

Warm My Flesh With Your Furs

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/13663131) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/13663131>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings , Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Categories:	F/M , Other
Fandoms:	Game of Thrones (TV) , A Song of Ice and Fire - George R. R. Martin , A Song of Ice and Fire & Related Fandoms
Relationships:	Robb Stark/Sansa Stark , Sansa Stark/Grey Wind , Robb Stark/Sansa Stark/Grey Wind
Characters:	Robb Stark , Sansa Stark , Grey Wind (ASoIaF) , Lady (ASoIaF) , Stannis Baratheon , Davos Seaworth , Umbers , Manderlys - Character , Karstarks , Lords of The North , Joffrey Baratheon , Jon Snow , Arya Stark , Robett Glover
Additional Tags:	Explicit Sexual Content , Explicit Language , Bestiality , Vaginal Sex , Vaginal Fingering , Threesome , Sexual Fantasy , Dream Sex , Dreaming , Orgasm , direwolves , Depravity , Depraved acts , Cunnilingus , All kinds of cunnilingus , Licking , Nipple Licking , Woman on Top , Missionary Position , Forbidden Love , Taboo , Porn , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Alternate Universe , Robb Lives , Lady lives , Grey Wind Lives , Robb Stark is King in the North , Sansa has been rescued from the Lannisters , just go with it , What Have I Done , I Can't Believe I Wrote This , after telling an anon no , i will never say never from now on , Sibling Incest , Incest , Brother/Sister Incest , Incest and Bestiality - Please heed the tags , I'm Not Ashamed , NSFW Art , NSFW moodboard , Naughty , Dirty Talk , Some Plot , yes i am adding plot , Murder , Rescue Missions , post battle sex , Flashbacks , Loss of Virginity , Clothed Sex , Rimming , Jealousy , Misunderstandings , Warging , Canon-Typical Violence , Rough Sex , Armor Kink , Armor , Bloodlust , Angst and Hurt/Comfort , Bathing/Washing , Bathtubs , Declarations Of Love , Making Love , Character Death
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-02-13 Completed: 2018-05-28 Words: 34,480 Chapters: 7/7

Warm My Flesh With Your Furs

by [SoHereWeAre](#)

Summary

Robb Stark rescues Sansa from King's Landing after forming an uneasy alliance with Stannis Baratheon. Sansa is reunited with her brother whom she thought was dead, an action that changes the course of their lives forever. After returning to Winterfell safe under Robb's protection, Sansa's love for Robb develops into something more, pulled in by the strong mystical connection they have with their direwolves. The Young Wolf also gives in to the love for his sister, determined to keep The Red Wolf at his side at all costs.

**** Contains Bestiality and Brother/Sister Incest. Go no further if this offends you or freaks you out. You have been duly warned.**** Everyone else.. enjoy!

**** Also contains a VERY NSFW/Explicit Moodboard made for me by the ever talented sansafeels. All kinds of naughty with this one. ****

Dream Sweet Dream

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The thick fog surrounded Sansa as she scurried out of the castle and made her way through the dark to the Godswood. The ground was wet, dampness clinging to her slippers as her cloak streamed behind her. Her chest was tight and she was breathless, feeling like she was running for her life as if Joffrey himself was chasing her through the haze, hunting her down to drag her back to King's Landing where he could have her beaten and mentally tortured at his whim. The terror spread through her for a moment in remembrance and she uttered a half-scream that died as soon as it started to emit from her, carried along on the gentle breeze. Her hood fell around her shoulders and strands of her long auburn hair tickled her face, hampering her view. It took forever to reach her haven, her sanctuary, the only place besides her solar at Winterfell where she took solace and found peace and pleasure. Memories of her time in King's Landing was a distant nightmare. She refused to have nightmares now. Only dreams were allowed. Now there was this, the beauty of tranquility of the Godswood, the comfort of home and her fear was fading. Yet even through the cool air sweat beaded on her neck as she reaches the Weirwood tree and a flush creeps up the back of her neck and heat spreads through her body. She collapses to the cold ground, inhaling sharply as a distant howl tore through the silence. *Lady*, she thinks. *I hear Lady. Sweet Lady. She is howling for her mate, yearning for him. Wolves mate for life. Wolves love with a fierce loyalty. As do I.*

Lady was safe. She was safe. She was home. Now. Forever.

The grass beneath her felt as soft and as inviting as her bed and she sighed as a soft creak of a door jolts through her mind. Soft footsteps, boots. Boots making confident strides. She peers into the mist and rolls onto her back to clutch at the blades caressing her, surrounding her. Her fears are gone and the solitude is comforting, soothing and she basks in the freedom and tranquility of the woods. The steps are closer now and they are not boots but paws, heavy paws accompanied by another howl, one closer now. It is a stronger, deeper sound and she recognizes it instantly. So familiar to her now. Her protector. Her companion.

"Grey Wind."

The direwolf's name sounds strange on her lips and she feels almost drunk as she turns her head. Her right cheek presses into the grass as Robb's wolf trots slowly into view, stopping for a moment to drink at the pond. Sansa can sense the thirst in him and she sighs as the Weirwood's tree branches sway above her, the red leaves rustling, dancing, making their own music in tune with the winds. She resists the longing in her to rise to her feet and join him at the pond's edge.

He always comes to her.

Lady howls again from somewhere unseen and Sansa silently agrees with her. He is strong and handsome and brave; a true warrior and hunter, both fearless and fierce. He also knows how to be gentle and patient and comforting. The perfect companion.

King of the Direwolves.

Lady's King and mate reaches her and she raises outstretched arms to him, cutting through the gossamer clouds. His nose brushes her fingertips in greeting, followed by a quick lick from his freshly watered tongue. His breath is a welcome heat to her hands and she smooths them into his thick fur, no

longer coarse but curled and combed. He whines at her touch and she can smell him. He is another comfort of home. Yet here in the Godswood he is more than that. The Seven and the Old Gods have no meaning to her anymore yet she could never deny the power of the Godswood at night. The only faith she practiced now, the only thing she prayed to now, was this feeling of beauty and wildness and it washed over her as she clung to the one sure thing she knew. Loved.

This was their nightly ritual. Sometimes she feared he would not show up and she would be left desolate and alone, restless and aching for the feelings of being cherished and protected that only he could evoke. There should be shame in it but she left shame behind long ago. There was no shame in this, not when it brought her such peace.

The direwolf hovers over her, massive, careful not to bear down onto her body as his tongue softly licks her face and she smiles, nearly giggling until the wetness laps at her neck and she clutches his fur a little desperately at that and her heart leaps. His saliva is in the strands of hair clinging to her neck and she feels teeth nipping down, down to tear at her cloak, her nightgown, her small clothes and she shivers in unabashed delight. Perhaps the sensible lady in her should protest and shove his snout away but instead she helps to rid herself of her clothes until she is naked as her nameday, lying exposed completely to him. He lies with her and she embraces him, reveling in the feel of his power and his softness. The feel of thick fur all along her nude body is sensual, beautiful.

The cold air might surround her but Grey Wind's body heat and fur warms her as his hot breath ghosts her skin. He is gentle, careful, mindful of her as he bathes her with his long, thick, coarse tongue, painting her flesh with wet streaks, paying homage to her nipples and belly. She squirms under him, the heat rising in her and she knows she should feel sick, debased, dirty, but she only feels sparks of pleasure and knows she is already wet between her legs before his nose even makes it to her apex, nudging her, prompting her to spread her legs wide. She complies only too willingly as the direwolf whines, his massive head ducking down as his gigantic paws also plant firmly between her spread thighs. She couldn't close them now even if she wanted to and just to prove it she tries to squeeze them together, silently pleased at her failed effort.

Sansa reaches down to stroke at the fur that she can reach to reassure him and he whines. *So very eager to please his mistress*, she thinks, *just like his master*. Then for a moment she can think no more when the whining increases and the lapping sounds ripple through the night and she cries out at the long, wet licks up through her folds. His tongue covers all of her cunt and it is an instant pleasure, a wicked delight and she grips at his thick fur harder with trembling hands; trembling that quakes through her thighs as Grey Wind starts to frantically lap into her like he was thirstily drinking from the pond. She couldn't help the pleased moans escaping her lips and her head was dizzy with arousal. For a moment the bliss is too much and she laughs sensually into the night. What would the Lannisters think of her if they could see her now, spread wide like a needy slut, her brother's direwolf licking at her cunt while she writhed in ecstasy?

She tries to buck up but he is heavy and she cannot move. She is trapped and she does not care, her head flinging back as her hands release fur to claw at the ground, the ground that feels like the softness of her featherbed -

"Robb!" She meant to cry out for Grey Wind but calls her brother's name instead, yet it spurs him to lick madly into her, nipping at her folds, now snarling and snorting in excitement and effort. She wonders what would happen if she was strong enough to move, if she flipped over onto her stomach, would he rut her like she was a wolf bitch? The thought only makes her more swollen and aching; she whimpers helplessly, this time chanting out in a murmur that seemed to be a scream : *Grey, Grey Wolf, Grey* -

"Sansa?"

Her eyes fluttered open and the languid, ethereal feeling dissipates immediately and she blinks and pants into the semi-darkness. She is lying naked on her bed, her legs spread open while her hands clutched not the cool ground but sheets underneath her. Her center was aching madly and she looked down to see Robb naked, his auburn curly-topped head between her legs. His blue eyes are puzzled, startled, incredulous as he looks at her, his wide mouth wet with her juices. His voice had startled her out of her dream where his tongue had not and she felt his hands loosening their grip on her shaking thighs. The only light provided was the flicker of the low fire in the hearth but it is enough to see realization pass over her brother's face and instantly she is mortified. She did not have to wonder if she had said Grey Wind's name in her sleep. Robb's face revealed the answer to her thoughts.

Ashamed, she tries to squirm away from him but his hands latch onto her thighs; powerful hands, strong and insistent against her weak efforts. She thinks maybe she should hit him to escape the embarrassment but instead she wraps her long tresses around her face and covers her eyes with her hands. Surely he would be disgusted with her. He would no doubt think her a deviant and leave her room horrified.

"Robb," she squeaked out. "Robb, I -" She wasn't quite sure what she meant to say but it fell by the wayside as she felt his tongue swipe her slowly from bottom to top, his teeth nipping at her red curls. A helpless whimper replaced all words.

"Was Grey like this when he licked your cunt in your dream, Sansa?" Another long, slow streak of wet trailed through her folds to her pubic hair. Sansa's hands pressed harder into her closed eyes. The sensation was tight in her belly and like wildfire through her loins as his voice, his words, his deliberate teasing brought forth even more wetness from her.

"Oh." It was all she could reply.

"Or was he more like this?" She felt his nails scratching at the soft fleshy part of her inner thighs and she moaned as he suddenly lapped furiously into her, nipping at her clit and her swollen folds. She bucked up as best she could at that and she heard him chuckle low in his throat. Dear all the gods, she was going to peak quickly.

Robb had other ideas for her as he abruptly stopped to bite at her inside thigh where his fingers had been, sucking hard to bloom color there. It hurt a little but it felt glorious.

"Sansa." She felt the pressure of his head as he moved to rest on her pelvis, close enough to her cunt where he could flick his tongue out to tease just enough to keep her aroused but not enough to make her cum. She nearly wept from the pleasure of it when she felt a finger gliding across her plush curls and down to her opening, sliding in so easily with as drenched as she was. In no time another finger was added and Sansa gasped.

"Did you like it? Did you enjoy having my direwolf feast on your perfect little cunt? What a huge rough tongue Grey has. I think you really enjoyed it. I don't think he could even get all of his tongue inside of you, darling. Gods, this is the wettest I've ever seen you, Sansa. Simply running like a river all over my mouth and your sheets. I've never heard you moan like that in your sleep before." He paused to flick again over her engorged nub before slowly fucking her with his fingers. Indeed she was so wet the squicky noises from his movements seemed to fill the room as did the scent of her sex.

"Have you been playing with Grey when I'm not around? I've noticed his absence from time to time. Have you had him in here to make you cum?"

"No!" She tore her hands from her eyes and swiped her hair back onto the pillows. He was already staring up at her, a smirk on his handsome face. "I - I would never. Never. It's... against all decency -"

"You just had a dream about it. You are thinking it now, aren't you? How you could entice him to lap at you? You wouldn't even have to try to convince him, my sweet sister. I could warg -"

"It is against all warging rules and all of nature to do so!" She gasped, struggling for a coherent train of thought as his fingers worked her in slow motion. She knew she was blushing, imagining Robb taking over Grey Wind even as she was horrified at the prospect. It could be a way for them to be intimate without having the danger of being caught, she rationalized. A way to make love without worrying about the consequences of a pregnancy. A way to found out if she truly take a direwolf's cock -oh gods, she could not. He would be too big. Robb was almost too big as it was.

"Rules?" She sighed in protest as he gently removed his fingers to lick at them. "Wildling customs and mere guidelines. What do I care if they shun me, after all we have been through? How would anyone but us ever know?"

"Robb." Her voice was thin as she tried to beg him into finishing her off. "It was only a dream."

"Maybe, but you cannot deny the truth of it. It makes sense, my love. Grey is a part of me just as much as Lady is a part of you. Father knew of the strong connection. That is why he lied to King Robert and claimed he killed Lady, sending her back to Winterfell filled with a potion that made her appear dead." Robb slipped off her bed, walking to her door stark naked. "Do you think it coincidence that ever since we returned to Winterfell and began making love that Grey Wind took Lady as his mate?"

"Robb? What are you -" She took in Robb's muscular body - a warrior's body, hardened from battles yet so gentle in her arms - as he cautiously creaked the door open. Immediately she heard padding of four paws trotting from the door of Robb's solar, which was directly across from hers, Grey Wind bounded in, taking time to sniff at Robb's fingers before bounding on to the bed. Sansa bit her lip to prevent shrieking as her heart hammered. The direwolf was massive and she had very little room to move, even in her cavernous bed. Sometimes Grey would sleep with her and Robb but this - well, this time was different, and she tensed. Shame colored her cheeks as the direwolf licked her cheek affectionately and settled in next to her. She thought she had done away with shame the moment she welcomed her own brother into her bed, finding the pleasures and love she had for so long been denied, but now with the memory of her vivid dream fresh in her mind and her increased awareness of soft fur pressed sinuously up against her bare skin, she found guilt and embarrassment flooding her.

Her eyes darted back to her brother while her right hand subconsciously reached out to grab a handful of wolf fur. It instantly warmed her fingers. Robb carefully closed the door and sauntered back to the foot of the bed, his erection jutting thick and proud from a bed of wiry auburn curls, the same shade of hair lightly gracing his broad chest and his face. He was truly a handsome man. Her brother, her savior, her lover and her King. If he had it his way she would be his Queen and indeed, she was in all but name. Her excitement from his oral skills had not abated as he crawled back onto the bed to gather her into his arms. As always she felt the love and desire radiate from him and he kissed her. Soft, insistent, his special kind of kisses that made her feel as if she were falling down, down, into a sea of passion and longing. Indeed, she must have been flowing like a river as his mouth was saturated with her scent, her taste. Her legs were still spread and he eased himself down, kissing her neck and licking, sucking at her already hardened nipples.

"I need to finish what I started," he murmured against her skin, a hand skimming down between her legs. Sansa sighed as two fingers entered her again and curled inside, stroking. "Perhaps this time I might have some help with your pleasure?"

Before she could say anything, Robb withdrew his fingers, soaked and sticky, and reached out to Grey Wind, who huffed and turned his head, craning to pick up her scent. Interested, his tongue flicked out cautiously to taste, then lapped as he snorted. Sansa was mortified but couldn't look away, not even as Robb snatched his hand from Grey to circle sopping fingers down her neck and around her nipples.

"See? He likes you. He always has liked you, Sansa." Robb's voice was thick with lust. "Almost as much as I do."

Sansa's hand tightened more into Grey's fur as Robb made his way down to her overly stimulated cunt and his tongue slipped inside. She arched with a gasp as she felt his knowing fingers playing with her clit. Her head turned away from the direwolf to press her cheek hard into the pillow. It smelled like Robb from where he briefly slept last night. He has stayed as long as he dared before discreetly leaving for his own room, holding her as long as he could. She tried to focus on his scent, not the scent of the hulking direwolf next to her. Tried so very hard to concentrate on Robb's tried and true method of making her peak. It was destroyed when she felt the heavy breath of Grey Wind before his tongue met her neck. The lick was slobbery, sloppy and clumsy, not at all like Robb's smooth ministrations, and the tongue was long, thick, and oddly rough, slightly abrasive. Still, a forbidden shiver of delight jolted down her neck and she released her hold on his fur to grasp with both hands on Robb's bobbing head as she whimpered, her head still pressed into the pillow. This was wrong, even more a taboo than their incestuous love but as she felt the wolf move his head to curl his tongue over her breasts, lapping at the light secretions Robb had painted her with, she couldn't help but love the sensation of two tongues, one soft and one gritty.

Robb's tongue worked faster and Sansa clutched at his curls, spurring him on. Her climax came upon her with so little buildup and she smashed her lips together to keep from crying out while she felt a surge of wetness flow from her, acutely aware of Grey Wind lying his head across her chest as if in a reassurance snuggle, keeping her from lifting off the bed in her pleasure.

"Seven Hells, Sansa!" Robb choked a little and she screwed her eyes shut even tighter as he swallowed what he could, moving away from between her thighs and quickly making his way back up her body. She felt him push Grey from her chest and he turned her head to face him. Her eyes opened and she bit her lip at the intensity of his gaze. "So much cum from you, I could swear I was drinking a glass full of the sweetest Dornish wine."

"Robb." Her breath was finally normalizing but her heart still hammered in her chest. Grey Wind returned to his original lying position, his head by hers. "Robb, I -"

"Shhh. It is all right, love. I have to say it was rather erotic to see my direwolf licking your beautiful breasts. Would that I could be two places at once, at your breast and your cunt, but a man only has one mouth."

Her body was calming but her mind was not. What would Mother and Father have thought about her now, finding bliss in a direwolf licking her as she lay naked with her brother's face buried between her legs. She was so far removed from the young, foolish Sansa, the stupid girl who thought Joff was her golden prince, when all along her wolf prince was the one she needed and loved.

"Is that why you let him in here? To enjoy the sights for yourself?"

"No. You should know me better than that by now." Swiftly his cock entered her without warning. As always his girth shocked her and she gasped as she felt instantly full to the hilt. Ashamed, she wondered what Grey Wind looked like erect. She has never seen a direwolf's hardened cock before but she has seen a dog's. But a dog was nothing compared to a full grown direwolf.

"Robb! Grey Wind!"

"Yes, I am aware." His weight bore down on her as she felt him thrust up into her. "He does not seem to mind."

He was thrusting again, starting a rhythmic pace. He always felt so good and she wrapped her long, silky legs around his waist. Grey's ears perked up and Sansa turned to see him staring at them, seemingly uncaring that his master was mating. She clutched Robb to her, trying to concentrate on him and helping him reach his climax. The only unsatisfactory side to his lovemaking was that he refused to spill inside of her, always pulling out at the last moment. Grey Wind would not have to pull out. He couldn't. He would spill his seed and then knot her, wouldn't he? She tried to rid her mind of her dreams and hidden desires as she rocked up into Robb, listening to his breath increasing with every thrust. Oddly Grey's staring did not bother her. Rather it felt almost like they had a voyeur, an audience to witness their union, and it excited her. She truly was a slattern.

To her confusion Robb pulled out and sat back on his haunches, her grip on him gone.

"Robb? What is it?" She had never known him to stop like this. Never. "Is something wrong?"

He smiled down at her and shook his head. She eyed his beautiful cock, now glistening with the sheen of her juices encasing him.

"I want to make love to you, my love, but not in that way. Something different for tonight. Perhaps you will like it even better." He stretched out his hand and she took it, puzzled, letting him pull her to a seated position, her long hair spilling around her.

"Let me lie down, Sansa. Straddle me, but face away from me. Face the door, so I have a lovely view of your back."

For a moment she felt uncomfortable and hesitated. Robb knew she did not like venturing outside her comfort zone when it came to sex, and she liked the idea even less that he would be seeing her back, scarred as it was from whippings. Then a thought crossed her mind. Dear Robb. In this position she would not be able to see Robb's handsome face, but she also would not be able to see Grey Wind on the bed and she would be further away from him. She had ridden on top of Robb before but it was facing him.

Sansa acquiesced to his request and they moved into position; Robb laid down and she slowly straddled him, easing herself down onto his cock with some guidance of Robb's hands: one on his cock for positioning and one on her hips to guide her. She gave a little cry at the sensation of being so full. His cock was hitting her at a different angle and it was a little painful. She hissed.

"Here, love." He leaned up and his warm hands reached up to cup her breasts from behind. Sansa found she didn't much care for her view of the solar door. She would rather be looking at Robb's face. "Lie back on me."

His movements helped her to slowly lean back until she was lying on her back against him. She could feel his chest hair up against her back and her legs jutted forward. Robb remedied that by using his legs to part hers so that she was splayed open, bending at the knees, her heels digging into the sides of his upper thighs. Such a strange position, exposing her to the air while he felt even more huge inside her. The angle was odd but intimate and Robb began thrusting again, slow and easy so she could get used to the position and she experimentally rolled her hips. Her head rested against her shoulder as her hair spread over him much like her legs. If a guard would burst in here now they would be treated

to the sight of Sansa Stark spread before them like a little whore, her opening obscenely exposed with her brother's cock shoved up inside it. The thought only made her moan.

Each thrust brought both a little pleasure and pain and Sansa gasped. She could feel Robb's heart hammering into her back and he started whispering little obscenities in her ear, meant to titillate. And it did. She snaked a hand down to her clit and began rubbing; it was more than ready to produce another orgasm for her but it needed some help. She circled for all of ten seconds before Robb's hand left her hip to grab her arm and move her hand away.

"No. That is no fun, is it Sansa? If you were going to do that I might as well leave so you can masturbate yourself. Here, let me help you."

She didn't know what to expect but deep down she should have known when Robb whistled low and slapped the side of her thigh, commanding Grey Wind's undivided attention. Obediently Grey ambled to his feet, turned around, and promptly began nudging her thigh. Terror and something else struck her and she started to struggle but Robb sensed what she was going to do before she did it and his legs were like steel, locking hers in place so she couldn't move them as he stopped thrusting into her. He leaned up and she moved with him; it created enough room for him to slide his arms under hers, cupping her breasts before shoving his hands down as far as he could get them...which was on her cunt. Horror and realization flooded her as he parted her pussy lips with both hands. The air hit her folds and her opening and she realized how opened she really was at completely vulnerable.

"Robb. Please. This is -"

"Shhh. It is just you and me and Grey, Sansa. I am giving you what you truly want. It never has to leave this room." His voice was raspy, caught up in his own lusts as he whistled low again, lightly slapping her cunt before spreading her open again.

Sansa could scarce believe it when she felt Grey Wind's nose curiously whiffing her, his breath hot and heavy. Her mind screamed *no* but her body was begging shamelessly *yes* even as she struggled against Robb's steel grip. Her resistance melted instantly when she felt Grey's tongue swipe at her sideways, his huge muzzle resting on her thigh.

"Ah!" His tongue felt more rough on her sensitive folds than it did across her breasts and she nearly screamed in delight and agony. "I can't - I can't!" Her protests were weak as she grabbed Grey behind the ear with one hand, the other reaching back to twine in Robb's hair. *Fur and hair, man and beast, so wrong.*

It took no time for Grey Wind to lap at her like she was his pond to take his fill at; she may as well have been because she was once again flowing. The sandpaper tongue laved at her, hard and thick and long while Grey whimpered and growled, moving from his seated position to a standing one. Sansa's hand fell away and grasped at the closest piece of fur on him and she dared to look at the obscene sight of the direwolf enjoying her cunt while his erection started to emerge a little; bulbous and red. She felt on the brink of cumming already but that sight had her almost stop cold. *Almost.*

"See, my love, he wants you as his mate, too. I wouldn't even have to warg for him to mount you." Robb panted near her ear. "Well, maybe some other night if you so wish it, but not tonight. I am inside you and I am not leaving. Not until I cum inside of you. It is a beautiful sight, you being pleased by my direwolf. Does it feel like your dream?"

Sansa couldn't answer. She just couldn't. Not when Grey's tongue covered her entire mound, scraping her clit and curling down around where she was encased on Robb's cock. She could feel the drool running down her thighs onto Robb and spilling onto the sheets. She was so swollen and couldn't put

a coherent thought together when she felt Robb resuming his thrusting, hard and bruising and not as careful now; not as gentle as he knew she was reaching her climax, and so was he. She felt him tighten and she wanted to wait for him but she could not; instead she gave in, tearing at Robb's hair and nearly arching off of him, kept in place by his legs and now his arms wrapped around her waist to hold her fast to him. Grey licked harder into her to separate her folds on his own, burying into the swollen lips of her cunt so mercilessly that he brought her to a blinding, shattering orgasm and she cried out, shouted out, fisting fur as if her life depended on it while she pulsed and flashed white and black and grey in her head, the sparks lighting and releasing and crashing down around her all at once. She felt it then. Robb groaned low in this throat and came inside of her. She felt warmth spurting inside of her as he throbbed several times in quick succession. Sansa moaned, gasping for air and struggling for dignity even as none was to be found. Grey Wind continued licking and she feebly pushed him away and he whined, backing away to lie back down. Suddenly his ears perked up.

Outside the distinct sound of a direwolf howl filled the air, needy and desperate and searching.

Lady.

Sansa let herself collapse against Robb and his legs loosen their hold even though his arms were still around her waist. Neither of them moved or spoke for several minutes, coming down from their forbidden highs. Grey Wind suddenly became restless and jumped off the bed, trotting to the door to sit on his haunches. It gave Sansa the opportunity to slowly disengage from Robb and she rolled over to the new space on the bed, exhausted, facing away from Robb. Humiliation spread through her body in the afterglow and she lay frozen while Robb sighed before sliding off the bed.

"What is it, Grey? You need your Lady, don't you?" Sansa heard the door creak open. "Go get her."

The soft steps of Robb coming back to bed seemed like thunder to her ears. Now that the pleasure had faded and the soreness of her cunt emerged, she didn't quite know how to act or what to say. She just received cunnilingus from an animal and loved it. She let her brother finish inside her and she loved that was well; now she could feel his seed dribbling out of her to intermix with Grey Wind's saliva and her own secretions of excitement. She was a mess and she did not care. Worse still, she missed Grey Wind already; no doubt he was off to knot Lady with that massive erection she had a part in. Vaguely she wondered if on this night, Grey would sire a litter of wolf pups...and if Robb had just put a child in her own belly.

Perhaps this night was meant to happen this way. Was her dream was a sign, setting the events in motion so she and Lady could conceive at the same time? *Was it possible?*

"Sansa." Robb spooned up against her from behind, an arm wrapping around her tenderly. "I love you. I will give you whatever you want to make you happy, to please you. There is no shame in that." She felt a soft kiss into her hair. "I will spend the rest of my days making up for those years in King's Landing as best I can. Anything you want, ask of me and you shall always have it."

I want you to help Grey Wolf mount me, she wanted to say. I want to know what it feels like to have that part of you. He is a part of you and I want it. She was truly so very depraved.

Her silence was met with understanding.

"When you are ready, I will be there."

"Um." She shivered in anticipation and embarrassment. "I will ask something of you."

"Anything."

"Let our firstborn be named after Father."

She thinks she hears a small, strangled sob from somewhere in his throat and she feels him pulling her closer into him, his hand skimming down to rest on her flat, taut stomach. It sends butterflies through her and she smiles into her pillow.

"As you wish."

Sansa smiles into the semi-darkness and it takes no time at all for both of them to start drifting off to sleep. She knows she should demand he leave her and return to his solar before they can be caught, but selfishly she remains silent. She wanted to wake up in the morning in his arms for once and she will have her desire.

She will have all her desires soon.

Outside the dual howling of mating direwolves lulls Sansa instantly to a dreamless sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to sansadfeels for this NSFW mood board:



A Change In The Wind

Chapter Summary

Warning: Grey Wind/Sansa.

Robb leaned back into his chair and shifted to his left. He gave the appearance of a satisfied man who was enjoying his evening meal but nothing could be further from the truth. The dinner had gone well so far but he knew the conversations were coming that simply could not be avoided, and he cautiously surveyed the tables below him. Every household in the North was represented by its Lord, from the Manderlys to the Umbers and everyone in between. Robb had implemented this council meeting but did not truly desire it. Any meeting with the Lords ended in bickering and really, nothing was ever truly resolved. Sansa had suggested an extravagant dinner to placate the men - and one lone young woman - and her rationale was brilliant. A fine meal pacified any man, relaxed them, left them drowsy and satiated as if they had just made love to the most beautiful woman in the Seven Kingdoms. Ask any man for anything after being satisfied and the request would have a better chance of being granted.

Above the low rumblings of deep voices and occasional gruff laughter and the clanking of heavy cutlery, Robb sat on a slightly raised dais at a long high table draped in grey and white damask, the family sigil stitched across the front, facing the hall. The wolf heads were lovingly, painstakingly created by Sansa; each one was evenly spaced and shimmered in the tapered light. The wolves were all the Stark grey on the white covering except one on the very edge; that one was white against a patch of added grey fabric as to not fade the wolf away. Sansa has shyly presented him with it before their first official council meeting after their return to Winterfell and Robb's heart swelled with pride as he nodded his consent. It was only right and natural that Jon should be recognized as a Stark, bastard or no, and he silently dared any man to object. No one breathed a word against it. The Lord Commander Jon Snow may have drawn some ire with his attitude towards the Wildlings and his constant offering from King Stannis Baratheon to legitimize him, but all knew better than to raise their voices about it to Robb. Jon also had given word of Bran's safety and arrival at Castle Black; Sansa had cried happy tears for days at that news. Robb trusted Jon with his life and with the life of his brother. With Rickon in the crypts and Arya still nowhere to be found, it was a blessing to hear of Bran's existence.

The drapings moved and Robb felt a nudge on his black leather boot. Picking a large sized piece of meat from his plate, he slipped his hand under the table and felt Grey Wind wolf it down almost immediately. His direwolf barely fit under the table, stretched out and lazy in his usual spot. As he picked through his plentiful meat tray he glanced to his left where Sansa was seated, straight-backed and stoic. Ever the proper lady, her linen cloth lay perfectly placed across her lap and she cut tiny bites from her plate to delicately chew. Tonight she was dressed in a dark grey gown trimmed in white fur. Her long auburn hair was held in place flowing down behind her by two simple braids meeting in the back, held by a small jeweled clasp. No other finery graced her body; she kept it simple and elegant and looked every inch a queen. She smiled and her blue Tully eyes surveyed each Lord with courtesy while her lips spoke with formality and graciousness. She extended that formality when she turned her head to catch him staring at her, allowing only a small sisterly smile before turning her attentions back to her food and wine. Robb tried to remain impassive but love and desire and

frustration as well as resentment flared inside of him. He struggled to recall Jeyne, his wife for such a brief amount of time. Meek, yielding, quiet Jeyne. He defied the Freys by marrying her and breaking his promise. He escaped sure death only by the skin of his teeth when he was warned of the plans for Edmure's marriage to the sweet Rosalin Frey; he and his soldiers turned the tables on Walder and his men, but it mattered little when they murdered his mother and Jeyne died by poisoning not long after. Even now no one was sure who was behind it, even as Robb ordered the execution of anyone who had served Jeyne at the time. It was this finality and the anger over the Freys, Boltons, and Karstarks that led to his alliance with Stannis Baratheon. Stannis, still smarting over his defeat at Blackwater and attempting to recruit Wildlings to his cause through Jon, was more receptive to the Young Wolf and his offer to unite to defeat a common enemy: The Lannisters. Stannis was a hard, strict, and serious man but he was also a desperate one; and with the urging of Ser Davos and of Jon, he gave Robb his terms: acknowledge him as Robert's rightful heir, help him defeat the Lannisters, then he could return to the North to govern as King In The North, as long as he did not contest Stannis' right to the Iron Throne. Robb had agreed on one other condition: that the Lannister's political hostage, his sister Sansa, be saved and returned to Winterfell, as well as immediately annulling the marriage between her and Tyrion Lannister.

Of course all the Houses in the North were opposed to the alliance but Robb was quick to point out that his father supported Stannis' claim to the throne. The alternative was the Lannisters in power; one Lannister who pushed Bran out of a window with the intent to kill him; one Lannister who ordered Ned Stark's head struck from his shoulders and had his daughter beaten and humiliated and mentally tortured; another Lannister conspired with Frey and Bolton to kill their King and their men. Stannis was not a man well-liked but he was the lesser of the two evils and Robb finally convinced his men it was for the better of the Seven Kingdoms. Robb himself had no aspirations to the Iron Throne. He never wanted to be King In The North in the first place. When it happened he was still a green boy with much to learn; he had been flattered and overwhelmed and a small taste of power had gone to his head, but he always admitted he just wanted to go home to Winterfell, be Lord of Winterfell and live in peace.

Now he was in Winterfell, his wife dead for years, still a king by Northern laws, still trying to keep one step ahead of the game while bedding his sister every night. With Sansa he had everything and nothing. He had her love, her body, her trust and her comfort, but he could never truly have her as he wanted, his legally accepted wife and mother to his children. Northerners still regarded incest as a crime, an evil, even though the Starks had an uncle/niece marriage in the past as well as a cousin marriage in the not so distant past. Robb longed to thumb his nose at the unspoken rules and marry Sansa in the Godswood but he could not bear it if she were to suffer any consequences from his desire. She had suffered enough. Now all he wanted was her to be happy, even if it meant sneaking around until the day they died.

Robb tore his eyes away to his plate. He was still trying to think of Jeyne but her plain, soft face kept blurring into a lovely pale one with blazing blue eyes like his own. He could smell her scent, a mix of jasmine and lavender, not strong but enough to make him dizzy with need. All he wanted to do was hold her hand, kiss it, feed her tidbits off of his plate, let her lick lemon cake crumbs from his fingers, like they do sometimes in the privacy of their rooms. All he could do was feed Grey Wind under the table while giving her subtle looks of longing when he dared. Even now as he reached for his cup of wine he glanced at her. She was coyly curling her lips around her fork, slowly taking the piece of meat into her mouth. From the unknowing eye they would think she was being a dainty lady. Robb knew better as he noticed the quickening pulse of her bare neck.

Look at her. Acting very much like the proper little Lady of Winterfell. Like she never had a direwolf licking her cunt to an orgasm while her brother fucked her not two nights prior. The thought made

him half-hard and he tried to think of something else, to no avail. It had felt so good to release his seed into her and was even hoping it would take root.

"So, Young Wolf, when is there going to be a royal wedding in the North?"

Robb tensed as Sansa quietly placed her fork down to reach for her goblet. Lord Manderly's voice boomed through the hall as murmurs followed, with some chuckling.

"And what is your interest in it, Lord Manderly? Are you readying a suggestion?" Robb forced a smile. Always, always these meetings turned to matters of his personal life. "It is not like I do not already have an heir."

"Aye, Bran is your heir, but as King you need sons." Lord Manderly puffed up his chest. "People will say you prefer the company of men or boys. We have not known you to court a lady since your return to Winterfell." Robb noted the usually fearless Manderly spoke with caution. They all did. At the end of the day they groused amongst themselves but deep down they were still terrified of him. All of them had witnessed his prowess on the battlefield and feared him. It was true, he had displayed a ferocity he thought not possible but it was always reserved for battles and strategy. Well, and sometimes in the bed if Sansa demanded it of him.

"As you know well, it has only been couple of years since my lady wife has passed. Forgive me for my extended mourning." He said it smooth but knew it sounded so hollow. He never had such a strong emotional bond with Jeyne even though he tried to be a good husband in the short time they had together. "If it may ease your mind, I am decreeing Sansa's reinstatement into my will as heir, should something happen to Bran. Furthermore, any issue from her body will be automatically legitimized and named as heirs as well. So have no doubt, my Lord, that the Stark name will be carried on in one fashion or another."

He heard a small intake of breath from Sansa but her face remained a mask. Of course. She never knew he had cut her from the succession upon her marriage to Tyrion, as he had feared a Lannister takeover of Winterfell and the North. Well, he would discuss it with her as soon as he could. As soon as these damn egotistical, narrow-minded Lords left Winterfell. Not soon enough, apparently. He could feel the anger growing from her even if she did not show it.

"Besides, a raven arrived from Castle Black yesterday. We have more pressing matters than me taking a woman to bed." Sansa speared her food with a loud clank, the only giveaway that she was upset. She shouldn't take anything he said personally; it wasn't as if he was dismissing her importance, not really. "We have word that the Dragon Queen is preparing to sail to Westeros with the intent to take the Iron Throne. It appears another war is imminent. We all know Stannis is not a man who will negotiate with anyone who wishes to take the throne from him."

The grumblings started with bits of "damn southern king" and "damn foreign whore", but at least the attention was off of his love life. He thought he was doing well and moved his left leg underneath the table to brush up against her right one in reassurance, seeking affirmation he did well by diverting the conversation. She scooted enough away from him as to not touch him and he clenched his jaw as she ignored him and feigned interest in the heated arguments erupting amongst the grown men, seasoned fighters-turned-children, pontificating their opinions on the Dragon Queen and Stannis.

"Sansa," he whispered through gritted teeth. Her name was a half-plea, half-growl. She refused to look his way, preferring to stare out into the crowd, focusing on Lord Glover's son and heir, Gawen. Of course the young man was already staring at her like a lovesick puppy and he watched with growing jealousy as she smiled prettily at him. Lord Glover might be an ass, still not forgiving of Robb marrying Jeyne instead of honoring his pact with the Freys, but his son was quiet and reserved,

and handsome with light brown eyes and a formidable build. He really had bounced back from his imprisonment by the Ironborn, and now Sansa chose him as a way to annoy him, punish him for what she seemed a slight. For a moment he acknowledged for Sansa to marry him it would be a smart match. A Northern bride for a Northern Lord. Sansa could become a mother without shame of parentage. Yet he knew Sansa was no Glover. She was a Stark and a Wolf. The thought almost reassured him until his over-active imagination spotted the barely veiled lust in the man's eyes as Sansa fluttered her eyes in flirtation and meekly returned to concentrate on her dinner, reaching out to gingerly snatch a piece of lemon cake from a towering tray in front of them. Nibbling delicately, her pink tongue flicked out to catch the crumbs on her bottom lip, wetting it.

Robb almost stood up and stormed from the table then but knew to do so would incite gossip and speculation. Instead, he clenched his jaw tighter and stared into his plate of food, now nearly empty, save for a tiny splattering of vegetables swimming in the leftover juices from the rare-cooked meat. He thought to also reach for a small piece of lemon cake but suddenly an idea sprang to mind as he heard Grey Wolf snorting under the table.

"My Lords," he barked loudly to be heard over the heated chatter, "The Lady Sansa and I are interested in your thoughts on how to handle this... Dragon Queen. I know all of you are not fond of Stannis but the realm has not yet crumbled under his reign. Could the same be said for Daenerys Targaryen? Or perhaps we should offer fealty to her and her dragons, perhaps by offering her the King In The North as a husband? After all, that would kill two birds with one stone, would it not?"

His bold statement produced the desired effect with the Lords instantly clamoring into a heated debate and Robb grinned, listening to the vocal carnage while side-glancing at Sansa. She had dropped her smile and pursed her lips. With everyone distracted and disregarding them both sitting on the dais, Robb took advantage and snaked his hand under the table to grab at Sansa's thigh. He had never been so bold and he felt her stiffen. For a moment he thought she meant to rise so he was swift at reaching down to hike her skirts up to her waist. Her smallclothes were of no consequence as he snaked his hand down into them, finding her warm cunt. It was a surprise that he found her damp. Not wet, but at least in the starting stages of arousal, and he dared to smooth a finger into her folds, finding her nub to massage gently. He felt her clamp her thighs together but he stared at her and noticed she visibly swallowed. She refused to look at him and remained stoic, seemingly unaffected. It annoyed him how well she handled his surprise and he withdrew his hand while she breathed a small sigh of relief.

If she thought that was all, she was sorely mistaken.

Robb brought his fingers to his dish to swirl around in the meat juices, coating his fingers, intermixing the scent of the meat and of Sansa. His hand once again swiftly found its way under her smallclothes as he covered her cunt with the juices before she could shimmy her skirts back down. Her eyes widened in confusion but she reached for her drink as if nothing was happening. Amused, Robb snapped his hand out of her underdrawers and promptly moved it over to Grey Wind's snout. The direwolf snorted before immediately licking his fingers clean. He knew he had tasted Sansa and Robb moved back to her, rubbing over her smallclothes this time. He felt Grey inching towards her on his belly and it was only a heartbeat before Grey reached Sansa's apex, sniffing at her arousal and meat juice. Sansa gripped her cup with such force her knuckles turned white and her hand shook but she still refused to meet his eyes. Only a small gasp left her lips as Grey started nipping at the flimsy fabric. Robb could feel him starting to lick eagerly, his teeth tearing away at the immediately soaked barrier, tearing it open with one tug. Robb decided to be generous and helped to separate the fabric so Sansa's cunt was exposed. Grey showed his gratitude by laving into Sansa's folds, enjoying his tasty treat and Robb grabbed Sansa's thigh, forcing her to part her legs wider. She was already a slippery mess from Grey's drool and he could feel her start to swell. He would have liked to help her along but

he felt Lady Mormont's eyes on him so he slowly moved his hand away. Besides, Grey seemed to be handling things fine on his own.

"Your Grace," Lady Mormont's youthful voice rang clear over the deep baritones of the men. "You ask what our thoughts are on this Dragon Queen, yet you have offered nothing. What say you?" She glanced over to Sansa. "And you, Lady... Stark. Would you be so eager to have your brother tied to a foreign usurper?"

"It seems Daenerys is not one to compromise. For her it will be all or nothing. I will bend no knee to her, rest assured on that." Robb's declaration brought murmurs of approval. "I will not lie with the Mother of Dragons. I would take a Northern bride or none. However, we need to take in consideration she has three dragons, if rumors prove true. If she so chose to do so, she could overpower us from the sky. With this in mind, we cannot refuse to negotiate."

Protesting started and Lady Mormont started to speak, but Robb turned towards Sansa.

"What say you, my dear sister? I would love to hear your thoughts on this as well."

He already knew her thoughts on the subject; they had discussed it enough while lying together in bed after their lovemaking. It was just his way to make things difficult for her and she knew it. She was not pulling away from Grey Wind; rather, she was moving in closer to the edge of the table, her hand still clutching the wine glass for dear life and he knew she was striving for a climax. He could hear Grey's furious lapping and just to make sure no one else would know what was going on, Robb made a show of taking his last piece of meat and tossing it to the floor. Everyone knew he fed Grey under the table so no one would think anything of it if noises were coming from underneath. Grey ignored the meat in favor of Sansa's cunt. He could hardly blame the direwolf; he would rather eat Sansa than any food any time of the day.

"I would... I would like to meet her myself, and talk woman-to woman. Perhaps a woman could reach her where a man could not." Her words could not be more eloquent, more smooth. Robb was impressed and disappointed at the same time, then suddenly had a thought. Perhaps she was also talking about Grey Wind's tongue. Could he possibly be feeling jealous of his own direwolf?

Lady Mormont seemed to approve of Sansa's comment. The men, however, rumbled on and Robb lost track of the arguments. He could only watch Sansa in fascination, her breasts heaving. She let go of her glass to clutch the edge of the table, wrinkling the fine cloth draping and he knew she was peaking. She was staring out into the crowd, trying to concentrate on Gawen. Even now she was trying to incite his jealousy and it was working. He and Grey Wind were reminding her she was a wolf. She could not deny what she was just as he could not deny what he was. They were wolves. Would Gawen be so understanding if he knew she was enjoying a direwolf's tongue bringing her to completion? Would he think her such a beautiful, pure creature then? Robb still thought her beautiful and pure: a purely sensual she-wolf with no inhibitions when she was in his arms. Apparently no inhibitions while out of his arms as well, as she orgasmed quietly beside him, the only indication a slight jerking forward and a brief closing of her eyes. He was hard against his breeches at that but there would be no relief for him. Moments passed and a slight red flushed up her neck and into her cheeks, her lips turning a darker rose color. She had indeed climaxed. Robb longed to push her up on the table and have his way with her in front of everyone and he clenched his fists to try to ward off the feeling.

He meant to say something teasing but it died in his throat when she pushed away from the table, smoothing her skirts down and standing with grace. Some of the talking died down and many looked up at her expectantly, including Robb. She had maintained such propriety while getting off, yet now she was making a scene?

"Forgive me my Lords, I seem to have had too much wine and lemon cakes." Her smile charmed them as low chuckling could be heard. "Please, carry on, enjoy your meal. I am retiring for the evening. My apologies." Ever the lady she dipped into a small curtsy before turning and walking away. Grey Wind emerged from the table, his snout and mouth glistening. He started to obediently follow his mistress until Robb barked out to him to stay. He sat on his haunches and tilted his head but obeyed. Robb stood as well, adjusting his tunic slightly in case his erection was noticeable. The men and Lady Mormont immediately stood as well but Robb raised a hand.

"Please, by all means, continue. I just need to make sure my sister is all right, and I will return. Grey Wind will keep you company."

It took no time to leave the hall and slip down the corridor, making his way to Sansa's solar. He caught up with her in the hall just before her room and he grabbed her by her elbow to whirl her around to face him before she could step inside. The lighted torches created flickers of light across her face and set her hair in a glow. She was truly beautiful.

"Sansa." He struggled for words. "You should not have left the dinner. It isn't very queenly of you -"

To his shock she yanked her arm away from him and let out a short laugh.

"Queenly? Well, it is a good thing I am not a queen." She gave him a little shove. "It wasn't very Kingly what you did to me under the table, either."

"Aye, yet you seemed to like it." He tried to keep his voice low while he listened for possible footsteps. "Just as you seemed to like putting on a show with young Manderley. I am surprised you didn't ask him to join you under the table."

"And I am surprised you would cut me out of your will so easily!" She was furious, the color in her cheeks no having nothing to do with pleasure. "It is good to know I meant so much to you while I was being held against my will and forced to marry Tyrion Lannister. Is that why you waited, sweet brother, to rescue me? Waited to see if I bore a Lannister? What would you have done then, leave me to rot in King's Landing? Had me banished? Secretly killed? Surely I was dead to you as soon as you heard of my wedded state. How long did it take before you wrote out that will?"

"Sansa." He was hurt at her accusation of coldness towards her. "I did not want to see a Lannister gain control of the North -"

"Right. Because I was a Lannister. Because my name changed by force I was no longer fit to come home, was I? You think I willingly married the Imp, let him into my bed?"

"I know you did not let him into your bed, Sansa." His voice was quiet even as his heart wrenched. "We are both well aware that I know you did not give your virginity to Tyrion or Joffrey. The past is of no use to us now. I am correcting my mistakes. Did you not hear me? I am legitimizing any child you may have. Your children will be Winterfell's heirs. I am sure Bran can have no children -"

"How kind of you to legitimize any bastards you might get off of your own sister", she spat. "Very noble of you."

"Sansa, you know you are my queen in all but name. In name you can never be." He reached out for her but she rebuffed him. "It is not what I want but it is what we must bear, and you know this."

"Then perhaps I should marry. You disowned me once for marrying, you can do it again."

"By the same token, perhaps I should marry. Maybe it is time to rethink a possible match for me, then?" His stomach churned at the thought of lying with another woman but her taunts angered him. "After all, the King In The North cannot stay single forever without raising suspicion. Perhaps the Dragon Queen would entertain the idea of being a Queen In The North?"

She shocked him then by shoving him up against the wall next to her door with such force he stumbled. He didn't realize how strong she was when she was angry. Well, she managed to hurl his sword at him one night during a fight with such ease he was impressed, even if her aim was horribly off. Still, he was caught by surprise but before he could right himself she was pressed against him, fingers pulling his curls and lowering his head to hers in a fierce, desperate kiss. Never could he resist her loving mouth, so he kissed her back with equal passion, his hands twining in her long hair. He sought her tongue with his but she pulled away to kiss and bite at his neck, her hands lowering to scrape at his tunic to gain better access.

"Robb. Robb." She breathed into his neck, her hands traveling lower to claw at his chest. "I would never allow you to marry some Dragon queen."

"And I would never allow you to marry Gawen Glover." He gasped as she dropped to her knees to fumble with the laces on his breeches. "I love you Sansa. You are the only one I have ever loved." His hands smoothed over the top of her head, working her braids out of the clasp. It dropped to the stone floor with a clank, the only sound in the corridor besides their own heavy breathing. "Sansa, we can't -"

"We can." Her voice was low, seductive as she finished loosening his laces enough to pull his breeches down enough to free his cock, hard and straining and at full attention. She rubbed her cheek on it like it was the finest of silk and Robb gripped her tresses at the feeling. "Everyone is enjoying their meal. Although I daresay no one enjoyed their supper more than I."

Robb felt her nails digging into his hips to hold him and he nearly collapsed when he felt her long tongue lick from base to tip, flicking at the wetness already formed on his slit. He struggled for control and for sound of mind to pull her up but he was defenseless against her as she repeated the action, her saliva drying quickly on his throbbing skin. She was slow, deliberate, as if she had all the time in the world. They could be caught at any moment of someone chose to look for them but it just enhanced the feeling. Still the sight of her on her knees made him feel guilt as well as pleasure; guilt that it was so pleasing to feel his sister licking his cock like it was the sweetest of treats while looking up at him like the most brazen of whores. But she was not his whore. She was his love, his sister, his treasure, and he struggled for composure but lost it completely when she lifted a hand to bend his cock forward just enough so she could encase her mouth around the tip, easing down slowly, the suction making him grip her hair harder even when he didn't mean to.

"Sansa." It was a raspy whisper, pitiful and unmanly. "Sansa, this is - this is wrong. You are my queen, not my whore. You do not belong on you knees in front of me -"

She puckered off of him gently, looking up at him with large deep-blue eyes.

"I am not your queen. All I can ever be is your whore."

Before he could object, her mouth was working him again, this time faster, harder, her tongue rolling underneath his shaft. His heart broke at her words but his body betrayed him, it would always betray him when it felt her touch. He couldn't resist her, didn't want to resist her, even though he knew it was wrong. They had guests to attend to, a dinner to finish, customs to uphold, political matters to discuss, and all he wanted was to keep the touch of her on him forever. He felt the tightening in his cock and knew he was close; Sansa knew his body well enough by now to sense it as well and he felt her

tongue flutter inside her gripping mouth. He couldn't look at her anymore as he closed his eyes, throwing his head back against the stone wall, trying to keep from jutting his hips into her but failing miserably -

The echoing woof and snort reached his ears before Sansa's and he pushed her away hastily, shoving his cock back inside his breeches, fumbling with his laces. Sansa quickly rose off her knees and scurried into her solar without a word, shutting the door in a matter of seconds. Robb took a few steps away from her door, straightening his clothes and trying to position his hard, weeping, sore, and now frustrated cock to where it could not be seen, smoothing over his tunic. Grey Wolf's warning was enough as he padded into view with Lord Glover following closely behind.

"Your Grace!" Glover's voice growled down the corridor as he approached. Gruff and rough, he swaggered over to Robb. "Is everything all right? Has the Lady Sansa taken ill?"

Robb was wary enough nowadays and astute enough to sniff out that Glover was suspicious. It was poorly masked in his grey bearded face and somewhere deep inside it lit a small panic in him. Glover hated and feared him at the same time, but he knew the man would not hesitate to use the true nature of his relationship with Sansa against him if he had the proof. Robb would never again trust any of the Lords, keeping them close but giving nothing of himself. He learned his lesson with Lord Bolton and Lord Frey. Those men had been beheaded for their crimes courtesy of Stannis, but the lessons they taught Robb would stay with him forever.

"Thank you for your concern, Lord Glover. My sister cannot handle fine Dornish wine, unfortunately. She can drink our crude ale all day long, but set that sweet import in front of her, and she is helpless to the averse effects it tends to give her."

Grey Wind nudged at this hand, seeking approval for the warning, and Robb stroked the fur on his back. If not for his direwolf, they would have been caught.

"Very well. Give her my regards. As it were, I would like to discuss a matter with you. My son as you know is looking to wed. He has eyes for Lady Sansa and seems to think she has an interest in him as well. I can see of no better bride for him than Ned Stark's firstborn daughter. I am asking permission for the two to court."

"I agree with you, my Lord." Robb tried to remain calm as he gave the lie. "Yours is a strong, powerful house in the North. I will mention this match to her once she is feeling well. I would like to think she would be very receptive to the idea. I would throw my support to any Northern house. Gawen seems to be a fine man." Flattery. Hollow though it was, as stern as Glover was, it still worked. Glover smiled.

"Very good." He glanced past Robb to Sansa's shut door. "Will you be returning?"

"Of course." Robb forced a smile as he led Glover towards the hall, Grey deciding to flop down in front of Sansa's door. At least his erection was going down but his need for Sansa did not, and he ached to give Glover the slip and run into Sansa's room. "There is nothing more I can do while my sister vomits in her bucket, is there? Besides, we have much to talk about. It seems we have two threats, neither of them easy to defeat."

A few hours later, Robb's guests had either left or been set up in the guest solar on the other side of the castle. It seemed like an eternity since he was on the corridor with Sansa, and by the time he was able to retire for bed, all common sense and caution had nearly left him. Hastily he posted two guards at the start of the hallway, loyal Stark guards who were paid handsomely to see or hear nothing, and gave strict instructions that no one was to venture past them to the King's private quarters. Even at that warning, Robb flexed his hand on his weapon, his sword Sansa had named "Wolf's Heart". He would do whatever it took to ensure his happiness with Sansa would never be destroyed, and if he had to kill anyone who disobeyed a King's order, so be it.

He had hoped she would return to the supper but she did not. He had one false hope when one of the servants approached him on the dais, asking if it was all right to take the Lady Sansa's unfinished meal to her solar. For a moment he thought about commanding her presence but he could not bring himself to do it, nodding his assent for her meal to be carried away. It made for a tense, unhappy night to not have her beside him. He was tired of war, tired of fighting, tired of loving in secret. He longed for nothing more than to be a simple man, taking Sansa to wife and having children. To live away from threat of war or death or persecution. Sometimes the desire nearly drove him insane. Was it so wrong to want to be able to wake up in the morning in Sansa's arms, to lie with her and bask in the easy glow of the sun streaming through the solar, without worrying about who might come to the door and catch them?

Between touching her at the table and her mouth on him in the hallway, by the time Robb slunk to her solar he was nearly frantic, desperate. Usually he offered a soft, respectful knock and waited for her to open the door but tonight his need of her was too great. Instead he opened the unlatched door and stepped in, freezing in his tracks while the door clanked shut behind him. He opened his mouth to speak but no words came as he stared at the scene in front of him, his shock quickly turning into a jealous lust.

Sansa was seated in her high-backed chair, her hair loose and flowing down around her shoulders. Her head had been thrown back but snapped up to stare at him, her eyes flashing angrily. One arm kept her skirts hoisted up to her waist and the other was stretched out beside her, her long slender hand dipping fingers into a small bowl setting on the low table next to the chair. Her long, slender legs were draped over the arms of the chair, exposing her obscenely, showing her red curls above her wet pink center. She was soaked and Robb could see how swollen she was and the cause of her excitement moved away from between her legs to trot over to him and nudge his hand in greeting. Robb rubbed his ears before grabbing at his snout and rubbing under his chin, wiping the drool off of his mouth. He brought it to his nose, smelling meat juice, wolf saliva, and Sansa's secretions.

"I suppose you don't need me," he managed to bite out, and she glared at him. It was stupid, to be jealous of his direwolf, but he was. He had to suffer through a council dinner without her while she was obviously taking her pleasures with Grey Wolf. He knew now why she wanted her leftovers delivered to her solar. Using his table trick of meat juice to entice. Seeing her so exposed had him fully erect immediately, having been semi-hard already before even entering her solar.

"And you do not need me either," she snapped, not moving from her displayed position, soaking her entire hand into the bowl.

"I always need you, Sansa." He tried to keep his voice gentle while trying to understand where her hatefulness was coming from. Cautiously he loosened and removed his belt with the scabbard and sword, lying it against the wall in its customary place.

"Oh? Then why are you offering me up like a prime choice piece of meat to Lord Glover's son?" She did not take her eyes from him as she slathered her cunt with the rare meat juice, a bloody red-brown

color darkening her pink. "At least Grey Wind shows some loyalty."

Of course. She had heard.

"I said what I had to in order to throw Glover off the scent. We can entertain such offers without following through. It is just a formality. Do not question my loyalty to you, when you are all I love, want, and need."

"Pity you did not feel that way when Father's head was struck from his shoulders."

Robb smarted from the unfair attack. Sansa had always accused him of placing his own ambitions before her when the war was waged. He has tried to explain his mind and his quandary, tried to explain Jeyne. She has said she forgave him and he tried on a daily basis to make up his supposed neglect of her since her rescue in King's Landing. And now she was accusing him of wanting to sell her off to the highest bidder, when the very thought of her giving her smiles and kisses and cunt to someone else nearly drove him insane.

He searched for the right words to say but Sansa whistled low, attracting Grey Wolf's interest. Her eyes of fire flickered away from him to glance at Grey Wind before she threw her head back, her fingers spreading her lips apart. Robb could scarce believe the blatant insult as Grey obediently sat in front of her, ready to please his mistress. He would be damned if he would let her use his direwolf to anger him, even if it was giving her her desired effect.

"Grey, heel!" Robb barked it out sharp and harsh, and Grey Wind paused. For a moment Robb thought Grey would indeed switch his loyalties but his direwolf back away and obediently trotted back to him.

Sansa jerked her head up; beautiful, resentful, defiant. She was not to be deterred in showing him she did not need him or his wolf as she slid two fingers down and inside of her. She had no time to move before Robb rushed over to yank her out of the chair. She emitted a sharp cry at the grip on her shoulders and the stumbling of her legs once they were jerked off of the chair and she would have fallen had Robb not crushed her to him for a kiss.

Her lips tasted like wine as he felt her squirm against him, her hands finding their way up into his hair, gripping. It melted him and for a moment he relaxed his hold, only to be rewarded by her pulling his head back and pushing away from him before slapping him square in the face. Stunned, he could only stare at her and savor the sting before she threw herself against him. He was caught off guard and stumbled clumsily, trying to regain control by leaning over into her. She tripped backwards and he reached for her as she tried to catch herself on the table, instead knocking the bowl of cold juice to the floor with a clank. Their bodies soon followed, tumbling to the floor, Sansa landing on top of him or maybe he dragged her to the floor, he wasn't sure. All he knew was that he rolled her over and pinned her down while her arms flailed out, reaching, grasping for what he did not know, but her fingers found the spilled bowl. In the firelight the juice over her fingers looked like blood, spilled blood, blood they had fiercely loved in. It touched her hair and her hand smeared it onto the floor and he heard her gasps of hunger as she reached up to tear those bloodied fingers at his tunic, at his breeches, undoing the laces frantically, her mouth finding his.

She inflamed him, incited a passion in him he knew no one could ever match and he tugged at the bodice of her gown, so forcefully the laces broke and the beautiful fabric tore. Mouth met breast as he licked and nipped soft, tender flesh even as his hands forced her bodice further apart. It was not enough. Nothing would ever be enough. Clothes were quickly ripped away, boots kicked off, pride and decency swept away in the rush to melt flesh into flesh. To have her naked body under his was worth his crown, his life. He wanted to devour her as his teeth marked her, making a trail down the length of her until he was at her center. The juice that spread across her folds seemed red, as red as her

maidenhead's blood had been. Her scent permeated his senses and he licked into her, licking her clean of Grey Wind, of meat drippings, of her own wetness until only his saliva claimed her. Her moans grew loud and she pressed his head into her and he felt her starting to peak. Wickedly he pulled away.

"Robb -" She whined, a plea for her completion. "Robb, please."

He meant to back away, meant to leave her wanting and writhing on the floor as he put on his clothes and left her solar, but knew he would rather die than do so. Instead he crawled back up to her to bury himself inside of her but before he could, she reached up to wrestle him over on to his back, sinking down onto him with a low moan. The feel of her tight around his cock was pure bliss and the sight of her pale, perfectly shaped body was breathtaking as she lustily rode him, and he met her thrust for thrust. He was always careful with her in this position but she was fierce in her demands, almost angry; there was no chance for slow, sensuous lovemaking, not when they were so encompassed in their desperation and need. His hands clasped her curvaceous hips as she leaned into him, her hair spilling into his chest, her nails digging into his chest hair, scraping, scarring. It was too much as he felt himself tightening inside her clenching wet heat but for the first time ever with her, he refused to help her to her own release and instead concentrated on his own. Sensing the stubborn selfishness in him, Sansa shoved a hand down to her clit to take care of it herself but Robb stopped her, gripping her wrists tightly and moving her hands away. In retaliation she abruptly stopping her gyrations but it made no difference as he came inside of her, his orgasm so powerful he groaned out an unmanly moan. She tried to disengage herself but he pulled her down to him until he was finished planting all of his seed, then slipped himself out of her. He could feel the ejaculate running out of her and down his thigh as he stared up into her face. She was angry. Could he blame her? Yes, he could.

"I'm sorry Sansa, is there something you need?" He was taunting, teasing. "Oh, I'm sorry, I guess I am not as obedient to your whims as my direwolf."

"Grey Wind licks my cunt better than you ever could," she baited back. "And he doesn't stop until I cum."

"Is that so?" His arms went around her, pulling her tighter against him. She squirmed enough to stir his now softened cock. Sansa always could reduce his refractory time down to next to nothing, even as she was trying to insult him and ruin his pride. "Well, I suppose I should stop then."

"Maybe you should. Maybe we should both stop. Maybe I should let Gawen try. Maybe he would be better than you and Grey Wind combined. I do not think he would be one to place his ambitions ahead of me, do you?" She gasped as he clasped her tighter. "He seems very much like he would make an adoring husband."

"And how adoring would he be if he knew you had a direwolf between your legs and your brother in your cunt, Sansa? Do you think he would hold you in such high esteem then?" He craned his neck up to bite her earlobe before whispering. "How would he feel knowing you willingly got fucked by a wolf?"

Sansa could scarce believe it when Robb whistled low and Grey Wind padded over to where they laid naked on the floor. Her anger at Robb denying her orgasm and cumming inside of her instantly faded away and her ire was replaced by horror, fear, and denial. There was no possible way he could be

serious, there was no way Grey Wind was now sniffing at them in interest. Her mouth went dry and all her hateful taunting slipped away.

"Robb."

She knew she went to far, she was being too cruel to him. She couldn't help it. The stunning revelation that Robb had disowned her in his will before the war had been won cut her deeply, and then hearing Robb so casually agree to let Gawen court her had been the breaking point for her. Only moments before that he was hers, panting in desire for her as she took his cock in her mouth - no easy feat, considering his girth - then he was selling her to the first Northern bidder. Robb had explained his actions and he seemed genuine enough but the damage was already done, on top of the will. She knew he would visit her solar as soon as he could get away undetected and she deliberately made sure he caught her having some fun with Grey. Why not? He was the one torturing her under the table in front of all the Lords of the North. They could have been found out at any time, and what would have happened then? It was only right that she could get back at him, and what better way than with something he had started in the first place? She had just not counted on him deliberately denying her the release that he had enjoyed, and it angered her, so she decided to hit him where it hurt most. Try as she might, sometimes she could still not get over how she was not his top priority after Father was executed. He went to war for Father, not for her. It was never about her, it would have never been about her at all, not ever, if she hadn't fucked him in King's Landing. What was it Cersei has taught her? A woman's power was between her legs? How true that evil, cruel, cold bitch had been.

But she knew Robb loved her. She knew she was being irrational and unfair and not like herself. Robb has proved himself to be not just a thoughtful, skilled lover, but also a trusted confidant and loving partner. She knew he would lay down his life for hers and she knew he wanted no other woman in his life. He would give her every desire she wished for if it was in his power to obtain it. Even her wolf dream. He had compromised the laws of man and beast and gave her her deepest, darkest yearnings and she could not forgive him his faults from the past.

Now she was being held tight against him, once again being offered something forbidden that she should never want, even though she was being cruel to him. Or maybe he was willing to do this because it would, after all, be another reason for any suitor to reject her if they would ever come to know. Her mouth went dry but her arousal did not. She could feel Robb's semen leaking out of her and she rubbed up against Robb's hardening cock, desperate for friction against her swollen clit. She was still so sexually charged, and Grey Wind could sense it. She was aware of him picking up the smell of sex and readiness and she yanked her head up to look at Robb. His blue eyes were questioning and a cocky grin graced his handsome face.

"You say Grey is better at licking cunt. So you think the same could be said for rutting?"

As if Grey knew what was being said, he made his way behind them and Sansa froze. For a moment she didn't think this was quite real but sure enough, she felt his tongue scraping along her ass before his nose poked a little around her anus, then down lower so he could take in the scent of her arousal along with Robb's seed. She couldn't help but cry out when he began lapping at her opening but she made no move to get away from him.

It felt too good and she had not had a climax yet. She could feel the warmth spreading through her belly and Robb let out a soft laugh.

"You want to feel this part of me, Sansa. Tell me you want this and it will be yours."

"I - I want this. Robb. I - I don't know if Grey can - I -"

"Let me." Robb loosened his grip to smooth her hair back from her face. "Trust me."

All she could do was nod and Robb smiled before letting his head plop down onto the wood floor. Sansa stared down at him and Grey Wind stopped licking her. She could feel him back away and hear him licking his snout and sitting back on his haunches. She meant to say something to Robb but suddenly his arms wrapped around her and froze. She was held in place and she could only stare as his eyes glossed over in white, nothing blue showing through. His whole body stiffened, even his cock beneath her, and just looking at his blank eyes made her want to panic. She realized it then as Grey Wind's claws clacked against the floor towards her; a delicate walk, not his usual padding.

Robb had warged. Warged into Grey Wind.

The direwolf's tongue returned to her opening, this time flicking lightly, slowly, before curling under and licking her from the top of her curls back to her opening again, gliding through her folds. She whimpered in pleasure and scooted up on Robb more to widen her legs, her knees digging into the floor, her ass raised as far as she could go. Her arms reached out and she dug her nails into Robb's chest, which would normally make him wince or moan but he lay lifeless and white-eyed. Again and again Grey Wolf laved at her sensually, slowly, and she was on the brink of cumming when she cried out in shock. His tongue made its way into her opening and she was immediately stuffed with the long, thick wolf's tongue. Pliable, wet, and warm and abrasive, it was a different sensation than Robb's silky tongue as it started to fuck her, and Sansa's cries were half-moans as she bucked up. In seconds she came, crying out in affirmation as the tongue slowly withdrew, only to lap at her anus. For a moment she feared her hole there would be violated but her fears were unfounded as she felt only the tip fluttering just around the rim. A lover's caress - Robb's caress - that felt strange and perfect at the same time.

Sansa's throat went dry as she felt the weight and fur as Grey Wind mounted and she tried not to tense at the feel of paws on her shoulders and his chest on her back. He was careful not to claw at her delicate skin and she tried to concentrate on the warmth of his fur and not the sharp poking thing at her entrance. She didn't know if Robb could hear her but she felt the hesitation.

"Please, Robb. Please." It was strangled, lust-ridden. "I want you."

A slow thrust was his - and Grey Wind's - response and he was inside her. Robb was inside her. Grey Wind was inside her and it didn't feel like Robb's cock. It was warmer, oddly shaped, hitting her differently. It wasn't as large as she feared, not as big as Robb... but it was hot, potent. Unlike the hapazard thrusting of a typical wolf, Grey Wind moved slowly methodically but they were shallow thrusts. Sansa bucked back into him, starting to pant like Grey was. Suddenly she felt it, a hot spurt of cum and she wondered if this was all there was when she felt his cock growing. It was growing in size inside of her. It became longer, thicker, and she felt another hot surge. He was elongated enough now to touch her barrier, poke at it, and a sear of pleasure mixed with pain resulted. She whimpered a little, focusing on the pleasure as another flood of heat filled her. Then something was swelling, just inside her opening, swelling, expanding her walls, stretching her, pushing against her and suddenly she orgasmed, crying out so loudly she was sure the whole castle could hear her. She buried her face into Robb's neck to muffle her sounds as she felt more hot waves inside, waves that now ran like a flood out of her fucked cunt and down her thighs onto Robb and the floor. Grey's paws struggled for traction as his pumping became more frantic and his teeth found the back of her neck.

He was heavy on top of her and she couldn't move, trapped between a comatose man and a rutting direwolf as the swelling seemed to continue, pushing her to another orgasm from her overly sensitive and over stretched folds, and she screamed into Robb's neck while her nails raked down his chest. The pleasure of it was immense, the newness and the wrongness of it a sensual, heady feeling. She felt

more wolf than woman, more beast than human as she mated with her brother's direwolf. Her head was dizzy with disbelief and shock and she felt one final surge - dear god, how much did a wolf cum? - as Grey howled, echoing in the room, making it known throughout the castle that he had mated, claimed his bitch. The final push was the roughest as Grey's cock slammed against her cervix and she once again climaxed through the pain, this time her cry of affirmation was a sob as she slumped down onto Robb. She tried to pull away from Grey Wind and found she could not as the direwolf stilled against her. He was heavy and so warm on her she was sweating now from the furs and the efforts.

He had knotted her.

Panic was setting in as well as the soreness and she was on the brink of trying to force Grey Wind out of her when Robb's eyes closed and opened, the blue returning to them. Normal eyes. Human eyes.

"Sansa." His chest started to heave rapidly and she felt his heartbeat speed up. "Sansa, don't pull away from him. You'll tear. Lie still, my love. Lie still."

"Oh gods, Robb." She looked down at his bloodied chest. "I'm sorry -"

"No need to be sorry."

Grey Wind whined, back in his own skin. He shifted position so he was crouching over her and it felt like he was starting to turn. Sansa looked at Robb in fear but Robb's legs pushed in on Grey's, with a sharp command to stay. Grey Wind snorted but obeyed, sitting back as best he could in the circumstances.

"He was trying to turn around and face the opposite way," Robb explained. "It's a survival instinct when mating, to fight against potential predators. I couldn't let him do that to you." He reached up to caress her face. "Are you all right?"

"Was - was that you? The whole time?"

"Yes, Sansa." He brought his face to hers for a kiss. "It was me. I was able to get inside his head, his mind. I could feel what he was feeling, control what he was doing. I could feel your arousal, feel each time you orgasmed, I could taste you and feel your body up against Grey's as if it were me on top of you."

She struggled to understand but gave up. She was a mess, and sore, but also experienced a sense of euphoria.

"How long... how long will he be like this?"

"I'm not quite sure, my love. Minutes? An hour?"

"What? Robb, what can I do for an hour like this?"

Robb grinned.

"I can think of something. I am going to move away from you. Trust me."

Sansa could only nod and watch with questioning eyes as Robb shimmied away from underneath of her. He then commanded Grey to "lay" while moving both her and Grey wind to lie on their sides at the same time. Grey was now in a spoon position behind her, giving Robb the opportunity to spoon

facing her. She waited for his embrace but he did something she wasn't expecting; he switched ends so he was lying down on his side facing her cunt instead of her head. Within seconds his fingers found her clit, still sensitive and swollen, poking out from lips that were stretched and plumped out from the knot. He didn't even have to apply much pressure for her to jerk into his touch, whining. He lapped his tongue gently through her folds and it was almost an instant orgasm. Frustrated, she grasped for Robb's semi-hard cock and curled her head, taking it into her mouth while clutching his thigh. It tasted like her and she found she didn't mind the flavor of his cock covered in her half-dried secretions.

She could almost forget the fact she was knotted to a direwolf as she slowly sucked and licked Robb, enjoying taking her time bringing him to a full erection and tipping him over the edge. He in turn licked at her cunt more insistently, making her peak before she knew it and she cried out a little, muffled by her own oral task. He pulsed into her mouth and she swallowed it down neatly. Robb didn't make a sound; rather, he kept going between her legs, tonguing her to yet another climax. Grey licked the back of her neck at that one, nuzzling into her hair. The direwolf was falling asleep. She felt it then, the knot going down, and with it more wolf semen leaked out of her opening. Robb moved away and Sansa was able to disengage from Grey. She tried standing up but her knees gave out and she pitched forward into Robb's arms. He carried her to the bed, drops of cum falling to the floor as he did so.

"I'm - I'm a mess," she whispered, almost ashamed. "Do you see me differently now?"

Robb climbed into bed with her, pulling the covers over them. It felt good to lie up against him naked and she buried her head into his chest.

"No, Sansa, I see you no differently now. You are my love. I love you. What we did was something we all shared in love. I did not force Grey to do that. I was in his mind, remember? He would have rutted you without me warging, but he would have been too rough I am sure. As it was I had a hard time not hurting you too much." He kissed the top of her head. "If you do not regret it, neither do I. We are wolves, Sansa. Our connection to our wolves transcends any taboo factor an average person would place on this. Do you remember, in King's Landing, the first time you were reunited with me, Grey, and Lady?"

"Hmmm. How could I forget?" Lethargy was coming too quickly to her now. "I could never forget that day."

"Neither could I, Sansa. That day our destinies were set in stone. We discovered who we are and what we are, and nothing will change that. I won't let anything change that. Not a Northern Lord, not a Dragon Queen, not a Night King. I would never let you go, unless you begged me to."

"Nor I you," she replied dreamily. It was too easy to slip into slumber with the man she truly loved. Her brother was fading away but her lover, her mate, her wolf prince was shining brighter than ever, shining like the day he appeared like a dream of her answered prayers. That fateful day that started with such fear and desolation and ended in a new beginning. A new life with a renewed love, only a deeper, more dangerous love that she can now not live without.

Robb's voice faded from her as she faded into sleep, faded into reliving that day that would change their lives forever.

Wolf's Heart

Chapter Summary

This is a flashback to Robb's rescue of Sansa in King's Landing. Since it is the entire chapter, I did not use italics.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

GIF moodboard by sansafeels for this chapter:

<https://gayforsansastark.tumblr.com/post/171608138892/warm-my-flesh-with-your-furs-chapter-3-wolfs>

King's Landing, One Year Ago (Flashback)

Sansa laid on her bed - well, not truly hers but hers while she was allowed to have this room - and sighed a long, drawn-out, lifeless sigh. The drapings and coverings were resplendent and decadent as much as the ornate furniture was, all shiny in reds and golds, painstaking carvings of lions etched into the woodwork, above the door frame, and around the fireplace. How odd, to have a fireplace in The Red Keep, even though the weather had been turning oddly chilly at night as of late. She has heard the grumbings about the weather, from Queen Margaery to her servants. The chill was nothing to Sansa, who was used to the cold of the North. Winter is coming, she felt like telling them all, and she would have if she really cared.

She wondered why Joffrey had not summoned her for supper yet and why she has been abandoned the whole day. The King had made it his special habit of summoning his sister-in-law to supper each night, abandoning his Queen's side to offer a subtle brand of torment and control. She was not allowed to arrive to the meal alone. He made much to-do about his royal courtesy and mercy, outwardly making a show of not choosing to punish her for her husband's crimes. She was thrice disgraced, once by her father, once by her brother, and once by her husband, but oh, yes, King Joffrey was most generous. There was nothing Sansa could do but accept whatever Joffrey had to offer her, whether it was an arm to dinner or cutting words or a smack to the face. Queen Margaery did as much as she could to buffer his rage and hate and disgust and twisted lust as did his mother, but of course they were mere women and could only manage Joffrey so far. Margaery had the seductive influence of a

beautiful woman but it was lost on a man such as Joffrey who cared nothing for the temptations his queen offered him.

With Tyrion escaping prison and fleeing King's Landing after murdering Lord Tywin, and the Hound deserting after The Battle Of Blackwater, and Jaime Lannister nowhere to be found, Sansa had no means of male protection from the King. Those who were sympathetic to her dared not show it as Joff's cruelty was increasingly horrific and swift. Sansa rued the day of Joffery's failed attempted poisoning. She had been blamed along with her Lord husband Tyrion, and Tyrion had been imprisoned for attempted murder, yet Joffrey had not ordered her imprisonment. No, rather, he sentenced her to a different kind of life in chains. Daily threats of rape when they were out of earshot once struck her with fear but her worry lessened with each hollow vow to place a Lannister bastard in her. She dared not show she was not scared anymore. Joff satisfied himself with her fear and she knew it; she kept up the pretense of begging him for mercy, begging him to be kind to her and not make her be unfaithful to her husband. She had no loyalty to Tyrion and no affection for him but Joff did not need to know that. The most Sansa could be grateful for was that Tyrion did not bed her, but Joff need not know that either. The beatings she took and with the frequency of them she no longer cried genuine tears. She forced herself to cry because only then would Joff stop. Before, he would have his guards beat her but he found as King he could do as he liked and he liked to bruise her face. He used to like her to stay pretty but now, apparently, pretty was a smooth face with a black and blue print on one of her pale cheeks that he created.

Sansa's only bright spot, if any, were the times she was allowed to sit with Margaery in the gardens, or with Tommen and Ser Pounce. Sometimes she thought even to smile a little at the antics of the cat and Tommen's childlike innocence. She would have liked Myrcella to join them but she was always with Cersei and Sansa wondered if it was deliberate on her part. After awhile it mattered little. Nothing really mattered to Sansa now. She didn't know what living was really accomplishing. She was dead inside. Forced to pretend she was devoted to the King, devoted to the Lannisters, forced to disassociate herself from her brother the traitor. She did all that was asked of her to stay alive and she knew the only reason she was kept alive was to be a bargaining chip in the war, if it should come to that. The Lannisters and Tyrells had ridden high after the Blackwater victory, she knew that for certain, but lately something had changed. The war was dragging on and she heard tidbits from gossiping servants who were not too discreet even around the traitor's sister. She heard of Robb's marriage to Jeyne Westerling, daughter of a Lannister bannerman. Sansa had cried that night in the privacy of her room. She heard of the Frey's attempt to murder him for his broken promise and of her mother's death, as well as the rumor that Robb formed an alliance with Stannis Baratheon. She did not shed tears for her lady mother but she cried bitter ones for Robb. He was supposed to be fighting to free her from her captives, not rutting and marrying a Lannister bannerman's daughter. News had come to her later that Jeyne was dead, poisoned, and Sansa felt nothing at that. Joffrey had been proud to deliver that to her himself, but if he thought it would affect her, he was sorely mistaken. Why should she mourn a woman she never met, a woman that prevented Robb from keeping his promises? Truth be told, she would have been glad the woman had died if she could feel anything at all.

Sansa sighed again, lightly touching the side of her face. It ached; the only part of her that felt anything. Looking down at her sleeve, she winced. Not from pain but from the sight of her crinkled gown. Joffrey hated to see her less than perfect and lying on the bed too long had crumpled her long, flowing red silk gown with gold sleeves and gold embroidered lions on the bodice. She hated red. She hated lions and red and gold. All of her gowns were red and gold of varying patterns. Joffrey ordered all of them to be made to befit a Lannister and he knew she hated it. Grey and white was forbidden to her. Her last grey gown she had brought from Winterfell was shredded and burned before her very eyes. It had grown too small, especially around the bust, but Sansa struggled not to cry. Her mind echoed *I am a wolf, not a lion, I am a wolf, not a lion* as the flames turned her gown to ash. Back then she inwardly defied Joffrey and the Lannisters as she outwardly did as she was asked in order to

survive, but now as the war dragged on, her defiance turned to indifference and she longed for peace. Even if it meant her death.

Robb was never coming for her and she had no means of escape.

At this point she didn't even know if Robb was still alive. News had stopped flowing in the Red Keep and she wondered why. Usually she could hear tidbits from the servants or from Margaery but for days now there was nothing. She did not know who was winning but the war had been dragging on for so long she became immune to it. She feared Robb dead, as any victory he had resulted in her beatings and increased verbal abuse and Joff had been oddly quiet, save for the few slaps he administered in private.

The supper hours had come and gone and still no royal summons, and no plate was brought to her. All day now she has been confined to her room and she did not understand why. Breakfast and lunch was served to her and she barely ate. Boredom ensued. Her mind grew hazy, foggy and she tried to doze. Somewhere in the clouds she could swear she heard shouting and swords and men dying. She must be dreaming, as she sometimes did, of Robb fighting valiantly in battle. It was hard to picture him as anything but her sweet brother in Winterfell and when she pictured him as a fighting soldier in her dreams he always seemed a different person. Sometimes he ended up looking like the Hound. Maybe he was scarred now from the wars. Was he clean-shaven still, with soft red curls and soft lines around his face? His sword would be steel now. Nothing like the play sword he handled when he rescued her from dragon Theon. She had left Winterfell when he was still a greenboy. That has been years ago. Years. Father had been dead for years and she had no idea if any of her siblings were alive. She could be thankful there were no announcements of their demise because she had no doubt Joff would have gloried in telling her, but at the same time not knowing had been slowly killing her. Now, it was a numbness permanently spread in her heart and mind; a defense mechanism that had turned into her natural state.

The noise seemed to grow more loud and Sansa sat up and rubbed her eyes. Joff had ordered the window in her room removed and replaced with brick, so she could not look out and see what was going on. The sounds were real enough unless she was dreaming now.

Cautiously she smoothed out her gown as best she could and sighed as the door cranked open and Joff stood before her. Bedlam was happening behind him as Lannister soldiers moved about. Joff was dressed in his unused polished armor that shone in the flashing torch lights that passed by. Sansa wondered how she could have ever thought he was the sweet golden prince of her dreams, this complete terror of a human being. Widow's Wail was strapped to his side. Dully she looked into his blazing green eyes before dropping into a submissive curtsy, executed with perfect grace.

She waited for his command to rise and was shocked when he raced over to grab her by her hair and pull her to her feet. Try as she might to keep silent, she let out a small cry of pain.

"You stupid Stark whore. Do you not see what is going on? Come with me now."

It was not her place to question so she let him grab her roughly by the arm, dragging her out into the hall. It was eerily empty as Joff cursed, racing down the corridor. She could hear it now, the chaos of soldiers shouting and beyond them the distinct thumping of a battering ram. A battering ram. Against the doors of the Red Keep.

The war had finally come to King's Landing.

Joff was no doubt taking her to Cersei's panic room. Maegor's Holfast was indeed a tower as Joff proceeded to drag her up flight after flight of steps, but instead of continuing on, he veered to the left

and stormed down the hall. Terror finally seized Sansa as she realized where they were headed: Joff's room.

"My King," she gasped, breathless from the hasty flight and from fear. "Do I not need to be with your mother and the Queen? Surely -"

"Be quiet," Joff hissed, shoving her in his room and slamming the door behind him, pulling down the barricade and locking them inside. "My Queen is with my mother where she belongs along with my brother and sister. She is of no use to me. Mother is of no use to me. But you are."

The window in the bedroom lighted up but Sansa dared not venture over to look. A tiny thread of hope seeped into her breast, something foreign but sweet. Joff acting so desperate must mean the sacking of King's Landing was successful? Was Stannis daring a second try and actually winning? She stood, swaying a little, waiting on the next demand. She dared not anger him now. He just might actually kill her if he felt the war was lost or his life could be forfeit. Naturally. Stannis would have his head on a spike for being an incestuous usurper. A false claim to the Iron Throne. Robb would have his head for simply touching her.

"Sit down!" The command was harsh and Sansa sank into the chair next to the hearth. Blazes flickered in the fireplace but Sansa still shivered. Even as she shook she heard a terrible crash and more shouting. Joffrey's pompous swagger immediately left him and he sniveled as he drew his sword, clumsily grasping it in untrained hands. She dared not move and Joff stared at her coldly. How long they stayed like that she did not know. It could have been minutes or hours, sitting there listening to the skirmish while there was no movement in Joff's room. It was a contrast not lost on Sansa. She tried to take the time and sort out her thoughts but she couldn't. Too many things flashing in her brain and her heart, emotions long dead sparking somewhere deep down inside. Only a loud crash finally brought Joffrey to attention.

"They have been fighting the whole day," he whined as he jumped. "Of course you are too stupid to realize that. Stupid cunt. I bet you think your brother will save you. Well he can have you when I get my freedom. I'll fucking kill you if I don't get my way. Grandfather never thought I had a good mind for strategy. I do. I do. You are my hostage. I will negotiate -"

Roars cut him off. Roars of victory and slaughter.

Suddenly Sansa felt alive.

She thought of Father, his head struck from his shoulders. Bran, crippled for life. Her brothers and sister in hiding or dead somewhere. Jory killed. Winterfell taken by the Greyjoys. Her friend Jeyne disappearing. Her mother killed. Lady killed because of Joffrey. Her daily beatings and taunts. Robb facing the horrors of battle in a war he was forced to fight. Her family. Once upon a time she had been a stupid girl, wanting nothing but to be Queen to her Golden Prince. There was nothing of that girl in her now. Nothing. She no longer believed in a perfect prince and she no longer had dreams of being a queen living in a castle and birthing golden sons. Look what that dream brought her. The nightmare in front of her.

Yet the nightmare seemed to be ending.

Sansa clutched the arms of the chair so hard her knuckles turned white. She couldn't breathe as racing footsteps came closer. Boots.

"This one, I swear. I promise you this is where he took her -" Muffled but unmistakably by the door now.

Joffrey ran over to her to once again grab her hair, yanking her up by one hand, the other still clutching his sword. A bang on the door made him cringe and whimper as he tightened his grip. Sansa clutched at her bodice and refused to cry out this time even though her scalp smarted.

"I'll kill her!" Joff screamed as the door shook from the impact. "I have the Stark whore with a knife to her throat!" Realizing this wasn't true, he dropped his sword and grappled for his dagger sheathed into his belt. Sansa would have moved but his grip on her hair was surprisingly strong and she felt the cold of the blade poking into her throat. Would she die here now? The cruelty of it was not lost on her. Years of waiting and she would be dead. She would never see home again, never -

The barricade gave way and the door opened, and Sansa caught her breath. She would have fainted if she could. Somewhere in the deep recess of her mind she despaired even as the door slammed behind the soldier who had made his way in, sword in hand, ready to launch an attack.

She truly was dreaming. She was dreaming and she didn't want to wake up this time.

Robb.

She wanted to ask, to form his name on her lips, so long forbidden to her to say except at night when she would weep for him and even then it was a whisper lest someone would overhear her. This man before her, sharp and dirty and bloodied with the stain of a hundred men on his tarnished upper body armor, wearing Stark clothing and a long dark grey cloak trimmed in fur. Was it him? His face was dark, mud and soot and blood and sweat covering dark auburn facial hair, his hair mussed and plastered to his forehead. Robb. It was Robb, a greenboy no longer but a man, a warrior with a soldier's sword and anger and vengeance in his cerulean blue eyes. She wanted to cry out, fall down and cry with happiness but the blade was poking, stinging. She dared nothing. The sorrow of knowing it was dream - even in her dream she was acknowledging the dream - was painful to her as she gazed upon Lady. Lady, delicate and sweet and pretty, now a full-grown direwolf. She flanked Robb on his right side and Grey Wind padded in to his left, growling. Lady, her dead wolf, killed by Joff's request. Perhaps she was already dead and this was the afterlife. She was dead, Robb and Grey Wind and Lady must also be dead. But oh, if she truly had passed on, it was a sweet welcome. Robb. Robb had finally come to her. Her brother, her love. It was all that mattered -

Joffrey poked the blade and she felt the sting in her neck followed by a small trickle of warmth snaking down around to her collarbone.

"This is what you came for, isn't it? She's mine and her life is mine!" Joff screamed but she could hear the whimper as well. "I am her King! She calls ME King, my hand strikes her and my red and gold clothes her! Where were you? Where were you? You want her? Her life for mine. Take another step and I will kill her and she will die because of you. Like your traitor mother! Like your whore wife!"

If you kill me you will die as well, you stupid shit, she thought wildly. *But you will die no matter what even though you are too insane to realize it.*

Her eyes widened as Robb stared into her, disregarding Joffrey.

It was just a glance. A mere second of a gaze into her brother's eyes. It was always this way between them, able to convey their thoughts with only a look. She could read his mind, know what he was thinking, just like the last night in Winterfell together. She remembered him saying without a single word how he did not want her to marry Joff, did not want her to go to King's Landing. He was powerless to stop it and she had been so blind, so obsessed with her golden dream she refused to recognize his hurt and anger but still knew it was there behind his eyes. She wanted it to go away and it did when he kissed her goodbye in the Godswood. It was no brotherly kiss, it was a man's kiss to a

woman, fierce and desperate and needy. She had pulled away in shock and ran back to the castle, shoving down the feelings that had emerged from that kiss. Joff was supposed to kiss her that way, not her brother. Not her brother. Not her brother -

Courage.

I must be brave like Robb.

I am a wolf.

An unexpected sharp jab from her elbow up into his neck caught Joffrey off guard long enough for Robb to strike, soundless as he bounded over and speared Joff in the chest. He fell backwards, hitting the chair and faltering to the floor. Sansa wavered, her elbow aching and her mind reeling as she felt the room spinning, even as her eyes caught Joff bleeding profusely from his chest, his mouth gaped open like a fish as if to screech out in pain even as nothing came out, his hand dropping his blade in favor of grasping Robb's sword to pull it out, to no avail. He was not dead instantly but death was claiming him. Death. Her tormentor and murderer of her father was dying. Her false prince dying at the hands of her true prince -

Strong arms caught her as she collapsed and her hands tried to grapple for them only to feel steel plating. It was oddly cold to the touch, cold in front of the crackling fire yet she felt her fingers burning. Hot breath panted onto her face as they tumbled down, down to the floor, maybe he tripped on her gown, maybe she dragged him down to her, it didn't matter. Nothing mattered but the face she had loved since infancy was above her, the pure emotion radiating from his eyes in a clear blue sea in contrast to his filthy, haggard face. The feel of him, the nearness and smell of him, it was all she had dreamed of for years and her hands shook as she twisted them in his hair, his beloved curly auburn hair. It felt like love and faith and home as she pulled him into her, lips touching lips, hers seeking and his resisting. Life flowed through her veins, a sharp current of joy and animal fierceness and she would not be denied. She demanded of him, demanded his kiss to stop the room from spinning, to stop the horror of it all and she felt him give in as he returned kiss for kiss, meeting and matching the fierceness. Finally the lions have fallen and now she was with her wolf. Her wolves. This time she refused to push down the feelings. The pleasure. The sin she was committing with her brother. No, this was no sin. Sin was dying a painful death next to them on the floor.

Something was emerging, something sparking over her entire body and between her legs. It was as if a flame from the hearth has escaped and entered her body, coursing down and spreading inside her. Desire, need, want. How many times has this been threatened onto her? Countless instances of Joff threatening to invade her body either with his own person or with the guards of his choosing. Words to make her tense and fear and torment. Now, now she relished the thought, needed the feeling, wanted to be filled. Her own choosing, her own way, her own love.

"Robb." She whispered it into his mouth. "Robb." She could hear Joff gasping on the floor. He was so close to her she could smell the blood and feel the wisp of a movement as he tried to reach for her. Instantly Grey Wind and Lady raced over, growling. She knew the direwolves were protecting her as no doubt Lady bit down on Joff's arm as Grey Wind secured him by his leg. It matter not to Sansa, nothing mattered but Robb.

"Sansa." Her name on his lips would have made her weep but the lust was coursing through her veins too strongly. "Sansa, Sansa -"

"Please." Her mouth left his to bite, lick at his beard, down his neck. There was only a little exposed flesh to devour. "Please." She juttet up into him even as her hands snaked down past the armor underneath his leathers to the ties on his breeches, shakily pulling them apart.

In response Robb bent his head to lick at her small knife wound, lapping up the blood from the source down to her breasts. His breath quickened and deepened and suddenly his hands were at her bodice, ripping downwards in a swift, strong movement that left her exposed to him. She was used to dresses being torn when she was publicly beat, but this was different. It was triumph and madness as he lifted off of her to tear down the rest of the way and rid her of the offending red and gold gown as she kicked off her red gold slippers, leaving her in nothing but her smallclothes. Her grey smallclothes. Her one inner secretive defiance to the Lannisters, who had not thought to make her wear red underthings.

"No more Lannister red. No more gold. I swear it," he gasped. "I swear on my life -" His words were cut off as he yanked off her smallclothes, devouring her skin, licking her breasts with a wolf's tongue, eliciting her cries of pleasure. She writhed completely naked beneath him, his hard armor and his hard cock pressing up against her now, her pale white skin smeared with mud and blood and Robb's sweat. Harshly she reached up and under and down into his breeches, pulling out his cock. It was thick and already fully hard and she caressed the length of him, conveying her unmistakable want. He could not be close enough to her, he was not close enough, maybe this would be close enough, to ease her ache and loneliness as well as the wetness and throbbing now between her legs; long legs she willingly spread wide to accommodate her brother. Raising her hips, she silently entreated him and he obeyed, thrusting up inside of her with such force she nearly screamed as he unwittingly broke her maidenhead. There was a searing pain at the breach as he fully sheathed himself inside of her and tears fell as she wildly sought his lips, kissing so hard she scraped his teeth with hers before she bit down on his lip, tasting rust. He moaned and began a brutal pace, fucking her into the floor in mad, powerful thrusts. Through the pain she felt full, alive, connected, as he claimed her and she claimed him. She was a wolf. He was a wolf. He was hers and she was his and there was nothing more in the world that could hurt them. They were joined, they were one.

Robb reared up then, bracing himself above her, his hands finding hers to hold fast to the floor. His eyes seared into hers as he shoved inside her, faster, faster, so hard she slid back every time he pushed inside. She wanted to scream but she did not want him to stop. He was no mere man above her, he was a wolf, a god, a savior, larger than life and he was her beginning and end. Her legs wrapped around his waist as best as she could with his layers of clothing and steel and he pitched forward again, the grey cloak encompassing them both as his face loomed close, the lust and love shining in his eyes. She was under his protection. Stark protection.

"Sansa -" His lips found her tears, kissing them away. She feared he would stop so she clutched at his cloak, pulling him in, trying to strengthen her legs to push him further into her. He complied to her will and his thrusts became more deep and fast until he stilled against her with a groan. She knew he spilled into her as she felt something warm spurting inside and his cock pulsed even as he remained still. He collapsed against her, panting as she also laid breathless, hurting but also left with a dim pleasure that didn't seem to ebb away.

Robb withdrew and she did cry out then, shocked at the sudden loss and pain, feeling his leavings draining out of her and onto the dress beneath her. Robb seemed to come to his senses now that their feral fucking was over and he reached down to shove his cock back into his breeches, even as his eyes never left her face. Her legs unlocked from his waist and slipped down, stretched and shaking and sore, as sore as her center. She tilted her head backwards to see Joff gargle his last breath as his cold green eyes stared at them before turning dark with death. His last vision had been of Robb Stark declaring victory over the Lannisters by fucking his completely naked sister and taking her maidenhead not two feet away from him.

Sansa felt Robb's lips kissing at her arched throat and a gentle hand skimming down between her legs and it was a new sensation. He stroked her red triangle of curls before touching her folds and finding

something to rub, the piece of flesh down there protruding from her lips. Shae had told her about that once, her center of pleasure. Sansa had never dared to explore herself, but Robb was doing it now and it felt wonderful. Even through the dull leftover pain it felt glorious. Suddenly, though, he looked down and stopped, his fingers grazing her opening.

"Gods, Sansa. I did not know. I did not know -" His words were strangled, broken. "You are married -"

He raised his fingers and she noticed the slight blood on the tips where he had swiped her. He sat back on his haunches and she struggled to sit up, more of his seed leaking out of her onto the dress under her arse.

"Tyrion never took me," she whispered. "Joff never raped me even though he threatened -"

"Never say his name again. Never, do you hear me?" His voice held rage and guilt.

Before she could respond he stood up but took her with him, picking her up and carrying her naked to the foot of the bed where he seated her. It felt good, it felt right to be carried by him and she looked up at his handsome yet ravaged face. She watched hazily as he gracefully bent to swipe up her torn gown, now soiled with semen and tiny spots of blood from her hymen. Without hesitation he threw it into the hearth's fire. Disregarding Joffrey's now lifeless body being gnawed on by both direwolves, he returned to the foot of the bed. Sansa could hear the tearing of clothes and scraping of armor as well as low growls as they feasted on a fresh carcass.

"Robb -"

"My men will return soon." He loomed over her, gentle now, a hand gingerly touching the bruise on her face left by Joff. "I did not mean to hurt you, Sansa. I did not mean to use you as Joff would."

"Robb -" She reached up to clasp his hand but he withdrew it to drop to his knees, his hands caressing her hips before pulling her forward so her legs were dangling off the bed. Before she could ask what he was doing a firm hand pressed her down, down into the plush coverings and she laid down. She felt like she was floating in a dream as her head turned to the side and her arms flailed out beside her and she could not help the gasp of pure pleasure as she felt him spread her open and place his mouth on her sore, wet cunt. Such ecstasy surely must be a sin, more of a sin when it was Robb's lips kissing away the pain, licking up the stickiness of blood and cum from her thighs, ridding the evidence of her broken maidenhead and his own leavings. Instinctively she closed her thighs around his head, feeling his scruff and his curls moving against her, so slowly at first, licking her clean, so clean yet she felt more wet, more pleasure, and... oh, oh, there was a feeling in the pit of her stomach, a tightening, it was glorious and something was building. Robb's tongue felt divine against her, he was muttering words into her folds as he licked and sucked and massaged, mercilessly now, and she arched her back, pushing into him, chasing that feeling, wanting to know where it would go. He was leading her to a pinnacle of pleasure and she strove for it, whatever it was. Robb's hands held her at her waist, his fingers painting her hip bones with his grime and it felt like a gift from the gods. After all the years of pain, all the numbness, finally she was able to feel something more. Something better. Something -

"Ah! Ah! Robb, my Robb -" She cried out, heedless of the noise as she reached the plateau and crashed over it, her mind unthinking as a contracting between her legs pulsed against him and waves of pleasure swept her into such dizzying heights she would have collapsed if she weren't already lying down, down down. It felt like a rebirth, a new Sansa emerging from the terror and sadness and pain into this light, this fierce love and hope. She hadn't realized she was clutching Joff's coverings until Robb stood and leaned over, prying her hands away as she lay spent and panting. His lips were full

and wet from her and he was breathing as heavily as she. His face held love and yet there was anger there -

"You will no longer lie on Lannister covers either, Sansa." Robb let go of her only to unhook his dark grey cloak. "From now on you will only lie on Stark furs."

As effortlessly as if she were a mere doll to dress and hold he wrapped his long cloak around her, the furred collar ticking at her nose as he swept her up in his arms. Strong arms, loving arms. In two strides he walked over to Joff and their direwolves, retrieving his sword from the dead man's body, sheathing it in his scabbard while still somehow managing to hold her.

"Wolf's Heart," she murmured, naming his weapon, almost sleepily even as her blood raced beneath the surface. She longed to feel his arms without armor, without a tunic, bare against hers. She nuzzled into his neck as he made his way to the door, seamlessly opening it and stepping out into the corridor. It was silent, vacant. All Sansa could hear was the maddening beat of Robb's heart in tune with hers as he sauntered down the hallway. Neither of them looked back as Lady and Grey Wind dutifully bounded out of Joff's room, padding quietly after their Master and Mistress, Grey Wind licking blood off of Lady's muzzle.

After Robb accomplished carrying her down so many flights of narrow steps, Sansa heard some skirmishing. Raising her head, her eyes fixated on the Stark soldiers before them, not caring she was wearing only her brother's cloak, her bare feet dangling. The men knelt and bowed their heads but Sansa merely burrowed her face back into Robb's neck, discreetly licking his pulse point. She felt his grip on her tighten.

"We are going home, sweet sister," he whispered, his lips burning into her hair. " We are going home to Winterfell."

For the first time in years, the tears that sprang to her eyes were happy ones, laced with relief and love. Home. She was going home with her brother, her lover, her wolf prince, her love.

The wolves have come again.

Chapter End Notes

Lovely moodboard by the ever talented Sansafeels!



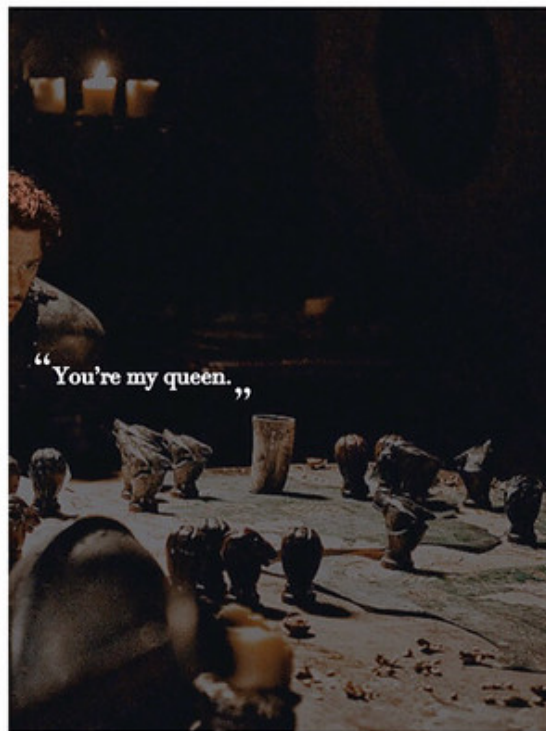
“as red as
her maidenhead's
blood
had been,,



WARM
MY
FLESH



WITH
YOUR
FURS



“You're my queen.,,

Forged In Love

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The warm water and crackling fire temporarily soothed Robb as he sunk deeper down into his bath. For a brief moment in time he could fool himself into thinking he could finally know peace and relaxation while he was alone in his solar. The only true quiet he had come to know was when he was able to hold Sansa in his arms at night, yet even then his heart could not fully rest and his body always felt on fire for her. Even now, with nothing but the sound of the embers sparking in the hearth and the occasionally slosh of the steaming water, his mind could not be placed at ease.

He closed his eyes, resting his head back along the edge of the tub. Perched on a small table near him was a scroll that had arrived by raven yesterday. It held news that should have brought joy but to Robb it was wrought with trepidation. It was from Jon. Arya had arrived at the gates of Castle Black. Now Jon had both Bran and Arya at the Wall, safe and sound. As usual correspondence from his half-brother was short and to the point. They were traveling to Winterfell. Robb had been in Winterfell for over a year now with no visit from Jon, even as the war had been won. Robb understood he had obligations to the Watch, but rumor had it that Jon was no longer tied to them, for reasons unknown.

Robb had shared the scroll with Sansa, and for a moment both of them were relieved and happy to know their sister was now safe with their brothers. Yet after Sansa's elation she suddenly grew quiet and he saw the worry flash in her eyes. He understood it and had taken her in his arms and kissed her forehead, saying nothing, feeling her conflict. They were to be a family again, the last of the Starks all at Winterfell.

It also meant it would no longer be just them.

Robb skimmed his fingers through his wet curls and sighed. He was a simple man, no matter what anyone thought of him. Yes, he could plan strategy and fight as fiercely as a direwolf but he did not want to spend his life as a professional soldier. Not now. He was battle weary but he also had something more precious to stay alive for. All he wanted was to be left alone to live his life with Sansa, for Sansa to be his queen, or even relinquish the King In The North title and live quietly as Lord of Winterfell, maybe have children to name after mother and father. Unfortunately now there could be two more wars on the horizon. And for what? Another fight for the throne, and a fight for survival of mankind. Robb was not afraid to die, but he preferred to die in Sansa's arms and not in a flame of a dragon's breath or at the cold hands of the undead.

As if thoughts of her brought her to him, he heard the sharp but slow knocking at his solar door before it opened. He had not troubled to lock it, as no one was in this part of the castle besides him and Sansa. The servants had all retired for the night. Grey Wind was out, no doubt prowling and hunting with Lady. His head lifted appreciatively as Sansa entered and quietly closed and barred the door. It was a natural reaction. Her hair was loose and flowing down her back, her grey robe tied over her grey nightrail. Her grey slippers clicked softly as she made her way over, her face luminous in the firelight. Wordlessly she bent over to kiss his cheek in an almost sisterly greeting before sliding a chair over to the tub. She sank into it gracefully and he could see the pinched look on her face.

"What is it, my love?" He reached out a soaked arm to her and she accepted his hand. Hers was cool against his. "You look worried."

"It is nothing." She ducked her head a little and released his hand, plucking the rag that was slung over the side of the tub. "I just hope I am able to enjoy your company tonight, that is all."

It wasn't all and Robb frowned. Even now, even after everything they have been through and done, she sometimes still withdrew into herself. He could tell something was troubling her but he wondered if he should let it go as she grabbed the lye soap to saturate the cloth. Apparently he was going to be washed? It wasn't an unpleasant prospect and his cock suddenly woke up.

"Back time, Lord and King Stark."

Obediently he leaned forward and allowed her to wash his back. Her movements were slow and would have been soothing if not for his racing mind. It was hard to keep his mind pure while he was naked and she was touching him even if it was by proxy. She was the only one who made his blood boil with want just under the surface. His passion for her overwhelmed him, even as the cloth glided over his shoulder blades.

"Will you join me?" He tried to keep the need out of his voice and failed.

"As my Lord commands. I dare not refuse my King." Her tone was oddly even, distant.

He meant to say she could refuse him anything she wanted to, but the words died on his lips as he gazed upon her while she laid the cloth back in its rightful place and stood, shedding her robe and nightrail swiftly while slipping out of her shoes. She wore no smallclothes underneath so she stood naked, the light from the fire creating dancing shadows flickering over her slim yet curvaceous body. She was truly a vision but she did not meet his eyes as she stepped into the tub, turning her back to him as she sunk in, sliding her hair to one side, draping it over her right shoulder to cascade down her breast. Her scars were muted in the semi-darkness as she leaned back into him and he embraced her, propping his legs up on either side of her body. She did not seem to mind his erection pressing into her lower back and he bent his head into her to nuzzle at her temple.

"I do not command you, my Love. It is you who commands me," he whispered in her ear before wrapping his arms around her.

"The warmth feels good," she replied absentmindedly, resting her head back against his shoulder. "I took my bath this morning but I could use another, if only for the company."

"What is troubling you, Sansa?" He felt her sigh against him. "You need only tell me and I will do whatever is in my -"

"My moonblood is coming upon me. The cramping is worse than usual." He thought he detected disappointment in her voice. "There is not much you could do about that, is there? But perhaps the pain should be welcomed, as it does not mean a child."

"Perhaps I can call on the Maester for a concoction to help you? To ease the pain?" He could not hide the pleasure in his tone. It might seem strange but he took a perverse thrill out of her being able to talk to him so effortlessly about her moonblood. It was so unlike the good and proper Lady Sansa to discuss bleeding. He leaned into her, kissing and lightly biting her ear before playfully whispering. "Maybe I could ease your cramping in a different kind of way -"

His hands slid down, his destination obvious as he moved to part her legs, but she stiffened. He froze.

"You seem very pleased," she bit out, leaning forward and wriggling away from his hold on her. "Pleased to know there is no bastard in my belly."

"I did not say that, Sansa." He reached out to bring her back against him but she stood suddenly and pivoted, sloshing water everywhere. He would have appreciated her lovely posterior and her even more lovely front towering over him and dripping wet, but before he could rise to pull her back down she stepped out of the tub, angrily yanking on her thick grey robe and tying the sash in a huff. He knew her moon-time brought a more volatile mood but this was different.

"Yes, well, Jon and Arya and Bran will be here soon. Maybe in a week or two's time. At least then you won't have to worry about putting anything at all inside me."

"Sansa." He recognized her emotional pain coinciding with the physical. "Our family -"

"Our family will not accept an incestuous union between their brother and sister. I know how this will all play out. You will marry me off to Lord Glover's son and leave to fight in a war you do not want. If we are fortunate, you will survive it and the the army of the dead. What then? Clandestine moments stolen here and there? A return to a normal sibling bond? A slower death than the battlefield. For the both of us."

"I will not marry you to anyone." he sighed, struggling for control, standing up and spilling even more water than she. "I have already assured you that. And yes, if there is a war, I will fight in it. Honor commands -"

"Honor? How much honor does a man have when bedding his sister?"

"I understand you are upset, Sansa, and I am as well. We will just need to be more discreet with them coming home. Think of it, being able to see Bran and Arya again. For so long we knew not where they were and we even thought them dead. Can we not at least take joy in that?" He reached down to retrieve his own robe from the nearby chair and pull it on reluctantly.

"I don't know. I have believed them dead for so long. I reconciled that in my heart when I was trapped in King's Landing all those years. I felt little at Rickon's death and thought myself a monster for it. And you -" she faltered, bowing her head. "I want us to live, Robb, and being apart from each other is not living. I will refuse to marry even if King Stannis himself would order it. I can accept what we are if only we need not hide in the shadows. If you get me with child, I do not want to hide his true parentage. I do not want him to be a bastard. I want him to be the Prince In The North, the King's legitimate heir."

"Sansa, I told you, I have a decree stating any issue from your body -"

"Are you going to stand there and tell me you want to hide your son or daughter? Keep any children we have in the dark about who their father truly is? What is so wrong with acknowledging us? Our love? The Targaryens -"

"We are not Targaryens, Sansa. This is the North. Do you want us to be murdered in our sleep, our children mercilessly executed? No one will ever accept it. We would need to run away and live in hiding, maybe in the Free Cities. Would you be so willing to give everything up? Never see Winterfell or our family again? I have lain awake at night, trying to come up with a solution. A way to have you in my bed. We cannot openly -"

"No, we cannot openly declare our relationship, can we, dear brother? Or, maybe it is exactly what you want. Keep me in the shadows, a shameful secret, a plaything to enjoy at night when no one is around. Decreeing any children I have as legitimate is the easiest way out for you, isn't it? You can get as many bastards off of me as you please, pass them off as heirs. No danger to your Northern crown

then, is there? No danger to your reputation but of course you can tarnish mine as some brazen harlot who cannot help herself with lowborns?"

Sansa whipped around, her back to him, as if she was done with the conversation, her anger and frustration apparent as she stormed to the door. He should be angry at her accusations, he should argue with her, but he was tired of fighting. They had precious little time left and he refused to have it be spent arguing. Instead of running over and begging her to stay, he pivoted and stormed to his bed, crouching down to grapple for and pull out a small pile of furs.

"Sansa, wait." She heeded him, surprisingly, and he realized she truly did not want to leave. Either she still craved his company or she was curious as to what he carefully held in his hands as he approached her, he did not know which and hoped it as both. Her beautifully arched eyebrows furrowed as she glanced from the small parcel in his hands to his face. She was flushed, her eyes still snapping fire as bright as the flames highlighting her face. As he approached her he noticed how pinched and drawn she looked. Wordlessly, he motioned for her to take the furs and she did so hesitantly but then wasted no time to unwrap the fur to expose something that immediately brought tears to her eyes as she bit her lip, the fury suddenly gone.

It was an open circlet of hammered bronze incised with runes, surmounted by nine black iron spikes wrought in the shape of longswords. A smaller, thinner, lighter companion piece to his own King In The North crown, but added to the side were two direwolves facing each other, the heads replicas of the Stark sigil.

"I forged it myself and was meaning to hold it until my next Council meeting," he confessed cautiously. "I am ready to declare you as Queen In The North. If they protest on the grounds that you are my sister and cannot be my queen, I will decree you are queen in your own right, as I have no intention of marrying again."

Sansa did not speak but looked up at him with a searching, desperate gaze as the tears finally spilled out of the corner of her eyes and her face crumpled a little. She reminded him of her she was younger; thoughts he tried to banish in light of their relationship now. He recalled Sansa, hurt easily by reprimands, crying because Arya stole her lemoncake (of course he would give her his), tearing up because he went off to train on swords rather than play knights and dragons. Crying because her favorite cat died. Holding back tears when he kissed her the night before she left for King's Landing in a way no brother should have. Sansa.

Gently, he pried the delicate crown from her. As the fur dropped to the floor he slowly reached up and placed the circlet upon her rich red locks. It was a near-perfect fit and shone in the flickering light. It was made for her and she was made to wear it. He smoothed her hair, fingering the long strands down to the tips before moving his hands up to thumb away the tiny streaks of her fallen tears. She looked up into his eyes then, the sweet vulnerability of the girl shining through the steel of the woman she had become.

"You are my queen, and my love. I want no other by my side. If we must tear apart the North for this, then so be it."

"Robb."

His lips pressed to hers, gently, not daring much. It was she who returned his kiss fully, parting his lips. Robb attempted restraint but it faded when he felt her tugging at his robe, pulling it down and letting it pool at his feet. He did the same, untying her sash to toss the offending cloth away while seeking her lips, more passionately now. Yet it was not enough, could never be enough as his mouth tore from hers to shower kisses along her jaw, her neck, down to her shoulders. He sank his teeth into

her creamy flesh, nipping, tasting. For her he would risk his life. He would give up his damned farce of a crown, he would leave Winterfell and live in obscurity, give up all contact with his family if needs be. She has always been his other half, his soul mate, his mate for life. The laws of man and gods would call them an abomination but the only abomination would be to deny themselves their love.

Dropping to his knees, his hands reached up to skim her breasts as he gazed up at her. She was beautiful, passionate, his lovely Red Wolf, always fierce and wanton and free in his arms. Her eyes were closed and her breath quickened as he rolled his fingers over her pale pink nipples that hardened instantly at his touch. She was lovely, luminous, her hair catching the firelight as if the embers sparked into her long tresses as her body glistened with the drying water from the bath.

"Sansa," he whispered, his hands skimming down her sides, smoothing across her stomach and curving around her hips. "I love you."

It was a simplistic admission, an honest one, uttered as he pressed his mouth into her concave belly, swiping his tongue gently into her belly button before traveling down through her mound of silky red curls, pressing his nose in to breathe in her scent. She still had the lingering smell of the bath water on her but more potent was her arousal, more intoxicating was her soft little breathy sighs as he licked into her, grasping her tighter and pulling her against his mouth. Her pink folds never failed to awaken his senses, the sheer beauty and wonderment of her was something he could never tire of. Each time he tasted her and kissed her and loved her at her center it set him on fire, a fire to claim her and possess her, to give her the pleasure she has only known from him. Fervently he loved her, revered her, ignoring his body's own hardened need of her as he felt her hands weave into his hair, tender yet bold as she pressed him to her. She was soaking, drenching his mouth as he latched onto her swollen bud. There was no teasing now as he worked her, his only desire being to hear her reach her peak for him. Nails digging into his scalp notified him of her impending release so he increased his efforts, his tongue practiced in giving her what she sought. She came with a soft cry -nothing too daring, nothing too loud that it would pass through the solar wall -but it was erotic, beautiful, maddening as he drank in her essence, feeling the quivering of her release.

"Robb, Robb my love, I love you," she moaned low, her hands lessening their grip enough for him to pull his head away to look up at her. He swallowed, rolling his tongue around in his mouth, savoring her taste. She was staring down at him with half-closed eyes, her lips parted. "Take me to bed."

Her simple command was all he needed as he stood, sweeping her up into his arms so swiftly the crown fell from her head, clanking to the floor. It was left unheeded, forgotten, as Robb made his way to the bed, lying her on top of his blankets of furs. Grey and white furs, Stark furs, complimenting her pale body and fiery hair. He took a moment to consume her with his eyes but she reached for him and he sank down into her arms, their limbs entwining. She was everywhere, she was everything, she was his sanity and insanity. All those years lost, all those years fighting and seeing death, destruction, pain, he fought to reach her, even as he fell into weakness with another woman. She was in his blood, in his soul.

Robb entered her slowly, their eyes locked and never wavering. Her caresses burned him, her kisses inflamed him yet he remained gentle, loving, keeping an almost leisurely thrust, wanting this to last. She was whispering endearments to him, sweet and captivating, and he responded with languid kisses over her face, her neck, her shoulders. He was reminded of the first time she came to his solar, weeks after arriving in Winterfell together. It was the first time they had been together since the rescue, and he had carried her to his bed and made love to her sweetly, patiently, kissing every section of skin in a silent apology for their brutal coupling that left him hurting her when he unwittingly took her

maidenhead. It felt now as it did then, this sensation of discovering her flesh, this passion untainted by shame or guilt. He would never feel guilty for loving Sansa.

"Please," she entreated, her legs wrapping around his waist. "Fill me with your child. I want your child. Please, Robb," she cried, pushing her hips up in encouragement.

He was beyond words, beyond any thought except for giving her what she begged for. Her pleading spurred him to move faster, thrust deeper, harder as his hand slipped down between them to circle her clit again. He could never give her enough orgasms, could never know any satiation when it came to her pleasure or her climaxes. He has always been careful not to spill in her since King's Landing, but their exploration of Sansa's fantasy with Grey Wind had changed it all. Now he wanted to fill her up, let his seed take root, let her feel him leaking out of her the next morning to remind her of what they shared between them.

"Sansa," he gasped, feeling her tense and tighten around him. He could manage nothing else from his lips as his hand pulled away, his fingertips saturated with her. She pulled his face to her and their hands entwined in each others' hair, pulling each other closer, lips meeting and taking their fill, drowning in need and desire. Her legs clung tighter, tighter, and his thrusts were maddening, reaching as far as he could go into her depths. Their climax came upon them almost simultaneously, crying out each other's names into their kisses. Robb pulsated his seed into her, refusing to abate his rhythm until he was sure he had spent all he had into her waiting womb.

They came down in a gentle aura, soft and light caresses replacing their frantic need. He stayed buried inside of her, his arms around her protectively, hands caressing, tracing over tiny scars on her shoulders following up with kisses. Sansa sighed, deftly twirling his damp curls with her slender fingers and smoothing over his short beard. There was nothing to be said as of now, their slowing breathing and the crackling fire the only sounds in the room.

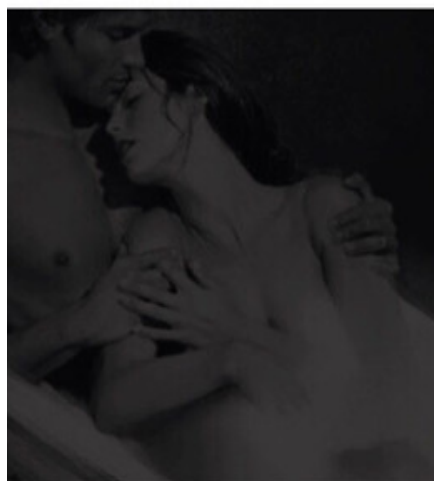
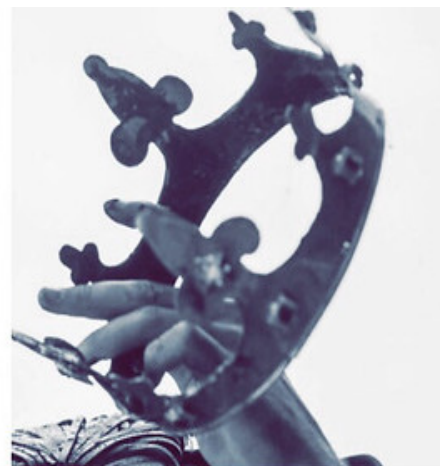
Sleepily, Robb buried his face into her neck, breathing in her familiar, welcoming scent. Instead of softening completely, he felt himself hardening again and knew he wanted to take her again, maybe even a third time before she left his solar.

If the gods decreed this was a detestation, then hang the gods. Hang the Seven. Hang the old gods and the new. His love for Sansa was his faith now.

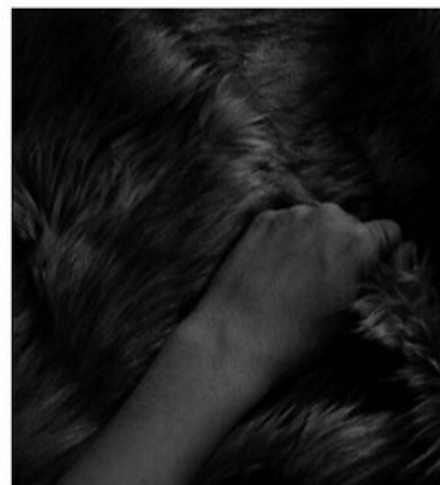
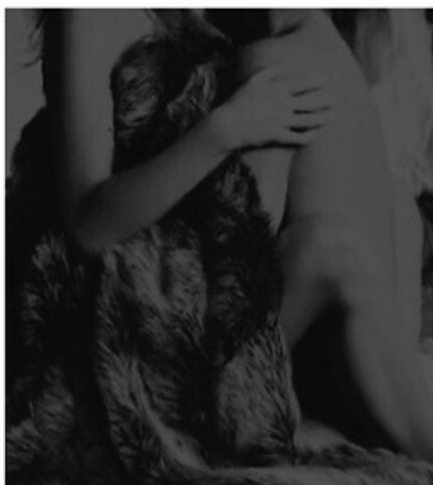
Chapter End Notes

By sansafeels.... inspiring as always..

*"I do not command you, my love.
It is you who commands me."*



*"I am not your queen.
All I can ever be is your whore."*



By The Light Of Flickering Flames

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The craving was sharp, persistent as she made her way into the night, adopting a cautious gait, occasionally craning her neck to glance furtively back at the fading castle. The moonlight guided her way into the thick of the Godswood and beyond but even if it had remained a shadow amongst the ice-tipped trees, the scent would drive her. The hunger, the need swelled within her as she hunted stealthily, keeping her eyes focused and her senses sharp. The tension left her body. It was replaced with a sense of freedom, of belonging. The day had trapped her, like all days have held her a prisoner lately, just as she had been a captive in King's Landing, kept from her loved ones in a cage where she was expected to wither away and die. And she had, she had died there but was reborn, saved. Now she refused to fade away, refused to accept the confinement of her heart. She would not be bound to the laws and demands of men any longer. No, not when there was another path to take.

Take the path she did further into the safety of thickening trees, the evergreens full and lush against the pale light of night. This was belonging. This was home and acceptance and she did not need any more than this. Feather soft beds, finery, lush feasts and even the sweetest lemon cake could not touch this. A fool she was for dreaming of golden princes and pretty things when all she wanted and needed was a love and desire that transcends any status or materialistic item that she had ever coveted. Queen In The North meant nothing when she was Queen Of The Direwolves; a queen free to choose her mate for life. A queen who could run free, be free, love free.

It wasn't long before he was able to join her and he was just as needy, as desperate as she. He stood before her handsome and proud, his eyes full of love and desire, the same as hers. It mattered not what color reflected back into her; it only mattered that she could see the familiar emotions trapped within the narrowed eyes. The cold of the ground did not touch her but he did. Oh, he did, just from his stare and the scent of him. She eagerly submitted to his affections that were so restrained during the day under many a watchful gaze. Here the eyes surrounding them accepted, welcomed, deferred to them and their nightly ritual. She did not mind them. They were a part of her, of them.

He could not contain his excitement and she could smell his arousal, as potent and stimulating as hers. She willingly presented herself, shivering not from the wind but from anticipation and he did not disappoint her, pausing for a moment to flick a salivating tongue over her swollen entrance before mounting her from behind, greedily taking her like the little bitch in heat that she was. A whine emitted low in her throat as she backed into him, encouraging his tighter grip on her shoulders as he entered her sharply. She needed this, craved this, and there was nothing now to prevent her from taking her pleasure from the only one she wanted. His heat surrounded her, pressing into her back, filling her up, throbbing inside of her with each furiously rapid thrusts. She wanted to howl in pleasure as her mate buried deep within her. Swelling, knotting, each wave of warm spurts claiming her womb. Winter became Summer as the fire blazed through her entire body. She did howl then, the sound piercing the silence as eyes of amber, green, blue, and one set of red encircled them beyond the dark. Her howl, his howl was joined by more; one at a time, connecting, the melodic cries affirming their union their mating for life -

Sansa's eyes fluttered open, her face pressed down into her pillow as she laid on her stomach, her whole body tense and straining. It was hard to ignore the ache between her legs and the dampness there as she turned over to her side, hugging her pillow close. Bleary eyes stared into the pale, dimming candle on the wooden stand next to her bed. She had not been asleep for long but instead of

blowing the flame out and trying to return to her slumber, she stared into the flicking light and sighed. Another restless night, another lonely night. As much as she wanted the peace of Robb's arms she dared not slip out to his solar.

Jon, Arya, and Bran had returned to Winterfell and with them the chaos and confusion swept in. It has been an awkward reunion. None of them were as they were before Father had died. Arya was restless, wild-eyed and methodical, a newly flowered woman with the ability to change faces. Bran was now the three-eyed raven, and it seemed he was a shell of who he had been as a boy. Yet with Bran came the vital information of Jon's true parentage and his right to claim the Iron Throne for himself. It had not taken Stannis long to ride North with his Kingsguard, determined to quell any possible rebellion to overthrow his own claim. Presently he was occupying one of the guest solars and Sansa did not like it. She never liked Stannis, who was only the lesser of the evils when it came to the Lannisters. Her heart filled with terror at Stannis suspecting treason of Jon or Robb. Above all things, Stannis dealt the harshest penalties for crimes committed. Her fears were temporarily soothed as Jon bent the knee to Stannis, asserting he cared not for any crown. He was Lord Commander and Lord Commander he would remain. Robb again was made to swear fealty to him as well. Sansa remained stoic and expressionless as her brother, her lover knelt before the Southron King to affirm his loyalty. Their eyes met briefly and he conveyed what she already knew: Robb would do whatever it took to deliver security to the North, to the people, to his family. *To her.*

The distrust between the two Kings had always been there and now it was sharpened by this new turn of event. Stannis knew Robb would back Jon's claim as the rightful King if the choice was forced to be made, even if the North would have reservations over his Targ bloodline. Stark blood still flowed through him as well, and he was raised in Winterfell. He was of the North and the South had no claim in him. Even if the North did grumble, they kept their mouths shut. The possible threat of the Dragon Queen and the White Walkers combined was a sobering prospect and they knew the South and North needed to be united to defeat the enemy. Jon had argued for diplomacy with Daenerys to join forces to defeat the undead and then settle the matter of the throne afterwards.

Earlier this evening, with only the Small Council in the war room, Stannis stated if it were not for the fact they needed her dragons and army he would see her dead. However, as things were, he would accept nothing but the Dragon Queen bending the knee to him, even going so far as to bring up throwing Robb to the wolves, suggesting marriage and a title of Queen In The North in return for her giving up her claim to the Iron Throne. Robb had lost his temper then, ordering everyone out except for Stannis and Jon. She had been sitting quietly by Robb's side, her stomach tying in knots when Stannis spoke, panic in her breast. She dared not look at Robb but she felt his anger. A discreet touch of her fingers on his wrist just below the cuff of his dark brown leather tunic signified her reassurance and her message as she left the room, daring not to give him a backward glance. Any talk of Robb being married off stuck a feral, possessive nerve in her and she needed to stake her claim on him again. And again she did in the Godswood.

Since the arrival of Stannis and their family, the only way to be physically together was through Lady and Grey Wind. In sharing her dreams with Robb she had come to the realization she also was a warg. It made sense now, all of those dreams she had in King's Landing. Dreaming of Robb in battle, of Winterfell, of the Godswood as if she were running through the thick of the forest, her desire to be with Grey Wind. It had all been connected to her direwolf and she had not known it. It took Robb's own revelation of her ability for her to explore it. What little time they had away from everyone was spent on developing and strengthening her warging skill. It was something they could share and have no danger of being found out. Their sexual intimacy was denied but their psychic and mystical closeness was not. Everyone knew Robb was a skinchanger, even though his reputation in war had been somewhat exaggerated, and Bran as well. Even Jon and Arya admitted they had some ability. The first couple of times she only warged into Lady for a few moments, the experience both

frightening and wondrous. She quickly overcame her trepidations when she realized it was a way for her to be with Robb. There was not a care for the unspoken rules. They had already broken the rules of incest in the North and breaking the rules of warging to join as one meant nothing to her. She had followed all the rules in Kings Landing and what did it give her? At least now there was love, pleasure, happiness.

Yet the intimacy they shared through Lady and Grey Wind was not the same as being able to feel Robb.

Even though they mated almost nightly in the Godswood it did not dissipate her need of Robb, her desperation for him. It went beyond the rutting; it was more than the feel of Grey Wind's fur on her back, more than the panting breath on her neck, more than the wolf cock knotting inside. She was still Sansa, not Lady, and he was still Robb, not Grey Wind. The living, breathing, walking man was right in front of her every day and yet all she could do was be the dutiful sister. She didn't want to wear a mask. Arya had no problem with donning faces but she only wanted the one that was her own; a face that loved her brother beyond all sense of propriety and boundaries. Each time they came together through the direwolves it left her with a sense of loss when she came to. She was still here in human form and her body cried out for completion. Somewhere Lady and Grey Wind hunted and cuddled together while she was left in a cold, empty bed.

Sighing again, Sansa shoved her second pillow up into her chest, hugging it tight, before shoving it between her legs and squeezing, trying to ease her ache. Her climax as Lady was not enough. It was like being in a dream and as usual dreams were a poor substitute for reality and even in reality her hand was also no replacement for her lover. It was all she had at the moment and it had to be enough, though. She wore no small clothes under her gown so it would be so easy but she knew it would not be enough. In her mind she could hear him whispering to her. *Sansa*. He longed for her as well. His own frustration was heard in every deep howl Grey had unleashed in the Godswood; in every nip to her neck and every harsh thrust emanating from his wolf body. He needed her as needed him.

He was alone. She could sense it. She knew it even before she heard Grey Wind clawing at her solar door.

Moments later found her slipping out of her room barefoot in nothing but her flimsy shift. Glancing furtively down both ends of the hall before scampering along the corridor, emboldened by Grey Wind's lead, her hand grasped into his fur. She knew the direwolf would protect her with his life if someone should happen to come upon her as she confidently opened the door to the War Room solar, shutting it quietly as she heard Grey's body flop down in front of it on the outside.

Robb was seated at the round table, his back to the fiery hearth. Tapers were dying down around the room and he was cast in a gloomy light. It seemed suited to his mood as she observed his blank stare looking down at a map and papers while a muscle clenched near his cheekbone and his body tilted forward. It was as if he was seeing but not seeing. It lasted only a heartbeat as he glanced up at her and smiled, standing in a greeting while his eyes took her in appreciatively. He looked sharp but strained around the edges, handsome in his dark brown leathers with Wolf's Heart sheathed at his waist as always, even as he started to make his way from his chair. She held her hand up in protest and he sank gracefully back down into his seat, his eyes never leaving her as she swayed over to him. She erred on the side of caution and merely leaned herself up against the table. Her cool hand met his bearded lower cheek as she sought for and found the love reflected in his eyes.

"You needed me, brother?" His hand enveloped hers; warm, thrilling, comforting. "You look worried."

Robb looked levelly into her eyes and as always they drowned her down to her core.

"Aye, having Stannis here has been an ordeal. Even worse is having to mediate between him and Jon. You know Stannis has a respect for Jon but now that Jon's true parentage and claim to the throne has been discovered, he does not trust him. I am tired of Stannis' suspicions. Jon has already pledged loyalty to House Stark and in turn pledged to King Stannis. Jon has no interest in the Iron Throne and even less in the Targaryen claim. It is exhausting. Unfortunately Jon does not make his case any more the better by offering to meet and negotiate with Daenerys Targaryen. Stannis is petrified Jon will make an alliance against him. The Northern Lords are up in arms over Ned Stark's bastard being of Targ blood. It just uncovers all of the old hatred. I have to tow a fine line while trying to keep everyone united or else we stand no chance against the threat beyond the Wall. My desire to keep unity has Stannis questioning my loyalty and now he is wary of me. As far as Arya, well, she is ready to slice Stannis ear to ear. Bran talks in monotone and is as full of emotion as the statues in the crypts. Nothing is as it should be, Sansa. Nothing."

"You will find a way, Robb. You always have. You didn't win battles and a war by being wrong."

"Thank you for the vote of confidence, my love, but I have been wrong many, many times."

"Like with us?" The words tumbled out before she could stop them. "Do I share a part in your grievances as of late?"

To her surprise he turned his head away and stood, moving to turn his back on her to stare into the flames of the fireplace. His right hand flexed on Wolfs Heart's pommel as the other ran through his curls before resting on his hip.

"You are the only constant in my life, Sansa. You could never be a grievance to me. You are my love and my strength. You keep me grounded and flying at the same time. Everything I am trying to do has one goal and that is to keep you safe. Keep you safe with me and always by my side."

"Then perhaps having Grey summoning me was not the best of ideas," she tried to say in a teasing manner, to break his dark mood. "I would have thought us warging tonight would have satiated you."

"Did it satisfy you?" Robb turned to face her, his full lips tightened and his brow furrowed. "I think not. Do you think I cannot smell your arousal? Feel the heat and tension rolling off of you in waves? Can you not feel it with me? It's more sharp now, more...animalistic, this urgent need for you. I cannot describe it. It is...as if each time we warg, I am becoming more wolf than man. Scents are more prominent. I see better at night. I cannot seem to resist warging into Grey Wind for more simple things, such as hunting or running with the direwolf pack. And now look at me. I cannot bear another night without you, Sansa."

"Nor I you, Robb." Her heart started hammering, her breath coming faster. "I just want Stannis to leave. I want Arya to go off on her travels she wants to do so badly, I want Bran to return to the Wall with Jon. May our father and mother forgive me, I want them to leave. I only know peace in your arms and I cannot have it now. Maybe it is wrong, maybe I am an evil in the eyes of the gods, but I am only alive when you are inside me. When we love. It is the only time I can feel. The only time I want to feel -"

Sansa gave a little cry as Robb closed the short distance between them to grab her up in a kiss; instantly passionate and demanding, borne of a repressed desire begging to be released. His desperation matched her own and she returned his fierceness. Suddenly he hoisted her up to sit on the table, not waiting to shove aside the papers and map and she gasped as she allowed him to tear at her shift and yank it away. He uttered her name when he saw she wore no smallclothes and quickly tossed the gown to the floor to unbuckle his belt. Wolf's Heart clanked to the floor and was forgotten along with any semblance of sanity as he fumbled with his laces. She barely had time to open herself to him

before he drove himself into her. She cried out in shock and pleasure; she was not used to him not preparing her but she was already soaked and he knew it. No time, no time for thought or considerations as his thrusts were brutal, possessive, his hands on her breasts and then on her waist, pulling her towards him. She thought of the night where he rescued her, how he took her then with little thought for restraint and it made her feel more aroused. He looked more like a wolf than man and she reached out to grasp at his arms for leverage. She arched her back and tilted her head, and for a moment she closed her eyes, nearly weeping at the feel of him, the natural him.

Her eyes flew open soon enough when he pulled her to him and lifted her up, still buried inside of her. For a dizzying moment she felt like she was falling down, and she was; down to the floor with him onto the tapestry rug beside the table. Finally, she was able to draw him down to her, ripping madly at the laces on his jacket and shirt to allow her the thrill of feeling his bare chest pressed against her, feel the sweat and skin and chest hair, feel everything. Her legs wrapped around his waist, her heels digging into his breeches, trying to push them down. She would accept nothing less than the feel of all of him and he understood. He withdrew from her just long enough to shrug out of his boots and breeches and again he was inside of her kissing her, holding her. This was her favorite way of making love but something stirred in her belly, a new kind of heat rising in her as she broke their kissing to push him away, panting.

His darkened eyes flashed in confusion but she knew it was replaced with understanding and lust as she rolled over onto her stomach and raised up on her hands and knees. In a heartbeat he was inside of her again, one hand on her waist and the other placed on her shoulder to steady them. She felt his whole body lean down to hover over hers and she arched into him, her head hung down with her hair falling down around her in waves. She bit her lip in a feeble attempt to keep quiet but she shuddered and started to whimper when she felt his hand leave its bruising hold to reach down and rub furiously on her center of pleasure. She was already swollen and tense as a drum, even as his deep thrusts made her ache in something close to pain. She felt like Lady as Grey Wind had taken her earlier; felt wild and free and alive. Her climax came as she felt Robb tighten inside of her and try as she might she could not suppress her moans of affirmation and then her cries of surprise as he leaned in to bite into her shoulder as he spilled inside her, his grunts and close to her ears it felt like the sound traveled down throughout her whole body.

Sansa drooped a little but a strong, gentle hand reached down to wrap around her throat to bring her up and back as Robb pulled her against as he moved to sit on his haunches until she was seated on his lap, his cock still buried deep inside. Formidable arms wrapped around her waist as wet, thick lips found her bite mark, taking the pain away with kisses. He was breathing as hard as she as she reached her hands up and behind her to seek purchase in his damp hair. Their caresses were gentle now, exploratory as the frantic need dissipated but did not die. No, the hunger would not die. Would never die.

"Robb." She whispered his name, swallowing. "I cannot stay."

"I know." His lips traveled up her neck to playfully nip at her earlobe. "I wish you could spend the night with me."

"Soon," she reminded him. "Stannis has to return to King's Landing at some point. He hates the North, remember? He won't stay here any longer than he needs to. Jon will be leaving again for the Wall as well. We can handle Arya and Bran."

He sighed against her before kissing behind her ear. Reluctantly she disengaged from him and stood slowly, meaning to find her shift, but he grabbed her and pulled her back down to him, pinning her down while she emitted a small squeal. His face hovered above hers and he smiled his beautiful smile,

his eyes brightening. Softly he rained kisses on her neck and breasts before settling his head down, his curls ticking her nipples. It felt wonderful to hold and be held like this by him. Even though she has just reminded him she could not stay she allowed them a little extra time and they stayed embraced for awhile in silence. She felt herself drifting off to sleep but then Robb's voice brought her back from lethargy.

"The day Stannis and Jon leaves, I am assembling the Small Council and declaring you my queen. I want you there when I do it, Sansa. I want to place that crown upon your head and make you the most powerful woman in the North. I want the children we have to be declared legitimate."

"Robb -"

His head popped up and he stared at her. It was enough of a look to stir her again.

"No discussion, Sansa. Please. Life is so uncertain. You know as well as I do the odds of surviving this so-called impending war with the Night King are not good. But I feel we will live. And I want to live, with you, with our children, in Winterfell. If I have to, though, I will gladly escape with you somewhere, anywhere. I love you, Sansa. Be my wife and queen."

"I will be anyone I need to be as long as I am able to be with you, Robb. I love you."

"Says the one who always wanted to be a Queen?" His eyebrows raised, teasing. "Marry your golden prince and live happily ever after in a palace -"

"That silly little girl died in King's Landing -"

"Yes, and now she has been replaced by a she-wolf full of passion and life."

Before she could answer he kissed her again. This time they could savor it now that their lust was temporarily quelled but Sansa felt it building up again as a tender hand skimmed down her legs which she opened without hesitation. His fingers caressed through her thatch of hair to stroke at her folds and she sighed in renewed excitement. Sensitive from the feral fucking, it did not take long to build back up again and Robb knew it, taking the opportunity to slide back inside of her, this time slow and sure.

"I love you." His words melted her.

"I love you, too," she whispered, locking eyes with him. "Always -"

The door to the War Room crashed open. Before Robb could react and make a move for Wolf's Heart, armed men swarmed the room, bearing torches and brandishing swords, descending upon him to pull him off of her. The immediate sense of loss overwhelmed her and the sudden brightness of torches broke the meeting of their eyes. Terrified and in shock, she heard Robb's enraged howl before she could focus on the scene before her, the glare of the torches blinding her. Someone threw something and she clutched the fabric to her to cover her nakedness. She could only watch in abject horror as several men dragged Robb naked to the door. *Grey Wind. Where was he? He had been by the door as a guard... what had happened ? Robb was screaming her name, screaming it in rage and fear and she wanted to call out to him but nothing would come. Nothing.*

"Lord Robb Stark, you are hereby arrested in the name of King Stannis Baratheon, first of his name -"

Sansa's eyes focused and her heart was struck in fear, meeting a pair of cold, determined eyes. Stannis.

"Lady Sansa Stark, you are hereby -"

The room was spinning and she could no longer see Robb. She saw nothing but the angry flicker of flames and heard nothing more than the howl of wolves in the distance.

Chapter End Notes

Sansafeels (gayforsansastark) made a wonderfully NSFW gif mood board for this chapter:

<https://gayforsansastark.tumblr.com/post/173596290857/warm-my-flesh-with-your-furs-chapter-5-by-the>

We Have Loved

Robb paced his room restlessly, hopelessly, stalking around his quarters, just as frantic as Grey Wind was behaving beyond the castle's barriers. He could sense him, out past the Godswood, trotting in frustration with his pack in the Wolfswood. He was thankful his wolf was still alive. He would have known if Stannis had slayed him but somehow Grey had escaped the castle. He was with Lady now, in the woods, as Robb knew only too well; his only form of communication with Sansa in the past two nights was solely through their wolves. It meant Sansa was still alive, for now, and Robb was desperate for an escape.

No one spoke a word to him or even came to visit, but he surmised he and Sansa were under house arrest. He was confined to his room with guards posted outside his door and no doubt Sansa was in the same situation. One thing was for certain and that was Stannis would waste no time enacting his own brand of justice, and the penalty for incest and conspiracy was immediate death.

He needed to see Sansa.

He always declared he would die for her but he never meant like this.

Their warging had calmed him and he has spent most of the forty eight hours as Grey Wind, interrupted only by his meals brought to him or by sleep from exhaustion. Even in sleep his dreams were of Sansa, whether in the form of Lady or in her own beautiful body. He could not accept they might not ever lay eyes on each other again. This could not be the way they end.

Robb wildly eyed his room. They had taken everything out, stripped everything bare. Even the hearth was dark and there was no way to start a fire. There were no coverings on his bed. Wolf's Heart was missing; Sansa's crown was missing. At that he had growled and raged but there was nothing he could do. No doubt the crown was taken as evidence. Her crown. Her crown he so lovingly forged and the crown that would never settle on her head as queen.

His blood boiled. All he wanted was Sansa. Hang Stannis and The Night King and the Dragon Queen. Hang the wars and honor and duty. All he needed was a chance, a small window of opportunity, and he would willingly spirit Sansa away from Winterfell. Why was there a crime in their love? Stannis might sympathize if he ever knew such a love. But no, the man married his wife for duty and heirs and his affair with the Red Witch was about lust and power.

A hesitant knock startled him and he clenched his fists at his side as the door creaked open, revealing Jon with Ser Davos Seaworth slinking in behind him. The faint torch lights beyond reflected two Kingsguard soldiers with their backs towards them. Davos quietly shut the door behind him and the two men stayed close to the door as Robb advanced. Maybe it was the look in his eyes, feral and scared yet hopeful at the same time; maybe it was the fact that Jon has never seen him so unkempt and marked for death before. Maybe it was the horror and disgust of knowing he bedded his own sister, but whatever it was, Jon averted his gaze to the floor, so Robb looked at the older man. The King's Hand. A man Robb respected and sometimes wondered why the honorable Onion Knight had ever become an ally and friend of Stannis Baratheon. Well, as much a friend as someone who cut off his fingers -

"We haven't much time." Davos cleared his throat, his hand seeking his grey beard a little nervously. "Robb, Stannis has already passed sentence on you and Lady Sansa in front of the Council. With witnesses to - to the act, it was not hard to do without you or Lady Sansa's presence. You are to be

executed on the morrow and Lady Sansa after that. The Council also found you both guilty of conspiracy against the King, of supporting The Dragon Queen's claim to the Iron throne in return for her granting a valid marriage between you and your sister as in custom to Targaryen laws."

"I pledged myself to Stannis more than once," growled Robb. "The conspiracy charge is a lie. I have a right to trial, as does Sansa. He cannot -"

"He can, Robb, and he has." Jon's thin face was plucked with sorrow and worry. "Half the household saw with their own eyes you and Sansa coupling. At the very least, Stannis can put you to death for that. The conspiracy was added as a way to garner the northern nobles support. It worked, headed by Lord Glover, who raised his suspicions to Stannis when he first arrived at Winterfell. They were waiting for you to slip up, Robb, and you did."

"Aye, and you did nothing." Robb advanced on Jon but Jon's hand shot to Longclaw's pommel while Davos unsheathed his own belted sword.

"I could not. Not I, nor Arya, nor Bran. We were all blindsided and detained when you and Sansa were arrested. Stannis' Kingsguard has a watchful eye on Arya; he knows about her time with The Faceless Men. The only thing we could do was have Nymeria and Ghost lure Grey Wind away from the room and out of the castle before Stannis' guards arrived, or else they would have killed him." Jon's soft grey eyes met Robb's piercing blues. "You and Sansa aren't the only ones who are able to warg, you know."

Robb's mind flashed back to the night he and Sansa mated through Lady and Grey Wind in the godswood, the eyes of the pack on them, deferring to them as their leaders, as the alphas. He recalled seeing a pair of red eyes that turned grey, along with another pair steel grey. *Ghost and Nymeria. Jon and Arya*. Jon seemed to read his mind as his lips turned up in a small, sad smile.

"We knew, Robb. Even before Glover weaved his tale of brother and sister as lovers and conspirators, even before the rumor spread that Sansa lets a pack of wolves mate with her at night in the Godswood. It mattered not to us. We are your family and we understand. Unfortunately, Stannis has no intention of understanding. This is his excuse to rid himself of you and dissolve the King In The North title. Bran will become Lord of Winterfell but Stannis knows Bran will refuse, since he is the Three-Eyed Raven. I cannot become Lord of Winterfell because I am not Eddard's son. Arya may become Lady of Winterfell but a woman has never governed the North. He has found a way to vilify you and Sansa and yet retain the loyalty of the North without a separate king, which is what he desired all along. Now is not the time to become fractured as a whole and Stannis know this. Not with all that lies ahead."

"To execute us without trial is murder."

"And that matters not to Stannis. If Cersei had not poisoned Tommen and Myrcella upon the fall of the Lannisters, what do you think Stannis would have done? He would have executed them along with their mother and not have thought twice. Think of it. Margaery Tyrell was not even spared. Stannis will cut down anyone in his way. You were both feared and revered amongst your bannermen, Robb, and now you are reviled. Just as Stannis has planned."

Robb swallowed his anger and rage as he thought of Sansa. All she was guilty of was finding happiness after so long. Years of psychological torture and physical abuse, years of being unloved and surrounded by people who used her as a pawn, Sansa was innocent. She had been a child without friends in a pit of snakes and now, now she was loved and treasured and there was no crime in that. She had never killed another human being, never conspired to bring about anyone's misery, never had

been selfish. She deserved to live. Maybe he did not, after all he has done, but Sansa above anyone else deserved nothing less than a chance at a full life.

"All that matters now is Sansa." He turned to meet Davos' gaze. "I will say I forced myself on her, I will testify I made her bend to my will politically. I will even say I conspired against the Crown, if her life is spared."

"It is too late for that," Davos responded gently. "I may be the King's Hand but he refuses to take my advisement into consideration and I had recommended banishment to spare both your lives. He is determined for you both to die. Witnesses have already testified the - the - coupling was consensual."

Howling in rage, Robb had Jon pinned up against the door before he could react, on hand grabbing him by the throat while the other drew Longclaw.

"You could have done something. At least save Sansa's life-"

"Robb." Jon struggled for breath. "We -"

Davos reached out to grasp Robb's wrist. The hold was fairly strong for being an older man.

"We are here to take you to Sansa. Release him."

Upon hearing those words, Robb withdrew and stepped back, his heart beating and the blood coursing through his veins. He ignored Jon gasping for breath and focused on one thing. *Sansa*.

"How -"

"Stannis is closeted with the Council. Jon and I were not welcomed, so to speak, as we pleaded on your behalf for your life. As the Hand I am able to move with the King's orders. We can grant you this last meeting for a goodbye but we must move quickly."

Without another word they slipped from the room and down the hall to Sansa's door. Two guards deferred to Davos as he demanded entry and they moved aside with a slight nod.

"Go." Jon rested his hand on his shoulder, as if Robb never attempted to choke him. His brother, his cousin, his friend. Risking the wrath of Stannis to allow him a few stolen moments with Sansa.

"Thank you, my brother." It seemed inadequate to reply as such, but Jon nodded, a sad look in his eyes as he offered a crooked smile.

Robb entered as quietly as he could, letting Jon shut the door behind him.

Sansa was sitting in a chair in front of the hearth, which was also as desolate and dark as his had been. Her room was also empty, presumably so no object could be used for an early end to her life. Her hair was loose and free of any pinnings, and her dress was a plain grey wool. She turned, her pupils dilating and throat constricting as if she were seeing a ghost. A thin hand flew up to her bare neck before she pivoted out of her seat and threw herself into his waiting arms. He hugged her tightly, smelling her hair, her skin. She buried her face into his neck and he felt wetness there; tears smearing into his flesh as her lips moved against him.

"Robb! Ah, Robb, I'm so sorry! I -"

"Shhh. None of that." He stroked her glorious red hair as his lips buried into the top of her head. "I love you."

"And I you."

She pulled away from him only to seek out his lips, which she took fiercely, hurriedly. They were used to passion within a limited time, but never so short and final as this. There was pain and sorrow in their kisses, knowing these would be their last. Still, Robb drank her in, his hands cupping her face to him.

"Sansa," he whispered against her lips. "Sansa, do you know what is happening? Do you know?"

"Yes, Robb. I do." She clung to him harder, her mouth seeking his in desperation. It was a sweet agony. Even in sorrow his body responded to her, wanting her, and she did not shy away, instead pushing herself into him with her own despair. She gasped. "And I would rather go to my early death having been so loved, than to live a long life without it."

"This cannot be how we end. It cannot." His feverently kissed her again before pulling back to look into her watery eyes. "I refuse to accept it."

"Jon and Ser Davos have exhausted all their efforts. You know there is no means of escape from this. We would not make it down the corridor let alone outside the castle walls." She buried her head into his chest, pressing into the laces of his tunic, sniffing. "I wish they could strike us down now, while in each other's arms. I fear nothing this way."

"Sansa -" He tried to disengage himself from her but she cling harder, her hands clawing at his neck before cluching his hair.

"No! Don't. Please. Robb, I was threatened so many times in King's Landing. I never knew when I would be imprisoned for being a traitor, when I might lose my head. Joffery used to hold my life in his cruel little hands. I had learned to shut it all off, to not fear dying. I even welcomed it at some point. It was all I could think about during the day and when I lay awake at night; leaving such a cruel and pointless existence. Yet when I had dreams of Lady - now I know I was warged into her - I felt hope, love, adventure. I felt you. Grey Wind. I ran along side you in battles, celebrated your victories. I laid next to Grey Wind and took comfort and peace in the warmth of his fur against mine. Then - then you came to me. My love, my prince. I would not change the short time we had together, Robb. We lived and loved more in little over a year than most people do in a lifetime, if ever. At least now I will die loved, happy. Your love - our love - is something no one can take from me, even through death."

Sansa wavered against him and Robb picked her up, carrying her to the stripped bed and lying her down gently. Helplessly, silently, he joined her and held her tight against him, her head on his chest. His arms hugged around her protectively even as there was nothing he could do against their fate. The only thing he could do was to hold her until he no longer could.

"You've made me the happiest of men, Sansa, where there is little of it to be found in this world. Every battle, every betrayal, I kept your face in my memory. Rescuing you and loving you has been my dream come true." He felt her shiver and he sighed. "I have no furs to wrap around you now, and I am sorry for the cold."

"Would that Lady and Grey were here," she muttered. "I would have liked to say goodbye to them without having to warg. They are a part of us. I feel us dying will leave them incomplete."

"They have their pack, my love. They will never be incomplete. They will live on, lead their pack, perhaps even have cubs of their own? They are free, Sansa. Stannis would not bother attempting to hunt them. He does not believe in warging, for all he believes in the magic of his Red Witch."

Sansa said nothing but pressed her body closer, holding her head up to look at him as her hands stroked his beard. It could be just them on any other lazy evening or stolen afternoon, cuddling in the bed and enjoying the closeness. They didn't know how much time they had left; at any second Jon could be knocking or entering. Unbidden the tears stung his eyes and he struggled for control. Sansa was always so proud of how brave he was; how could he be brave if he was crying in front of her? He could not hide them and she brushed them away with her fingers before softly kissing the corners of his eyes. His heart ached at her tenderness and beauty and he reached up to draw her in for a kiss, but suddenly she tore away from him, sitting up, her eyes wide.

"My love, what is it?" He raised his hand to draw her back down but she grasped it, holding it to her breast. To her heart. It was thumping madly, wildly.

"Robb, we can be free, too. Just like Lady and Grey Wind. *We can live on.*"

"Sansa -"

Before he knew what was happening, Sansa scooted back up to lie on her side facing him, tugging on him to lie on his side. Face to face now, her hands stroking his curls while a smile lit up her beautiful face; a trembling smile at the corners. Her voice was low, throaty and her eyes burned into him with hope, love, and triumph.

"We can live *on*, we can love, and we can be *free*."

Suddenly he understood. He *knew*. Slowly he nodded, both hands skimming over her auburn tresses one last time, reveling in her touch in his mess of curls one last time, before leaning in for a last kiss, and it was sweet. Just as sweet as the first time he had kissed her before she left Winterfell for King's Landing. Now, they were both leaving Winterfell. *Together*.

"I love you, Sansa. Always." His voice was steady and strong.

"I love you, Robb. Forever." Sansa kissed his cheek in reassurance.

Outside, two distinct howls filled the night air as they stared into each other's eyes. A slight nod from Robb and suddenly there was warmth and comfort. Furs surrounded them and they were no longer cold from the darkened hearth; they were no longer bound by the laws of men.

They were free.

King And Queen Of Wolves (Epilogue)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Eyes half closed, warm and secure under blankets, his father's voice soft in the dark. It was the comfort he clung to as a babe and now he was nearly a grown boy. Certainly growing too old for these moments but it made him cling to it all the more. Father's voice belied his looks, scarred and rough and ravaged by wars and pain. Yet his dark grey eyes twinkled through an odd sadness as he shifted on the edge of the bed.

"You want to hear it again? Do you ever grow tired of this one?"

"No, Father, I do not. Please?"

"Very well."

A clearing of the throat and his father began. He knew the story by heart now but of course sometimes things were added or omitted. Sometimes he became impassioned with feeling and exuberance, other times quiet with reflection. Yet no matter what version or which tone was offered, he closed his eyes and could see the pictures clearly in his head.

"There once lived a beautiful King and Queen who ruled over these lands, their hair kissed by fire and eyes like sapphires, who ran with the great direwolves in the forests and harmed no one. They were crowned King and Queen Of The Wolves and were beloved by their subjects. They were kind, good, very brave and very strong and lived happily together. But there was another King, an evil one, who was jealous of their love and happiness. He wanted to be the only King in the world and waited for his chance. And took his chance he did, casting a spell onto them, causing them to fall in a deep sleep. A sleep that would last forever."

Eyes were heavier now. He hated how the Evil King had won his day, but he knew what was coming and smiled.

"The King and his Queen were interred in the crypts of the castle where their family awaited their return from the dreamlands. Yet it was for naught, and the family was called to war. A fierce war, one that was fought to save mankind. The wars were won though many had fallen, even kings and queens, including the Evil King. Through the Long Night, man and beast fought alongside for the greater good. What no one knew -"

"Was that the King and Queen of Wolves fought bravely alongside their family and allies," he interrupted, his eyes completely closed now as he mumbled. "They had become direwolves while they were sleeping. They lived on as wolves, tearing down enemy after enemy."

"Aye, that they did. Their slumber was only a passage to another life. So the King and Queen of Wolves disappeared deep into the forest after a good king was made to rule the lands and their hearts could be at peace, and they ruled the Wolfswood as Alpha and Omega of their pack. They were the ones who brought the direwolves back from near extinction south of the Wall-"

"So the Evil King did not succeed. Because good has won."

His father leaned down to brush his dark hair aside and he felt a soft kiss on his forehead. Groggily he lifted his lids to peer at him, his blue-grey eyes not missing the sorrow ghosting across his father's face. His dark hair was tied back in the northern fashion, streaked with dark grey to match his eyes. Just like his mother's.

"Good has won. Goodnight, Robb."

"Goodnight, Father."

Robb nestled into his covers, nearly asleep, but then he could hear them in the distance. His eyes popped open to see his father slowly smiling, the scar from his eye to his cheek catching the moonlight shining through the window.

Robb knew it was them: The King and Queen of Wolves. And his Father, a King himself, knew it as well.

Comforted, he slept. And dreamed.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Originally a one-shot response to an Anon's prompt on Tumblr, just to see if I could pull it off, turned into something a bit more. I appreciate everyone's interest and responses. Thank you! :)

I can be found on Tumblr: SoHereWeAre1.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!