

Chapter 1: A Game of Shadows

“You truly mean to do this,” Robb said, fighting the urge to scream in frustration.

“It was my brother who promised to destroy me should I not relinquish my crown come the morning,” Renly Baratheon said lightly while the lady knight Brienne worked at putting on his armor over his tunic. “I’ve never cared for him, true, but I have no wish to spill his blood. But if a man calls himself king, he must be prepared to back his claim with steel. That’s a lesson you would do well to remember.”

Robb did not let the obvious threat rile him. Renly had already made it clear that if Robb did not pay him homage and acknowledge him as his king, the attention of his massive army would turn north eventually. He supposed it was still a more conciliatory offer than that made by Stannis. Renly had said he didn’t care if Robb called himself King in the North so long as he paid homage. Stannis would accept nothing less than him tossing his crown aside and pledging his service to the Night’s Watch.

“We should be working together,” Robb said, forcing himself to remain calm. He was a king, not a child; whining did not suit him. “All of us together would smash the Lannisters with ease. Instead you and your brother prepare to cross steel with each other while that prick Joffrey sits the Iron Throne, Tywin and his twenty thousand men hold Harrenhal, what’s left of the Kingslayer’s army regroups at the Golden Tooth and another host forms out of Casterly Rock. This is folly.”

“Tywin and his twenty thousand, should they ever show their faces, are no match for my army,” Renly said, shrugging. “You’ve seen my numbers. Eighty thousand here with me, ten thousand at Highgarden with my goodfather Mace Tyrell and a formidable garrison at Storm’s End. No force in Westeros can match mine.”

“Aye,” Robb said reluctantly. Some of the Winterfell men liked to say that one Northman was worth ten Souhtron swords, but Robb had seen for himself that Northmen bled just as easily as any other. The Kingslayer hadn’t had any trouble cutting down his share, and if three men of Robb’s personal guard had not laid down their lives for him Robb’s blood may well have joined theirs. His victory in the Whispering Wood had not come without a dose of reality for Robb, and the reality was that the size of his army paled in comparison to Renly’s. They might be boys playing at war currently, but their sheer numbers were such that Robb viewed the prospect of eventually having to fight Renly grimly.

Though they did not say it, he could tell that the small group of men (and one woman, though Dacey Mormont was in no need or protection) he’d brought with him on this attempt to foster an alliance felt the same way. It was hard not to despair when you thought about fighting against such a force, especially with the losses their army had already taken. Renly’s host was unblooded as of yet.

“The Lannisters will have their turn after my brother,” Renly said confidently. “And though it will bring me no joy, so too will you if you do not bend.” He smirked. “But if you’re so concerned about Tywin and his twenty thousand, why do you stand before me here instead of marching on Harrenhal with your army? Would the time to strike not have been soon after your victory?”

“I bow to your superior tactical knowledge,” Robb said tonelessly. In truth he had considered the idea; the men had grown restless in Riverrun. The Blackfish suggested a different strategy than the march on Harrenhal that Lord Tywin was inviting, and Robb was leaving him to it while he came here. “I believed that joining our strength together was the most important step to secure victory, which was why I came to treat with you myself rather than sending my mother or my uncle Brynden as envoy.” *For all the good it did me. Instead of marching on King’s Landing and crushing the Lannisters, these two fools are going to spill each other’s blood while Cersei laughs.*

“You heard my brother,” Renly said. “This fight is of his choosing, not mine. I will not have men think me afraid of my brother. I will be king, and if he wishes to oppose me I will strike him down.”

“I did hear him,” Robb said. “I heard what he said about Joffrey’s true parentage. If it’s true, it changes things.” He had been thinking about this often since Stannis had made the claim earlier in the day.

“It’s a rather convenient tale, is it not?” Renly said, chuckling. “Do you believe him?”

“I do,” Robb said, nodding. Stannis’ tale answered too many questions for him to ignore. “The Lannisters tried to kill my younger brother Bran, and I believe this was why. Most of us went on a hunt, but Jaime Lannister remained in Winterfell the day my brother was injured. So did his sister.”

“So your brother caught the Kingslayer plowing Cersei, and attempted to kill him for it,” Renly said, catching on easily. “It’s easy enough to believe. It wouldn’t be the first vow he’s broken, though I’m surprised he would fail to kill a mere boy.” He pulled a gauntlet onto his hand. “But what difference does it make, truly? Do you expect me to accept it as truth and lay down my crown? Do you think the rest of the lords and ladies will accept it as truth? Do you believe that men will love Stannis or want him as their king just because he claims the throne *should* be his?”

“If it’s true, that doesn’t matter,” Robb said. “The throne is his by rights.”

Renly turned towards him, smiling shrewdly. “Then why are you here with me rather than bending the knee before Stannis? Shouldn’t you be forsaking your crown and pledging the north to Stannis if you truly believe him the rightful king? Would that not be what your honorable father would have done in your position?”

Robb frowned. That exact question had not been far from his mind all day. What *would* his father have done? Would he have bent the knee and give up the crown his people had put on his head? In all likelihood Lord Eddard would have refused the crown and supported Stannis from the beginning. Perhaps that would have been the better choice for Robb to make. It would certainly make his current situation much easier to navigate. But Robb had accepted the crown, and now he had to decide what to do?

Would he ignore the will of his people and listen to the red priestess at Stannis' side, who had looked at Robb and told him his place was north? Would he give up his crown and pledge his service to Stannis, even if the man insisted he take it one step further, give up Winterfell itself and swear a vow to the Night's Watch? Men would think him mad if he did so, and yet he didn't have a hard time imagining his lord father giving up his title and his life if he believed it was the just thing to do. And he couldn't get the red woman's words out of his head. *Your place is north*. He knew in his bones that she wasn't talking about Winterfell. Though it was mad, part of Robb wondered if recalling the words had summoned the sudden wind that blew through Renly's tent.

Renly looked at him expectantly, but before Robb could offer an answer Grey Wind growled from beside him. Robb started in surprise; his companion had been silent and still up until now. Brienne's hand went to her sword hilt, but Grey Wind wasn't looking at her or at Renly. He was looking at...a shadow?

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"That's it," Margaery whispered. "That's it! Good girl."

Margaery was frustrated that she couldn't seem to get Renly to bed her, but that was purely because kings and queens needed heirs. She had no particular need of him for actual pleasure; not when she had a handmaiden as sweet and as skilled with her tongue as Mira Forrester.

This was one task that Margaery never forced upon any of her handmaidens; they must be willing to please her of their own choosing. She hadn't expected Mira to be one of those who made that choice at first, but the northern girl had proven herself to be not just willing but a very fast learner. It hadn't taken long for her to figure out exactly how best to please Margaery and she showed her skill again now. Her tongue moved up and down along her queen's outer lips while a finger gently stroked the hood of her clit. That was often a tricky area, in Margaery's experience; plenty of girls were too eager to please and applied too much pressure, while others were too timid to make it feel good. Mira had found the perfect balance though, and between her tongue and her finger she was giving Margaery more than enough pleasure to be getting on with.

Perhaps her husband's cock would feel just as good, once she managed to get him to put it inside of her. Margaery would find out one day, as was her duty as wife and queen. For now though, she was quite content to enjoy Mira's clever tongue.

They stayed quiet, knowing that even if only those she trusted were allowed to guard or enter her room here in the castle at Bitterbridge, making too much noise would just be asking for trouble. She did not expect that Renly would care that she had a handmaiden's head between her legs. It wasn't like Mira had a cock with which to plant a bastard in her, and besides, the queen's own brother kept Renly's bedroll warm. For all she knew they were together at this very moment, sharing each other's company in their tent as they dealt with his brother Stannis at Storm's End. But that didn't mean that she could afford to be careless and attract the attention of others. No matter how good it felt, Margaery must remain quiet.

Mira didn't make that easy on her, because she did a truly marvelous job. That was to be expected; she'd chosen the girl to accompany her from Highgarden for a reason. Mira would occasionally draw the pleasure out back home where they had more time, but she understood the need for haste in their current surroundings and adjusted accordingly. Her every lick and rub seemed designed to bring her queen to climax as quickly as possible, and it was working. It wasn't long before Margaery's hands grabbed onto her handmaiden's dark hair, pushing her face more firmly against her cunt as the pleasure took her.

"Yes," Margaery whispered, closing her eyes and smiling. Even now she kept her voice down, moaning so quietly that she doubted even her cousin Alla could hear them from just outside her door, but that didn't stop her back from arching off of the bed or her thighs pressing against the sides of Mira's face as she achieved release. She still needed to get Renly to bed her eventually, but as far as sexual gratification went both king and queen were getting what they needed independent of each other.

"My lady!" Alla shouted, sounding panicked and banging on the door to alert her, thoroughly ruining the moment. "My lady, urgent news!"

Margaery moved quickly, trusting that the normally shy Alla must have something truly important to tell her if she'd interrupted their play and sounded so shaken. She pushed Mira's head back and motioned for her to get up while she hurriedly pulled her smallclothes and underskirt back on.

"Enter," she called. Instantly Alla burst into the room, her eyes wide with shock and fear.

"The king has been slain!"

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Robb was impressed with how composed Queen Margaery had been upon entering the small chamber. Obviously she'd been informed of the situation beforehand, but the news was still very fresh. Still, she'd listened calmly and attentively as Robb recited his version of events to her and the select handful of Tyrell men at Bitterbridge deemed important enough to be present. Lady Brienne had fled, but Robb had remained in the tent and explained what he'd seen to those who entered after the initial two members of Renly's

guard who fought with Brienne. Fleeing would have put the suspicion firmly on him, but by remaining he'd been able to show that he had no weapon anywhere on his person that could have been used to create the grievous wound that had taken Renly's life. No one, not even Loras in his blind rage, had been able to seriously entertain the idea that Robb had been responsible for Renly's death though he'd been in the tent when it happened.

That didn't mean they believed his story though. "A shadow?" one of the Tyrell men scoffed. "Is this another of those northern fables? Did this shadow pass through that giant wall of ice with the grumkins and the snarks?"

"You may believe me or not, as you like," Robb said, shrugging. "I have no cause to lie on behalf of Brienne of Tarth, who I'd never met until I first came here to Bitterbridge. I am telling you what I saw; nothing more or less. Since it seems you will place the blame on Brienne no matter what I say, I don't believe there's much more for us to discuss. I came back here because I wanted Queen Margaery to hear what I saw straight from my own lips. Now I've done that, and I really must return to Riverrun. I have my own war to fight, and Tywin Lannister to deal with."

"Maybe you were in league with the ugly wench," another Tyrell man suggested. "King Renly would have crushed you soon enough. Your cause is helped with him dead."

Surprisingly it was Margaery who spoke before Robb could. "Lord Robb—pardon me, *King* Robb—came to us because he hoped to forge an alliance between his kingdom and ours. My murdered husband was more likely to make peace with him than Stannis is. We all know my husband's brother and alleged killer to be implacable. Did you yourself not hear Stannis demand that King Robb give up his crown?" The man nodded reluctantly. "Then how would it benefit him to assassinate King Renly and risk the bulk of his men defecting to Stannis?"

The more Queen Margaery talked the more Robb reevaluated his opinion of her. When he'd met her she'd been a perfectly courteous noble lady, welcoming him pleasantly. She'd looked and behaved as Robb imagined a young queen ought to, but he hadn't thought anything more of her than that.

Now he was seeing that this was a carefully maintained public persona, and that underneath the courteous young lady was a rather shrewd mind. Those men who'd been allowed into this chamber seemed unsurprised, so they must be familiar with this side of her. Robb wondered why she was allowing him to see it. He didn't know where the Tyrells would go from here with Renly dead, but any who underestimated Margaery would do so at their own peril.

"Well said, my lady," Robb said, inclining his head towards her slightly. "My lords, I believe you all can see that Stannis is the one with the most to gain from slaying Renly before the battle. Whether you choose to believe Lady Brienne was somehow conspiring with him or you heed my tale about the shadow, however ridiculous it might sound to you, I'd say the result is the same. But how you choose to respond is for you to decide.

As for me, I have lingered on this failed attempt at forging an alliance for long enough. I must return to my own battle.” He looked at Margaery again. “If I have your leave?”

She smiled slightly. “You may leave at any time, Your Grace,” she said pleasantly. “But I wonder if perhaps our causes might be more closely aligned than you think.”

“I’m afraid I don’t follow, my lady,” Robb said. “I’m not sure what exactly your cause is now with King Renly killed.”

“My cause is the same as it’s always been,” she said. “All my life, my father has wished for me to become the queen.” She smiled and shrugged. “If I’m being honest, I’ve learned to share in that desire. I don’t believe that my father will give up on his wants even with Renly gone. He’ll still look to make me queen if it’s possible, and he will use the might and resources of Highgarden to make it happen.”

It wasn’t difficult for Robb to understand what she meant. A queen could only be queen if she had a king or an heir, and Margaery currently had neither. Stannis was obviously not an option; he had a wife and queen already. “You mean that he’ll look to wed you to Joffrey,” Robb said.

“It’s the obvious conclusion, yes,” Margaery said. “I need a king if I’m to be queen and give birth to a future ruler with Tyrell blood in his veins. The Lannisters need our support and our food to win this war.”

“He’s betrothed to my sister,” Robb pointed out.

“And a septon will undo that obligation for him quickly enough if asked,” she answered. “It’s easily justifiable to the commonfolk, what with your father’s execution and your rebellion. Yes, I’m sure the possibility of marrying me to Joffrey will come to my father’s mind as soon as he hears of Renly’s death. It will no doubt occur to the Lannisters just as quickly. Of the two men who either sit the Iron Throne or who hope to do so, Joffrey is the only one who is not yet wed. I daresay that his betrothal to your sister would be but a trifling concern, one easily dealt with for the Lannisters to get my family’s aid and for my father to eventually become grandfather to the king.”

Robb should have felt happy about the idea of sweet Sansa not being forced to marry that monster who had killed their father, but even in the unlikely event that the Lannisters simply let her walk away, he could see only the difficulties an alliance between Lannister and Tyrell would give him and the north. It remained to be seen what the various lords Renly had gathered would do or who they would side with, but even a small percentage of them following the Tyrells in aligning with the Lannisters would bode ill for him and for Stannis as well. Robb had come on this journey hoping to make friends or at the very least reach an agreement not to war with Renly and the forces he’d gathered, but it seemed he would leave with new problems and more enemies.

“I see,” Robb muttered. “Do you tell me this as a warning, my lady? A threat of what awaits me if I don’t bend the knee to that prick who executed my father?”

“Not at all!” Margaery gave him a pleasant smile. “I’m simply being honest about my family’s aspirations as well as my own. If I’m to be queen, I need a king.” She leaned forward in her chair and looked at Robb more closely. “And this brings me back to my earlier remark, about how our causes might be more closely aligned than you believed. Or how either of us believed, for that matter. I want to be queen, and I find myself in sudden need of a king. You want to defeat the Lannisters, rescue your sisters and find justice for your father, and you do so with a crown on your head. A king needs a queen.”

“You want to be *my* queen?” he said, stunned. “But why?”

“Why not?” she said, smiling. “Everything I’ve heard about Cersei Lannister suggests to me that she’s gotten quite used to being the most powerful woman in Westeros and won’t give that power up easily, and everyone knows the Lannisters are notoriously ruthless. I’ll put up with her if I must, but it seems to me that being queen might be easier if I don’t have to constantly worry about a knife in my back from my own goodmother. I don’t know the Northmen as well, but the Starks are notorious for their honor.”

“Until Lord Eddard turned traitor,” one of the men grumbled. Robb scowled, but Margaery again spoke before he could.

“Lord Eddard is only a traitor if you believe the words of the Lannisters,” she said smoothly. “Renly didn’t; he believed that King Robert had been slain. So do I.” That seemed to be the end of that objection, and Robb relaxed in his seat again. “If Cersei was willing to kill her own husband, she would surely have no problem killing her gooddaughter as well. It seems to me that we both stand something to gain from this. You get my family’s full support, and I get a king and a family who hopefully won’t try to betray me and murder me.”

“I am promised to wed one of Walder Frey’s daughters,” Robb told her. He was loath to do so, because the arrangement she suggested could have been an incredibly useful one.

“A king married to a Frey?” one of the men whispered, not quietly enough.

“I needed to cross the Twins quickly to defeat the Kingslayer,” Robb said, defending the reason behind the betrothal his mother had negotiated. It was admittedly a high price to pay, but without her having made that promise he might very well already be dead at the hands of the Kingslayer or Tywin’s forces.

“If you marry me and we win this war, I do believe we could assuage Lord Frey’s ego easily enough,” Margaery said, shrugging. “We can offer him plenty of wealth, and a marriage to one of my Tyrell cousins. If need be you could always wed this daughter of his to your younger brother who will be Lord of Winterfell.”

“Lord of Winterfell?” Robb repeated, frowning. “I’m Lord of Winterfell as well as King in the North. He can’t marry into either title if I marry you.”

Here Margaery’s smile dipped. “I’m afraid that won’t be good enough for my father, Your Grace,” she said. “Nor for me. I don’t want to be *a* queen; I want to be *the* queen. I believe I can get Loras to support me in this, and he in turn can convince our father that you’re a better, safer option than the Lannisters. But if you wish to have my family’s support, you need to be willing to be king of not just the north but of all Westeros. Your brother can become Lord of Winterfell and continue your family’s ancient seat; much like Renly took Storm’s End when Robert became king. But it’s the Iron Throne my family wants.”

Robb stared down at the table beneath him as if the answers to all of his problems were written across the wood. What was he to do? Margaery was probably right about Lord Frey being appeased easily enough between he and the Tyrells, but that was the least of his problems. What would his father say if he was asked to forsake his promise of betrothal? Lord Eddard had stepped into marry Robb’s mother after his brother Brandon was killed in King’s Landing. Robb couldn’t imagine him breaking a vow like that.

But then again, hadn’t his father broken his vows in a different way when he fathered Robb’s half-brother Jon? And if Robb broke his betrothal to marry a woman who increased his chances of winning the war, keeping his people and rescuing his sisters, wouldn’t that be an honorable decision in its own way?

The thought of giving up Winterfell to be the king on the Iron Throne filled him with unease too. He’d never wanted that throne made of swords. It wasn’t even being King in the North that he was attached to. It was being Lord of Winterfell that he’d prepared himself for and desired for his whole life. Giving that up and never being able to call Winterfell his home again wasn’t exactly a happy one, and that he would do so in order to live in the same pit of schemers where his father had been killed didn’t make him feel any better about it.

But could he afford to say no? Regardless of how he might feel about King’s Landing, and despite the ominous words of Stannis’ priestess about him belonging in the north, this felt like the best chance he would ever have to make an alliance that might mean the difference in winning this war. Was that not worth the cost?

“This is a large decision you’ve put in front of me,” he finally said, breaking the silence.

“I know it is,” she said, not unkindly. “And I understand that you might want some time to consider it. But I’m sure I don’t need to tell you that time is one thing we’re all in short supply of. Everyone will start to move as soon as they hear what’s happened to Renly. They’ll all try to figure out what this means for them and how they might use it to their advantage, and if we aren’t making our own preparations we will fall behind. I need to go find Loras and hope he’s gotten through enough of his grief and his rage for us to prepare our own move, whatever it might be. But first I need to know where you stand, my king,

and whether we'll be pushing father to accept a betrothal and a quick wedding with you, or if we need to wait for the Lannisters to come to us as they almost surely will if they have any sense."

"You're surprisingly direct, you know," Robb said, partially to give himself at least a moment more to think before giving his answer.

Margaery laughed. "Not many outside my own family would say so. I likely wouldn't have been so blunt and open with you if Northerners weren't known for their straightforwardness. And even then, I likely would have spent more time studying you before I approached you so openly. But as I've said, I don't have time."

"No, I suppose you don't," Robb said. "And neither do I. You're right. The war will go on, even with King Renly dead. And we have to go on with it."

Robb had come here in person hoping to negotiate a peace that would help him crush the Lannisters and win this war, but nothing had gone according to plan. There were many options to consider, and all of them would change the course of the war for him, his kingdom and his family. He wished he could spend more time considering every option, and perhaps consult his advisors.

There wasn't time for that though. He either needed to refuse, pursue a different course of action and resign himself to the likelihood that the Tyrells would join the Lannisters, or he needed to wed Renly's widow and shift his goal to not just freeing his sisters and assuring northern independence but claiming the Iron Throne.

Whatever he did, he needed to do it now.

Chapter 2: Wedded and Bedded

Robb had departed Riverrun for Bitterbridge hoping to come to terms for an alliance at best with Renly Baratheon. But much like when he'd set forth from Winterfell and called the banners in an effort to rescue his father and sisters and wound up being crowned King in the North by his men instead, his journey south had led him somewhere altogether different than he'd expected.

"I've often thought about what it would be like once my children would begin to marry and have children of their own," his mother said, looking down at her hands folded in her lap. "I can't say that any of it is turning out the way that I expected." No others had come south for Robb's wedding; his Northern army remained under the command of the Blackfish as he engaged with Tywin Lannister. But Robb's mother had hurried to his side when he sent word of his arrangement with the Tyrells and his rapidly-approaching marriage to Riverrun. He was glad to have at least one member of his family here for it.

"Nor I," Robb acknowledged. "But this is the best hope for any of us." When faced with the choice of going along with Margaery's idea, breaking his word to Walder Frey and giving up any hope of returning home to Winterfell when the fighting was done or allowing the Lannisters to swoop in and claim the support of the Tyrells instead, what choice had there really been? Marrying Margaery might be the decision that allowed him to win this war. That it changed the consequences for winning and meant that he would have to spend his life in King's Landing when the fighting was done rather than Winterfell was just something he would have to accept.

"I can't argue with that," she said, shaking her head. "That won't change my worrying, even if you wind up winning the war. King's Landing is a foul place, filled with schemers and backstabbers. I pray that their knives don't cut you as they cut your father."

"Hopefully my queen will help me there," Robb said. "She has a good head on her shoulders. But in truth I'm more focused on the war still being fought than on what dangers might still wait for me once it is over."

"As you should be," Catelyn said, nodding. "Just please remember that the Lannisters still hold your sisters in King's Landing."

"I have not forgotten," he said tightly. His mother had implored him to accept Tyrion Lannister's offer and exchange the Kingslayer for his sisters, but however much he loved his sisters and wanted to free them, making that trade would have lost him the respect of his men. Lord Karstark in particular would have been enraged, and rightly so. Two of his three sons had lost their lives at the Kingslayer's hand in the Whispering Wood, and repaying that sacrifice by freeing one of the most feared swordsmen in the realm for the sake of his sisters would not have gone well for him. That was an instance where the brother had to step aside so the lord and king could do what he must.

"I know that you have not," she said, "but whether by you or by Stannis, King's Landing will be assaulted soon. They are going to be in great danger."

"They will be in great danger until I've won this war," Robb replied, "as will we all. I have not forgotten them, mother, but the best way I can help them is by focusing on defeating our enemies."

That was what he had been focusing on since Mace had agreed to support his daughter's idea. The Tyrells were committed to him as their king and their men, food and resources were his to rely on, or at least they were going to be as soon as he and Margaery were wed. Mace had insisted on a marriage immediately before any action was taken, but the war would not wait on them. While hasty wedding preparations were made, Robb planned and discussed what to do with his considerably larger army once Margaery was his queen officially.

Stannis hadn't succeeded in bringing the whole of Renly's former host to his side, as most of the lords of the Reach had followed Mace Tyrell in refusing to declare for Stannis after Renly's murder. But nearly all of the storm lords had gone over to Stannis once word of Renly's death began to spread, and with the size of his force now he seemed poised to attack the capital. Robb didn't see how Joffrey would be able to keep him from taking King's Landing unless someone else intervened.

Robb knew that Loras Tyrell was fully in favor of doing so, but he wasn't sure that the Knight of Flowers was thinking rationally in his pushing for them to attack Stannis. It seemed to be vengeance that motivated the youngest of Mace's three sons, who had taken Renly's death harder than anyone.

Margaery had put Renly's death behind her quickly and immediately started looking towards the future, as seen by how she'd smoothly adapted when she'd been brought the news of her widowhood and put together the plan to unite her house with his and take him as her king rather than wait for her father to assuredly be approached by the Lannisters. Her focus was on the future, but Loras seemed more concerned with punishing Stannis, regardless of what he might say about their best chance of victory being attacking Stannis now while his attention was elsewhere and then dealing with the Lannisters afterwards.

His older brother was of a different mindset. Garlan, the second of Mace's three sons, had joined them at the head of a sizeable host from Highgarden. Robb hadn't heard much about Garlan compared to his younger brother, but he'd been impressed with the man. He was an incredibly talented swordsman in his own right, as Robb had seen for himself as he took on four opponents at the same time in training and handled himself well.

Garlan believed that the best thing for them to do currently was not get in Stannis' way and allow him to march on King's Landing. Let their enemies weaken each other, Garlan reasoned, and it would be all the easier for them to deal with whoever was still left

standing afterwards. It made sense to Robb, though he couldn't help the uneasy feeling about what might happen to his sisters if it was Stannis who marched on the capital.

And of course there was still Tywin Lannister to worry about. Perhaps it would be best to set out with the Tyrell forces after the wedding, join up with the Blackfish and the rest of his Northmen and attempt to crush Tywin utterly before returning his attention to King's Landing and dealing with whoever was left.

"Enough of that for now," his mother said, clearing her throat and forcing a smile to her face. He knew how much all of this was weighing on her, from his father's death to the girls' captivity to leaving Bran and Rickon behind in Winterfell, and even her concerns for him as he fought this war. But she did her best to force it all back for the time being, likely for his benefit. "You will be back at war soon enough. You have a wedding to prepare for."

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Afterwards, Robb remembered very little of the actual wedding itself. He'd married Margaery in the sept and followed the customs of the Faith of the Seven, which hadn't been what he'd expected to do prior to agreeing to marry Margaery. As a man of the North who followed the old gods, he'd always assumed he would marry his bride in the Winterfell godswood. Here in the south it was the Seven who most said their prayers to, so Robb followed the traditions of the Seven as he said his vows, just as his father had done when he married his mother.

He didn't remember much of the wedding, aside from Margaery's dazzling smile and bright voice as she said her vows and he replaced her maiden's cloak with a Stark cloak. For a moment he wondered if she'd smiled as brightly when she said those same words with Renly and he cloaked her with the Baratheon stag, but he shed that thought quickly. What may or may not have happened between her and Renly no longer mattered now. According to her they'd never even consummated their marriage, though she told him she'd lost her maidenhead on horseback so he shouldn't expect any blood on the sheets when they were done. Robb didn't know if it was true or not, and frankly it made little difference to him. He wasn't marrying her for her maidenhead; he was marrying her to unite their houses in the middle of a war between him and two other would-be kings.

The wedding might have passed quickly and faded from his mind just as quickly, but the same could not be said about the bedding. He got glimpses of Margaery's body as the men stripped her, and an attractive body it was. There wasn't much opportunity for him to stop and stare though, because the women were similarly eager to take his clothes off. There was plenty of giggling and stroking of his body. A woman he was pretty sure was a Tyrell cousin got in a good grope of his arse once they'd gotten him naked and started escorting him to the bedchamber, and there were others who touched his body to 'escort' him to his bedchamber despite him walking perfectly fine on his own.

The boldest woman of them all turned out to be Dacey Mormont though. This fierce woman from Bear Island who had walked into battle at Robb's side and served as one of his personal guards during the battle against the Kingslayer in the Whispering Wood now grabbed her king's cock.

"Ooh, that little queen's going to have a *very* fun wedding night with you, Your Grace," she said, seeming as amused as she was impressed. It was the first time any hand but his own had touched his cock like this, but Robb made sure not to give too strong a reaction to it. He might be a virgin but he was still a king, and kings didn't whimper when women grabbed their cocks for the first time. At least he was pretty sure they didn't.

From Dacey's little smile though, he had a feeling she might be able to tell what her firm grip on his cock did to him. He knew how strong she was, but thankfully she seemed to know how to hold back and keep her strokes pleasant rather than painful. Her hand wasn't as dainty or as delicate as any of these other ladies who probably hadn't ever even held a sword in their hand, much less wielded one in battle. But he wouldn't be surprised if none of them could have stroked his cock as confidently as she did either.

"There we go; you're all ready to claim your queen now!" Dacey said into his ear as she led him up to the door by his cock. "Be careful not to crush the poor rose though. She might not be ready to handle being fucked by a wolf!" The women pushed him through the door, giggling all the while as they closed it behind him.

"I was going to offer to help you get ready, but it seems those thoughtful ladies have taken care of that for me already," Margaery said, smiling at him. Her smile got a little wider as she stared at his cock, which was indeed hard thanks in no small part to Dacey's hand.

"It wouldn't have taken long either way," he admitted while staring at Margaery's naked body. He'd caught glimpses of her while the other women were stripping him, but this was his first chance to really get a good look at her. She somehow looked even better than the glimpses had promised. Margaery seemed perfectly aware of and confident in her beauty, standing there in the bedchamber nude without a hint of nervousness. But he supposed there was no reason for her to be nervous. Maybe she was telling the truth and Renly really hadn't ever consummated their marriage. But if she *was* telling the truth, it certainly didn't have anything to do with her physical attractiveness. She was flawless.

"Aren't you sweet?" she said, smirking at him. She walked slowly across the room towards him, and Robb was utterly fascinated by the way her firm breasts moved with her. When she reached him she was smiling even wider; it seemed certain that she'd noticed his staring. He was taller than her and so she had to look up at him, but it still felt like she was the one in control of this situation.

Margaery put her arms around his neck and pulled his head down into a kiss, pressing her soft lips against his. Robb reacted instantly, putting his arms around her body and kissing

her back eagerly. Unlike what would come after it, this was something he did have at least some experience in.

He'd practiced kissing with some of the girls in Winterfell back before his father was charged with treason and his life was turned on its head, but this was very different. Those had been stolen kisses that had never amounted to anything more than some groping over the clothes. That wasn't because he hadn't had the option, of course. Most if not all of those girls would have happily dropped their clothes for him if he but asked, but that wasn't how his father had raised him. Unlike Theon, who would stick his dick in just about any woman who would let him, Robb had been waiting for marriage.

There was no need to wait any longer though, because this gorgeous woman who was moaning into his mouth was his wife. The breasts squished against his chest belonged to his queen, and he was not only permitted to fuck her, he was expected to do so. It was his duty to take Margaery Tyrell, or make that Margaery Stark now he supposed, to bed and fuck her until he filled her with his seed. Not every responsibility that he'd faced since becoming first a lord and then king was a pleasant one, but this was one duty Robb would perform without complaint.

Margaery's pupils were dilated when she pulled her lips back from his, and there was a pleasant flush to her cheeks as she looked at him. "Would you like some time to relax first, or shall we go straight to the bed?" she asked him.

"Bed," he said without hesitation. He had waited quite long enough for this in his opinion.

There were shouts and jests from outside the door, but Margaery ignored them, took Robb by the hand and led him over to the bed. She let go of his hand to climb onto the bed and crawl until she was on all fours in the middle of it. Robb groaned as he stared at his wife's lovely arse pointing straight at him, and she looked back over her shoulder at him and gave him a knowing smirk.

"Come and claim your queen," she said. "I imagine this is how wolves fuck, is it not?"

Robb climbed onto the bed behind her, but he didn't mount her and pound away like a beast might have. He would admit to being sorely tempted, and perhaps that was something they could try later. But somehow that didn't feel like the right way for them to do it for their first time as man and wife.

Rather than sliding into her, he wrapped his arms around her body and rolled her over so she was flat on her back. Margaery let out a surprised gasp as he flipped her over so she was underneath him, but she didn't seem upset as she stared up at him.

"Lovely as your arse is, for our first time I would just as soon see your face," he said.

"Have it your way then," she said, smiling and putting her arms around his neck.

Permission given, Robb started kissing at her neck while he groped at her breasts. His wife giggled, but it turned into a moan when his thumbs brushed across her nipples. They hardened under his touch, and he'd done enough kissing and groping to know that she was enjoying what he was doing. And that wasn't the only indication of Margaery's enjoyment. He pulled his right hand off of her breast, stroked down her belly and felt between her legs, both to explore her body some more and to make sure that she was ready for him. He felt her wetness on his fingers, and he knew that she was as ready for this as he was, or close enough as to make no difference.

Robb adjusted his body so he could take his cock in hand and guide it into position, and after a moment's pause he looked back into Margaery's face. He saw no fears, doubts or reluctance there; only eagerness. He pushed his hips forward and slid his cock inside of her, keeping his eyes on her as he did so. This was why he'd chosen this position, or one of the reasons at least. He wanted to see her face as he took her, and he wanted her to see his too. Whatever their reasons for agreeing to this arrangement might have been, they were husband and wife now, and he wanted to see how she reacted to taking his cock inside of her.

She did not disappoint him. Her mouth opened wide in a deep exhale, and she stared up at him with bright, excited eyes as his cock slowly penetrated her. "Ohh," she moaned, holding onto his neck tighter. "Finally!" It was possible she was putting on an act for his benefit, but somehow he didn't think so. From this close he felt like he would have been able to see something that gave her away if her excitement was feigned, but he saw nothing. Margaery appeared to be quite genuine in her pleasure.

He was glad, because it would be a shame if the pleasure was his alone. Being inside of Margaery Tyrell--no, Margaery *Stark*--was somehow even better than he'd imagined it was going to be. He found her claim of never having consummated her first marriage to be far more credible now, because her cunt felt *incredibly* tight around him as he slowly pushed into her. As much as he'd told himself that it didn't matter or not she'd been telling the truth, he suddenly found that the thought of being the one and only man who had ever or would ever know the feeling of Queen Margaery's cunt squeezing tight around his cock to be a very exciting one.

"Move, Robb," she said, bringing him out of his distracted appreciation for being inside of her. "Take me, my king."

Robb shook off his distraction and began to move back and forth for real. He rested his hands on her hips and started sliding his hips back and forth, enjoying being inside of his fist woman. For all that Theon had teased him for not going and visiting the Winter town brothel as he so often did, or taking up any of the many young women in Winterfell itself who would have happily spread their legs for him, Robb was convinced he had made the right decision after all now. Maybe fucking one of the whores would have brought some temporary satisfaction, but now he could say that Margaery was the first woman he'd ever been inside. She was worth the wait, because moving his cock back and forth inside of

her felt even better than she looked. His wife was a wonderfully tight fit for his cock, and it would have been so easy for him to lose control and fuck her wildly.

It was possible that Margaery would have even encouraged him to do so, knowing that him planting his seed inside of her was the only thing that truly mattered tonight, but that wasn't enough for Robb. He was going to enjoy himself either way, but he wanted to do all that he could to make sure that Margaery got as much out of this as she could too. She wasn't some whore that was letting him stick it inside of her in exchange for gold. She was his wife, and he wanted theirs to be a mutually satisfying marriage.

That was why he did not rut against her mindlessly and worry only about putting his seed in her as quickly as he could. Robb tried to watch her face and listen to the sounds she made as he moved, testing out different angles and speeds to figure out what felt best for her. It all felt pretty fucking great for him, so as soon as he found something that brought the desired reactions from her they were going to be set.

She seemed to like it well enough when he thrust deep into her, but together they discovered that she *really* liked it when he scooted forward on his knees a bit and gave her shallower pushes that offered more friction and an angle that felt better for her. And when she started to grind against his pelvic bone as well, her excitement was even clearer. She went from little gasps and sighs of pleasure to deep moans, and they were loud enough to make it through the door and bring cheers and lewd comments from those wedding guests who remained outside to listen in.

Robb paid them little mind though. They were welcome to shout their suggestions and have their fun; he imagined that those who had been through Renly's death probably welcomed this chance to move past the shock and grief. As for him, it was Margaery who he was concerned with. He'd ignored his own pleasure until he could make sure that she joined him, and now he had succeeded. All that remained was to keep it up.

He kept a consistent rhythm going, sticking to that same angle and depth of penetration that seemed to work so well for her, and she continued to rock and grind against him. He'd thought of it as his responsibility to see to her pleasure, but as he thrust and she rocked he realized that the truth was that the two of them working together were capable of so much more. Her ever-louder moans were proof enough of how well their combined movements were pleasing her, and Robb could say the same about himself.

He would have felt great no matter how he pushed his cock into Margaery's cunt, but seeing the pleasure on her face and listening to her moans as they moved together brought Robb a greater thrill than he could ever imagine feeling if he was concerned only with himself. He didn't just want to selfishly rut her and leave her unsatisfied, and Robb didn't climb into this bed for duty alone. He wanted Margaery to enjoy herself at least close to as much as he did, and with every rock of his hips and every slide of his cock inside of her he had that thought in mind.

"Ohh, *Robb!*" She groaned loudly, and her eyes squeezed shut as their combined effort paid off and the pleasure overwhelmed her body. The cheers from their audience on the other side of the door were louder than ever, but it was only Margaery's pleasure that Robb cared about.

He knew that her reaction was genuine; it was all over her face and in her moans as well, and also in how her fingers held onto the back of his head and tugged at his auburn hair. But beyond that, what told Robb he had succeeded was how her cunt squeezed around his cock. She'd chosen him as her king, and apparently he was the first king to consummate with her even if he was not the first to place his cloak over her shoulders. Now he was the first to make her moan and squeeze him as she came on his cock as well, and seeing and feeling Margaery in the throes of pleasure was enough to push him into doing the one duty still left to him.

Robb grunted from deep in his chest as he began to release inside of Margaery. It was not the first orgasm he had reached, of course, but it *was* the first time he'd ever filled a woman with his seed. While he still believed it had been worth it to wait, he now better understood why Theon always felt like bragging every time he came back from the brothel or finished fucking a serving girl in the castle. Spilling in his hand was a poor substitute for firing his seed inside of a woman's tight cunt.

Then again, not every woman was Margaery. He got to share his first time with a woman who was in all honesty the most beautiful he'd ever seen, and he got to empty his balls inside of her without fear. She was his wife now, his queen, and she stared up at him and bit her lower lip as he gave her everything that he had. He knew that she was thinking the same thing he was.

A king needed a queen, and kings and queens needed princes and princesses. They'd just sealed their marriage and the alliance between their houses, and him planting every last drop of his seed inside of her was the culmination of that union. Now the next step was for him to put a babe inside of her.

Margaery kept her arms around him and also moved her legs to hook together behind his back, apparently wanting him to remain inside of her for awhile longer even as he finished pumping her full of seed. They couldn't afford to waste a drop, after all.

"Wedded and bedded," she said, smiling up at him. "The Tyrells are all yours now, Your Grace. As am I." The way she said it, as well as the way her smile became more playful, made Robb groan. This woman was going to be the death of him. Or she was going to keep him aroused until he fucked an heir into her. One or the other.

"You're mine, and I'm yours, my queen," he replied, and that made her smile widen.

"If you're mine, I'm going to claim you first thing in the morning," she said. She finally let go of him, allowing him to pull his cock out of her. She rolled onto her side and Robb pulled her to him, wrapping his arms around her chest and pressing his cock against her

arse cheek. It was still going to need some time to recover, but he was sure that rubbing it against his lovely wife's equally lovely arse was only going to help there.

"You'll have me again inside the hour," he vowed. "If your body can handle it, that is."

"I'm sure I'll manage somehow," she said. "We might as well make the most of our time here together before you head back out to fight your war and claim our kingdom."

"Aye," Robb agreed. The reminder of what awaited him didn't lessen his desire. He hadn't asked for war or for a crown, but he'd gotten both anyway. Now, with Margaery and the Tyrells supporting him, he thought he just might be able to win the former and hold onto the latter.

More immediately, though, he had a wife to try and breed.

Chapter 3: Lions Fall

“I doubt many kings would allow their queens such control over them,” Margaery said, giving Robb a smile. “But I’m glad you aren’t proving to be such a king.”

Robb didn’t know how any other king would have felt about it, but as for himself, he saw no reason whatsoever to complain about allowing Margaery to have some control over him in the bedchamber. It wasn’t even like this was always how it had gone. Their first time together he’d been on top of her, thrusting into her while looking at her beautiful face. When he’d taken her again that night it had been in the position she’d initially assumed; with her down on her hands and knees and him taking her from behind.

She’d said she imagined it was how wolves mated, and he truly had felt a bit like a wolf as he rutted her, slamming his cock deep inside of her and fucking her hard enough for one of her handmaidens to later comment on being able to hear the repeated slapping of the king’s hips meeting the queen’s arse from outside the door. No one who’d heard that could ever think that Robb was some meek man whose wife led him around by the nose.

Given how readily she’d allowed him to use her body then, it didn’t seem like such a great burden now for him to get down on his back and let her have some time on top before he left Bitterbridge and got back to fighting the war. And with every roll of her hips, every wiggle, every time she leaned forward or leaned back, he became more convinced that it had not been a mistake to let Margaery climb on top of him this time.

Margaery had moved slowly at first; his was the first cock she’d ever had inside of her, so of course that also made this the first time she’d been on top. She’d felt out the new position for a bit, trying out different movements and angles to see what she preferred. Personally Robb found all of them enjoyable, but it seemed like any position, any angle or any speed would bring him pleasure so long as his cock was inside of his beautiful queen’s cunt.

What a beauty she was too. It wasn’t that Robb hadn’t already been well aware of just how gorgeous his wife was, but he was able to focus more on that beauty now than he had been in either of their previous positions. Looking down at her as he bedded her for the first time and claimed her as his queen had helped him appreciate the beauty of the woman he’d taken to wife, and watching her arse shake and seeing her body rock forward every time he thrust into her while she was on all fours had been deeply satisfying in the way of a beast admiring its bitch as he mated her.

Like this, however, with him not needing to put any energy into fucking her while she did all of the work, he could relax, enjoy the feeling of being inside her cunt and fully appreciate the beauty of the woman moving atop him. He got to watch her breasts move along with her body as she first swung her hips around in circles, then bounced up and down on him, and finally settled for leaning her body backwards and resting her hands on his ankles behind her while she rocked back and forth on him. No matter what she did, he

was able to sit back and admire how his gorgeous queen's body looked as she rode his cock. He was the only man who had ever or would ever be able to see her like this.

"Any king who would complain about being beneath a queen as beautiful as you isn't smart enough to rule over cats and dogs, let alone a kingdom," Robb said. "My queen can sit on my cock any time she pleases."

Margaery laughed. "Mayhaps I will sit on you like this again once we've taken King's Landing. While you sit on the Iron Throne, I could take your cock as *my* throne."

Robb had never seen the Iron Throne himself, but from what he understood of it, he could not say that it sounded like a comfortable place to sit. He'd even heard stories of the Mad King's skin frequently being cut by the throne while he descended deeper into his madness. Sitting naked on that throne of swords felt like it would invite all sorts of potential issues. And yet, as he stared up at Margaery's body rocking back and forth on top of his, he could imagine only the pleasure. Surely the risk of getting nicked by the sword would be worth the excitement that came along with it.

Margaery seemed like she might find the idea similarly exciting, because her grinding got a bit more forceful after that. Her hips rocked against him harder than before, and she quickly started to moan. Her pleasure was growing steadily, and Robb could say the same. He'd already been enjoying every minute of having his wife ride him, but the deeper she got into it, the more Robb felt the need to plant his seed inside of her grow. That was welcome, of course. As fun as their time in the bedchamber was, they weren't fucking solely to enjoy themselves. Their time together would be limited before he led the Tyrell host out of Bitterbridge and into their next battle, and they needed to make the most of what time they had together. The sooner he planted a child inside of Margaery, the better.

Still, even if the point of this was for him to try and impregnate her, Robb didn't like to rush to give her his seed until he'd made sure that Margaery had found her pleasure first. There was more of a passive nature in it this time since she was the one doing the fucking, but Robb still had to fight back his rising pleasure while he waited for her to join him.

He didn't have to wait long, because Margaery soon moaned loudly as she came. As beautiful as she looked at all times, Robb didn't think anything beat the pleasure written all over her face when her moment of pleasure took over. He made sure to keep his eyes open and focused on her as her mouth hung open and her eyes went wide. With that look of bliss there for him to admire, Robb's hands held onto Margaery's hips while he filled her with his seed. It was going to be his final chance to do so before he left, and no one knew how long it would be before they were together again.

If they parted with her still not being with child, it wouldn't be due to lack of seed. He gave his queen everything he had, and not for the first time.

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“Before I leave for Highgarden, we should talk about where you might stick your cock while we’re apart,” Margaery said matter-of-factly. Robb might have been surprised by her bluntness if they hadn’t spent so much time together in their brief stay in Bitterbridge, but he barely batted an eye at it now. Margaery would never have spoken like this publicly, but here with them alone she did not hold her tongue.

“I won’t be sticking it anywhere until we’re together again,” he said. “You’re my lady wife.” Margaery gave him a little smirk.

“I’m not going to demand that of you,” she said while shaking her head, much to his surprise. “The Seven only know how long we’ll be apart, and I hear that fighting and battling stirs a man’s desires for certain other things as well. If you feel that need while fighting our war, you needn’t deny yourself of it.”

“Are you actually *encouraging* me to fuck other women?” he asked, dumbfounded. It felt completely at odds with what he knew of marriage. He knew that his father returning to Winterfell with Jon had been a difficult thing for his mother to deal with.

“Not exactly,” she said, shrugging. “If you truly don’t feel the urge to do so, that’s not a problem, of course. But I know that after what we’ve shared, I shall greatly look forward to our next meeting so we can do it some more. And a man leading a war—well, I’ll just say that if you feel the need to find some relief and comfort in the arms of another while we’re apart, I truly won’t be bothered by it. I’d much rather you head into battle with a clear mind, and if having another woman share your bed while you’re out there helps with that, do so.”

“This was not how I expected this conversation to go,” Robb admitted. Perhaps this was an example of differences between the North and the South?

“I could say the same,” Margaery said, still smiling. “I’m sure you’d hardly be the only married man in the army to distract yourself in the arms of a woman, and you’re the king besides. Normal rules don’t exactly apply to you.” She hesitated, and her smile was replaced by a more serious expression. “That’s actually why I brought this up in the first place. I have no problem with you seeking comfort wherever you can find it out there. I only ask that you exercise caution in where you finish. Whether you’ve already planted a prince or princess inside of me or not, I’d like to avoid any chance of a royal bastard complicating the issue.”

“I understand,” Robb said, nodding. He still wasn’t sure that he would actually take her up on the permission she’d just given while he was out fighting, but in the event that he did, he would be careful. After growing up with Jon and seeing how he was treated, he probably would have been careful regardless of her warning.

“Good,” she said, smiling again. “Now we can part for the present without any uncertainty.”

“Right,” Robb nodded, but something on his face must have given away that he didn’t entirely agree. This conversation had put a different thought in his head, one which hadn’t even occurred to him before now.

“What is it, Robb?” she asked. “We may not see each other for quite some time after today. If there’s something on your mind, don’t hesitate.”

“Right,” he said again, more surely this time. “You’ve given me your leave to take a woman into my bed while we’re apart, but are you planning to do the same?” Maybe it wasn’t fair considering the freedom she’d just offered him, but he didn’t like the idea of any man but him in her bed.

“Why yes, of course,” she said. Her smile was back, and he couldn’t help but frown. She laughed, reached out and took his hands into hers. “No man but you will be in my bed, I promise.” Here Margaery’s smile turned into a playful smirk. “As for other *women* sharing my bed, I can make no such promises.”

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Songs would be sung about this day, Robb knew.

They wouldn’t be entirely accurate, of course. No songs were. War was not the pretty thing that those songs his sister Sansa loved so much presented it as. It was not filled with gallant heroes engaging in fierce yet honorable solo duels with masterful swordsmanship. The Knight of Flowers may have looked like one of those heroes from the songs when he competed in tourneys, but here on the battlefield he was a killer like the rest of them.

He was *more* a killer than most of them, actually. Robb had caught glimpses of Lord Mace’s youngest son cutting down one Lannister man after another, taking some of his near-constant anger over his previous king Renly’s death out on whatever enemy was unfortunate enough to be in his range, and it had made Robb grateful that the rage of the Knight of Flowers was aimed at his enemies rather than at his allies. If he’d refused Margaery’s offer, Loras and all the rest of the Tyrell men would more than likely have been fighting under Tywin’s command rather than working to destroy him. It was a strange thing to think about, and Robb tried not to dwell too much on how none of this would have been possible if he hadn’t happened to come to treat with Renly himself, or if Margaery hadn’t moved quickly enough to make her proposal to him before he left and returned to his Northern army.

Loras was on his side, as was the might of the Tyrells and the Reach, and that was all that mattered when he and Randyll carried out their plan and sprang their trap on Tywin. War was chaos. It was fear, it was blood and shit and *survival*. And that was Robb’s view of it as a king riding into the battle. Not a man on the battlefield was better protected in this

fight than him, between the several highly skilled men (plus Dacey) who made up his battle guard and the direwolf who rode at his side, ready to tear the throat out of any Lannister who got too close to him.

Robb would never know how it felt to be one of the men at the forefront, battling desperately without any of the protectors that he had as king. He knew from the outset of this battle that some of those men would lose their lives on this day. It was possible that thousands of men from his army would die today, fighting to win Robb his crown.

And yet it all progressed more or less exactly as he and his war council had planned. Death and loss was inevitable in war, but from the battle's outset it was clear that Tywin Lannister's host would lose far more. Indeed, they were going to lose it all.

The strategy had worked flawlessly. Randyll Tarly, who both Margaery and Garlan recommended to him as an ideal second commander, had taken over half of the large Tyrell host with him into the Westerlands to pillage and raid along the heart of Tywin Lannister's territory. Tywin had not been able to ignore an army of such size striking at his territory, and had made to relieve the assault on his bannermen,

The lion had played right into Robb's hands, and in his attempt to clear out Randyll from the Westerlands, he had sealed his own fate. While Randyll drew his attention with the majority of the Tyrell host, Robb took a significant chunk of the remainder with him to bolster the army of Northmen and Riverlanders who had made up the entirety of his army when he'd still been just the King in the North. Randyll set the trap, and Robb sprang the ambush. This ambush would have given Robb the upper hand even if he'd only had his original army. With the addition of the Tyrell force, it was closer to a massacre than a true battle.

That wasn't to say that their battle was without loss. Tywin's host still numbered some twenty thousand strong, and those men were fighting for their lives. They fought as best they could; those that didn't throw down their arms and merely surrender, that is. Naturally they made his army bleed as they fought back. But it was ultimately futile. Robb's army had the superior numbers in addition to the strategic advantage of launching their riverside ambush at the opportune moment; the outcome of the battle was clear before it had even started. About the only chance the Lannisters had would be if they somehow managed to fell him, the king and thus the most important person in his army. If King Robb could be slain, perhaps they could still claim victory.

A few brave sorts seemed to come to this conclusion, attempting to cut their way to him much like Jaime Lannister had tried to do in the Whispering Wood. But none of these men had the skill or strength of the Kingslayer, and they also didn't have his noble blood which had afforded Tywin's son certain privileges when his charge failed. These men didn't manage to slay several members of his battle guard like Jaime had, and rather than being captured as he was, they simply got cut down.

Eventually there were no Lannisters left standing to offer any resistance to Robb or his battle guard. Those that were still conscious had either thrown down their arms and pleaded for mercy when they recognized the battle was lost, or they were breathing their last breaths as they succumbed to their wounds. Either way, the battle was won for the King in the North who now fought to claim the Iron Throne as well. The only thing left was to learn what had become of Tywin Lannister.

Robb and his battle guard rode on until they found him, or what was left of him at least. Tywin was on his back, his legs pinned beneath his horse, and his head twisted at an unnatural angle. Several of Robb's men were boasting about felling the old lion, and even arguing over which of them had been the one to actually kill him. Robb couldn't say whether it was their weapons or the broken neck that had done Lord Tywin in, and it didn't much matter. The songs would surely insist that the Young Wolf had slain the long-feared Lord of Casterly Rock in single combat, perhaps whilst riding on the back of a giant direwolf. The truth, whatever it was, was far less glorious, but all that truly mattered was that the Lannister host had been smashed, Lord Tywin was dead and the victory was Robb's.

Had it been like this for Robb's namesake, King Robert, when he defeated Rhaegar Targaryen on the Trident? The stories held that the battle was decided when Robert and Rhaegar met on horseback in single combat, culminating in Rhaegar's chest being crushed with a mighty blow from Robert's warhammer. It sounded so heroic; so much more heroic than Robb's own victory over one of the most feared men in the realm.

This was the man who had rebuilt the reputation of the Lannisters, albeit through fear rather than loyalty. This was the man who had served as the Mad King's hand for years, who had subsequently infamously sacked King's Landing. This was the man who had wiped out the Reynes and inspired 'The Rains of Castamere.' And yet he'd died so...*easily*, in the end. In a way, Robb had beaten this feared man not on the battlefield but in the bedchamber, as it was marrying Margaery and bringing the Tyrells onto his side that had given him the men he needed to carry this plan out so successfully. Somehow Robb doubted that the songs composed about his victory over Lord Tywin would include any mention of Margaery groaning his name as he bedded her to seal their alliance.

Theon rode up beside Robb, grinning down at the fallen Lord Tywin. Even immediately after a battle, and even with sweat dripping down his face and blood (not his own) on his breastplate, Robb's friend still managed to smirk. He even began to *sing*.

*"Yes, now the rains weep o'er his hall
And not a soul to hear."*

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Ser Davos Seaworth wanted to feel empathy when the body of young Prince Tommen was lifted off of his equally lifeless mother and dropped less than gently on the ground by

one of the men at the side of King Stannis. A boy that young could not have done anything to deserve such a fate, regardless of what family he belonged to. Davos would like to think that he would have been able to muster more sympathy for the boy had things been different, but Davos himself had too little of it to spare after watching the ships containing his four eldest sons get consumed by wildfire out on the Blackwater. If anything, Prince Tommen had met a kinder end than Dale, Allard, Matthos and Maric had. Poison had to be a much gentler death than wildfire, or whatever manner he might have died in if he'd still been alive when Stannis' army reached him. A public death for a fallen monarch would hardly be pleasant.

Davos had a feeling that the grief of his loss would have left him unable to stand here in the throne room if it had been given more time to sink in, but the battle was still so freshly concluded that he hadn't had time to stop and think about any of it. He was still numb, and his lord wanted him here at his side as he claimed his throne, so Davos obeyed as always.

"A pity that the false queen ended herself and her son before we could reach them," Melisandre said. She didn't seem the least bit perturbed by the death of the former royals, or any of the other deaths that had preceded their taking of the capital. "Even a false prince's blood might have had some value to us." Davos looked down to hide his grimace. It had been wise indeed for Queen Cersei to poison herself and her son before they arrived. Davos wished that Stannis would not have brought the Red Woman along for the battle, but news of the alliance between Stark and Tyrell had seemed to make him decide that he needed to use every advantage and resource that he had in this battle for the capital. King's Landing was theirs, and at great cost. But the war was far from over.

"We still have Joffrey," Stannis pointed out as he slowly approached the throne. Cersei was unceremoniously removed and dropped near her son while the new king approached the throne he'd fought for, the throne that was his by rights. "If a false prince's blood would have had value, a false king's should do just fine."

"More burnings?" Davos said, frowning. "Haven't enough men been consumed by flame as it is, Your Grace?"

"Our enemies are not yet defeated, Ser Davos," Melisandre said, smiling at him, though the smile brought him no comfort. "There will be no peace in Westeros. Not until the Great Other has been defeated."

"At the moment I'm more concerned about Robb Stark," Davos said. "With the Tyrells on his side, he's now got the largest army in Westeros. And that was before today." They'd made it through the wildfire and the Lannisters to take the city, but their losses had not been insignificant.

"Robb Stark has no more claim to this throne than Joffrey did, or Renly before him," King Stannis said. He slowly sat down on the Iron Throne, leaning back into it and planting his hands on the sides. It looked to be a far from comfortable fit, but Davos

knew that he would not give it up easily. King Stannis would fight to hold onto what was his. “The throne is mine by rights, and all who would attempt to take it from me will not be suffered to live. He can cast aside his crown and pay me homage, or he can burn.”

Chapter 4: Anal Celebration

Defeating Lord Tywin Lannister really should have felt more glorious than this, in Robb's opinion. Somehow he'd imagined spending the aftermath doing something a bit different than this.

"The next step *must* be King's Landing," Loras said, looking like he wanted to attack the table they were sitting around. "Stannis cannot be allowed to sit on that throne. He has no right." Robb had a feeling that it was Renly rather than him that was the cause of Loras' anger at the idea of Stannis sitting on the Iron Throne, but it didn't bother him. Vengeance could be a powerful motivator, and now that Robb had married his sister, their enemies were one and the same.

"We don't know for certain that Stannis has taken the capital yet," Loras' older brother Garlan said. He was technically correct, but there wasn't a man among them who doubted that Stannis' victory was inevitable. Robb and his army had made the goal of taking the capital much easier for Stannis, because without Tywin or his army there to relieve the forces trying to defend Joffrey, there really wasn't any reason to think that they could hold out against the sole remaining Baratheon brother.

"That said, I do agree with my brother," Garlan continued. "Regardless of who might be sitting in the Iron Throne as of now, taking it in the name of King Robb remains our goal. And whoever currently holds King's Landing likely will have had to bleed to take it, or hold onto it if Joffrey yet rules. Hitting the capital as soon as we can would seem like the right move to me." Robb wondered how much of his seeming urgency might be motivated by his father's impatience to have his daughter sitting in King's Landing as queen as soon as possible. Either way, battle with Stannis seemed inevitable, and marching on King's Landing as soon as they were ready to move again did make a lot of sense.

"Stannis can wait," Randyll Tarly said gruffly. "We should get the Westerlands under our heel now that Tywin's dead. Make for Casterly Rock and demand their complete surrender, that's what I say. Crush one enemy completely before you start fighting the next."

"The Lannisters shouldn't be any threat to us now that we killed Tywin and smashed his host," Theon said, grinning as he had been all day. "Plus we still hold the Kingslayer prisoner in Riverrun, and with Tywin dead, his value's even higher, to them and to us." Theon would know a thing or two about heirs being held hostage to ensure that a defeated enemy stayed in line, Robb supposed.

"Hang the Lannisters *and* the Baratheons!" the Greatjon bellowed. "We need to get back north. Those ironborn bastards are invading our lands!" Theon's smile left him in a hurry when the Greatjon reminded him of what the rest of House Greyjoy was up to. Robb could curse Balon bloody Greyjoy. He'd sent the man a raven, offering an alliance

between their two kingdoms against the Lannisters. The whole bloody realm hated the ironborn, and Robb had extended a hand of support to him and offered to recognize Iron Islands independence anyway. The bastard had repaid him by raiding the north while he and his army were busy fighting south of the Neck. Robb doubted that Balon would think of attacking Winterfell itself. It was too far from the sea for that to make any sense. Still, in capturing Deepwood Motte and Moat Cailin, he had effectively stolen a portion of Robb's kingdom away from him and restricted his ability to get back north and deal with the invaders. Many of the Northmen were understandably eager to get back north and throw the invaders off of their lands, but even if there weren't other battles in the south still to be fought, it wasn't going to be quick or easy to deal with the ironborn.

"Greyjoy, Lannister, Baratheon," Robb said, counting each house off on his fingers. "Each of them will have to be dealt with before there can be peace in Westeros. But what order do we deal with them in? Or do we divide our forces and attempt to accomplish multiple goals at the same time?"

Robb frowned down at the maps spread out on the table, puzzling over the various considerations, his forces and how to best use them. His advisers were invited to speak freely, but he knew that the ultimate decision on where he went next and how many of his army would march there with him would be his to make.

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Sansa watched numbly as the flames engulfed Joffrey.

He had not been a good man. No, he had been a monster, and many nights she had gone to sleep praying that the Seven would free her from his clutches and punish him for his wickedness. She remembered saying to him, in a moment of defiance and rage after he'd had her father's head cut off, that maybe her brother Robb would present her Joffrey's head rather than the other way around. She'd been hit for that, but it hadn't stopped her from hoping that it might one day come true. It hadn't, because another king had gotten there first.

Joffrey was meeting his end, and she was being allowed to watch. She should have felt happy to watch him die. But somehow it wasn't what she'd expected. She wouldn't say that she felt saddened by it, and she certainly wouldn't grieve for him. He was a monster, he deserved death, and now he was getting it.

But even so, she couldn't see how she or anyone else in the crowd outside the Great Sept of Baelor could truly find joy in watching the fallen king offered up by the new king and his red priestess as a living sacrifice to the Lord of Light. A monster he may have been, but even monsters screamed in pain as the fire consumed them.

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"How'd your council go?"

Robb looked up from the letter he was writing to send to Riverrun and managed a smile for Dacey Mormont, who stood at the entrance to his tent. "There were plenty of passionate arguments made for every possibility, and nothing got decided."

"So I'll have to wait a bit before I know who I'm going to be sent to kill next?" Dacey asked, smirking at him. Robb chuckled and shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm afraid so," he answered.

"Oh well." Dacey let out an exaggerated sigh, but then she smiled. "But maybe it's not the worst thing to spend the night doing something other than planning the next army you want to smash. You just killed Tywin Lannister. That deserves a bit of celebration, doesn't it?"

"My army killed Tywin Lannister," Robb said dryly. "I had very little to do with it. You probably contributed more to the battle than I did."

"Hmm, I'm not so sure about that," Dacey said. She walked deeper into his tent, and with her tall, lanky frame she took command of it far more effectively than any other woman he could think of. And yet she was also a much more welcome guest than any of the men who'd fought by his side today. Dacey was a fierce and powerful warrior, but she was also a beautiful woman. Robb was far from the only man in the army who'd noticed this, but Dacey wasn't shy about putting someone in their place if they got any funny ideas.

"No?" Robb said, raising his eyebrows. "I mostly remained in the rear once the fighting started. You should know that better than most, seeing as you were one of the ones guarding my royal arse."

"It's an arse I'd happily guard any day," Dacey said, grinning at him. Robb smiled back. "And even if you weren't riding into the thick of the battle, which would be incredibly stupid for a king to do if he didn't have to, I'd say you had as much to do with our victory as anyone. More, probably."

"How do you figure that?" he asked, genuinely curious. "And don't give me some pretty words about my kingly presence inspiring my men."

"I wouldn't ignore the loyalty you inspire in your men," Dacey said, sounding serious about it. "But that wasn't what I meant." She looked away from his eyes and down at his lap instead. "I was talking about your cock. You took that delicate little rose to bed, and you fucked your way into having the biggest army in Westeros." Dacey laughed. "But I have a feeling your pretty queen might say that she got the better end of the deal. I felt that nice big cock of yours on your way to your marriage bed, and I heard the way you made your queen moan. Seems like you use that cock at least as well as anyone in your army uses their blades."

Robb might have been a virgin until his wedding night, but he wasn't naïve. It was obvious to him that Dacey was making an advance. That her hands had been all over him and his cock during the bedding had put the idea in his head that she might be interested in something like this, so this wasn't a great surprise to him.

Had Margaery not broached this exact possibility before he left, he would have been uncomfortable and uncertain of what he should do, but his wife had foreseen this and made her feelings on it clear. He knew what he could do without fear of angering his queen, should he choose to follow through on it. And he was definitely interested in following through with Dacey. She was as sexy as she was intimidating.

"She didn't seem to have any complaints, no," he said. "I suppose you'd have to ask her though, seeing as she's the only woman I've ever bedded."

He wasn't entirely sure how far Dacey wanted to take it, but he was intrigued. He felt that he should leave it up to her to establish what she wanted, because he didn't want her to feel like she *needed* to do anything for him because he was her king. Robb didn't want her to lay with him for any reason other than that she wanted to have fun with him, so he would let her come to him if that was what she wanted to do.

"I don't know that I'm close enough with your wife to ask her about how well you fuck," Dacey chuckled. "Besides, why listen to stories about what it's like to fuck you when I can do it for myself?" She raised her eyebrows and stared at him. "What do you say, my king? Do you want to celebrate our victory by seeing if you can make me moan like your little rose did? Or do you want to sit in here by yourself and think about who you'd like to go and kill next?"

Robb wasn't very surprised that Dacey would be so direct. Being coy about her desires did not seem to fit her general personality. She was a woman of the North, and she'd been chosen as one of his battle guard for no reason other than that she was someone he trusted in that role. Her not being honest and upfront about wanting to fuck him would have felt odd. Dacey coming directly to him and telling him what she wanted was exactly the way he'd imagined she would approach something like this.

And he *had* imagined it. As much as he respected her skill with a blade, her strength and her courage on the battlefield, he had always been well aware that Dacey was a sexy woman as well. Unlike some of the other men who'd taken their chances on trying to bed the lady bear, he'd never planned on showing any interest. But if she was coming to him, he wasn't going to ignore it.

"Spending the night with you sounds far better than thinking about what our next move in the war should be," he admitted.

"Feels like there's a 'but' coming up here," Dacey said when Robb didn't immediately continue. "Your cock's only for your queen, is that it?"

"Not exactly, no," Robb said. "She's actually told me that she doesn't mind if I find some relief in another woman's arms while I'm away fighting this war. She just doesn't want me giving any other woman my seed, and I plan to honor that wish."

"No royal bastards," Dacey said, nodding her head. "Yeah, that makes sense. I don't really want one either, so she doesn't need to worry about that. I'm just looking for a fun night with a sexy man who has a nice arse, a big cock and apparently know how to use it. That you're my king really doesn't fucking matter to me, and I didn't come into your tent hoping you'd put a bastard in my belly."

"Good," he said. He hadn't thought that had been her motive, but it was still good that she understood his caution and the reason behind it. "As long as we're careful and I pull my cock out of your cunt before the end, I'd love to celebrate our victory with you."

"No, I have an even better idea," Dacey said, smiling playfully. "I think you should just not stick your cock in me at all. That seems like the best way to make sure no bastards are fathered in this tent." Robb frowned, not sure what she could have in mind, but Dacey didn't leave him wondering for long. "You can just fuck my arse instead. No chance of you getting me pregnant then."

Robb's eyes widened. "Your arse?" he said, shocked. He knew that such things were done, sure, at least in brothels. But hearing Dacey offer her arse up to be fucked so willingly was still a surprise.

"That's right," she said. She reached up and began to undo the simple shirt she'd changed into at some point after the fighting had ended. "Not an offer I'd make to just any man, but you're special."

"Because I'm the king, you mean?" he asked, watching as she pulled the shirt over her head. Dacey's body was very different from that of Margaery, the only other woman he'd been in a situation like this with. His wife's body was soft and womanly; she looked like the very picture of an ideal highborn lady. Dacey was the heir of House Mormont, but she did not have the body of a woman who had lived a gentle life. Hers was a fighter's body. He could see the strength in her arms and the visible muscles in her stomach. Both were sexy in their own way, and seeing Dacey bare from the waist up had Robb growing hard in a hurry. He started to undress as well, wanting to keep up with her.

"No," Dacey said, shaking her head and making her long dark hair shake with it. "Because you're a sexy man with a big cock, and you're not an asshole. You know I can fight better than most of the men in your service, and you treat me like a warrior out there." She'd been undoing her breeches as she spoke, and she now stepped out of them and let him get a good look at her naked lower half, which looked just as powerful and sexy as the rest of her. His cock was very hard now, and getting his own trousers off became almost a matter of urgency.

"You are a warrior," Robb said, looking in appreciation at the muscle definition of her long legs. Then he looked at the sparse dark hair that surrounded her lovely cunt, and he appreciated that for very different reasons. "You're also the sexiest warrior I've ever seen." Dacey giggled. It could have felt strange to hear coming from her, but he found that he liked it.

"Out there, I'm a warrior," she said. "I'm a bear who will fight for you and die for you if I have to." Robb had his trousers off and his cock out now, and Dacey was quick to get down on her knees between his legs and grab it. Her grip was firm, but not too firm. "But in here, I'll be something else for you. Since you aren't an asshole out there, I don't mind spreading my arse for you in here."

Dacey kept stroking his cock, and then she took it into her mouth and sucked on it for a bit as well. Robb hadn't been expecting that, but considering she'd already offered to let him stick it in her arse this wasn't necessarily that large of a surprise. He sat back and enjoyed the pleasure of Dacey's lips forming a seal around his cockhead while she sucked him, but she didn't keep that going for long.

She must have just been doing that to get him ready, because she pulled back and crawled away from him. While he would not complain about being able to watch her firm, sexy arse as she crawled across the floor of his tent on her hands and knees, he wasn't sure what she was doing or why she began to rummage through his supplies. She let out a triumphant cry, seemingly having found what she wanted.

"Ah, this should work," she said, holding up a container of oil that had been brought from Highgarden. She handed it to him before turning around so her arse was to him. "Use that for lubrication. I might be tough, but not tough enough to take a cock in my arse dry. Definitely not a cock that big either."

Seeing the logic in that, Robb carefully applied what he assumed was a generous amount of the oil in order to make this as comfortable as it could be for her. In some ways Robb felt similar to how he had when taking Margaery's virginity. Even if Dacey was older than him and this obviously wasn't her first time doing this, he imagined this could easily go badly and feel painful for her if he didn't do it right.

"Let me know if I need to do anything differently," he said as he lined his cock up and prepared to push it into her arse. In here and especially during this, he would willingly follow her commands so it would be as enjoyable an experience for her as possible.

"I will," she said, "but right now you just need to push that thing in. Don't slam it in deep straight away though; just take your time."

Robb nodded even though she couldn't see it, and then he slowly moved forward and penetrated Dacey's arse. She sighed, seemingly not in any great pain from that initial push. That seemed like a good start.

"That's it, Robb," she said. "Just like that. Keep going. You can keep giving me more. Just keep your head and don't slam it in, no matter how much you might want to."

"I won't," he promised as he pushed a bit deeper into her arse. He understood her warning, because it really was tempting to just start thrusting his hips and fucking her arse wildly. It was the tightest hole his cock had ever been inside, not that he had much to compare it to, and he wanted to feel more of it. But he would make a poor leader let alone king if he couldn't even control himself, so he mastered his desires and took care not to do it harder or faster than Dacey was ready for. She was his tough warrior, the only female member of his battle guard, but she had also trusted him with something delicate. She'd said that she would die for him, and he knew that she meant it, but he didn't want to cause her any discomfort if he could help it.

There was a real struggle to manage everything. Her arse felt so amazing that it would have been so easy for him to either lose control and bugger her wildly, or lose control in a different manner and fill her arse with his seed far sooner than he would wish to. But Robb wanted Dacey to be comfortable, and even to enjoy herself as well if that was possible, so he kept his thrusts back and forth in her tight arse slow and steady. She hadn't let out any sound that would suggest he'd done something wrong, and he had no doubt that she would come right out and tell him if he had, so listening to her quiet sighs and the occasional moan of pleasure as he carefully buggered her felt like success for him.

He was proud of himself for taking care of her, but it wasn't like this was any great sacrifice on his part. Dacey's arse felt amazingly tight around his cock no matter how slowly and carefully he might be thrusting into it, so if they stuck to this speed for the entirety of their time together he would consider it a wonderful celebration indeed.

"You're doing very well, my king," Dacey said. "You can go a little harder if you like."

Robb took her up on that, and he could hear Dacey moan enthusiastically at the somewhat firmer push of his hips. If she hadn't been able to take that before, the careful introduction had helped her get comfortable enough for it. Robb was glad that he'd gotten her to this point, but now he started wondering if there was something he might be able to do for her beyond managing his thrusts to meet her expectations. Thinking back to his time with Margaery and also operating somewhat on instinct, Robb tried pulling his right hand off of Dacey's firm arse, reaching beneath her body and rubbing between her legs.

"Oh, *fuck!*" Dacey said right away. "I don't need to tell you a fucking thing, do I? That cute little rose must be teaching you *very* well. Good for her!"

There was no reason for Robb to doubt his intuition now. He kept his fingers moving, rubbing her outer lips before pushing first one finger into her cunt, and then adding a second as well. He noticed that as his fingers pumped into her and her moans continued, she was able to handle faster thrusts of his hips. Bringing her pleasure with his hand made her able to more easily accept his thick cock inside of her arse, and Robb used that to the fullest. He took care of her pleasure as well as his own simultaneously, and as he

did so he had the bizarre thought of this being a good example of effectively splitting your resources up to accomplish multiple objectives at once. Had he really been fighting this war for so long that even buggering Dacey Mormont made him think of proper troop movement?

He shook his head, ridding himself of those thoughts. Maps and strategies could come later; he had something far more fun to devote his concentration to right now. His thrusts were getting truly fierce now, and he had a feeling that if he'd even approached this kind of force at the beginning she would have hissed in pain and cursed his name. But she didn't curse, and she didn't hiss. She just kept moaning, and it just kept getting louder and louder as long as his fingers were hard at work inside of her.

"Robb, yes, yes, *yes!*" Dacey chanted as the fingering and the buggering continued, both of them getting more heated as it went along. Robb remembered her words about wondering if he could make her moan as loudly as Margaery had on their wedding night. He wasn't sure if this was as loud or not, nor did he know if anyone in the camp was sitting outside listening as was tradition for weddings. But he had a feeling they were being heard regardless. Whether her moans were as loud as Margaery's or not, they *were* loud enough to be heard. And even if no one was actively listening in, noise tended to travel easily in these camps. It seemed highly unlikely that there weren't at least a few members of his army that could hear Dacey Mormont moaning while she got buggered and fingered by her king.

That meant they most assuredly heard her cry out when she came on his fingers as well. Her powerful thighs snapped shut on his hand, but Robb continued to finger her and fuck her arse as hard as ever. Actually he buggered her even harder. Her cries of pleasure made him want to fuck her wildly and without restraint, and so he did. He grunted and growled as he fucked his lady bear's arse to the end.

Since he was in her arse rather than in her cunt, there was nothing to worry about when that end did come. He kept his cock inside of Dacey's rear and growled lower as he filled her arse with his seed.

He slumped down on top of Dacey after he finished, and tiredly pulled his cock out of her after a moment. They moved so he was on his back and she had an arm draped across his chest, and Robb closed his eyes with a smile on his face.

"Now that was a proper celebration," Dacey mumbled. "Maybe we need to start celebrating every victory this way."

"I could think of no better reward, and no better incentive for me to make the best decisions I can," he said, stroking the back of her arm draped over him. He could also think of no better way to honor his promise to Margaery than by buggering his strong, sexy lady bear in between battles.

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“A thousand pardons, Your Grace, but I don’t see why Robb Stark would accept your terms of peace,” Davos said. The reality of the loss of his four eldest sons was beginning to settle into his bones, but serving a king didn’t afford him time off to grieve. The war continued whether Joffrey was dead or not. His king wanted his counsel and Davos would give it.

“My terms are more generous than he deserves,” Stannis said. “He refused to recognize my rule even when I told him the truth that Cersei’s children were illegitimate and the throne was mine by rights. Instead he continued his rebellion, married the Tyrell girl and now wishes to become more even than the King in the North he claimed to be when he came to treat with Renly. He deserves death for that, and the Wall if I was feeling merciful. I’m offering to allow him to lay down his crown, take his new wife back North and take up his rightful seat as Lord of Winterfell and Warden of the North, with his sister returned to him unharmed as well. He can expect no better terms than that.”

“I understand, Your Grace,” Davos said, “but righteousness doesn’t win wars. Numbers do, and he has them. More men, more gold, more food. As long as he has more of them than we do, he’ll have no reason to want to surrender or give up his crown, however false a crown it might be.”

“Renly had the numbers as well, Ser Davos,” Melisandre said. “Yet he is dead, and the rightful king now sits on his throne. Trust in the Lord of Light. He will light our path forward, now as ever. You’ll see. And so will Robb Stark.”

“And what if he doesn’t?” Davos asked. “What if he refuses to set his crown aside?”

“There’s power in king’s blood,” Melisandre said. Her smile sent a chill through Davos. “Even a false king like Robb Stark. And we happen to have ‘Princess’ Sansa here with us, should we have need of some.”

Chapter 5: The Fruits of Dishonor

“I see the wisdom in your words, Lord Randyll, truly,” Robb said. “Removing from the Lannisters from the board entirely so we don’t have to worry about them licking their wounds and regaining their strength while we turn our attention to Stannis would be ideal.”

“Not to mention the gold,” Theon added.

“Yes, getting our hands on the gold of Casterly Rock would be helpful too,” Robb said, nodding. “But it’s Casterly Rock itself that presents the problem. Even with our victories in the field and all the men they’ve lost, I’ve yet to hear any suggestion on how we can capture the Rock.”

If the seat of the Lannisters’ power had been anywhere else, Robb might be more optimistic on swiftly capturing it purely through the massive difference in numbers. But Casterly Rock was in all likelihood the strongest possible defensive position in all of Westeros. Carved out of a massive hill of stone, the Rock was said to be three times the height of the Wall. There was a reason Casterly Rock had never once fallen through battle, and why Lann the Clever had taken it from the Casterlys through trickery.

Robb had even once heard it said that Queen Visenya Targaryen, wife to Aegon the Conqueror, was relieved that Loren Lannister, the last King of the Rock, had chosen to ride out and meet the Targaryens in battle rather than taking up a defensive position in his castle. If even the fire of Aegon’s three dragons may not have been enough to overwhelm the Rock, Robb and his massive army would not take the castle easily or quickly should the remaining defenders choose to resist.

The army that Tywin Lannister had mustered to fight against the North and defend King’s Landing from King Robert’s brothers might have been effectively destroyed, but even the meager garrison that remained in Casterly Rock would be able to hold out against an attack for quite some time with such imposing natural defenses to rely on. And thus far, there had been no indication that the Lannister who now held the Rock was eager to bend the knee to King Robb Stark.

“The Lannisters are like a wounded animal waiting to be put down,” Randyll said. “Casterly Rock is as strong a defensive position as any in Westeros, and I don’t deny it. But Tywin is dead, the Kingslayer is our captive, Joffrey’s reign is over, and their army is smashed. Taking the Rock and forcing their surrender will always be a problem, but it’ll only become a bigger one if we take the pressure off of them and allow them to regroup. We can’t give the lion the time to regain any of its strength. We need to force their surrender now.”

“I don’t disagree,” Garlan Tyrell said. “If we could secure their surrender before marching for King’s Landing, that would be ideal. But Casterly Rock is, based on the

information we've gathered, fairly well-provisioned with food, and the garrison they have won't make taking the castle easy for us. We could put them under siege by land and sea and force their eventual surrender, but that will take time as well. And the Lannisters are well aware that time works against us. We have other battles to fight, and the longer we spend here in the west dealing with what's left of the Lannisters, the more time Stannis has to recover from the Battle of the Blackwater and prepare to deal with us. If we dally too long here, we can't even rule out Stannis marching from King's Landing to cause us or our allies problems."

Robb knew that Garlan remained of the opinion that they should make for King's Landing and his argument was made with that in mind, but it didn't make his points any less sound. No matter how large an advantage they had in terms of the size of their army, there did not appear to be any quick or easy way for them to take Casterly Rock.

And the longer they had to spend taking Casterly Rock, the readier Stannis would be when their armies inevitably fought. If he thought he was strong enough, he might even march from King's Landing while Robb was in the west. Neither fighting their way in or laying siege to Casterly Rock would be quick or easy, and even Randyll couldn't seem to offer any alternative. As much as Robb would like to take care of the Lannisters once and for all before concentrating on Stannis, he just didn't see how it would be possible.

The sound of footsteps approaching the tent where Robb and his trusted advisors were discussing their strategy caught their attention, and he heard what sounded like Dacey's voice talking to the guards posted outside. One of them entered the tent, looking surprised.

"Beg your pardon, Your Grace, but there's someone here who's come to the camp asking to speak with you," he said. "Dacey's brought him and his companion along."

"We're talking about important things in here," Randyll said gruffly. "Surely it can wait."

"Who is it?" Robb asked. He trusted that Dacey wouldn't interrupt with something insignificant.

"Tyrion Lannister," the guard said. "As well as a sellsword apparently under his employ. Both have been checked for weapons, of course, and neither are armed, but—"

"They may enter," Robb said, cutting him off. He didn't know how the Imp could be here or how he'd escaped King's Landing, but he wouldn't have come here without reason.

The guard hurried back out, and a few seconds later Tyrion Lannister waddled into the tent, looking even uglier than he had the last time Robb had seen him. His face was badly scarred, and most of his nose was gone. If the imp hadn't already physically repelled people enough before, he looked like the product of a child's nightmares now. And yet, in spite of knowing how he must look, he was smiling as he entered.

“King Robb Stark, First of His Name,” Tyrion Lannister declared, bowing his head. “You have no idea how hard we rode to reach you, or how happy I am to finally make it here. I can truly say it is an honor to be in your presence once more.” Robb wasn’t sure if the Imp was trying to pay him homage or mock him. “Apologies for not dropping to a knee, but I’ve been riding hard for some time now, and my legs have never been of much use even on their best days, so I’m afraid if I bend the knee to you now I might never be able to get back up on my own.”

“I’d say you’re close enough to the ground as it is, Lannister,” Theon said, smirking. Tyrion’s lips spread in a smile, though it didn’t quite reach his mismatched eyes.

“I’d almost forgotten how clever your japes were, Greyjoy,” Tyrion said. “I’m so delighted to hear them again. Speaking with you again is surely the second biggest reason I found the strength to open my eyes again after the Blackwater, behind only the desire to continue enjoying the taste of wine.”

“What about the whores?” Theon asked.

“Right.” Tyrion nodded. “I’ve had only Bronn and a tiny horse for company since I escaped King’s Landing, so I almost forgot about the whores. Make speaking with you the third most important thing to live for, then.”

“Your japes can wait for another time, as can your story about how you escaped King’s Landing,” Robb said. The tall black-haired man who entered behind Tyrion looked capable enough, and Robb assumed that this sellsword whose hands were bound behind his back as a precaution had played a vital role in helping the Imp escape the capital and reach his camp. But it wasn’t how they’d gotten here that Robb was most concerned with now, but why they’d come. Robb would have expected an escaped Tyrion to ride in the exact opposite direction of either his or Stannis’ armies after King’s Landing fell, especially once he heard that his father was dead. But instead he had ridden right into his camp.

“Right, you want to know why I’m here,” Tyrion said, clearing his throat. “Apologies, Your Grace. I didn’t mean to waste your time. But as it happens, I think I can give that time back to you, and then some. With my father dead and his army in tatters, you’ll be wanting to take Casterly Rock now, yes? I can help you.”

“So you expect me to believe that after hearing we killed your father in battle, you rode into my camp offering to help me capture your family’s seat?” Robb said, staring at the Imp and shaking his head. “That may be your worst jape yet.”

“Oh, but it’s not a jape, Your Grace,” Tyrion said. “I’m quite serious. Do you think I’m angry at you for killing my father? I *thank* you for it. I might have done it myself some day if you hadn’t spared me the trouble. He was no father to me. To Jaime, perhaps. But never me.”

“Even so, why come here?” Robb asked. “I don’t know what issues you had with your father, and if I’m being honest I don’t really care. But why would you ride here, into my camp, rather than boarding a boat and fleeing Westeros entirely?”

“My fondness for wine and whores is no jape,” Tyrion said, “and I’m sadly lacking in the gold for either. I’m afraid that life as a dancing dwarf performer ill suits me.”

“So you rode into the midst of the enemy army instead?” Randyll asked, looking as if he thought the dwarf to be spectacularly foolish. “You would prefer captivity like your brother?”

“Oh, I was hoping I could convince you that I could be of much better use to you outside of any cell,” Tyrion said. “You say I rode into the midst of the enemy, but I say I rode into the midst of the victor. If Loren the Last taught us Lannisters anything, it’s that there is no shame in bending the knee when you’re beaten. You defeated my family when you killed my *dear* father and crushed his host. The battle is lost for House Lannister, even if those who currently occupy Casterly Rock have yet to accept it.”

“If only they were as pragmatic as you, it could save us all quite a bit of trouble,” Garlan said, sighing.

“Sadly for you, Daven Lannister’s knees don’t bend as easily as mine do,” Tyrion said. “He may not be my father, but he’s not a bad man to be in charge of the defense of the castle. I’d thought his anger over the death of his father might have drawn him out of the castle to seek revenge, but clearly he’s smarter than that. He understands that the only way for him to resist you now is by defending Casterly Rock to the bitter end. He’ll never surrender. Unlike me, he’d rather die on his feet than bend his knee and live on.”

“Unfortunately for us,” Robb said.

“Yes, it’s unfortunate for you,” Tyrion said, grinning slightly. “But for me, it presents an opportunity. You want to take Casterly Rock, and you want to do it as quickly and painlessly as you can. Well, painlessly for you at least. I can help you do it.”

“How?” Garlan asked him. “What do you have to offer us that’ll help us take that Rock faster than we can through attack or siege?” His voice wasn’t mocking but curious.

“When I became a man, I wanted to board a ship and explore the Free Cities, as my uncles Gerion and Tygett had,” Tyrion said. Theon looked like he was about to make a jape of some sort, but Robb held up a hand to stop him. He didn’t know where this was going, but he sensed it was important. “My father refused to let me go. Instead he put me in charge of all the drains and cisterns in Casterly Rock.”

Theon laughed. “Tyrion Lannister, Lord of Piss and Shit!” Some of the others laughed or at least smiled, but Robb wasn’t really paying attention to them. Something in Tyrion’s words had struck him, and he felt his mind piecing things together.

“He thought it a punishment, I’m sure,” Tyrion said. “But the joke was on him. The drains never worked nearly as well as they did while I was in charge. And now, years later, that all-important responsibility he placed on my shoulders rather than allowing me to go to the Free Cities presents me with a unique opportunity to be of assistance to you.

“You can’t simply march into Casterly Rock through the Lion’s Mouth—but I can take advantage of my time as ‘Lord of Shit and Piss’, as Greyjoy so eloquently put it, to guide your men through the tunnels and into the castle. Casterly Rock, its gold and everything else will be yours, you won’t need to worry about a prolonged siege, and you can get back to trying to take your throne without having to look over your shoulder for a lion nipping at your arse.”

“That sounds like a solution to all of our problems,” Robb said. “But I know you didn’t ride into my camp to make this offer because you hold any love for me. What do you hope to get out of this, Lannister?”

Tyrion smiled. “Aside from keeping my head attached to my neck and staying out of a cell, you mean?” he asked.

“Aside from those, yes,” Robb said, not smiling back. “Unless you try to cheat us, of course. Then I’ll remove your head from your shoulders myself.” He stared at Tyrion seriously, his eyes warning what would happen if the Imp tried to pull any tricks.

“I do not doubt it,” Tyrion said. “I believe you’re a man of your word, just as your lord father was. And I trust that, if you accept my offer, you’ll keep your promise to me and give me the reward I seek after it’s over.”

“What’s the reward, Lord Tyrion?” Robb asked. “What do you want in exchange?”

“I want what should have always become mine from the moment my brother Jaime put on his white cloak and joined the Kingsguard,” Tyrion said. “My father refused, and that’s one of many reasons why I wasn’t sorry to hear that you killed him. But you, King Robb Stark, First of His Name, can give it to me. I want you to recognize me as Lord of Casterly Rock. If you promise me that, I will get you into the castle.”

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When Tyrion had last left his childhood home of Casterly Rock, he’d never imagined that he would return in such a manner, moving through the foulness his father had once put him in charge of. No doubt his father would look at him with utter disgust and contempt if he could see him now, covered in shit and piss as he was. But his father would probably be far more disgusted with his purpose for entering through the tunnels than with the act itself. His father would consider him a failure and a traitor to his family.

Sorry, father, he thought to himself as he led a select group of Robb Stark's men through the many tunnels and into the Rock itself. But you fought the Young Wolf, and you lost. Now it's up to me to save House Lannister, and to claim that which should have been mine all along.

He really should have felt much worse about leading an enemy army into the Rock, so it seemed to him. But the truth was that he felt no guilt at all as he watched the selected Stark and Tyrell men cut through the surprised men of the meager garrison that remained in Casterly Rock. Though calling them men was more than a bit of a stretch. All the capable fighting men in the Westerlands had been called into battle long ago, whether in service of Tyrion's captured brother, their dead father or foolish Uncle Stafford. Other than the household guard that remained, green boys who barely knew how which way to hold a sword were all that was left.

Such a force would have been able to defend Casterly Rock against Robb Stark's army for quite some time, but that was really about the Rock itself being such an easily defensible position. With it coming to an actual fight, they had no chance against the men Robb Stark had entrusted with the task of following Tyrion through the tunnels and taking the castle.

Stark's men weren't green boys, either. Tyrion didn't know all of their names, but it had been immediately obvious to him that every one of them knew what they were doing. Having the element of surprise wasn't an advantage that they needed, but they had no problem exploiting it and making their task easier still.

Tyrion had a dagger in hand, but he did not anticipate having to use it with how easily Robb Stark's men cut through the surprised defenders of the castle. Watching the Knight of Flowers fight, he could almost believe that Loras Tyrell would have been able to take the Rock without any help from anyone else. Pretty, gallant Loras Tyrell all but demanding to be included in the group that crawled through the shit to reach Casterly Rock was a surprise for Tyrion, but Robb Stark hadn't seemed surprised at all.

Watching Loras fight, Tyrion could understand why. This was not the boy who had unseated Tyrion's brother Jaime in the joust, and who looked like he'd come straight out of the songs as he rode. Loras was now a killer, and he cut his way through any Lannister who got in his way without hesitation. It seemed that fighting in a war as opposed to a tourney had changed him. Or maybe it was Renly's death that was responsible for that.

It almost seemed unfair that he had other men fighting with him too, given how easily Loras cut down anyone who stood in his path. But there were other men with him too; men Robb Stark trusted not to waste the chance that Tyrion had presented to him. And Robb Stark was no fool. That was something he'd proven to Jaime when he captured him, and their father when he killed him on the battlefield. Now Tyrion saw it as well. It was his plan, but it was up to Robb Stark's men to execute it, to cut their way through before the garrison could organize and offer any sort of true resistance.

Execute it they did. They made steady progress, swiftly eliminating any resistance they came across as they made for the lord's chambers. Tyrion assumed that Daven had taken up residence there, and as he was what passed for a ruler or Lord of Casterly Rock at the present, he was who they needed to capture or kill. It was likely to be kill, Tyrion believed, though he would do his best to make his cousin see sense.

There were two guards posted near the chamber doors, and unlike most of the resistance they'd come across, these two clearly had at least some experience in combat. It didn't do them much good, however. One did parry a couple of blows from Loras' sword, but the Knight of Flowers was faster, stronger and more determined. The man fought respectably well, but Loras Tyrell still slit him open all the same.

The other guard was one that Tyrion recognized. He'd been a member of his father's household guard since Tyrion was a child, and had always given the Lannisters dutiful service. That continued and also ended now, as he fell under the combined assault of two Tyrell men.

It was just Daven Lannister himself left after that. His clothes were slightly twisted and looked like they had been hastily pulled back on. He had obviously been caught by surprise by the attack, but that had been the whole point. He'd been preparing for a long and bitter defensive battle, and before he even knew what was happening he found his enemies quite literally right outside his door.

He didn't cower though; Tyrion would give him that. He stood to meet them, sword drawn and body poised to strike while his eyes went from foe to foe. He had to see that this was a hopeless battle, but that didn't cause him to try and flee or to throw his sword down and try and bargain for his own safety as Tyrion likely would have. Daven was a courageous man, it had to be said.

His hazel eyes narrowed when he saw Tyrion standing there, a safe distance behind Loras and the others. "You," Daven growled. "Traacherous dwarf! This was your plan, then?"

"It was," Tyrion said without shame. "I'd say it's worked quite well, too."

"A coward's trick," Daven said, still showing no fear. "But what else could be expected from a man who would betray his own family while they're at war?" He snorted. "You're no man, though. You're a monster."

"I'm a monster who will be Lord of Casterly Rock by the time the day is through," Tyrion said. "I'm also a monster who can guarantee you'll keep your life if you lay down your sword. You'll be confined to a cell, of course, but at least you'll keep your head."

Daven spat on the floor. "I won't go down as the Lannister who bent the knee and handed Casterly Rock to a wolf and a traitorous dwarf covered in shit. I'd sooner die with my sword in hand."

Then you're no true Lannister, Tyrion thought, as he watched Daven raise his sword, shout and launch a futile charge at Loras. Daven wasn't a bad fighter, but he wasn't Loras Tyrell. He also wasn't wearing full armor, so it was all too easy for Loras to turn his blow aside and then slash his belly open.

Lann the Clever founded House Lannister through trickery and cleverness, not strength or foolhardiness. And I'm using trickery and cleverness to keep Casterly Rock for the Lannisters, and for myself.

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I'm just doing as I must, Jon Snow told himself. *The Halfhand told me to play the part of the turncloak. All that I do, I do for the Night's Watch.*

It was easy to tell himself that, but Ygritte slipping under his sleeping skins with him and rocking against his member had felt far better than he'd ever expected turning his cloak and living amongst the wildlings to feel. And then she'd pulled his cock out and spread her legs for him, inviting him in, and Jon groaned as he slid inside of her wet cunt for the first time. Was this what Theon bragged about all the time? Would Robb not only be encouraged to this, but expected to do it with whatever highborn lady he married? Perhaps it wouldn't have been so easy for him to swear his vows to the Night's Watch if he'd known just what he was giving up.

"Feels good, doesn't it, Jon Snow?" the redheaded wildling asked, smiling up at him. Rather than responding, Jon buried his face in her neck and focused on thrusting back and forth within her. He didn't trust himself to speak, and he didn't have a clue what he would have said. Ygritte didn't seem to mind anyway, because she responded by wrapping her arms around his shoulders and moaning.

"That's it!" she said. "That's it, Jon Snow! Back and forth, just like that! Harder now; harder!"

Jon squeezed her breast and grunted as he moved his hips harder, responding to her call. He probably would have done it anyway, because being inside of her seemed to have set off something instinctive from deep within. He might be a sworn brother of the Night's Watch who was following Qhorin Halfhand's instructions to get close to the wildlings, but the mission the Halfhand had tasked him with right before he let Jon kill him had never felt more distant than it did right now, as he gave himself to Ygritte. Whatever the truth behind his motivations was, he'd broken his vow the moment he'd done as Ygritte asked. There was no coming back from this; not truly.

His vows were important to him, but at least in that moment, Jon could not pretend that there was anything more important to him than Ygritte's warm body beneath his or her wet cunt around his cock as his hips kept thrusting harder the closer he got. What were his vows compared to her moans into his ear or her hands pulling at his hair?

"Yes, Jon Snow!" Ygritte's moans rose in response to his faster, harder thrusts. "Yes, yes, yes!" She seemed to enjoy this as much as he did, or close to it at least. The thought pleased Jon more than it should have, and he shut his eyes, feeling something dangerous there. He couldn't think about how good it felt to fuck her, or give in to the pride that threatened to burst at the knowledge that he was making her feel good. There was danger in losing sight of why he was really doing this, and Jon could feel how tenuous his grip really was. In its own way, losing his grip here posed as much danger as it would if he lost control when they tried to scale the Wall.

Ygritte squealed into his ear and held him tight as she came on his cock, and Jon grimaced at how the already overwhelming sensation of fucking her became something even greater. It was difficult not to fire his seed inside of her right then and there, but that was one line Jon refused to cross. He wouldn't father a bastard.

She didn't make it easy on him, with how her legs came to wrap around his waist and hold him inside of her. He had to physically pull her legs far enough apart so he could pull out before the end. Ygritte groaned in disappointment, but looked down and watched as he spilled his seed on her belly rather than inside of her.

"You know nothing, Jon Snow," she said, sitting up, pushing the sleeping skins aside and looking for something to wipe herself off with. It wasn't the first time she'd said that to him, nor the second, third or fourth. He wasn't sure she'd ever smiled so widely as she'd said it though, and she'd definitely never looked so tempting, naked and with his seed sticking to her belly.

I am a man of the Night's Watch, he reminded himself. He had a feeling it wouldn't be the last time he had to remind himself of the importance of his vows in the face of how it felt to live free with the wildlings, and this particular wildling most of all.

Chapter 6: A Wolf in the Lion's Den

Robb had to hold himself back from greeting his wife the way that he wanted to. What he wanted to do was take her into his arms, kiss her hard, push that dress up and fuck her as soon as he possibly could. But that simply wasn't an option. He might be able to get away with plenty as the king, but groping his wife and pulling her away from her formal welcome to Casterly Rock would have been incredibly disrespectful to Tyrion, who was technically the ruling lord welcoming her even if he answered to Robb's authority as king.

"Your Grace, it is my great honor to welcome you to Casterly Rock," Tyrion said. Unlike when he'd first been let into Robb's war tent, he managed a deep bow for Queen Margaery.

"The honor is mine, Lord Tyrion," Margaery said politely. "I am incredibly thankful that you have offered to welcome me to your home. I've always heard it said that there is no safer stronghold in all of Westeros than Casterly Rock, and seeing it for myself, I know it to be true."

"Yes, Lord Tyrion," Robb said, inclining his head. "I must thank you for offering to look after my queen while I am gone. I know that I will be able to fight for my throne with a clear head knowing that Queen Margaery will be safe here in the Rock."

There was some truth in what was being said. Margaery *would* be safe here in Casterly Rock. It was about as safe a place as there was for her to be while the war continued. Even with the size of his army, Robb would not have taken the Rock easily without Tyrion coming in and exploiting his knowledge of the castle and the tunnels beneath it to sneak Robb's army in. And such a trick was not going to work against Tyrion, even if someone had enough knowledge of Casterly Rock to try it out. Margaery had been fairly safe at Highgarden, particularly with Stannis not having the men to spare to do anything beyond trying to secure his foothold in King's Landing. But she would be even safer here. Stannis would be a great fool to try and attack Casterly Rock, and Robb did not think him a fool.

But there was more behind Margaery coming to Casterly Rock than simply keeping her safe. Robb and Tyrion had formed an alliance, but it had been born out of convenience and mutual aims rather than any genuine trust or affection between them. Robb had needed a way into Casterly Rock, and Tyrion wanted to rule his birthplace. They were working together, and as things stood there was no real reason for either of them to seek an end to their alliance and the benefits it had brought them both. But Robb would not wholly trust the imp any time soon, if ever. Too much blood had been spilt between Stark and Lannister for trust or friendship to come easily, regardless of how useful Tyrion had proven to be in helping him capture Casterly Rock quickly and painlessly.

Robb didn't believe that Tyrion would break his promise of loyalty to him; not without another king with a larger army to back instead. But knowing just how difficult taking Casterly Rock by force would be, Robb wasn't leaving anything to chance. That was the other, equally important reason for Margery coming here. She was going to make sure that Casterly Rock remained theirs throughout the war, and that there would be no need for them to come and reclaim it. The Tyrell men that had accompanied her from Highgarden to Casterly Rock would be staying with her, and while they were not massive in number, they would be more than able to form a garrison for a castle with natural defenses the likes of which the Rock enjoyed. Tyrion technically ruled in Casterly Rock, and Margaery wouldn't get in his way or actively undermine his authority amongst his people. But the Tyrell garrison would obviously be loyal to Margaery.

"It will be our honor to have Queen Margaery as our guest," Tyrion said respectfully, looking at Robb. He knew the situation as well as anyone, and if he might privately wish to be left alone in the Rock, he wasn't foolish enough to say it out loud. "First, it will be our honor to throw a feast for you both. A feast to welcome Queen Margery's royal presence, and also a feast to honor you before you return to the battlefield, Your Grace."

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"Do you think the Martells will join with Stannis?" Robb asked. As the North and Dorne were so far apart, whereas the Reach was much closer and there was also considerable history between the Martells and Tyrells, he felt that his wife would be able to offer perspective on Dorne that he lacked.

"I'm honestly not sure," Margaery said. "Obviously there is the history between my family and theirs, and my father loathes the Martells after what happened to my brother Willas." Robb nodded, already familiar with that story. After taking Casterly Rock, the inevitable conflict with Stannis had become the thing he focused on most. That Stannis would attempt to recruit the Martells to his side was obvious, as the man was in desperate need of bolstering his troops.

Robb had asked the members of his council to tell him as much as they could about House Martell, and Margaery's brother Garlan had told him all about the joust between his eldest brother Willas and the Red Viper of Dorne, which had crushed the leg of the Tyrell heir when his horse fell on top of him. Garlan had emphasized his father's hatred for the Red Viper and the Martells in general after what had happened to his heir, even though according to Garlan, Willas himself held no animosity towards Oberyn.

"When Doran sent a response to my letter, he was careful to walk the line," Robb mused. "He was respectful of me and did not outright dismiss my offer of alliance, and yet he didn't denounce Stannis or his claim either. The man seems to want to remain neutral and stay out of the war." Robb had been careful not to demand anything and had even written that he would bear no ill will towards Dorne unless they actively fought against him. And why should he? If Dorne really were to remain neutral, it was to Robb's benefit. He shouldn't need them on his side in order to defeat Stannis. Stannis needed Dornish

support far more than Robb did in the seemingly inevitable battle between the two kings remaining in Westeros.

“Yes, that’s how it seems,” Margaery agreed. “But we can’t take for granted that it will remain that way. Prince Doran has always seemed a cautious sort, and he may well choose not to declare for either side. Declaring for Stannis would be a big risk, given the size of our army. But Stannis does have something to offer him that you can’t.”

“The throne,” Robb stated. “Or his grandson on the throne, at least.” Yes, Stannis had much greater need of Dornish support, but he also could give Prince Doran a much greater reward for victory than Robb could. Marriages and children were one of the surest ways to solidify an alliance. Robb knew that better than just about anyone; marrying Margaery and receiving the support of the Tyrells as a direct result could well be the greatest strategic decision he had made or would make in the entire war. But with Margaery as his wife, he obviously could not offer any such alliance to Doran. Perhaps he could hint at a betrothal with one of his children, but such hints or promises would mean little. Margaery was not even with child yet, but Stannis had a daughter and heir already.

“Yes,” Margaery said, nodding. “Is Prince Doran the sort of man who would declare for Stannis and stand against an army as large as ours if he knows that a potential victory would see his family return to the throne? I know not, and if he’s made such a decision, there’s been no word of troop movement between Dorne and King’s Landing yet. But one thing that my grandmother taught me is that calm and quiet men are the ones who will surprise you if you’re not careful. They’re the hardest to predict, or so she would say at least.”

“It makes sense,” Robb said. If he took his eye off of Doran under the assumption that he would remain neutral, he would leave himself open to a surprise that could well turn the entire war around. If there was no word or no sign of Doran entering the war, he would hope for neutrality. But he and his army would need to keep an eye out for the Dornishmen just in case.

“But enough about the war for now,” he continued, shaking his head. “We’ll have a chance to talk more before I leave, but I think there’s something more important for us to do while we’re together, my queen.” He reached out for her, fully intending to take advantage of finally being alone with her now that the dinner was over and they’d allowed Tyrion to properly welcome her to Casterly Rock. The best thing about what he said was that it was the truth. She could accuse him of being a horny bastard, and she would be right, but it really was imperative for them to make the most of this time together so he could do his best to try and impregnate her.

Margaery laughed, but to his surprise she batted his hands away before he could grab her. Robb raised his eyebrows and frowned, but she just smiled and took a step away from him.

"I promised I'd talk with Garlan and Loras," she said. "You can put your hands all over me, but it'll have to wait." It was not the answer Robb had expected or wanted, and he didn't bother hiding it. Margaery gave him a smirk. "Don't worry, Robb. You're going to have all the time you could want with me tonight. I have something special planned to celebrate our reunion and your victories. Wait for me in the lord's chambers. I'll be there within the hour, and I promise it will be worth the wait."

"Can't we squeeze in a single shot first?" he asked. It wasn't that he wasn't intrigued by this something special she'd referred to, and the idea of fucking her in Tywin's former bedchambers definitely appealed to him. Tyrion had preferred to return to his old familiar bed in the castle, so Robb doubted the new Lord Lannister would have an issue with it. But he'd been looking forward to fucking his gorgeous wife again since they'd come up with this plan for her to leave Highgarden and come to Casterly Rock. Though really, he'd been looking forward to being with her again since their parting in Bitterbridge. "I promise it'll be quick."

Margaery laughed but shook her head. "Trust me, Robb. When you see what I have in mind, you'll be glad that you saved your strength."

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Robb sat on the bed in the lord's chamber of Casterly Rock, idly stroking the fur on Grey Wind's neck while he waited impatiently for his wife to show up as promised. He probably hadn't been in here nearly as long as it felt like, but to him it seemed as if he'd been waiting forever for Margaery to arrive. Of course the time that had passed since they last shared a bed at Bitterbridge had quite a bit to do with that. So much had happened since then. When they'd last shared a bed, he was preparing to lead their combined forces into battle against Tywin Lannister.

Now the Lion of Lannister was dead, the Rock was under Robb's control, and he was about to fuck his wife in the bed that had previously been Tywin's. In some ways, stripping naked and planting his arse in the lord's bed while he waited for his wife to arrive felt like his final victory over the ruthless bastard who had given him so much trouble.

Grey Wind's head lifted up and stared towards the door, and a few moments later the door pulled open and Robb's gorgeous wife stepped inside. She was no longer wearing the fancy dress that she'd worn for the feast Tyrion threw to welcome her to Casterly Rock, but even in the simple and more comfortable gown she'd changed into she looked stunning. And she knew it too; she smirked at him as she walked deeper into the bedchamber, knowing how he stared.

"I see you're ready for me," she said, grinning and staring down at his lap, where his cock was quickly reacting to her presence and the promise of what was to come. "I suppose I should get ready as well."

“I’d be happy to help you,” he offered, hoping that it would get her to move her arse and join him on the bed rather than staying where she was. Grey Wind had come to greet her, and she rubbed behind his ears and gave him a pat on the head before he trotted off and walked through the still-open door. Even with the direwolf gone and Robb making his offer, Margaery made no move towards the bed.

“Oh, I wouldn’t want to trouble you,” she said, shaking her head. “Fortunately I’ve arranged for some assistance this evening.” She looked over her shoulder and towards the door, giving a nod. Robb looked over there as well, and his eyes widened as the ‘assistance’ arrived. He recognized the pretty dark-haired handmaiden, having seen her in Margaery’s company several times, and after a moment recalled that her name was Mira, and she was the daughter of one of his bannermen. She saw him looking at her, and she blushed slightly and averted her eyes. But the way she licked her lips made him think that her nervousness was tinged with excitement.

There wasn’t a trace of nervousness visible on the face of Dacey as she brought up the rear, nor would he expect there to be. He didn’t think he’d ever seen her unsure of herself, whether she was about to ride into battle at his side or she was about to take his cock in her arse. She grinned at him and closed the door to the bedchamber behind her.

“Girls, would you be so kind?” Margaery asked, smiling at them both. While the girls moved to undress her, Margaery looked back at Robb. “Do you remember my dear Mira, Robb?”

“Yes, of course,” he said. “From House Forrester. Mira, your father Lord Gregor has fought valiantly for our cause. He and your house have been a boon.”

“I-I’m so happy to hear that, Your Grace!” Mira squeaked. She was clearly much more practiced at removing another lady’s dress than Dacey was, but her fingers fumbled slightly as Robb spoke to her.

“Mira has agreed to join us in order to make tonight special,” Margaery explained. “So has your Dacey, who insists that I not call her *Lady*.”

“Nothing that we’re about to do is going to be ladylike,” Dacey said, chuckling. She was going slower than Mira, and Robb would guess that she was worried about accidentally using too much force and tearing the queen’s dress. “You told me your queen didn’t have a problem with you sticking your cock in other women while you were at war, but even I was surprised when she invited me to join you in the lord’s chambers tonight.”

“Yes, she’s just full of surprises,” Robb said, looking into Margaery’s eyes as she smiled. He hadn’t told her that he’d fucked Dacey, but didn’t bother to question how she’d found out. It didn’t matter anyway; she’d been the one to encourage him to have his fun while they were apart, provided he was careful about where and how he did it. If he’d needed any proof that she was serious about it, her inviting Dacey to join them tonight answered the question quite convincingly.

“You and Dacey have kept each other warm in between battles, and dear Mira has taken very good care of me in Highgarden,” Margaery said. Robb’s cock was already betraying his excitement as he stared at his wife’s naked body, and the reveal of Lord Gregor’s pretty daughter serving as Margaery’s frequent bedwarmer ensured that he was as ready for his wife as he could be when she strutted towards the bed.

“It only seemed appropriate to me that they both join us here in the lord’s chambers,” Margaery continued as she climbed onto the bed with him. “What better way to celebrate our victory over the Lannisters than for all four of us to share Lord Tywin’s former bed for the night?”

“Sounds like a fine idea to me,” Robb said, reaching out to take Margaery into his arms when she finally got close. He quickly put her on her back and got in position between her spread legs. Playing with Dacey as well as Margaery’s handmaiden was something to look forward to, but first things first. He finally had his queen back in bed with him, and it was time to take another chance at impregnating her.

“Yes, put it in, Robb,” Margaery encouraged, and then she groaned as he pushed into her. “Oh, I missed this! Did you miss me too, husband?”

Robb didn’t bother to speak to her. This was not the time for talking, and he could show Margaery how he felt and how much he desired her far more effectively through actions rather than words. He pinned her to the bed and jumped straight to thrusting his hips, fucking her hard and releasing all of the desire for her which had built up since their parting. She didn’t complain about the rough pace either. She held onto his neck and moaned into his ear as he fucked her, showing that she was as ready for him as he was for her. They’d both been looking forward to sharing a bed together again, and the quick pace was a perfect reintroduction.

Margaery’s breasts bounced, and she moaned and held him tighter as he fucked her. Robb knew that he wasn’t going to last long, and he didn’t care. He already knew that with not just her but Dacey and Mira there as well, they would have him ready for more before long. First he wanted to reintroduce himself to his wife and get his first orgasm out of the way. Their first time together again was always destined to be brief, particularly since he did not hold back his lust in the slightest. He kept his hips moving constantly, forcing his cock right back into her cunt as soon as he retreated, giving neither of them any time to rest as they reacquainted themselves with each other’s bodies.

Robb’s hips snapped forward tirelessly as he hurried towards his release, but Margaery got there just before he did. She let out a deep, lusty moan, and Robb swallowed it by planting his mouth over hers and kissing her fiercely. She grabbed the side of his head in both hands and kissed him back desperately, whimpering into his mouth, and Robb soon gave her even more to whimper about. For the first time since Bitterbridge, he let loose and allowed his seed to fill her. She moaned and kissed him harder, welcoming his seed within her. She wanted his child as much as he wanted to give it to her, and while he did

his best to give it to her right then and there, he knew that they would give it several more tries before he left Casterly Rock, or before they got out of this bed.

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“I think you can understand that we need every drip of seed you can offer to be spent inside of me,” Margaery said, pulling her lips off of his cockhead. “But so long as you promise to let me know ahead of time so we can make that happen, I don’t mind if you fuck Mira and Dacey as well. Does that sound acceptable to you, husband?”

“Yes,” Robb groaned. He probably would have agreed to just about anything in that moment, even if it had been something far less logical than Margaery’s proposal. The three girls had just used their mouths to get him hard again, and even with Margery having removed the tip from her mouth, he could still feel Mira’s tongue licking his shaft and Dacey’s mouth sucking on his balls. Them simply being here to lick and suck him back to hardness would have been enough of a treat, but getting to fuck them in between planting his seed inside of his gorgeous wife’s cunt was a deal with nothing but rewards from Robb’s point of view.

“Then I’ll take a seat and leave you to it,” Margaery said, crawling over so she was on her back beside him. No sooner had she done that than Dacey pulled her lips off of his balls and popped her head up to rest on his thigh.

“Mind if I go first?” she asked. “Letting you bugger me is always fun, but I’ve been waiting a long time to have your cock inside me for real.”

“Not at all,” Robb said. It was what Dacey had apparently been waiting to hear, because she quickly straddled his lap, grabbed his cock and held it steady so she could drop down onto it.

“Ohh, fuck, that’s nice!” she exclaimed. She began to rock her hips and make herself comfortable on him. “You, Queen Margaery, are a lucky woman.”

“I’m well aware,” Margaery said, grinning from beside them as she watched Dacey ride him. “But at least for tonight, I’m happy to share my fortune with you. Play with my king’s cock until you’re content. Just remember to get off of him in time for his seed to go where it’s needed.”

“No worries there, Your Grace,” Dacey said, already building up a good pace as she put her hands on Robb’s ribs and began to bounce her hips up and down on him. “I’ve no interest in carrying the Young Wolf’s child. I just want to use his cock.”

Dacey was quite adept at using his cock, and she proved it more with each passing second. Margaery had looked right at home when she rode his cock previously, and Dacey looked equally comfortable mounted on him now. It wasn’t exactly the same though. Margaery’s ride had been sensual, and she’d seemed to focus on finding the best speed and angle to

maximize their pleasure. Dacey didn't appear to be putting any real thought into her actions, and instead was simply bouncing straight up and down and using the strength in her body to fuck herself on his cock as hard as she could.

Maybe it was less elegant, but Robb couldn't deny its effectiveness. Her arse smacked against his thighs each time she dropped her warrior's body down onto him, and she grunted like a beast all the while. Dacey was a bear of House Mormont, and she demonstrated the strength of Bear Island throughout. Robb would bet half his kingdom that no one had ever fucked or been fucked harder in this bed than Dacey was fucking him now, and the thought of outdoing the previous Lords Lannister was nearly as exciting to Robb as feeling Dacey's wet sex sliding up and down the length of his cock on each aggressive bounce.

But there was even more for him to find stimulation in, because while Dacey fucked him, Mira crawled between Margaery's legs and lowered her head to her sex. Margaery had hinted that Mira knew how to service her queen, and witnessing his wife close her eyes, smile and quietly moan while Mira licked her proved that the handmaiden was every bit as good a bedwarmer as Margaery claimed her to be. He hadn't been comfortable when he'd initially thought that Margaery might take other men into her bed in his absence, but watching her handmaiden bring her pleasure was completely different. Between watching that and feeling Dacey bouncing on his cock and bringing herself off, Robb quickly felt a second orgasm approaching.

Dacey was true to her word, relinquishing her spot on his cock and making way for Margaery to take a seat and then take his seed inside of her for the second time. As much as she had clearly been enjoying Mira's attention, Margaery knew where she was most needed. They were both having their fun, but they needed to remember their duty as well. Robb did his duty once again, giving his wife another plentiful load inside of her cunt as she smiled down at him.

"What do you think, Robb?" she asked after he was finished. "Will you be able to go once more?"

Robb chuckled while running his thumbs along her hips. "Are you kidding? I've waited all this time to bed you again, wife, and you brought company. Try and stop me."

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"Ready, Mira?" Robb asked. Since he knew she wasn't in any position to speak, he offered her another method to communicate with him. "If you're ready for me to stick it in, wiggle your hips a little."

Mira was down on all fours and using her mouth on her queen again, but she wiggled her hips and shook her arse all the same. She was far more reserved than Dacey or Margery, at least around him, but clearly she wanted to do this with him all the same. It was all the push that Robb needed, because looking down at Mira's arse while she licked his wife

had him eager to go. He put a hand on her hip and gently pushed forward, sliding the tip of his cock inside of her.

He kept things slower and gentler with her as opposed to how he'd fucked Margaery or how Dacey had bounced on his cock, but it was still plenty enjoyable. Slowly moving his hips back and forth and helping himself to Mira's cunt was a very welcome bonus on top of what had already been an amazing night. She was very tight around him, which was to be expected since his was apparently the first cock she'd had inside of her. Her maidenhead was lost on horseback, but he was claiming her chastity, and what a gift it was.

It was because of her modesty and her lack of experience that he took things slow to begin with, but the longer he was inside of her, the more difficult it became for him to hold his desires back. She was so tight around him, her skin was so soft beneath his fingers, and watching the effect of her devoted licking cross his wife's beautiful face created a temptation that was hard for him to ignore.

"Don't hold back, Robb," Margaery said. He looked up from Mira's arse to see his wife lifting her head up off of the bed so she could make eye contact with him. She must have been able to see something in his body language that gave him away, and she was drawing attention to it. "Mira's tougher than she looks. And more importantly, she's also kinkier than she acts. You can take her harder. Trust me. She'll enjoy it."

Dacey's strong arms suddenly embraced him from behind, and he felt her breasts against his back while she leaned her head in so it was next to his ear. "You heard the lady," she whispered. "Fuck her, Robb. Show the pretty little handmaiden how it feels to be fucked by a wolf."

Their words encouraged him, but the biggest encouragement of all came when Mira's hips gave another wiggle. He hadn't asked her for it, but she'd gone back to the same signal they'd used for her to indicate that she was ready for him to stick his cock inside of her to begin with. If she wanted it, Robb saw no need to deny himself what he wanted any longer. He gave her arse a squeeze, held onto her hips and began to fuck her harder. His next thrust created the satisfying sound of hips smacking against arse, and her pale cheeks jiggled from the impact. It was nice, but it was only a beginning.

"Yeah, that's it, Robb," Dacey muttered. "Fuck her. Keep doing it! She's from the north, right? She's not one of those gentle southron girls, so don't treat her like one. Fuck her, Robb!"

Robb grunted and did as she encouraged, but it wasn't just her whispering into his ear and rubbing his chest that drove him on. He would have felt this urge whether Dacey was there or not, and Mira had given him unspoken permission to take what he wanted. So he took it. He kept moving forward, slamming his hips forward to bury his cock deep inside of Mira despite this apparently being her first time with a man. He wasn't taking her as hard as he might take Dacey, but it was by no means a gentle first time.

It didn't seem to be too much for Mira though. She kept licking Margaery, kept pleasing her and servicing her even as Robb fucked her hard enough to make the bed shake beneath them. The more he saw her in action, the easier it was for him to understand why Margaery valued Mira so highly. Not every handmaiden would have served her so faithfully or been so quick to accept the offer to join in tonight's surprise. Mira Forrester was definitely something special, though Robb would never tell her lord father exactly how she had impressed him so much.

Dacey seemed very excited to see him taking Mira so roughly, because she turned his head towards hers and kissed him deeply. Robb kissed her back, and despite the distraction she offered, he kept his hips moving. He wasn't willing to stop fucking Mira. Kissing Dacey brought just the opposite result if anything, because he only took Mira harder the longer it went on.

He finally had to pull his lips away from Dacey's and break their kiss, not because he wanted to but because he had no other choice. He had a duty to fulfill, and time was running short.

"Margaery," he said tightly. His wife's eyes were closed as she relaxed and enjoyed her handmaiden's oral service, but she remembered her duty the same as he did. Her eyes snapped open, and she showed that she understood all that he was trying to say in that one word. Immediately her hands went to Mira's hair and she began to pull her head back.

"Time to move, Mira," she said, while Robb pulled his cock out of her on the other end. "My king and I have a duty to see to."

Mira understood, and she rolled out of the way. Dacey moved to take her into her arms, and the two of them kissed and cuddled while Margery rolled over, got on her hands and knees and wiggled her hips to invite Robb in. He scrambled forward on his knees and buried his cock inside of her, and not a moment too soon. After that single, balls-deep push, he left his cock inside of her and filled her with his seed for the third time that night.

Robb hoped that he would succeed in impregnating her tonight. Obviously they needed it to happen for practical purposes, but something about getting his wife with child in Tywin's old bed seemed so perfect to him.

Tyrion might hold Casterly Rock as the new Lord Lannister, but the mighty lion had fallen, and it had been the wolf and the rose that felled him.

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“Will my father really sit and do nothing?” Arianne asked, sitting back in her chair now that the game was over. She knew that talking with her father directly was futile, but Uncle Oberyne was different.

“Do not think him a coward, niece?” Oberyne asked, glancing at her from across the cypress board.

“Coward?” Arianne repeated, raising her eyebrows. “The man who refused to hold the Lannisters accountable for murdering Aunt Elia and her children, and instead left it for Robb Stark all these years later? Certainly not!”

Her uncle shook his head, smiling slightly. “I wanted blood just as you did,” he said. “Had I been the Prince of Dorne, we would have fought them. And we would have lost.” Arianne huffed, but her uncle was unmoved. “Dorne is much better off under your father’s rule than it would have been under mine. Under him, Dorne still thrives while Tywin Lannister rots.”

“And we did nothing to bring about his downfall,” Arianne pointed out.

“We did more than you might think,” Oberyne said. “Your father wished for Tywin’s downfall as badly as I; he just understood that it needed to be done carefully. We’ve worked and planned for years to claim our vengeance on Tywin Lannister, but then he went and got himself killed by Robb Stark. I’m glad he’s dead and his house is in ruins, but I won’t lie to you: I wish I could have been the one to stick my spear through his heart.”

“Instead, while we planned and sat at home, Robb Stark acted,” Arianne said. She was surprised to hear her uncle state that her father had plotted against Tywin, but even if it was true, it obviously hadn’t amounted to anything. They’d had years and years to enact their vengeance, and yet it was the Young Wolf who rode from Winterfell and smashed the lion. Her father could plot as much as he liked, but plots meant nothing if they were never put into action.

“And you think less of your father because he hasn’t declared a side and joined the war?” Oberyne questioned. “There is value in neutrality, you know.”

“There is value in neutrality, yes,” Arianne agreed. “But if we wait too long a perfect chance might pass us by, just as it did with Tywin.”

“Interesting,” her uncle said. “And do you have a certain action in mind, niece?”

“Me?” Arianne said, smiling innocently. Her uncle didn’t look fooled, but she wasn’t going to reveal anything. Not now, at least. Letting him know what she and Tyene had come up with might lead him or her father to try and interrupt it, and this was far too delicate for that.

Her father might be content to sit in the Water Gardens and out of the war, but Arianne did not believe that their neutrality could last forever, or that it should. This war was a prime opportunity for them, and she for one wouldn't waste it, even if she herself had to remain in Dorne lest she draw her father's eyes on her.

Tyene wasn't under the same restrictions. So while Arianne remained in Dorne, Tyene made her journey to King's Landing, her eyes on a certain princess.

Chapter 7: Two Kings

Being a king wasn't always a positive thing. There were frustrating parts of Robb's new life as not just the King in the North, but the man who had pledged to take the Iron Throne and rule all of Westeros when he agreed to take Margaery Tyrell as his wife and queen. The job of ruling was far different in the south than it was in the North, and Robb knew that if he expected the southron lords to behave similarly to those of his homeland, many of them would abuse that trust and go behind his back for the benefit of themselves. Life would have been simpler if the Lannisters had never arrested and later beheaded his father, and Robb had been able to grow into the title of Lord of Winterfell and Warden of the North, as he'd expected to his whole life.

Still, there were certainly benefits in being a king as well. Obviously there was the power to fight for his people and defend them against their enemies. He'd married Margaery so he could have Tyrell support, and with it, the ability to fight back against the Lannisters with greater strength than ever. It had worked out as well as he could have possibly hoped for. Tywin was dead, the Lannisters were broken, and Robb presently claimed the lord's chambers in Casterly Rock for his own.

And that brought Robb to what had to be the great benefit he'd seen yet in being a king, at least on a personal level. Rarely had he felt more like a king than he did now, fucking his gorgeous wife in the lord's chambers while her adorable handmaiden and his fierce, sexy she-bear helped out however they could. Their unforgettable night together had turned into an equally pleasant morning, because after taking some time to snuggle and sleep together, they were all feeling well-rested and ready to go at it all over again.

Robb would need to leave Casterly Rock soon enough, once a decision had been made about where he should head next, but until that departure it only made sense for him to give his wife his seed as many times as he could. There would be another meeting with his council of advisors later today, one in which the various sides would make their arguments as to which direction they should head and why. But Robb wasn't thinking about any of that right now. His attention was fully on fucking Margaery, which was right where it belonged.

Margaery was on her knees near the edge of the bed, and Robb stood beside it and held her by her hips and back as he fucked her from behind. His hips moved back and forth, sliding his cock into her so he could work towards giving her the second load of the morning. He'd already fucked her and given her his seed once since they woke, but once Mira and Dacey got involved and all three of them used their mouths on him, they saw to it that he was hard and ready to go again well before anyone would even think to come and wake the king outside of an emergency situation.

Robb didn't pull his cock back too far or push it too deep into her this time, but there was a purpose behind the switch in his approach. Margaery's knees were planted on the bed on either side of Dacey's shoulders, while Dacey herself was flat on her back. Her strong

hands rested on Margaery's thighs and occasionally stretched higher to sneak in a little smack or grope of her arse, but she wasn't really down on her back so she could play with the queen.

Dacey was really down there so she could get her mouth on Robb's balls while he fucked his wife, and that was the reason behind him not pulling back too far or pushing his cock in too deep this time around. He didn't want to make it overly difficult for Dacey to do what she wanted and tend to his balls, and with good reason. She was doing a magnificent job with his balls, which she'd taken into her mouth not long after he'd started and had practically never relinquished since. It was a wonderful feeling for Robb, who got to help himself to his wife's tight cunt at least once more before he left Casterly Rock and simultaneously received Dacey's devoted slurping on his balls. No, not every part of being a king was enjoyable, but there were definitely benefits to it.

Margaery had no problem with Robb's shallower penetration this time. Even if the sex hadn't been as enjoyable for her as she was used to, she wouldn't have complained as long as she knew that he was heading steadily towards the end in which he would fill her with his seed once again. He could tell that she was enjoying herself plenty though. Her moans of pleasure were as recognizable to him as ever. It probably didn't hurt that he knew her body well enough to flex his hips and make sure that his cock slid back and forth at an angle that worked wonders for her. Having both her and Dacey with him had him feeling like a king indeed, but his queen was getting plenty out of their coupling as well.

Dacey, too, was getting attention paid to her. Her legs were spread wide on the bed, and while she used her mouth on his balls, Mira gave her similar attention. The handmaiden from House Forrester was on her knees on the floor on the side of the bed opposite Robb, and her head was buried between Dacey's powerful thighs. Robb could understand why Mira was such a favored handmaiden of his wife's, because she seemed truly eager to serve, and skilled at doing so. She hadn't even needed to be told to lick Dacey's cunt; she'd done it on her own once Dacey had assumed her position. Robb was sure that someone would return the favor for Mira once they were done here and see to it that she got plenty of pleasure as well, but until then, her service continued.

Dacey had always been a woman who attempted to give as good as she got, and if that idea was motivating her here as well, Robb could only imagine how good a job Mira must be doing with her mouth. Dacey sucked hard on his balls, covering her face in her own saliva and not giving a damn about the mess. Her nonstop attention and sloppy sucking of his balls was giving Robb almost more than he could handle, as if sliding his cock back and forth inside of his wife's perfect cunt wasn't enough to deal with all on its own. It wouldn't be long now, and that was the whole point. Margaery's tight sex and Dacey's sucking mouth were working together to force his seed out of him as quickly as they could, and Robb was soon going to oblige them.

He grunted, squeezed Margaery's arse in both hands and sped up, fucking her a bit harder, snapping his hips forward and making it a bit more difficult for Dacey to keep up,

not that she let it deter her. More importantly, it made Margaery moan loudly as she came on his cock. Positioned as she was, her arse hovering right above Dacey's chin, she managed to squirt all over the lady bear's chest, neck and a bit onto her face as well. It complemented the saliva nicely.

Robb hadn't needed any more encouragement as it was, but hearing Margaery's pleasure and seeing what it resulted in guaranteed that he was done. His fingers squeezed his wife's arse cheeks hard enough that he wouldn't be surprised if he left marks, but he was too focused on filling her with his seed to care, and he doubted she would be concerned either.

He left his cock inside of her for a few minutes even after the flow of seed had stopped, but finally pulled out of her and allowed her to relax on her side on the bed.

"Nice work, Robb," Dacey said, grinning at him upside-down from her back and licking her lips. "I can taste it."

It was on the tip of Robb's tongue to suggest that he let her taste it even more directly by shoving his cock into her mouth, but before he could make the offer, the door to his chambers burst open. He flinched and turned quickly towards the door, not concerned with modesty nearly as much as he was with protecting the women behind him. Grey Wind should have made an extremely effective guard outside the door, and he couldn't imagine anyone hostile getting past his faithful wolf without him being able to hear a fierce struggle. Still, no one should be entering unannounced.

Thoughts of grabbing the nearest blunt object that he could hit the intruder with went away when he saw Theon Greyjoy standing in the room, and he quickly became annoyed instead. Robb didn't fear an attack from Theon, and obviously Grey Wind didn't either since he'd allowed him to pass.

"Come to gawk at my queen, Theon?" Robb asked, standing directly in front of Margery's place on the bed so she would be shielded from Theon's view. Greyjoy was as close to him as his brothers, but he was also a shameless pervert. But Theon didn't offer any jape or make any attempt to see past Robb and sneak a peek at the nude queen. He didn't even leer at naked Dacey, whose own battle instincts had caused her to scramble up off of the bed and stand beside Robb, ready to meet the potential threat alongside her king. There was a strange look on Theon's face, one that Robb did not recognize, and he knew that his friend wasn't here to joke or to leer. Whatever this was, it was serious.

"A sailor who just made port in Lannisport brought us word from the Iron Islands," Theon said, his voice flat and strange. "My father is dead."

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"How are the Tyrells taking you coming north, rather than east, towards King's Landing?" Robb's mother asked. "Ser Loras did not seem pleased."

Robb chuckled and shook his head, thankful that his mother had at least waited until they were alone before she asked such questions rather than saying such things the moment they reunited in Riverrun. "I don't think Ser Loras has been pleased for a single moment since I met him," he said. "Revenge for Renly is all that he seems to care about, so no, he wasn't happy when I announced we would be heading north to retake Moat Cailin rather than making for the capital. But Garlan and Margaery understood, and they support the decision. As badly as their family wants to take King's Landing, they knew this was a chance we couldn't pass up."

Robb had been torn on where to point his army once he departed King's Landing, and the army itself had been divided pretty solidly along regional lines. The Northmen wanted him to chase the invading Ironborn off of their homeland, while the southrons, and particularly those with strong Tyrell affiliation, wanted to march for King's Landing as soon as possible. But the news they'd received about the death of Balon Greyjoy had made Robb's decision for him.

The Ironborn had greater, more immediate concerns than their Northern invasion now with their king dead, and that meant that this was a prime opportunity for him to retake Moat Cailin, and in so doing, get his army back to the North. Going North would give Stannis more time to prepare for an eventual fight between them, but that couldn't be helped. Robb owed it to his people to take back the North, and if he failed to take advantage of Balon's death and take Moat Cailin, who knew how his loyal Northmen who had been with him from the beginning would take it?

Losing the support of the Stark bannermen would hurt his cause more than anything he could see Stannis accomplishing with this additional time. And besides, the North was his home. He imagined he would always think of it as such, even if he wound up living the majority of his life in King's Landing sitting on the Iron Throne. It was time to take it back.

"I'm glad to hear it," his mother said. "I look forward to returning home to Winterfell to be with Bran and Rickon, once you've chased all the Ironborn out of the North. I'm quite ready to leave Riverrun."

"I can imagine," Robb said solemnly. "Being here must be difficult now with your father gone. I'm sorry I couldn't be here for the funeral."

"Thank you," she said, giving a tight smile. "But you were right where you needed to be, fighting for your subjects. You've been busy since we last saw each other. I could hardly believe the news the ravens brought. Slaying Tywin Lannister, and then taking Casterly Rock? It's more than I would have even been able to ask the Seven for."

"I'm not sure how much of the credit I deserve," he said, shrugging his shoulders with a grin. "The battle with Tywin could never have been won without the Tyrell army and the leadership of Randyll Tarly, and the Imp dropped Casterly Rock right into our laps when

we were struggling to figure out how we could possibly take it. Maybe you *should* thank the Seven, or the Old Gods, or whoever, because I don't feel like half the conquering hero people the songs are making me out to be."

"And do you think the heroes from the stories Sansa loves so much are any different?" his mother asked. She reached across the table and gave the back of his hand a pat. "You're doing wonderfully, Robb. You didn't ask for any of this, but you've taken to it so well. I would much rather you be safe in Winterfell and waiting patiently to inherit the title of Lord of Winterfell from your father one day. If I could step back in time, I would beg and plead with Ned to refuse Robert and stay in Winterfell with the girls, instead of encouraging him to go. I wish you had never needed to draw your sword and ride into a single battle, much less had a crown placed upon your head. I wish our family was still whole, and still together." She squeezed his hand tighter. "But I'm very proud of you, and the man you're becoming."

Robb smiled and swallowed back the lump that threatened to form in his throat. "Thank you, mother. That means more to me than I can say."

"I meant it," she said, looking at him seriously. Then she bit her lower lip for a moment, as if trying to decide what she should say. "Just don't forget about Sansa. I know that peace likely isn't possible between you and Stannis, but don't forget that he still holds your sister. If there's anything you can do for her, please..."

She trailed off, and now it was Robb's turn to give her hand a comforting pat. "I'll do whatever I can for her, I promise," he said softly. "I haven't forgotten about her, or Arya, or Bran and Rickon. I might be a king now, but I'm still a Stark. I'll look after my family however I can." His mother just nodded, blinking back tears and apparently unable to speak through her emotion.

"I'll speak with you again at dinner," he said, releasing his mother's hand and standing up. "While I'm here, I'd like to have a conversation with our most important prisoner."

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"There he is, the Young Wolf himself," Jaime Lannister said, quirking his lips as Robb approached his cell. "You've come a long way since last we spoke, Your Grace. From a boy playing at war to the King in the North, and now the would-be King of all Westeros, courtesy of sticking your cock in Mace Tyrell's daughter. And to think, if there had been just one or two fewer green boys standing between us in the Whispering Wood, I might have cut you down then and there and seen to it that the Young Wolf remained forever young." He had certainly seen better days; his hair was long and dirty, and his beard was unkempt. But his time as a captive in Riverrun had not diminished the Kingslayer's penchant for mockery.

“But you didn’t,” Robb said calmly, not rising to his provocations. “You didn’t cut me down, and you walked right into my trap. Just as your lord father later did, though I’d say you still made off better than he did.”

“He would probably say so,” the Kingslayer said dismissively. “As for myself, I think I would much rather have died in battle with my armor on. A warrior’s death surely has to be better than rotting in a cell, don’t you think?” He gave a little smirk. “Still, at least the Seven have been kinder to me than those Old Gods of yours were to your father. I’d say he made out the worst out of us all. A confessed traitor to the crown, beheaded while a crowd cheered at justice being carried out. I don’t think my nephew could have given dear old dead Ned a more inglorious end.”

“Your nephew,” Robb asked, narrowing his eyes, “or your son?”

Jaime’s smirk got bigger. “Ah, so that’s why you’ve come to see me, is it? You want to know if Stannis’ tale is true?”

“I’ve already made up my mind about that,” Robb said. “I’m just curious to hear it from you, and I’d also like to ask you about what happened to my brother Bran.”

There was a flicker of *something* in Jaime’s face, before the sneer came back. “I’ll strike a bargain with you, *Your Grace*. I’ll answer your questions, so long as you answer mine.”

“Agreed,” Robb said, nodding. Jaime stared at him for a few moments before he gave a slight nod.

“Yes,” Jaime said quietly. “All three of Cersei’s children are mine. I’m their father, though I was never allowed to think of them or treat them as such. And while we’re talking about them, you can start honoring your side of the bargain and tell me what’s *really* happened to them. The guards taunt me sometimes, amusing themselves by describing any number of horrible fates for Cersei, and her children.”

“I wasn’t there, obviously,” Robb said. “But according to the ravens Stannis has sent out, Cersei poisoned Tommen and herself before Stannis’ men could reach them, and after his victory, he burned Joffrey alive. I see no reason to doubt him on either claim.

Jaime grimaced but nodded after a moment. “I see. And what of Myrcella? Does she yet live?”

“As far as I know, yes,” Robb said, shrugging. “She was already safely in Dorne before Stannis took King’s Landing, and he’s not about to march in and demand they hand her over.”

“I see.” Jaime exhaled. “Well, that is a relief, at least. Myrcella is a sweet girl. She doesn’t deserve to be harmed because of who her parents are or what they did.”

“And did Bran?” Robb asked. “Did he deserve to get thrown out the tower window?” He expected the Kingslayer to look defiant, but to his surprise he actually let out a weary sigh.

“No,” Jaime said. “He did not.” He met Robb’s eyes. “But he saw me and Cersei. If he’d told anyone what he’d seen, it would have been death. Not just for me and Cersei, but for the children too. Would you have done differently, Robb Stark? Can you look me in the eye and tell me that you wouldn’t have killed Joffrey, or Tommen or Myrcella, to protect your brother?”

“I can look you in the eye and tell you that I would never think about Sansa or Arya in that way, so I would never be in that position to begin with,” Robb replied.

“Honorable to a fault,” Jaime said, laughing sarcastically. “You would never understand what Cersei and I shared—you will never experience it in your life. You might enjoy rutting the Tyrell girl, but you’ll never feel as I did. You’ll never be so close to someone that it’s as if you’re two halves of the same whole.”

“Looking at all the death and misery that your *feeling* brought to the realm, I’m quite happy to never understand you, Kingslayer.” He turned and prepared to walk away, but Jaime called out to him before he could.

“Tell me, Stark. How did you take Casterly Rock? They tell me one ridiculous tale after another every time I ask how you did it, and I’m dying to know the truth. Even with my father dead and his army smashed, the Rock should not have fallen so quickly.”

“You have your brother to thank for that,” Robb said, turning back to look at the Kingslayer. “Lord Tyrion led us through the tunnels beneath the castle and brought my men right into the heart of the Rock. The castle was ours before Daven Lannister even knew what was happening.”

The Kingslayer looked legitimately stunned. “*Tyrion?* He helped you take the Rock? But why? Why would he help you, Stark?”

“Because he chose to support the winning side,” Robb said. “Tyrion is the new Lord of Casterly Rock, Kingslayer. And if you’re lucky, and you don’t cause any trouble in here, I just might allow him to house you in Casterly Rock after the war is over. Try not to die before then, please. I’d hate to have to explain it to him.”

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Part of the plan to retake Moat Cailin involved having Howland Reed’s crannogmen lead a small force across the swamps of The Neck so they could attack Moat Cailin from both north and south at the same time. While the majority of the army marched on the easily defended south, from which the Ironborn would expect an attack, that small force would hit them from the much weaker northern side. Moat Cailin had been built and fortified to

defend the North from attack. Taking it in direct battle would have been costly for Robb, even if he had the numbers to do so. But by utilizing the crannogmen and their knowledge of the swamps, he would be able to hit the Ironborn from both sides and take Moat Cailin back much more easily.

Howland Reed had to be informed of the plan before it could be implemented, of course, and Robb had sent Maege Mormont and Galbart Glover to sail through the marshes and reach him at Greywater Watch and let him know what Robb had planned. That would take time, which was one of the reasons Robb had chosen to stop in at Riverrun for a bit and let his army rest and enjoy some good food.

The food had indeed been excellent, but Robb was enjoying his post-meal activity even more. His Uncle Edmure (the new Lord of Riverrun, with his father dead) had given him a very comfortable bed to stay in while he was in Riverrun, and both Robb and Dacey were making themselves right at home.

“You must love sucking on my balls,” Robb said, patting her on the top of her head. “You’ve got my cock all to yourself tonight and you’ve still been down there licking and sucking on them for all this time.”

Dacey gave another long suck on his balls before she pulled her mouth off of them with a pop. “I do love them,” she said, grinning. She cradled them both in her hand and gave them a gentle, loving squeeze. “But I love what’s inside of them even more.”

“Then by all means, come and take it,” he said, spreading his legs wider. Dacey took his cock into her mouth and began to suck, bobbing her head quickly and reminding him how easily she could swallow him despite his size. She’d joked before they started that he would surely be disappointed tonight since he had only her to share his bed rather than having both Margery and Mira there to join them, but they both knew how ridiculous that idea was. That opportunity for fun between all four of them was something special, but no man would ever take ‘only’ Dacey Mormont to bed and be disappointed at how his night turned out. She was amazing, and sex with her was excitement enough for any man to feel fortunate, kings included.

Dacey bobbed quickly, sucked hard and stroked the base of his cock as well as his balls while she worked, wasting no time in finishing him off. Robb didn’t bother fighting it. If Dacey was impatient to swallow his seed, she could have it. He wouldn’t stop her.

As it turned out, she didn’t have swallowing it in mind this time. Instead, she pulled her mouth off of his cock just before she knew he was going to release, and she grabbed his cock and aimed it so his seed splashed all over her face. She kept stroking until he was done, and he watched in fascination as it dripped from her forehead down and across to her lips. Her tongue shot out to lick some of it up, after which she smacked her lips and grinned at him.

“If we’re not going to be in any hurry to leave in the morning, we might as well keep having some fun well into the night,” Dacey said. “Right?”

Robb couldn’t agree more. And as Dacey straddled his lap and started to grind against him, rubbing her arse against his cock so it would get hard again soon, he knew that they wouldn’t be getting out of this bed early the next morning.

Chapter 8: Returning North

“Be smart about this,” Theon Greyjoy said. “You’ve seen the size of our army. And from the looks of things, my uncle only left scraps here under your command when he returned to the Iron Islands. You can’t hope to defeat us. Just surrender now and no ironborn blood need be spilt here in the north.” Despite his situation and the massive difference in the size of the forces they commanded, Ralf Kenning did not look concerned.

“Victarion won’t be gone long. He need only stake his claim as the obvious choice to sit the Seastone Chair, and then he and the fleet will return to Moat Cailin. I don’t need to beat you, wolf. I need only hold control of this causeway until *King* Victarion Greyjoy returns, and the fleet with him. You can throw as many men as you want at me; you won’t take Moat Cailin so quickly.”

Theon could understand his confidence. The difference between the size of the force Robb had entrusted to Theon and the small crew his uncle Victarion had left behind to hold Moat Cailin while he returned to Pyke was so enormous that the attackers would inevitably succeed, but it would take time. Even with seventeen of Moat Cailin’s original twenty towers no longer standing, the three that remained were easy to defend. Attempting to take any of the towers would leave the attackers exposed to archers, and their march would be slow. They would face arrows while wading through water that reached their chests, not to mention the deadly lizard-lions with teeth as sharp as daggers that made the moat their home.

Ralf believed that he could defend Moat Cailin long enough for Theon’s uncle Victarion to return with the Iron Fleet, and Theon could understand his confidence. He, his father’s rightful heir, was not there to press his claim and had not been seen in the Iron Islands since he was a child. His uncle Euron Crow’s Eye had been exiled while Theon was in Winterfell and would never be accepted back as his father’s successor, so all that was left was Theon’s sister Asha and Uncle Victarion. The ironborn would never accept a woman as their ruler, so Victarion’s crowning seemed mostly a formality—at least until Theon finally had the chance to return and take what should always have been his. For now, Ralf had every reason to believe that Victarion would be back quickly, with the Iron Fleet and the strength of the force that had claimed the north behind him. Legend had it that Moat Cailin had protected the north from southern invasion for ten thousand years, and Theon could understand why Ralf believed it could hold out long enough to give Victarion time to return.

Theon knew that it wouldn’t go down that way, of course. The large force Robb had left under his command to approach Moat Cailin from the south was only part of the plan. While they drew the attention from the south, Robb, Dacey Mormont and a small crew of hand-picked Northmen were being guided through the swamps of the Neck by Howland Reed’s crannogmen. Taking Moat Cailin from the south might be a daunting task, but from the north, it was vulnerable. With the large force from the south drawing attention and enabling Robb’s small group to hit from the north, Moat Cailin was going to fall long

before Victarion could return, no matter how quickly he was confirmed as the new King of the Iron Islands. If they refused to surrender, every one of these men were doomed.

“You underestimate how badly these Northmen want to throw you off of their lands,” Theon tried. “For us ironborn, there’s nothing of value to be found in the frozen north. But for them, it’s home. Do you really think you can hold off an army this large and this determined to get home?”

Kenning smiled at him, but it was not a smile that set Theon at ease. The contempt in the captain’s eyes was obvious. “Home,” he said. “That’s an interesting word for you to use. You’re probably as eager to get home as any of them, aren’t you, wolf?”

Robb had appointed Theon as the leader of this force in hopes that he would be able to appeal to his fellow ironborn and convince them to simply surrender. The battle would obviously go their way with the crannogmen guiding him through the swamps, but avoiding battle entirely and getting the remaining ironborn holding Moat Cailin to surrender without any further bloodshed was an ideal outcome for everyone. But it did not appear that Ralf was any more amenable to surrendering just because it was Balon Greyjoy’s sole surviving son and heir who commanded the other army. The lack of respect was apparent, and it infuriated him.

“I am no wolf,” Theon snapped, glaring at the captain Victarion had left in charge of Moat Cailin. “I am a kraken! I am a prince, and the rightful heir to the Seastone Chair! The day will come when I sail to Pyke and claim my birthright! But the only way you and your men will live to see that day is if you give up on holding a northern fortress that holds nothing of value. Surrender now, and I give you my word as the future King of the Iron Islands that you will be free men as soon as I claim my throne. I’ll even keep you on as one of the captains of the Iron Fleet in recognition of your good judgment.”

Ralf did not bow his head and accept Theon’s generous offer. Instead, he spat at his prince’s feet. “There’s what I think of you as my king, boy. You’re no kraken. You were raised by wolves, and now you fight for them too. You call yourself Balon’s heir while you come in service of the wolf to fight ironborn men?” He shook his head contemptuously. “You know nothing of our ways, and you’ve never paid the iron price. You’re no kraken. Whoever birthed you, you’re a wolf now. Victarion will return as the King of the Isles *and* the North. And when he does, he’ll make a wolf pelt out of you.”

Theon shook his head. He could see that Robb’s attempt to avoid battle entirely was in vain. “It’s on your head, then,” he said, turning on his heel. “You and your men will die soon enough, and I will not mourn you.”

Far from mourning them, Theon looked forward to their deaths. He was the rightful ruler of the Iron Islands, and when this war was over, he would rule the Islands as an independent kingdom, recognized by Robb when he sat the Iron Throne. They would be the two most important men in Westeros, and Theon would receive the respect he was due.

Ralf Kenning could have lived to see it. Instead, Theon was going to see the man beheaded for disrespecting his prince, and he would smile as it happened.

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Dacey was glad to be out of the swamps and back onto more familiar territory. For a girl who had grown up taking practice swings with weapons rather than playing with dolls, marching into battle felt a lot like coming home. That this particular battle was being waged in order for the Northmen to regain access to the north and chase the ironborn out only increased her focus as she swung her Morningstar at any ironborn who got in her way.

Her intensity was matched by those Northmen Robb had picked to join him in going through the swamps to hit Moat Cailin from the north and take advantage of its soft underbelly. These men had been waiting for this chance ever since word of the ironborn invasion had first made its way south, and the defenders of Moat Cailin felt the full brunt of that northern fury.

It was a fury that the ironborn could not hope to match. Robb had known that Victarion Greyjoy would not leave the bulk of his force behind when he went back to Pyke and had planned accordingly, but seeing how few men actually remained to defend Moat Cailin was still a surprise. Victarion had left mere scraps behind. Clearly he'd counted on Moat Cailin being easily defended from the south, and had assumed he and the Iron Fleet would be able to return in time to hold it.

He'd thought wrong. They might have been able to hold out long enough if it had only been a frontal assault from the well-fortified south that they had to worry about, but once the small force hit them from the north, everyone knew that this battle could only end one way.

Calling it a battle would be an insult to battles, in truth. This token force of ironborn would have been able to make them bleed and pay a heavy price for Moat Cailin if they'd only had to worry about defending against a march from the south, but as soon as the attack from the north began, they were swiftly overwhelmed. At least Dacey got to be more in the thick of the action this time, such as it was. There wasn't really a need or use for an honor guard for the king this time, given the nature of their surprise attack, so Dacey trusted Grey Wind to guard Robb while she was part of the primary force cutting their way through the paltry resistance that the surprised ironborn were able to offer.

Loras Tyrell was cutting them down with a speed and efficiency that was almost beautiful, if blood and death could be said to be beautiful. Dacey considered herself a capable fighter as well, and she'd killed her share of ironborn during their one-sided advance, but the Knight of Flowers dealt death so swiftly that she saw more than one ironborn lose heart before that heart even stopped beating.

Keeping heart wouldn't have done them any good anyway. This fight was over the moment that King Robb Stark made contact with the crannogmen, even if the ironborn hadn't realized that their end was near until the assault hit them. Dacey didn't have a scratch on her by the end; she was barely even breathing heavily by the time they'd run out of ironborn to hack at. On the whole, despite this being an important victory in terms of allowing them to regain control of the north, the fight itself was incredibly anticlimactic.

That didn't matter, though. Dacey had gotten a taste for fighting since the war had started, and she was good at it. But she didn't fight for glory. She fought for her home, for her family, and for her king.

Speaking of her king, he came in not long after her initial group had finished off the last few doomed defenders. He was surrounded by crannogmen, and unsurprisingly, Grey Wind was at his side. He looked no worse for wear than Dacey felt, and when their eyes met, he smiled at her.

"Moat Cailin is ours," he declared. "The north is ours."

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"Don't you think you're overdressed, my king?" Dacey asked, pulling her lips off of Robb's and looking up at him with a raised eyebrow as he hovered above her on his bed. "You're the one told me to get comfortable."

"You look pretty comfortable to me," Robb said, smiling, sitting back onto his knees on the bed and making a point of looking her up and down. She had taken him up on his suggestion and gotten very comfortable in his room while she waited for him to return from his conversation with Theon, who had been in a rotten mood all day. Her clothes were in a pile on the floor beside the bed, and the first thing he'd seen upon opening the door was her, waiting for him completely naked in his bed. He'd reclaimed this crucial choke point that had cut him off from the north, and she wanted to celebrate by letting him claim her body as well.

"Oh, I'm very comfortable," she said, nodding. "But I expected you to get comfortable yourself." She slid her hand between their bodies and pressed it against his groin, but it didn't have the same impact since he was still wearing his breeches. "How are we to celebrate our victory if you're still fully dressed, Your Grace?"

"We're going to celebrate," Robb promised. He reached up to grab her breasts, and gave them both a gentle squeeze. Dacey moaned when she felt him squeeze her tits and run his fingers across her nipples, giving her just the right amount of force to make her coo. He kissed at the side of her neck as well, and Dacey shivered as she felt his breath against her ear. Robb took the lobe between his teeth and gave it a little nibble before he pulled his head back. She thought this might be the moment where he finally pulled his cock out of his breeches and got to fucking her, but his head didn't go far.

“Tonight, *I’m* going to celebrate *you*,” he said. He kissed his way over to her throat, and his lips started going lower down her body. Dacey watched him, biting her lip as he made steady progress towards her chest. “You serve your king so loyally, Dacey Mormont. It’s time that your king returns that service, even if it takes the rest of the night.”

Dacey liked the sound of that, and liked the feeling of Robb’s lips and tongue on her nipple even more. He licked and kissed around her nipple before taking it into his mouth and sucking on it, and after a bit of that, he kissed his way over to her other breast and gave her left nipple the same level of attention. This wasn’t the first time Robb had ever played with or sucked on her breasts, but it had always been something he did just before or in the middle of fucking her. If it was foreplay, it didn’t last long, and if it happened during sex, they were both understandably more focused on his cock in her cunt.

Robb licking and sucking on her breasts had never been a point of emphasis, and it had never lasted long. It had always been an introductory act to get her in the mood for more, not that she’d ever needed any help there. But her breasts were the center of attention this time, and Robb lingered at her chest for quite some time. He went back and forth between her breasts, giving them both ample loving with his mouth, and he would use his hand on the free breast as well, squeezing her tit and rubbing her nipple. Dacey had never had so much attention paid to her tits, and she couldn’t pretend that she wasn’t enjoying it.

She liked a good hard fuck as much as any girl; more than most, honestly. But there was something to be said for this too. Robb’s cock could have brought her as much pleasure as always, but his mouth and his hands were doing a damned good job of it too. She let out a little sigh of disappointment when he finally stopped worshipping her breasts with his mouth, but his mouth did not leave her. He simply continued his downward path, kissing the bare skin of her ribs, making her giggle by dipping his tongue into her navel and then heading even lower.

Dacey felt her anticipation building as he passed her hips and she could feel his beard tickling her inner thighs. He was getting incredibly close to where she really wanted him, and she instinctively spread her legs wider for him. She’d gotten naked with the expectation of him pinning her down and fucking her, and while their celebration in Moat Cailin was not going the way she’d thought it would, she wasn’t worried about that now. She knew that Robb was good with his mouth, and if that was what he wanted to spend all night doing, Dacey would merrily follow her king’s lead.

Serving King Robb was something she’d taken pride in, and ever since they’d had their anal celebration following their win over Tywin Lannister, she’d taken pleasure in serving him too. But now she was about to take pleasure in him serving her exclusively, and whether it had been what she was expecting or not, she welcomed it with open arms. Or perhaps it was more fitting to say that she welcomed Robb’s service with open legs.

You wouldn’t expect a king to be any good at serving anyone but himself, but Robb was an exception to that rule. His offer had not been empty; he had declared his intention to

serve her tonight, and as ever, Robb Stark was a man of his word. He licked up and down her outer lips, keeping his tongue flat and sticking to the slow, broad licks that he knew she enjoyed. Usually he would only do this for a relatively small amount of time before moving on to shove his cock inside of her, but this time he went nowhere. Rather than licking her to prepare her for what was next, the licking itself was what he was here for.

Now that she was here, she did not feel at all disappointed. Robb was a talented lover and had made her feel good with his mouth in the past, but now she discovered that he could make it feel even better when he took his time. He was able to gradually build her pleasure and anticipation up, and by the time his tongue started making contact with her clit, Dacey's arousal had shot up considerably. Her normal approach to sex lacked any real subtlety or patience. She went straight for what she wanted, and she used aggression and brute force to get it most of the time, whether she was doing the fucking or urging him to take her. As a result, it rarely took long for both her and her lover to reach their orgasms.

Letting the anticipation build like this was not something that Dacey was used to, and even if it went against every instinct that she had, she definitely enjoyed what Robb was doing. He could have gone for her clit and made her cum very quickly, but he took his time and drew it out as much as he could. No matter how hard she tugged on his red hair, how desperate her moans became or how she might press her powerful thighs against his face and neck, Robb would not be hurried. When the anticipation got to be too much and she tried to buck her hips up off of the bed to rub her cunt against his face, he actually stopped licking altogether. His slow licks had been frustrating enough, but losing his oral attention entirely was enough to make her growl. Unmoved, he put his hands on her hips to force her to stay still.

“Patience, she-bear,” Robb said, resting his chin on her thigh and staring up at her. “You’re going to get what you want. But charging straight in isn’t always the best approach. You should have already learned that after seeing how we took Casterly Rock, and now Moat Cailin.”

Patience was not Dacey's forte, and she'd rarely had to exercise it in bed. She had never experienced anything in bed that was this pleasurable and yet this frustrating at the same time. The fighter in Dacey wanted to pull his head down and force him to eat her faster, but she knew that this was one man she could not push around. Robb had her where he wanted her, he knew what he wanted to do, and he wasn't going to give her the release her body demanded until he had decided that the time was right.

She wanted to curse him, but then he started going after her clit more directly, and a moan was all that came out. He still didn't give her exactly what she craved; his mouth didn't stay there long enough to finish her before he backed off. But the tease of it was enough to keep her on the hook. She hadn't thought that being serviced by her king would bring such tension with it, but deep in her bones Dacey knew that the reward waiting for her at the end of it was going to be worth it. Her body might be screaming at her that it wanted release, and it wanted it *now*, but she could sense that when he finally

allowed her to hit her climax, all of the teasing and the anticipation was going to culminate in one of the most explosive outbursts of pleasure she'd ever felt in her life.

Robb knew what he was doing, and she would have to place her trust in him now as always. His fingers, which had taken over for his tongue by slowly rubbing her outer lips once he began to tease her clit, now went inside of her. First one finger was inserted, and then a second joined it. Both fingers worked together, stroking that special spot inside of her that made her legs tremble. Dacey whined, feeling how close she was. If he didn't let her finally get there, she just might scream, burst into tears or try to attack him. Perhaps she would do all of the above. She didn't know what he would do or how she would react, but she did know that she was wholly at Robb's mercy. Her king might be 'serving' her, but she had rarely felt more in his thrall than she did at that very moment.

Her king was merciful after all, because he didn't back off, and he didn't deny her. He did not remove his fingers from inside of her, and he did not leave her clit unattended. His fingers continued to stroke her, curling as one inside of her cunt and showing her how well he knew her body. And rather than returning to licking her clit, he gave her something even better. He took her clit into his mouth and began to suck on it. Dacey groaned in amazed pleasure; no one had ever done this to her before, so she was unprepared for the jolt of pleasure that the gentle sucking gave her.

As gradually as Robb had led her towards her climax, it still managed to catch her by surprise in its sheer intensity. Him unexpectedly sucking on her clit gave her the same sort of rush that a hard and aggressive fuck usually brought to her, but all of the teasing and the frustration that had built up within her was piled on top of it as well. The results were beyond Dacey's wildest imaginings.

"*Fuck!*" she screamed, helpless to stop her hips from humping up and her back from arching off of the bed as she came. She squirted all over her king's face while she pulled his hair, not allowing him to pull back and avoid the consequences of his teasing. Not that Robb seemed to have any interest in pulling back. He didn't try to keep her pinned down, and he made no effort to get his head out from between her thighs. Staying where he was and allowing her to enjoy her release seemed to be part of what he had in mind when he promised to serve her tonight, and Dacey was grateful for it.

She was even grateful for him choosing this path. Frustrating as it had been at times, it had indeed all been worth it. She settled back down onto the bed with a smile on her face, closing her eyes as she slowly recovered from one of the most powerful orgasms she'd ever had. Considering how satisfying the sex had been with King Robb (and with Queen Margery and her handmaiden Mira as well, for a time), this was no mean feat.

Robb's fingers dancing across her belly made her crack her eyes open. He smiled up at her, and seeing the mess she'd made all over his face made her feel giddy. That wasn't just any man's face. This was her *king* who had just brought this out of her, and even though they'd shared many nights together in bed (or in his tent, if the army was on the move), having him dedicate himself solely to her pleasure was thrilling.

“Take some time to catch your breath,” he said, moving his fingers down her belly and onto her leg. “Once you’re ready for more, let me know.”

Dacey’s eyes widened. “More?” she whispered.

“Of course,” Robb said, smiling. “I said I would service you all night, and I am a man of my word.”

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“You do not belong here,” Stannis’ red woman said, looking into Robb’s eyes. “Your place is north.”

There was no reason for those words to mean anything to Robb. She was with Stannis; of course she wanted him to return to Winterfell and leave the throne to Stannis. But she wasn’t talking about Winterfell, and he knew it in his bones. He’d known it all along.

She stepped aside, and suddenly he WAS in the north. But not Winterfell; not even the Wall. Though he had never stepped foot there, Robb somehow knew that he was north of the Wall itself. He was running through the trees, trying to help his packmate. But he could not reach him, and even if he could, there was no shielding him from the arrow that struck him in the leg. The member of his pack fell from his horse, crying out in pain. A group of humans approached, at their head a woman with fiery red hair, tears on her cheeks and a dagger in her hand—

“Jon!”

Robb shot up, gasping for breath and looking around wildly, groping for a weapon that he could not find. When he came to, he realized that he was still in his bed in Moat Cailin. Dacey was fast asleep next to him, exhausted and sated after he’d spent all night pleasuring her. It had been a fun way to celebrate recapturing Moat Cailin from the ironborn, but that achievement and the play that had followed it were a distant memory now.

“Just a dream,” he whispered to himself, rubbing his face and trying to will himself to believe it. Jon was surely safe and sound at Castle Black. There was no way he was beyond the Wall, getting shot in the leg with an arrow and captured by wildlings. It couldn’t have been real. It was just a dream; a nightmare. It didn’t mean anything.

Your place is north.

Chapter 9: No Maiden

“You don’t believe me,” Meera said. It wasn’t a question.

“I wouldn’t say that,” Robb said delicately, not wanting to offend the daughter of one of his most loyal bannermen. “I don’t think you made it all the way from Winterfell to Moat Cailin, and arrived so soon after we retook it, by accident or without purpose. And my brother Bran may still be a child, but he’s not a fool. He wouldn’t have sent you here if he didn’t believe in your brother’s visions.”

“But *you* don’t believe them.” Meera stressed. “At least not enough to grant Bran’s request and let us take him beyond the Wall.”

“It’s not about what I believe, Meera” he said, frowning. Robb wouldn’t immediately dismiss Meera’s talk of her brother Jojen’s green dreams. Several of his advisors, particularly the southrons, had made no secret of how ridiculous they found the tales. But after everything he’d seen, from that shadow that had assassinated Renly in his tent to that horribly realistic dream (had it really been a dream, or something else?) where his half-brother Jon took an arrow to the leg, how could he scoff at the possibility of Jojen Reed possessing greensight?

“There is simply no way for King Robb to justify sending his brother beyond the Wall,” Meera’s father, Howland Reed, said, frowning himself. Apparently Howland had sent his two children to Winterfell after his son had a green dream about a winged wolf, so the man obviously took Jojen seriously. But he still saw the situation for what it was, and he understood what Robb could and could not do. “Not with the wildlings approaching.”

“Not to mention some of the *other* things approaching, if the letters from the Night’s Watch are to be believed,” a smirking Theon said from beside Robb. Meera did not react to the jape, but Robb’s frown deepened.

He’d already heard those stories, of course. The wildling woman who’d attacked Bran in the wolfswood had insisted that Robb was preparing to march the wrong way when he summoned the banners; that he should be marching north to deal with the Others rather than south to try and save his father. Robb had dismissed her without much thought back then, but remembering some of the things he’d seen since leaving Winterfell made him feel uneasy about the persistence of those stories and the ravens that had periodically arrived from the Wall.

During Robb’s time in Casterly Rock, Tyrion had mentioned a man of the Night’s Watch had come to King’s Landing while he was serving as Joffrey’s Hand of the King. The man, a Ser Alliser Thorne, had come in order to present him what was allegedly a severed hand that had belonged to such a creature. The hand had rotted, as you’d expect any normal hand to do when it had been severed from the rest of the arm. Tyrion had made a jape of the whole thing, and Robb had smiled easily enough, but he had not been able to

help the uneasy feeling that grew in his stomach. It sounded ridiculous, and not so very long ago he would have rolled his eyes like everyone else did. But he thought about that shadow, about Renly being cut down right before his eyes, and about the words spoken by Stannis' red priestess, which continued to stick in his mind even with everything that had happened since.

Your place is north. Was he really marching in the right direction?

He shook his head to dispel those thoughts. Regardless of his unease, he'd chosen his direction when he accepted Margaery's proposal and took her as his wife. He'd defeated the Lannisters, retaken Moat Cailin and regained access to the North with it, and he could not have done any of it without the aid of the Tyrells and their bannermen. Now he must honor his agreement and fight to claim the Iron Throne. Others would have to defend the Wall.

"Whatever the truth of those tales may be, I do take the threat of the wildlings seriously," Robb said aloud, brushing past the tales of the undead that Theon had japed of and focusing on the thing that was easier to comprehend.

The Night's Watch regularly asked for the realm to send them more men to man the Wall, but the urgency of their present situation was such that they had sent men to Winterfell to plead for immediate aid. Meera had brought that request to him in person, and it had been a much easier one to deal with than Bran's. A force comprised of Northmen would be sent to aid the Night's Watch in fending off the wildlings. It wasn't a massive force; Robb had the battle with Stannis to think of, and he also had to leave a small garrison behind here in Moat Cailin in case the Ironborn attempted to retake it. But they were armed and armored, and good fighters all. Robb was confident that they would be enough to help the Night's Watch defend the Wall against the wildling army preparing to march on it. If there truly were...*other* foes from beyond the Wall still to be fought afterwards, that would have to be something they faced when the time came. He could only fight so many enemies at once, and for now, he needed to focus on the ones he actually knew existed.

"I thank you for coming to me with word on the situation at the Wall, but it is for just that reason that I cannot allow my brother to head north. There must always be a Stark in Winterfell, and with me gone, that is Bran's place." It would likely always be Bran's place now, with Robb pledged to try and take the Iron Throne. Between his duties and his physical injuries, he couldn't imagine Bran ever being free to go north of the Wall, though he didn't say as much aloud.

Meera didn't look angry or even surprised. She just nodded as if she'd expected this all along. "I told him you would refuse," she said. "I told them both. But they insisted that I should come and ask you in person."

"And so you have," Robb said, smiling at her. "We are honored to have you, my lady."

Meera smiled back at him as Robb held his cup of wine up in the air in salute. Theon, meanwhile, leaned towards Robb to make a jape.

“I’m sure you would be honored to *have* her, Your Grace,” Theon whispered, though not quietly enough in Robb’s opinion. “I wonder if you’d be the first?”

Robb sipped his wine as if nothing inappropriate had been whispered, and hoped that Meera (or worse, Howland) hadn’t heard him. Greyjoy was almost a brother to him, but his damned mouth was going to cause them both problems one day!

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“I hope you don’t mind me calling on you this late,” Meera said, giving Robb that same cheerful smile he’d gotten used to throughout the day.

“Not in the least,” he said, stepping back to allow her into his bedchamber. Robb had been writing a letter for Meera to take back with her and give to Bran when she returned to Winterfell, but he was glad for the distraction. He sat down on the edge of his bed and motioned for Meera to take the chair he’d been sitting in when she arrived. “Is there something I can do for you, Meera?” She’d already made it clear that she did not want to be addressed by anything other than her name, with no titles attached. “Were the chambers you were given not to your liking?”

“It’s not that,” she said, shaking her head with a little laugh. “The bed was far more comfortable than anything I’ve had to sleep on since I left Winterfell to come here. I came because I wanted to speak with you more. There was something I heard that I want to respond to.”

“Ah,” Robb said, holding back a sigh. So she wasn’t going to give in that easily when it came to her brother’s green dreams and Bran’s desire to be taken north of the Wall. “I don’t mean to disappoint you, especially after you came all this way to see me, but I’m afraid I can’t change my decision on Bran. I’m not trying to disrespect your brother’s greensight, but with everything that’s happening right now—“

“I didn’t mean that,” Meera said, gently interrupting him. “As I said, I didn’t expect anything else. I was talking about what I heard your friend Theon whisper to you.”

Robb winced. “You heard that, did you?” Apparently he was right about Theon’s mouth causing him problems, and he didn’t have to wait any longer for those problems to arise. “I apologize for that. Friend or not, I should not have allowed him to disrespect you like that.” Robb bowed his head towards her. “Please accept my apologies, Meera.”

She let out a little laugh, and he looked up to see her giving him the same smile he was quickly becoming familiar with. He relaxed, relieved that she was not angry, or was not holding it against him at least.

"You have nothing to apologize for," she said, shaking her head. "It was him who said it, not you. And if you'd scolded him for it, it would only have been more awkward. I didn't come to demand an apology or anything like that. I came to give you an answer." To Robb's surprise, Meera took her shoes off and then began to undo her breeches made of lambskin. He watched on silently, appreciating her slender legs as they were revealed to him.

"I am no maiden, Your Grace," she said, moving to take off her sleeveless jerkin next. "As crannogmen, we live closer to nature, and sex is a natural part of life. We don't worry about remaining 'pure' until marriage. If we meet someone we want to have sex with, we aren't afraid to just ask." She'd gotten naked above the waist while she spoke to him, and Robb took her body in. Her breasts were small, but they fit her short, slim body perfectly. She might not necessarily fit the typical idea of a beautiful highborn lady, but much like Dacey, she was sexy in her own way. Much like with Dacey's perfect combination of sexiness and physical strength, Meera's slim, cute little body aroused Robb's interest and made his cock come to life quickly.

"And Theon's question about me wasn't the only interesting thing I've heard here in Moat Cailin," Meera said. She was standing there in just her smallclothes now, looking completely at ease to have him staring at her openly. "I heard that Dacey Mormont often shares your tent when you make camp, or your bed when you have one. Is that true?"

"It is," Robb said, licking his lips as he looked from Meera's small, perky breasts to her smallclothes, the only article of clothing she still had on. It didn't take any great intellect to see where this was going, and while he hadn't expected it from Meera, he would welcome the cute crannogwoman into his bed without hesitation, particularly if her people really did have such a lax view on sex that there was no risk of creating friction with her father should he learn of it.

"Does your queen know, and choose to look the other way?" Meera asked, her hands now working to remove her smallclothes as well.

Robb laughed. "It was she who encouraged me to seek comfort wherever I should find it while we were apart. She even shared a bed with me and Dacey while we were in Casterly Rock."

"*That*, I heard nothing of," Meera said, sounding amused. "It sounds like an interesting story, but I was hoping we could have an interesting night of our own, Your Grace, if it pleases you."

"It definitely pleases me," Robb said, smiling as he watched her smallclothes get tossed down on top of the pile with the rest. "But it would please me more if you called me just Robb, at least for tonight. There's nothing kingly about what we're going to do in this bed."

Meera laughed and stepped closer, and he took a good look at her hardened nipples as she stopped right in front of him. "As you wish. Now I think we have some work to do, *Robb*."

He had begun to undo his breeches, but Meera took over for him. She was pulling them down his legs and getting his cock free with enough speed and ease that he could tell it was not her first time doing something like this. His arousal had already been growing thanks to staring at her body bared before him, and her look of approval when she got her first look at him didn't hurt either.

"Good to know my instincts about men are still sharp," she said, continuing to stare at his cock. "Now I'll prove to you that I know what I'm doing."

Robb already had little doubt about that. She'd had an easy confidence about her as she approached him, and that same confidence was evident as she dropped to her knees in front of him now. She grabbed his cock and held it steady as she stuck her tongue out and took several long licks along his entire length, and she planted a kiss on the tip while staring straight up at him. Her green eyes looked up steadily, showing her confidence as she parted her lips and wrapped them around his cockhead. She wasn't cocky, but she had every confidence in her ability to please him.

Meera began to suck, and Robb could feel that her confidence was well-earned. It wasn't just a lack of fear or hesitance that spoke to this not being her first time with a cock in her mouth. She showed clear skill as well, not just bobbing her head and taking his cock in, but keeping her tongue moving as well. Her hands remained involved, too, stroking at the base of his cock and squeezing his balls to assist her bobbing and licking.

When she took his cock out of her mouth, dipped down and attacked his balls instead, she showed that she was more than ready to get messy as well. Meera licked all over his balls and then took them into her mouth, sucking them one by one. Throughout it all, she kept staring up at him, letting him see her face and the excitement in her eyes as she used her mouth on him. No, Meera Reed was not a maiden by any stretch. She had experience, and she had talent too. She was bringing Robb great pleasure with her mouth, and had he been in the mood to simply sit back and enjoy her service, she was clearly prepared to keep skillfully sucking him until she had a mouthful of seed to swallow.

That wasn't what Robb wanted, though. Meera's eyes showed confusion for the first time when his hand came to rest on the knot that held her brown hair out of her face, but rather than undoing that knot or grabbing her head to force her down deeper onto his cock, he pulled out of her mouth entirely.

"Come up here," he said, scooting back on his arse and getting down flat on his back in the center of the bed. "You're not the only one who knows how to use their mouth. Come climb on top of me and let me show you."

Meera smiled brightly and hopped up to her feet. “My father always said that a good ruler should look to serve those underneath him as much as they serve him,” she said. She climbed onto the bed and crawled over him, spinning around straddling his head. Her hips lowered, and her beautiful cunt slowly got closer and closer to his face. Robb waited patiently for her to sit down, but as soon as her cunt reached his lips, he wasted no time in showing her his own ability to serve.

Robb could taste Meera’s arousal on his tongue as he began to lick up and down her outer lips. She let out a cute little moan of approval, but Robb wasn’t content to stick to that basic technique or settle for such a quiet reaction out of her. He shifted through several of the different skills he’d learned throughout his previous experiences eating cunt, searching for the one that would work best for Meera and bring the biggest reaction out of her.

For Meera, what worked the best was using his tongue almost like the pointy tip of a spear that was aimed at her clit. She had already taken his cock back into her mouth and resumed her wonderful blowjob, but his latest technique brought her enough pleasure to make her freeze and moan around his cock. Robb needed no stronger signal than that, and now that he had his target, he was able to bring Meera the same sort of pleasure that he’d been receiving from her all this time.

A king he might be, but Robb did not want to be selfish in bed. He wanted his lovers to enjoy their time with him every bit as much as he enjoyed being with them, and he worked hard to please Meera and ensure that she had no cause to regret her decision to pay a visit to his bedchamber that evening. It wasn’t the easiest thing for him to keep his focus when she was bobbing her head so quickly, swallowing him so easily and sucking him so well.

But Robb never let Meera’s skill get the better of him. She was experienced, and she was good, but so was he. He gave as good as he received, and even as Meera’s wet, sloppy blowjob pushed him rapidly towards his orgasm, he continued to keep his tongue working. If he was going to bow to her skill, he would see to it that he wasn’t the only one brought to his knees, so to speak.

With Meera’s skill, plus her earlier beginning, Robb felt no shame in finishing before she did. His hips jerked beneath her and his seed began to fill her mouth, and Meera responded by bobbing her head lower down his cock and sucking down everything he gave her as fast as he could give it. Robb did not allow himself to be overwhelmed by the excitement of his orgasm, however. Even as Meera swallowed his seed, he kept licking her clit, determined to bring her over the edge with him. He was rewarded with a muffled moan from her, and her thighs pressing tighter against his head as she came. Only once he had succeeded in showing Meera what he could do and licked her to completion did he allow himself to relax. He smiled against her cunt as they recovered from their shared pleasure.

“I’ll need a minute or two to recover from that,” Meera said after pulling her mouth off of his cock. “You know what you’re doing, Robb.”

“So do you,” he said, smiling at her as she got off of his face and sat down on the bed beside him. “Theon doesn’t know how right he was about how happy I am to have you with me tonight.”

“And he never will,” she said, “at least not for himself. Feel free to tell him all about it, though.” She straddled his lap and began to lazily wiggle against him. It didn’t feel like she was really trying to get him hard again just yet, but was more just teasing him.

“I will,” he said. “The next time he says something particularly irritating, I’ll be sure to rub this in his face.”

“So it’ll probably come up sometime tomorrow while we’re breaking our fast, then,” she laughed. Robb chuckled and brought his hands to her hips, slowly stroking her skin under his fingertips. She might hunt, fish and fight more than would be considered acceptable for the ladies of most noble houses, but her skin was still soft beneath his fingers, and her pert little arse felt great against his cock as she wiggled. Even if she wasn’t putting much effort into getting him hard again yet, he could already tell that his body wouldn’t take too long to respond.

There was an easy, comfortable silence between them as they both relaxed, feeling right at home with her wiggling around naked on top of him. They both had enough experience and enough trust in the other to be confident that there was more fulfillment yet to come, and there was no need to rush it.

When they were ready to go again, they didn’t discuss it; they didn’t need to. They could both sense the arousal and the desire for more, and they didn’t need to say a word. Meera just began to rock against him with more force and purpose, directly rubbing against his cock, smiling as she felt it harden beneath her quickly. Robb would have been happy to put her on her back and take it from there if that was what she had wanted, but Meera didn’t want to get off of him. The only change she made was that she sat straight up on him as she lined herself up and prepared to take his cock inside of her. Robb waited patiently while she slowly slid down, taking just the tip at first.

“I’ll need to take this slow at first,” she said. “There hasn’t been much time, or a suitable man, while I’ve been in Winterfell. And even if there *had* been the time or the man, I’d still need some time to get used to having something this big inside of me.”

Robb smiled; no man would ever be disappointed at a comment like that. “Take all the time you need,” he said. His hands ran from her hips to her arse, and he gave her cute cheeks a squeeze. “We have all night.”

“We do,” she agreed, smiling back. “That means we should both have time to show what we can do. But if you don’t mind, I’d like to go first.”

“By all means, show me,” he said, groaning as Meera sank down lower onto his cock. She did indeed take her time to get comfortable, moving slowly at first. Even that felt damn good for him. She was tight around his cock, and she knew how to move her body. Speed wasn’t really a necessity when she could grind on his cock like this.

And when she *did* start to ride him faster, Robb had even more reason to groan. She didn’t seem interested in simply bouncing up and down on him; Meera was going for moving her hips back and forth. She eventually got comfortable enough with it that her cute little tits shook in front of his face. Robb couldn’t help grabbing, squeezing and eventually sucking on the crannogwoman’s perky breasts as she rocked back and forth on his cock.

Meera was showing him what she could do, and it felt wonderful. Had she kept rocking on him just as she was, it was inevitable that they both would have arrived at another powerful orgasm sooner or later. But Robb felt the wolf within him demanding to be let out of its cage, ready to pounce on its latest conquest.

“My turn now?” he asked roughly. He was ready to show her what he could do, but he wouldn’t act on his desires unless she was ready for him to take over.

“Do it,” she said without hesitation. The words had barely passed her lips before he rolled them over and reversed their positions. He picked her legs up and threw them over his shoulders, leaning his weight down onto her as he slid his cock right back inside of her.

There was no slow entry for him, nor did she ask for one. Meera had gotten them both prepared for this with her ride, and now Robb was going to push them both as hard and as fast as they could do. His hips slammed forward, driving his cock deep inside of her slender body with each forceful thrust he gave her. Meera was ready for them, moaning loudly as he fucked her. The wolf had been unleashed, and Meera was happy to be claimed by him tonight.

Something about fucking that tight, slender body, watching those cute little tits shake and listening to the crannogwoman moan with delight as he fucked her made Robb want to brag not just to Theon, but to everyone in Moat Cailin. He wanted them all to know that Meera Reed was nowhere close to a maiden. She was a sexual woman, a woman who knew what she wanted, knew how to fuck, and loved to *get* fucked. No maiden would ever have been able to take a fuck like this, where Robb’s balls smacked against her arse as he forced his cock deep inside of her cunt fast enough to rock the bed beneath them.

He wouldn’t actually go and brag about it to everyone, of course. Whatever casual attitude the crannogmen seemed to have about sex, he wasn’t going to openly boast about tonight’s activities to Howland Reed. But if Theon ever happened to jape about Meera again, Robb would remember what it felt like to pound the crannogwoman into the bed, and he would smile.

He would also remember the feeling of her already tight cunt squeezing him even tighter as she came with a loud moan, and how he had to fend off an almost overpowering urge to fill her with his seed then and there. He couldn't do that, however much the wolf might have wanted to, because he had promised to keep to Margaery. But he did not want to remove his cock from Meera's cunt and deprive her of this pleasure until she'd gotten the full climax that she deserved, so Robb set his jaw and fought with all his might to hold off on his release. It was incredibly difficult to ignore the demands of his body and the pleasure trying to burst free, but he had two different women to think about, and he refused to disappoint either of them.

Robb won the battle and defied his own body's demands, continuing to move his cock inside of Meera's cunt until her moans quieted and her shoulders slumped. As soon as he saw that, Robb knew that it was time for him to listen to his body. He hastily pulled his cock out of her, and he was barely free of her before he began to fire his seed along her flat belly. On a whim, he aimed higher towards the end and got her chest sticky as well. Meera giggled and used her hands to push her breasts together, making them an easier target for him to hit.

Bran wouldn't get the answer he'd been hoping for, and Theon would never know just how honored Robb had been to have Meera in his bed for a night. But from Robb's perspective, tonight had been more than worth Meera's journey from Winterfell.

Chapter 10: Prepare for Landing

“Will you not reconsider, Your Grace?” Davos asked. “No man would think you any less a king for offering Lord Stark the same peace terms you offered him before.” He could already tell that this was a losing battle, but that would not stop him from trying. He had sworn to serve his king faithfully and honestly, and he would continue to offer his opinion even when he could see that Stannis’ mind was made up.

“He had his chance to accept my terms,” Stannis said. “They were more generous than he deserved even then, and still he did not accept them. No, Ser Davos. Robb Stark can no longer set his crown aside and return to Winterfell with his wife and sister. He has lost that right. He has continued his rebellion against the rightful king of Westeros, and when that rebellion ends, the title of Lord of Winterfell will not be waiting for him. His only options now are death, or the Wall.”

“Then I fear it can only come to battle,” Davos said. That outcome had seemed inevitable all along, in truth. King Stannis would never give up his throne, and with the full support of House Tyrell, there was no reason for Robb Stark to accept any disadvantageous peace terms. It had been unsurprising when Robb Stark rejected the offer of setting his crown aside, swearing fealty to Stannis and returning north as Lord of Winterfell, and his position had not gotten any weaker from there. The hope of him accepting such terms now was an incredibly faint one, but even the faintest of hopes would be better than what Stannis was offering now.

“So be it,” Stannis said. “We have been preparing for battle all along, have we not, Davos? We have not sat and done nothing while the boy dealt with the remnants of the Lannisters and went north to take Moat Cailin back. We’ve repaired much of the damage the city suffered when we defeated the false King Joffrey and his defenders, and thanks to the loan the Iron Bank gave us in exchange for my promise to repay Robert’s debts once the whole of the realm is fully under my control, thousands of fresh sellswords from the Free Cities stand ready to supplement our forces when Stark’s army finally reaches us. He will not find us nearly as weary as he might have had his attack come sooner. The foolish boy has given us time to prepare, and we have not wasted it. When he comes, we will be ready.”

“Aye, we’ve rebuilt the walls,” Davos said, nodding. “We’ve strengthened our defenses, and we’ve even had the time and the gold to bring in fresh fighting men. But the numbers are still against us, Your Grace. Robb Stark has more men than we do. Far more men. And the food to keep them fed. If Prince Doran had agreed to support us, perhaps we could defeat Robb Stark in battle. But—“

“But Prince Doran has refused to call his banners and bring the Dornish army to support his king,” Stannis said gruffly, interrupting Davos. Indeed, Doran had politely refused to either muster his army for Stannis’ cause or to turn the former Princess Myrcella over to him. Doran claimed that Dorne would remain neutral and stay out of the fight for the

throne between King Robb and King Stannis. Robb Stark likely had no problem accepting that stance. He didn't need Dorne's army on his side. It was Stannis who would have most benefited from Dornish support, and so it was his cause that suffered when Prince Doran refused all efforts to bring him into the war.

"Aye, he has," Davos said. "And without Dorne, our chances of victory are slight, Your Grace. Speaking honestly, I do not believe we can defeat Robb Stark's army, even with our strengthened defenses and our sellsword reinforcements."

"Have you lost faith in the Lord of Light so quickly, Ser Davos?" Melisandre said, smiling at him. "Have you forgotten that the king's brother Renly once commanded an army that greatly outnumbered ours as well?"

"I have not forgotten, Lady Melisandre," Davos said.

"And have you forgotten how the Lord of Light struck Renly down before it could even come to battle?" the Red Woman continued.

Davos swallowed thickly. "I have not forgotten that either, Lady Melisandre," he said. Some said that a lady knight, jealous that Renly would not return her affections, had slain him in his tent. There were other, more fantastical tales, such as Robb Stark either setting his wolf on Renly in his tent or even turning into a wolf himself and tearing Renly's throat open with his teeth. Davos did not lend much credence to the tales of Robb Stark's involvement, particularly since the Tyrells had been so quick to join with him. But it was the whispers of Renly being slain by a shadow that Davos struggled to ignore.

It had been a great shock to hear that Renly had been slain in his tent, and when his king had confided in Davos that he was innocent of the crime of kinslaying since he was in his bed at the time, Davos believed him. But when Davos had bluntly asked Melisandre if she had played any part in Renly's death, she had smiled at him and answered only that the Lord of Light had clearly punished Renly for trying to usurp the throne from his brother, the rightful king. Most might think the talk of a shadow murdering Renly in his tent was no more believable than the version of the story where Robb Stark turned into a wolf and killed his rival king with his teeth, but Davos knew differently. He'd seen the shadow himself, the night he'd rowed Melisandre under Storm's End. He would never forget seeing that shadow kill Cortnay Penrose. And from the moment he'd seen it, he'd known the truth about what happened to Renly.

"Then why do you have so little faith in R'hllor after seeing what he has done already?" Melisandre asked. "The Lord of Light has slain three of the four false kings who dared attempt to usurp the throne from the one true king. Robb Stark is all that remains, but his days are surely numbered."

"Begging your pardon, my lady, but there are many thousands of men who might have something to say about that," Davos said.

Melisandre smiled. "Despite the many thousands of men he'd drawn to his false cause, Renly was the first of the false kings to fall, killed in his own tent as punishment. Why should Robb Stark be any better protected from R'hllor's judgment?"

"The tale of how Renly came to die changes depending on who's doing the telling," Davos said slowly. He didn't know how much his king knew of what happened, and Melisandre wouldn't acknowledge it openly regardless. "But the one consistent part of the story is that Robb Stark was in the tent with him when he did. And if he knows how it happened, he might know how to avoid suffering the same himself." Davos wasn't sure how a mere man was meant to defend himself against a shadow, even if he knew it was coming. But Robb Stark had been in the tent when Renly died; that much was acknowledged as truth by every version of the story. Whether any man could defend against something like that, Davos didn't know. But having seen it for himself, Stark would at least know it might be coming. That alone gave him a much better chance at survival than Renly or Cortnay had been given.

"R'hllor is not so easily defied," Melisandre said, laughing lightly. "Four false kings stood, and two more were struck down after Renly, each in a different manner. The boy Joffrey was next, removed from a throne that should never have been his when the Lord of Light guided the king's forces to glorious victory in the Battle of the Blackwater. And, though he never left his islands, Balon Greyjoy fell next. The reach of the Lord of Light extends across the whole of the world, and if the stories from the Iron Islands are true, Greyjoy fell to his death while crossing a bridge. Three false kings are dead and all of them in different ways. Do you really think R'hllor will suffer Robb Stark for much longer? No, Ser Davos, there is nothing for us to fear. Whether he is slain in his tent, he is defeated in battle, he loses his footing or he dies in a manner unforeseen, Robb Stark *will* die. King Stannis is Azor Ahai come again, and the Lord of Light will protect him."

"I can only pray that you're right, Lady Melisandre," Davos muttered. "I don't know how we're to win the war otherwise."

She shook her head with a smile. "Defeating Robb Stark is not the end of the war, Ser Davos. It won't even be the beginning of it. The real war is yet to come."

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"Lovely, Mira," Margaery said. "Oh, that's good. You're doing wonderfully." She reached down between her legs and ran both of her hands through her handmaiden's dark hair affectionately. Part of her wanted to grab Mira's head with both hands and force her to start licking harder, but despite her building need to climax, her body felt too good to interrupt what was happening. And her mind was nice and relaxed for the first time all day, which was arguably even more important.

Leave it to Mira to help her take her mind off of any and all concerns in her life. Her husband was presently on his way back east, leading his army towards King's Landing at last. Her father had wished for her to become queen for so long that Margaery could

scarcely remember a time when her visions of her future *hadn't* included a crown. She'd already been a queen for some time now; first Renly's, and now Robb's. But she wouldn't truly be the queen of Westeros until they'd taken King's Landing. Now, having dealt with the Lannisters and recaptured Moat Cailin from the Ironborn, her husband and his army would soon arrive at the capital. The day she'd waited for, and her father had waited even *longer* for, was not far off now.

Margaery knew that the battle was in their favor; that they held the advantage, despite Stannis having time to entrench himself in King's Landing. But she could not help feeling nervous about the likely coming battle regardless. There were so many things that could happen unexpectedly. What if something happened to Robb, or to one of her brothers? Margaery could offer her husband counsel when he asked for it, and she could work at being a good queen wherever she was, but there was no place for her on the battlefield. She felt helpless, staying at Casterly Rock and awaiting word.

Mira, as always, anticipated her queen's need and worked to relax her. The girl knew Margaery's body, she knew her need, and she knew what it would take to bring her pleasure. Today, Mira seemed to be on a quest to keep her near her release without reaching it for as long as she could manage. Doubtless she reasoned that the longer she could keep her queen focused on her pleasure, the longer she would go without worrying about the war and the battle to come.

She was right, and her plan was working exactly as she intended it to. Her tongue moved up and down along Margaery's outer lips, licking her with just enough pressure to keep her heated but not giving her enough of it to finish her. Mira used a single finger in a similar fashion, stroking the hood of her clit slowly. She kept bringing Margaery pleasure with her tongue and her finger, but any time she began to approach a climax, Mira would back off. Again and again, Margaery would get close, and Mira would cool her off before she could get there. That she managed to keep this up for so long was a powerful demonstration of just how well her handmaiden knew her body, and how skilled she had become at pleasing her.

This was exactly what Margaery needed on a day like today, where her fears had been threatening to drag her down. But the need to get off was starting to become an issue in its own right. Too much more of this, and Margaery might just have to grab Mira's head and pull her in after all. But this turned out to be one more chance for Mira to show just how well she understood her needs, because before Margaery could actually go beyond some mild whining and writhing, Mira got serious in her efforts to finally deliver on all of the pleasure she'd only teased her with until now. Her tongue moved faster, and her finger stroked her hood with more consistent pressure.

It did not take long for Mira to finish her once she got serious about it. After just a bit of legitimate effort from her talented handmaiden, Margaery groaned loudly and held onto Mira's head as the pleasure struck her. That it came after so much time spent building towards it only made her enjoy it that much more. What a wonderful handmaiden she

had, working so hard to take her queen's mind off of matters outside of Casterly Rock for as long as she could!

"That was delightful," Margaery said once her moans of pleasure had stopped. "Thank you for your service, Mira."

"It was my pleasure," Mira said, pulling her face out from between Margaery's thighs and smiling up at her. Her chin rested on the queen's naked thigh, and Margaery chuckled at the sight of her handmaiden's tousled hair and sticky face. Mira surely knew how she looked, but she just smiled back and wore the proof of her service with pride.

"Oh, I beg to differ," Margaery said, going back to caressing Mira's hair. "The pleasure was mine." A sudden prickling feeling low in her abdomen made her wince, but she shook it off. She wasn't going to let it ruin what had turned out to be a very pleasant afternoon.

"Are you still not feeling well, Margaery?" Mira asked, frowning. Margaery shook her head right away.

"No, I feel wonderful," she said. "Thanks to you, of course."

Mira smiled slightly, but she still seemed somewhat concerned. "You seem to be wincing like that quite often recently," she said. "I assumed it was just your concern for your husband and family while they're out fighting, which was why I wanted to try and take your mind off of it."

"And you did a wonderful job of it, truly," Margaery assured her. "This is nothing. It's just a bit of cramping. It's been coming and going lately. Not anything to concern yourself with."

It was meant to reassure Mira, who had already been concerned by Margaery dealing with a queasy stomach and struggling to keep her food down several times in recent days. But instead it seemed to cause her to get lost deep in thought. She stared straight down, looking like she was concentrating hard, and Margaery watched on in confusion, rarely having seen her closest handmaiden looking so preoccupied. Mira finally looked back up, and something about the expression on her face suggested to Margaery that whatever conclusion she'd come to was going to be very important.

"My lady," she began slowly. "When did you bleed last?"

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"You cannot remain in King's Landing, Lady Sansa. You must flee with me, now, while there is still time." Meya's voice, usually so sweet, was firmer and more serious than Sansa had ever heard it. She merely stared at first, taken aback at this unexpected side of the beautiful singer. Meya had encouraged her to leave King's Landing several times

since she had arrived, it was true. She'd even suggested that she might be able to aid in that escape and accompany her on her journey.

Sansa had always dismissed her concerns, and Meya had never pushed. She'd always quickly let the matter drop and returned to singing her beautiful songs that made Sansa's days in King's Landing somewhat easier to bear. But the tone of her voice, and the way she stared at her, suggested to Sansa that Meya's worries would not be so easily silenced this time.

"We've discussed this, Meya," she said patiently. "I appreciate your concern for me, but I cannot flee King's Landing. The eyes of King Stannis remain on me, always. I am his honored guest." Prisoner was the more accurate description of what she was to Stannis, though she did not say as much out loud. So long as her brother Robb remained a rival claimant to the Iron Throne, Stannis would not allow Sansa to go anywhere. She was glad to be free of Joffrey and his cruelty. King Stannis largely ignored her existence, which was far preferable to her treatment under the Lannisters. But she was no freer now than she'd been while betrothed to Joffrey.

"His eyes cannot be everywhere at once," Meya said. "And he is too busy preparing for your brother's approach to watch you very closely right now. Now is the perfect time to escape. Now, while everyone in the city gets ready for another assault. We must leave before it's too late, Lady Sansa." It wasn't just her voice that was different. Her very personality felt completely different now, like she was a mummer who'd finished performing and was now showing her true self.

"I have no reason to flee, Meya," Sansa said. "King Stannis will not harm me. He is a man of honor."

"It is not the king you need protection from," Meya said. "The people of King's Landing have grown to fear the red woman, and rightly so. And you have more reason to fear her than most."

Sansa felt a shudder run through her as she remembered the burnings. It was true that the population of King's Landing feared Stannis, and his priestess of R'hllor even more. She would never forget the screams, and thinking about the possibility of the same happening to her was far from pleasant. Still, she shook her head. "Even if Lady Melisandre should wish to harm me, King Stannis would not let her. I'm too valuable to him."

"You're very valuable to him," Meya agreed. "You're valuable as a hostage. But if the battle looks lost, and if the red woman convinces him that offering you up to the flames as another of her sacrifices will help him defeat your brother somehow, do you really think he will hesitate to give you to her?" Sansa had no answer for that, but Meya did not seem to be expecting one, because she continued to speak. "Please, Lady Sansa. You know you are not safe here. You must escape King's Landing. Let me help you."

Sansa chewed her lip, trying to decide whether or not she should confide a certain secret to Meya. Now that Meya had suggested the possibility of her being another of the sacrifices offered to R'hllor, Sansa was starting to fear staying in King's Landing even more than she feared trying to escape and being caught. But if she were to flee, was entrusting her safety to Meya really wise?

Eventually she settled on giving her partial information. "Not to be rude, Meya, but even if I did want to escape, I'm not sure that you would be the person who would most be able to help me. There is another—a knight, in fact—who has offered to help me find my way home. And he—"

"Dontos Hollard, you mean?" Meya interrupted. "You should not trust him."

Sansa stared at her in shock. "How did you know about Ser Dontos?" She did not even think to try and deny it.

"He's not as careful as he seems to think he is," Meya answered. "I'm not sure who he's working for, and I doubt he's told you either." Sansa shook her head numbly. "Whoever it is, you cannot trust that they'll keep you safe."

"And can I trust that you will keep me safe, Meya?" Sansa asked quietly. "You're no mere singer. Who are *you* working for? What do they want with me?" She took a step back; away from the beautiful woman who had allegedly come to King's Landing as a singer, but clearly had other reasons for being here. Meya's gentle voice had been a comfort, and she'd seemed sweet and kind. But Sansa should have known better.

"I will not deny that I was sent to King's Landing for the purpose of bringing you with me, Lady Sansa," Meya said. "But I was not sent to cause you harm, or to put you in danger. I came to remove you from the danger. Since you refused my attempts to gently convince you to leave with me, I was left with no choice but to talk with you openly."

"Who sent you?" Sansa repeated, hating the way her voice shook. "Who *are* you?" What a fool Sansa was! The closest thing she had to a 'friend' in King's Landing was a false singer who'd been deceiving her from the very moment they met.

"My name is Tyene, though I doubt that means anything to you." Sansa shook her head. "I cannot tell you who sent me; not until we've made it out of King's Landing. But I *will* tell you that they will not harm you. They want to be good friends with your brother, but they aren't free to act openly yet. So they sent me here to protect you, help you escape and bring you to safety."

"And why should I believe you?" Sansa asked. "How can I trust you?"

"That's a question you'll have to answer for yourself," Tyene said. "Do you want to take me at my word when I say that I want to take you to safety? Will you place your trust in a lazy drunk like Dontos Hollard, and whoever might be? Or will you stay where you are,

pray to survive the battle and trust in the honor of Stannis to protect you if the red woman wishes to make you his latest sacrifice?" Tyene slowly reached her hand out towards Sansa. "The choice is yours, princess. But you need to make it soon."

Sansa stared at that outstretched hand while considering her options. It was true that Ser Dontos, despite his pledge to serve her and be the Florian to her Jonquil, was a pathetic sort. He would have to rely on the planning of whoever this 'friend' was that would hire the ship, because he would never be able to get her out and to safety on his own. But could she trust this unknown friend?

She frowned while looking at Tyene's hand and then up to her beautiful face. The woman's face was as lovely as her voice, but now that she knew 'Meya' as not a mere singer, Sansa wondered what expression would cross that face if she refused. Tyene was talking as if she would respect Sansa's choice, whatever it was, but was that really true? If she refused, what would Tyene do? She almost wanted to say no just to see how Tyene would react.

But she thought of the red woman's flames, she remembered the screams, and she made her choice. Tyene had, in her own way, been more truthful with Sansa than anyone had in longer than she could remember. Sansa would have to hope that she was being truthful about leading her to safety as well. She reached out and slipped her hand into Tyene's.

"Wise choice, princess," Tyene said, smiling. Whatever the truth of this woman and her motives was, it was a very pretty smile. "Let us prepare our escape. There is no time to lose."