Storm On The Horizon

by St0rybr00ke

Summary

REBOOT OF MY STORY THAT I ORPHANED

Robb wakes up one morning with knots in his stomach. All the Stark children can feel it: something's about to change. The same day their father announces that their estranged half-brother Jon Snow will be coming to live with them following the death of his mother. The minute Robb sees Jon, he's in love. Who couldn't love that curly haired, pouty lipped bastard?
Breakfast at the Stark household was always a very noisy and busy affair. Ned and Catelyn were always the first ones awake. They’d take the opportunity of the rarely quiet house to sit downstairs in the living room with cups of coffee, watching the morning news and basking in each other's company before their many children began to awaken. Ned always said that those were some of the few quiet moments he had nowadays. Rickon was the next one up. He’d come running down the stairs, his light brown hair always a tangled mess. He’d call his greetings before darting to the kitchen to rummage up some breakfast. Every morning Catelyn would halfheartedly call after him to keep out of the sugary cereals but it was always ignored. Sansa would be the next one awake. She always claimed the shower before anyone else could take the shower. Sansa always took a good forty minutes to an hour to get ready. She’d primp and prep until the very last second and then she’d run downstairs as Robb blared the horn incessantly and she’d climb into the car, looking perfect like she always did. Robb was the next to wake up. He’d begrudgingly drag himself out of his warm bed to go wake up Arya. If no one got her up she'd sleep the entire day away. Once he managed to pry his little sister out of bed she'd wander downstairs and join Rickon in his search for breakfast. Then he'd go downstairs and make sure Bran was conscious as well and getting dressed. Being big brother to four other siblings was a taxing job. He'd always shout at Sansa to move faster, but that was like telling the glaciers to melt faster. Robb would use the bathroom in his mother and father's room to shave and get dressed in the stiff uniform their school forced them into. He'd run down the stairs and call greetings to his parents. Ned was usually getting ready for work at this point. Robb would scarf down a quick breakfast before he began the difficult task of herding his siblings into his father's van so he could drive them all to school. Catelyn would try and help while simultaneously fussing over their uniforms and that Sansa was again running behind the others. After finally managing to get everyone in the car, Robb then had to transport a car full of bickering siblings to school. It was practically like a full time job.

But when Robb woke up on this specific morning, he felt like something was wrong. His gut was knotted up and he felt like there was a storm cloud over his head. When he went to go wake up Arya, he was shocked to see that she was already awake and dressed in her uniform. He shrugged it off however and went to go get his own uniform on. He let out a frustrated groan and ran his fingers through his auburn locks when he saw the wrinkles in his white button up shirt. His uniform felt stiffer today, more itchy and uncomfortable. The bland gray tie he had tied around his neck seemed determined to strangle him, and the loose gray pants he wore with the black belt felt shittier than usual. He tried to brush this feeling off, but he couldn't get rid of it. When he went downstairs, his parents weren't down there; another thing to add to the list of reasons why something felt wrong today. When he entered the kitchen, Bran was hunched over his book at the counter, reading quietly to himself instead of teasing Arya and Rickon like he usually did. Arya was sitting on the counter and eating her oatmeal with a sullen expression. Even Rickon looked rather down today. Robb stood there for a moment before he slowly began to get himself a bowl of cornflakes.

"Well good morning to everyone." Robb muttered sarcastically. Arya looked over at him with a look that could melt the flesh off of lesser men.

"Oh shut up, Robb." Arya snipped as she stabbed her oatmeal viciously with her spoon. Robb arched a brow as he took a bite of his cereal. Hell, even the cereal tasted off. Silence filled the kitchen again as Robb chewed blandly on his mouthful of soggy cereal.

"So you guys feel it too?" Bran suddenly asked, breaking the silence in the room. Robb swallowed and nodded.

"Yeah, like something's off." Robb stated, the other three nodding.

"I just feel like something bad's going to happen." Arya proclaimed through a mouthful of gray
oatmeal. Bran nodded as he slowly closed his book. "I guess we'll have to see." he said solemnly. Robb chose to dump his cereal out into the sink. His stomach was in far too many knots for him to be trying to eat right now.

It was like the weather was in tune with the Stark children and the ominous feeling of the day. The clouds hung gray and heavy in the sky, looking ready to burst and rain down upon them. A chilly wind was blowing and Robb could smell the rain to come. Sansa was on time today, but Robb could sense something wrong with his 16 year old sister. Today wasn't the day to press her, he knew. Everyone's nerves were so taught, they had their first silent car ride to school.

"Fuck, Talisa!" Robb grunted, his breathing heavy as he pushed his cock further into Talisa's mouth. He wished he could see her, but they didn't dare turn the lights on in the service closet. There was barely enough room for the two of them, but they'd managed. As soon as Talisa saw the tense look on Robb's face, she'd grabbed his hand and pulled him to their secret little spot. She hadn't said a word, she'd just read him perfectly as usual and dropped to her knees, taking his dick out of his pants and beginning to eagerly suck him off. The closet felt even smaller, like it was closing in on them. The only sounds were the sloppy sounds of Talisa sucking, Robb's heavy breaths and stifled groans. It didn't take him long to spill into her mouth and she eagerly swallowed. Robb knew that this ominous feeling truly meant something, for even after he had come, the knots were still in his stomach. Talisa wiped her mouth off and stood up as Robb put his cock away and ran his fingers through his hair.

"Still stressed, babe?" Talisa asked softly as she wiped her hands off on her short gray skirt. Robb nodded honestly, looking at her with worried cerulean eyes. "Yeah... I just... I feel like something really bad is going to happen today..."

School was just as bad as Robb felt. He bombed a test, forgot his homework, and screwed up on at least three worksheets. Theon was trying to pick fights during lunch, and all of the Stark children were on edge and ready to snap at a moments notice. The car ride home from school was one of the most tense that Robb had to sit through. He parked in the driveway of their beachside home and the car was empty in seconds, all the children quiet and on edge. The feeling in Robb's stomach had only grown stronger as they got closer and closer home. He knew he might be being paranoid, but he just knew that something bad was going to happen when they walked through that door. And of course he was right.

As the five children entered the house, they saw their father. He wasn't supposed to be home till half past five, and it was only two. He was seated on the couch in the large open living room, a strained look on his face. Robb saw his mother standing by the window, staring out with a cold expression. Her jaw was clenched tightly and Robb could tell from her red eyes that she'd been crying and his heart dropped. Why'd he always have to be right.

"Children, come in here. We have to talk." Ned called to them. His voice was tired and ragged. Robb knew that this couldn't be good. The five slowly slunk nervously into the living room. Bran sat down on the couch beside his father, Rickon sitting beside his elder brother. Arya sprawled herself out on the carpet in front of her father and Sansa sat nervously on the loveseat across from the couch her father was seated on. Robb sat down in the armchair beside Sansa and eyed his father closely. Ned rubbed the scruff on his chin, a brooding look clearly printed on his face. The room was silent for a good moment before Ned cleared his throat. "I've heard from your brother."

Catelyn let out a cold laugh at his words and Ned looked down. "I apologize, I've heard from your half-brother." Ned corrected himself. Robb felt his heart sink at the words. Robb never knew his half-brother Jon Snow. He'd heard plenty of stories about him. The boy was just a year younger than him. When his father had gone on a business trip, he'd had a drunken mistake with a bartender. Nine months later Jon Snow popped out. Catelyn had almost left Ned when he'd told her about it. There'd barely been contact between the two families in the past seventeen years. Jon knew his father, and occasionally called him. It'd been nearly two years since Robb had heard Jon mentioned. The last time Jon called Ned was about something with his
mother. Catelyn had angrily grabbed the phone and told him not to call again unless it was an absolute emergency, then she’d hung up on him. Jon hadn't called his father since then. Robb had been sixteen at the time. On the rare occasions that Catelyn or Ned could be persuaded to speak of it, Catelyn would get angry and tell Robb what trash Jon’s mother was, that her son must be just as bad as she was. Ned would never give details about Jon or his mother. Robb had never even seen a picture of what his half-brother looked like. Catelyn was much happier if they all pretended Jon didn't exist.

"What about Jon?" Arya asked curiously. Arya didn't completely understand Catelyn's hatred of Jon, but she definitely knew it was rare for Jon to call the family.

"Well... His mother passed last week, and he called me yesterday to tell me about it." Ned said slowly. Sansa looked a little sympathetic. Usually she sided with Catelyn that Jon had to be trash.

"What happened to his mother?" she asked quietly.

"Alcohol poisoning." Ned announced with a grimace. Robb heard his mother give a condescending chuckle at the words. Such a death only reaffirmed Catelyn's statements that the woman was trash.

"The funeral's tomorrow, but after, he's got nowhere to go. His mother was his only family." Ned seemed to be beating around the bush and it was beginning to frustrate Robb. He just wished his father would spit it out already. "As he's got nowhere to stay... He'll be coming to stay with us."

Ned informed them in a firm voice. Robb heard Catelyn suck in a breath, clearing biting back a scathing comment. There was a thick silence as they all sat in a bit of a shock.

"He’s... He’s coming to live with us?" Bran suddenly asked with a rather confused expression. Ned nodded at his son.

"But we don’t know him! Mother’s right about him, you know. He’s got to be complete trash!" Sansa wailed, looking horrified at the idea of having another brother around. Ned gave his daughter such a chilling stare that she slid back into her seat with a humiliated expression.

"We don’t even know the boy..." Robb suddenly piped up, feeling his father’s eyes turn to him. He could also feel Catelyn’s piercing glare in the back of his head. He cleared his throat and shifted slightly in his seat. "What I mean is that none of us know him. You don’t even know him, Father." Robb spoke politely, treading carefully. "I’m not going to say that he’ll be an amazing addition, but I don’t think we should judge him too quickly." Robb said firmly as he shot Sansa a chastising stare to further her shame. Ned let out a deep breath and slowly nodded.

"It'll be an adjustment, but I want all of you to be welcoming to him. His mother just passed." Ned reminded them and they all nodded obediently. Robb wasn’t too sure how welcoming Sansa and his mother would be, but his father would surely talk to them about it. Instead of the knots going away now that he knew what was wrong, they were still there and getting worse. All of them could feel it.

The storm was just beginning.
Chapter 2

Jon didn't think he'd feel like this after his mother's death. He thought he'd be more distraught, that he'd shed more tears. But he didn't. Instead he felt... numb. His mother wasn't exactly the most loving, so he couldn't bring himself to lament her passing, but he'd lost his mother. He wasn't too sure how to react to it all. He remembered her funeral clearly. He remembered standing there surrounded by the few of his mother's friends who'd bothered to actually show up. Oddly enough, the thing he was most focused on at the moment was the fact that the stiff black suit he was wearing was stifling beyond belief. As he'd sprinkled a handful of dirt over her coffin in the ground, he'd felt relief. And that relief had only grown stronger as he watched the dirt get piled on top of her. It was a relief to him to know that the woman who had made his life a living hell was gone for good.

He'd driven home to an empty house. It had been an eerie feeling to unlock the door and walk into their rundown apartment and just hear dead silence. Normally when he got home he'd hear his mother screaming at one of her boyfriend's over the phone. Her trashy music would be blasting loud enough to make the neighbors come complaining at all hours of the day.

So when Jon opened the door and the house was silent, it made his stomach twist sickeningly. He slowly set his keys down on the table and looked around at the trashed apartment. He hadn't bothered to clean up the mess his mother left behind when she died. Just days after her death he had called his father and persuaded him to let him come stay with him in California. Jon had no idea how he'd managed it. His father's wife hated Jon with a burning passion. Catelyn had never even met him. She simply hated him because of his mother. He didn't blame Catelyn. His mother was a filthy woman, she always had been. Jon, however, prided himself on rising above his status. He was one of the few teenagers in the ghettos of his Chicago city that was off the streets, doing well in school, and on the right track. Jon worked hard to get himself to where he was. He hadn't married into it like Catelyn had. He'd spent hours dedicated to making himself a better life. Now with his mother gone, Jon had the opportunity to follow that want.

The ebony haired beauty looked over at his few bags already packed, sitting on the couch. His flight was leaving early the next morning. He'd be leaving Chicago at about four in the morning, and he wasn't set to land in California until nearly twelve hours later. He only had three bags with him. Two of them contained all the clothes that he had, and the third contained his few personal belongings; his favorite books, an old necklace of his mother's, and his knife that his mother had given him for his sixteenth birthday. It was one of the nicest things Jon had it. The handle was decorated with an elaborately carved wolf, and the blade was polished by Jon practically every day. His mother always used to tell him that his father was a wolf. Jon hadn't really understood until he was a little older, understanding that as the Starks were an old family, they still had their sigil from generations before, and theirs was a wolf. Wolves were fearless, proud creatures. Jon wondered if that was what his father was like.

Jon opened his pack of cigarettes and took one out, putting the filter between his pouting lips before he brought his lighter to the tip. The only sound that filled the dead silent apartment was the slow inhale as Jon took the toxic chemicals into his body, then him slowly exhaling a cloud of pale smoke from his mouth. He slowly sank into one of the dining chairs and slumped back, his gray eyes staring off into space as he absentmindedly took hits off his cigarette. He wondered what his father would be like. He wasn't looking forward to meeting his wife. The last time Jon had called Ned was to ask him for help with his mother when she had gone missing for nearly a week on a drinking binge. He hadn't even been able to ask him, for as soon as Ned's wife realized it was Jon, she'd snatched the phone and told Jon to only call if it was an absolute emergency, a matter of life
Jon wondered what it'd be like to meet his father for the first time. He'd only seen pictures of his father on the internet. He remembered being shocked when he was fourteen years old, reading an article on the computer about the new governor and it'd included a picture of the governor and a man beside him: his closest confidant and adviser the article stated. So when Jon read the article and saw the name Ned Stark, he was in shock. His mother always told him drunkenly about what a great man his father was, but Jon hadn't known that his father was such a prolific man. Over the years he'd seen articles on his father and his family. Every time Jon saw pictures of his father, his huge home, his children, it felt like a knife in Jon's chest. He looked at the Stark children, his brothers and sisters. Never was there any mention of Ned's bastard in any of the articles. Jon had been swept under the rug. No one even knew he existed. Jon began to resent his father for doing this to him and his mother, knocking her up and leaving her. That was up until he was fifteen and he got a call from his father on New Years. He could still remember the day perfectly. He'd been in his room on the bed when his mother came in with the phone. When he'd asked her who it was, she'd stared him dead in the eyes as she held the phone out towards him and said, 'it's your father'. That was an awkward phone call, that was for sure. Jon remembered how sick he felt when he heard his father's voice for the first time, how his father had to pause for a moment and try to remember how old he was now. That was when he'd told Jon to call him if he ever needed help. Then Jon had said goodnight and hung up the phone. Over the course of the next three years, Jon spoke to his father a total of four times. They never talked about themselves, conversations were always brief and strained. He remembered calling one time after nearly a year of no contact and how when his father heard him speak, Ned commented that his voice had gotten so much deeper. It just made Jon that much more aware of how absent Ned was in his life. Ned could barely keep how old he was straight. He didn't even know what Jon looked like.

Jon ashed out his cigarette and forced himself to stop worrying. Everything was going to be alright. Ned had sounded sympathetic and kind when he invited Jon to come stay with them in California. Jon tried to think of what he was going to say when he met his father and siblings for the first time. Would it be awkward? Would they welcome him, or push him away? Jon had never known what it was like to have siblings. He was his mother's only child. He didn't want to think about how badly this could go, so he forced himself to begin getting ready for his short nap before he had to wake up and get to the airport. Everything would work out, he just had to trust that this wouldn't go as badly as the rest of his life...

The day of Jon's arrival was a tense one. The children had gotten home from school and were instantly berated by their mother. Catelyn lectured Rickon on leaving his dishes out, Bran for not putting his books away, Arya for tracking mud in the house, Sansa for leaving her and Arya's bathroom a mess, and Robb for not pressing his uniform for tomorrow. All the Stark children were instantly on edge after their mother's viscous lecture. Robb did understand his mother's distress. His entire life Jon had been there to remind her of her husband's unfaithfulness. She had never gotten the chance to move past her husband's transgression. Jon's life was the product of Ned's awful mistake, and now he'd be under the same roof, living with them as one of them. Robb wondered what the press would have to say when they saw Jon with the Stark family. It wouldn't be anything nice, that was for sure.

Robb stripped out of his uniform and tossed the dirty one into his laundry bin before he changed into a flannel shirt and jeans. He ran his fingers through his curly hair and sighed as he went to go see how his sisters were holding up. Arya had been eager about the addition to the family, as had Bran and Rickon, but Sansa had been rather quiet about all of this.

Robb tapped on Sansa and Arya's door, waiting to hear his sister's soft voice before he let himself in. He saw Sansa sitting at her small vanity table, carefully applying chapstick to her heart shaped,
pink lips. His sister was the spitting image of his mother. Her hair was red as fire, skin as pale snow. She'd changed into a light airy dress, and Jon could see from the mess on Arya's side of the room that his other sister had changed and promptly ran outside. Sansa smiled at Robb as he came in. "Robb, what is it?" she asked in that sweet voice she always used when it was apparent that her brother had something serious to talk about. Robb sighed and walked over to Sansa's bed, dropping onto it as he watched her brush every single knot out of her silky hair.

"How've you been holding up?" Robb cut to the chase, no beating around the bush. Sansa's smile faltered for a moment before she plastered it back on.

"What do you mean, Robb?"

"You know what I mean." Robb scoffed, rolling his eyes as Sansa played innocent. Sansa pursed her lips as she set her brush down and smoothed her dress out before she stood up and turned to face Robb.

"I'm doing perfectly fine. There's nothing to be upset about." Sansa said airily. Robb shook his head and crossed his arms over his chest.

"I know you're upset about this, Sansa. You can't lie to save your life. You're an awful liar." he reminded her. Sansa's lips twitched downward into a pout and she looked away from Robb.

"I don't want him here. All he's been so far is trouble, and he's not even here yet!" Sansa burst out defensively. Robb nodded slowly.

"Well, that's because Mother doesn't like him." Robb pointed out. Sansa glared daggers at the floor.

"If Mother doesn't like him, why is she letting him come stay with us?" the redhead grumbled. Her brother shrugged.

"Maybe she's feeling charitable." Robb said with a little smirk. When Sansa didn't smile back, Robb stood up and pulled his little sister into a comforting hug. "Look... the boy's mother just died, and he's got nowhere else to go. We're his only family." Robb pulled away from Sansa and placed his hands on her shoulders, their identical eyes meeting as Robb looked directly into her sea blue eyes. Sansa chewed nervously on her bottom lip, forcing herself not to look away from her brother.

"You just be nice to Jon, alright? Go easy on him. The more welcoming we all are, the easier this will all be." he advised her, giving her another quick hug before he walked towards the door. Sansa was silent until Robb left the room, her bright eyes thoughtful.

The eldest Stark boy spent the remainder of the time they had until their half-brother arrived studying in silence. The entire house with thick with tension and excitement as the hour of Jon's arrival grew closer. Catelyn was growing more and more irritable as she prepared for dinner, slamming dishes around and muttering angrily to herself. Ned had begged her to be kind, but Robb knew his mother far too well. She would not be afraid to show her distaste. Robb was focused on the history of medieval punishments, such as beheadings and what not when Bran's eager yell sounded through the house. "Hey, I think he's here!" Bran called as he looked away from the window he was staring out of. Robb shut his book and stood up to go to the main foyer. Sure enough, there was a heavy knock on the front door just a moment later. Without waiting for permission Bran ran to the front door and hastily threw it open, grinning up at his new brother. "Yeah, you must be him. Mom, Dad, he's here!" Bran shouted enthusiastically as he ran to get Catelyn from the kitchen.

"Robb, call your sisters in, would you? They're on the back patio I'm pretty sure." Ned's voice
came from the study as he got up. Robb nodded and went to go call in the two girls. Arya was of course playing with the dogs while Sansa worked on another stitching piece, basking in the sunlight.

"Girls, Father wants you both inside. Jon's here," Robb informed them. Arya let out an excited whoop and ran for the house. She was covered in dirt and Robb had to stop her to help brush her off a bit, although the dirt on her clothes remained. The girl was always a mess. Sansa followed after, looking nervous and rather unenthusiastic. Robb followed after his sister back to the main foyer where he had his father speaking to the stranger. Robb took a deep breath and came into the foyer, getting his first look at his half-brother for the first time.

As soon as Robb laid eyes on Jon, it was like his heart had stopped. His mouth went dry and Robb struggled to hide the surprise. A well kept secret Robb had from everyone was his minor inclination towards men. Robb had been with only one other boy, and he loved women, but he couldn't help his reaction to the sight of Jon Snow. He was utterly beautiful. His eyes were the exact shade of gray as their father's, and the two looked rather similar. Jon's face was softer than his father's. His hair was pitch black and made him appear even paler than he truly was. It was curly, something Robb was sure the boy got from his mother. He had a light amount of scruff on his jaw, and he looked older than his years. He looked like he could be twenty or something. He was dressed in a red shirt that Robb could see outlining the muscles on his chest. He was wearing a leather jacket over with a pair of worn jeans and beat up sneakers. Robb couldn't tear his gaze away from Jon's full lips, his long eyelashes, or anything really. Robb's mouth was dry as the desert and he felt like the air had been punched out of him. Then his father's voice interrupted his thoughts, ruining the perfect moment where Jon's eyes met his and a slight smile twitched onto those perfect lips.

"Robb, this is your brother, Jon Snow."

_Fuck..._
The tension in the dining room was thick enough to be cut with a knife. Ned was seated at the head of the dinner table, Catelyn beside him, Robb at the other side of the table, and Jon sitting to his right. After Jon had taken his things upstairs to his room, Catelyn had called for the awkward affair that would be called dinner. They'd been sitting in dead silent for nearly five minutes as the Stark children poked at their dinner. Robb felt bad for poor Jon, the boy looked like he was going to die of embarrassment. His pale cheeks were flushed red and he hadn't touched a bite of his roast. Finally Ned cleared his throat and took it upon himself to break the silence.

"So, how was your flight, Jon?" Ned inquired as he stabbed a forkful of green beans. Jon looked towards his father and shifted uncomfortably in his seat.

"It was uneventful, Mr. Stark." Bran frowned over at Jon.

"Why do you call Father, Mr. Stark? You're our brother, why don't you call him Father like we do?" The ten year old asked curiously. Jon visibly cringed and Catelyn stiffened. Ned sighed but before he could speak up, Catelyn beat him to it.

"Jon isn't your brother, he's our guest." she snapped coldly. Jon looked offput and he looked down at the table, his adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard.

"But Father said he was our brother!" Rickon suddenly chirped up from his seat beside Catelyn.

"He isn-"

"Catelyn, leave it be!" Ned scolded her sharply. Catelyn looked infuriated, and Robb knew that look in her eyes. It was that look that Catelyn got when she was pushed one step too far. Suddenly she slammed her hand down onto the dining table.

"I will allow your bastard son to stay under our roof, but I will not stand for him calling my husband 'father', living as if he is part of the Stark family!" she suddenly exploded, showing off her fiery Tully temper. Sansa and Arya's eyes were wide as saucers and Robb's jaw was slack with shock. Jon hadn't said a word throughout the whole exchange, but now he suddenly stood up, his chair legs scraping against the floor. He ran a hand through his black curls and fumbled in his pocket to pull out a lighter.

"I... I'm going out for a smoke." he muttered. Catelyn snorted and threw her hands up.

"Fantastic, he smokes. Just what we want to have around the children." Ned looked fed up with his wife and just shook his head as Jon turned and disappeared out of the dining room.

"You didn't have to be so harsh on him, Mother." Robb spoke up quietly. "There was no need to make a scene. He just lost his mother." Catelyn's eldest son spoke softly but firmly before he stood up and left to find Jon.

He found the dark haired boy on the front porch. It was past sunset and the porch light cast an orange fluorescent light on his chiseled jaw line. Robb stepped out onto the porch and watched the smoke filtering past his full lips. Jon looked over at Robb with his pale eyes, his hesitancy clear in his gaze. "Robb, right?" he gazed quizzically at his auburn haired half-brother. Robb nodded and watched as Jon lifted the cigarette to his pink lips. The young man's soft looking lips wrapped
around the filter and his cheeks hollowed as he breathed the smoke into his lungs. Robb felt his pants get a bit tighter and he cleared his throat before shifting to get into a more comfortable position.

"Yeah, mind if I bum a smoke off you?" he inquired hopefully. Jon arched a brow but he tossed the pack of Camels and his lighter to Robb.

"Sorry, there's quite a lot of you." Robb grinned in amusement as he lit the cigarette and took a long drag.

"Yeah, there's Rickon, Bran, Arya, Sansa, and me." he watched closely as Jon flicked the ash off the end of his cigarette. Jon nodded as he gazed down at his feet.

"Yeah, I've seen you guys on the news before with your dad."

"He's your dad too." Robb spoke carefully, not wanting to tread on Jon's feet as Catelyn had. Jon shook his head as he used his free hand to roll the sleeves of his flannel up. Where Robb was clean shaven, and neatly dressed, Jon was scruffy, a band t-shirt with cigarette holes burned into it, worn out jeans, and sneakers that had seen better days.

"Ned Stark is just the man who slept with my mother. I don't have a father. Ned Stark called me once in a blue moon to see if I was still alive, and that was it. I never heard from Ned for my birthday, he wasn't there for my first day of school, he ignored my calls. He's not my father, and you're not my brother. Your mother's right. She is a little harsh about it, but I understand. I'm a stranger to you people. I'm no more your brother as your mother is my mother." he informed Robb in a distant voice. Jon leaned against the porch railing. His words struck a chord in Robb and the auburn glued his eyes to the end of his cigarette and watched the tobacco fade into ash.

"I suppose you're right. Mother didn't have to be so harsh. She's got a bit of a temper on her." That was an understatement, Catelyn Stark was a terrifying woman, but Robb wasn't going to let on that he was damn near twenty years old and his mum still frightened him.

"I think it's the redhead thing. My girlfriend Ygritte was a redhead, she had the worst temper on her." Jon chuckled. Robb wasn't completely sure why but his stomach knotted up a bit. Jon had a girlfriend? Why did that even matter to him, Jon was his fucking brother after all.

"Ygritte, hm? Strange name." Robb mused simply as he hid his discomfort by taking a long drag off his cigarette. Jon seemed oblivious to the sharpness of his tone and simply nodded.

"She was a strange girl. Very lovely."

"Was?" Robb pressed further. Jon cast his dark eyes over to Robb and Robb felt a shiver go down his spine at the sheer intensity that was boiling beneath his gray irises.

"That she was." he stated it simply before he flicked his cigarette out towards the street and turned to head inside, leaving Robb alone on the front porch, Jon's words resonating through him.
"I don't want him in this house." Catelyn's voice was trembling with anger as she furiously rubbed the lavender scented lotion into her hands. Ned tilted his head back to rest his head against the wooden headboard with a dull thump. The wrinkles in his scruffy face were more pronounced as he frowned at the ceiling. His book lay cast aside on the nightstand. He'd long since given up on trying to even read a sentence tonight. Catelyn had been in a foul mood since the maid had cleared the table and the children had dispersed.

"He's just a boy, Catelyn. And he's my son-"

"Don't, Ned! Just don't!" the redheaded woman suddenly burst out. "I knew of your affair, everyone did... But I forgave you, it was a one time slip. But when news that she bore your bastard son reached us, I wasn't sure I would be able keep going." her voice cracked and her hands stilled. "Now... the proof of your... infidelity is sleeping in the room right down the hall from us, staring me in the face! Do not act like I am being unreasonable." Catelyn took in a deep breath and closed her eyes as she fought to keep her strength and hold back a meltdown.

"Mother, Father...?" a soft voice chirped from the doorway. Ned looked over and flinched when he saw his second youngest boy in the doorway. Bran was standing there, shaggy brown hair and wide eyes. Catelyn bit her lip and looked down to gaze guiltily at her hands. Ned cleared his throat uncomfortably.

"What is it, Bran?"

"Why were you and Mother fighting?" he asked softly. Catelyn stood before Ned could respond and approached her son.

"We weren't fighting, love. We just had a slight disagreement. Come now, it's high past your bedtime." she murmured as she gently placed her hand on her son's skinny shoulder and carefully guided him out of the room. She had barely turned out of the room when she bumped into a tall figure, a strong broad chest. She frowned when she realized who it was. Jon, curly hair and faint aroma of cowboy killers left in his clothing. He instantly murmured an apology and took a small step back.

"I apologize, I was simply wondering if you had a quilt for my room." he asked politely, his awkwardness and discomfort clear. Catelyn pressed her lips into a thin line and forced herself to bite her tongue in front of Bran.

"Closet in the guest bedroom." she snipped at him before she hastily brushed past Jon to nudge Bran into his and Rickon's room.

"Why don't you like Jon, Mother?" Bran asked softly as to not awaken the sleeping Rickon as he crawled into bed. Catelyn sighed and carefully tucked the blankets around her son's chin.

"It's not that I dislike Jon, sweetheart. It's a very complex situation. You will understand one day when you're older." she murmured. The redheaded Tully bent over to press a tender kiss to her son's head before she slowly straightened up.

"Sleep well, love."
"He's not out of his room yet." Ayra bawled as she stabbed furiously at her oatmeal. Catelyn had left for the day, already in a foul mood. She'd ordered the staff to prepare the children some breakfast and see that Robb got everyone out of the house on time.

"Since when have you been concerned with being on time?" Robb scoffed. He stood up and straightened his tie before he began to grab his dishes and place them in the sink. "Relax, little sister, I shall go see what keeps him." Robb tousled his youngest sister's messy hair before he jogged up the stairs. He pounded on Sansa's door on the way, giving her a five minute warning before he politely knocked at Jon's door.

"Yeah, come in." Robb felt a thrill go through him when he heard Jon's rugged voice. He pushed the door open a bit too eagerly as he walked into Jon's room. He smirked devilishly when he saw his half brother standing in front of the mirror in clear discomfort. Their school uniform looked odd on him considering the torn flannel he'd been wearing yesterday. The white button up shirt tightly hugged his muscular chest, grey blazer straining around his bulky shoulders. He was clearly flustered as Robb could tell by the fairly attractive way his cheeks were flushed.

"I can't tie this bloody tie to save my life!" he scoffed in frustration as he gestured towards the absolute mess of his tie around his neck. "Do you blokes really wear this shite to school every day?" Robb grinned as he suddenly stepped forward and batted Jon's hands away from the tie.

"That we do. It's your first day, I'll be generous." Robb was so close to Jon as he untied the clumsy knotted tie. He could feel the heat radiating off Jon's body in waves, could see every detail in his scruffy face and pink lips. Robb swallowed hard and tried to simply focus on the tie, but it was difficult when Jon's adams apple bobbed constantly and he tilted his perfectly pale neck back to allow Robb to tighten the tie around neck. Robb could've sworn he heard a soft gasp leave Jon's stunning lips when Robb tightened the knot a bit too far, but he told himself it was simply his overwhelmed mind. This was Jon, his fucking half brother, his family. But he'd just met the bastard yesterday, his body hadn't gotten the memo yet. Robb swallowed hard and took a quick step back. Jon ran his fingers through his hair and looked towards Robb, the pale bastard's cheeks still flushed.

"How do I look?"

*I could rip that suit off you right fucking now,* Robb thought to himself but instead he just smirked as he gestured towards the door.

"Like a fucking tool."

//Short I know but I just wanted to get something out there for you guys
Chapter 5

The way Jon's rough fingers curled around the tie and awkwardly adjusted it around her neck. His grey irises a thin ring around his blown out black pupils; his full pink lips are moist and chapped and Robb can't tear his eyes away from the handsome bastard.

"Robb!" Robb jumped as suddenly Talisa kicked him underneath their table. The auburn haired teen turned towards his girlfriend with a confused expression.

"What is it?" he asked in confusion. Jon was seated at the table behind them with his head buried in a textbook and Robb quickly realized that he'd been completely ignoring his girlfriend.

"I've been trying to get your attention for the past five minutes and you've just been staring right through me," she snapped at him, pouting her lips at him.

"Sorry, Talisa. It's just been a rough few days." he murmured. Talisa reached out to grip his hand and for a brief moment he desperately wished her fingers held the same rough texture that Jon's worn hands possessed. She gave him a sympathetic expression and very gently rubbed her thumb over the back of his hand.

"I know, baby. But listen, you should come out with me tonight. Dany is having a party and wants us to come. You should bring Jon, he could meet Theon, maybe make some friends." she crooned. "Come on, it'll be fun. We can have a few drinks, sneak out to the woods. It's been awhile since we've had some private time." she murmured seductively, batting her eyelashes at him. Robb smiled faintly as he combed his fingers through his curly auburn hair. He could feel the heat in his cheeks and the stirring in his groin and he knew it was from Jon, but luckily Talisa clearly assumed it was from her. She slid her foot up his thigh and lightly rubbed her foot over the bulge in his slacks. He cleared his throat and slumped back in his chair, biting his lip to stifle a groan. Talisa smirked and applied more pressure to his crotch. Robb tilted his head back and exhaled deeply, his face flushed and heated. The teacher's back was to the room as he scribbled away on the board. Robb slowly tilted his head back down and was shocked when suddenly he locked eyes with Jon. Jon's pencil was held loosely in his hand and a curious look on his face as he took in Robb's parted lips and red cheeks. Robb hastily reached down and shoved her foot away from his groin. Talisa's foot thumped to the floor and she narrowed her eyes at him.

"Robb, what's the matter with you?" she hissed under her breath. Robb straightened in his chair and awkwardly tore his gaze away from Jon. The bastard boy had a faint smirk on his lips as Robb looked away. He swallowed hard and just shook his head at Talisa.

"Not right now, Talisa. I'm trying to focus." he muttered. The brunette glowered at him and coldly ripped her hand away from Robb and glared down at her notepad. Robb glanced up nervously at Jon, the ebony haired boy arched his brow and glanced at Talisa with a concerned expression. Robb gave a tiny shake of his head and simply looked away from the bastard. It would be difficult to get Talisa calmed down from this one.

Jon slammed his locker shut and was shocked to see a small, petite silver haired girl leaning up against the locker next to him. Her eyes looked almost lilac and Jon wondered if perhaps she wore colored contacts. Jon cleared his throat and shuffled awkwardly as she gazed up at him.

"I'm Danerys. You're Robb's brother, aren't you?"

"I am..."
"You two don't look alike."

"Then how'd you know who I was?" he fired back at her. He turned his back to her and began to walk away. He expected the blond to wander off but she instead trailed after him like a white shadow.

"Everyone's talking about you. Robb Stark's brother, Ned Stark's bastard son." a tight little smirk graced her features and Jon clenched his jaw tightly. The little blond wasn't the first to make a comment on who he was. It was a small school, apparently news traveled fast.

"What of it?"

"Just wondering if you'd be accompanying your brother."

"Accompanying?" Jon scoffed. Danerys shrugged her shoulders and suddenly darted in front of Jon, forcing him to stop.

"I thought it would be nice if you came, maybe got to know a few people. I don't have the best reputation either. Helps to put on a front. I'll tell Robb to bring you, it'll be a good time." she smiled kindly at Jon before turning and darting off, disappearing down the hallway as quickly as she'd appeared.

Jon wrapped the towel tightly around his waist as he stepped out of the shower and combed his fingers through his curly hair. He wiped a circle clear in the foggy mirror and frowned as he rubbed his hand over the growing stubble on his cheeks and jaw. He thought for a moment about shaving but decided against it. He thought it made him look a bit older. He dropped the towel and quickly dried his dripping chest and arms before he rewrapped it around his waist and opened the bathroom door. As he stepped out into the hallway he collided into a solid chest and grunted in annoyance before he looked up and recognized the auburn haired boy. Robb looked clearly uncomfortable and taken aback to have run smack dab into Jon. Jon thought back to the moment in class where he'd caught Robb being groped under the desk by who he assumed was his girlfriend. He'd clearly been embarrassed as he'd been avoiding Jon like the plague for the entire day. He'd begrudgingly muttered maybe two words to Jon when he'd invited Jon to the party at Danerys' request. Jon wasn't sure what issue Robb seemed to take with him, he'd been rather kind when he'd first arrived but now he seemed to be distancing himself from Jon, giving him the cold shoulder. Maybe the reality of the situation was hitting him: Jon was his bastard half brother. He wouldn't even be in Robb's life wreaking havoc if it hadn't been for his drunken mother.

"Watch where you're going, Snow." he grumbled, clearly avoiding making eye contact with Jon as he knocked past him into the bathroom. Jon stumbled into the doorway and glared at Robb as he rudely pushed past the bastard boy. That's when Jon felt Robb's thick, pulsing hard on trapped in his tight pants as he sidled past Jon into the bathroom. Jon was awestruck as Robb shut the door in his face and left him with his thoughts. Maybe Robb didn't hate him as much as Jon thought he did...
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

I've been gone for awhile, oops. Sorry guys. Will step it up!! Depression is a bitch and it's been a really long slump. But I'm back bitches!

Jon scanned through his wardrobe, his curly hair dripping onto his broad shoulders. He had to admit he had never been to a party. With his mother's fondness for alcohol any free time he had that wasn't dedicated to studying was spent working any jobs he could pick up. His social time was limited to Ygritte for the most part and he hadn't exactly wanted to waste his time partying. Thus his conundrum in what to wear. Everyone he'd seen in the area so far dressed very high fashion, he swore Robb's casual wear would be a neatly pressed suit. But that wasn't exactly his speed. Jon glanced over his shoulder as he heard the doorbell ring from downstairs, but considering his lack of clothing he didn't dare peek out and see who had come to visit at 8PM. He was worn from meeting so many people, he didn't feel the need to add another to the list.

Jon dropped the towel and grabbed a pair of jeans, slipping them over his legs and frowning as he struggled a moment to pull up the zipper. He hadn't exactly updated his wardrobe for a couple years and he'd definitely packed on some muscle over the last few years. His jeans were tight, going from loose work pants to almost skinny jeans. He pulled a few shirts from the closet and spread them out on the bed. He wasn't picky, but he figured if Robb's friends and Jon's own classmates would be there he might try to make a good impression. As he bent over to examine a rather beat up white shirt, it was faded, but seemed to be one of his shirts that had the least amount of holes from cigarettes burned into it. Jon had a bit of a nasty habit of falling asleep when he got home from a long day of work and school. He used to remember when he would fall asleep in the recliner in front of the recliner after mowing lawns with a cigarette, he would close his eyes for just a second and wake up with yet another hole in his shirts. The white long sleeve shirt had a couple faded dirt stains, but it was comfortable. As he was bending over to grab it from the bed his bedroom door suddenly flew open. He jumped in shock and spun around, clutching the shirt in his hand and lifting it a bit to cover his chest. He sighed when he saw it was just Robb, somehow having showered and gotten dressed in the ten minutes he had taken to pick out an outfit. "Jesus, you scared the shit out of me." he chuckled as he lowered the shirt. Jon just barely hid a smirk when he saw Robb's soft brown eyes flicker to Jon's abs. Jon made a bit of a show as he pushed his arms into the arms of his shirt, raising his arms and showing off a bit as he pulled the shirt over his head.

"Um... yeah, Talisa is here, we're taking her car." Robb choked out in a thick voice and Jon watched as he shifted uncomfortably, his eyes glued to the thin white tee that stretched tightly across Jon's built chest. Jon had to think a moment on who Talisa was.

"Talisa, is she the girl from our class?" Jon asked, arching a brow as he grabbed his pack of marlboros off the dresser and crammed them along with a lighter into his front pocket. He knew exactly who Talisa was but he enjoyed playing coy and toying with Robb. He hadn't been around his half brother long but it seemed easy to fluster him. Robb rubbed his fingers through his curly hair and forced a faint smile.

"Yeah, my girlfriend. Her and Dany are friends.." Robb informed him, Jon could clearly see he was
trying to play off as if he had just been drooling over Jon moments earlier.

"You two seemed very... friendly in class." Jon grinned salaciously as he began to step towards Robb, rubbing his hand over the back of his neck. Robb instantly turned bright red and cleared his throat, stuttering before he began to try to think of an excuse, but a loud voice interrupted him.

"Babe, come on, we've gotta get out of here! Dany is blowing up my phone, everyone else is there except for us." Talisa shouted from the bottom of the stairs. Robb looked incredibly relieved at the chance to escape if the smile on his face told anything.

"We better go, she's gonna tear my head off my shoulders." Robb breathed out happily. Jon grinned at him as he suddenly moved to slide past his elder half sibling. He purposefully took a moment to place his hand on Robb's strong arm, squeezing as he moved Robb to the side.

"Yeah, we don't want your girlfriend picking a fight with me for keeping you." Jon chuckled roughly, glancing up into Robb's dark set of confused eyes. Jon purposefully looked up through his long lashes, nudging Robb with his elbow when he heard Talisa give another frustrated yell from down the stairs. He didn't speak again as he breezed past Robb and headed down the stairs. Robb took a moment to readjust his jeans, Jon's touch had felt like an electric shock and his cock was throbbing like it hadn't in quite awhile. But at the same time he felt disgusted with himself, Jon was his brother, but here Robb was with a throbbing erection and the images on Jon's thick pink lips wrapped around Robb's thick cock, eyes rolled back in his head as Robb held his wrists down and fucked deep int-

"Babe, come on!" Talisa yelled, thankfully jerked Robb out of his fantasies before he managed to cum in his pants. Robb shook himself as he quickly turned and darted down the stairs, reminding himself over and over that Jon was his brother and he really needed to get a hold of himself.

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The tension in the car was thick. Robb was seated in the front passenger seat with Jon in the middle of the backseat. The radio was off and Talisa was trying fruitlessly to make conversation while Robb sat there silently, wishing he could just sink into the seat. He felt an intense amount of guilt that his girlfriend was trying to befriend the guy he'd just had a raging erection for.

"So, do you have a girlfriend back home?" Talisa asked sweetly, smiling brightly at Jon through the rearview mirror. Jon shrugged his shoulders.

"I did." It was an evasive answer and Talisa seemed confused as to how to keep the conversation going.

"So you two broke up?" her voice was sympathetic, she clearly was pressing for details, she likely was planning on trying to set him up with one of her friends. Jon shifted uncomfortably and Robb watched out of the corner of his eye as Jon ran his fingers through his hair. Robb noticed that it seemed to be a bit of a nervous habit of his.

"No. Ygritte... Ygritte passed away about a year before my mother did." he said quietly, seemingly forcing the words past his lips. Talisa's jaw instantly dropped and she turned bright red. That clearly hadn't been the answer she was expecting. She was beyond embarrassed and stuttered her flustered apologies to Jon. Robb straightened up a bit and glanced over his shoulder at Jon in the backseat. He remembered Jon mentioning Ygritte in past tense, but he figured they had just had a nasty breakup.

"It's fine, Talisa, really, you don't have to apologize." Jon assured her quietly. "She was truly
wonderful, but all things must end.” Jon spoke casually but Robb could tell it was something that deeply perturbed him. He had started to notice things about Jon already, things that he probably didn't even know about Talisa.

"Well, there's some wonderful girls that'll be at Dany's party, I'm sure they'd love to talk to you!" And there it was. Of course Talisa was trying to set him up. Talisa always jumped at the chance to match make, but for some reason it was irking him to no end.

"Don't try another one of your match making games, Tae, he doesn't need your help." Robb grunted as he shifted uncomfortably in his seat. As if the tension hadn't been bad enough before, it felt ten fold now in the car.

"Oh no, don't stop her. It's been a while since I was 'friendly' with a girl." Robb instantly picked up on the dig at him and felt his cheeks heat up in embarresment. Talisa chuckled as they pulled up in Dany's driveway. Her parents weren't around a lot and her sprawling home was perfect for parties.

"Okay, everyone out! Jon, stick with Robb. I think Margaery is here, she just had that really bad breakup with that little shit Joffrey." Talisa rolled her eyes as she thought of the blond haired bratty sophomore that had somehow convinced Margaery to go out with him more than twice. "You'll love her, she's wild." Talisa exclaimed happily as the three piled out of the car and Talisa eagerly led the way to Dany's front door. She rang the doorbell, rocking back and forth on her toes until the door opened seconds later. It was Dany, long white hair let down and loose, a grin on her face as she cried out in excitement and threw her arms around Talisa.

"I'm so glad you made it! Everyone's already here, they're out back by the pool and drinks are in the kitchen, help yourself!" she moved to hug Jon, having to stand on her tiptoes to throw her arms around him and give him a warm and welcoming hug. Jon looked a little caught off guard but he wrapped an arm around her and squeezed. She let go of him and took a step back, happily gesturing for them to come inside. "I'm so happy Robb brought you, we told Margaery all about you, she's excited to meet you." Dany teased as she led them down the clean, well lit white hallway into the kitchen. Robb spotted Margaery in the kitchen, leaning against the counter with her tell tale smirk. She was in a tight blue dress, light hair pulled back into a high ponytail, her elegant neck adorned in a very expensive diamond necklace. Margaery was definitely glamourous. She had a red solo cup in her manicured hand and was grinning lecherously at Jon as if he were a piece of meat.

"So you must be Jon Snow, Dany was right, you are quite handsome." she giggled, twirling a lock of her ponytail around her thin finger. Robb glanced at Jon and saw him glancing Margarey up and down, from her pale blue heels to her diamond stud earrings and glossy pink lips.

"Yeah, Robb, Talisa, don't worry about me, I think I'll hang out with Margaery for a bit. Text me when you guys are ready to hit the road." Jon grinned at Robb and Talisa smiled excitedly as she grabbed Robb's hand and began to tug him towards the pool.

"Come on, babe, let's leave these two alone." Talisa laughed. Robb wanted to resist, he didn't want to leave the two of them alone for some reason that even he wasn't sure of, but he knew Talisa would throw a fit if he tried to cockblock Jon. So reluctantly he followed, glancing over his shoulder and catching a glimpse of Margaery pouring Jon a drink and reaching out to touch his curly hair with a flirty laugh, and from the looks of it Jon was just eating it up.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~

Robb scowled over his drink as the music thumped loudly and Talisa swayed and rubbed erotically against him in her little red dress. Normally by now he woud've dragged her to Dany's guest room and cum all over her tits but tonight he just wasn't feeling it. He was on his third drink, feeling
tipsy, his girlfriend was grinding up on him and all he could think about was where in the fuck did Jon go? He hadn't seen Margaery or Jon since they left the kitchen and it was really starting to bug him. Talisa turned around and draped her arms around Robb, a pout pulling on her lips. Normally he would be all over her plush pillowy lips but tonight they didn't seem as thick and lucious. "Baby, what's wrong? You're not into it." Talisa was clearly frustrated by his lack of attention to her but he couldn't bring himself to care tonight. He just wanted to find out where the hell Jon had disappeared to.

"I'm just not feeling great. I'll be right back. I gotta take a piss." she sighed heavily, shaking her head as Robb took a sip of his drink as he wandered down the hallway, peeking into rooms to try and catch a glimpse of Jon but there was no sign of him. He was walking past the guest room when he stumbled to a pause. Through the guest room door he heard muffled moans. Robb's throat tightened as he slowly reached for the doorknob. For some reason he was praying it wasn't Jon. As he slowly opened the door as quietly as possible the moans became louder, clearly male as he peered nervously past the door. Instantly all of his blood went to his dick when he saw what was going on.

Jon was sitting on the edge of the bed, his tight jeans that hugged his tight ass around his ankle and Margaery down on her knees in front of him. Jon's head was thrown back, his eyes closed and chest heaving. His callused hand was tightly wrapped in her tight hair, forcefully having her bob his head on his cock. Robb felt utterly dizzy as he listened to Margaery moan and gag around Jon's cock. He couldn't even look at Margaery however, his eyes were glued to Jon's face, the twisted pleasure on his lips and his curls matted with lipstick marks on his strong throat. His beautiful lips were parted in ecstasy as a pleased moan bursts out of his throat. Robb suddenly imagined himself in place of Margaery, his mouth being the one to draw those sweet moans from the handsome young man. Jon suddenly tilted his head down and opened his eyes, making direct contact with Robb. Robb subtly jumped, instantly feeling embarrassed by being caught watching his half brother get blown while sporting a full blown erection of his own. He expected Jon to yell at him to close the door, but Margaery was still unaware of his presence and instead of outing Robb as the pervert he was, Jon grinned at him, a smile that almost made Robb cum right then and there. "Fuck yes, god that's so fucking good." Jon suddenly groaned out loudly. It sent a chill down Robb's spine and he couldn't help but reach down and rub the tip of his cock. He was going to last long, and from the looks of it neither was Jon. There was a satisfied look in Jon's eyes as he watched Robb get himself off over his jeans. Jon clearly saw it as the smile spread across his face even bigger and god fuck that just sent Robb over the edge. He slumped against the door, his pupils dilating and his breathing heavied as he leaned against the doorway and began to rub against his cock with fervor. The alcohol was pulsing through his veins and god he was fucking aching to have Jon's cock in his mouth.

"Don't stop, don't fucking stop." Jon spoke to Margaery, but from the way he was staring at Robb, Robb felt it was directed towards him. "Faster, go faster." Jon urged both her and Robb, biting his bottom lip lustfully as he kept his eyes glued to Robb's flushed face as the elder Stark brother eagerly rubbed his cock. He wasn't going to last long, and from the looks of it neither was Jon. There was a satisfied look in Jon's eyes as he watched Robb get himself off over his jeans. "That's right, baby. That's so fucking good." Jon smirked excitedly at Robb and finally looked back down at Margery. Robb rubbed his cock in time to Jon's thrusts into Margaery's wet mouth. He panted excitedly and threw his head back, clenching his hands tightly in the sheets. "Oh fuck, I'm fucking cumming, fuck!" he cried out in absolute bliss as Robb watched him cum into Margaery's mouth, Robb following suit seconds later, biting down on his bottom lip as he came in his pants like he
was a thirteen year old boy seeing his first pair of tits. For a second it was absolute nirvana, complete black out bliss as he watched Jon slump back on the bed with a soft moan as Margaery pulled away with a little laugh. The pleased chuckle broke Robb out of his bliss and the weight of what had just happened crashed down on him and he felt utterly disgusted with both himself and Jon. Robb had masturbated to watching his half brother get blown, and Jon had clearly enjoyed and encouraged him. He was horrified and felt sick to his stomach. Jon turned his head to catch a glimpse of Robb's now shameful red face and smirked bashfully at him. Robb couldn't even smile, he just felt abjectly, downright horrified. He turned and ran down the hall as quickly and quietly as he could, not even bothering to shut the door as he pushed past Theon towards the front door. He pulled out his phone, hastily sending a message to Talisa telling her that he was ready to leave. He just wanted to pretend all of this had never happened.

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