

Robb had known Arya was coming. He'd also known that she would not look exactly as he remembered her. Of course she wouldn't; how could she? He hadn't seen her since she had left Winterfell for King's Landing along with their sister and father. He'd known she wouldn't be the same Arya he remembered and hugged goodbye that day in Winterfell. But he still couldn't help but blink and stare in shock when he saw his little sister for the first time in far too long. She seemed so much older. It wasn't just the time that had passed since they'd last seen each other. She'd aged beyond her years. They all had, really, but something in Arya's face made him think that she might have had to do the most growing of all of the Starks.

He'd been thrust into the responsibility of trying to take his father's place years before he'd expected to, and everything had expanded from there, to the point that he was now welcoming his mother and one of his sisters to King's Landing for his coronation. He definitely felt that pressure of responsibility, but as trying as it had been at times, he'd never truly been alone. He'd always had advisors, soldiers and friends there at his side. Sansa had been far more isolated as a captive of the Lannisters in King's Landing, but her struggles had been different from Arya's. He'd only heard bits and pieces of Arya's story, from her 'dancing master' helping her escape the Lannisters to Sandor Clegane bringing her to their mother. Based on what he'd heard of it, the look in her eyes made sense. She'd left Winterfell a girl and stood before him now in the Red Keep a woman grown. If she hadn't grown up, and fast, she wouldn't have lived to see this moment.

"Arya," he said, smiling at her and blinking rapidly so he wouldn't cry. There were only a small handful of people in the room with them, so it wasn't a strictly formal occasion, but he still didn't want to lose his composure. "It's so good to see you again."

She stood there for a moment, staring at him like she wasn't sure whether she should come to him or stay where she was. Was that because she looked at him differently because he was a king, surrounded by a wife, guards and advisors she'd never met? Or was it because they'd been apart for so long that he seemed a stranger to her?

His mother gave Arya a little nudge and whispered something into her ear, and Arya nodded quickly. After a few quick steps, his sister's weight collided with his chest. She clung to him, and Robb put his arms around her and rested his chin on top of her head. She'd grown, but so had he. He closed his eyes and held on tight, letting the king take a break so he could simply be a brother hugging a sister he hadn't seen in far too long. For some time, he'd been afraid he would never see Arya again. Particularly when Stannis informed him that Arya was not in the captivity of the Lannisters before the Battle of the Blackwater, there had been a deep fear that he would never see her again, or even learn what had happened to her. This moment meant the world to him, and with how Arya clung to him, it seemed to matter just as much to her.

When they finally broke apart, he glanced at Margaery standing to his left, clasping her hands in front of her and smiling fondly at the reunion. She knew how much Robb's sblings meant to him, and how much he had been looking forward to seeing Arya again. Sansa had chosen to stay in Winterfell, not wanting to return to King's Landing so soon

after finally escaping it, but he was glad to finally hug Arya and see for himself that she was healthy and safe.

“Arya,” he said, taking his sister’s hand, “say hello to your goodsister.”

To Robb’s surprise, Arya did a little curtsy. “I’m pleased to meet you, Your Grace,” she said formally. The words sounded ill-fitting coming out of Arya’s mouth. She stood stiffly; like she was remembering some lesson their mother had given her and Sansa. Margaery giggled and shook her head.

“There’s no need to stand on ceremony,” Margaery said warmly. “I love your brother very much, and I hope that you and I can become friends as well before you go back home.”

Arya must have been able to tell that Margaery was being genuine, both about her love for him and her interest in getting to know her. Her stiff posture relaxed, and a slightly guarded but real smile came to her face.

“Hello,” his sister said, looking and sounding far more like herself this time. “I’d like that too.”

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When Robb and Margaery heard that the Dornish contingent had been spotted, they made the decision to ride out at once and meet them personally. Aside from being able to see Arya again, it was seeing who Dorne sent for his coronation that he had been most interested in. As Dorne had remained out of the War of the Five Kings, it was important to see where they stood and whether they would recognize his rule now that things had been settled. But there was also a personal element to this for him, of course. He felt a great debt to Princess Arianne Martell for hatching a plot to get on his good side by helping Sansa escape from King’s Landing, and to Tyene Sand for actually carrying out that plot.

It was not Prince Doran Martell at the center of the Dornish contingent, but instead a beautiful young woman, perhaps a few years older than Robb. She dismounted her horse, smiling pleasantly at Robb and Margaery. “The king *and* queen both ride out to greet me?” she said. “You honor me.” She had obviously known who was approaching well before they’d actually gotten there; word would have passed through her contingent. But she feigned surprise at seeing them. And Robb, despite knowing full well that the beautiful dark-haired Dornishwoman could only be the Princess Arianne, played along.

“The honor is ours, to welcome House Martell to King’s Landing,” he said. “But I do not see Prince Doran among you. He is well, I hope?”

“Well enough,” she said. Robb did not notice it at the time, but Margaery would later whisper to him about the brief flash of irritation in Arianne’s eyes when her father was

mentioned. "My father's health required him to remain in the Water Gardens, so I have come on his behalf, to show Dorne's support for King Robb Stark, First of His Name, long may he reign." She smirked at him before bowing her head. "I am Princess Arianne of House Martell, and it is wonderful to finally meet you at last, my king."

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He waited until the three of them were alone, after all of the formalities had been observed, her contingent had been settled and food had been shared, before saying what he most wanted to say to her.

"Thank you," he said simply once he and Margaery were seated side by side on the couch. Arianne was staying in the Maidenvault, and after being shown to her chambers, she asked the king and queen to join her in one of the adjoining rooms so they could relax and get to know each other better. Loras stood guard outside the door, but Robb was not concerned with him hearing anything. He could speak freely to the princess in here.

"My cousin Tyene probably deserves most of your thanks," Arianne said, laughing lightly and pouring some wine for all three of them. She handed one to Margaery, and then held one out for Robb to take. As he reached out to take it from her, she smiled at him. "But I'll accept it nevertheless." Her dark eyes stared into his, and Robb's gaze was torn between them and the round breasts that were threatening to burst out of her dress. This woman was gorgeous, and she knew it.

"You both deserve it," he said. She stepped back and picked up her own wine, breaking the moment and taking a seat across from them in a large, comfortable-looking chair. Like everything else in this room, it was lavish and expensive. The Dornish contingent had been given some of the fancier chambers available, naturally. "Tyene did the work and took the risks upon her person, but she did so at your behest. Without both your efforts, Sansa would have been stuck in King's Landing as I attempted to take it from Stannis. I don't know how things might have gone, and I'm glad not to know. I will be forever grateful to you both."

Arianne took a sip of her wine, sampling its flavor. "Not bad," she decided, before putting her wine cup aside. "I will not insult your intelligence by pretending that my decision was purely altruistic. We both know that there was more to it than that."

"Yes, of course," Robb said. "Tyene said you intended it as a gesture of friendship, and I took it as such. And as I said to her then, I do not forget my friends. Your father may have kept Dorne neutral during the war, but you have shown yourself to be a friend by working to free my sister despite his stance."

Arianne smiled. "I am glad to be able to count you among my friends, Your Grace," she said. "I just may have need of calling upon your friendship before long."

“You can call me Robb in here,” he said. “And should you require my help with anything, you need only ask.”

“Might I ask why you think you might need the king’s aid?” Margaery said. She’d remained quiet, sipping at her wine and listening, but spoke now for the first time since the three of them had excused themselves from the festivities and gone off in private.

The princess’s smile soured. “I have reason to believe that my father intends to pass me over and have my younger brother Quentyn succeed me as his heir,” she said. “When I was still but a girl, I found a half-written letter, intended for Quentyn’s eyes, in which my father wrote that my brother would sit in his seat one day. He does not know that I learned of it, and has never mentioned it to me. But I have been wary ever since and have sought a way to protect myself and strengthen my claim if needed.”

Just about anywhere else, it would have been not only acceptable but expected for the eldest boy to be the heir, no matter if he had an elder sister or not. But Dorne was unique in that it was the eldest child who was the heir, regardless of their gender. If Prince Doran intended to make a choice more in line with what the rest of Westeros would do rather than following Dornish tradition, it was no wonder that Arianne saw fit to try and gain support independent of her father.

“And you want me to back your claim, should it come to that,” he stated. Arianne smiled and nodded.

“Exactly,” she said. “Dorne is *mine*. It is my birthright, and I will not allow my father to take it from me.”

“One might say that this is a matter Robb would be better off not getting involved in, one way or the other,” Margaery said. “The rest of Westeros would see nothing wrong with your father’s decision, even if it is in breaking with Dornish tradition. But more importantly, the king getting involved in succession disputes within a family might rub some of the other lords and ladies the wrong way.” She held up a hand. “I’m not suggesting that this would be the correct choice to make, mind you. I’m merely stating the arguments against our getting involved.”

Arianne nodded. “I understand,” she said calmly. “And you aren’t wrong. There wouldn’t be any real reason for you to get involved in this matter, were it not for our friendship.” The princess smirked. “Like I said, my reasons for sending Tyene to help Sansa escape were not purely altruistic. My hope is that you will help support my claim if needed, as one friend to another, just as Tyene and I helped you.”

Robb glanced at Margaery and was relieved to see her just smile at him rather than trying to give him any kind of meaningful look. Not seeing any objection from her, he followed his desires. “Should it come to that, you will have my support,” he promised.

"*Our* support," Margaery made sure to add. "You are the rightful heir, Princess Arianne, and we will support your claim if there is a need to do so."

Arianne swallowed another mouthful of wine and gave them both a dazzling smile. "I am glad to hear it."

"Consider it an expression of my gratitude," Robb offered. She laughed, and then she licked her lips and those dark eyes of hers stared at him in a very familiar way. Though the olive-skinned Dornish princess looked little like her pale, golden-haired bastard cousin, Arianne's sultry expression vividly reminded him of the way Tyene Sand had stared at him in his tent just before she asked him to thank her by taking her into his arms for a night.

"I'll happily accept your gratitude," she said, before her tongue slid out to slowly lick her full lips. "But I hope I might be able to enjoy another form of thanks from you even sooner." Arianne's voice had gone husky. It oozed sexuality, and paired with the look she'd given him, Robb could tell that this was a woman who was very comfortable embracing her sexual side.

"Oh?" Margaery said. "And what did you have in mind?" Robb's wife had picked up on Arianne's flirtatious mood easily, and she responded by getting light and teasing herself. Robb had a feeling he knew where this private chat might be going now, and he desperately hoped that he was right.

"Well," Arianne said slowly, smiling at the queen. "My cousin told me all about how her king spent the rest of the evening thanking her personally in his tent for helping Princess Sansa escape from Stannis. I was hoping I might be able to ask for something similar."

Margaery's smile did not dip. "And you thought you would ask for such *help* right in front of his wife, his queen? Many women would be highly insulted by your presumption."

Arianne did not lose any of her confidence, probably because she could tell Margaery was not at all insulted or angered in spite of what she'd said. "Many women would," she agreed. "But based on what Tyene said, you and your husband had an understanding about him taking other women into bed while you two were apart. I know you aren't apart anymore, but I'd hoped that you might be able to make an exception for me. You know, since we're friends and all."

"Did your cousin also mention that our understanding also allowed me to take women into my bed as well?" Margaery asked. Arianne's eyebrows rose.

"No, she didn't mention that," the princess said, looking between Margaery and Robb.

"Don't blame her," Robb said, laughing. "I might have forgotten to mention that part of the arrangement."

“Then I suppose you didn’t mention that we’ve both continued to enjoy our arrangement even now?” Margaery asked. “Or that we often enjoy it together?”

Arianne’s smile grew, and the princess looked very pleasantly surprised to hear that. “Are you sure you were born in the right house?” she asked. “You would have fit right in in Dorne, Your Grace.”

“Oh, I’ll take that as a compliment,” Margaery said, laughing. Her voice got lower too, matching Arianne’s playful seductive quality. “And there’s no more need for you to use titles with me than there is with my husband. After all, any friend of Robb’s is a friend of mine.”

Arianne smiled over the top of her cup. “Does that mean you’d not only be willing to let your handsome husband show me his gratitude, but that you’d be interested in joining in?”

Margaery’s cheeks dimpled as she smirked, and Robb’s cock stirred like it always did when he saw that look on his wife’s face. It was no less arousing seeing it aimed at Princess Arianne than it was when he was the recipient. Actually, this might be even more exciting. “I’d be *very* interested in deepening our new friendship, princess,” she said. She turned her head, and now it was Robb who got the smirk. “But what about you, husband? Can you make time in your busy day for us?”

Robb grinned. “I think I’ll manage,” he said. Nothing much was planned for the rest of the day, as Margaery well knew. Even if there had been, he would have broken just about any planned meeting for this.

“Then what are we waiting for?” Arianne said. She took a large swallow to finish her wine, put the now-empty cup down and stood from her chair. “

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“How does she feel, Robb?”

How to answer a question like that? There was really no way for him to explain to Margaery what Arianne Martell’s cunt felt like. How would she ever be able to understand the feeling of rocking your hips back and forth and pushing your cock into a tight, wet, welcoming cunt? And Arianne’s cunt was all of the above, to be sure. It had been obvious that Arianne had plenty of sexual experience prior to today, and his was not the first cock to fuck her. Dorne did not place expectations of chastity on their women. Arianne was the princess and Doran’s rightful heir, but her noble status had not held her back from embracing and enjoying her sexuality.

That previous experience did not make fucking her now any less enjoyable for Robb. It only made it better, because this was a woman who was ready for everything he had to

give her. She'd been wet before he even spooned up behind her and pulled her leg over his to spread her open, and there hadn't been any maidenheads to pierce or virgin pain for him to wait out. Robb had badly desired her even before she'd taken her dress off. That desire had only swelled once she was naked and he saw her beautiful buxom body fully exposed.

He hadn't needed to hold back on that desire. As soon as he was in position between her legs and his cock was inside of her, he was able to fuck the Dornish princess the way he wanted to. She was wet and ready for him, and no matter how quickly he thrust into her, Arianne just moaned and encouraged him to go faster. Her arm wrapped around his head, and her fingers ruffled his thick auburn hair as he fucked her. When he did something she really liked, her fingers would grab onto his hair and tug. His right hand stroked the smooth skin of her belly and her inner thigh close to her cunt, and his left hand held her top leg in place, keeping her spread open for him. This was his first time fucking Arianne Martell, but their bodies fit together as well as if they'd done this a hundred times already. How could he explain any of this to Margaery?

"She feels like someone I'm happy to have as my friend," he eventually settled on. Arianne laughed, but it turned into a moan halfway through when Margaery's finger brushed her stiff nipple.

"I believe I know what you mean," Margaery said, giving him a smirk. "I'll never know exactly what it is that you're feeling, of course. But if sliding your prick into our new friend feels as good for you as playing with these ripe breasts feels for me, I'm sure you'd be happy to have her stay here in King's Landing with us permanently."

If only that was actually possible! Robb knew that Arianne could only be here briefly. She would stay through his coronation, perhaps a little bit longer, and then she would be back to Dorne. He would be off to the Wall to aid the Night's Watch, Margaery would remain in King's Landing, and all three of them would go about their duties to the realm. It was possible that they wouldn't have time for anything beyond this one encounter before they parted. But it was fun to imagine a world in which he could spend every day fucking the beautiful Dornish princess together with his wife.

Fucking Arianne alone would have been thoroughly pleasing on its own, but Margaery joining them in bed only drove him on harder. Margaery played with Arianne's breasts and rubbed her nipples, and their lips frequently met in passionate kisses. It was possible that the way the two women moaned was being done for his benefit, but he didn't think so. The passion in how they kissed and the eagerness with which Margaery groped the Dornish woman's breasts felt too powerful to be just for his excitement. He believed that they really did enjoy what they were doing together.

But Robb choosing to believe that they weren't doing this just to excite him didn't change the fact that it *was* very exciting. Fucking Princess Arianne and feeling how much she liked it was great. Fucking Princess Arianne while his wife groped her breasts and they kissed and moaned into each other's mouths had his blood pumping and his cock

liable to explode at any moment. Here were his queen and the Dornish princess, not only two of the most important women in Westeros, but quite possibly the two most beautiful women he'd ever seen. Being with one of them would have been incredible. Being with both of them together would have made Robb the envy of any man who knew of it.

The only minor disappointment to be found came in knowing that he wouldn't be able to keep it going for long. How could he? Fucking Arianne felt too damned good, and watching his naked wife kiss and grope their Dornish companion gave him no chance to relax. His only option was to make sure that Arianne came too. He could tell that his thrusts were bringing her close, particularly after he'd found the right angle to consistently brush his cock across her pleasure spot on each movement. But if he wanted to take no chances, he needed to do even more.

His right hand moved in from her inner thigh, and his fingers found her clitoris. He heard Arianne groan into Margaery's mouth as he began to lightly stroke her, and Robb knew that he'd found a sure method to bring the princess with him as the pleasure peaked. He kissed and sucked on the back of her neck, closed his eyes and put everything he had into his thrusting and rubbing.

He heard Arianne moan loudly just before he felt her cunt squeeze his cock as she came. Robb actually bit the skin of her neck lightly as he endured her orgasm without allowing himself to follow. Arianne had easy access to moon tea, but all agreed that it would be smart for Robb not to finish inside of her.

Making it through her climax without cumming himself was one of the more difficult things Robb had ever done, but he managed it. And as soon as he felt her body relax, he pulled his cock out of her cunt and shot his cum all over her belly. Margaery broke her kiss with Arianne and sat back on her knees, watching her husband finish.

"Watching you bathe our beautiful Dornish princess in your seed has me feeling *badly* in need of some relief," Margaery said, making eye contact with Robb as he finished cumming. "I hope you won't keep me waiting too long, Robb."

Her smirk was back again, likely because she knew she wouldn't be waiting long at all. This was hardly the first time he'd been asked to go for multiple shots and satisfy more than one lover. And as he looked between his wife's naked body and knowing smirk and his cum all over Arianne's skin, he knew it would take no time at all for him to be ready for more.

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Robb was glad that he'd already cum once. If he hadn't, this would have been over embarrassingly quickly.

It wasn't like it would ever take him long when he was fucking his wife. They'd been able to share a bed with far more regularity now that they were in King's Landing



together, but his desire for her never dipped even slightly regardless of how many nights they shared. Having her down on her knees and rubbing the small of her back as he took her from behind would always have been immensely satisfying for him.

But they weren't alone in this bed. Arianne was beside them, or more accurately, she was beneath his wife. Margaery's head was between the legs of the Dornish princess, and she was going down on Arianne with the same enthusiasm she'd shown as she kissed her and played with her breasts earlier. Robb couldn't see her precise technique, since it was just the back of Margaery's head that he could see if he looked that way. But he saw Arianne's legs shake and move back and forth restlessly, and he fully believed that it was because her body didn't know what to do with itself thanks to how much pleasure the queen's tongue was bringing her.

Just knowing that Margaery was going down on Arianne would have made an already great fuck even better. One of his hands ran up and down Margaery's back, and the other stroked the spot where his wife's leg pressed up against and squished one of Arianne's round breasts. It was incredible, and more than enough to get him off. But that wasn't all there was for him to enjoy.

Margaery wasn't the only one who was using her mouth effectively. Arianne didn't have as much room to work with, since Robb's cock kept moving in and out of the queen's cunt. But she was not encumbered by having less area available to lick. She understood how effective licking her lover's clitoris could be, and she showed her understanding perfectly well. He knew Margaery could feel it, and feel that her Dornish friend was just as adept at pleasing another woman as she was. But not even that was all that Arianne did.

Every once in a while, her tongue would dart out to give Robb's cock a quick lick just before it thrust in or just after it pulled out of his wife's cunt. The way Robb was kneeling on the bed had his balls swinging just above her face, but sometimes she would lean her head up so his balls dragged across her skin or put her mouth on them for a kiss or a quick suck. Her mouth work sometimes interrupted Robb's rhythm, but he was happy to welcome that interruption and the pleasure that came with it. This sultry Dornish princess was managing to please both the king *and* the queen at the same time with her mouth, and Robb could feel how happy she was to be able to do so. She loved moments of play like this as much as Margaery did, and as much as she'd taught Robb to. They were lucky to have her here with them, even if it was only for this single encounter. If this was the one and only time that he got to have a threesome with Arianne Martell, he would remember it fondly for the rest of his days.

Robb bit his lip, but it did little to stifle his groan as he came inside of Margaery. He gave the side of Arianne's breast a squeeze and moved his other hand down to squeeze the flesh of his wife's arse. While he would have loved for this meeting of royal friends to last forever, this had certainly been a lovely way for it to end.

Margaery rolled off of Arianne after he was done. It was only then that he saw clear liquid on the jaw and around the mouth of the princess, and he realized that he'd been too consumed by his own orgasm to notice that Margaery had climaxed as well. As his wife rolled off of Arianne, some of his seed dripped out of her cunt and landed on the Dornishwoman as well, making an even greater mess of her face. Not many highborn ladies would have been happy about having their faces smeared with the shared orgasms of the king and queen, but Arianne Martell was not like most highborn ladies or princesses Robb had met. Ironically, the only one he felt he could fairly compare her to would be Margaery herself. That was exactly why this moment of 'friendship' had gone so well.

"I'm *very* glad I came for your coronation," Arianne said.

"Hopefully it won't be the last time you come while you're here," Margaery quipped. After a beat, all three of them began to laugh.

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