

*Fandom: A Song of Ice and Fire*

Summary: Wynafryd Manderly may have insulted him when they were younger, but Jon Snow is all grown up now. He's ready to show her the man he's become, and seduce his way into a permanent position at her side. (Jon/Wynafryd)

**Content Warnings/Themes: Loss of virginity, aged-up characters**

"You really have changed, Jon Snow," Wynafryd Manderly said, smiling at him. He remembered her smiling at him when she and her family visited Winterfell years ago, but that smile had been full of mockery. Back then, Wyman Manderly's eldest granddaughter had thought it fun to tease the bastard while simultaneously praising his half-brother, likely in some ill-fated attempt to gain Robb's favor. Robb loved Jon as a brother, bastard or not, so Wynafryd's efforts had been in vain back then.

There was nothing mocking in her smile now, though. She smiled at Jon the same way he sometimes saw Myrcella Baratheon smile at Robb, when the beautiful princess believed there was no one around who would scold her for making eyes at her betrothed.

"I suppose I've grown up," Jon said, shrugging as he smiled back. "I'm comfortable with who I am now, rather than being resentful of who I'm not."

A guilty look crossed Wynafryd's pretty face. "I have been meaning to apologize for my conduct towards you during my previous visit to Winterfell," she said. "It was unbecoming of me to treat you with anything less than the same courtesy that you and your family showed to me. I do hope you will forgive me." The words did not look merely perfunctory. He believed that she meant them, and that his forgiveness really did matter to her.

"There is nothing to forgive," Jon said easily. "We were mere children." He could have been vindictive and returned the cruelty of years prior, but that would have been a foolish choice. It would have run in direct opposition to what he hoped to do. Ever since he'd made his decision on where he wanted his life to go, he'd been waiting for an opportunity like this one.

A few years earlier, Jon had desired to join the sworn brotherhood of the Night's Watch. On the Wall, even a bastard could rise to a position of honor and respect if he was worthy of it. It was a man's deeds rather than his name that decided his fate in the Night's Watch, and that idea had appealed to Jon. But when he had tried to convince his uncle Benjen to bring him to the Wall so he could take the black, Benjen had set a condition. He wanted his nephew to understand what it was he would be giving up if he swore those vows, so before he would speak to his brother Eddard about Jon joining the Night's Watch, he wanted Jon to know a woman's touch. Only then, after he'd learned what he would be missing out on, would Benjen support Jon's desire to join the brotherhood.

Thus it was that Jon and Robb both accompanied Theon Greyjoy on a visit to the brothel in the winter town at the main gatehouse of Winterfell. Robb had the pick of all the brothel workers, but Jon hadn't lamented the differences between the bastard and the heir that night. After Robb and Theon had taken their pick, Jon had approached the woman who'd had his eye since he first entered the brothel, a girl with striking red hair, pale skin and pert breasts. He had not believed that anything that happened this night would cause him to stray from the path he'd chosen and give up on his desire to join the Night's Watch. But he'd decided that as long as he was there, he should spend this night with a woman who struck his fancy. If he was going to have that night, he may as well make the most of it.

Everything had changed for Jon that night, and it hadn't taken long for him to understand why his uncle had set these terms for him. It would have been easy for him, a bastard, to swear those vows if he hadn't truly known what it was that he would miss out on. That lovely redhead had made Jon a man, given him a night he would never forget, and changed the course of the rest of his life. By the time he'd gotten up from the bed and left the sweaty, panting redhead behind to recover, he'd known that he could never swear any vow that prevented him from doing that again.

Since he was no longer going to join the Night's Watch, Jon had needed to come up with a new goal to find his own way in life. He would never be Lord of Winterfell, of course. That was Robb's place, and Jon did not begrudge him for it. He believed that he would always have a place in Winterfell as well, should he want it. Despite how Lady Catelyn felt about him, his lord father would not throw him out, and Robb surely would let him stay as well once he was the lord one day. The courtesy and comfort of Winterfell could be Jon's for the rest of his life if he made that choice. He would never hold any title, but it wouldn't be difficult for him to find a pretty woman willing to be his wife, live in comfort with him and start a family. Jon could have a perfectly pleasant if unremarkable life here.

That possibility was there, but Jon had decided long ago that he wasn't going to settle for that. He'd sworn a vow to himself that when the right woman came along, he would seduce his way into making a place for himself that he could call his own. He loved his lord father and his brother, but he wanted to be more than just the bastard who lived in comfort thanks to their kindness.

The best way for him to do that was to seduce a highborn woman and leave her so taken with him that she would accept no husband but him. He'd spent the last several years honing his technique both in and out of bed in preparation for that opportunity. The brothel had taught him how to fuck, and he'd learned how to seduce a woman through ample practice with various castle girls, tavern wenches and farmer's daughters. By the time he'd struck upon an unattached highborn young woman who seemed open to being seduced, he wanted to have all the skills and the confidence that he needed. And now, as the eldest of Wyman Manderly's two female grandchildren smiled at him, Jon knew that his moment had arrived.

"Thank you, Jon," Wynafryd said, smiling with relief when he forgave her. "You're right; we were children. But we're children no longer, are we? I look forward to getting to know Jon Snow the man, rather than the boy."

Jon gave her a grin that had proven effective with pretty girls in the past, and he was pleased to see Wynafryd's body lean a little closer to his on the bench, likely without her even realizing it.

"And I look forward to showing you the man that I've become," he said, letting his voice get lower. He saw Wynafryd's eyelashes flutter, and grinned to himself.

It was time to do some seducing. By the time Wynafryd was to leave Winterfell and go back home to White Harbor, Jon would do his best to make her want nothing more than to bring him back with her.

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Over the last several years, few things had given Jon as much pleasure as the fruits of a successful seduction. At first, he'd charmed a woman until she was just waiting for him to make his move. But more recently he had given himself the greater challenge of going even longer than that, and waiting for the woman to throw herself at him and actually initiate their tryst. That took longer and required more patience, but he'd discovered that the spoils at the end felt even more satisfying when he'd seduced his lover so effectively that she was the one to finally kiss him, drag him into the nearest bedroom and start pulling at his clothes.

Going after Wynafryd Manderly had been one of the longest seductions he'd ever had, and he'd certainly put more into it than any that had come before. There had been a few girls who he'd gradually seduced during short interactions over longer periods of time than the fortnight that Wynafryd had been staying in Winterfell, but those had been more relaxed and casual efforts from him. Talking with and getting closer to Wynafryd had been all that was on his mind over the last fortnight, and he hadn't even glanced at another woman or paid a visit to any of the girls in the castle or around winter town who had given him an open invitation to their bed and between their legs. His life had been all about seducing Wynafryd, the eldest of Wyman Manderly's two grandchildren.

For the last couple of days now, he'd been considering breaking his recent rule and making the move on Wynafryd rather than waiting to see if she would initiate it. He knew she was interested, but he couldn't be certain that she would go for it before she returned to White Harbor. If she left for home without them going beyond the flirtation and the suggestive comments that had come to fill every one of their more recent conversations around Winterfell, all of this would have been for naught.

He had been on the verge of putting his hand on her shoulder and leaning in for a kiss when they walked out of the Great Hall together after dinner, but before he could actually act on that, Wynafryd had grabbed him by the shoulders, pushed him back against the

wall behind him and kissed him hard. Jon had let her lead, enjoying the passion he'd unleashed in the heiress of White Harbor. There had been some fumbling, adjusting and awkwardness at first, indicating to Jon that Wynafryd had little to no experience with kissing. That was a positive thing in Jon's eyes, of course. If she'd never done much kissing or had any experience with men, that made it that much more likely that this seduction was going to pay off exactly as he hoped it would, far beyond just a fun night in bed.

Her passion had been just as obvious as her inexperience, and it was that passion that saw her breaking the kiss only to take him by the hand and tug him towards the guest chambers she was staying in. Her maids looked surprised, but a giggling Wynafryd forbade them from saying a word to anyone, and that was that. No one followed them or spoke up to stop them as Wynafryd led Jon into her bedchamber and shut the door behind them.

The kissing picked right back up, and Jon decided to kiss her back this time, putting his arms around her body and giving her a sample of what he could do. He did not seek to dominate the kiss, though he knew that he could do so easily. She wasn't a brothel girl; she was the heiress to White Harbor. This was going to require a delicate touch on his part.

That was his plan, at least, but Wynafryd didn't seem to have much interest in delicacy as she started tugging at his doublet and unlacing his breeches while her lips remained pressed against his. Jon gave her some help, and before long, they'd gotten all of his clothing out of the way and left it in a pile on the floor.

Wynafryd dropped to her knees right next to that pile, not looking at all like a dignified lady and heiress as she gawked at his cock. "By the Seven," she breathed, running a single finger along the length of his cock. "Are they all this large?"

Jon chuckled. "I've been told that mine is larger than most," he said. Every woman he'd been with had commented on his size, including the brothel girls, and he'd never had cause to believe that any of them were feigning their admiration of it.

"Oh?" Wynafryd raised an eyebrow as she smirked up at him. The look on her face vaguely reminded him of the way she'd smiled when she mocked him years earlier, but he felt no shame in it now. "Does that mean you have a lover already, Jon? Is there some pretty young chamber maid or tavern wench that would be displeased to know that you're here in my chambers?"

"I've taken women to bed," he said simply. "But I do not have a lover, or anyone who could make a claim on me."

Wynafryd's smirk held in place. "That's good to know," she said slowly, nodding her head while she wrapped her hand around his cock and gave it a little squeeze. "That's

very good to know. Perhaps there *is* a woman who might seek to claim you soon, though.”

“I hope there is,” Jon said, smiling down at her. “If I’m being honest, there’s a beautiful woman I’ve gotten to know only recently who I would feel lucky to settle down with, if she was willing to have me.”

Wynafryd laughed sweetly. “I suppose you’ll have to see how things go between you, then,” she said. “But you should probably get to know her even better first. Maybe you should find out if you make a good match—and if she’s capable of taking care of a cock as large as yours.”

“I’m sure she is,” Jon said, smiling and standing still as she leaned in and planted a kiss on the tip of his cock. If she’d had little to no experience kissing, it went without saying that she’d never been on her knees in front of a man before. But she remained enthusiastic, kissing the head of his cock a few more times before kissing and licking along the shaft, getting him nice and wet on her way down. She stopped just short of his balls before kissing her way back up, and she licked her lips when she reached the tip again. Jon had been sucked by enough women to know what she was thinking when she licked her lips like that, and what was likely to happen next.

“I’ve never done this before,” she began. Jon smiled and prepared to encourage her, but it wasn’t necessary. “But I’ve kept an ear open around the harbor, and I’ve spent some time imagining how I might try to do it myself one day when I found a man worthy of it.” She gave him a meaningful look as she said it, and Jon chuckled.

“I have every confidence in you,” he said, putting his hand on her cheek and giving it a light pat. “Just take your time and don’t push yourself too hard.”

“I think I’ll have to push myself, to fit this thing in my mouth,” she said lightly. “Luckily for me, I think I know how to compensate for that.” He was glad that she was so relaxed about this despite her lack of experience. It was going to make it much easier for him to see to it that she enjoyed herself.

Wynafryd took the tip of his cock between her lips, gave it a suckle and moaned while staring up at him. Jon stared back, loving the look he saw in her eyes. The heiress of White Harbor was down on her knees and focused on worshipping his cock. Things really couldn’t have gone any better. Even if she didn’t manage to do a very good job of it, this was still progressing nicely.

Her inexperience was obvious when she started blowing him, but as always, her enthusiasm and lack of nervousness was just as evident. She’d never sucked a dick before, but that didn’t make her hesitate. Her lips slowly slid lower down his cock, taking his advice to heart and not pushing herself too hard. Even the most talented of the brothel girls struggled to swallow all of his cock or move with any great speed while they sucked him, so Wynafryd would have been in far above her head if she’d tried. But she seemed

to know and accept her limits, because her head moved slowly back and forth on him, and any time she started to struggle with how much of his cock was inside of her mouth, she pulled back rather than stubbornly trying to take him even deeper.

She also must have picked up a few things in those conversations she'd overheard, because Wynafryd didn't need to be told that the cockhead was sensitive and a fine target for her to focus on. She mixed in the occasional careful head bob to take more of his cock into her mouth, but she spent most of her time licking, kissing and suckling at his head. Her hand also slowly slid up and down his cock while her mouth worked the head, and she held him with a solid grip.

It was certainly not the most skillful blowjob Jon had ever received, but it was far from the worst either. Wynafryd did an admirable job of bringing him pleasure despite his size and her complete lack of experience. In truth, she was exceeding his expectations. There had been a few girls who had never sucked a cock before his, and they hadn't made him feel anywhere near this good at first. Remembering how much a couple of those girls had improved as they became fairly regular partners of his and had more practice at sucking him made him feel very optimistic about what Wynafryd might be able to accomplish in the future.

"You're incredible, Wynafryd," Jon said, groaning and stroking her cheek with his hand. It wasn't entirely true, but it wasn't entirely unwarranted either. Wynafryd's suckling and stroking had Jon genuinely enjoying himself even with the talented and far more experienced mouths in his past that he had to compare her to. If this was how she performed the very first time she'd been done on her knees for him or anyone else, he thought she might grow into a cocksucker so skilled that she could teach the new brothel girls a thing or two.

Wynafryd pulled her mouth off of his cock, nearly glowing at his praise while she caught her breath. "I'm glad I was able to handle it," she said, "though I look forward to learning how to do it even better. I swear to you that one day I will suck you as well as any Winterfell girl ever did."

"I don't doubt you," Jon said, smiling as he echoed his thoughts on her potential. Even more importantly, she'd effectively declared that this would not be the last time they were together. He wouldn't need to do any coaxing to turn this into the lasting union that he'd hoped for all along, because she was already there.

"That's for another day, though," she said while accepting his hand and letting him help her back to her feet. "There are more important things for us to do here and now."

"Oh?" Jon said, playing innocent. "What did you have in mind?"

"You know what I have in mind, Jon Snow," a smirking Wynafryd said. She turned away from him, walked over to stand next to the bed and began to remove her dress. "You're going to claim my maidenhead."

Jon smiled, watching as the beautiful heiress of White Harbor undressed. Everything had gone perfectly. He couldn't have asked for a more ideal woman to seduce than Wynafryd Manderly. Lord Wyman Manderly had fathered two children, but his second son Ser Wendel had died of illness without ever having wed. That left just Wynafryd's father Wylis, and he and his wife had only had Wynafryd and her younger sister Wylla.

Jon knew that the question of succession was a serious one for the Lord of White Harbor. Most of the noble families would have insisted that Wynafryd take her husband's name when she married, meaning that her husband would rule White Harbor after Wylis, and her heirs would be Manderlys no longer. But as a bastard, Jon would have no issue letting Wynafryd rule White Harbor. He would happily accept being her lord consort, and the children they made would continue the Manderly line rather than that of any of the other noble houses. It really was an ideal situation for him. Her father and grandfather might take some convincing given his parentage, but he wasn't just any bastard. He was the son of Lord Eddard Stark, and the other Manderlys would not have failed to notice how close he was with most of the Starks, particular Lord Eddard and his heir Robb. A marriage between Jon and Wynafryd would solve the Manderlys' succession issue, keep White harbor in their name, and strengthen their ties with House Stark.

It all started with this, though. He'd successfully seduced Wynafryd and gotten her to offer him her maidenhead. Now he needed to make the act of giving it to him so enjoyable for her that she wouldn't be able to get enough of it. He needed to bring her so much pleasure in bed that she would never even think of looking elsewhere. He'd charmed and seduced his way into her bed. Now his task was to fuck his way into the rest of her life.

That wouldn't be an unpleasant task by any means, because Wynafryd was beautiful. He'd thought her a pretty young woman years ago, when she'd mocked him for his bastardry. The last fortnight he'd gotten to spend plenty of time admiring the beautiful woman she'd grown into, and now she stripped out of her dress and smallclothes and allowed him to see all of her. Wynafryd certainly did not need the fancy dress to appear beautiful. Jon stood and drank her in, admiring her pale, delicate skin, her pert breasts and the little patch of dark hair between her legs. No man had ever gotten that view before, and Jon was determined to prove to her that he was the only man who deserved to see it.

"Beautiful," he said, stepping towards her. She laughed just before he put his arms around her and kissed her lips, which got a moan out of her. He stood and held her for a bit, kissing her and hugging her body to him. His hands slid down her back until they reached her arse, and she gasped into the kiss while he groped her cheeks.

Jon guided her down to sit on the edge of the bed, and Wynafryd broke the kiss to scoot her body backwards and get down on her back in the middle of the bed. She spread her legs and craned her head up to watch him, waiting for him to move into position. "Please, Jon," she said softly when he shuffled towards her on his knees. "Please take me! I've

been waiting for you to take me for days now, but I just couldn't wait any longer. Take me, Jon! *Fuck me!*”

His original intent had been to put his face between her legs and spend some time licking her first. Getting her to cum once before penetration would have been a fine way to start, doubly so with her since she was a virgin. But her impatience was obvious. This fortnight of seducing her and teasing her until she finally couldn't stand it anymore had left her too aroused for foreplay to be of any benefit. He would show her what he could do with his mouth another time, but right now, it was his cock she wanted and his cock she was going to get.

“It shall be my honor to take your first time, Wynafryd,” he declared, moving into position on his knees and pressing the tip of his dick against her. He entered her slowly, watching her face to make sure he didn't lose control and fuck her too roughly. He'd had some practice at deflowering virgins, so he knew what he was doing. But this was the most important sex of his life; it was the sex that would secure his future. Mistakes were not acceptable.

“This will hurt, at least for a moment,” he said when his cock met the resistance of her maidenhead.

Wynafryd nodded. “I know. Do it.”

Jon nodded back and then pushed onward, piercing the maidenhead of the heiress to White Harbor. Wynafryd's eyes snapped shut and the air left her lungs in a gasp, but it didn't take long before she'd opened her eyes up again and gave him a determined nod. Jon again nodded in response, and then her first time truly began.

While Jon was capable of fucking a woman hard enough to make her scream, he did not move with anywhere near that kind of force here with Wynafryd. Perhaps that would be something they did one day, when her body was prepared for it and if she wanted it. But this time was all about Jon giving her as much pleasure as he could, and that meant thinking of what she could handle. He moved back and forth slowly inside of her, letting her feel his cock push deeper into her cunt but not moving any faster or harder than he was confident she could take. He kept his eyes on her face constantly, watching to make sure she enjoyed it and that she wasn't being pushed too far.

After he'd gotten her used to his cock gradually thrusting inside of her, Jon focused on finding the right angle of penetration for her. This did not take long, because he had been with enough women for this period of experimentation to be almost second nature for him. He angled his hips to the side slightly, and in doing so managed to make her moan with greater excitement than she had at any earlier point in the fuck.

“So good,” Wynafryd mumbled, her eyes staring up at him in something like worship. “You feel *so* good, Jon!”



Jon grinned. "I could say the same," he replied lightly. "But you haven't felt everything I can do yet." She cocked her head and frowned, wondering how he could possibly make this feel any better. Rather than telling her, Jon showed her what he meant. His hands had been holding her knees and thighs since he'd penetrated her, but now his right hand moved in between her legs. He pressed his hand flat on top of the patch of pubic hair he'd admired, and his thumb went towards her clitoris. She gasped as his thumb traced light circles around her clit, and then threw her head back and groaned at the feeling of the thumb brushing against it briefly.

Now it was time for Jon to show her how easily he could control her body and manage her pleasure. Had he applied too much pressure right away, her body may not have known how to handle it. But both his cock and his thumb moved as if in a dance, thrusting inside of her and rubbing at her clit to keep her pleasure climbing without rushing out of control. Rather than forcing her to a sudden orgasm, he wanted her to feel it grow. He wanted Wynafryd's pleasure to mount, for her to crave her release and know that he was the one responsible for it all.

He could see that growth happening right before his eyes. Her face flushed, her head bobbed and moved around, and her hands held on tightly to the pillow beneath her head. But the sounds she made were even more telling. Her moans and gasps turned into whimpers and whines as the pleasure and the need for release swelled within her.

His cock and his thumb had Wynafryd right on the cusp of a feeling that she wanted desperately. She would probably do anything to get it. If he demanded that she agree to marry him and make him the future lord consort of White Harbor then and there, she probably would have agreed without hesitation. That wasn't what he was going to do, of course. The only way this was going to last was if she was the one to propose a betrothal. Still, it was rewarding to watch and listen to how he could make her feel. It felt like this was the moment he'd spent the last several years preparing for, and all of that training was about to pay off.

"Please, Jon," she begged, almost sobbing with need.

Jon complied. He wasn't here to frustrate her, after all, or to make her grovel. This was about bringing her so much pleasure that she would do whatever she had to do to keep receiving it for the rest of her life. With that objective in mind, Jon thrust his hips and pressed down with his thumb, aiming to give Wynafryd the release she needed so badly.

"*Jon!*" Wynafryd moaned. Her back arched up off of the bed as she hit her climax, and her eyes appeared almost crossed when her neck went up with it. Her cunt squeezed around his cock, and Jon answered its call, grunting and filling her with his seed. He could have held off, but his plan all along had been to finish at the same time she did. He'd been waiting for this moment all along. This was a risk on his part, but it was a calculated one. He believed that his seduction had been a complete success, and she would want him by her side now and forever so she could feel more of this. Filling her cunt with his seed and waiting to see how she would react to it was a fitting test of

whether this was just going to be a fuck, or if he'd fucked his way into a future in White Harbor.

It took some time for Wynafryd to even focus her eyes on him again, much less realize where he'd finished. But when she did eventually look between her legs and watch some of his seed spill out as he pulled his cock out of her, there was no anger on her face. She looked between her spread legs and his face several times, and a smile slowly spread.

"You didn't waste any time marking me as your own, did you?" she asked breathlessly.

Jon shrugged his shoulders with a smile. "I couldn't resist you, Wynafryd. I'll never be able to resist you." And why would he want to? He would happily keep her satisfied for the rest of her life and enjoy a future that had once seemed impossible while he did.

She giggled tiredly, and Jon knew that he would get what he'd been aiming for. They probably wouldn't enter a formal betrothal right away, but Wynafryd wasn't going to accept any husband but him, and he expected that she would tell him as much before she left Winterfell. He'd accomplished everything he'd hoped to over this last fortnight.

This had been where his plans for the night ended. But to his surprise, Wynafryd wasn't finished just yet. She rolled over onto her belly facing away from him, and then pushed up onto her hands and knees. "If you're really going to take my body for your own, is there not still one more hole for you to claim?" she asked.

Jon blinked. "Are you certain you want that?" he asked. He'd had anal sex several times, but it wasn't for everyone. It had seemed highly doubtful to him that Wynafryd would want to do it ever, much less tonight. But there she was, wiggling her hips while looking back over her shoulder at him.

"There are few things I've ever been more certain of than that I want to give myself to you, Jon," she said. Despite how tired she sounded, it seemed important to her to do this. "All of myself." There was more than one way to take that, and Jon would happily accept all of them.

"As you wish," he said, quickly wiping his cock off. He licked his finger and pushed it inside of her arse slowly, loosening her up as best he could. Ordinarily he would have done more to prepare for this, but if she wanted this, he would oblige her and do his best to make it work. He lined up behind her, placing one hands on her hip and using the other to carefully guide his cock inside of her arse.

Jon had been careful while taking her virginity, but he was far more careful now. He moved very slowly, pausing each time he pushed a little deeper into her to make sure she still sounded as if it wasn't too painful for her to endure. He also endeavored to keep her mind off of the fact that his thick cock was inside of her untouched arse by giving her other things to focus on. His left hand rubbed up and down her back, and he reached underneath her body to rub at her cunt with his other hand. Between his back rubs, his

finger strokes and his cautious thrusts, Jon did his best to make Wynafryd's introduction to anal sex as painless as he could.

She didn't cry out in pain or ask him to stop, so he must have done well enough at it. She actually let out a few quiet moans as he rubbed her, even. Ultimately this was about his pleasure though, and apparently for her it was important that he take her in all three holes before the evening was through. Jon hadn't expected this, but he was happily surprised both that she'd asked for it and that she was taking it so well.

His slow thrusts helped there, but it wasn't as if he needed to go particularly hard here. Just feeling his cock moving inside of her tight arse was plenty for him to enjoy, no matter how careful he was in his thrusts. Wynafryd held up long enough for Jon to slowly but surely bugger his way to his final orgasm of the night. He pulled out just before the end so he could stroke his cock and spray his seed across her lower back and arsecheeks instead of making a mess inside of her.

Besides, there was definitely something satisfying about seeing his seed on Wynafryd Manderly's body. To him, it looked like he had quite literally marked her as his. His seduction was complete, and Wynafryd—*all* of Wynafryd—was his.