

“In the name of King Robb Stark, First of His Name, take heart! His Grace does not wish to harm any of his subjects! As soon as the gates have been opened and the city has welcomed its new king, every man, woman and child in King’s Landing will have full bellies! The food is plentiful in Highgarden, and your Queen Margaery wishes for her subjects to never again go to sleep hungry! As soon as the false kinslaying king has been overthrown, peace will return to the realm!”

Robb listened to the bellowing of one of the men from Highgarden, who had been chosen for this task specifically because his voice was both loud and pleasant. He was meant to reassure the smallfolk of King’s Landing, promising them an end to their current suffering as soon as Stannis was gone and Robb sat the Iron Throne.

It was ironic, the army who was putting the capital under siege proclaiming themselves as the saviors who would bring peace back to the lives of the smallfolk. But Robb imagined that it was effective in the minds of the people inside those walls. Half of his army had held the city under siege for over a month now, keeping Stannis and his forces from riding out to stop the other half of his army from conquering the lands and castles that belonged to Stannis’ bannermen and supporters. While Robb oversaw the half of the army that remained camped outside of King’s Landing, building siege weapons that would be used when they moved to take the city, trusted commanders led companies to take out Stannis’ supporters and remove any hope of reinforcement. The human in Robb did feel for the smallfolk who were starving and suffering, but he’d hardened his heart and settled in for a bitter siege. Hopefully, the hunger and the suffering would make them more welcoming of him when he’d taken the city.

“They’re probably ready to riot already,” Ser Garlan Tyrell said from beside him. “Whatever food Stannis has left has to go to his army. The people will welcome you with open arms, brother.”

“As long as they don’t welcome us with knives in hand, I’ll consider it a positive,” Robb said, turning away and walking back towards his tent. Garlan gave him a nod, remaining where he was and giving out some more instructions about what he wanted their messenger to shout.

As for Robb, he had to concentrate on defeating Stannis before he could spend too much time worrying about how the smallfolk of King’s Landing would feel about him, a conquering king from the north. He walked through their camp outside of the walls of King’s Landing, considering what they were doing and what was to come.

Everyone agreed that Stannis would never surrender and would continue to fight until the bitter end. Waiting until he’d been weakened as much as possible before they moved to actually try and take the city had been the only strategy worth considering. One by one, the other half of Robb’s army would return, having finished their raids, conquered the holdings of Stannis’ bannermen and left behind small garrisons to watch over them. Stannis was no fool; he knew exactly what Robb’s strategy was. And yet he could do nothing to stop it. He could only wait for an opening that Robb would never provide him,

and otherwise prepare to give bitter resistance once the invaders began their assault.

"You have a visitor waiting inside of your tent, Your Grace," Robb's squire, an eager young lad from Riverrun, announced when Robb got close.

"And will I be happy to see this visitor?" Robb asked, raising an eyebrow. Grey Wind was sitting just outside the tent, and he didn't seem bothered, so it couldn't be anyone who meant Robb ill. But it was odd that his squire hadn't just outright told him who was waiting for him.

"Yes, Your Grace," his squire said. The lad blushed and looked away. "Apologies, but they asked me not to ruin the surprise."

"Very well," Robb said, giving the boy a smile and a clap on the shoulder to reassure him. He rubbed the fur on top of Grey Wind's head as he walked by him and stepped into his tent.

"Welcome back, my king," the naked woman sitting in the middle of his tent said, looking up at him and smiling as he entered.

"Wouldn't that be more appropriate for me to say to you?" he replied. Seeing Dacey Mormont naked in his tent was always a welcome thing, but it was even better now after not having seen her at all for several weeks. "I didn't know you had returned from Rosby."

"We only just got back," Dacey said. "You were meeting with Garlan Tyrell and Randyll Tarly, so I decided to just wait in here for you to return."

"And you didn't wait alone, I see," Robb pointed out, looking down at the camp follower that was down on her belly between Dacey's spread legs.

"Hey, this was the longest I've gone without your cock since the first time we fucked," Dacey said in her own defense. "And taking that castle for you made me horny. Can you blame me for not wanting to wait for you to get back?"

"I suppose not," Robb said. With Dacey off leading a group of raiders and taking a castle on his behalf, Margaery and Mira still in Casterly Rock and Tyene presumably back in Dorne, Robb hadn't fucked anyone either. He'd never been interested in seeking out any of the camp followers to come back to his tent with him, but Dacey clearly had no such issues in spreading her legs so one of the girls could serve her immediately upon her return to camp. She had good taste, if nothing else. The girl's shift was bunched up almost completely above her arse, and a fine, pert arse it was too. That arse wiggled slightly as the girl worked. She must have known what she was doing too, because Dacey let out a little groan and ran her fingers through the woman's short dark hair in appreciation.

“Did your raid go well?” Robb asked, looking away from the wiggling arse and remaining in his role of king and commander of the army, at least for a little bit longer. He assumed Dacey would want him to set his kingly responsibilities aside and get to his equally important duties of fucking her until she screamed soon enough, but he could keep his head where it counted for a minute or two more if nothing else.

“There were, *ohh*, no issues,” Dacey said. Her second hand now joined the first in the camp follower’s hair. “Rosby is all yours, my king. I didn’t lose a single man.” She bit her lip and tightened her grip in her partner’s hair, holding her face more firmly against her cunt. “Outside of the small garrison I left behind to watch the castle, everyone else is back and ready to help here in King’s Landing.”

“That’s good to hear,” Robb said. Dacey’s moans of pleasure were also good to hear. He’d missed those moans, and now that she was back and he was hearing them again, he could already feel his cock getting hard inside of his breeches. “Thank you, Dacey.”

“You’re welcome,” she said. “But if you *really* want to thank me, you’ll get over here and bring that cock with you.”

“If that is how you’d like for me to show you my gratitude, it would be my privilege,” Robb said, already reaching down to undo his breeches and get his cock out. He’d spent the last month being king and preparing for the assault on King’s Landing. Dacey wanted him to reward her, and by the time he’d stripped down below the waist, his cock was all but ready to give her what she wanted.

“Mmm, there it is,” Dacey sighed, smiling as Robb walked towards her, cock bobbing with every step. “That’s enough, Leyla. You can just sit and watch for a bit.”

The camp follower got up onto her knees and scooted back to make room for Robb, who quickly moved on top of Dacey and guided his cock between her legs. He didn’t need to ask whether she was ready; the wetness of her arousal spoke for her. And he was only here because she’d asked for it, so there was no reason to keep her waiting. Robb pushed straight into Dacey’s cunt, reintroducing himself to her body after her return from Rosby.

There was something comforting and familiar about being inside of Dacey. She had not been his first partner, but with all the time he’d spent apart from his queen while he was off fighting for the throne, Dacey was certainly his most frequent sexual companion up to this point. That would likely change once Stannis was defeated and he and Margaery both lived in the Red Keep as King and Queen of Westeros, but as of right now, he knew Dacey’s body better than any other woman’s.

He knew what she wanted, he knew how she liked to be fucked, and he wasted no time in giving it to her. Robb’s hips moved back and forth quickly, settling into the pace Dacey wanted, and she showed him how much she approved of it by putting her arms around his shoulders and crossing her legs behind his back.

“That’s it, Robb,” she said into his ear, moaning as he sped up and started fucking her faster. “Yes, that’s it! This is what I missed! Keep going! Keep fucking me, Robb!”

Robb did as she asked, fucking her harder and grabbing her breasts for a squeeze. Dacey grunted, loving the feeling of his cock sliding in and out every bit as much as Robb loved it. It was really only a question of who would get off first, because after all these weeks apart, both of them were more than ready for a quick release.

She pulled him in closer, and her legs squeezed him even tighter. Robb felt Dacey pulling on him, he heard her groans of pleasure and need, and he began to sense that Dacey was definitely going to get there before he did. He might be excited to be with her again, but she had clearly been looking forward to this all day at least. Probably since she’d taken Rosby, set up the garrison and began her return journey to their camp outside of King’s Landing, she had been thinking about what she would do with him once she was back in his tent and his cock was back in her cunt. While Robb had been dealing with the preparations for the eventual assault on King’s Landing, Dacey had been thinking about this.

Robb was pleased to hear and feel that he was giving her the kind of fuck she’d been thinking about and looking forward to. He pounded deep inside of his she-bear, knowing now that he need not hold a thing back. Dacey was going to get off well before he did, so he could just thrust into her without needing to worry. This was all she needed from him.

Dacey growled, held him together and even bit his shoulder as he fucked her to the orgasm she’d been waiting weeks for. Robb let out a little grunt of his own as her cunt clenched around him. It was tempting to let go entirely, keep fucking her without a care and fill her cunt with his seed. A part of him really did want to do it, and Dacey wasn’t making it easy on him. But Robb had never gone back on his promise to Margaery, and he wouldn’t go back on it now either. He kept fucking her, yes. His hips kept moving and he kept enjoying being with Dacey again, but he wouldn’t let the pleasure defeat him.

“Leyla,” Dacey moaned, surprising him. “Would you like to swallow your king’s seed?”

“Oh, yes,” the pretty camp follower said quickly. “I would love to taste your cock, Your Grace.” The girl sounded legitimately excited by the idea. Being able to fake enthusiasm was probably a useful skill for someone who made coin the way she did, but it was possible she really *was* excited at the thought of sucking Robb’s cock.

It didn’t much matter either way. Dacey could tell that he was close to cumming, and she had just given him an interesting alternative on how to finish. He could always have kept fucking her until the end, pulled out and sprayed his seed on her belly or into her mouth, and that would have been as enjoyable as ever. But this was something fresh. He had no particular interest in fucking Leyla, pretty though she was, but sliding his cock between her lips for a bit until she swallowed his seed sounded interesting.

Robb gave Dacey a quick kiss on the lips as he pulled his cock out of her, and she laughed and squeezed his arse. “Go feed her,” she said. He got up off of her and turned around to see Leyla, now on her knees and staring up at him while licking her lips. Robb stepped towards her and put his hands on her head, and her mouth opened wide to take the head of his cock in.

She suckled at and licked the tip while stroking his shaft at the same time. The woman knew what she was doing, and Robb had been close as it was, so she wouldn't need to work hard to finish him. He looked down into her light gray eyes and groaned as he began to fill her mouth with his seed. There was quite a bit of it, especially after having gone longer than his body was used to without sex now. At first, she was swallowing it all as it came, but the longer it went on, the more of a struggle it became. Towards the end it spilled out of her mouth and ran down her chin, and Robb smiled. He'd cum so much that even a woman who swallowed it on what was likely a daily basis hadn't been prepared to swallow it all. Was that something he should take pride in? Regardless, Robb was pleased with himself.

“Your rewards are as satisfying as ever, my king,” Dacey said. She was sitting up now, and one look at her face was all Robb needed to know what she was about to say next. “But I'd like to be rewarded for my hard work a bit more, if it pleases you. Maybe next time *I'll* swallow.”

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“Might I have a word, Your Grace?”

Robb looked to his left, smiling politely at a heavyset woman with dark, curly hair who he did not recognize. “I don't believe I've had the pleasure of meeting you, miss.” He was trying to figure out a polite way to tell her that he did not have the time to speak personally with her, what with preparations for the eventual assault on King's Landing continuing.

“Oh, you wouldn't have,” she said, giggling. “This is our first meeting. I came from inside the city walls.”

“You escaped through the gates?” Robb said, looking at her sharply and with renewed interest. Robb held up his hand to stop anyone else from interrupting. “And how did you accomplish such a feat?” Stannis was a diligent man, and of course he had every gate and path into and out of the city being watched closely. It was possible that this pink-faced woman had simply gotten lucky, but Robb's gut told him that there was more to it than that.

The woman giggled again, and something about the sound made Robb's skin crawl. “You must leave a woman her secrets, Your Grace!” she said, speaking quietly enough that only he could hear her. “But I'd be happy to tell you more in the privacy of your tent.” Robb frowned, but she spoke quickly before he could figure out how to respond. “Oh, I

didn't mean it like that, dear! I'm old enough to be your mother! Why, I knew your father! But I *can* help you and your army get into the city, just as I got out of it."

Robb looked around quickly before waving the woman forward, motioning for her to walk with him back to his tent. He didn't know what this was or who *she* was, but if there was even the slightest chance that she really could get them inside of King's Landing more easily, it was worth listening to her. He had Dacey, Loras and Grey Wind walking with him, in addition to being armed himself, so he had nothing to fear from this strange woman, whoever she was. At worst, it would be a minor waste of time.

"Now then," Robb said once they were all inside the tent. He nodded at the woman, waiting for her to explain herself.

"I will be happy to explain," the woman said. "But first, allow me to take these robes off." Robb took an instinctive step backwards, but fortunately the woman was not revealing anything, beyond the fact that she was not who she'd appeared to be at first. The dark curls were gone, and the matronly-seeming woman was replaced by a plump bald man.

"The Spider," Loras said at once. Robb, who had been told plenty about the important figures within King's Landing, knew the name, as well as the reputation of the man behind it.

"You're Lord Varys?" Robb said. "The Master of Whisperers?"

"Formerly the Master of Whisperers, yes," Varys said. "Knowing Stannis Baratheon as I do, I was not about to give him the chance to relieve me of my post. I suspect I would have been relieved not only of my position, but also my head. Or perhaps he would have offered me as a sacrifice to R'hllor. He's been fascinated with those since he took control of the city. Either way, I was not going to find out. I've been hiding within King's Landing since it became clear to me that the Lannisters were finished and the city would belong to Stannis, eluding notice and waiting for my opportunity to escape. And here I am."

"Here you are," Robb repeated. "You escaped the city in disguise and came to me, speaking of helping us get in far more easily than we would be able to on our own."

"Yes," Varys said. "I do hope I have convinced you of my ability to do so. It was simple enough for me to escape, Your Grace. I merely needed to wait for the right opportunity to do so, and now it has presented itself. The city is ripe for the taking, Your Grace; the people will welcome you, so long as you put food in their bellies."

"And what's in it for you?" Robb asked. "Why serve me, after serving Robert and Joffrey before me?" He knew that such help would not be offered freely. Much like Tyrion Lannister and Casterly Rock, Varys would want some form of compensation for his aid.

"I serve the realm, as always," Varys replied. "I serve on behalf of the best interests of *everyone* in the realm." It was a pretty enough line, but Robb was unmoved by it.

"As you served the realm when my father was slain?" he asked simply. He expected Varys to cower or offer some sort of groveling apology, but the Master of Whisperers did not even flinch.

"Yes," Varys said, nodding. "Lord Eddard was a good man, and that is a rare enough thing for one in his position. The realm would have been better for it if he had lived. That was why I persuaded him to accept the bargain offered to him by Cersei. In exchange for confessing to treason in front of gods and men, Lord Eddard was to take the black and become a man of the Night's Watch, and you would have been acknowledged as Lord of Winterfell, provided you swore your fealty to Joffrey. Cersei saw the wisdom in it, and for the sake of your sisters, your father set aside his honor and agreed." Varys sighed and shook his head.

"But then Joffrey took it upon himself to ignore the counsel of his mother and take your father's head anyway," the Spider continued. "So much would have been different had he just done as he was bid, but he thought he knew best. Or perhaps Lord Baelish whispered into his ear and filled his head with thoughts of making an example of Lord Eddard and showing his people that he was a strong king. Petyr was quick enough to offer to take Lady Sansa under his care as soon as your father was dead. And it was he who your father chose to put his trust in, sadly enough. Had he come to me for aid instead, perhaps things could have ended differently."

Robb had heard Tyrion's version of what had happened with Lord Baelish, who the dagger used in the assassination attempt on Bran had actually belonged to, and who had been responsible for the goldcloaks siding with Joffrey and Cersei when his father attempted to carry out King Robert's will. Hearing Varys, who Tyrion was wary of, make similar comments about Littlefinger suggested to Robb that he was not who his mother had believed him to be. But that was not of much importance right now, or at all until Littlefinger showed his face again. Stannis was the much greater concern.

"So, you've come to me because you want to help me sit the Iron Throne?" Robb asked.

"I've come to you because you *will* sit the Iron Throne, regardless," Varys said. "Or your army will conquer the city if nothing else, should some harm befall you in the taking of King's Landing. Stannis is a stubborn man, and he will never surrender so long as he draws breath. But he cannot win. He will fight to the last, but it will be a pointless struggle, and many innocents will die in the fighting. If you are to take the city either way, I serve the realm by helping you take it with as little blood spilled as possible."

"Renly used many words to describe you, Varys," Loras said. "Benevolent was never one of them." Disdain was evident in every word.

Varys smiled and shook his head. "Benevolent? Perhaps not. I like to think of myself as pragmatic. One king is destined to lose, whether he will accept that or not, and my life would also be in imminent danger should that king see me." He looked at Robb and smiled. "Another king has the stronger force, and I do believe I have at least a fair chance of not being beheaded or burned alive on his command. Who knows? Perhaps, if I can prove myself to be of use in helping you take the city, you might even allow me to continue to serve the realm once you are seated on the throne."

"You believe you can open the gates and let my army in?" Robb said. He wasn't going to make any promises, and he hadn't even decided whether or not he would accept the Spider's offer. Speaking with the man himself had made him understand why anyone who'd spoken of him had seemed wary of him. It was a matter that he would need to discuss with his advisors before he committed to any course of action. But if Varys could do as he said, there couldn't possibly be an easier path into the city for Robb any time soon.

"It isn't a belief, Your Grace, but a simple fact," Varys said. He didn't sound as if he was boasting. To Robb, it sounded like Varys considered what he was offering to be a mundane act of no great difficulty. "Give the word, and the city gates will be thrown open for you and your army."