He was more comfortable with him than a maester but Jim still didn’t want to be touched right now.

Sebastian had made up two beds out of the Holmes's finest feather mattresses on the floor, deciding that Jim might want his own bed some nights and deciding to be generous. While part of him was a bit irritated at turning into a servant, he was rather enjoying being the one looking after Jim, after all the time Jim had been suffering. He stood to something approximating attention as Jim entered, grinning and saluting, "Right you are, I'll get one of the kids to bring some water up. Umm..." He hesitated then squirmed, then realised he couldn't wait too much longer, "Did... did you get it done? Is he dead?"
Jim wasn’t able to grin back, this day had been too hard and he wasn’t looking forward to asking for this after he’d been touched so invasively in Qyburn’s rooms. “Yeah he’s – he’s dead. Checked his pulse and everything.” Jim laid down on his front, trying to cover up his erection which was starting to hurt after he’d been hard for so long, the inside of his arse still burned. He just wanted to curl up and go to sleep and instead he was shoving a pillow under his hips and staring sulkily at the wall. “Don’t call the kids yet, fuck knows they see enough, they don’t need to be walking in on you and me.” Jim held up the little bottle of oil and shook it around. “Didn’t want the maester touching me so you are going to do it.”

Sebastian smirked at his erection and the good news and stepped forwards, gently patting it, "Ohh that's good..." he hesitated. Something was wrong. Jim should be triumphant, exultant, but instead he was just looking empty and dull. He took the little bottle of oil and nodded, moving his hand away. "Yeah, of course. Well done for finishing the bastard. What did you need me to do?"

Jim hissed and covered himself, his cock hurt and he didn’t appreciate it being patted, even gently. “Fuck, careful! Ow.” He scowled and stuck his arse out irritably, “don’t touch me unless you’ve got plenty of oil on your hands, believe me you don’t want to get this shit on your hands and then touch your eyes or something. Try and be serious. Just – I need you to cover as much of my insides with the oil as you can, be careful not to do anymore damage.” He took a breath and exhaled, “Just prep me like you were going to fuck me but be gentler and more thorough with the oil. Go as deep as you can.”

"Sure..." Sebastian looked at him, feeling a rush of anger for whoever had done this but wisely deciding to remain silent. "Alright then.” Taking the oil he rubbed it between his hands and then gently rubbed around the curves of Jim's arse. It wasn't where he'd been told to touch but it was still just there and very tempting. Not wanting to outstay his welcome, he slid his fingers closer to the entrance, gently pressing one inside and sliding it around, pouring more oil as he went, "Your poor cock, it looks fucking fierce." He kissed gently at the small of Jim's back. "Who was it, tell me and I'll fucking well pull his insides out of his arse and tie him to a flagpole with them." "Gave me something to keep my hard – some kind of potion. Already came once when I was with him.” Jim laughed hard until tears leaked out of his eyes, “Sorry, sorry...” He wiped them away, still grinning. “S just everyone told me I wasn’t a whore anymore – and here I am a week later spreading my legs and getting paid for it.” It felt inescapable somehow and that scared Jim, he didn’t want to do this anymore. “Ow, fuck...” He hissed and tensed up as Sebastian pushed in passed his bruised rim, but he sighed in relief as the fire started to die down. “I’ve much more sympathy for you and your fucking fire leaves now.”

"It's about time you had some sympathy for that." Sebastian smirked, realising that right now effusive sympathy probably wasn't what Jim wanted. "Well, they told me I had two fathers and now it seems I have none, so clearly everyone out there knows bugger all and those that do aren't telling." His hands stayed gentle, rolling the oil around inside Jim and pressing as deep as he could, sliding more oil on all the time. It would have been wonderfully sensual and romantic had Jim not been sporting another man’s erection and still hurting, his entrance looking sore and swollen rather than the hot little pink ring Sebastian preferred. "The Mountain's dead, that’s fucking wonderful to know. You’ve achieved what no man in Westeros ever could.”

Jim smirked a little bit and began relaxing as the burning died down. “He put a fucking rag in me. Like he just mistook my arse for the bin.” He was pissed about that, he felt like trash – like he hadn’t been treated as a human being, even when he was a whore at least he was an attractive person. “And there were these teeth clamps. Pulled teeth from some kind of animal. That’s fucking disgusting.” Jim had been trying to focus on the pain and tried to keep what Sebastian was doing separate from everything else. “Did Ramsay ever shove snow up your arse, because let me tell you
it’s a real fuckin treat.” He felt his face get hot and he moaned quietly, biting his torn up lip trying to keep the noise in.

Sebastian hadn't even asked, and part of him was pleased and even honoured that Jim was telling him. He kissed at the base of Jim's spine again, running his tongue over the nobbles of his spine in apology as a third finger squeezed in to push the oil deeper. "Yeah, yeah he did." Was all he answered, flushing and hoping Jim didn't see because *fuck* but that had been a hell of an afternoon and Sebastian had come twice and then taken Ramsay up his numb and freezing arse in a haze of orgasm and lust. He reached up to stroke Jim's hair gently, "Don't bother holding back, yeah? There's no one in here and the walls are pretty soundproof. 'S fine."

Jim hunched and made a small noise of pain as Sebastian added a third finger, he was already well stretched and loose but everything was bruised and sore, it didn’t take much to hurt him like this. "I’d let you fuck me after but I don’t think you’d like me so much when I’m not tight." He heard Sebastian’s hesitance but couldn’t figure out what he was embarrassed over. Jim internally shrugged and kept up his idle chatter, trying to keep from thinking too much and distract Sebastian from what he was doing. “Never had ice before, but then again I’d never been up north before – all we’ve got down here is sand and rocks. Can’t say I miss it though, it was always so fucking cold.” Sebastian stoked his hair and Jim soaked up the comfort, closing his eyes and relaxing further. He rutted down against the pillow underneath his hips and he gasped and tensed up at finally getting some friction but it set off the burning in his cock, “Will you – fuck. Can you touch me? With the oil so it doesn’t feel like someone’s got my dick over a fire.” Jim normally wouldn’t have been so apologetic over asking Sebastian to touch him but he had gotten hard with someone else and he wasn’t totally sure that he’d be able to return the favor when it was done. It didn’t seem fair to ask.

"Course I’d still like you, silly little thing. Not sure you're quite in the mood for my cock though.” Sebastian gave a fake and exaggerated wounded sigh, "Huh... not appreciating my cock, honestly.” Slathering more oil around he tugged one of the fingers out, keeping soothing Jim's insides with two fingers while his other hand wrapped firmly around Jim's cock and stroked up and down. It wasn't quite the circumstances he would have liked, but in a way it felt good, and he couldn't help a small chuckle at the ridiculousness of the situation. "I really am just your fuck-toy now, aren't I? Here to pleasure you how you need.” He grinned and kissed at the oil-streaked bottom, "Course I'll get it sorted for you. You just relax on these nice expensive mattresses. The Holmes's have some wonderful stuff you know, never seen anything like it up North."

Jim grinned back, wanting to tease the man back but he wasn’t sure if he was going to be able to perform and it would be supremely unfair if he dropped out when the time came. “I appreciate your cock plenty, tiger. ‘S just at the moment I want a bath more. Although I suppose we could multi-ta-ahh-sk. Fuck you.” Jim laughed and couldn’t seem to find his equilibrium, he kept sliding between the two extremes of hating himself and bogged down in grief for Oberyn and Varys and the high floating feeling he got when he realized he’d killed the Mountain and he had Sebastian this crazy man who only wanted him. “You’re not ‘just’ anything. Everyone else has left now, you’ll have a lot of roles to fill.” Jim finally flipped over with a wince, wrapping his legs around Sebastian’s hips but stopping short at rubbing against him – no teasing unless he was sure. “These beds are fucking comfortable. Feels good to take this from Mycroft, even if it is his leftover rubbish. He’d still be pissed as fuck.” Jim laughed quietly again at the thought, happy to have a small victory over the man when he’d treated Jim like dirt. Jim shuddered as the oil took the heat out of the cream and he relaxed as Sebastian stroked him slowly and continued to fuck him with his fingers. “You’re sort of a bastard but I like you.” Jim reached up and pulled at Sebastian’s hair lightly.

Sebastian continued stroking his cock, smirking happily as Jim started reacting in ways that weren't just painful, and started to look like he might be enjoying himself slightly, despite everything that had happened between Oberyn and Qyburn. He didn't mind as his own cock twitched up, he could
always jerk off while Jim was asleep and he inhaled and let go of Jim's cock gently to pat it before returning back to Jim's cock again. "I'm complete bastard and don't you forget it." He boasted, his two fingers still gently sliding out of Jim's insides as his hand rubbed and tugged, "And now look, you've got me all excited. I'll try and find something expensive of Mycroft's to jerk into." He grinned.

Jim rolled his eyes lightly, "You know I'm a bastard too of course? I don't even get the 'Snow' or whatever the fuck it is here in the capital. No fucking clue who my parents were, never cared much." Jim tilted his head back and moaned a little bit as Sebastian continued touching him, gods he felt good. "Do you remember the first time we were together? Not at Winterfell, but at the Dreadfort?" Jim shook with laughter, "Gods you were stupid. But so eager to please. You've gotten better at this since then, by the way." Jim tentatively bent up to kiss him briefly, "We were just like this, you hulking over me and threatening me – and then you asked me what I wanted. I told you I would pretend that we were alone, that we could do whatever we wanted. Just us... No one had ever asked me that before and meant it." Jim tentatively bent up to kiss him briefly, "We were just like this, you hulking over me and threatening me – and then you asked me what I wanted. I told you I would pretend that we were alone, that we could do whatever we wanted. Just us... No one had ever asked me that before and meant it." Jim tentatively bent up to kiss him briefly, "We were just like this, you hulking over me and threatening me – and then you asked me what I wanted. I told you I would pretend that we were alone, that we could do whatever we wanted. Just us... No one had ever asked me that before and meant it." Jim tentatively bent up to kiss him briefly, "We were just like this, you hulking over me and threatening me – and then you asked me what I wanted. I told you I would pretend that we were alone, that we could do whatever we wanted. Just us... No one had ever asked me that before and meant it." Jim tentatively bent up to kiss him briefly, "We were just like this, you hulking over me and threatening me – and then you asked me what I wanted. I told you I would pretend that we were alone, that we could do whatever we wanted. Just us... No one had ever asked me that before and meant it." Jim tentatively bent up to kiss him briefly, "We were just like this, you hulking over me and threatening me – and then you asked me what I wanted. I told you I would pretend that we were alone, that we could do whatever we wanted. Just us... No one had ever asked me that before and meant it." Jim tentatively bent up to kiss him briefly, "We were just like this, you hulking over me and threatening me – and then you asked me what I wanted. I told you I would pretend that we were alone, that we could do whatever we wanted. Just us... No one had ever asked me that before and meant it."
hoping that Jim wouldn't misinterpret that and quickly answering, "Fucking - seven gods I want it. Want it completely, want it desperately, I've wanted you inside me for... so long. I'd, gods I'd love it. But... when you're better. When you can do it properly. I don't want you to put up with it I want you to fuck me and love it more than anything ever done to you again."

“Okay,” Jim whispered and bent over some so that he could kiss him hard. Jim had an idea, and he had to pause for a moment to decide if it was what he wanted before he pecked Sebastian quickly on the mouth and stopped as the rich smell of the Dornish spices filled the space and shook him. Smell was the sense tied strongest to memory and it took Jim a moment to push memories of his time with Oberyn so he wouldn’t be overwhelmed by them. “I miss him.” Jim said quietly as he dipped two fingers in the oil.

"You don't have to - shit ..." Sebastian said quietly as the oil smell filled the room. He blinked, his cock staying hard as he closed his eyes and tried to get all the memories of Oberyn promising to fuck him out of his head, "Just... yeah." He didn't quite know how to say what he wanted to, the confused nature of wanting Jim but wanting Jim to want him, and missing Oberyn and the anger at Jim's injuries. And of course how damn fantastic Oberyn's cock would have felt pounding his insides. "Yeah. Me too..."

Jim grinned and shook his head as he slowly pressed his fingers inside Sebastian, knowing the boy probably hadn’t been fucked in a long time. “You know when I suggested bringing you into our bed all he was interested in was seeing me hit you,” Jim laughed quietly and it hurt somehow. “He really liked you though. Probably the only Lannister he could stand to be around. That’s quite the honor.” Jim scissored his fingers, trying to forget the day he’d learned how to do this at Baelish’s brothel and remember how Oberyn had done it instead.

Sebastian pressed down a little as Jim's fingers slid inside him and then pressed back towards them, moaning and slowing his breathing down as it hitched up. Gods it felt good, even if it was tempered with sadness, with the smell of Oberyn all around them, and Jim still talking about him. "Ha - I bet he would've loved watching you fuck me. His little viper, taking a half Lannister. Unhhhh..." He arched up as Jim's fingers moved, as he tried to relax the tight little ring of muscle. It had been a long time since he'd been taken before.

Jim blinked and looked down at his hands so that he could watch what he was doing instead of watching Sebastian’s face. He’d tried – just about everything today to make the tight band around his chest loosen but nothing really worked. He supposed time would be the only thing. Jim kissed the inside of Sebastian’s knee and nibbled at the skin there after, just to add a bit of a shock but he just didn’t have it in him tonight to really hurt the other boy. “He would have liked that.” The pet name ached a little but it was overshadowed by everything else. “Little Bird, Little Spider, Little Viper...” The names all covered different times in his life and now he didn’t know who he was meant to be anymore. Varys had left him and Jim was now responsible for a hundred or more children, on top of the spies outside of King’s Landing. Jim wasn’t even sure what he was meant to do with the information he was collecting, it wasn’t as though Varys had left a forwarding address. Jim pushed the responsibility out of his mind for now and focused on finding that sweet spot inside Sebastian, hoping he could at least give the other boy something else to think about.

"Ramsay called you 'little bitch'..." Sebastian added, knowing that probably wasn't the most helpful of things to say, and moaning again, reaching forward to try and stroke Jim's cock as he was pleasured, at least try to do the job he was meant to. Thinking about Oberyn hurt far too much, but...
the smell of him and the memory of him was everywhere and he found his eyes glazing a little. "Hey... you're Jim, that's what matters. And fuck it all, we'll be fine - you've got a base of operations and plenty of eager minions."

“And your father called me Little Boy,” Jim threw back at him. “Can’t decide what’s more fucking up, that I fucked your father or that you tried to fuck you brother.” He grinned and then lost his train of thought a little as Sebastian touched his cock, “Uhhh, fuck... maybe you should wait on that, I’m going to be exhausted after I come and if you want to finish you might want to wait until you’re closer.” He’d been hard for way too long now but another few minutes wouldn’t hurt and he wanted Sebastian to have this after the day he’d had. “Yeah, we’re going to be okay. Just got to hope I can figure out how to run this fucking network without any instructions or paperwork... I can’t believe he left me.” The words were quiet and he regretted them as soon as they were out, but Varys had been the only adult presence in Jim’s life, he’d taught him everything he knew except the whoring, things that no one in their right might would have wasted teaching a peasant. Jim pushed it out of his mind and focused on Sebastian, pushing in a third finger while he took the boy’s cock in his hand and started stroking him off.

"You - uhhhhh - you know he wouldn't have left unless he knew that it was the only way.” Sebastian managed, wondering why they were talking politics while he was being stretched wider than he had since Ramsay, his legs parting and twitching, his hands still rubbing at Jim's cock, wanting him to get relief and not caring if that meant he had to jerk himself later. "With Tywin dead Cersei would have had him gone in, a-ahhh, in very, v-very little time, w-why are we talking about this. Jim, gods, I can't wait till you can get your cock in there."

“Some of us have active minds and fucking isn’t enough of a distraction – fuck, come on…” Jim stuttered a little and tried to focus on keeping his fingers moving in and out of Sebastian, pressing up against his prostate and rubbing and massaging the little spot with his fingertip, pretty much content to keep up the maddening stimulation until Sebastian came. “I could stick it in now but I’m pretty sure I’d come in about three seconds,” Jim grinned and climbed further over Sebastian so that he could leave a dark suck mark over his ribs. “You’ve gotten more muscular since Dreadfort too.”

"Well I'll be more of a distraction when less of you'se injured." Sebastian pouted, then moaned and writhed, his hands grabbing at the sheets as Jim's fingers poked and prodded hard at the sensitive spot within him, "Fuck, FUCK, oh fucking yes." Three fingers, after so long of nothing but hopes and wanks, and it felt fantastic. "B-better fighter as well, been practicing, better everything, unh, glad you like it."

Jim was a little relieved that Sebastian had let go of his cock, it was just – fucking sensitive in an unpleasant way like someone had left a cock ring on for far too long. He smirked and kept up the pressure, changing up the motion and how much force he was using. Oberyn used to do this to him, torture him like this for an hour sometimes, edging him close to the edge just to pull back at the last moment. It drove Jim fucking crazy and he looked forward to the day he’d have time to do it properly with Sebastian, right now he just wanted to push for the finish because dawn was coming soon and he wanted a bath before he passed out from exhaustion. “You know I’m not letting you go anywhere without me now, don’t you? The capital is a dangerous place and I’ve lost a lot of my protection” – he didn’t have Oberyn to claim him anymore and even Varys was gone. Sebastian and his mind were all the defense he had at this point.

"T-that’ good because i-if you think I'm letting you out of my sight, fuuuuck..." Sebastian moaned deep, the oil feeling amazing, closing his eyes and gripping the sheets and gasping as he came hard all over his stomach, without his cock even being touched. He'd done it before, but always painfully, with mocking laughter edging it, now there was just Jim and sweetness and the smell of
spices and his head was spinning.

Jim finished himself off quickly while he watched Sebastian tense up and come hard with Jim’s fingers still in his arse, milking his orgasm. It was hot to watch and Oberyn’s smell was on his body and a few tears leaked out before Jim could push them back. “Good – good boy…” Jim laid down carefully on top of Sebastian, thankfully his cock had finally gone soft and he laid there languidly, kissing at the boy’s neck and chest while Sebastian caught his breath. “Want a bath now. You can rub my shoulders.” Jim grinned mischievously and sat up slowly before taking the sheet with him and covering himself before heading out to the hall and finding a little bird to bring water and something to eat. When he came back he started sorting his things, “I want a proper staff, the kids are spies not servants.” Jim gave an ironic grin, “Did you ever think you’d get saddled with a hundred kids?”

The "good boy" calmed him and Sebastian closed his eyes, rubbing gently at some part of Jim's skin as he came down. "C-course I'll wash you, you need cleaning." He stood, tugged a cloak around his waist and then quickly lifted the heavy pail of warm water away from the small child who brought it. "Yeah, yeah, we'll find some staff. Holmes'll have some knocking around. Alright get in the tub and I'll clean you off. Just don't fall asleep in it." He shook his head, "The children freak me out - they're all quiet and solemn and broken. But they're decent. Bet they all twitter about me behind my back."

Jim shrugged lightly, “I was like that too when I was their age, and I turned out alright. I should send a letter to Varys’ partner in Essos, it’s likely that Varys will at least stop there…” Jim was a little bit relieved that he might be able to get in contact with the man. “Course they do, they were watching you all year. I think some of them were psychologically damaged from some of your antics,” Jim teased. “Some of them were afraid you were simple in the head,” Jim laughed when he remembered the solemn little boy who couldn’t have been older than five who had signed and explained to Jim how Sebastian ran into Jaime’s practice sword and didn’t bother defending himself or really trying to attack. Jim sat down in the hot water, sighing and relaxing and he got to work at scrubbing at his front with a towel. “Come sit behind me. One day I’ll teach you all the signs, there’s a whole language for it – I made it up when I was ten because all my friends were Little Birds and none of them could talk to me.”

"What, me giving all my money to whores to look at me in a confused manner?" Sebastian laughed, shaking his head and remembering just how tempting it had been to throw himself into anger and frustration. "Well they were probably right, here, give me that." Taking the towel he gently started to rub over Jim's body, avoiding the bruises on his nipples and then getting into the bath with him when offered, sliding Jim's body into his lap and continuing to wash him, letting Jim lean back against his chest, "Just teach me the basics - they'll still want to make fun of me, don't spoil that for them."

Jim laughed hard and that and nodded in agreement, “Oh gods, should I tell you what their name is for you?” Jim demonstrated a quick little motion with a closed fist, shaken twice in the air like he was angry and then moved down to his crotch and pumped his fist twice. “Simple, but crude. They’re only children after all. The closed fist is the first letter of your name, S. Basically they call you an angry wanker.” Jim shorted and shook lightly with laughter, “Don’t worry, mine was worse, until I started taking over for Varys.” Jim hummed happily and leaned back against Sebastian’s chest and tilted his head back to rest against his shoulder.

Sebastian laughed at that and somehow couldn't stop, resting his head back on the edge of the tub with his body shaking, "Angry wanker - ha. Well they're clever little brats, I'll give them that. And it suits me, you've got to admit, specially as you wouldn't let me get a legover." He looked curiously at Jim and then stroked the side of his arm, "Go on, what was yours, you've got to tell me
Jim was happy that Sebastian was able to laugh like that, especially after how much he had lost today. “Course they’re clever, I practically raised most of them. Varys certainly doesn’t have time to do it.” Jim gave a rueful grin and showed his old name to Sebastian, he made a fist except for his little finger and then drew a J with his pinky before opening up his mouth and pumping his fist, miming a blow job. “It’s the first letter of my name, J with the gesture for sucking dick – because I was a whore before Varys found me and some of the other kids looked down on me because I was a prostitute, and stuffing my face with cock was how I did a lot of my jobs for Varys so…” he shrugged lightly, “a few years later they started calling me the Little Spider because Varys singled me out and took my education further than the rest. It became pretty clear he was hoping I’d live long enough to be his successor. My name changed again recently,” Jim held out his wrist and tapped the fingertips of his opposite hand along the exposed skin as the “spider” crept from his elbow to wrist before curling his index and middle finger into fangs and jabbing them into his wrist. “It’s like… ‘spider viper’ now, they overheard Oberyn say it enough and it just kind of stuck I guess.”

"Little cocksucker." Sebastian felt his jaw tense a little at that, but he couldn't really complain about the kids. They'd had their tongues cut out, and the thought made him shudder and somehow think of Ramsay. The two of them had caused plenty of pain and hurt to random peasants, but never for a purpose - Ramsay hurt because he like to hurt. "Spider viper I like. Tell them to do that symbol at me and I'll know to fetch you. And if I ever see the 'angry wanker' done to my face I'll slap them one." Picking up the flannel again he ran it over the unharmed pieces of Jim's skin, down over his hip and outer legs then inner thigh. He was pleased that Jim's name incorporated Oberyn, even if it was a strange way to remember the name. It worked somehow.

Jim shrugged, “You’re probably the only one who knows what they used to call me, besides Varys. All of the Birds I grew up with are dead, of course.” A humorless little laugh escaped him as Sebastian continued washing him down with the cloth. “I put one of them in the ground myself. Karyl was one of the older boys and – he made me pretty fucking miserable.” There weren’t many Birds that lived to reach puberty but Karyl had been good, bigger than all the other boys and violent. Putting newly awakening teenagers with high stress jobs in with small children who weren’t trained to defend themselves wasn’t one of Varys’ brightest ideas. That or he just hadn’t really cared. “I drown him in the ocean. Made him the usual promises, told him there was a cave along the coast where we could be alone. I think he was scared someone would tell Varys what he was doing. Hit him over the head with a rock and held him under the water until he stopped moving. That was the first time I killed someone. I just left the body there, it was too heavy for me to move. Varys worked it out somehow, I’ve never seen him so angry.” Jim dropped the memories and tilted his head back to rest on Sebastian’s shoulder. “Who was your first kill?”

Sebastian hesitated at the question, he could imagine Jim, so small and vulnerable, but calculating, doing what needed to be done, knowing the risks, deciding which pain he'd prefer, and then finally, slamming the rock down. His own life had been far less honourable. "I - I didn't know her name." He mumbled. "It was with Ramsay we got a bit... overenthusiastic." It had been Ramsay's first kill as well, and when Sebastian had moved his hands away, when they'd realised she'd stopped breathing, he could still remember the frantic panic - Ramsay's eyes popping with an "Oh gods, is she ... haha ...” Ramsay had laughed, high pitched, uncertain, while Sebastian had frantically slapped her face and sworn. They'd buried her all in a heap in the forest. "The first time I killed a man was after you left up in Winterfell. Got in a few battles." He said, trying to lighten his voice.

Jim sighed and pressed his lips against Sebastian’s neck briefly, “Everyone told me how fucking lucky I was to have walked away from that hunt. Paul made it sound like they were a regular occurrence, I’m surprised there were any girls left up at Dreadfort.” Jim scratched lightly at the
fading scars on his arm, they were less pink now – they weren’t as fresh, and the tissue had turned white. “Why didn’t you just let Ramsay have me? You certainly seemed to want to in the beginning.”

"In the beginning I didn't really give a shit about you..." Sebastian smirked, and tugged at Jim's hair, "You were fucking lucky, you were the first. And you killed the dogs - did I tell you he made me fight one of those things? Then my Da made me be your servant, fuck, I hated you so much. You were all arrogant and pretty and ordering me around, never had a servant do that before. Didn't want Ramsay to have you then, I wanted you, wanted you completely." He gave Jim a cuddle, "Heh. I dunno, I was a confused little fucker. Now I'm a confused big fucker. And I still want you."

Jim turned around and crawled into Sebastian’s lap, wrapping his arms around the other boy’s neck and just relaxing in the water. “You did tell me that. You’ve not been trained in tactics and I doubt Ramsay gave you a weapon – I couldn’t have fought those animals with my bare hands so I took up some rocks and a sharp stick.” Jim grinned happily when Sebastian said how much he hated him. “You can have me. Sometimes. When I say so.” Jim teased, biting and pulling at Sebastian’s ear lobe. He settled back down in the boy’s lap, Jim only meant to close his eyes for a second but he fell asleep in the warm water with Sebastian holding him up.

"Teasing little bastard." Sebastian murmured fondly, relaxing in the warm water, and raising his eyes in surprised when he realised Jim had fallen asleep. Sighing, he lifted the young man gently up, carrying him out and over to the comfortable mattress where he lay him down, covered him with furs and then dried himself off and laid next to him, not wanting Jim to get cold as the sheets got damp. He hesitated and then gave a quick little kiss to the top of Jim's head, "Sleep well."

Chapter End Notes

TW: discussions of past child prostitution.
Epilogue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jim moaned and laughed as Oberyn moved inside him, earning some delicious sounds as he held him down by the wrists and pressed Jim down into the mattress. “Beautiful beautiful boy…” Oberyn’s rooms were dimly lit with candles, the Dornish spices filled the air and the room was filled with the sounds of their love making. Jim’s breath caught and he closed his eyes as he moaned, taking a few moments to savor the sensations Oberyn was bringing out for him. The prince’s hands suddenly tightened hard around Jim’s wrists but he just grinned and pushed back harder against the man now that things had turned a little rougher. “Love you…” Jim whispered quietly. Something wet dripped onto his face and Jim blinked his eyes open in shock, thinking that Oberyn was crying in response to his words. He was, in a sense. When Jim looked up at his lover, he had changed, his eyes were gone and blood dripped from the empty sockets and onto Jim’s body. “Fuck, oh gods no…” Jim sat up in bed, carefully holding the sides of Oberyn’s head as the man began to scream and try to wrestle away from Jim’s hands. “Stop, fuck stop you’re going to hurt yourself!” Jim held on tighter and suddenly the bone underneath Oberyn’s skin seemed to give and Jim screamed as he accidentally crushed Oberyn’s skull between his hands, brains and blood splattered over his naked body and Oberyn fell lifeless on top of him, crushing him, drowning him… Jim woke up screaming and thrashing with Sebastian on top of him, pinning him to the mattress by his wrists so he wouldn’t struggle too much and hurt himself. As soon as Jim woke up he stopped screaming and Sebastian let him go. Jim shook badly but stumbled to his feet and managed to make it to the bucket before he got helplessly sick, still shaking in revulsion from his dream. Every night since Oberyn died it was some variant of that dream, but the major points were all there. He woke up hard each morning too and refused to let Sebastian touch him like this, instead he sat in cold water in the tub while he waited to stop shaking. It wasn’t his fault, he knew – it was just his body’s reaction to the first part of the dream, but Jim hated it all the same. He got up and settled down in the cold water, shivering at the temperature. “Sorry. I didn’t get you, did I?” Jim had hurt Sebastian before while he was in the throes of the dream, that was why the man pinned his hands now.

Sebastian shook his head, hiding his disappointment and getting back into bed and watching Jim in the cold tub, knowing what the dream had been about. Every evening, he hoped Jim would get through the night, but he still didn’t, waking shaking and screaming. "Nah, it's fine. Just a few scratches, nothing I couldn't cope with." He watched the boy sitting naked and vulnerable in the cold water, trying to think of something useful to say and eventually settling with, "That was a good haul last night, got some pretty important goods. Enough to satisfy that weird trader bloke do you think?"

Jim glanced briefly at Sebastian and then went back to staring at the wall as he tried to get his brain to focus on something other than the imagined taste of blood in his mouth. “Mhh, yeah. Hopefully. Probably.” Shortly after Varys left Jim had realized that there wasn’t enough money to feed everyone and keep them in silks. Jim knew that when Varys ran the network his old friend Illyrio sent him coin as well as children to keep the operation going. The shipment hadn’t come at the beginning of the month and Jim had realized they were on their own. To grow his network he picked up kids off the streets of Flea Bottom and Jim made a gamble and didn’t take their tongues. Shortly after that Jim had gone back to that first brothel he’d worked at – it was still running but at another location and under different management, and he’d had Sebastian kill the managers and they took the kids. Hopefully if Jim could provide a better alternative the children wouldn’t have to turn to that sort of thing in the future. He hoped Baelish was pissed but in the end it that little
brothel was only a small investment, Jim doubted the man was hurt by the loss.

With a network and no one to send information to, at least until Varys settled somewhere in Essos and was able to be reached by Raven, Jim had gone back to their organizations roots and moved more into crime than strictly spy work. Oh they still gathered plenty of information – for blackmail, or they sold it to the highest bidder, as long as it wasn’t going to piss off anyone too important. Now the Little Birds stole and spied and brought in scandalous letters, things of that nature. Jim took the time to ensure they were trained well and that meant their chances of survival were higher. Sebastian was still picking up on the signed language but he was learning quickly, after all it was meant to be learned by children. Jim had spent about ten minutes in the water in silence while he waited for his morning wood to go away. At least it was only a few hours from dawn, the worst nights were the ones where Jim woke an hour after sleeping. He could never go back to sleep after the dream. He realized that Sebastian had probably been trying to get his attention but Jim had zoned out, only now coming back to himself. He felt ready to get out of the tub so he stood and started wiping himself down with a towel. “You know Wyttson’s offer still stands, you’re more than welcome to sleep in his room. You’re always welcome in my bed.” When Jim was mostly dry and freezing he climbed under the blankets again, cuddling up next to Sebastian and tried to get warm.

Sebastian wrapped arms around him, rolling his eyes, "Why would I want to sleep with Wyttson, he's an ugly bugger and is too busy mooning around over his lost little Holmes to be interested in fucking me. Besides, who would get you warm after you finish in your tub of cold water, or calm you down after you try to rip their guts out, hmm?" He'd initially thought he'd be lost spare muscle in a world of silent children, but Jim was now using the network Varys had made for something a little different, helping out rich men who needed illegal jobs done, and causing plenty of need for illegal jobs himself. And Sebastian was more than useful with that, and had started training some of the larger and older children in fighting - dirty knife-scuttling fighting rather than the knight’s broadsword. He'd learnt a fair amount from them as well.

“Hmmm, maybe because he wouldn’t start screaming in your ear at all hours of the night and he’d not press his feet against you after sitting in a cold tub of water like a mad man.” Jim tucked his cold toes against Sebastian’s legs to illustrate his point. “I could always come to you – after. Wouldn’t wake you up so much at least.” He gave a sigh and watched Sebastian instead of letting his mind wander back to the dream and brood over it like a sore tooth. Jim crawled over top Sebastian instead of lying next to him, purposefully getting in a few jabs with his knees or elbows just to be difficult. “Dunno, he offered to jerk me off one time. For medicinal purposes of course. That one might be getting lonely.” It was easier to poke fun at their maester than it was to focus on himself and the root cause of his dreams. They’d pass, eventually. John wouldn’t give Jim anything to help him sleep, because he had to dream, there was nothing he could give him that wasn’t already highly addictive.

Sebastian grumbled and scowled as Jim poked and prodded him with cold limbs, bundling him up in a pair of warm arms once he’d stopped moving to stop him starting again. "Medicinal jerk offs - hmmm - might be worth a try, I think he'd see through me though.” He gave a chuckle, stroking at the shivering skin, "I don't mind waking up, and you need someone here. Wouldn't trust any of the little birds, they'd just panic. They adore you though, specially the ones we got out of that brothel.”

“Oh gods,” Jim groaned and hid his face against Sebastian’s shoulder. That had reminded him – most of the kids they took in were pretty hardened by the time they got to them but every once in a while they’d get a few that were newly orphaned and still used to having parents. One of them had tried to come into Jim and Sebastian’s room after the kid had a nightmare. That had probably been the most embarrassed Jim had ever felt getting walked in on during sex. “They don’t really, they just – need someone. They’ll latch onto anybody.” Jim dismissed, a little uncomfortable at the
thought that the Birds cared about him. “Besides, everyone adores me.” Jim snorted and laughed, “Do you – oh gods Wyttson’s face when you brought me to him after we did the – the thing.”

Sebastian had been injured once when they were first starting out and a man had attacked Jim in the streets, Sebastian had fought him off but got slashed with a knife – he had a long scar from his ribs to his hips bone, thankfully the wound had been fairly shallow. After Sebastian had started to heal up Jim had handed him a knife and told him he wanted Sebastian to cut him, three stripes underneath his collar bone and cutting diagonally across to his left nipple. Tiger claw marks. He’d argued that Sebastian had a scar for him and Jim should have something permeant to wear of Sebastian’s too. He’d gotten spectacularly drunk, Sebastian did a good job but he wouldn’t stop bleeding so he’d woken John up in the middle of the night with a bleeding Jim in his arms. “When you told him what happened – fuck he hit you hard.” Jim laughed a little, remembering how funny it was at the time, they’d all gone down in a tumble and Jim hard laughed his drunk arse off.

"Yes it was hilarious he almost broke my jaw..." Sebastian scowled, running his fingers lightly down the three tiger- stripe scars on Jim's chest. He’d never actually told Jim how wonderful he thought they were, in case it sounded too much like Ramsay. But Jim's skin was a canvas of snarled scars and marks that other people had made and it always sent a hot rush through him when he saw the only marks that Jim had wanted, the marks that belonged to him. Recovering from John Wyttson smacking him hard in the jaw while yelling abuse had been less fun, even if Jim had laughed himself stupid the whole time, slurring drunkenly at them. "Yeah well, they latch loyally, I'll give them that. Great big house full of fucked up kids and three fucked up grown men." He smiled, and then gave Jim a poke. "Guess who I saw the other day. Jaime fucking Lannister. He was off to Dorne, asked if I wanted to come too."

Jim grinned and planted a little kiss on Sebastian’s jaw, he’d stopped shaking now that he felt warmer and left the nightmare behind for the most part. “Pretty sure your father intended you to have a few natural born children, not adopt over a hundred.” Jim teased and sighed, the sun would come up soon and they’d have to get ready for the day. “Jaime?” Jim asked, smiling sadly, “You should go with him. He’s your brother, he’s about the only real family you’ve got left and besides, I always thought you should see Dorne.” Jim wanted to go of course, but Jaime had never quite stopped with that whole “Harren-whore” business and they didn’t spend much time around each other.

"You think I want to go to Dorne with Jaime Lannister and get killed by Oberyn's seven-billion daughters?" Sebastian gave a shiver and then gave Jim a kiss, "Rather go with you and keep an eye out for Jaime Lannister while you check that Dorne isn't actually going to attack us. That way you can go meet Ellaria without being implicated in any Dornish plots, and I can go and get happily drunk on Dornish wine without having to listen to my half-brother winging that my half-sister won't open her legs."

Jim rolled his eyes and prodded at Sebastian’s side, “How would you feel if I was the only person you’d ever been with and we were together for over twenty years and then you lost your hand and I said that you weren’t good enough to fuck me anymore, huh? It’s fucking weird that they were fucking and all, it’s just that I can see why he might be a little hung up about it.” Jim chuckled lightly, “I think you want to go to Dorne and fuck his seven-billion daughters. Ellaria would cut your cock off if you managed to have one of them though.” Jim nuzzled into Sebastian tighter and closed his eyes sleepily, “I’d like that. I’d like it more if I got to see John’s face when you told him we’re leaving him alone and in charge of the Birds. Fuck maybe we could just bring them – the Dornish would be so moved by our charity. Very forward thinking for Westerosi.” Jim did his best imitation of Oberyn and Ellaria’s accent. “I’d like to go, if we can.”

"Yeah, yeah, I can understand why he's down I mean his dad's just died and his brothers escaped and his lover is his sister and is slowly exploding." Sebastian wrapped an arm around him,
wondering if Jim would actually manage to doze off again after the nightmare. That would certainly be a step forward. "I won't fuck anyone you don't ask me to, don't worry, and John will be delighted to look after your little ones without me getting them into trouble all the time. I am not babysitting a group of them in Dorne, but yeah, we could certainly get away. Get some more wine for a start - try to expand your criminal empire down south."

“I'm not going to ask you to fuck anyone. You might be a half way decent lover but you'd make a poor whore. If I'm not whoring any more than there's certainly no reason you should have to start.” Jim opened his eyes again so he could watch Sebastian carefully, “You know we're not – you don’t just have to fuck me. We’ve always been a little different like that but I would be happy if you were happy. Don't get me wrong, if you left me I’d cut off your testicles and feed them to you, but if you wanted someone else – for an evening, or a few months then I wouldn't mind. Just ask me first, yeah?” Jim gave him a brief kiss and got up to start getting ready for the day. He was never randy in the mornings after the nightmares, usually they had sex in the evenings or the afternoons during a free moment. "They don’t need babysitting, I’ve trained them better than that, but yes I see your point. I think that expansion sounds like a wonderful idea. How did your brother propose to get down south? I’m surprised that Dorne is letting in anyone with the last name Lannister."

"I doubt dear brother Jaime will be knocking at the front door. But there's no reason we shouldn't. Moran and... well we can choose any name for you. Moran and companion?" He smirked, thinking of Jim's words and deciding to maybe bring them up with Olyvar at a suitable time. "Besides which, not Tywin's dead all those damn-fool religious nutters are starting to pop up, and I'd rather be somewhere else when that particular shoe drops. Dorne will be warm as well, and winter is coming. We can get a couple of horses, send money back to Wyttson when we need to. We can trust him with it."

“As long as what we’ve built doesn’t come tumbling down while we’re away.” Jim wouldn’t care for anything to happen to his Birds while he was gone. He felt that John would do everything he could to take care of them though. “Yeah… I might need to keep a bit of a low profile. Ellaria made it pretty clear that everyone was going to be pretty hostile to me for a while… that was before the Mountain though.” Jim shrugged lightly, not really wanting to think about it. “I think we’ve earned ourselves a bit of a vacation,” Jim dressed himself in robes, purple today with the boarders done in black. He wore Oberyn’s viper in one ear and a new piece he’d had made – it went through the lobe of the opposite ear, a little spider dangling from the chain. It felt right, to represent Oberyn and Sebastian, but also himself on his person. Jim crawled back over Sebastian who still hadn’t gotten dressed and bit his bottom lip, “Who says you can’t mix business with pleasure? When you have time today I want you to find your brother and tell him we are going to be traveling – but separately. No doubt he has some plan that neither of us wants to find ourselves mixed up in.”

"I'll tell him. I think he's given up on me for the moment. Sure he'll find someone else to travel with. Heh. Maybe Bronn!" Sebastian laughed at that image, the two of them from such different backgrounds, travelling together. He watched appreciatively as Jim dressed, groaning as his lip was bitten and fondling Jim's arse through the fabrics. "Enough, don't start something I'll have to finish. Dorne'll be good for us and if anything kicks off here John can send a Raven and we'll be back like a shot."

“Well I don’t especially want to travel with your brother anyway so it’s a moot point. Just think, pitching camp with those two right there all the time, not a moment of privacy…” Jim bent down to kiss Sebastian again but quickly got off of him and went to finish freshening up, rubbing a little oil on his skin so he’d smell nice. “I can’t believe you are actually talking me into this. But I think it’s a good idea. We could use a change of scenery, we’ve been here for over a year now.”
"Yeah, people are starting to recognise you." Sebastian pointed out. "And me. Worth pissing off for a little bit and allow them to concentrate on something else." He pulled himself up out of bed with a groan and then tugged a shirt over his head, rubbing at his hair. "You'll look nice in Dorne, and smell all spicy again." And maybe, he thought to himself, stop having such powerful nightmares.

“Oh yes, I’m sure I’ll look very nice with one of Ellaria’s knives stabbed through my heart.” Jim smiled sadly though and tried to fix his hair in the foggy glass. It would be nice to stock up on some supplies from Dorne, Jim had grown rather attached to the things they made down there, his little spider earring wasn’t nearly so good a quality as the other pieces Oberyn had sent for from Essos. Just then one of the little girls, Aliza, came in and signed to Jim that there was a man in robes who asked to see him.

I don’t know who he is, and he smells funny. He tried talking to some of the others and I told everyone to stay away from him until you got there.

Jim frowned heavily, automatically distrusting anyone who his Birds were uneasy around. “Thank you. Sebastian? Hurry up and get dressed. How much of that did you understand?” Sebastian had been working, he should have been able to get some of it.

Sebastian squinted at the little girl, and she rolled her eyes and repeated some of it with slower movements. "Um... there's a man outside who thinks I smell funny?" The girl giggled as Sebastian gave her a wink, "Alright run off before I slap you." No matter how much he threatened, shouted at, or occasionally actually hit the little birds they all seemed as enamoured of him as Jim, but in a way that seemed to involve making a lot more fun of him. Grumbling, he tugged on a pair of trousers and then his belt, putting on his scabbard as well. "Want me there?"

“I just said I did, didn’t I? Hurry up.” Jim was impatient and on edge, knowing that this stranger had tried to talk to his kids in a way that made them nervous. Eventually Jim just left as Sebastian was still pulling on the last of his things. Jim walked quickly, drawing himself up as much as possible so that he could sufficiently intimidate whoever it was who had walked into his home. Jim found the man in the reception area where he met clients, normally a Bird would be offering him something to drink but Aliza had told the others to stay away. “I’m sorry, can I help you?” Jim asked imperiously, and then flinched a bit as the man turned around and revealed himself to be Qyburn. “Maester Qyburn… I must admit that I did not expect to see you.”

Sebastian grabbed a dagger and hurried after him, growling as he saw Qyburn and rushing at him, pinning him halfway up the wall, "You can fuck off for a start you bastard bugger. After what you did to him, you'll be lucky to walk out of here with your ears attached."

Qyburn raised his arms quickly, looking at Jim and trying to speak with Sebastian's hands at his throat, "I... I must apologise for the last time we met. I had no idea who you were. Can you please call off your bodyguard...?" He gave Sebastian a little smile as Seb growled and glared at him, fully ready for the order to stab him in the face.

Jim let the moment drag out while he deliberated before he muttered, “Down tiger. The Maester is our valued guest and has come to us, I assume, to ask for our services.” When Sebastian let him down Jim smiled dangerously, “What does who I am have to do with anything you did to me, Maester? You paid me didn’t you? And that’s all that matters, isn’t it?” Jim sneered for a moment before letting his face go blank and trying to rule in his temper. He hadn’t told Sebastian but several of his Oberyn nightmares involved Qyburn too, usually if Sebastian didn’t wake him up quickly enough the dreams would continue into Qyburn scraping Oberyn’s body fluids from his body and showing him the prince’s eyes in a jar. Dissecting what was left of the body in front of
Jim while occasionally touching Jim invasively. Normally Seb woke him up before it got that bad but he still felt on edge around Qyburn and wasn’t exactly pleased to see him. “You haven’t told me why you are here.”

Qyburn gave a small sigh of relief as he was put down, keeping an eye on Sebastian's knives. "I am very sorry about that evening, but I did treat you well enough and I did pay you. Uh." He leaned away as Sebastian scowled and brought the knife closer. "Did you know I had been made Master of Whispers at the castle?"

He scowled slightly as Sebastian mocking muttered, "We're very happy for you."

"The problem is that I am a master of whispers with nothing to whisper. Varys had a whole army, spies, and secrets. I have no one who speaks to me except Cersei and she tells me no secrets. I'm not asking for you to furnish me with what Varys had just... the occasional point of information."

Jim smiled mockingly, “Nice try. You knew exactly who I was, ‘the Harren-whore.’ You aren’t sorry, and I don’t care. I just won’t be lied to.” Jim sat down carefully and didn’t offer Qyburn a seat. “Sebastian, come here darling.” When Sebastian was far enough away that Jim wasn’t constantly worried he was going to stab Qyburn in the eye he admonished, “You can’t go around threatening every man in the city who’s fucked me or we’d not have any clients.” Jim smiled condescendingly at Qyburn, “Yes, I was made aware of your appointment. You of course know that Lord Varys was given a considerable amount of money by the crown to fund his work. I’m assuming that you are using that coin for other work instead.” Jim paused and exhaled slowly, “I will consider going into business with you. Here are the conditions – I will periodically give you information, you will pay me a flat fee for it. It will be up to me to decide what information is given to you. If you need something specific that will cost extra and I have the right to refuse just as I always have the right to end out arrangement. If you touch one of my Birds I will have your hands cut off and take out your tongue and leave you like that, do you understand? You will not approach any of them sexually, you will not experiment on any of them. If orphans start disappearing from Flea Bottom I will hear about it. If you ever try to touch me again, for coin or no, I’ll let Sebastian do what he wants with you for an hour. Do you have any questions, Maester Qyburn?"

Sebastian felt a shock of shame followed swiftly by a rush of excitement as Jim talked down to him and ordered him around in front of the maester, who looked at him, eyebrows raised. Enjoying himself a little, he kept the most threatening gaze he could manage, moving back only at Jim's orders, making it clear that it was only a word from Jim preventing him from ripping the man in half. Qyburn listened to Jim's suggestion and then nodded, "I have money, more than I quite know what to do with, and would be happy to pay you. I just need the odd bit of knowledge I can parade around in small council meetings, it doesn't have to be particularly important, or even particularly true, certainly not for any length of time. Of course I will respect your... workers. You were not some random boy from the street when I took you into my workshop. You came specifically to me, with the understanding that I could use you how I liked. I do not abduct civilians. And no questions. Although... if you ever do have a... body that you wouldn't mind me taking a look at I would be in your debt."

Jim snarled, “I thought you were just going to fuck me and let me leave.” He hid his hands in his sleeves and calmed himself down some. “As I understand it the Queen provides you with plenty of bodies, although it was a shame you couldn’t save your pet project.” Jim wore his viper unapologetically and stared Qyburn down. “I think we can come to an arrangement.”

"I thought you were a present from Cersei! It’s hardly my fault you were improperly briefed.” Qyburn protested, his eyes darting to Sebastian, but he wilted a little as Jim stared at him,
"Yes. An arrangement. I'd be happy with that. I just don't have what Varys did. Nobody does. And Mace Tyrell..." he hesitated, "Is a very nice man who I'm sure has some uses. Pyrcele is an anachronism from the past. There's not much of a small council left anymore; with Baelish, Varys and Tywin gone."

Jim smiled sharply, "Yes you poor man, do you always believe everything you are told by whores?" He was the one who had told Qyburn that he was a gift from the Queen, which was obviously now not the case. This was a good arrangement. He could feed whatever information he wanted to Cersei, "On top of your coin I will expect some information from you in return. Nothing indiscreet of course. It’s my understanding that you handle the Ravens for the castle. If anything interesting comes up you will let me know, won’t you? As a show of good faith.” Jim stood, ready to have Qyburn out of his home.

Qyburn hesitated and then nodded. He liked Cersei, and found her a useful patron - she helped him and supported him with his experiments. But he didn't hold a huge amount of loyalty to her for anything else, and really, how much harm could Jim do. "I would be happy to. For good faith and also, maybe, for an apology." He gave Sebastian a nod, scuttling back a little as he got a dangerous scowl in reply, and took out a purse. "A down payment, for... good faith."

Jim scowled a little when Qyburn apologized again and probably still didn’t mean it. Jim whistled a little two tone sound and one of the Birds came out as Jim took the purse. “Your patronage is appreciated.” Jim turned and addressed the Bird, “Please escort the Maester out. Do come again, Qyburn.” When the man was gone Jim scowled at Sebastian, “Attack a client again without permission and I’ll have you washing and braiding the kids’ hair for a week. And I’ll leave you here with them while I go to Dorne.” Jim gave him a little patronizing slap and then stepped in closer, wrapping his arms around Sebastian’s waist and kissing at his neck. “Thank you though. I wouldn’t have liked very much to be in a room alone with him for very long.”

"I already wash and braid their damn hair." Sebastian grumbled, wrapping arms around Jim and smirking at the slap as Qyburn left. "And don't pretend you didn't enjoy watching him almost wet himself when I slammed him up against the wall. He's a freaky little shite - bet even Wyttson wouldn't get on with him."

“Wyttson hates him, if I ever wanted him dead I wouldn’t even need to send you – I could just tell John that he touched one of the kids. I hear he used to be a solider, I think I’d like to see him fight. How out of practice do you think he is? Could he still take you, he’s got a lot more experience than you do.” Jim goaded and bit at the skin around Sebastian’s Adams apple, leaving a mark.

"W-Wyttson?" Sebastian squeezed at Jim's arse as the teeth nipped at his skin, "You think he'd be better than me? Piss off. He hasn't had a fight since he became a Maester. A-ah... no way he could take me, the old bastard. I’d wreck him."

Thoughts of John taking him in another way sprang disturbingly to light and he gave a small moan, "Don't make Wyttson fight for your entertainment, not if he doesn't want to. Poor guy's got enough on his plate."

Jim latched his teeth onto Sebastian’s collarbone, biting hard and pinching the skin between his teeth and the bone, “When do I ever do anything without a reason, hmmm?” He licked the mark to soothe it a little, moving on to unbutton the top buttons of the boy’s tunic, “If I’m leaving the Birds with him I want him in decent condition, they won’t have you around to protect them.” Jim teased before mouthing at one of Sebastian’s nipples. “I think I’ll go ask him about it. You don’t need me for anything right this minute do you? Besides, there’s nothing you love more than fighting. I’m not sure you’d beat him, I’d love to see him put you on your arse.” Jim grinned and worked the nipple into his mouth, pinching it between his teeth sharply.
"D-do I need you for anything right this... f-fuck..." Sebastian moaned as he was practically undressed on the spot, his hands still squeezing at Jim's backside, his arms holding him in place as the tongue and teeth worked over his chest and he gave a little yelp as Jim bit down on his nipple, his cock springing into action. "I'm sure he can fight well enough to protect your little birds without big bad Sebastian Moran being here." Don't make me fight him, he'll ruin me - he already beat the shite out of me when he thought I'd cut you up for your tiger stripes. Mmmmm...

Jim gave a little laugh at Sebastian’s exasperation and his stuttering. “You wouldn’t fight for me? If I asked you to?” Jim’s fingers danced lower to Sebastian’s trousers, carefully dipping his fingers inside but not touching his cock just yet, “I rather like the idea of my own little tourney. The kids can all come out and watch. It will be fuuuuuuuun.” Jim laughed again as he latched his mouth onto Sebastian’s neck and sucked another mark there while he brushed his fingers against the boy’s long new scar. “You did cut me up for my tiger strips. And I like them very much.”

“Oh if you asked me to of course I would...” It was a little harder to think now, and Sebastian practically stood on tiptoe to get his cock closer to Jim's fingers, squeezing and rubbing his arse harder, tilting his head to give Jim better access for the little marks he was making with his mouth. "I did, and you do, and John Wyttson beat the shite out of me because you were too damn drunk and couldn’t stop laughing long enough to tell him that. Little bastard." He smiled fondly, his hands pressing and pushing at Jim's robes, his cock jumping up harder, "Don't go away just yet... just a few more minutes... like this..."

“Someone’s going to see…” Jim laughed but he was having too much fun, and he hadn’t felt this relaxed in a while. Sebastian and he were only in their very early twenties and working a stressful job, sometimes their self-control wasn’t the best. “Good, I think it would be a nice little show. I don’t want either of you to really hurt each other so find some practice swords. Are you going to ram yourself into his sword or are you actually going to try.” Jim grinned as he felt Sebastian’s cock jump against his thigh at the innuendo and Jim finally pushed and hand down the front of his trousers. “We haven’t even had breakfast yet.” Jim moved his mouth to the other nipple and gave it similar attentions, “You two were so funny, it wasn’t my fault.” He knew Sebastian wasn’t mad and he grinned playfully as Sebastian tugged at his clothes, “just a few minutes, you’d better hurry then because I have a busy day and that’s all you get.” Teasing Sebastian until the other boy couldn’t stop and then letting him take over was one of Jim’s favorite games.

"Little shite...." Sebastian groaned as Jim continued, deciding to worry about how on earth he was going to convince John Wyttson to fight him with a practice sword after he'd finished, because he'd very much passed the point of no return now. "Maybe I'll tell him I knocked one of your birds around, unhhhh, they know they can run to him for sympathy." He rutted himself shamelessly against the hand in his trousers, knowing he didn't have long, and Jim’s teeth were setting his nipples on fire. One hand stayed squeezing and leaving rough slaps on Jim's arse, while the other trailed over his hip and up his waist, trying to find some skin under the robes.

“Having trouble there tiger?” Jim teased the boy as his hands fumbled with Jim’s clothes. He yelped as Sebastian’s hand came down on his arse and quickly covered his mouth to stifle the noise. “Don’t do that I don’t need you anymore brain damaged than you already are.” He rutted himself shamelessly against the hand in his trousers, knowing he didn't have long, and Jim’s teeth were setting his nipples on fire. One hand stayed squeezing and leaving rough slaps on Jim's arse, while the other trailed over his hip and up his waist, trying to find some skin under the robes.

Sebastian grinned, glad he'd managed to make at least a little crack in Jim's unflappable exterior, but going back to groping afterwards, not wanting to push it much further. The handjob he was getting was going wild and he moaned, gripping onto Jim hard and jerking his hips, giving a
wide-mouthed grin right at Jim, trying to see how fast he could get himself off, "Mmmm... fuck that's good... a-ahh... you really want to see Wyttson with my cum all over you? Poor man will blush something terrible."

Jim shook his head, “I’m going to wash you off of me first, I’m not an animal.” Jim had to stand on his tip toes with their height difference to get his tongue around Sebastian’s ear, licking the sensitive skin and biting down hard enough to leave bruises. After a few minutes he leaned in and whispered, “Your few minutes are up, you’d better come fast. And if you do well in the little tournament tonight I promise to fuck you, however you want.”

Sebastian moaned even more at the bite, loving that they were doing this in the Holmes's front hall, where anyone could potentially walk in, and whining as his few minutes finished, "A-ahhh fuck..." He grabbed Jim's little hand in his own, wanking himself hard with it and crouching down a little so Jim could reach his face before cumming hard, despite his words catching it mostly on his shirt. "Fuck!" He breathed heavily, then caught Jim's arm before he could run away, "Do well in the tournament - I don't have to win, just 'do well', right?"

“That’s what I said.” Jim idly licked what was left of Sebastian’s come off his fingers just to tease the man before wiping his hand on his shirt. “Maybe organize something for some of the kids as well, their own little contest – no real weapons. It’s short notice but you don’t have anything else to do today.” Jim gave a little wave, “I’ll see you after dinner.” He stopped in their room to wash up briefly and rinse out his mouth before he found Wyttson in his examination room. They’d managed to get a few proper beds in here and some better equipment with the coin they earned. “Maester Wyttson, I hope you are well. I wanted to discuss a few things with you if you have a moment.”

"Hmm? Oh yes, of course." John nodded and then gave him a sharp look, "Sebastian hasn't done anything has he? Are the Birds alright?" He tried his best to provide the children with some sort of stability but between Jim's orders, Sebastian's training and rough parenting it was hard. The younger ones had taken to sleeping in his bedroom, all in a little pile of furs and he hadn't the heart to throw them out. He calmed himself and then forced a smile, "What was it you needed."

“First Sebastian and I will be leaving, possibly for a few months for Dorne. We’ll send money of course, I don’t want the Birds sent out on any active jobs while I’m gone – just have them train and keep the place clean and keep an eye out for anything interesting. I don’t want them being sent out if I’m not here to coordinate them. Consider it a bit of a vacation.” Jim cleared his throat a little, “In light of our absence I’d like to have – uh, a tournament between you and Sebastian. No real weapons of course. You’ll be the only one here to take care of the kids and I would feel better knowing you aren’t… out of practice. Besides, I imagine you’ve been itching for a bit of an opportunity to teach him a lesson.” Jim grinned encouragingly, “The kids might have some smaller competitions to give them something to do and encourage them to train harder. Perfectly safe conditions, obviously. The final thing is you might see Qyburn hanging around, he’s a new client. If you see him hanging around any of the kids I give you permission to do what you want with him. If he can’t be trusted to obey me then I don’t need him. Do you have any question?"

"A tournament." John looked at him blankly then sighed, rubbing his eyes with one hand. "Look - I don't know what you're expecting here. Your Sebastian is a very strong lad; reasonably well trained, enthusiastic, and certainly a reliable fighter. But I was a soldier for a very long time. I'm not sure why you want me to fight him - unless you want the children to watch him lose a fight, might do him good. I'm not completely willing to be your punishment for Sebastian Moran, although yes, you are correct, I do certainly feel he'd benefit from a damn good hiding at times, you as well. However, that isn't my role here, my role is to provide medical attention and as
much support as I can for your young ones. Which I do. I would be happy to continue doing so while you are away."

“I know what Sebastian’s strengths are and what his weaknesses are. I know he would benefit from this, and that you would benefit from shaking away some of that rust. I have no doubt you could beat him, but he’s a boy. If someone is sent here while I’m away to hurt my Birds, they wouldn’t send a boy. They’d send a solider, like you – except one who has been practicing. I know you wouldn’t risk their lives needlessly so I trust that you’ll do what needs to be done.” Jim grinned charmingly, “I don’t need you to punish him for me – he needs a goal, he’s stagnating. Beating you is a good bar to set. Maester Wyttson, you’ve seen there’s very little of my hide left, and I don’t think it’s ever done much good for my attitude, do you?” Jim shook his head slowly, meandering over to fiddle with some of the instruments John left lying out. “I’m very happy you’re here, I trust you with the Birds and I wouldn’t say that about anyone else. You know I used to raise them, by myself? Before I was sent up north I trained them, I gave them orders, I made sure they were taken care of – not so different from the way things are now except then I did it alone and I started at twelve. For five years I did the work by myself and then I left and when I came back a year later only a handful of the children I had left were still here – they had all needed to be replaced.” Jim stepped away from the instruments and met John’s gaze, “If I return again to the same thing I’ll be very displeased with you. You understand what that means.”

Wyttson found himself nodding along with Jim's words despite himself and finally rolled his eyes despairingly, "Alright, I'll take on your Sebastian, and give him a few pointers. He's good, just hasn't had much practice fighting actual people. So... yes I suppose a few rounds would only help him." He fell silent again as Jim discussed the little birds and when he finally looked at him it was with an expression of carefully pushed down anger with a little glaze of contempt. "You use those children for your work - oh don't mistake me, I know it's safer, I know they've no other chances, but I've seen the injuries, and I've seen the ones with no tongues, from before. You take care of them in your way, and don't you ever dare accuse me of not taking care of them in mine. Believe me, it isn't for your threats, or for your anger, that I watch those children - help them when they're hurt, listen to them when they're struggling, find them good food, give them new clothes from what Holmes left behind. You can be as displeased as you want, Master Spider, and it won't affect how I treat them. And if I were you I wouldn't bother threatening me. It's a waste of your time and mine."

Jim shrugged lightly, “'Work.' Yes, right. I don't know if you’ve noticed John, but I’m basically running an orphanage. A very good one actually, take that from someone who lived in them until I was left to starve and for the brothel managers to seduce away with a crust of bread. This world isn’t kind to children, I’m more than aware. But you are which is why I’m leaving you with them. I could give them no work, no skills, not train them – and they would die because without the work they do there would be no money to provide for them. I could leave them for the brothels and the jails and the labor forces. I’m sure they’d be very happy there, very safe. You know where the tongue-less ones come from? Slaves, from Essos. Do you think that they would have lived very happy lives as slaves? More sex work and labor and breeding more slaves until they die – basically the same life here except they can’t even earn coin for their work. Everyone here is free to stay or leave, but I give them the best chances they’re going to get out there. I hope some of them live to see their twentieth name day because until me, none of them had. They might be your children, but they are my brothers and sisters.” Jim smiled suddenly and relax, scooting into John’s personal space and tapping him on the cheek. “Has anyone ever told you you’re very cute when you’re angry?”

"Yes." John answered thoughtlessly, before giving a quick little shake of the head "Ah, that is, wait, what? No." He looked at Jim and took a step back with a small smile, "Believe me, I appreciate all you've done for them. I merely felt... a bit insulted that you'd think I would need a
threat from you to look after them. I will keep your brothers and sisters safe, don't you worry. And I've seen the slaves of Essos." His jaw twitched. "Anyway, enough about me, cute, angry or otherwise. I'll have this silly tourney with your Sebastian before you head off to Dorne. Do be careful there, it's not the best place for people from Westeros at the moment."

“Oh,” Jim relaxed, putting away the intimidating spider persona and slouching some while he grinned a bit embarrassed and ran his hand through his hair, actually looking his age for once. “No worries then, I guess it’s a bit automatic at this point.” He was delighted that John was so easy to fluster and wanted to try again. “You know I've told Sebastian that the winner gets to fuck me however they please. Just to put a bit of a fire under his arse, you understand. I hope that’s alright with you, I figured you wouldn’t mind. The Birds tell me you’re a bit – em, lonely.” Jim gave him a little grimace and reached out to adjust John’s robes about the collar.

John flushed and stepped backwards holding his hands up, "No... ah... tempting though the offer is I'm afraid I'll have to decline. After all, I'm sure you wouldn't want me to let Sebastian win, he'd be insufferable for weeks. The entire time you were in Dorne, no doubt, actually that is quite a tempting thought now." He looked away and sighed, going over to his table and putting away some of the instruments he'd been cleaning, "Yes well, they're children. They see things, simple things, that other people sometimes overlook. Believe me, tumbling you into my bed is not, not at all what I need right now, and it would make Sebastian sulk something horrible.”

Jim grinned delightedly as John flushed and backed away, listening to him stutter and reassure him. John made the mistake of showing Jim his back and the boy used the opportunity to come up behind him and pin him against the table with his arms on either side of his body. “You said the offer is tempting though… or were you just being polite?” John was actually the same height as Jim, which was a bit of a novelty and he was easily able to bend forward and press his mouth chastely against the vulnerable skin at the back of the man’s neck. “Didn’t they teach you at the Citadel that it’s not good for a man to go too long without fucking? You’ll get all backed up.” Jim crept his hand forward and grabbed onto John’s hip teasingly, staying far away from his crotch. Jim saw this as harmless flirting, so he wasn’t actually going to touch the man’s cock without his permission. “I wouldn’t overlook you, John Wyttson. What is it that you need right now, hmm?” Jim laughed hard and stepped back, leaving John his personal space again, “Sebastian would be jealous, but only that I hadn’t brought him along to play with you.” He grew serious for a moment and fixed a stray piece of the man’s hair, “You’re kind. There’s not enough kindness in this world, forgive me if I want to snatch it up when I see it.” John was interesting to Jim, mostly because he was a bit of a paradox – the career soldier who was kind and treated the kids gently and always showed Jim with respect even though he knew what he was. The man had so much tension in him and there was a horribly curious side of Jim that wanted to see what would happen when he popped.

"I wasn't just being polite." John answered in a low voice, tensing up and closing his eyes as Jim came up behind him, his hands clenching into fists and trembling slightly as he felt the kiss. He wanted another kiss, from a boy who was awkward, tall and lanky and scowling and far too far away. "I don't know what I need right now. Quite possible a drink. But what I don't need is to roll in the furs with a consummate flirt and his randy young boyfriend." His voice was soft, gentle, he wasn't angry or lashing out. "Kind. Well. Maybe. Please... you probably could get me into bed with you, or with you and Sebastian but if you feel you owe me anything I'll ask you to respect me enough not to. It really, really isn't what I need right now. And believe me, there is no worry at all of me getting 'backed up' - if there is I'm sure I'll survive. Men can manage to go quite long periods of time without sex without dropping down dead." He added dryly, managing a small smile. "You go and make your plans for Dorne, let your little birds know what's going on and keep enough information coming through to keep Qyburn happy and paying us. I'll see if I can find my old sword."
Jim watched him carefully for a little while, smiling happily when John complimented him but mostly he just felt pensive. The man was a lot more mixed up than Jim had first thought, he couldn’t even work out for sure if the man really wanted him or not. “He’s older than me,” Jim eventually pointed out fluffing up a bit defensively. It was completely unnecessary, Jim wasn’t sure exactly how old John was but it was certainly a good deal older than either Jim or Sebastian. That wasn’t a problem, of course – Oberyn and John were something of the same age. John wasn’t angry or threatening him and that seemed like a good enough place to start. “I won’t deny that it hadn’t crossed my mind that you would be more likely to stay if I was having sex with you. You’re good for the kids and I want you to stay. But I don’t do that anymore. I do respect you but I respect myself more, now. I think you are kind and attractive, you interest me and Sebastian gets hard when he tries not to think about you fucking him, those are enough reasons for me. You are –” Jim had to hold back the word ‘lonely’ again as John might get offended by this point. “You miss your boy and he’s not coming back, I understand how that feels, and I would let you go to him if that is what you wanted. But you’ve chosen to be here and as long as you are here I don’t see why you should have to suffer.” Jim stepped forward and took John’s rough and callused hand, lifting it up towards his mouth and watching the man as he pressed a calculated kiss to his wrist before running his tongue lightly over the pad of his thumb. “You don’t have to decide immediately. You could wait until we get back and use the time to think about it. But you should think about it, even if you only want one night where you don’t have to wank miserably in the dark and think about his face.” Jim let his hand go and stepped back, tilting his chin up in a bit of a challenge.

John closed his eyes, trembling a little and then finally giving a little smile, "You are... you are very like him, you know. Able to read exactly what I'm thinking, able to tell exactly what's going on in my head. I don't think you do understand how I feel, otherwise you'd realise just how much of a complete and colossal mistake it would be for me to spend a night with you, or with you and Sebastian." He groaned and rolled his eyes as Jim confirmed Sebastian had been looking him over, "Jim, we both know that Sebastian Moran can get hard looking at an empty street, I hardly think that's an indication of my desirability. Please... please... stop offering. Because I will eventually say yes, and when I do I won't be able to live with myself. I really don't know how else I can explain it to you, and I can't even threaten to leave the children behind because we both know I won't. Go back to your Sebastian, and I'll give him a good lesson for you to enjoy."

Jim shrugged lightly, feeling his expression dull a little, “I know what it’s like to know you will never get to be with a person you want. It is not exactly the same situation because my lover is dead and yours is all the way across the world and not coming back. Similar enough though, I think. You don’t move on, you just make it hurt less and enjoy the people you do have. You don’t wall yourself away from everyone around you and ignore what you could have.” Jim took a step closer, getting into John’s personal space again and looking him directly in the eye, “I can’t read your mind but I know that you would enjoy yourself with me, or Sebastian and I, if that’s what you wanted. I wouldn’t let you regret it.” Jim promised, enjoying being able to stare John in the eye instead of looking up at him. “You would get hard for me, and I could make you come – so easily that first time. And for a minute or an hour or an evening you wouldn’t have to be alone.” Jim didn’t move away this time, challenging John, daring him to disagree or tell Jim that he didn’t want him.

John closed his eyes, took a deep breath and then took Jim by the shoulders, looking down into his eyes, "No. No you don't know. You know how it is to face loss, of course you do, and I know Oberyn's death was a terrible thing and hit you hard. But you were already sleeping with Sebastian, and you will continue to do so. And I'm sure with many others. You don't know how it feels to lose the one person, the only person who you will ever want, over a stupid mistake that was your own fault, and an even stupider man who..." he hesitated and took a trembling breath. "I would enjoy myself with you, I would indeed 'cum' if you insist on being so vulgar, probably
multiple times. And for an hour in the evening I would not be alone, but for every other hour of the
day I would feel worse, far far worse, than anything I feel right now. So thank you for your kind
and very generous offer. But please, if there is anything you can do to thank me for my work here,
do this. Leave me alone. Alright?"

Jim frowned as he nodded and immediately left. He didn’t feel rejection, John had made
it exceedingly clear that Jim wasn’t the problem. Instead he felt somewhat insulted that John
thought that because Jim was able to love more than one man at a time that somehow cheapened
what he had lost. He was insulted that John thought that Jim would make him feel worse, and that
he was vulgar and that John didn’t think Jim recognized his own culpability in Oberyn’s death – he
sighed and exhaled, walking away quickly. There were lessons with the Birds that he was late for
and Jim put the interaction out of his mind for later when he could piece it apart.

John watched Jim leave with a troubled frown and sighed a little "Oh dear." He knew he
had probably offended the other, but he hadn't been able to think of another way to get Jim to
leave. He shuddered at the thought of how close he'd been, how much he'd wanted to agree, to
steal one night with Jim, maybe even with Sebastian, although he privately couldn't stand the boy.
Shaking his head to get the thoughts out, he hurriedly went back to his room, tugging out his old
sword and starting to get back into practise, grinning as old routines came back to him. "Let’s just
hope this doesn't turn both of you on even worse.” He murmured.

Jim tried to cover a wince as Sebastian hit the ground hard again, giving a smirk and
raising his eyebrows as Seb glared up at him in the stands, as if asking why he had agreed to this in
the first place. Still, the boy was doing rather better than Jim had thought he would, although John
was still giving him a thorough thrashing. Occasionally they would stop to catch their breaths and
John would mutter some pointers to the other boy who kept getting back up no matter how many
times John hit him or made him eat dirt. Eventually John began to tire and Jim called an end to the
fight while the children cheered and rushed the two fighters. Jim grinned, pleased that the kids
liked both men so much. The children’s little practice fights had gone well, no one was injured
outside of a few bruises and John hadn’t even complained too much. Jim made his way towards
both of them and caught John’s attention away from the kids for a moment before he leaned in and
kissed him chastely on the mouth. "A prize for the winner," he explained with a smirk before he
turned and wrapped his arms around Sebastian’s side – squeezing some of his bruised ribs
intentionally.

Sebastian gave a scowl as Jim kissed John, bruised and aching and not at all pleased that
he wasn't getting any reward while John twitched and then sighed, "Oh for goodness sake..." He
grinned at the children who surrounded him, "Did you like watching big bad Sebastian losing a
fight? Yes, that will be fun to remind him of..."

Sebastian wrapped his arms around Jim, squeezing him back and groaning, "Bastard. Owww. He's
good. Very good. I think your birds are being left in good hands. I certainly wouldn't challenge
him." He pouted, looking down at Jim's cheeky face, "Don't I get a kiss as well?"

“He’s never going to let them let you live it down.” Jim grinned, everything had gone as
he’d hoped and Sebastian would continue to improve his skills. “You did challenge him, you
moron but I’m glad you think they’ll be okay.” Jim looked up at him assessingly, “I don’t know…
I’m not sure you did well enough for a kiss and your reward. You have to choose.” Jim grinned
and shook his head, “And in front of the children? You have no shame.”

Sebastian scowled at the giggling children - despite both Jim and John's displeasure he
still couldn't shift the habit of slapping them occasionally, sometimes more than occasionally, and
they seemed delighted to finally watch him getting some back. "No not in front of the children,
 somewhere else where you can tend to your poor wounded warrior." He gave a pleased nod to the
boy currently getting his wrist bandaged by John, "You did well - that was a great save. Just watch
your feet, yeah. Oww! Stop squeezing me." He grabbed Jim's wrists and locked them behind his
back and then smirked in his face, "And what's to stop me stealing a kiss of my own right now?"

Jim laughed and shook his head, amused by Sebastian's antics and how adorably predictable he was. Jim liked that sometimes though. It was nice to see Sebastian involved with the kids, encouraging their skills. Gods be good, none of them would start to emulate Sebastian in other ways though. That was all they needed. To be fair Jim didn't want any of the kids taking after him either. They could all grow up to be maesters like John and that would be perfect. He have a little chuckle at the unrealistic dream. Sebastian locked his wrists behind his back and Jim snapped his teeth at Sebastian waringly as he pressed back against the other boy. "You can have a kiss or a prize. If you try and take both I'll let John beat you bloody." Although Sebastian wasn't all that far from that point now. Even if John and he had a little disagreement this afternoon he didn't think the man would let Sebastian force himself on Jim, even if it was only in jest.

John looked over at both of them and shook his head waringly, "I am not going to become Sebastian's punisher." He sighed at a disappointed chorus from the children, "No. You handle him. However if he starts playing up right here and now I might just have the skin off his arse." Sebastian sighed and gave Jim an annoyed whap round the head, but gently, because he liked his hands, "Fine, fine! Prize then. If only to save the delicate sensibilities of all these little gutter brats we can't bloody well shift."

Jim frowned and looked imploringly at John and said quietly enough that the kids wouldn't overhear, "I'd punish him myself but he likes it so much. You're my only hope. Ow." Sebastian whapped his head and finally let Jim's wrists free as he glared lightly. "We couldn't all grow up in a castle…” As much as the kids saw and were involved in Jim tried to give them a somewhat stable environment to grow up in, and that meant Sebastian wasn't allowed to touch Jim inappropriately in front of them. "Wanker. Just remember these kids earn the coin for your bread.” Sebastian did enough work to get paid but Jim still liked reminding him occasionally that this was a network and Sebastian was a part of it.

"Yeah, yeah. Do I get any medical treatment?" John sighed and motioned him over, while Sebastian stripped his shirt off and sat down, wincing.

John rubbed salve gently over his bruises, trying to ignore the offer that Jim had made, and wondering whether Sebastian would be as resilient in bed as he'd been in a fight. "Alright children, get back to work now." He said gently, watching them scatter and bandaging around Sebastian's bruised ribs. "And you - I mean it. I won't get involved in your domestic affairs, but if you create a scene in front of the children I'll be more than happy to take you in hand." Sebastian scowled at him and then glared at the floor, and John continued, almost forgetting Jim was present. "I know you think mostly with your cock - you're young, it's expected, but you do have to also concentrate on things other than rolling into bed with the boss. You'll be a better fighter for it."

Jim snorted and tried not to laugh, “Oh I’m sure.” He muttered when John said that he’d be more than happy to take Sebastian in hand. Still Jim wasn’t interested in pushing John anymore today, not when he’d made it clear that he wanted to be left alone. “You did well John, I’m impressed. Just keep up with the exercise and drills and I think you’ll be fine. You’ll send word to us of course if anything should happen while we are away.”

John shot Jim an annoyed little look at the snort, realising what he'd inadvertently said
while Sebastian looked between them, baffled. "Alright, you're patched up. You two go and pack and sort yourselves out. I'll keep the ravens and will of course send news..." He hesitated, but he didn't want to leave things like this with Jim. "I didn't mean, earlier, when I talked of your loss. I didn't mean to imply it was lesser, or unimportant." He said gently to Jim, "Only that you deal with things in different ways to me. There is still a chance, however small, that the Holmes's may return." He gave a shrug and then bopped Sebastian on the head, "And you - don't disobey him. He will want to keep you alive and he's a clever young man. Try not to have too much fun in Dorne."

Something in Jim relaxed when John apologized, not enough that he mistook the apology as an invitation to convince him to go to bed with him, but enough that he wasn’t quite so defensive or insulted. “Thank you maester, I’m sure the Birds will be well cared for.” Jim took Sebastian’s arm and led him back to their rooms occasionally poking at a bruise with his fingers or mouth. “You did well tiger.”

Sebastian pouted as Jim poked at him, still annoyed that John was allowed to tell him off, "Huh... you just want to watch him beat me again..." his face brightened slightly, "Will you watch?" He gave a groan of relief as they reached the bedroom, collapsing onto the bed, "Oww... haven't had a going over like that since Jaime Fucking Lannister. C'mere." He tugged Jim down on top of him and grinned, "So. About my prize... does it come gift-wrapped in yellow robes with a hot little arse underneath?"

“If you really did something bad enough that I let John beat you, I wouldn’t give you the satisfaction of watching. And I’d put a cage around your cock to discourage any lewd enjoyment you’d get out of it. There’s really no good way to punish you except by withholding sex.” Jim couldn’t smack him or tell him off without turning the boy on, he was rather incorrigible like that. He settled down on top of Sebastian, straddling his lap and lying down across his chest. “I approached John today, sexually. He turned me down – well, both of us I suppose.” Jim poked irritably at a bruise, he respected John’s choice and even understood why he made it but that didn’t mean he couldn’t feel a little disappointed at the missed opportunity.

"You wanted to sleep with Wyttson?" Sebastian frowned, moaning a little as Jim poked the bruise, all thoughts of sexy punishments banished at the knowledge. "Why? He's about as sexy as a tree. The only thing remotely attractive about him is that he's strong as all fuck, but I bet you he'd get no enjoyment out of knocking me around in the bedroom." He humped his hips up and down a little, trying to find some connection. "I don't neeeed punishing. Certainly not sex-withholding punishing. You mentioned prizes?"

“He’s attractive and he’s interesting sometimes.” Jim rolled his eyes lightly, “And the times you’ve tried to be sexy we both ended up laughing our asses off. I’m sexy enough for all three of us, it doesn’t matter. You have a bit of a type, I don’t.” Jim did, but he was ignoring that in favor of thinking more highly of himself than he strictly needed to. “The point was he said no. Although my offer was tempting. I was just explaining because you seemed confused earlier.” Jim grinned and grabbed at Sebastian’s wrists – “yes I did mention prizes, didn’t I? How would you feel about restraints? I wouldn’t want you to get too eager while I’m working you over.”

Sebastian's pupils practically blew out at the suggestion, so suddenly on top of discussing John and he managed a "gah..." before licking suddenly dry lips and nodding quickly. "I - yeah - well you're the boss." He quickly reached up and kissed Jim desperately on the lips and quickly murmuring, "Fuck I'm sorry I couldn't win for you. Fucking tried, I really did, but he's too damn good. I'll get better, I will, I promise. Take on board everything he said and get it all sorted, yeah? So I can bloody well win next time you want me to fight someone."

“I expect nothing less.” Jim didn’t need to coddle Sebastian, the man didn’t work well
like that. He thrived being thrown into the fire, although sometimes he needed things pointed out to him. Jim got up from the bed, which they’d recently installed on a wooden four poster, and dug around in the trunk at the foot of the bed until he found some rope restraints. Jim wouldn’t let Seb use such rough restraints on him but Sebastian liked them. “Just remember that I rely on you to keep me safe. You shouldn’t be too happy, I think, if someone hurt me.” He wasn’t above manipulation, even if it was obvious – Jim was just making a point. Sometimes Sebastian could get careless and Jim had to remind him what stakes they were playing for. If Sebastian thought he’d been hurt when Oberyn died it would be nothing to losing Jim through carelessness. “You did well Sebastian, I was surprised – he’s very experienced. I’d like to see you beat him one day.” Jim muttered encouragements as he pushed lightly at Sebastian’s shoulder and the boy rolled onto his stomach for him and Jim tied his wrists together tightly and then tied them off to the headboard. Jim stared at him like that for a while, watching him shake with excitement all tied up with just his trousers on while Jim brushed his fingertips lightly over his tanned skin. He reached out and grabbed a candle off the end table and dripped it slowly onto Sebastian’s back. Jim still didn’t like using implements but he did it anyways sometimes – and things like biting and scratching or hot wax he enjoyed.

Sebastian grinned back at him as he was rolled over, testing the strength of the ropes and ties and then letting his arms relax. Ramsay had never tied him, far preferring to watch Sebastian screw himself over trying to stay still of his own violation. He felt a shiver run through him as the ropes tied, pushing down the worry that Jim would just laugh at him all tied down and leave, his skin jumping and trembling where Jim's fingers lightly ran against it. He jumped and swore as the hot wax landed, more out of surprise than anything, and as he hurriedly tried to work out just what strange warm substance was dripping over the muscles of his back, and calming down a little when he smelt the candle. It was still an anticipation of uncertainty though when he had no idea what Jim would do next.

Jim scratched the little flakes of hot wax away as they hardened on Sebastian’s skin. “Everything’s comfortable? Well… reasonably comfortable anyway?” He stripped off Sebastian’s trousers with the boy’s help throwing them away on the floor. He liked having Sebastian naked and tied up in front of him while he remained fully clothed. Jim dripped the candle wax so that it fell in the sensitive skin of Sebastian’s arse, burning the muscular cheeks briefly before cooling and hardening against his skin.

Sebastian yelped as hotter wax splashed against his arse, the burning heat setting off little pin-pricks of sharp pain stinging against him, and making him fervently hope that Jim left the scattered bruises alone. On the other hand it felt delicious, and he was enjoying having bonds to squirm and struggle against, "Ohhh... yes. Very comfortable. Apart from the aches and bruises from the beating Wyttson gave me, and the hot sadistic little prick dropping candle wax all over me. Fuck. Don't stop."

Jim sniggered while he tried to think of a way that he could hurt and pleasure Sebastian at the same time. He pulled a pillow down and set the candle back down as he the shoved the pillow under Sebastian’s hips, getting him settled and comfortable before licking a long line from the top of his crack to the back of his balls while he pressed on one of the darker bruises coloring Sebastian’s ribs. “Good?”

Sebastian lifted his hips obediently, pleased to have something to hump against even if it did leave his arse and the backs of his legs completely exposed and opened. He wriggled a little against it, moaning as Jim's tongue slid a hot line down sensitive skin and whining, trying to push towards it while at the same time wriggling away from the finger that set his ribs aching, "Y-yeah, fuck c-course it is. Everything you do is... ahh... did you really like watching me fight?"
Jim rolled his eyes a little bit as he paused in the pressure, “I’ve not done much hurting other people in the bedroom believe me its best that I ask.” He’d experienced a lot but he hadn’t done a lot of stuff like this to other people and wasn’t sure what would feel good to Sebastian either. “Course I did,” he said throwing the words back at Sebastian. “Watching you get smacked around and laid out in the dirt, course I liked it.” He teased and licked another line over the same area. “Do you want me to keep talking or do you want me to get down to it? Talk to me, I want to hear you, want to know what feels good and what doesn’t. I just might not reply seeing as my mouth is rather busy.” Jim spread Sebastian’s arse with his hands, taking a few moments to massage the sore muscles there before he pressed his tongue inside him experimentally, wiggling it around and trying to get the hang of it.

Sebastian gave a horse sort of yell as Jim's tongue pushed inside him, the muscles of his arse clenching and tensing around the amazing feeling, trying to relax as his wrists almost pulled the rope away, "Fucking HELLS that feel... ugh..." he moaned again as he finally just about got used to the sensation that was pooling sparks in the base of his pelvis. "Y-you'll love watching me win even more... unh... I'll fucking kill John Wyttson..." The squeezing against his sore and bruised muscles felt pretty good as well, with Jim's cool little hands running over his skin and over the hardened wax. He couldn't see how anything Jim did to him would ever feel bad, but Jim wanted him to keep talking so he'd try, "F-fells fucking amazing, gods, feels a-ahhhh... oh yessss...."

Jim hummed skeptically when Sebastian said he'd like watching the boy beat John more. Jim watched Seb beat people all the time – it was a treat finding someone that could put him in his place on the field. Jim scratched his fingernails down Sebastian’s arse a few times, leaving little swollen lines before he cracked his hand down hard over top of them once. At this point Jim was testing and trying different things, working out what he liked doing, what got Sebastian off and what things produced the best results together. Jim worked his tongue, trying all different types of movement: fucking his tongue in and out wiggling it about like a little wave, rolling it in circles and widening and stretching his tongue repeatedly, always looking for something new and something better.

Sebastian moaned and squirmed at the fingernails and buried his face in the furs as Jim's small hand cracked down - gods but how fucked up was that. Smaller than Ramsay's hand, far smaller than his fathers, and it made his cock jump hard and eager against the pillow. In fact everything Jim was doing, with his tongue and his nails, his hands and teeth, tasting and soothing over places Sebastian had never realised were so sensitive. It felt like Jim was making sure to explore and own and claim every single inch of his arse and the surrounding skin, fixating on it and finding new ways to pleasure and torment it.

Jim pulled out for a second and climbed over top of Sebastian, not bothering to keep from poking him with his elbows and knees as he went to the end table and found the Dornish slick – they hadn’t used it since that night Oberyn died but Jim thought that it was appropriate. Oberyn had promised to fuck Sebastian and he certainly would have wanted to after that display he put on today. Jim opened the jar, giving himself a moment to work through the influx of memories crowding for attention before he slicked up one finger. “You want your prize tiger? I want to hear you. Use your words.” Jim loved making Sebastian talk during sex, finding that exact moment when his mind short circuited and he couldn’t speak anymore only feel. Jim bent over him again pushing his tongue inside for a few moment, getting Sebastian used to the sensation again before he worked in the first lubed finger along-side his tongue. The lubricant was edible, he knew, it tasted like – cinnamon and oranges and something rich like coco.

Sebastian watched Jim curiously, through a shade of lust and arousal, closing his eyes briefly at the smell. Like Jim, he realised that Oberyn probably would have wanted to take him like this - although maybe without the wax, without the pain, something softer, and simpler, and
nothing like the wicked little things Jim could conjure up. He rubbed his head against the pillow and then sniffled and nodded, "Yeah I want my prize. I fought Wyttson and I fought him well. Would've taken a hell of a lot more of it for you as well. A-and fuck I wanted you every moment of it. And I want you now. Want you to fuck me. Want you to tell me how fucking amazing I was." It was the exact same instructions that he'd initially given to Olyvar's whore and the thought made him grin a little.

Jim hummed tauntingly as he worked his tongue and his finger in and out of Sebastian’s hole as if to say – *I could praise you but then I’d have to stop what I’m doing*. After another minute of teasing he pressed another finger in, stretching him and working his tongue around and trying to find Sebastian’s prostate with the wet little muscle. Jim smacked his arse again to get his attention with his free hand and gave the boy a sarcastic thumbs up in lieu of telling him how amazing he was. Jim could either stroke his ego or stroke his prostate but Sebastian wasn’t going to get both at the same time, selfish wanker.

Sebastian gave a high cry as Jim's tongue got close enough to his prostate, followed swiftly by his fingers, and the smell of cinamon everywhere. His arse wriggled and squirmed as the hand slapped down again, stinging but with not much force, certainly he'd had a lot harder. He stuck one finger up as Jim gave him a thumbs-up, rolling his eyes, "Alright, fine, fine, when I get my hands free I'll make you moan out my name anyway, and you'll sound pretty damn pleased about it, a-ahhh. FUCK yes." Jim was doing things to his insides that he'd never felt before, and it was driving him wild.

Jim continued to explore Sebastian’s body for a little while longer, happy to keep on like this. But eventually he worried that Sebastian would come prematurely so when he added his third finger he removed his tongue and instead got to work on leaving a long line of hickies down the knobs of his spine. After all, John had left plenty of bruises on Sebastian’s body, there was no reason Jim shouldn’t get to leave a few of his own.

Sebastian moaned delightedly, the sensations filling him up and taking him over. His spine wriggled as Jim bit his way down it, his hands knotting in the rope which was already starting to chafe at his wrists. "A-ahh... gods you are... wow..." He felt a tingle of apprehension at the thought of Jim actually fucking him - what if Jim didn't like him? What if he couldn't be as good as all the others Jim had no-doubt taken? He decided to deal with that later, for now happy to enjoy his reward.

Jim took his time with the line of hickies, they weren’t easy to get right on an area with only skin and bone. By the time he was done Sebastian was thoroughly stretched and Jim pulled away as he wiped his hand on a towel and started to remove his clothes slowly just within Sebastian’s sight range if the boy turned his head to the side. Jim folded his clothes, picking at a piece of lint while he let Sebastian watch him, teasing the boy before he gave a grin and finally crawled behind him and started slicking up his own cock. "You feel ready?" Jim asked, feeling pretty confident in the answer.

Sebastian turned with a grin to watch Jim undress, smirking at him and practically eating him all up with his eyes, "Been ready for fucking years." He murmured back, his eyes fixed on Jim's cock. "Just want you to take me... please." He had a feeling Jim wanted to hear that and besides, he wanted to say it. "Fuck me till I can't even remember the feel of anyone else, till I go fucking dizzy. Ram me hard enough to leave fucking bruises... oh for..." He caught Jim's expression and grinned, giving a sigh. "I don't bloody well know how to talk like that, do I? Just fuck me till I can't walk straight and John Wyttson can't watch me trying to sit without blushing."

“Getting the maester to blush isn’t exactly a hard feat,” Jim was stalling some – he
knew intellectually that Sebastian was ready, he’d given consent, and Jim was good enough at reading a body to know he was aroused and prepped well. It wasn’t exactly that he was worried about hurting him, because even if he had Sebastian probably would have loved him. It was the idea that he was now putting himself in the position that many men had used to hurt him and the thought made him – uneasy, that was all. “I’ve never done this before… fucked someone I mean. I didn’t get clients that wanted buggered at the brothels and Oberyn – you get the idea.” Oberyn was effortlessly dominant and their dynamics had fit well together, there was no need to switch. He reached out and rubbed the red skin on Sebastian’s bum, stalling for time.

Sebastian turned to look at him in surprise, his eyebrows raising, "What... never?" And suddenly he felt a hot flush of excitement, closing his eyes to stop himself actually cumming at the thought, "I'm... wow... I'm your first?" The thought that he could be the first anything for Jim was hotter than he'd ever thought and a big stupid smile appeared on his face and didn't seem to be able to go away. He rubbed his arse up against the cool hand gently stroking it and gave a little whine. "You'll be fine. 'S not difficult. And I'm all slick and ready for you..."

Jim rolled his eyes at the phrasing but understood all the same and nodded, “Yes you big lummox, you’re my first. Or you will be anyway if you’ll just give me a minute.” Jim took another few seconds closing the jar of lube and setting it in a safe place on top of the end table. He took a steadying breath before slowly pushing in easily, not meeting much resistance – it was all hot insides and slick, somewhat like a mouth but better. Jim had to take a moment to breathe once he’d bottomed out and was all the way inside Sebastian. He made a strange noise, somewhere between a whine and a groan as Jim tried to focus and compartmentalize while he stroked Sebastian’s back and arse soothingly.

He was so stretched, so slick, and so eager that there was almost disappointingly no pain at all as Jim slid inside him. It was a novel experience, and Sebastian clutched the rope and gasped. He'd never believed before, that it could be painless - sex had been about proving himself, forcing himself to cope, taking what he could and sucking up what he was meant to. And now there was just a hot slick pressure filling him up, pressing against sensitive skin and muscle. "Fuuuuuck...." it came out in a long debauched moan.

Jim had never done this before but he certainly knew how to move his body and when he was ready he gave an experimental thrust and then another – picking out a rhythm that felt good to him and seemed to elicit the most reactions from Sebastian. “Gods I love the sounds you make.” The only downside was that Jim would have liked to see his face but he thought this position was better because it gave him control and ensured Sebastian couldn’t grab hold of him and push things to a pace Jim wasn’t ready for. He bent over Sebastian’s back and reached underneath him to fist at his cock while the pace of his hips sped up.

Sebastian certainly was making plenty of sounds, mewls and whines and desperate groans. With his hips pushed up by the pillow, he was even limited in how much he could move them, but it hardly mattered because finally, completely, Jim was inside him. Jim was taking him, Jim was riding him and when Jim reached around to grab his cock he yelped and tried to squirm away, "N-no... f-fuck... I-I'll cum Jim..."

Jim was panting and muscles in his neck and shoulder strained with tension as he held back against the rush of sensation but he managed a nod. “M-maybe that means I need to get the cock ring out, hmmm?” Jim was only teasing, he wasn’t even sure he’d be able to fit it around Sebastian’s cock when he was already so hard. Jim let go of him and instead started scratching long lines down Sebastian’s sides with his fingernails, occasionally pressing down on a bruise. He was enjoying trying different types of movement and pacing for his thrusts, rolling his hips like he was dancing one minute and the next trying to go as hard and fast as possible, a minute later taking it so
slowly he thought he’d drive himself mad.

“Oh fuck don't you dare...” Sebastian yelped, more because he didn't want Jim to leave, to slide away from him when his cock was hitting against the hot little spot inside. He groaned as fingernails raked down him, tugging hopelessly at the ropes and wishing he could reciprocate. He focused all his energy instead on not cumming, on keeping the blinding sparking insanity dancing behind his eyes while Jim's movements crashed wave after wave of pleasure through him.

“Good boy…” Jim settled with a particular roll of his hips and a quick tempo – sex was a lovely way to keep in shape. “You did so well today, fuck he was fast on his feet, wasn’t he? You just have to learn to not stand so still. Use your head…” Jim tried to think of other little praises he could say since that was what Sebastian asked for. “Fuck you – you feel good. Unnh.” Jim could understand hurting Sebastian because he got off on it and what ultimately pleasured Seb pleasured Jim but he couldn't imagine hurting him just to make himself feel good, of abusing the trust he’d been given. Topping made Jim want to take care of him – whether that meant fucking him or hurting him or tying him up.

The words really could have been anything at this point. His Jim was fucking him and his Jim was pleased with him, and Seb whined at the approval, trying to thrust his hips back in short little pumps wherever he could. Jim above him felt so wonderful, so right, and even though he knew that there would be plenty of switching around in the future, their relationship had changed a bit. It wasn't just him protecting Jim it was both of them, together, protecting themselves and each other, learning where their own weaknesses were together, papering over the cracks between and inside them. He cried out Jim's name, seeing stars behind his eyes as he tried to hold back the inevitable.

Jim felt a flush start to creep up his chest and to his neck as he took a deep breath and took in the Dornish spices and Sebastian’s particular scent mixed together. “I love you, you stupid bastard.” Jim hadn’t said it since that night in bed with Oberyn and Sebastian and he didn’t plan on making a habit of it – it was still difficult for him to say but he could manage with moments like this when there wasn’t anything between them but their skin and they weren’t fighting or tearing into each other. “Now hurry up and come before you strain something.”

"Love you too, fuck.” Sebastian gasped out all at once and then came in a rush, crying out and moaning, gasping for breath as he finished the most explosive and crazy orgasm he’d ever had. Jim's cock kept thudding inside him as he rode the high, giving little weak moans as his body wasn't allowed to rest of a second, his insides tensing and twitching at the repeated invasion while Jim name tumbled dazed out of his lips, his muscles trembling and slick with sweat.

“Sorry, sorry – fuck.” Jim knew that it wasn’t always the most comfortable feeling getting fucked after you’d come already, “I just… just need a minute.” His pulse was up and Sebastian felt amazing, tightening around him as he came. Jim bent over Sebastian’s back, wrapping his arms around him and pressing little kisses and bite marks against the canvas of his back before his orgasm took him a minute later, hot and sudden and Jim groaned while he tried to keep from falling into a puddle of boneless muscles. “Let me fix that…” Jim cleaned them off some before he reached up and untied Sebastian’s hands, collapsing on top of the man’s chest when he rolled over. “Okay? Nothing’s damaged?” Sebastian’s wrists were marked pretty badly from the rope but it didn’t look like there was any circulation damage which was promising.

"Oh god... fucking don't stop..." Sebastian managed to groan, despite the stretch and hammering he wanted this, wanted Jim to spend inside him, to feel the cum trickling out of his insides, everything he’d always fantasized about. He gave a weak little moan as Jim came hard inside him, his body trembling. He stayed limp as Jim untied him, and then as soon as he was free, wrapped his arms around Jim, hugging him close, "Fucking damage? I've broken into a hundred pieces and every one
of them is in love with you.” He murmured sleepily.

“I meant your hands idiot. You’d be very sorry if you lost them both, although I imagine Jaime would be pleased. You could hold a sword in your mouth.” Jim grinned tiredly at the innuendo, feeling sleepy and relaxed. “You know you’ve got to be the most patient bastard in the whole world to wait for me as long as you did. I don’t even know how you managed it – you’ve horrible self-control.”

Sebastian flushed, pleased that Jim had recognised the wait but really it hadn't been a chore and he replied honestly, "Well, it was worth it. Didn't have a choice did I? Wanted to be with you and I was hardly going to jump you. Every time I saw you, you gave me another reason to keep on waiting, you tough little thing.” He smiled and nibbled at Jim's ear, "Besides, not as if I was chaste while I waited is it? I mean there was Paul... and Oberyn... and there would've been all those whores except they were bloody miserable looking."

Jim paused and watched him for a moment before leaning in and biting his bottom lip sharply. “I'm glad you stuck around too.” He snorted a little and tried not to make up his comparison list of the people he’d been with since Winterfell. The number was easily close to fifty after factoring in his time in the cells. “They aren’t miserable looking you just spend so much time with whores you can tell when they’re faking now.”

"I thought I could pay someone to give me what I wanted, but they were fucking useless.”

Sebastian's voice grew tired and vague as he slipped into sleep, still cuddling Jim, "I mean what I wanted was you, or just pain, and they didn't bloody give me either, they wouldn't hurt me and they weren't you, obviously they weren't you - fuck I was so jealous of Varys. He knew you, and for a moment it fucking felt like I didn't you were all this hot little King's Landing thing... mmm..."

Jim frowned lightly and tightened his grip on Sebastian’s ribs. “Varys never fucked me. Never touched me like that, you’ve got nothing and no one to be jealous of.” There was no one alive who knew Jim better than Sebastian did. “Tomorrow we’ll pack for Dorne, I hope you can stay on your horse, little lord.”

Sebastian smiled at him, fighting to keep awake but managing long enough to bite at Jim's ear and rub his back, ‘Course I know that now. First thing I'm gonna get in Dorne - some tiger jewelry for you. Little tiger, little viper, little spider - your birds will dislocate their fingers trying to describe you. But you're my Jim. And I damn well hope I can stay on my horse, otherwise you can hire me a sedan.”

He snorted and closed his eyes, trying to put his worries out of his mind – like the trip and what he would find in Dorne, his Birds, the impending nightmare he was waiting on… but while Jim realized that these were all things that could have negative outcomes he knew that whatever happened he wasn’t going to go through it alone anymore. Jim sighed out a breath and relaxed into Sebastian’s arms before falling asleep. “More precious than castles or gold, hmm?"

Chapter End Notes

TW: gory dream sequence
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