

There was a sense of futility within Robb as he and his guards and chosen representatives walked out of their camp to meet with Stannis and his retinue on the outskirts of King's Landing. All Robb had really known about the middle of the three Baratheon brothers before he'd met him was that he was strong-willed. His father had told him the story of Stannis holding Storm's End as it was besieged by Robb's future goodfather, Mace Tyrell. Holding out under such extreme conditions took a man made of stern stuff, and Stannis Baratheon had managed to keep Mace and the Targaryen loyalists out of Storm's End long enough for Robb's father to arrive and lift the siege.

A man like that was not likely to give up the Iron Throne he'd fought so hard to win, regardless of how large an army Robb had brought with him. And his interactions with Stannis, both in person when he'd come to try and reach an agreement with him and Renly and in the letter he'd later sent demanding that Robb surrender and set aside his crown, only left Robb more certain that no peace would be reached today.

Still, they had to try. Nothing could be lost from trying to avert bloodshed and failing, so however unlikely it seemed that they would reach any sort of agreement, Robb still walked in step with his group as they approached the group surrounding the last remaining threat to the throne. What had started as the War of the Five Kings was now down to just the two of them. Personally, Robb couldn't wait for the war to be over.

His first look at King Stannis standing there at the center of his retinue told Robb all he needed to know. Seeing the hard set of his jaw, the severe look on his face and the way he held his head up was enough for Robb to know how this was going to go. The only way that crown of red gold was coming off of King Stannis' head was if he was captured—or dead.

“Lord Stark,” Stannis said brusquely as Robb arrived. The unremarkable-looking man to the left of Stannis, who could only be Ser Davos Seaworth since he was wearing the chain that marked him as the Hand of the King, grimaced at the obvious disrespect in addressing Robb only as a lord. Robb also noticed several members of his retinue bristling at Stannis' choice of address, with Garlan and Loras Tyrell chief among them. That was unsurprising since they fought at his side only because he'd married their sister and agreed to take the Iron Throne, though in Loras' case, he had been ready to rip Stannis' head off for some time now. Robb had actually considered not bringing Loras to these peace talks, fearing that his hatred of Stannis might prove a problem, and it could very well become one if Stannis was going to take this approach.

But Robb did not allow any anger to show. “King Stannis,” he said formally, nodding his head. He took care not to go so far that it might be interpreted as a bow, and instead was a simple nod of respect. He wouldn't pay homage to Stannis as his liege, but he would acknowledge him as an equal. “Thank you for agreeing to meet with me. We owe it to our people to try and avoid more bloodshed if at all possible.”

“You acknowledge me as your king, then?” Stannis said, voice still not changing. “Had you but done that from the start, none of this needed to happen. You would already be

back in the north, sitting comfortably as Lord of Winterfell, just as you were meant to be. Victory over the Lannisters would have come far more swiftly, and at a much lesser cost to my army.”

“I came to you, and to your brother, with an offer of alliance,” Robb pointed out calmly. “You refused me.”

“I refused because you had no right to call yourself the King in the North,” Stannis ground out. “Your father was no friend to me, but he was an honest man. Had he lived, he would have acknowledged me as his king and helped me take the throne. If they spoke truly of your father’s character, he would not have attempted to grab power by breaking his oaths and giving himself a title that the Starks relinquished three hundred years ago to Aegon the Conqueror.”

“We will never know what my father would have done,” Robb said quietly. “Joffrey saw to that.” The irony was that Stannis was more than likely correct. Based on what Robb now knew, it seemed almost certain that the Lannisters had seized and eventually executed his father because he’d learned Queen Cersei’s children were not King Robert’s. Had his father held control in King’s Landing after King Robert’s death, it was logical to assume that he would have summoned Stannis to the capital to be crowned as king. But it didn’t matter. His father was dead, and Robb had made his own choices for the good of his people.

“And King Robb didn’t crown himself,” Theon said. “His people crowned him. I was there.” That wouldn’t matter to Stannis, but it was true. Robb hadn’t asked for the crown. He’d set out from Winterfell and called the banners so he could rescue his father and sisters from King’s Landing. That it would lead to him being crowned King in the North, and eventually agree to pursue the Iron Throne itself at the behest of the Tyrells, was something he could never have foreseen.

“They had no right to do so, and he had no right to accept the crown,” Stannis said gruffly. He turned his head back to stare at Robb, and Robb saw the weariness and fatigue in that sunken face. But he also saw a will that was unbroken, and a determination that had not wavered. “And you have no right to sit the Iron Throne now, no matter how large your army has grown with the support of Lord Tyrell and his ambitions. The throne is mine by rights, and I am the one true king of Westeros. If you will admit this now, set aside your crown and bend the knee to me, I will allow you to keep your head and take the black. Those are my peace terms.”

Now Robb frowned. “You cannot seriously expect me to accept such an offer,” he said flatly.

“The terms would have been more favorable if you’d bent the knee earlier, Your Grace,” Ser Davos said. He almost sounded apologetic, like he wished there was a better offer he could make that would have an actual chance of averting another battle. But it was the hand’s job to carry out the king’s will, and Ser Davos was Stannis’ man. “But if you will

agree to set aside your crown and join the Night's Watch, no further debts need be repaid by House Stark or your allies. Your younger brother will be acknowledged as Lord of Winterfell and Warden of the North. Perhaps he could take Lady Margaery to wife, once you've sworn your vows to the Night's Watch." Robb could see that Davos held no hope of this offer being accepted, but as these were the terms Stannis was willing to offer, he was bound to make them.

"This is folly," Garlan muttered. "We have no reason to—"

"Please, brother," Robb interrupted, holding his hand up to stop Garlan. "Allow me to present my terms to you, Your Grace." Stannis gave the slightest nod of his head, indicating that he would listen to Robb's offer. "I would ask that you relinquish your crown and acknowledge me as king." Stannis' face was like thunder, and Robb knew that anything that followed would not matter, because he would never accept giving up the throne. But the offer still had to be made.

"In return, I will acknowledge you as Lord of Storm's End, the ancestral seat of House Baratheon that by rights should always have been yours," he continued. "Further, if you wish it, we will betroth your daughter Princess Shireen to my youngest brother, Rickon, who may well become Lord of Winterfell one day. All lords who have supported your cause will retain their seats and titles if they bend the knee to me and acknowledge me as their king. No more blood need be spilled, and—"

"*Enough*," Stannis said, his voice low and angry. "The throne is mine by rights. I will not surrender it to you, *boy*."

"Regardless of what claims you've made about who the father of Cersei's children really was, you don't sit the throne by rights," Robb said, shaking his head and abandoning any faint hope that anything productive would come from these talks. "You sit the throne because you took it from Joffrey by force, the same way that Aegon the Conqueror forged the damn thing in the first place. And if it comes to battle between us, my army is the stronger."

"Lord Renly said the same," Lady Melisandre said, speaking up for the first time. "He had the numbers as well. But he had no right to the throne, and the Lord of Light punished him for his greed." She smiled at Robb, but that smile did anything but put Robb at ease. "I believe you saw that for yourself, did you not?"

"So I did," Robb said, glad that Garlan was there to put an arm on Loras' shoulder and hold him back so Robb could keep his full focus on the red witch. "Should I worry that the same will happen to me, my lady?"

Her smile widened, and it made Robb feel even more uneasy. "No, I don't believe so, Lord Stark," she said, shaking her head. "From what I've seen in the flames, I believe the Lord of Light still has need of you, Robb Stark. But he has no need of you *here*. As I said

the last time we spoke, your place is north. That is where your greater purpose awaits you.”

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Robb was just finishing up a discussion with Randyll Tarly, the Blackfish and some of the other keen strategic minds of his army when Theon came running up to him, a strange look on his face.

“Come with me, Robb,” Theon said abruptly. “There’s something in your tent that you’ll want to see.”

Robb frowned, but the complete absence of sarcasm from Theon was enough to convince him that this really was something he would be interested in seeing. He nodded at his men, broke off and followed Theon back to his tent. Dacey was standing guard outside the tent, which seemed strange to Robb since the tent had been empty when he left it. Her eyes were wide as he passed her, but she said nothing.

He made his way into the tent and froze in his tracks at what was waiting for him inside. Grey Wind was there, allowing someone to hug him tightly around the neck and bury their face in his fur. That was surprising in and of itself because there were few people Robb’s direwolf would trust so easily. But the real surprise was the thick auburn hair of the person hugging Grey Wind. He knew that hair. Could it really be...?

“Sansa?” he whispered. Her head lifted to look at him, and for the first time since she’d left for King’s Landing what felt like a lifetime ago, Robb saw his sister.

“*Robb*,” she replied, her voice shaking and her eyes filling with tears. Robb’s feet moved towards her as she got up, and though he took note of the second figure in the hooded cloak there in the tent with them, he paid them no mind. They couldn’t have posed any danger if Sansa felt safe around them, so whoever they were, he would see to them later. For now, he had a sister to hug.

Sansa flew at him, and his arms grabbed her in a tight hug as soon as she hit his chest. In a darker part of his mind, he’d worried that he might never see her again. As he’d prepared to march on King’s Landing, one of his greatest fears was that she might come to harm in the chaos of battle. If she had, the guilt would never have left him, especially since he knew he could have negotiated her freedom had he been willing to meet the terms of her captors. And speaking of her captors, how had she escaped? As far as he knew, Stannis had still held her.

There were many questions that needed answering, from how she escaped to where he would send her so she’d be safe with battle looming. But all of those questions were going to have to wait, because right now, he just wanted to hug his sister and never let her go.

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“My cousin suggested that the best outcome would be for me to get your sister to you directly, but that if I didn’t see a safe opportunity to do so, I should bring her back to Dorne with me until the fighting was over and the throne was yours,” Tyene Sand said, getting to the end of her explanation on the mission her cousin Arianne Martell had sent her on.

He’d spent plenty of time enjoying his reunion with Sansa, and eventually, they’d moved to working on a plan to have a small, trusted group of men accompany Sansa to Casterly Rock. She would stay there for a time with Margaery, and a decision on what happened from there would come after the battle. Likely she would want to return to Winterfell, and regardless of whatever strategic value it might present to betroth her to the son of a great house, Robb had a hard time imagining asking her to do anything that she didn’t want to do. After all she’d been through since leaving Winterfell, Sansa deserved some peace and freedom.

"So, you heard the whispers about our peace talks, and you took the chance to get her here to me," Robb finished. It was a daring plot, but everything Tyene had said, most of which had been corroborated by Sansa before Dacey had taken her back to her tent to get some food in her, indicated that Arianne Martell had chosen wisely in sending her uncle Oberyn's bastard daughter in to carry it out on her behalf. You wouldn't think it to look at her, but Tyene Sand was very resourceful and dangerous. Likely she knew her innocent appearance led many to underestimate her and used that to her advantage.

"Exactly," Tyene said, smiling at him. "She would have been safe in Dorne, but my cousin feared that you might think she was trying to hold Princess Sansa as a hostage to be used against you in some way. Happily, I was able to get her to you, and you can accept it as the gesture of friendship it was meant to be."

“Friendship,” Robb repeated. It wasn’t the first time Tyene had said something like that. It was obvious that Arianne wouldn’t have done this for no reason, but he was curious what exactly her goal was. She obviously knew that he had already married Margaery, so she couldn’t have her eyes on becoming his queen. “I thought Dorne was remaining carefully neutral.”

Tyene nodded. “That is Prince Doran’s position, yes. And one that Arianne strongly disagrees with. If it were up to her, Dorne would have supported you in your fight and helped you defeat the Lannisters. She hopes that you will remember this gesture of friendship, even if her father did not aid you in your push for the throne.”

“I will,” Robb said seriously. If Tyene knew what specifically her cousin hoped to gain by helping him and earning his approval, it didn’t appear that she was going to tell him. He could try to press her, but that felt like it would be more than a bit ungrateful to do so after what she’d done for him. “Princess Arianne has shown herself to be a friend to me, and I do not forget my friends.” How exactly the princess of Dorne hoped to utilize

Robb's friendship and gratitude remained to be seen, but for now, Robb was just grateful to have his sister back.

"She will be thrilled to hear that," Tyene said, smiling brightly. It was a lovely smile on an even lovelier face, and her voice was sweet and gentle as well. Robb could understand how easily this woman had been able to slip into King's Landing and get close to Sansa while playing at being a singer. "I am happy I will be able to return to Dorne with your words of friendship."

"It isn't just Princess Arianne who has earned my friendship and gratitude, you know," Robb said. "There will come a day where they sing songs about your bravery in rescuing the princess on the eve of battle. I will see to it."

Tyene giggled. "I have no need of songs, or glory," she said. "Knowing that I have your gratitude is enough, Your Grace." She bit her lip and gave him a look that made his cock stir. "Although..." she trailed off, clearly hinting that she wanted him to jump in.

"Yes?" he asked, deliberately choosing to play along and let her lead him. "What is it, Tyene? Is there something you would ask of me, now that we're friends?" If he was reading that look correctly, he was very interested in her answer.

"Well, my king, I must confess that I have been dreadfully lonely since I left Dorne," she said earnestly. Whether it was genuine, somewhat embellished or completely false, Robb hung on every word. "I couldn't get close to anyone, of course, because my life would have been forfeit if anyone learned who I was and why I was really in King's Landing. And as Princess Sansa and I were preparing to present ourselves in your camp, I overheard a few of your camp followers giggling about a Lady Dacey spending more nights in your tent than she does in her own." She paused and looked at him, giving him the opportunity to confirm or deny that.

Robb nodded. It wasn't as if it was any secret. "My queen and I have an arrangement," he said. "She has no issue with me taking women other than her to bed while we are apart, so long as I take care not to father any children." That she was free to do the same, and that they'd even bedded women together, he chose not to divulge.

"Oh, then we have nothing to worry about," Tyene said, smiling and leaning towards him, stretching her hand out towards his face. From her story as well as Sansa's, he knew how dangerous those hands were. But he stood still and allowed her to rub his cheek. Dangerous or not, her hand was incredibly soft. "I don't want a child, my king. I only want to spend a night in the arms of my new friend before I return home."

Now it was Robb's turn to grin. "I would be happy to spend the rest of the night thanking you for your bravery, *friend*."

Tyene's smile took on a decidedly naughty, wicked upturn, and then she pounced on him. Her lips pressed against his insistently, and her soft hand left his cheek to go straight for

his trousers. She rubbed his dick briefly before she undid his trousers and tugging them down his legs, working quickly enough and with enough familiarity that it was easy to tell this was not her first time undressing a man. Despite her innocent-looking face, Tyene Sand had much in common with her father the Red Viper, if the stories Robb had heard about Prince Doran's younger brother were accurate.

Her pretty blue eyes were wide once she got his trousers off and got her hand on his cock, and Robb was fairly sure that there was nothing false in that look. "I'm impressed, my king," she said while she started to play with him. The combination of her beautiful face, her soft hand slowly stroking his cock and her lovely voice expressing how impressed she was as she did it made his cock twitch in her hand.

It made Tyene chuckle softly. "Ah, but it seems I'm not the only one who wants to become friends." She licked her lips. "I badly want to have this lovely royal cock inside of me, but I'm suddenly struck with the desire to have a taste of it as well. What am I to do, my king?" While it may or may not have been a rhetorical question, Robb actually had an answer ready.

"How about you take off that shift and turn around so you can have your taste, and I can have a taste of you at the same time?" he suggested. Tyene looked surprised at the offer for a second or two, but then she looked delighted.

"That sounds like something I'd enjoy much more than having songs sung about me," she said, reaching to pull off the simple shift she wore underneath the traveling cloak that she'd already removed. Tyene was just as fair and beautiful now that he could see all of her, and Robb groaned and licked his lips while staring. Yes, this was a woman who could use her beauty and her innocent appearance to get men to do just about anything she wanted. Even Robb, who knew that she was far more than she appeared to be, felt willing to promise her the world as he got down on his back and she climbed on top of him. As pretty as her face was, he would readily admit that the view he had as she lowered her hips and her cunt neared his face was even more attractive.

He took a few slow licks of her at first, getting a taste of her just as she was getting a taste of him with her initial licks and suckles at his cockhead. But it wasn't long before Tyene was bobbing her head on him and giving him a proper cocksucking, and Robb, not wanting to be a poor 'friend', started to lick her lovely cunt in earnest.

It surely was not Tyene's first time sucking a cock; she swallowed him far too easily and moved her tongue with a level of skill that Robb felt sure could only have been honed through practice. But Robb knew what to do with his face between a woman's legs as well, and he wasn't going to let down this woman who he owed so much to. He couldn't promise her land or titles for what she'd done, but he *could* use his mouth and tongue to give her an expression of gratitude that she claimed she would appreciate more than any song. Listening to her moan around his cock and feeling her hips wiggle as she started humping his face in her excitement, Robb believed her.

Tyene pulled her mouth off of his cock and rolled off of his face before either of them could approach orgasm, but all it took was a glimpse at the lust coloring her fair features for him to know what she wanted. It was merely a question of how she wanted him to give it to her. Whatever she wanted, however she wanted it, he would comply. It was the least he could do for her after what she had given back to him.

Apparently, how she wanted it was with her flat on her back and her legs over his shoulders as he fucked her, because that was the position she pulled him into. Robb followed along as she wanted and groaned as he pushed forward and entered her. He and Dacey hadn't had as much opportunity to be together recently with how busy they'd been preparing for the battle with Stannis they'd always known was coming, so he had plenty of desire built up within him and ready to be loosed on the beautiful blonde.

Everything about her screamed for him to take her, to claim her. Her cunt was snug around his cock as he entered her and slowly began to move, but it was the look on her face that captivated Robb more than anything. Seeing that beautiful, deceptively innocent face flushed with arousal as he started to fuck her was a powerful feeling. Even though he knew that she was anything but what she seemed to be at first glance, he felt almost as if it was a pure, pious young septa that he was corrupting deeper with every thrust into her. Tyene was anything but innocent and chaste, but Robb couldn't pretend that looking down at her pale cheeks flushed and her deep blue eyes darkening with lust didn't make the fantasy feel even more vivid and powerful.

Tyene, whether knowingly or not, aided him in his imaginings by moaning so sweetly as he fucked her. Her moans really did have an almost musical quality to them, and they made Robb want to try and fuck her even harder, reach his cock even deeper inside of her and see how much louder she could get if he really pushed her. And looking at her face and feeling the way she grabbed at his forearms while he fucked her, he knew that Tyene would only approve of him testing her. However innocent she might look, Tyene was capable of handling a truly hard fuck.

Robb threw all caution to the wind and rutted Tyene Sand for all he was worth, and tested how much she could take. At first glance, it might seem like a peculiar way to show his gratitude towards a woman who had just rescued Sansa from King's Landing with battle imminent. But Robb knew that this was exactly how Tyene wanted him to thank her. She'd said as much, and she proved it further by moaning loudly enough that he knew beyond a doubt that whoever was standing guard outside his tent tonight could hear her. But that didn't make Robb consider stopping or even slowing down. His was surely not the only tent from which such sounds could be heard if you listened hard enough; not with battle looming for all of them.

But Robb's thoughts were not on the battle. They weren't even on Sansa, who he was overjoyed to have been reunited with. Seeing his sister off safely and plotting how he would take control of King's Landing were issues he would return to thinking about in the morning. For now, it was Tyene Sand's beautiful face in ecstasy, her sweet moans and the feel of her tight cunt that Robb was concerned with. He wanted more. He wanted all of it.



What King Robb Stark wanted more than anything right now was to show Tyene Sand how grateful he was by bringing her more pleasure than she'd ever felt before, and making her moan loudly enough that the whole camp could hear her. It was how she wanted to be rewarded, but it was as much a reward for Robb as anything else.

He kept going, snapping his hips forward and grunting with each thrust, picking up his pace and listening to Tyene's moans get even louder. On and on he went, thrusting away and listening to the blonde Sand Snake moan with approval as they sealed their new 'friendship.' It all culminated in a climax that was more than worth the wait and the effort, for Robb and Tyene both. As striking as she was, Robb knew as soon as he saw it that no one could fully appreciate her beauty until they had seen her mouth hang open and her eyes go impossibly wide as the throes of pleasure took her.

He'd hoped that her moans would get louder at this point, but what happened instead was they turned into more of a prolonged whimper from deep in her throat. It was perhaps a much less refined use of her voice, but that only made Robb appreciate it more. He was not her first lover, certainly, but how many had brought her so much pleasure that she made a sound like that? Not many, he would presume, if any had before him.

Getting her to make a helpless whimper like that was more than Robb could take, and he had to take a deep breath and remind himself of his promise to Margaery, pulling his cock out of her nearly too late. Before he could make a decision on where he would shoot his seed now that he'd safely pulled out of Tyene's cunt, she made the decision for him by quickly getting onto all fours in front of him. She lowered her head and took the tip of his cock into her mouth, suckling and moaning as her mouth began to fill with seed after just a few seconds.

Their eyes met as she swallowed, and he could see the satisfaction there. He looked back, hoping that she could see his pleasure, as well as his gratitude for what she'd done. It remained to be seen what Princess Arianne Martell might have in mind, but as far as Robb was concerned, the beautiful bastard daughter of the Red Viper had done more to improve relations between his kingdom and Dorne than the rest of the royal family combined.