Don't Stop Swaying

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by SoHereWeAre

Summary

Robb and Sansa Stark attempt to handle their forbidden love for each other that developed after the tragic death of their mother. While doing their best to lead normal lives, they still cannot deny how they feel. Their relationship is tested when one traumatic night threatens to destroy them and the lives of those around them.
Gentle Warning: Not a fluff piece. This has extremely dark themes.
Contains incest.
I can be found on Tumblr: SoHereWeAre1
Graphics made for me by the lovely Sansafeels. Thank you!!
Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
"Dad?"

Sansa Stark approached cautiously, as Ned Stark was hunched over his laptop at the kitchen table. It was getting late, almost bedtime, and she held the piece of paper gingerly in her slender hand. She wanted to talk to him sooner, but as usual there was never much time. He had come home long after she, Robb, Arya, Bran, and Rickon had already eaten dinner, finished their homework, and got ready for bed. The three youngest were already sleeping.

"What is it, Punkin?"

He didn't glance up but there was kindness in his voice. She immediately felt sorry for him. He turned into a constant workaholic since Mom died from breast cancer, and that has been just over a year ago. It has been hard on everyone but Dad was taking it the worst, at least in Sansa's eyes. Robb had been stoic as always, comforting everyone else and jumping in to help with the family; Arya and Bran had their moments but they were healing; Rickon, the youngest, had stopped crying for Mom at night and now looked to her for motherly guidance. Which, at almost sixteen, was something Sansa had to develop. She was a work in progress, doing what she could for her siblings, knowing she could never replace their mother.

"Well, remember me saying I got the role of Juliet that I tried out for at the local theater? I'll be sixteen by the time we really get into rehearsing, but you have to sign a waver for me. It's just because there's... a kissing scene in it. Romeo is seventeen so we are both minors, but I still need a parent to sign off. Can you please?"

He finally looked up at her, his dark blue eyes sparkling in surprise for a moment. Sansa was pleased to see something other than sadness and frustration and stress in them, and his mouth ticked upward in a small grin. Her heart grew hopeful.

"Oh, so now you are joining a play as an excuse to kiss boys?" He took the paper to skim it before reaching for his ballpoint pen, signing it with a flourish, adding the date and his cellphone number at the bottom, and handing it back to her.

"No, Daddy. I mean, it's fake kissing, not real, it's acting. I beat out a lot of girls of all kinds of ages for Juliet." There was pride in her voice.

"Hmmm. Let me know when it is and I will make it," he said tonelessly, turning back to his computer and work.

"Thanks, Daddy," Sansa replied dutifully, her heart sinking.

She turned away, her bare feet padding across the tile floor and into the living room. The TV was off and it was quiet, but she heard music wafting from the basement. Robb must still be awake, of course. It wasn't quite ten yet, and Robb didn't sleep much anyway. She turned and started down the carpeted steps to the left side of the open living room, envious as always of Robb's bedroom. A few years ago the basement was finished; the first half was a rec room, and the other half was an extra bedroom, which of course was given to Robb since he was the oldest. He even had a lock on his door. No one else did. Sansa was forced to share a room with Arya, which she hated.
Of course his door was shut. The music was louder now. What was it? It sounded like nothing he ever listened to. He typically liked all that hard rock crap that Sansa couldn't stand. He used to love to sing along at the top of his lungs just to annoy her. He hadn't done that for a long time. He never sang now. None of them did.

She knocked hesitantly, tugging around at her pink Hello Kitty pajamas.

"Robb?"
Nothing.
"ROBB!"

The music turned off.

She stood back and waited until she heard the door unlock and creak open.

"Sorry, San. Come on in."

She walked in without hesitation, following Robb to the bed, where she sat on the edge. He flopped back into it, running a hand through his dark auburn curls before grinning at her, his cerulean blue eyes twinkling back at her own, and pulled the covers up around his waist. Obviously he was ready for bed in grey lounge pants... and no shirt.

She wanted to tell him to put on a shirt but decided against it. Why should he? He was in his room after all. She looked at the sparse chest hair on his muscled chest and wondered why she found it fascinating. Maybe because she was always used to skinny, hairless Robb, and the transformation over the past few years turned him into something foreign to her; a man. Even his deepened voice confused her. He was nearly eighteen. Soon he would legally be a man and she was still a stupid girl. A silly, soon-to-be sweet-sixteen-and-never-been-kissed girl. Well, she would be kissed soon, wouldn't she?

"So, did Dad sign your paper?"

She held up the paper for his approving eyes, before tossing it next to him on the bed.

"He signed it and went right back to work."

He must have sensed the disappointment in her voice; he reached his arms out to her and she gratefully crawled into them, lying on top on the covers, letting him hug her close. He felt warm and comforting, like Dad used to feel. He kissed the top of her head and she immediately reached up to scratch it. He withdrew his lips quickly and instead touched his head to hers.

"You know he's busy with work, trying to squeeze in as many hours and get as far as he can. It's hard raising five kids on one income, and he's still paying off hospital bills."

"I know. It just hurts. It's like he never notices me anymore. Or any of us."

"He's trying to deal, San, just like we all are."

She scratched her head again, running fingers through her long, straight auburn hair, nesting into his chest to listen to his rapid heartbeat. She wanted to argue with him but bit her lip instead. Yes, they were all trying to deal and go on as best they could, but they didn't close themselves off emotionally to do so. Dad wasn't the only one making sacrifices; Robb quit football and basketball to take a job at a local motorcycle and car repair shop to help out with expenses. As soon as she turned sixteen she
planned on getting a part time job as well; Arya was almost fourteen and that was old enough to stay home with Bran and Rickon for a little while if needs be. In the meantime, she and Robb took care of suppers, grocery shopping, errands, and other domestic duties. Arya, Bran, and Rickon had their rotating chores. To an outsider, the Starks had it all together without missing a beat. Inside, they were all still in mourning.

"I thought he would at least tell me he was proud of me."

"I am sure he is. I know I am. Baby, you will make one hella feisty Juliet."

She could tell he was teasing but encouraging at the same time, and it was comforting knowing he cared. She could share almost anything with Robb, and he would always make her feel better. Well, she could share almost anything anyway. Some things you just didn't share with a brother...maybe.

"Robb, I love that I got the role, but I've never done anything like this before. I mean, I have to play a romantic character. I'm a teenager. What do I know about romance? Or love? I'm going to have to kiss someone and I'm scared it won't look real."

She thought she felt him tense up at her words, and when she lifted off of him to see his face, his brows were furrowed together and his eyes lost their sparkle.

"Well, he'd better be a good guy and not try anything. Remember, the Romeo and Juliet in the play are just teenagers, too. You are great at anything you do, San. You will be fine. It's nothing more than touching lips and moving them for a few seconds."

"Is that how you felt kissing Jeyne when you went out with her?"

"Sansa."

His voice held a note of exasperation or warning, so she didn't press it. He dated Jeyne until mom died; they had gone out for about a year which was like, a lifetime in high school. He broke it off when things got too complicated at home. He never had time to invest in the relationship and did what he thought was best for her. Typical Robb.

She pushed at him and he sank down to lie flat on his back, letting her cuddle up against him, still on top of his covers. She wondered if she asked, would he let her under the covers, too? His arms easily wrapped around her and she sighed.

"Can't I just fall asleep here? Your room is always so warm and quiet."

"Let's just be honest; you just want to sleep in here because you want this room."

"Yeah, maybe, as long as I get your bed, too. My twin bed is nothing compared to this queen-sized goodness."

"I knew it." He shifted a bit and Sansa responded by moving her hand down his chest. He movements caused her hand to snake down his ribcage and he froze. "Sansa?"

"What?"

"I really think you should just go to bed. We have school in the morning, remember? It might be Friday be we still have to get up early, you know."

"Why don't you go sleep in my bed? I'll stay here," she replied stubbornly. "Arya sleeps like a rock, she won't even notice. She would probably rather have you in there than me anyway."
"Sansa, baby, please just go, okay?"

"Make me."

"Challenge accepted!"

Within seconds he scooped her up and out of bed, holding her in his arms and walking to the door. She shrieked softly, amazed he could pick her up with such ease and then suddenly she felt flustered. She put her arms around his neck, even though she knew he wouldn't drop her. He'd *never* drop her.

"Sansa, if Dad found you sleeping in my bed, he'd kill me."

"Why?"

He set her down at the door, sighing, and she felt a sense of loss. She always felt better when he was touching her, even if it was just a quick hug, or moving a strand of hair away from her eyes. It was worse now that Mom was gone; she actually craved his touch for the comfort it gave her. Comfort and reassurance.

"You know why. A sister does *not* sleep with her brother. Good night, Sansa."

She was nudged out of his room and before she knew it the door was shut and locked. How rude was that? Robb was never rude. Maybe the job and school and things at home were all wearing him out. Honesty forced her to admit she was hoping he would allow her to stay. She wanted to snuggle up next to his warmth and fall asleep, but of course he was right. She doubted Dad would kill them. After all, he'd have to notice something first.

Walking upstairs, she realized she forgot her paper. Well, she guessed she could get it from him tomorrow when she woke up. Reluctantly, she made her way to her room she shared with Arya. Her sister was fast asleep of course, and Sansa crept into her bed, pulling the comforter up to her chin, and shivered.

Her bed was cold.

Chapter End Notes
“DON'T STOP SWAYING, BABY.
YOU SOOTHE MY SOUL
AND I STOP SEARCHING.”
Scents On Paper

Robb rested his forehead on his bedroom door after locking it, closing his eyes. Hearing nothing on the other side of the door, he breathed a small sigh of relief and let himself feel the exhaustion of the day, the week, the year. He lightly pounded his head into the door and his left hand rubbed at the back of his neck; it felt itchy. Probably nerves.

He willed himself to not feel anything below the waist, but that was hopeless. He just prayed to whatever god would listen that his sister didn't discover his problem, but he guessed by the way she wanted to sleep in bed with him she was thankfully in the dark. He couldn't deposit her out of his room fast enough. Of course he felt bad about it, he would make it up to her somehow, but hiding an erection was more important to him than her temporarily hurt feelings. Of course, now that he thought about it, he could have rolled over to his side and let her lie next to him, but then that was all kinds of wrong to lie like that with her there. He wasn't joking when he said if Dad caught them like that there would be some hell to pay. Maybe they could have gotten away with it when they were younger, but now? Forget it.

Any consideration in letting her stay was swept away the instant he felt her hand gliding against his body just below his ribs. Such an innocent touch, yet it got his cock's attention pretty damn fast. He thought he did quite well masking the horror and shame of it while ushering her out the door. Then again, the feel of her pliant in his arms did nothing for the situation. She had been so soft and clinging, and it did more than comfort him. Automatically he blamed it on the lack of a girlfriend and lack of time he had to actually rub one out. It seemed for the past several months he went to school, worked, ate, helped out around the house, helped his brothers and sisters, worked out, and slept when he could; and the only option for masturbation time was at night. A seventeen year old healthy young male should not have to debate whether he should make the effort or just go to fucking sleep, but it was what it was. He was in his Senior year of high school, never lacked for female attention and offers of dates, but since his mother's illness and death, romance and even just getting laid was the last thing on his mind.

She smelled good. She smelled like lilacs from the girly soap she used. It's faint but he can smell it on his skin. Uniquely Sansa.

Turning around, he made his way to his bed and crashed into it before noticing Sansa's permission slip. Carefully he picked it up and held it lightly to his nose, breathing in. It had her scent on it. He smiled and folded the paper over, lying it on his nightstand next to his cellphone. He'd have to remember to give it it her tomorrow. He was proud of her; he knew there had been a lot of interest in the role of Juliet and she won out over all the rest of them. He knew she would, and even pressed her to audition. She was a natural actress and a local play was a good place to start.

He wished Dad would show some encouragement to her. Sansa was like a delicate flower; she needed nurturing and care to grow and flourish; neglect would make her wither. Mom was always the one who would build her up. Now it was on his shoulders to make sure she followed her dreams, even though he was a poor substitute. Sometimes his frustration at his father saddened him; he knew he was grieving over his wife but he had to realize he still had five children who needed his love and attention. Rickon at ten desperately needed a father figure and he was turning his big, soulful eyes to Robb and Sansa for parenting affection. Bran, quiet but observant, always went to Robb now for homework help, and to go play ball at the park. Arya was more independent and willful but always told Robb where she was going and asking if she can have friends over. In truth, it seemed that he and his sister had taken over as parents while their father seemed determined to work himself into an early grave. As of yet Robb didn't have the heart to approach him about it, but he knew the time was
coming. It had been over a year and certainly Mom would have wanted Dad to live, and he was not living; he was almost as much a ghost in the house as Mom was.

Robb hurt, too. He loved his mother, adored her. It broke his heart to see her suffer, to see her dying, to know she was leaving this world still so young. Outwardly he held himself together for the sake of his family but inside he was always a mess. Sansa helped him cope more than she could ever realize; he looked forward to their heartfelt conversations late at night when everyone - including their Dad - was fast asleep. She became his best friend, his confidant, at an age where he supposed siblings were usually at each others' throats or were in avoidance mode. They pulled each other out of the darkness of the sadness and depression and bonded together to normalize the family structure, and even though Sansa had broken down and cried in his arms many times, he remained dry-eyed in her presence for her sake. He waited until she left for his silent tears to fall.

Currently his mind was on his persistent penis. Fucking thing would not go down on its own. Usually it did; all he had to do was think of pretty much the past year and a half and his erection would shrink instantly. He couldn't - and wouldn't - acknowledge the reality of the situation or he would go stark raving mad. It wasn't the first time he inadvertently achieved a hard-on from his sister touching him, and it probably wouldn't be the last. Raging hormones did strange things to the body. Sansa was beautiful and sweet and loving, and she was his sister. That was all. Even if sometimes he looked at her and panicked at the thought of the boys tripping over themselves to ask her out. Which hasn't happened, but it will. He only surmised that the death of their mother kept them all at bay for the time being; none of them wanted to deal with grief issues, they just wanted to to have their fun with her. He supposed it didn't help her love life to have him hanging around her all the time, but that wasn't on purpose. They sought each other out; he drove them to and from school, hung out with her at lunch, talked with her in the hallways, Everyone understood they were close, and if they didn't... well, Robb couldn't care less. He did notice that their friends sat with them but talked around them for the most part. They would go on and on about the latest party news, who was fucking who, and who was wearing what, and Robb and Sansa would chat about Rickon's bed habits, Bran's off-the-charts intelligence, and Arya's stubborn behavior and lack of interest in helping with chores.

He couldn't wait to be done with school.

Giving up, he leaned over the bed and grappled underneath until he hit pay dirt: a box of tissues, nearly full. He plucked several and sighed, tossing it back to it's dark resting place. Settling on his back, he first strained his ears for any signs of life, then commenced with reaching down his pajama bottoms to his aching cock. Grasping it (rather proud if its length and girth), he was surprised at the amount of precum already on the head. Well, it wasn't a shock. It has been forever since he got off. He closed his eyes, throwing his head back on the pillow, his neck muscles straining upwards as he began his strokes; slowly at first, and since that found him struggling, he increased his pace. Lotion would help but he wasn't going to stop now. Cold, empty, perfunctory... his hand was a means to an end and he labored at it while trying to keep images in his head from straying to specific soft caresses and sweet whispered tones...he felt the pressure building from the base of his spine, the tension increasing, and he knew he was close. Within moments he was covering his release with the tissues clutched in his left hand. The only sound was a quiet, whimpered groan that didn't stand a chance to pass through a closed door.

That was that.

Tossing the tissues in the nearby wastebasket, Robb settled in under the sheets and pulled the comforter up. It was only September but he felt cold. Alone. Lonely. At least the uncomfortable erection was fading.
He turned over to stare at Sansa's paper while scratching the top of his head. He was somewhat surprised that she didn't come bounding back down the stairs for it. Then again, it was a good thing she didn't, considering what he did. There would be no way to live with himself if she ever caught him doing that. It would be like him catching her doing it...

His thoughts deliberately flickered back to the permission slip. Hell, he may as well take it up to her now. Maybe she was still up; sometimes she suffered from insomnia, too.

Yawning, more relaxed now, he scooted off the bed, snatched the paper, and made his way out the door, through the rec room, and up the steps, straight into the living room. It was dark. Everything was dark and quiet as he made us way up the stairs leading to the second story. Sansa and Arya had the bedroom on the left, then Bran and Rickon's next to them; further down the hall was Mom and Dad's room. Hopefully Dad was able to shut off his brain and was sleeping.

Without thinking, he opened his sisters' door. He was quiet enough to not wake them; Arya was fast asleep in her bed against the left side of the wall, Sansa on the right. Their nightstands and a huge bookshelf separated them. Arya was sprawled across her bed, her sheets a twisted mess, lightly snoring. He walked over to the side of her bed, gently untwisting the sheets to cover her properly. Even in sleep, she defiantly took a swipe in his direction. He smiled. He loved his opinionated, bossy younger sister.

He crossed over to Sansa, placing her paper just underneath her cellphone on the nightstand. She was curled up on her side under the covers, spooning with her pink body pillow. She looked so peaceful with the moonlight streaking her face, her red hair fanned out in all directions. She stirred a little and sighed, clutching the pillow tighter. He felt bad then, felt like a piece of shit for kicking her out of his room like he did, when all she wanted was comfort. He would have done a better job than that pillow for sure. Without thinking, he reached down and rolled a strand of her hair around his fingertips. Soft, silky, messy tresses. Sansa loved her hair. Robb did, too.

He withdrew his hand and backed away. He didn't want to wake her; she needed sleep just as much as he did, if not more. She must have sensed him because she moved again. This time she brought her long leg further up around the body pillow, and her lips slightly parted, emitting a small whimper and then a quiet moan. Her lips formed in almost a smile. Robb suddenly felt a tightening feeling in the pit of his stomach and he scratched his scalp nervously. He was watching his sister sleep. He was no better than a creeper.

He left as quickly and quietly as he could, and hoped against all hope that he could finally pass out. At least then he wouldn't have to deal with a set of feelings that have been emerging ever since mom died.

And they all had to do with Sansa.
I want your drama
The touch of your hand
I want your leather-studded kiss in the sand
I want your love
Love-love-love
I want your love
(Love-love-love I want your love)

You know that I want you
And you know that I need you
I want it bad, your bad romance

Robb nearly fell out of bed trying to make a hasty grab for his phone to turn off the alarm, cursing when it fell over, belting out the pop tune. He didn't want to wake up to Gaga. He was embarrassed that he actually recognized the song.

Sansa was messing with his phone again. Last week he woke up to Adele.

In spite of himself, he couldn't stop the grin spreading across his face as he fumbled with the screen. He deleted the song out as quickly as he could. If Theon got wind of this he would never hear the end of it. A guy had to protect his reputation. He kept vowing to himself he would get her back but hadn't had a golden opportunity yet. She wasn't careless about leaving phones lying around unlocked like he was.

It didn't take him long after that to get ready and travel upstairs. Using the half bath off of the rec room came in handy.

Everyone was already around the kitchen table, scarfing down a quick breakfast, except for Dad. Rickon left his soggy Fruit Loops to catch Robb in a bear hug. Robb smiled down at him; he was almost a mini-me with his curls and winning smile and sparkling eyes. Rickon pulled back to scratch at his head and moved to sit back down. Arya waved a hand in the air while texting, and Bran offered a good morning. Sansa looked up and smiled brightly. She had always been a morning person, almost annoyingly so.

"Hey Starshine," he said in a teasing drawl, using one of his favorite nicknames for her. "Thanks for my wake up tune."

"Anytime. I decided to bust out the classics."

Robb grinned and made his way to the fridge for some orange juice when he paused, noticing all the Stark children scratching their heads. His own head seemed to itch in response.

"Oh shit."

He caught Sansa looking at him, questioning, scratching her head. He motioned her to follow him and she gracefully exited her seat, trailing behind him down the hall and to the main bathroom, where he flipped on all the lights.

"San, I need to check something. Can you stand over here my the mirror?"

"Robb, what's going on?" She moved anyway, trusting him.
She was tall for her age; he was still taller and able to peer at the top of her head, his fingers working through at the roots. Sure enough, he saw it.

"Where's Dad?"

Sansa shrugged, acting as if nothing was amiss at him fingering through her hair. He debated a few seconds if he should tell her now or wait. Hell with it.

"San, I think we have lice."

"WHAT?"

"Shhh! Jesus, keep your voice down. Do you want to freak them out? How long have you been itching?"

"I - I don't know. A couple days? I thought it was dry scalp." She looked up at him, her eyes wide. "What do we do now?"

"First, find Dad. He's going to have to call us all in. We can't go to school with it."

He gave her shoulders a gentle squeeze.

"It's an easy fix. I'll have to go to the drugstore to get the shit, OK? I need to get a lice comb and check everyone. I noticed Rickon scratching something fierce. I bet he picked it up at school."

He gave her a reassuring smile before leaving her in search of his father. Luckily he hadn't left for work yet and was finishing up getting ready in the bedroom, tying up his dress shoes.

"Dad?"

Ned looked up,

"Hey son. what's going on?"

Robb gave him the bad news and asked him to call them in sick, which miraculously he did. Of course Ned wasn't going to miss work over it; he handed Robb his debit card, promising to check himself out when he got home later tonight... as of now, his head wasn't itching. Robb restrained himself from remarking that he hadn't been close enough to any of the kids to get the lice anyway.

"Robb?" Sansa stepped into the hallway. "Do you want me to go?"

He shook his head.

"I'll be fine, no worries. I know what to get. Try to hold the fort down, Do you want me to break it to them?"

"No, I will." She started scratching the back of her neck and stopped. "Oh god."

"It will be fine, San. It's just lice. They are technically harmless. Remember that."
Robb came back home to everyone sitting at the kitchen table, seemingly patient and calmly waiting for instructions. It bothered him and made him proud at the same time. It disturbed him that yet again he was forced into the parent role, but he was proud of the trust and respect he had with his siblings.

Rickon sheepishly produced a note from his elementary school explaining an outbreak of lice in his classroom; both Sansa and Robb hadn't seen it until now. Damage already done, Robb first marched Rickon into the bathroom, clad only in his Spiderman underwear, a towel around his neck. He closed his eyes and let Robb work the thick shampoo through his delicate curls, whining a bit over the smell. Robb looked at the time on his cell, making sure he could time ten minutes perfectly. Bran was next, grousing that Robb was too rough on his scalp, then Arya, clad in a spaghetti strapped tank and shorts. She thought the whole thing was funny.

By the time Rickon got in the shower to rinse out the goop, it was Sansa's turn. She sat patiently on one of the kitchen chairs in an old shirt and shorts while Robb worked the thick shampoo through her scalp down to the roots of her long, long hair. It seemed to take forever, and he was thankful he picked up several bottles. Sansa's hair was almost down to her butt. Arya's was in a sensible bob, and of course the boys' hair was already cut short. But Sansa's hair almost made Robb curse. The whole time he saturated the strands, she was quiet, not even bothering to make small talk. She kept biting her lip and Robb could practically read her thoughts. She was scared about her hair.

She offered to help with his but he declined. It didn't take him long to go through his; by the time he was done, Sansa had taken off to the shower to rinse hers, so he stripped off his shirt, and used the kitchen sink. That was the easy part.

He decided to go down the line for combing and started with Rickon, who sat still and brave while Robb used the nit comb and painstakingly went through section by section. He hid the tiny suckers from his little brother, worried about how Rickon would react to seeing the teeny things wriggling on the comb. He sent him off to dress in clean clothes and helped Bran next. Arya insisted on combing through her own hair, but Robb went over it again to be sure she took care of it. Arya was fascinated with the live ones that stuck to the comb; she called them "kinda cute".

Kinda cute. Right.

Sansa was still in the bathroom, so Robb went though his hair. Thankfully he only found two live ones. Rickon had been infested the worst, naturally. He instructed that all bedding be stripped and washed, along with all the clothes. He hoped there would be enough hot water to get though everything. He busted out the vacuum cleaner. Jesus, he still felt buggy.

The three youngest Starks hung out in the living room, happy for a free day from school. Robb noticed Sansa still hadn't come back down and started to worry. She had been in the bathroom for far too long.

He made his way upstairs to the bathroom; the door was shut.

"San?"

He thought he heard her crying. Crying justified an instant door-opening.

She was sitting on the toilet, wrapped in an oversized purple towel. She held her nit comb in her hand but she wasn't using it; her head was bent down and she was crying softly. His heart wrenched as it always did when she was upset. He quietly shut the door behind him.

"Sansa?"
She looked up at him, her blue eyes rimmed with tears, her wet hair dripping against her skin, and her pink lips trying to form a smile and failing. Her eyes left his face, seemingly staring into his chest before lowering to the floor.

"Robb, I think I need help. I don't think I can get all of these things. I can't."

Moving to the cabinet underneath the sink, he rummaged around until he found a box of bobby pins. Instinctively he ran his long, slim fingers through his damp hair, and walked back over to her. He felt her gaze burning into him and met her eyes again. She had stopped crying and was looking at him expectantly, and he reached down to take the comb from her small pale hands.

He managed a small smile.

"Don't worry, San, I'm going to get every one of those little bastards and give them a good drowning in some scalding hot water down the drain. All I ask is you forgive me if I'm pulling too hard."

She nodded, sitting upright and still.

It was a daunting task and his hands shook a bit. He started in the front, taking a small section of wet hair in one hand, digging the comb firmly in at the scalp and slowly raking it through her tresses down the very tips. After that piece was cleared, he bobby pinned it out of the way and went to the next section, after running the comb under hot water and using a clean tissue each time to wipe it.

"You know, this sort of reminds me of what monkeys do to each other," he joked, hoping to calm her. "They sit and pick bugs out of each others' hair to groom. You know, it's a social and beneficial thing. Of course, they eat them and we don't. I love you San, but I don't love you enough to eat what I pick off of you."

She laughed a little. Bolstered, he continued.

"After all the hair I've been through, maybe I'm missing my true calling in life. I wonder if maybe I should go into cosmetology? I would be a hit with all the little old ladies wanting blue hair, and I could keep up on the town's latest gossip of who left who for so-and-so's husband or wife."

"I think the ladies would adore you, Robb."

"Really? Well, I'm not sure about that." He worked his way through, trying to make sure he had enough pins for all of her hair. Damn, she had a lot of hair. He never realized how thick it actually was. He made it around to the nape of her neck. Smoothing his fingers upward to separate another section, he felt her shiver.

"Are you cold? Do you want me to go get your robe?" He was acutely aware she was clad only in a towel. A big, fluffy, long towel that went to her knees but only a towel just the same.

"No," she whispered. "I'm not cold."

He hesitated for a moment but continued on, hoping she didn't notice the pause. He concentrated on the comb, on looking at the comb before rising it and wiping it, and focused on the task at hand. And talked.

"So, I knew someone is having a special birthday next week, a sweet sixteenth one. Is that certain someone excited?"

"I'm... not sure, Robb. I thought everyone might have forgotten about me."
"Never, San. How could we forget? How could I forget? You are always reminding me you need some driving lessons because you'll have your driver's permit and will be able to get a license as soon as the first semester is done and your Driver's Ed is completed. I am terrified to think of my sister on the roads. Watch out, pedestrians on sidewalks everywhere!"

"Maybe I'll end up being a lead foot like you."

"Hey now. Have I ever gotten a ticket?"

"You've just been lucky. Your day will - your day -"

She stopped in mid-sentence as Robb smoothed and grabbed the last piece of hair just behind her ear. He was worried he was being too rough.

"I'm sorry, it this hurting you?"

"No, no, you're not hurting me."

Her voice was low, throaty even, belying her age. It was a woman's voice, deep and oddly seductive and Robb uncomfortably stepped back from her while running the comb slowly from the roots through the end. He didn't pin it up and it fell down, half-dried, half sticking to her neck. Her graceful, delicate neck was exposed and perfect; her flawless skin creamy and bare down to where the towel started below her shoulder blades. He swallowed harder than he realized.

"All done, " he tried to say casually, tossing the comb in the sink with a flourish, "Now I'm going to take these pins out, unless you want them left in."

"Please, Robb, take them out," she whispered, not turning her head to look at him. "Thank you for doing this."

"No problem, but remember, we will need to do this a couple times a day, just to make sure we get all the eggs and dead shit out." He deftly removed the pins one by one, releasing her hair and running through it with his fingers, settling it into place. His fingers lingered at the task and neither of them spoke until the last pin was tossed in the trash can. He grabbed a new brush he bought at the drugstore and began combing out her mane.

Maybe his hands took longer than normal to smooth her hair back from her face, maybe he didn't particularly need to caress so close to hold as he brushed. He didn't know, only knew that there was something surrounding him, something odd and overwhelming, and it scared him.

"There." It was all he could manage before moving away from her.

The whole time she had stayed as still as a statue, but when he started to make his way to the door, determined not to look back, he could hear movement and a whimper. She had started quietly crying again.

"Sansa?" He rushed to her, kneeling, forcing her to face him, his hands firm on her shoulders. She clutched her towel, shaking, finally looking at him, biting her lip.

Oh god, her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Robb. I wish Dad hadn't left us like this, but he did. He does all the time. I wish Mom was still alive, but she isn't. I wish you didn't have to take on a job just to help out, but you did. And now I'm selfish because all I can think of is I'm scared of my hair being ruined."
He clasped her hands into his. Both of them were trembling.

"Sansa, everything will be fine, you'll see. I promise." It hollow and desperate but it was all he could think to say.

"No, no it won't!" Her voice started rising, becoming higher pitched. "Nothing will ever be fine again! Nothing will ever be the same again, we won't be the same again, and you know it!"

"Sansa, please baby, listen to me -"

"Don't call me baby! I'm not a baby anymore, if you haven't noticed! I wish I was like you, so calm all the time, so responsible and good. I want to be brave like you, I want to believe in Dad like you do, but I can't, I can't -"

"Shhhh, please, Sansa, you are brave. You are good -" He leaned forward to kiss her forehead, to quiet her. He didn't want his brothers and sister to hear her like this, especially Rickon.

Her hands moved to clutch at him, but maybe she forgot he wasn't wearing a shirt, because her fingers were only able to grab at his skin, and burrow into his chest hair, what little he had. Whatever she meant to do, the sensation of what she did do stunned him, and whatever he meant to do or say fell away when she looked at him, her eyes pleading, her lips slightly opened. Without thought or intention he leaned in, closing his eyes, cupping her cheeks in his shaking hands, and met her lips with his.

He heard her gasp against him but she didn't pull away; he moved softly to part her lips wider against his and she followed his lead. Unpracticed and sweet, she began to kiss him back; he could feel her breath quickening against him as he increased the pressure, still keeping it almost painfully slow, and it was she who pressed back harder, even daring to slide her tongue against his which he more than willingly accepted and matched.

Oh god, he was kissing his sister. It shouldn't feel like this. It shouldn't feel this good. It felt better than anyone he had ever kissed. It was only a kiss, only a kiss, just a kiss, but his body, specifically his hardening cock, begged to differ. He couldn't even think when he felt her hands run up through his damp hair, entwining her fingers in his curls, Jesus, she was pulling him closer and whimpering. Her tears stopped and were forgotten. They kissed, again, again, pausing for a split second for air and then meeting lips again, languid and sensual. His fingers traced down her cheeks to her neck and he caressed the softness there. Oh gods, Sansa. Sansa. Sansa....

He suddenly pulled away, opening his eyes. Already his lips missed her touch, the cool air hitting the wetness she left behind. He looked at her, and her eyes opened as if in slow motion, For a second he was terrified, not knowing what to say or do, worried that he hurt her, scared her, disgusted her.

She touched a slim finger to her lips, caressing where he had been. Her blue eyes sparkled and were luminous and wide in her flushed face.

"Robb," she breathed. Gingerly she removed her finger from her lips to touch his while she licked her bottom lip.

Grateful, relieved, Robb kissed her finger reverently, closing his eyes.

"Sansa."

As if stung, she snatched her hand away, stood up, and calmly walked to the bathroom door, opening it. She paused to look back at him and offered up a shy smile, before turning and walking out.
Robb stood up and made his way to the sink, staring at his reflection in the mirror. He didn't recognize the man before him. The man who just kissed his sister in desire. His thoughts couldn't handle it right now, didn't want to handle it right now.

He looked down and picked up the nit comb from the sink, and slammed it into the trash can.
Sansa calmly walked to her and Arya's room, shutting the door quietly behind her. Her mind was humming and her blood was boiling. She wanted to fling herself down on her bed and scream into her pillow, but she didn't have pillows or sheets due to the fact they were in the basement to be washed.

Instead, she made her way to her dresser, digging around for a random pair of panties, yoga pants, and a t-shirt. Hastily dressing, she walked over to the shared closet and pulled out an extra blanket, which she rolled up to make a faux pillow. It served its purpose when she sank into her bed, face down, but the screams didn't come.

A smile did.

She wanted to make sense of what just happened but then she didn't. She wanted to be horrified and ashamed but she wasn't. It wasn't shame flowing through her entire body. Shock, maybe. Confusion. Pleasure. She could still feel his lips against hers, was still shivering at the touch of his fingers on her neck. He had touched her before, but never like that. Had he? She racked her brain. He's hugged her, held her, kissed the top of her head, all brotherly. All. This was different. All of it was different. It was her fault. It was. She wanted him to kiss her. She leaned into him, she offered her tongue first, oh god. Her brother. Her brother was her first real kiss. Her brother. She was terrible, wasn't she? Terrible for wanting it?

She had been so freaked out, totally and completely freaked out over the lice in her hair. After her shower she sat down on the toilet seat and tried to start combing through her long tresses but she couldn't stop thinking about what might happen if she didn't get it all out. Would she have to cut her hair? She admitted she was vain about her looks, she knew her hair was pretty, and she didn't want to lose it. How could she play Juliet with short hair? She wouldn't feel like Juliet at all. So, she sat there and cried. Cried over hair. So superficial.

Then Robb came in. Calm, concerned, wet-haired and shirtless Robb.

How many times had she seen him without a shirt? How many times has she seen him with wet hair? Well, admittedly, since he had started maturing into a man he had become more modest. It was like he was gaining muscle and form but decided to cover it all up. Maybe he knew he had a sister that was some sort of freak in the making. A freak who had eyes that glued onto her brother's defined chest when he walked into the bathroom and she instantly realized how very naked she was underneath her purple towel. He had been so sweet, trying to take her mind off of the situation by making funny comments, she even giggled a bit, but that stopped when she couldn't ignore his skilfull fingers running up the nape of her neck into her hair. It felt too good to be normal and when the sensation reached her between her legs, she couldn't even speak to him and she ended up stuttering like a complete fool. He was so patient and loving and she couldn't help but cry again when he turned to leave. She hadn't wanted him to leave her. She was frustrated, turned on, confused... and also upset. Upset at her Dad for shutting down, upset that Robb had to take on so much, upset that Mom had died, but mostly upset at how much she needed to feel close to Robb. Then he called her 'Baby'. She wasn't a baby anymore. She used to love that endearment, along with 'Starshine', but when he said it in the bathroom she resented it.

Had she meant to touch his chest? Well, yes. She was curious about his hair there, she had curled her fingers into it and it felt... wonderful. She could feel his rapid heartbeat underneath his skin and he was so warm. It was thrilling. Yes, thrilling and she was terrified until he leaned in to kiss her. His lips were thick and wide and soft against hers, she felt it down to her toes, and she didn't even realize
she gave him her tongue until it happened; his touched hers so softly it made her shiver. She didn't know what she was doing but of course he knew how to kiss, didn't he? She was sure he kissed Jeyne a lot, and maybe even other girls, too. She wanted to feel nothing, she wanted it to feel like...well, like kissing a brother. Then, she didn't want it to feel like nothing. She wanted it to feel exactly like it felt. She couldn't help her hands finding their way up through his curly hair, and even that felt so good. For a second when he paused she feared he would push her away but then he kissed her again, and again. It felt so sweet and hot she didn't want it to end, but when it did, she couldn't form a perfect thought in her head...she could only whisper his name and reach out to touch his lips.

Oh. Oh. His lips on her finger. It was thrilling. Unfortunately it made her wish he would place his lips on other parts of her body, and THAT scared her, so she yanked her hand away and left. It took all her strength to walk and not run out, and she looked back to smile at him when she saw the look on his handsome face and in his shining blue eyes. She knew he liked the kiss, too.

She moved her head to lie on her cheek. Her face felt flushed. Her whole body ached and her heart felt constrained. The ache and the dampness between her thighs was not going away, but she refused to do anything for a release, considering what made her this way to begin with. She might not have had sex yet but she knew how to get herself off. It wasn't rocket science to know how to rub her clit for a climax; she had been doing it since she was fourteen. Maybe that's why she wasn't so pressed for a boyfriend. Who needed a clumsy, sweaty, horny boy when she did just fine on her own? Well, that and everything that has been going on in her life.

Her smile faded.

What would Dad think of her? What would Mom have thought? Arya? Bran? Rickon? The rest of her family, her friends...everyone would be disgusted.

It didn't happen to everyone. It happened to her. She didn't feel disgusted. Maybe she should feel disgusted, dirty, wrong, sinful, gross, wasn't that what everyone would expect? That's what she expected. That's not what she felt. She had grown closer to Robb lately, and she assumed the closeness was just an emotional response to Mom passing away. It wasn't though.

Turning on her back, she placed her hands firmly on her stomach.

What does she do now?

Did this change their relationship?

What does Robb think?

She needed to talk to him. They needed to talk about what happened. She didn't want to lose him as a confidant, as her best friend. She had to know what he really thought. Maybe she shouldn't have left like that, maybe she should have talked to him then? She left because she didn't trust herself to not forget about him being a brother and just make him kiss her again.

She broke away from her thoughts when she heard her phone go off. A text.

Reaching for it, she opened it and her heart started beating faster. Robb.

Hey Starshine, can I stop in?

Her fingers shook as she typed.

You know you can, you don't need to ask
About two seconds after sending, she heard a light knock at the door. She squeaked out a small 'come in' while sitting up and placing her phone back on the nightstand.

Robb entered with her pillows and sheets. He had put on a grey shirt.

"Hey San, your crap is clean." He kicked the door closed behind him. "Arya's is in the dryer now."

He made his way to her bed and she scooted off of it, extending her hands. She expected him to fork over the sheets so she could make her bed, but he shook his head and looked at her, his eyes intense. Silently, they both worked together to make the bed, throwing the pillows on top. They did well; it was so easy and seamless. She wondered if he noticed she was watching his hands and his biceps the whole time.

She leaned her left leg into the side of her bed. She wasn't sure if she should sit on it or not, or if Robb would. Or if they both could. It seemed that just one kiss threw off their whole dynamic. Why should it? Defiantly, she crawled onto her bed and sat cross-legged near the headboard, giving him tons of room to sit away from her on purpose. She looked up at him and smiled. He raked his hand through his hair and returned the sentiment, flashing his perfectly white teeth while sitting down on on the very edge of the bed. She didn't know how many times he had soothed her with just his grin.

"That was painless, wasn't it? I think we work well together," he teased. "Looks like we are gonna have to be the ones putting up the Christmas tree this year."

Her heart dropped. He wasn't doing to talk about it. He was going to act like it never happened. She couldn't believe it. She looked down at her hands, her smile fading.

"Robb -"

"Remember, I'll be going through your hair again before I go to work."

It was like he was warning her: Sansa, I'm going to be touching you again. Tears started welling up in her eyes. What a crybaby she was today. She refused to let them escape her eyes.

"Hey, San." He moved closer to her. He reached out to lift her chin up and she looked at him. His smile had disappeared as well. "I want to make sure you are okay."

She felt that the way their relationship was handled from here on out, until the day they died, depended on her reaction to him at this very moment. As if in slow motion, she moved her left hand over his, pulling it from her chin to her lips, where she kissed his knuckles. He heard him sigh, as if he had been holding his breath the entire time, and he bowed his head, but didn't pull away.

"I love you, Robb. I'm fine. More than fine."

"Sansa -"

"If you try to apologize for the sweetest moment I've ever had in my life, I swear I will strangle you where you sit."

Her words made him snap his head up to stare at her.

"You know what we did was -"

"Don't you dare say wrong. Don't you dare."

"I love you, Sansa, but -"
"Just stop, Robb, please." She pulled his hand to her cheek. "Just tell me honestly how you feel about it. About kissing me." She couldn't believe what she was saying. She thought she sounded aggressive, so sure of herself, and really she was neither, but she couldn't - wouldn't - let him take away the moment for what it was to her.

She felt his hand slide from her cheek up through her hair, cupping the back of her head, bringing her so close to him she could feel his heated breath on her face. His eyes flickered to her lips which she instinctively parted.

"I'm petrified," he whispered. "Scared shitless for wanting it."

Instantly she leaned in to kiss him and he gasped, pulling her against him. Her arms flew around his neck as she felt the pressure of his lips, and she felt the restraint as he kissed her softly, as if he didn't want to scare her. She squirmed against him, begging for a harder, faster kiss, but he would not allow it. Her mind was racing, her head spinning, and she couldn't stop herself from falling back onto the bed, dragging him down, her arms still tight about his neck. The feeling of his body against hers was exhilarating as she forced his head back down to her and she felt the pressure of his lips, and she felt the restraint as he kissed her softly, as if he didn't want to scare her. Her mind was racing, her head spinning, and she couldn't stop herself from falling back onto the bed, dragging him down, her arms still tight about his neck. The feeling of his body against hers was exhilarating as she forced his head back down to her and she felt the pressure of his lips, and she felt the restraint as he kissed her softly, as if he didn't want to scare her. Her mind was racing, her head spinning, and she couldn't stop herself from falling back onto the bed, dragging him down, her arms still tight about his neck. The feeling of his body against hers was exhilarating as she forced his head back down to her and she felt the pressure of his lips, and she felt the restraint as he kissed her softly, as if he didn't want to scare her. Her mind was racing, her head spinning, and she couldn't stop herself from falling back onto the bed, dragging him down, her arms still tight about his neck. The feeling of his body against hers was exhilarating as she forced his head back down to her and she felt the pressure of his lips, and she felt the restraint as he kissed her softly, as if he didn't want to scare her. Her mind was racing, her head spinning, and she couldn't stop herself from falling back onto the bed, dragging him down, her arms still tight about his neck. The feeling of his body against hers was exhilarating as she forced his head back down to her and she felt the pressure of his lips, and she felt the restraint as he kissed her softly, as if she was petrified, scared shitless for wanting it.

Suddenly he broke their kiss and lifted himself off of her, taking her with him as she was still clinging to his neck. He was panting, his lips glistening, swallowing audibly, and she wasn't sure what to say or do. Her body felt on fire and she just didn't want him to stop. He reached up and wrenched her arms away from her neck and slid off the bed. He looked down at her, with love and lust and fear in his eyes. He ran his fingers through his hair before jamming his hands into his pockets. Her eyes couldn't help but gravitate towards the obvious bulge against his jeans, then shyly she made it a point to look him in the eyes. He had tears in them.

"God, San, I'm -"

"Don't you DARE!" She started to shout, not caring if Rickon, Bran, Arya, and the whole block heard her. "Don't you dare even say you are sorry!"

He hung his head and nodded.

"When you're ready for me to check your hair, come get me or send me a text." He turned around and made his way to the door, not looking back. "I - I love you, San."

He shut the door behind him, leaving her almost as she was before he came in. Only this time her body was screaming in arousal instead of whispering. She wanted to cry, she should cry, but she smiled instead, closing her eyes and embracing the ache. It made her forget everything except his mouth on hers.

His wide, full, pouting lips.

His soft, curly hair.

His intense eyes.

A part of her had died when their mother passed away.

A new part of her was now awakening, breathing new life into her.
Saturday morning in the repair shop had become the norm for Robb. He worked at the only shop in town that had all day Saturday hours. It had been in the Tully family since 1952 and was pretty much the only decent place to go as far as independent shops. Uncle Edmure was a stickler for Saturday business, and it was a good decision; many Monday through Friday workers scheduled their appointments for the weekend. Even Sundays were an option, and Robb didn't mind. It meant extra money and extra training. He was apprenticing under his Uncle, doing what he could legally with the cars and motorcycles, and also helping with ordering supplies, detailing the cars, keeping the place clean. He didn't mind the work; the physical demands of car detailing kept him motivated. Even though at the end of his day, he smelled like grease, oil, and chemical supplies.

Besides his Uncle Ed and Great Uncle Brynden, he also worked with Gendry Waters. While Robb was positive the shop was not going to be his lifelong gig, the black-haired, blue eyed punk rocker fanatic seemed to be right at home. They both went to Winterfell High together, but Gendry was in a work program to where he left at eleven every day. They didn't talk at school, but in the shop they got along, and sometimes Robb would ask him over to the house to hang. He liked Gendry, who was different from Theon, his best friend since childhood. Gendry could have fun but had a seriousness about him that Robb respected and could relate to. They had actually hung out more after Robb's mom died. Gendry could relate, coming from a single mom household, and even though the Starks weren't as financially strapped as the Waters, he also understood money situations. Theon was the typical rich kid. He understood parties and fun.

"Hey Stark, aren't ya about done yet?" Theon's voice wafted over to the wash bay. "What time did you say you gotta get out of here?"

Robb looked at the towering clock hanging from the rafters while gathering up the dirty rags from the car he just finished waxing. Theon had arrived more than an hour ago and proceeded to pull a chair over to the yellow line marking 'no customers beyond this point'. Amazingly he didn't try to cross it. He tried to talk to him but the noise from the equipment and Gendry's rock music thankfully drowned him out. Theon was his best friend but damn, he was distracting.

"It's almost noon. I'm finishing up," Robb yelled back.

"Dude, just get going. Didn't I say I'd finish up for you?" Gendry strolled over to take the bucket of rags from him. "Just clock out already. I'll be fine."

"You're still coming by, right?"

"Sure, I'll be there. I wouldn't miss your sister's sweet sixteen bash." He chuckled. "I am sure it won't be like one of Theon's events."

"Hey, fuck you, you straight-edge asshole," yelled Theon good-humoredly. Theon's love of throwing massive parties with large quantities of alcohol and blow was well known.

Robb slapped Gendry on his back and thanked him before running to the back room to clock out. Uncle B wasn't in the office, which was good. He liked to talk and Robb was a man on a mission for the rest of the day.

Sansa's surprise birthday party would start around seven. He begged Myrcella and Margaery to take Sansa to the mall, to the park, anything, for the day. Sansa thought he had to work his usual Saturday hours, until five, so that gave him plenty of time, hopefully, to get everything in place. He enlisted
help from Arya, who amazingly agreed to decorate. She usually never showed interest in anything involving pink. Bran and Rickon were going to help with the baking of her cake with him; he bought extra ingredients and also had a store cake on standby just in case he fucked it all up. Dad had already paid for the catering. It was really going to be something. Robb wanted her to remember her sixteenth birthday because for some reason, sixteen was a magic number for girls.

On his mind right now was swinging by the jewelry shop to pick up his gift for her. He had racked his brain for the perfect gift. He didn't want to go the lame route and buy a gift card, and he didn't want to go the cheesy or boring routes either. It was a stroke of luck that a couple of months ago, they stopped in at the jewelry store so they could pick up a special battery for Dad's watch, and her eyes caught a delicate, tiny, dark blue rose-shaped locket with a diamond in the center, hanging from a silver chain. She thought he was busy picking out the battery and paying for it, but he was watching her out of the corner of his eye, and he could tell by her expression that she wanted it. He went back later alone and was able to put it on layaway. It was rather expensive but nothing Robb couldn't manage as long as he worked some more hours. Whatever he had to do, he was going to present her with that necklace. He wanted to see her face light up when she opened it up on her sixteenth birthday.

_Sweet Sixteen and already been kissed by her brother. Twice. Jesus._

He walked out of the office, said goodbye to Gendry, grabbed Theon by the collar and left, getting into Theon's SUV. He let Theon turn on some tunes and blab away, but his thoughts were far removed from his conversation.

He couldn't stop thinking about her. He couldn't stop. The past week he hadn't had a chance to be with her privately, except for driving to and from school. Even then, they talked about the usual things, as if the lice-ridden day never happened. He felt awkward and she didn't seem like she wanted to venture into that subject matter, so he didn't attempt it. It almost felt like she was deliberately avoiding him. Why shouldn't she? She was his sister. First and foremost, she was his younger sister. He should be the trusted older brother, and damned if he would shatter the trust and love she had in him. Still, the feelings he'd been suppressing had bubbled to the surface and he wasn't quite sure how to process it. That morning on her bed. The way she pulled him down to her. He couldn't resist and his hands felt her slim waist under her shirt, so smooth and soft, and for one mad moment he had grasped at the waistband of her yoga pants. He wanted to pull them down, fought so hard against it. God, it took all his sanity to stop. He had to stop -

" - on car dates now, right?" Theon's last words snapped him back into the here and now.

"What?"

"Well, she's sixteen. Isn't that your house rule? No car dates until sixteen."

He looked over at his friend. Theon was keeping his shifty little eyes on the road, his shaggy light brown hair hiding half his face.

"Are you telling me you want to ask my sister OUT?"

"What? Fuck no, man, that's not what I meant. I mean, don't get me wrong, Sansa's a very pretty girl, but man, you are my best friend and she's practically my sister."

Robb shifted uncomfortably and said nothing. He didn't know what disturbed him more: the jealous, possessive feeling when thinking of someone wanting to date Sansa, or the fact that even someone as horny and indiscriminate as Theon wouldn't touch someone he thought of in a brotherly way. He
was grateful when Theon arrived to a screeching halt in a parking place.

It took no time to pay for Sansa's gift, encased in a long, thin, decorative box with pink ribbon. He was glad the clerk placed it in a bag; he didn't want the chance of it ending up smelling like the repair shop. He wished he had driven himself to work, but Theon insisted on picking him up and grabbing lunch before getting ready for the party. Robb reflected that Theon was so desperate to hang out that he begged for a lunch date. He couldn't blame him, really; the family had been his sole focus since Mom was diagnosed. He managed to go to a few parties over the past couple of years, and occasionally Theon would stop by to play video games and talk about girls, but that was pretty much it. In a way it saddened him a bit. He could no longer relate to kids his age, and even his mind thought at a more mature adult level. Friends his age were all about parties and getting laid and the latest fads, and all he really cared about was how the family coped in the aftermath of Mom's death.

Lunch was a quick stop at Subway.

Robb tried to keep his attention on Theon. Tried and failed. All his thoughts were focused on Sansa and the kisses and the feelings. Jeyne never had him feeling like that. Jeyne never pulled him down on her like that. Hell, Jeyne had been timid as fuck most of the time, and even though they had gone out for almost a year, he never had sex with her. It was frustrating but Robb was patient with her, and they eventually did other things, like oral. Even then he had to beg her to let him go down on her. He didn't think he would have to beg Sansa, if the way she yanked him down to her was any indication...

"Robb?" Theon snapped his fingers in front of him, pausing from his roast beef sub with everything but the kitchen sink on it. "Fuck man, seriously, what's up? Eat up man, you need your strength. You got a cake to bake."

"Sorry." It came out as a mumble.

"You've been spaced out all week. You on something? Can I try it?"

"I'm not on drugs. I just -"

His phone went off.

I never realized
How happy you made me, oh Mandy
Well you came and you gave without taking
I sent you away, oh Mandy
And you kissed me and stopped me from shaking
And I need you today, oh Mandy-

"FUCK!" Robb hastily started tapping on his phone. It took two seconds for Theon to bust out laughing, nearly choking on his sandwich. Other people sitting around them snickered. Damn it.

"Sansa!" He answered it. "Seriously, Barry Manilow?"

He could hear her giggling on the other end, even though Theon couldn't shut the hell up.

"Oh, what's worse, me finding that for you or you knowing it's a Manilow tune?"

"Yeah, well, Theon's never going to let me live this one down."
"Good. So, I'm thinking. You know, my birthday is tomorrow, and I need some driving lessons. Didn't you say you were going to take me out driving? I mean, Dad is supposed to be sticking around the house, so maybe you and I can go?"

His heart skipped a beat and then pounded faster.

"Um, well, I told Uncle Ed I would clock in some extra hours -"

"Can you please? I mean, that could be your birthday gift to me."

He looked up at Theon, who waved at him and stuck a chip in his mouth while mouthing 'Oh Mandy'. Robb rolled his eyes.

"Aren't you at the mall with friends?"

Silence.

"I didn't feel well so I'm home early. I kind of got sick at the mall. If you want I can help with the cake, you know. Not sure I trust the boys to bake. Bran and Rickon let the cat out of the bag."

"Well, surprise, San. Damn it."

"It's ok. I'm sorry I came home early, Robb. I had no idea. It's very sweet."

"Why don't you go lie down. I didn't invite a ton of people, just some family and a few friends. I can always call them and say you're sick."

Silence.

"San?"

"Everyone will hate me for that."

"No, no they won't. I promise. Everyone will understand. Just hope you are okay with eating catered food for the next five days."

A small laugh. He always loved to make her laugh.

"Thanks, Robb. I'm so sorry."

"No worries, Starshine. I'll take care if it."

"Thanks. I love you."

"I love you, too."

He caught Theon's narrowed gaze as he disconnected, but he chose to ignore it and went to send a mass text to everyone. Thank god for text messages. Theon's phone dinged. He sighed.

"Fuck, Stark! Well, there goes my chance to spike the punch."
Robb threw a box of catered food at Theon and shoved him out the door. Dispensing his friend was easy enough; the only thing Theon liked as much as parties and sex was food.

Dad was nowhere to be found.

Bran and Rickon were playing Xbox while Arya lounged on the couch, texting and giggling.

"Arry, where's San?"

"Bedroom. She puked like ten minutes ago." She didn't bother looking up from her phone. "Dad left. He said he might as well take care of a few things now that the party is off."

Frowning, Robb made his way upstairs. Dad didn't even stick around to make sure Sansa was OK? What the hell kind of father was he, anyway? What was so important that he couldn't stay around for his sick daughter? Maybe he shouldn't have been surprised, but he was. It seemed that hoping Ned would snap out of it was not enough. The time was coming where Robb was going to have to talk to him, son to father, man to man.

The bedroom door was closed. He knocked softly; if she was sleeping he didn't want to disturb her. He hadn't been back in her room since...well, since bringing her the bedding....

"Come in."

He stepped in, deliberately leaving the door wide open.

"Hey Beautiful, how are ya feeling?" He cautiously stepped over to her bed to sit on the edge, careful not to touch her with his leg. He couldn't remember having a twin bed. It seemed so small.

She was flat on her back, hair fanning beneath her, wearing her Hello Kitty PJ's. Only the sheet was over her; the comforter was bunched up around her feet. She was more pale than usual.

"Not so good. Robb. I think it was the stuff I ate at the food court. Marg and Myrcella didn't have what I did, they are fine. Just my luck, right? I've ruined my surprise party. I'm so sorry, Robb, I know you were the one who planned it."

"Dad -"

"Just don't. I know Dad didn't think it up and Dad didn't set it up. Don't try to make him the perfect father. I can take the truth."

"The boys and I are still going to make you your lemon cake, San, when you get to feeling better. I promise." His heart bled for her. She looked miserable, unhappy with not just her sickness but with Dad as well. She smiled at him, though, and then blanched a bit.

"Oh, god."

"Is there anything I can do? Anything you need?"

She shivered a bit, reaching out a hand to him. Without hesitation, he clasped it and felt the clammy skin.

"Can you put your hand on my tummy? You know, like mom would do."

He clenched his jaw.

Jesus, what is going on. She can't make an innocent request without me thinking of it as more than
that. Why can't I just be normal about it.

She guided his hand under her shirt and over her belly button and pressed it there, holding it in place. Her skin was taut and smooth but also clammy and he felt a few flutters where he touched. She really was sick, probably food poisoning. He tried to focus on that. The sickness. Her sickness, not his. Not his that ignited and spread while he reveled in the feel of her flesh.

"That feels good," she whispered. "Thank you."

Feels good HOW, Sansa?

He really didn't know what to say or do, so he sat there frozen. He debated giving her the necklace, but decided he would wait until tomorrow for her actual birthday. Hopefully she would be better then. Worriedly he looked down at her and wished he could just take the sickness from her and give it to himself instead.

"San, do you need... anything else? Glass of water or 7up? Crackers? Cold washcloth?"

"Can you lie down with me? Please? Just for a few minutes. I just need you, Robb, please,"

"San, I haven't gotten a shower yet. I stink like the shop."

"I don't care. How many times have you come home from work and I've never minded how you smell? I kind of like it anyway. It doesn't beat the fresh-from-the-shower Robb, but it's still... a 'you' smell."

"Oh, so you've been identifying me by smells?" He joked.

"Yes." She was serious.

Christ.

He crawled into the bed with her. It was so damned small, shoved up on its left side against the wall. She moved over to the wall so he could get in, then turned on to her right side. He moved to bring the comforter up to bunch up between them but she kicked it away with her feet. Resigned to the situation, Robb lay on his left side, facing her.

"You know there might be questions if anyone sees this."

"Like what? I asked you cuddle and coddle me. I'm sick." She burrowed into him, clinging. He noticed the tone in her voice. Was she... teasing him? His question was answered when she grabbed his right and drew it back to her stomach.

"Do you promise to take me driving?"

"Yes, sure, San, whatever you want. Please just try to get some rest."

He kissed her forehead and she sighed.

"I love you Robb, you know that, right?"

"I love you too." Why did it ache so much to say that?

"I miss mom." She said it with such sorrow in her voice that Robb nearly cried.

"I miss her, too."
She ducked her head down into his chest. He could tell it wouldn't be long until she fell asleep, thankfully. She could sleep off the sickness. After she drifted off, Robb would make his escape. The thought of anyone catching them like this was not a pleasant one.

"Robby?"

"Yeah?"

"I miss dad, too."

He closed his eyes.

"I miss him, too."
Chapter Summary

As always, graphics made by sansafeels!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Okay, San, ease up on the gas. EASE UP!"

Sansa yanked her foot off of the gas pedal and slammed down on the brakes. She and Robb jerked forward, the seat belts tightening in protest.

"I said ease up, not apply the brakes!"

She gripped the steering wheel of mom's 2012 Taurus - or as she always liked to call it, 'the grampa car' - and gritted her teeth. Maybe it was a bad idea to beg Robb to do this with her. She really couldn't concentrate. Plus she didn't like his commanding, bossy tone.

"Sorry!" She went back to the gas pedal, lightly pressing.

"Good thing we are on a gravel road in the middle of BFE," Robb muttered.
"Shut up! You're supposed to be helping me, not making smart-assed comments!"

She looked over at him and saw his defined jaw clench, as if he was struggling to keep something more smart-assed from coming out of his mouth. His eyes darted nervously over the road in front of them. Well, she was at least staying on the road, and that was an improvement over about twenty minutes ago, where she kept favoring the right side.

"Look at the ROAD, San, not me." His tone was softer.

Her eyes drifted back to the road.

"This road goes on forever. Do I get to turn anytime soon?"

"Yeah, further up. Just keep a slow speed. I don't want you driving off the road."

Biting back hateful words, she obeyed.

She wished Dad could have taken her; but no, she whined and begged Robb to take her instead, knowing he would say yes. With Dad, who knew anymore? She didn't think she could take his rejection or indifference, especially on her birthday. She just didn't think Robb would be so cranky and tense. He looked like a scared hen on her perch ready to squawk. She didn't think her driving was going THAT badly. He was just being a baby.

It really wasn't going the way she planned.

Well, this morning was nice. She woke up, feeling much better, but disappointed that Robb had left her and Arya was sprawled in her bed sleeping the sleep of the dead. From her bed she could smell the cake baking; Robb, Bran, and Rickon made her a surprisingly gorgeous lemon cake, her favorite. Rickon and Bran had made her a dark blue pottery vase with pink swirls, and filled it with pink roses. They were so sweet, shyly presenting it together, hugging her and tolerating her kisses on their cheeks. Arya gifted her with a diary and a beautiful pen set. Arya knew she preferred the old-school method to recording her thoughts, and Sansa appreciated her thoughtfulness, while making sure the diary had a lock and key, which won over a laugh form her younger sister. Dad went the way of gift cards, which Sansa didn't mind. One was for her favorite clothing store, and the other was for Amazon. It wasn't perhaps the most thought-out gift ever, but he was there and when he hugged her, she knew that his hug was the only thing she wanted from him for her birthday. Robb said his gift to her wasn't quite ready yet, which deflated her a bit, but then he said if she felt well enough, he would take her driving.

She had flutters in her stomach when she dressed, and it had nothing to do with her upset stomach from yesterday. She picked her outfit carefully, as if somehow Robb would actually care what she wore. She settled on her prettiest flowered, flowing skirt, feminine but modest as it reached her ankles; and a matching cream colored blouse, and she twisted her hair up in a messy bun to keep it out of her way. Flats completed her look; she peered into her mirror expecting to find wrinkles. She looked much older than sixteen, and she looked so much like Mom.

Even though it was the end of September, it was still warm out. Thankfully it also turned out to be a sunny day so there was no threat of cancellation. Deep down, she wanted this time alone with Robb. She never had a moment with him at home, not really. Even yesterday when he cuddled her, she was acutely aware of the door being wide open. But not as aware as she was of his hand on her bare stomach. Even in her sickness she wondered what he would do if she pushed his hand lower, but decided all she needed at that moment was Robb and his comfort. She had no trouble falling asleep against him, but woke up to an empty bed a few hours later.
"San, the turn is up here. See it?"

"Of course I do," she snapped, immediately sorry. "I see it."

"Okay, well, just be careful. Don't slam down on it, just take it easy." Robb looked around and then behind him. It didn't matter; there was no one around. The gravel road went nowhere; Sansa knew it would eventually dead-end. Beyond that there was the woods, and beyond that a lake. They were truly in BFE.

She felt his eyes rest on her when he turned back around. She couldn't look at him, not with her turn coming up -

"TURN, San!"

Distracted, she had forgotten to ready her turn and she made a sharp right turn, a bit too sharp maybe, and the car skidded off the gravel and dipped down into the grass and dirt to the side. She slammed on the brakes and they stopped, jerking forward again. Robb cursed under his breath.

Throwing the car in park and turning off the ignition, Sansa threw the keys into Robb's lap. He looked at her, his thick eyebrows furrowing together.

"What the fuck, San? You wanted to drive, why are you throwing the keys at me?"

"It's my birthday and I don't want you yelling at me." She realized how much of a baby she sounded like. She sounded younger than Bran.

"I'm not yelling -"

"Yes, yes you are!" She crossed her arms in front of her. "So you can just take over and drive home. I'll just finish Driver's Ed and do my driving then."

"If you do that, you'll flunk your fucking test."

"You ASSHOLE!"

She'd had enough. Huffing, she unbuckled her belt and turned to face him. It was so quiet, not even a bird in the sky, nothing around. She fought the urge to scream. Why was he being such a jerk? He was usually so sweet and patient with her. She meant to say something nasty and cruel but stopped.

He unbuckled his seat belt and started fumbling in the glove box. He pulled out a white bag, and out of that he presented her with a box wrapped in a delicate bow, and a note card attached.

"Happy Birthday, Sansa." He rarely used her full name; his voice was low, hoarse, and he looked at her intensely. "I hope you like this."

"Oh, Robb -" She gently took the box, opening the note card first.

"Baby, I put up with Gaga, Adele, and Barry
But I might draw the line at Mariah Carey
For all the lame music you put me through
I vow, now and forever, I will always love you."

She laughed and tears started in her eyes. It was so sweet. She never had anyone write her a poem before. Somewhere in her mind it flickered that a brother shouldn't write something so sweet for his sister, but it faded and died and was replaced by the fact that he did write it, and it was lovely.
"Robb -" She breathed, looking at him. He had a small smile on his face, lines crinkling around the edges and around his bright blue eyes. He was truly a beautiful man, well, almost a man. She wondered what he would be like years from now.

She laid the note on the console and pulled the ribbon, opening the lid. She gasped in surprise and delight. How could he have known she coveted this necklace? She turned it in the box, the sun catching the small diamond in the center. It was thoughtful, perfect, and it took her breath away. She knew how much it cost; it was made of genuine sapphire shaped into a rose, with a finely cut diamond in the middle. She knew now why he picked up extra hours at the shop.

"Do - do you like it?" His voice held a note of uncertainty.

"Oh, Robb, I love it. It's gorgeous, thank you!"

Without thinking, she set the box aside to crawl over onto his lap, hugging him. She felt him resist at first, then hug her back tightly, his head pressing into her shoulder. She pulled back to look at him.

"Can you put it on me? Can I wear it now?" Without waiting for an answer, she handed him the box. What was she doing? She knew damn well what she was doing. She wanted him to touch her. She saw him swallow as he took the necklace out and undid the clasp. As if in a dream, she lowered her head into his shoulder and waited for him to secure it around her neck. Once she felt the cool touch of the thin chain against her skin, she felt his fingers brushing there was well, painting heat where he touched.

"Thank you. I'll never take it off." She grasped at the chain until she had the rose in between her thumb and index finger. Holding it as close to his eyes as she could, she smiled. "It looks like your eyes do now, so dark blue and sparkling. You have jeweled roses in your eyes."

His arms went around her back then, holding her loosely as if she were glass.

"They sparkle because of you, San. Happy Birthday. I love you."

The way he said it, the way he looked at her, she knew with all of her being he meant that in a different way. She wanted him to mean it in a different way, but she needed something more.

"I love you, too Robb. Do you know how I love you? Do you really know how I feel?"

"Sansa -"

"No, wait. Please." She leaned into him, her hands resting on his shoulders. His hands lowered to her waist, to push her off. She wouldn't allow it. "It's just us for miles and miles. No one can hear us, no one can see us. I want you to know. I feel different with you. It's not like how I feel around Bran or Rickon. Or even how I feel around the boys at school. I - I've been wanting things I know I shouldn't want. Not from you anyway. I want you to kiss me. I want to feel you touching me, not like a brother should. I don't feel bad about it. It just makes sense to me."

"Sansa." He held a warning note in his voice, even as his hands gripped her waist tighter. "You're only sixteen. Your feelings will change once you find a guy you are really into."

"Only sixteen? You know better than that. I'm sixteen in a number, but not in my heart. Not in my mind. I see you taking care of all of us, I see you keeping us together, and I don't say you are 'only seventeen'. We've aged, Robb, and maybe our feelings aged, too. Our minds aren't like our friends' minds. Our hearts aren't like our friends' hearts. I know this."
"Sansa, I'm not trying to say -"

"I know what you're trying to say! I do! I know you better than anyone else. You're trying to be the big brother, the responsible one. You're trying to warn me about what's happening with us, what's been happening with us. You even said you wanted to kiss me. Are you going to take that away from me now?" Boldly, she reached her left hand down to drag his right one from her waist to her breast. He started to clench it but she held fast, pressing it to her, over her heart. "You feel that, right? You feel how fast it's beating? Or maybe you can feel this?"

Brazenly, she moved his fingertips over her hardened nipple. She knew he could feel it through her thin blouse and unpadded bra. He jerked his hand away.

"Sansa, this is wrong, you know whatever this is, we can't."

"Wrong?" She reached down and grabbed his hand again, while reaching for his other with her right hand. "Mom dying was wrong. Dad falling apart and abandoning his kids is wrong. What you have been sacrificing for all of us is wrong. Maybe even denying something that makes us happy is wrong, too."

She shifted on his lap and felt him underneath his jeans.

"I'm not as stupid and naive as you think. I can FEEL you wanting me. If this is so wrong, why do you want me?"

"I love you, San," he whispered brokenly. "I just don't know what to do -"

Her dear, dear Robb. Always so certain, so confident, always everyone's rock, and here he was, unsure. He was unsure and she was never more sure of anything in her life.

She moved to kiss him, holding his hands down by his sides. It felt empowering to her, sitting on him, towering slightly above him in this position, holding his hands to keep him from pushing her away. He couldn't turn his head away and she kissed him, parting his lips, pressing down hard, hard like he was below the waist. She wanted him to kiss her deeper, stronger than he had previously. She wanted some kind of release from the pent-up frustration she felt in the pit of her stomach and between her legs. Increasing the pressure, she felt him kissing her back and oh god, it was glorious. Over and over he gave her his mouth and she greedily took, afraid at any second he would stop. He didn't stop. As he breathed heavy into her mouth his hands wrenched free to run up her sides, finding her slight breasts, running his palms over them, brushing against her nipples, making her ache. Wanting him to touch her more, she started to grind down into his lap, desperately trying to say without words that she wasn't scared, she wasn't uncertain. This is what she wanted. Her hands snaked up into his hair, pulling him even closer with a wordless entreaty. Her mind reeled and went blank when she felt his hands running back down to her waist, then furiously grappling at her skirt. Without thought she raised up while he reached down to bunch up the cloth around the hemline, yanking all of it up around her waist, leaving her legs exposed. She shuddered from the pure pleasure of his warm, slender hands caressing her the back of her thighs, then up higher to curve around her bottom. She couldn't help but moan in his mouth.

Her legs started shaking. She was in some sort of haze, a delirium... she'd never felt this way before, never had anyone touch her so intimately. She knew she was soaking wet even before he tore away from her lips to seek out her neck, which she arched for him, whimpering at the feel of his wet, full lips kissing her there, his tongue flicking out to taste her. Shamelessly she pressed him harder to her and he nipped, raining kisses and sensuous bites up and down, oh god. Could they stay in this car forever? Did they have to go home? He was gasping against her throat, his hands clenching her ass
"Robb, please... please... I need more, please just a little... more -" One of his hands grasped her at the back of her neck, pulling her down for more demanding kisses, stopping her pleas. She eagerly accepted this, accepted him, but still whimpered. He nipped at her bottom lip, another new sensation that made her throb mercilessly. It was like her inner self was flailing about like a spoiled child, demanding to be satisfied, demanding her brother take her to a place she'd never been before, and damn any consequences for it. It was terrifying and thrilling all at once.

"Sansa," he whispered against her lips, "Sansa. We can't - you know we can't - can't let it go too far." He broke away again to kiss her neck, traveling down to her breasts, grasping her left nipple in his teeth through her thin fabrics.

His words made little sense to her ringing ears as one of his hands left her ass to travel over her hip to the band of her panties. Her heart was going to burst of of her chest and she begged him.

"Please, Robb. Touch me. I want you to touch me, please - just - a little more - oh GOD -"

She felt his fingers sliding underneath her panties, his fingertips finding the hair on her mound, grazing so softly down into the top of her folds until they found her clit. She couldn't speak, she couldn't form one complete word. His fingers felt like heaven, even if they meant to damn her to hell....

"Sansa, my Sansa." His words seemed strangled, so far away yet echoing in her ears. He was at her throat again, the side of her neck, her cheek...

"Ah," she gasped, as she felt three of his fingers curling into her nub, tentatively circling. "Ah, Robb. Robb." She raised up to gain him easier access. She couldn't breathe, she couldn't think, she couldn't do anything but feel Robb, his fingers, his lips, his body. It felt so different to have someone else's fingers rubbing her, he was moving so expertly against her and she jealously wondered how many times he's done this before...ah, he was moving up and down, back and forth, in a rhythm that was making her flow towards her peak. It was happening so much faster than when she did it on her own... she felt the wetness increasing, and his fingers traveled down further to swipe at her opening, gathering her secretions on his fingertips before sliding back up to her clit. She thought he would put them inside her, but he didn't, and her whole body screamed for insertion.

It didn't matter anyway, nothing mattered but this pleasure, this thing happening between them. As long as he didn't stop. She feared he would stop; she reached down to grab his wrist, making sure his hand kept on stimulating her; her other hand clenched his shoulder, nails digging in. He looked up at her then, his breath on her, hot and rapid, and his free hand moved from her butt to her face, cupping her cheek. His eyes bore into hers, and she saw tears rimming there, making his blue eye glisten. She couldn't look away even if she wanted to and she moaned when his fingers picked up the pace; she looked at his pink, swollen lips... she felt she was drowning... her stomach tightened... oh god... again his fingers dipped down, sliding too easily against the slick and then back up again...this time furiously massaging her to her end... to her beginning... she heard him choke back a cry and she came then, resisting the urge to close her eyes...

"Ah, AH! Oh god, ROBB !" She felt the pulses against his fingertips, the feeling crashing and overwhelming her as she cried out her release, shaking, her forehead bumping into his... he reached up to kiss her gently, his fingers slowing but still caressing her through the last of her orgasm. She didn't want him to pull his fingers away but he did softly, slowly, making sure her panties were on correctly, smoothing her skirt down as much as he could. She shivered against him and he held her to him, tight.
They said nothing for moments or minutes or hours, she wasn’t sure how long it was. She wanted to return the favor, but when she slid her hand down, he stopped her.

"San, no. It's too late."

She looked at him, questioning. She saw him blush and offer up a small sardonic smile.

"It seems touching you made me spill like a a kid with his first wet dream," he said sheepishly.

"Oh." It was all she could offer. She was a little shy and embarrassed, not just of his ejaculation but at what all just happened. She had BEGGED her brother to get her off. She loved it. She loved HIM. She wanted this, still wanted this, wanted so much more from this. From HIM.

"Robb."

He drew her in and she nestled against him, burrowing her head in his neck.

"San. I love you."

"And I love you. Thank you for my birthday gift." She paused and kissed his neck. "ALL of them."

She heard him draw his breath sharply in and out.

When she reached up, she felt the wetness on his cheek.

Chapter End Notes
Baby, I put up with Gaga, Adele, and Barry.
But I might draw the line at Mariah Carey.
For all the lame music you put me through.
I vow, now and forever, I will always love you.
"Stark."
"Stark!"
"HEY STARK!!"

Robb jerked awake and rolled over onto his back, looking up. It wasn't the face he wanted to see, not the voice he wanted to hear. Theon was standing over him.

"What are you doing in my room?" It came out mumbled.

"Your room? Dude, you are on the fucking couch."

He sat up, running fingers through his hair, looking around. The TV was off and it was quiet.

"Shit. What time is it?"

"Seven."

He looked at Theon.

"In the evening."

"Sansa -"

"Play practice."

"Bran -"

"Bran, Arya, and Rickon are all over at the Baratheons hanging out."

"You?"

"Your Dad let me in. He said he let you crash since you had the night off from work and you seemed tired as hell. Guess he was right on with that."

Robb touched his face, stroking the stubble that was forming. Theon flopped on the couch, staring at him. He was instantly annoyed that his carefree friend know the whereabouts of everyone while he crashed on the couch like a damn bum.

"San needs picked up at eight."

"Yeah, you got an hour and it takes like what, fifteen minutes to get there. She will be fine without you sitting in the parking lot for forty-five minutes."

"So what brings you by? It can't just be you wanting to bitch at me over my sleeping habits."

"Well, yeah, sort of. You know your birthday just happens to be around Halloween, and I just happened to have made some plans for a Halloween birthday party celebration for you. I mean, look, you haven't gotten out much and you need to have some fun. So I went ahead and made sure you got Saturday and Sunday off at the shop. No excuses bro. We are gonna party."

"I'd rather take a nap." Robb flopped back on the couch, flipping a pillow over his face. He couldn't
"Nap when you're old, man. Live a little now. Grab your costume and come on over Saturday night. Hell, Sansa can come too, OK? Will that make you come?"

"There is no way in hell I'm letting Sansa go to one of your parties," Robb grouched, muffled into the pillow. "I think you've forgotten I've been to a few."

"Yeah, and between the beer and the chicks you seemed to have liked it."

Robb chucked the pillow at this friend, hitting him upside the head.

"Nice shot."

They lounged in easy silence for a moment. One thing about Theon, if he shut up for a few, it wasn't like he expected a new conversation. It gave time Robb to collect his thoughts and get his bearings. He'd been in his own hell since Sansa's birthday. Not quite a month had passed since the the time in the car with her, but he seemed to be on a downward spiral, and when someone like Theon got overly concerned, it was time to get his shit together. His grades were suffering, his structure with home life was faltering, his performance at work was lacking. Even his appearance was a mess. He was a hot mess and it was all his fault. He functioned, but that was all that could be said.

The guilt pressed down on him, and that was unexpected. It wasn't guilt at what had happened. It was guilt over how much he loved what happened. It colored all his thoughts, invaded all of his dreams, ripped at his heart in ways he just couldn't process, and there was no one he could confide in except the one who caused all his conflict.

SHE didn't seem conflicted. She seemed happier, brighter, singing to herself as she did chores, twirling her slender fingers around her necklace and smiling shyly at him. Every time he caught her eyes his heart pounded in his chest and something electric shot up the back of his neck to strike his brain. All he can hear is her moaning his name, all he can feel is the velvety heaven between her legs, all he can smell is her dried secretions on his fingertips. His sister. His own flesh and blood. He was already separating his sister he used to play dragons and castles with from the girl he masturbated on his lap in the car. She was splintering into two people, and the sister was fading, locking herself away deep in his heart with every intimate touch she gave and took.

"So, c'mon man, just say you'll come over, at least have a beer to celebrate being a legal adult and shit. Who knows, maybe you'll actually find a girl for a change."

Theon's words cut into his thoughts. Find a girl? He already had a girl. A beautiful, budding, flowering rose that touched him deeper than any other girl ever has. A forbidden, tempting, intoxicating girl that he had no business thinking of as his. Hell, even his mind formed poetic word choices to describe her, and he wasn't a flowery kind of person. If Theon knew, what would he do? Laugh? Punch him? Tell everyone at school?

"I don't have time for a girl, Theon. I haven't had time for a girl for awhile now."

"Jesus, Stark, I'm not telling you to drag one to the wedding chapel. I'm just talking a good old-fashion party fuck. Hell, you can use my room if you want. I'm that desperate to get you laid. I've invited Rosalin, and you know Marg has a crush on you, and so does Myrcella and pretty much all
the other chicks at school. They'd all fucking drop their panties for you. Goddamn if I had your looks I'd be taking full advantage."

Robb smiled.

"You seem to do just fine, Theon."

"Fuckin' A. Only because my cock's got a rep of it's own."

That was true. Theon was known to be endowed, and that plus his endless supply of booze and drugs made him a very popular guy.

Robb stood up, groaning. His neck ached from the way he laid on the couch.

"I gotta go get Sansa." He paused. "You want to come along?"

Please say no, Theon. Goddamn it, please say no. Or maybe say yes.

"Nah, I'll pass. I don't want to get around a bunch of snotty thespians. Uh, Sansa excluded. Just promise me you'll at least show for the party. It's gonna be THE party of the year."

Robb agreed, just to shut him up.

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8:15

Robb sat in the parking lot by the theater, agitated. Sansa was always out by eight. The night was getting cool. He brought along her jacket just in case she was cold; it seemed she was always cold, even in the summer.

He lounged nervously in the driver's seat, glancing over to the passenger side, unable to stop himself from thinking about sitting there with Sansa on his lap.

Forget it. He was going in to get her, something he never did before.

Clutching her jacket, he walked in easily, which raised some concern over security in his head. No one was around in the entrance or the lobby, and the doors to the seating and stage were wide open, inviting. He could hear her voice, faint and musical, and through the dim lighting he saw her on stage, with whom he assumed was Romeo. Romeo was off to the side, thank god.

" - deny thy father and refuse thy name; or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, and I'll no longer be a Capulet." Sansa hand the script in her hands; she looked down at it as Romeo spoke his line.

"Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?"

Robb sat in the last row, quietly observing her. She was so beautiful, the stage light shining down on her long auburn locks. She clutched the paper to her.

" Tis but thy name that is my enemy; thou art thyself, though not a Montague. What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot, nor arm, nor face, nor any other part belonging to a man - "
A man's voice interrupted her. He was sitting in the first row, with two other people.

"Sansa, remember you are sighing with longing, with the realization of who the young man really is, this is your fresh discovery. Work in the anguish, the despair of the situation, but be reflective -" Romeo came forward out of the shadows.

"Baelish, it's getting late. School night, remember? We were supposed to stop by eight."

Robb started, and stood up.

Petyr Baelish was the director of this play? His movement lacked stealth and grace so everyone turned to look at him. Sansa smiled as he walked forward, down the aisle to where Petyr remained sitting, studying him, a hint of a smile on his sly face.

"Well, that's a wrap for tonight." He nodded to Robb. "I see Sansa's ride is here."

"Mr. Baelish, I had no idea you were into the Performing Arts." Robb couldn't curb the curtness in his tone. Petyr had been a friend of Mom's, too close of a friend. He suspected Baelish had been in love with her at some point, although both insisted they were just old family friends. Dad never really cared for him overly much but he never denied the occasional visit, which stopped after Mom died. He was not missed by anyone.

"Ah, quite contrary, I am into a great many things. A jack of all trades, really, and I do hold a degree in Performing Arts. This is what you would call my side project. I just adore Romeo and Juliet. Fortunately I've alligned myself with a reputable company -"

Robb's eyes followed Sansa and Romeo as they both walked off the stage together. He couldn't care less about what Petyr Baelish had to say, even as he worried that Sansa may have gotten the role of Juliet not entirely by her own talent alone. Something about the black and silver-haired man never did set right with him. Still, Baelish was the least of his worries. He wanted to get a closer look at Romeo.

Sansa came through a side door, Romeo holding it for her. Robb frowned. From the distance, the guy looked familiar. Almost as tall as Robb and built nearly the same, with light brown curly hair. He approached him and was shocked, even as he gave Sansa her coat.

"Loras?"

"Hey, Robb. You can call me Romeo." Loras Tyrell waved good bye in Peytr's direction as they turned to walk out. "You look surprised. Didn't Sansa tell you who her co-star was?"

"No. No, she didn't." Robb's voice must have given something away because Sansa frowned for the first time in weeks but said nothing.

"Well, at least you can rest easily knowing a stranger isn't going to be kissing on your sister," Loras joked. "See you next time, Sansa. Later, Robb."

Robb opened the passenger door for Sansa but barely registered her thanks while he huffed into the driver's side and slammed the door. Starting the car and pulling away, he had an odd new feeling spreading across his body: jealousy. Out of all the Romeos, why did it have to be Loras Tyrell? The fucker was a goddamn pretty boy, built but slim, with curls and blue-green eyes. Girls flocked to Loras; he was dreamy and sensitive and an artist at heart. The thought of Sansa being kissed by him
twisted his gut. He was never jealous of anyone, Never. Until now....

"So were you ever going to tell me about... Petyr Baelish?" He had to go with Peytr. If he started in about Loras he would sound like a jealous boyfriend. He refused to look at her.

"Oh, is it such a big deal? So he's someone we know, what difference does it make? He's been actually really good at helping me improve my acting skills. I've noticed a difference already."

He said nothing, gripping the wheel.

"Are you okay, Robb? You don't seem like yourself tonight."

"Myself?" He laughed. "So what does my real self seem like, San?"

"I know you haven't been getting much sleep lately. I could have just had Loras drop me off at home so you could rest."

"No."

"Why, Robb Stark, you are jealous!"

Her tone was mostly surprised, not patronizing. He glanced over at her to see her twirling her necklace, a small smile on her beautiful lips. Jesus. He was not going to have this conversation with her. He wasn't. He offered no response to her and her smile faded.

"Robb, can we talk about -"

"No. No Sansa, we can't, Not right now. I can't talk about it now."

"When can you talk about it? We need to talk things out, figure out what happens now -"

"What happens? You know what will happen. I can't do this right now, San."

"So you're saying it WILL happen?"

"That's not what I meant. Please, I asked you not to talk about this now."

Robb deliberately turned on the radio loud enough to drown her out if she started talking again. It was immature and he didn't want to hurt her feelings, but if they started down the path of talking about what was happening, he was afraid he would end up breaking down and crying, worse than he did with her in the car that day. He made a vow not to do that again. He knew he was fighting a losing fight. He knew it was only a matter of time before he completely lost himself in the sweetness of her, completely surrendered to what they both wanted. He just wanted to fight it a little longer, so maybe he can placate his conscience by rationalizing that he valiantly tried to stop it.

It seemed like it took an eternity to reach home.
Myrcella Baratheon twirled her long golden tresses excitedly while driving. Sansa hoped she would calm down on the way to the costume shop. She had just gotten her license and her driving skills weren't at quite what Sansa would consider a good comfort level. She double checked the security of the seat belt and looked out the window nervously at the too-close curbs.

"Sansa, I am so happy you are finally going to come with me to a party," she babbled in her singsong voice. "Theon's parties are always outrageous! I don't know what kind of costume you are going to find this late. You might have to go as an old boring ghost or something."

"I'm sure I will find something. It doesn't have to be perfect, just a costume of any kind will do. I'll take a ghost if a ghost is all they have."

Myrcella giggled. She even had a sweet laugh. Everything about Mycrella was sweet and pretty; she reminded Sansa of those Pre-Raphaelite paintings. Long, wavy blonde hair, sea green eyes, curvy body, flawless skin. Sansa poked reflectively at the newly-formed pimple on her chin. All three of the Baratheon kids had the same features. They took after their breathtakingly beautiful mother. Their father had once been handsome with coal black hair, tanned skin and dark blue eyes, but Sansa only saw the hunk in old pictures. Robert Baratheon had since run to fat and balding, his beard streaked with dull grey. When he was young, he looked alot like what Gendry Waters does now. Total eye candy.

She couldn't believe she was lying to everyone at home just to go to the party tonight.

The lie was easily given to Dad. All she had to do was offer up that she was spending the night at Myrcella's. Her dishonesty seemed irrelevant when she saw him busting out the board games with Bran and Rickon and Arya. Even Arya seemed happy, even though at fourteen Sansa thought for sure she would have rolled her eyes at it. Her reaction was a testament to how much she loved Dad and craved his attention; they all craved his attention and love, which sadly he didn't dole out in spades since Mom passed. This was now a rare event, and the three youngest Starks weren't passing it up. Arya, Bran, and Rickon couldn't care less where she was going or who she was going with; she would have been just another competitor for Dad's attention.

Lying to Robb was harder. She had never lied to him before, and well, she was telling a half-truth really. She WAS with Myrcella, and she WAS going to spend the night over at her house. She just left out the fact that they were going out while she was over there. She would have told him, but when she mentioned Theon texted her an invite to his party, Robb grew tense, telling her Theon's parties were not meant for someone like her.

"Someone like me? What does that really mean, Robb?" She had asked him angrily. "So why are they fine for someone like you?"

"I didn't say they were fine for me. I went to one before Mom died, and one after to try to forget for one night! That's it, and that was enough to know you don't belong at one of them!"

"You don't think I know everyone goes there to drink or do drugs or have sex? Well, some go to just have fun and dance and hang out. I want to go, Robb. Everyone is, and Dad is actually home. Besides, it's also for your birthday. You said you didn't want us to do anything for your birthday, but you're going to Theon's party!"

"Maybe I just want to go for awhile, just to try to be normal and forget -"
"Forget what? US?"

She saw the pained look in his eyes and knew she was right. A knife twisted in her heart. He wanted to escape her, forget what happened in the car, and he was going to get drunk or fuck someone to do it!

"So it's OK for you to go fuck someone at a party, but of course I can't?"

He grew angry then, and angry Robb was so rare.

"I NEVER fucked anyone at a party, no matter what you've heard. Fuck, San, I didn't even fuck Jeyne and we were together for almost a YEAR. I just don't want some stupid drunk asshole trying to put his hands all over you -"

"Like I'd want that?" She was angry, too. "Is that all you think I am good for, a stupid drunk asshole to molest me?"

"That's not what I meant. I just -"

"Forget it! I'm not going then, if you are going to be such a dick about it! I just thought I would go to help celebrate you now being eighteen. Then again, if this is how you are going to act as an adult, maybe I don't want to have anything to do with you!"

She had stormed out, not listening to his pleas to come back, that he was sorry.

Myrcella pulled into the parking lot in front of the strip mall.

Sansa's thoughts still consumed her as they walked into the costume shop. Ever since that wonderful experience in the car, Robb had kept his distance. She'd taken very opportunity to touch him, even as simple as brushing up against him in passing. He never flinched and he seemed to welcome it, but at the same time he refused to encourage it. She tried to talk to him about their siblings, about school, about the play. He would talk with her about everything except their feelings for each other, but there was tension and she craved their usual closeness. They had never been closer or more connected than in the car and now she felt so far away from him. She was sure he was trying to stay brotherly, but that came into question when she noticed he was jealous of Loras Tyrell. Well, Loras was good-looking, and the girls fawned over him. If it wasn't for Robb, she would probably have jumped at a chance to date him. But Robb was in her heart now, even if he didn't want to be there like he was...

The chimes announced their entrance and two clerks came out of the side door behind the counter. Sansa walked right up while Myrcella wandered off to inspect the hanging costumes for something worthy of her best friend. Myrcella's outfit was already waiting for her at home; she was going as Lady Gaga in the iconic meat dress.

Sansa smiled.

"Jon! Look at you! Wow, you look great! Hi Sam! Dressed up, too? Happy Halloween!"

Sansa was amazed at her cousin, dressed up as Jack Sparrow, complete with guyliner. His best friend Samwell Tarly was dressed as a monk, complete with a balding headpiece. She was shocked Jon didn't chose something totally emo or weird to dress as. She loved her cousin well enough, but he was so broody and withdrawn all the time, preferring to hang with only Sam at school and smoke cigs behind the bleachers, while wearing all black and drawing giggles from girls. He was handsome with his dark eyes and dark curly hair and pouty lips. He just didn't realize it... or he just didn't care.

Sam seemed like an odd choice of friend for Jon, yet Sansa liked his friendly but shy demeanor. He
was a total bookworm and stumbled around for words sometimes; he was overweight and a bit
awkward, but he had a good heart. As did her cousin.

"Hey Sansa, what brings you in here on Halloween weekend?" He managed a small 'arrgh', pirate-
style, and curled his lips slightly up in what could be construed as a smile. Jon never smiled much,
but when he did, he looked more handsome.

"Just looking for a quick costume, Last minute for Theon's party. You going?" It was a shot in the
dark. Theon wasn't close to Jon but Jon was close to Robb, so she figured he was invited. Theon
was nothing if not generous when it came to his parties; the only rule being you had to be sixteen or
older.

Jon shrugged.

"Maybe Sam and I will stop by. We're dressed for it, anyway. I'm not much on crowds. Or dancing.
Or people." He looked at her, his eyes seemingly darker from his black eyeliner."I know Robb is
going, it's sort of a two-for, his birthday celebration and Halloween."

Sansa looked over her shoulder; Myrcella had a few costumes off the rack over her arm. A thought
dawned on her.

"Jon, did Robb get his costume here?"

"Well yeah, you know family can get my discount on rentals. He was in here and snapped one right
up. One for the ladies."

Her heart sank to her stomach.

"What's he going as?"

"Semper Fi! Marine dress blues."

*Oh dear god. Robb in a Marine uniform costume. He really did want to get laid. That liar!*

"Sansa? Are you okay?" Jon's voice held concern. She realized she was swooning a bit and pressing
her lips tight together.

"Hey Sanny, I think I found the perfect thing for you, and it's in your size!" Myrcella's excited voice
snapped her out of her reaction and she turned to face her friend. She came sauntering over, batting
her lashes at Jon, and held out her choice. "Since you are playing Juliet and all, this is perfect!"

It was a medieval gown in black, low cut with a square neckline and a matching long black wig and
cap, complete with a long heavy cross necklace. It was very goth and dark and medieval. The fabric
was thin, but looking at the sale tag, it was fairly cheap and it was her size. Well, it wasn't a hooker
outfit so she was happy, and she could buy it outright instead of having to rent it.

"Wow, Sansa, you're going to look great in that." Sam finally spoke, smiling at her. "If Jon was a girl
he'd be... wearing that."

They all laughed except Jon, who managed a small smile and shook his head.

"Okay, so this is a purchase and not a rental. All sales final." All business, he took the outfit to ring it
up.

"Thanks, Jon. I hope to see you and you, too, Sam." Even if they didn't run in her circles, she still
remembered to be polite.

"Yes, Jon." Myrcella blushed prettily. "Maybe I will see you there?"

Sansa raised her eyebrows at that. Her best friend had a crush on Jon? That was surprising. She knew Myrcella liked Robb as more than a family friend, but Jon?

"That would be nice. Thanks you two. Go have fun. Just not Theon-style fun."

He sounded like Robb.

She paid and left, wondering why they were so concerned about her getting to trouble at a party. Most of her friends were going, most of Robb's friends were going; it wasn't like she was going alone. Hasn't she proven how responsible she was by taking over all of the family duties with Robb? She rarely went out and had fun, just like Robb.

Looking down at the wig, she sighed. She might be able to avoid running into Robb if she wore the wig and draped the veil from the cap over her face. She wondered what he would say or do if he caught her there. Would he be angry? Happy to see her? Would he stick to her side like glue all night? Strange she really didn't know how he would react, even after all the time they've spent together. She ached for him. Just to be alone with him, just to lie in his arms, rest her head on his chest, maybe coerce him into some soft kisses. Yes, she wanted more but she could be content with that. She could be happy with just that. She needed the nearness of him, his scent, his arms, if that is all he could bear to give her, then she wouldn't ask for more. It might be wrong to ask for more from her own brother, but she loved him. Well, she had always loved him, but this was different. Even telling him that she loved him held a different meaning now.

Silence ensued all the way back to Myrcella's. Even as she changed into her costume and had Myrcella help her secure her hair in a tight bun to wear the wig, she didn't say much to her friend's spirited babbling. She was determined to have fun tonight no matter what. It was her first real huge party, and neither Jon nor Robb nor anyone else was going to stop her.

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Sansa almost changed her mind when she and Myrcella walked up to the Greyjoy estate. It was a huge sprawling house in the country, and the older house was usually a warming sight, but this night it was littered with Halloween decorations and already drunk, laughing teenagers. The unusually warmer night mean people were migrating more outside. There was a bonfire lit in the massive backyard. She could already hear the music before she even reached the steps, the techno beat thumping through Sansa's head. Theon's parents were out on another cruise. She wondered at the differences of the Greyjoys and Starks: Theon and his sister Yara celebrated their parents' constant absences and neglect by throwing elaborate parties, while all the Starks wanted was their father to stay home in quiet tranquility.

Myrcella bounded right in, sashaying in her scant outfit, grabbing her by her hand to lead her in. Immediately they saw a few of their friends, who handed them red Solo cups. Sansa looked into it and wrinkled her nose. Beer. She sipped it cautiously, not really liking the taste, but everyone else seemed to like it. She looked around the sea of costumes and laughter and shouting. How was it possible to carry on a conversation with anyone? She tried to listen and respond, smiling. Everyone around her seemed to be having the time of her lives....
"Sansa! Glaaaad you could make it...." Theon appeared in front of her, dressed in a stereotypical vampire outfit. sniffling and rubbing his nose. " You look smokin’ in that princess gown. Almost didn't recognize you with that black hair."

Sansa raised her eyebrows at the way Theon was taking her all in with his eyes, and was a bit put off when he rested his gaze on her breasts, which were admittedly showing off quite well under the tight bodice. She was still maturing but she was proud of the curves she had already. But that didn't mean she liked her brother's best friend ogling them.

"Thanks Theon," she shouted. "Is Robb here?"

Theon paused to pat someone weaving past on the back, then he nodded.

"Think so, not sure, yeah maybe." He sniffed again. "No, yeah he's here. I told him the key's on my desk."

With that, he was off, disappearing in the sea of people, hooking his arms around two brunettes as he went.

Keys on his desk?

She looked around but didn't see him. She figured it would be easy to spot a Marine, but the closest she got was two Navy sailors. Her heart sank. Maybe he was already off in a room with some girl. He wouldn't, would he? She sipped her beer.

"C'm on, Sanny, let's go dance!"

Sansa let Myrcella drag her into the den area off to the right side, opening up the dual doors. Theon had transformed the family area into a cesspool of gyrating bodies, blaring beats, flashing lights, and fog machines. It was like being dropped into a nightclub, minus the cover charge and age restriction. She loved to dance, but..

Myrcella nudged her into the crowd and she almost spilled her drink. She took a few more sips and handed it off to someone who had a free hand; they gulped it down. She felt a little lightheaded, probably from the mixture of beer and bodies and sweat. Starting to move, she tried to get lost in the beats pounding in her head...Myrcella vanished... she peered through the smoke... she saw him then, dressed as a knight... Loras... dancing next to Renly Baratheon... who was dressed as a priest. Interesting. Renly was older than all of them; he was in his mid-twenties... she didn't know they were friends...

Comforted by the sight of him, she made her way through the crowd. He saw her, offering a friendly smile and stretching out his hand. Gratefully she took it, and she danced with him face to face, and was shocked when he started to hold her tight against him, gyrating in time to the music. He was an excellent dancer, she appreciated that, and felt flustered all at once. He was different from when they were on stage...but she trusted him. The machines churned out more fog and his features blurred and she started to lose herself in dancing, finally letting go. Her wig felt heavy and hot as she moved side to side, her head twisting. She felt people bumping up against her, thought she felt a hand graze across her bottom, so she turned around, her back towards Loras. No one was looking at her, so maybe it was a mistake....

She looked around for Myrcella, Theon, anyone. She couldn't see a thing except the smoke...

Through the smoke she saw him.

Robb.
She couldn't see his face yet but she could see the hat, the outline of the faux Marine jacket. She paused in her dancing but only for a moment. She hoped he wouldn't cause a scene and demand why she was here, or worse, pull her out in front of everyone like she was a child. Maybe he wouldn't spot her... she pulled the veil up over her face, still swaying to the beat... the music changed to the next song, and when she turned around, she couldn't see Loras anymore. She moved through the crowd a bit, trying to leave before he saw her, but she was packed in so tight she couldn't cover any ground.

There was no fooling him anyway. Suddenly he was in front of her, and through the haze she saw his jaw clench, his eyes sparked in anger and something else she couldn't define. Her legs suddenly felt weak, and taking in the sight of him in his costume triggered a reaction between her legs. Immediately she was ashamed. She was about to get reprimanded for lying to him and she was turned on. It was the music, the beer, the whole party atmosphere. But it was Robb, he was here, she was safe now, even if he was upset with her, no one was going to mess with her with her big brother here to ward off any unwelcome advances....right?

She swallowed nervously.
Robb walked from the kitchen, untouched beer in his hand, trying to wade his way through the millions of bodies crowding everywhere. He was already warm without the help of alcohol and he cursed his choice of costume, egged on by Jon and Sam at the shop. He let himself be convinced that it suited him, with his love and fascination for all things military, and admittedly when he tried it on, he felt a sense of pride, of belonging, like somehow, someday, he could be destined to wear a real version of it, decorated with medals. He had to remind himself it wasn't a desecration to wear it, it was just a costume. His family all had experience in the military at some point. Then Jon had to joke that he was going to have no trouble getting laid, as he wriggled into the gloves as the final touch. He almost chose another costume, but nothing else really appealed to him.

He nearly changed his mind about the party but Theon wouldn't hear of it. Of course, when he found Theon he had already been snorting a good amount of blow in the family study. Robb never touched the shit for various reasons. Theon grinned, showing his fake vampire fangs when he saw him, and commented on his costume. He took his keys from him, insisting he get completely wasted and spend the night, and he was tossing Robb's keys into his room, where he can pick them up after he got him a girl in there. Yes, Happy Birthday.

Margarey, Joff, Roslin, and amazingly Gendry, who held a Solo cup of Mountain Dew, cornered him for conversation. Roslin was hanging on Gendry, so Robb assumed he wasn't going anywhere anytime soon. He chatted - well, shouted - with them for a few, uncomfortably aware of both Marg and Roslin eyeing him like he was a piece of choice meat, and he just wanted to get away from Joff, whom he always thought was a right prick, no matter how friendly the families were with each other. He declined Marg's request for dancing, saying he was going to meet up with a friend and hang. So, he wandered to the kitchen and grabbed a beer. The coolness of it seeped into his gloved hands, but he really didn't feel like drinking it. He thought he could cut loose for the first time in forever and enjoy the night, but his argument with Sansa earlier dampened his mood.

He was on his way down the hall when he froze in the middle, allowing just about everyone to bump into him. One dude dressed as the Hulk almost made him tip his bottle, so he grabbed the guy and shoved the beer at him, which he happily took with a grunt. Robb barely registered it as he stared down the hallway at Sansa, standing with Myrcella, talking to Theon. He stood, stunned.

She lied to him.

Did he really expect her not to, after the way her reacted to Theon's invite? He couldn't stop himself, it was just a reaction, he really didn't mean to be so harsh with her. He was immediately sorry but she walked away from him without giving him a chance to redeem himself. He had wanted to explain that Theon's parties weren't meant for an inexperienced girl, and a pretty one at that. He was going to relent and tell her they could go together so he could keep an eye on her, but she probably would have been pissed at that as well. So, he left it alone.

There she was, all in black, her gorgeous red hair hidden by a long, black, curly wig. The dress was low cut, showing off her figure. She wore a heavy, cheap costume necklace around her neck but he noticed she was also wearing the necklace he gave her. No sooner did he spot her than Myrcella, clad in some ridiculous looking short dress, dragged her off into the family room/dancing area.

She lied to him.
She had never done that to him before. Did she think he wouldn't cross paths with her? Theon's house was huge, and the party was massive, but did she think she could avoid him seeing her the whole night? God, she was so beautiful. Too beautiful. He knew it wouldn't take long for someone to make a pass at her, especially in that room. Everyone who has been to Theon's parties knew that room is where everyone ends up after getting blitzed, ready to fuck whomever they could, after getting worked up in a frenzy of dancing. It was too soon for her to be inebriated at least.

Panic and frustration and hurt flowed through him as he made his way to the dual doors, ducking as a sailing roll of unraveling toilet paper flew past his head. He refused to stand by and do nothing while his sister was in that room. He rationalized it by telling himself he would do it for any girl he thought was in a potentially bad situation... because he would. The techno beat assaulted his brain when he walked in, getting shoved in by an amorous couple moving out. He could barely see through the fog injections but he moved in, feeling hands on his shoulders, back, and even across his backside, which he hoped to hell was an accident. The sweaty, manic movements and flashing lights against the smoke strained his vision, but he could see her, at least the back of her... why wasn't Myrcella beside her? And then... arms around her.

Loras Tyrell. No fucking way.

He watched her dancing, being handled by that pretty boy, and the jealousy that had sparked previously was now an inferno. He was holding her against him like Robb longed to do, like Robb could do if only she wasn't his sister. Pain shot through the envy. Every day he fought his feelings, every day he parsed through his emotions and tried not to feel what he felt. And here she was, with her Romeo on stage and off from the looks of it. He paused. She turned around and seemingly looked straight at him before lifting her veil to her face and keeping in rhythm to the music.

Too late, San. Too fucking late. I see you.

The music changed, blaring out Coldkill. He almost lost her through a new puff of fog; she moved away from her spot, no doubt trying to circumvent him and reach the door. Something like defiance or madness gripped him and he shoved through the crowd, though no one seemed to bothered by it; everyone was lost in their own desires.

Suddenly she was facing him, so close he could smell her slightly sweaty skin, feel her rasping breath, see the nervousness in her eyes. He wanted to say something, anything, but she wouldn't be able to hear him anyway and he lost his ability to speak, or shout. Instead he just stared at her and to his shock she turned to leave him. Without thought, he grasped her hips and he shoved through the crowd, though no one seemed to bothered by it; everyone was lost in their own desires.

I can feel time slipping through my hands
But I'm still standing by my master plan
I'll do anything you want me to
Take this world and wrap it up for you

Christ, he couldn't believe this was happening. Anyone could catch them, anyone could glance over at them and see. He glanced furtively around, his chin in her neck; no one was watching. Her flesh seemed to radiate through her dress and burn his fingers where he held her. He stood, immobile as he felt his cock responding. Her arms reached up and flew back around his neck, her nails digging in. His hands left her hips to tug off his gloves and jam them into his pockets, before returning to grasp her harder.

I'm yours
These words still plague my soul like a disease
You pulled me from your heart just like a weed
But I can't bear you better off alone
So take me to my grave or take me home

His hand moved from her hip, sliding down to reach between her legs, pressing through the thin fabric of her dress to cup her there, feeling her warmth. He damned the gown, the barrier to her. He knew what she felt like now without the fabric and he suddenly hungered for it. Love, lust, desire, fear, need... all he could think of was her as she reached down to press his hand harder into her, no longer keeping up the pretense of dancing. In response he lunged into her neck, his hat tumbling off as he sank his lips and teeth in, sucking hard, knowing full well he was marking her. He felt the vibrations from her throat and knew she was gasping and moaning. His other hand flew up to her breast, feeling her labored breathing.

"HEY STARK!"

A bucket of ice could do no better a job as he pushed Sansa away from him, turning with his back towards her and groping for his hat, all in record time. He thanked whatever gods there were that a new blast of fog emitted as he walked towards Theon's voice. Fuck, his erection needed to go away, quickly.

Theon was waiting by the door, grinning at him. He had lost his cape and fake teeth.

"Hey, someone said you made your way in here." Robb allowed him to pull him out, hoping Sansa was leaving as well. "There's someone I want you to meet."

"Not now, man. I - I went in there looking for San. She's in there and I don't trust the guys not to feel her up -" Like I just did.

"Shit. Yeah, maybe intros can wait. Go get her. Come get me after. Special lady wants to give the birthday boy a surprise. Her name's Ros, she's a real redhead."

Theon disappeared into a cluster and Robb headed back in, when Sansa came squeezing out. She had pulled her wig off, beads of sweat on her hairline, and strands of red were sticking to her neck, having escaped from her bun. Her lips slightly parted, she looked at him in something like shock. He noticed a purplish discoloring on her neck. Fucking hell. What had he done.

"San." He lightly grabbed her shoulders, aware of eyes on them. "Stay right here. I'm going to get my keys and we are going home."

"I'm not going home. Myrcella brought me here and I'm spending the night with her." Her voice sounded distant, robotic. She looked as if in a daze.

"Just stay here. Text Myrcella and let her know you had a change of plans. Please? Come home with me... Dad's home, remember?"

She said nothing but also didn't move. Reassured, he left her in the hall to run up two flight of steps to the third floor. No one from the party was allowed on the third floor, it was an understood rule since Theon caught a massive orgy in his bedroom awhile back. Robb always thought maybe Theon wouldn't have been so upset if he had been a part of it.

He paused at the door, shaking his head. Theon has posted a huge ass sign on his door that read "Reserved for the Birthday Boy and the Lucky Chicks." He tore it down and opened his door. His room was like the rest of the house: huge. He glanced around and spotted his keys on Theon's desk.
Well, it was a good thing he hadn't had a drop to drink. It would be bad enough driving home with all the thoughts in his head. His heart was still hammering wildly in his chest. Swiping his keys and turned to leave when Sansa appeared in the doorway, looking behind her and quietly clicking the door shut, locking it. She was still clutching her wig, so tightly Robb could see the whites of her knuckles.

"Sansa," he breathed. "What are you doing? We need to leave."

"What am I doing? Robb, what are you doing? What are we doing?"

Instead of barreling past her, he walked over to sit on the edge of Theon's black draped king-sized bed, taking off his hat so he had something to focus on other than her, even though all he could see was her.

"I'm sorry, San. I really am. I don't know - "

She rushed over to stand in front of him. He looked up at her, seeing the frustration and anger lighting up her blue eyes.

"I am getting tired of you saying sorry all the time, Robb. You can't be sorry for things that you start. That's not how it works."

He placed his hat beside him, took the wig from her, and took her cool hands in his; they were so smooth and spindly. He kissed the tops, his eyes searching her steady yet softened expression. She was ethereal to him, luminous, looking down on him like she did in the car that day. His heart twisted at the sight of her.

"I am only sorry because this can never lead to anywhere. This just can never be, San. You and me? It's impossible and I am afraid I can only bring you pain. I'm in love with you." His admission had finality to it. "I don't just love you as a brother, and it scares me. I can't stop wanting you, can't stop thinking about you, can't stop dreaming of you. But what kind of person would I be to allow this to go on? This can only bring us heartache."

"Pain?" She had tears in her eyes. "Robb, every moment I have with you is wrapped in nothing but happiness. The first time you kissed me? I smiled into my makeshift pillow, hoping beyond all hope you would do it again. The time in the car? It was the sweetest moment in my life. Just now dancing? Positively the hottest thing I've ever known. All I know is I am in love with you, too. Yes, we are young and probably stupid, but I love you. Everything stops when I'm with you, everything stops hurting. It can't be wrong, nothing that feels like this is wrong."

Robb was tired of fighting. He was physically, mentally, emotionally tired of fighting. His jaw clenched as his hands tightened on hers. He confessed he was in love with her. Did it benefit either one of them? Or did he unknowingly damage them even further by his admission?

He thought of Loras. He would only be one in a string of many, many guys who were interested in his sister. He noticed the admiring glances of the partygoers; at school he noticed his classmates eyeing her, although they were scared enough not to mention anything to him. None of them were blood-related, all of them had a chance to have a normal, healthy relationship with her. But he knew beyond a doubt that none of them could love her as he does. A streak of possessiveness rushed over him, diluted from what he felt in the dance room but still running through his veins. She wanted him, and if he hesitated now, would she run to Loras? He didn't think her that shallow, but when it comes to love or lust, what did he really know?

Before he knew what he was doing, he reached up to pull her to him, kissing her long, hard, deep.
He smelled a faint smell of beer on her breath and started to pull away.

"San? Have you been drinking?"

"A few sips. Please, Robb, don't stop."

It was all the encouragement he needed.

He pulled her down onto the bed with him, rolling her over onto her back. He looked down at her, raking his eyes over her face and neck, down to her breasts straining against her bodice. Leaning in, he licked the dark purple spot where he had left her a love mark; she whimpered softly and he moved back to her lips, kissing her more fiercely than he ever had before. It took only seconds for her to reach out and cling to his jacket, pulling him closer. There was no thinking now, only Sansa and the need to give her whatever she wanted to take from him. His hands clutched her waist, slid up to her breasts, feeling the fullness as his mouth left hers to rain kisses down her arched neck, nipping at the necklaces there, down to the top of her cleavage. Impatiently his hands pushed up behind her back, finding the zipper; it got stuck halfway down. He yanked on it madly but it wouldn't give; frustrated, determined, he pulled at the front and he heard the flimsy fabric rip as he exposed her to him, for the first time taking in a bare nipple in his mouth to lick and suck before moving to the other one. Her gasps spurred him on as well as sent shock waves down his spine.

His hands bunched her skirts up as he continued lavishing attention on her breasts, and his right hand wasted no time snaking up her bare leg to her panties. He pulled the fabric aside and he felt her wetness, almost spilling in his rented uniform right there. He struggled for control; no way would he do that again. He almost made his way to her clit but stopped. He wanted to give her more. He needed to give her more.

"Robb?" Sansa leaned up, confused, when he pulled away from her. She was a sight, her mouth swollen from his kisses, her pink-tipped breasts exposed and wet from his mouth, her skirts around her waist, showing her slim bare legs and black lace panties.

He said nothing, moving down between her legs, his fingers reaching up to slide her panties down and off. He held them to his cheek for a moment, and he could smell her arousal on them. She gasped, falling back on the bed, knowing his intentions as he dropped her underwear to the side. He took in the sight of the thatch of red hair above pale pink, delicately layered lips. He'd never seen her exposed like this before. Control has never been so hard.

Without warning, he flattened his tongue against the bottom of her slit, moving up in one slow, long, wet lick. A strangled cry he'd never heard before tore from her lips and it encouraged him to do it again, faster this time, with a little more pressure. She tasted sweet, innocent, and all his. His Sansa. Again he started at the bottom, again running up, then stopping to enclose his lips around her clit to gently suck, his tongue caressing it at the same time. He felt her legs tense and quake as he heard her crying, gasping, and he committed it to his memory. Again, faster but still gentle, he manipulated her, keeping a rhythm, taking direction from how she reacted; she gripped his curls, whether to lift him up or push him in he wasn't sure, so he laved at her, his hands gripping her hips, pulling her closer to him. He breathed her in, tasted her, couldn't get enough of her or her sounds. She was swollen in no time, her hips thrusting upwards and he knew she would climax so quickly, but he didn't have the will to draw it out. Instead he applied more pressure to his efforts, and she came with a sobbing cry, his name on her lips. He still caressed her with his tongue, licking her wetness as she came down.

*One more step closer to hell. One more step of heaven.*

He felt her tugging at his jacket, wanting him up next to her so he obeyed; her cheeks were flushed
and her lips had turned a rosy red, and tears has streamed from her eyes.

"Sansa?" He gently brushed them away. "Are you... okay?"

In response, she reached up and pulled him to her in a passionate kiss, their tongues mating. He was sure she could taste herself on him but she didn't recoil from it, but kept kissing him, biting his lower lip, moving down to his neck, pulling the collar of his jacket out so she could bite there. He was strained so hard against her leg and then gasped when she snaked her hand down to unbutton and unzip his pants. He didn't want to stop her as she reached down to grasp him in her hand. He closed his eyes, fighting for even more control as she started moving up and down on his shaft; she was inexperienced but it mattered little; just the feel of her fingers made him want to spill. She burrowed her head into his chest and he moved his hands over hers, showing her a tried and true method and she complied; he slid his hands down between her legs where she was sodden and slowly inserted his middle finger inside her, cupping her with his palm. She gasped against him and he knew she never used her own fingers inside herself before. He gritted his teeth at the sensation of his finger inside her as he pulled it almost all the way out, then back in again, this time to his knuckle. She was warm and wet and soft; she arched into him, whimpering, so he added another finger. God she was tight, he didn't want to hurt her, but her affirmations of 'yes' assured him she was far from hurt.

The slick of her made moving them inside her easier, and he crooked his thumb to press at her clit; the concentration on her was making him last at least a bit longer. As her excitement grew her stroking him increased; he couldn't help but gyrate against her and he felt her do the same against him. He knew he was building her up to come again and he welcomed it; he wanted to hear her cry out his name. He knew it would never be enough, never.

"Robb - please tell me you love me." It came out gasping, raspy.

"I love you, San. Always. I'll never love another. Never. I'm yours as long as you need me -"

"I will always need you. I love you -" Her breath hitched, and he knew she was peaking. He was as well; he could feel him tightening in her hand. He couldn't stop it even if he wanted to, and his fingers worked her faster, pumping faster, his thumb circling. He held back until he felt the light pulsations around his fingers and she cried out against him, moaning his name while stroking his cock faster. It was more than enough and he came with her name on his lips. The euphoria almost blacked him out as he pressed his head into hers, nudding her back so he could kiss her. For a few moments they lay facing each other, panting, trying to come down for the dizzied heights they just experienced. The fire in Robb's heart wasn't diminished; it was burning brighter than ever, even as the guilt started to creep in. He knew he would be more tormented than ever, now that he put both voice and action behind his declaration of love.

He moved away from her first, looking at her torn dress. How was that going to be explained, along with her neck? Or the fact that he spilled in his Marine costume? Fuck, he wasn't thinking.

Sansa gingerly removed her hand from his trousers. It was wet with his ejaculation and she looked at it with something like interest, and then met his eyes.

"Hold on San." Robb got up reluctantly, holding his pants up before zipping. He was very, very grateful Theon had a private bathroom in his bedroom. Thank god for rich friends. He found a hand towel and wiped her hand clean. Not sure if he could explain to Theon, he was going to keep it; Theon had dozens and wouldn't miss one.

He tried his best to clean himself up in the bathroom.

When he came out, Sansa had put her wig back on and straightened her dress out as best she could,
tucking in the hanging ripped pieces into her bust. It showed even more cleavage than before and Robb’s cock twitched at the sight. The sight of her, with the taste of her in his mouth and her cries in his mind, was enough to want to start over again, but he resisted. It was risky enough to do what they did in Theon's room, especially since Theon was expecting him to meet some girl.

"San? Are you okay?"

It was tentatively asked. He knew he started out too persistent, too rough with his own desire, from the fog-filled room to ripping her dress. And he had been inside her.

She stood, smiling, her eyes bright.

"Yes." A smile affirmation, offering up their old easy compatibility.

He reached for her and she floated into his arms. Even this felt natural, right, as he leaned down to kiss her softly. Without any words, he grabbed his hat and keys, cautiously opening the door to check for straggling party goers. Seeing nothing, they made their way down the corridor, the noises from below deafening them.

He wished he could hold her hand all the way down the steps and beyond.

Chapter End Notes

My song choice for the Sansa/Robb dance moment is ColdKill "I'm Yours"


I couldn't get it out of my head as I wrote.
"Sansa, opening night is in less than a week. Are you sure you are ready?"

Sansa shifted nervously in the passenger seat of Loras's car, hugging her coat tighter. They were sitting in Sansa's driveway, finally home after a dismal costume rehearsal. Opening night was December 2, and it was fast approaching. It seemed at first the days were slowly ticking by, but now...

"Loras, I am positive I'm ready. Why wouldn't I be? I know all the lines like the back of my hand, and Petyr keeps praising us and our performance. He says we are the perfect Romeo and Juliet. Why wouldn't I be ready?"

It was dark already and only the porch light shone, but she could feel Loras's eyes on her. They had spent so much time together in the past month or so that rumors were circulating that they were dating. She started getting jealous looks from classmates and envious comments from her friends. At school he started sitting with her at lunch, much to the chagrin of Robb. They shared a passion that excluded everyone around them: the passion for acting, for the theatre. Bolstered by Petyr's constant approval, Sansa channeled all her private passion for her brother into a very public dedication to the stage. It emitted off of her and Loras was not immune; he, too, projected the same fervor with her and they were sizzling as the doomed romantic couple.

Off stage, she had acquired a close friend. He was handsome and charming and witty, but their chemistry was purely platonic. Kissing him was nice, she wouldn't lie about that; he was a lovely kisser, but it was like kissing... well, a brother. Although, not her eldest brother. She didn't feel it between her legs when Loras kissed her; there was no electric jolt to her brain like with Robb, no wishing he would put his hands everywhere, no hoping he would make love to her. But it was easy enough for her to funnel her frustration and longing through him, and she imagined he was Robb when they were on the stage. With his good looks, curly hair, muscled body, and same height, she could easily pretend, and it resulted in a truly tormented Juliet.

She also knew now why Renly Baratheon had been hanging around at the Halloween party. Loras revealed to her a few days ago that he thought he was in love with him, while swearing her to secrecy. A small part of her was disappointed, but another part of her was relieved. Loras had admitted he had sex with a couple of girls in the past, but felt like it was just going through the motions, and had been thinking about guys pretty much the whole time. His reputation at school came from those encounters; he had made sure he was the best at what he did, even as he doubted his sexuality. He had been shy and nervous telling her, and he said he feared that any possible future career in acting would be damaged if anyone knew he was gay, or even bisexual. Sansa could see his concern; he was hot, sexy, and all the girls swooned over him. If he ever made the big time, he would no doubt be expected to be a hetero romantic lead.

She kept his trust and said not one word to anyone. She desperately wanted to tell Robb, who was poorly concealing his jealousy over him, while swearing her to secrecy. A small part of her was disappointed, but another part of her was relieved. Loras had admitted he had sex with a couple of girls in the past, but felt like it was just going through the motions, and had been thinking about guys pretty much the whole time. His reputation at school came from those encounters; he had made sure he was the best at what he did, even as he doubted his sexuality. He had been shy and nervous telling her, and he said he feared that any possible future career in acting would be damaged if anyone knew he was gay, or even bisexual. Sansa could see his concern; he was hot, sexy, and all the girls swooned over him. If he ever made the big time, he would no doubt be expected to be a hetero romantic lead.

She kept his trust and said not one word to anyone. She desperately wanted to tell Robb, who was poorly concealing his jealousy over him, but she swore to not tell a soul, and she kind of liked a jealous Robb. It stroked her vanity and it amused her sometimes when Robb would scoot a little closer to her at the lunch table, or try to steer their conversation to something Loras had no skin in, or the way he would seethe when she informed him Loras would give her rides home when Robb worked at the shop.

"I don't know, Sansa. You seem like something is bothering you. I hope you know you can tell me anything. After all, you know my darkest secret."
Clueless Loras.

"I'm just nervous. This isn't a high school play, this is a production in an actual theatre. I might not be so petrified if Petyr wasn't touting the fact that there will be critics there, and possibly agents. Can you imagine having someone in the audience who might just make or break an acting career?"

"I hope there's someone noteworthy there," Loras countered, smiling his sexy grin. "Now that I'm eighteen, I'd be open to interested parties."

"Really? With still being in high school?"

"Look at all the younger actors out there, Sansa. Nothing is impossible."

She reflected on that for a moment. She couldn't imagine being whisked away for an acting career at sixteen. She had her family, friends, school... she was just learning to drive. For now, she just wanted to have fun on the stage. And there was Robb. She could never be too far away from him. He was her rock, her love. She had never really been away from him before, now that she thought about it; since she could remember she had always been by his side, or nearby.

"I think you should do what makes you happy, Loras," It was an honest statement. "Life is too short to not try to chase your dreams."

"And what about you, Sansa? What makes you happy? What are your dreams?"

She fell silent.

What makes her happy? Robb. What are her dreams? To be with Robb. She would love to be a famous actress, adored and sought after, but at the end of that dream there was always Robb; Robb escorting her to premieres, Robb visiting her on set, Robb waiting in the wings for her to come home, Robb holding her close in bed at night. Any way she thought about her future, Robb was in it. In her sixteen-year-old mind, nothing was impossible, not even the dream of living a life with Robb. They could work out the unfortunate reality of being siblings; they had to, didn't they? Since Halloween, it seemed Robb was avoiding her again. She was sure it was a combination of school, work, chores at home, and her schedule with the play, but panic filled her. Was he regretting what happened? He said he was in love with her. In love. Not the love of a brother, but a romantic love, a sexual love.

She pressed her legs together. Every time she thought of that night she became so wet. She ached for it again; his fingers inside her, his tongue on her, his mouth on her breasts, his cock in her hands. It hadn't happened again. They were never alone for more than a few seconds, and when she begged to go driving, he rebuffed her. It hurt her; he knew they could be alone in the car, but he passed it over. Her hopes for an encore faded like the hickey he had left on her neck, but they still stole moments to kiss or caress each other in passing. Light touches that only teased her, leaving her wanting so much more.

The urge to confess to Loras was overwhelming. The relief of unburdening herself to someone would be insurmountable but she dared not. Being gay was nothing compared to loving your brother incestuously. Would Loras be shocked and disgusted? Would he tell Petyr? Maybe he would be sympathetic? She couldn't risk it. The intimate relationship with Robb was in its infancy, and it was delicate enough without someone else being brought into it.

"I'm not sure, Loras, and it really requires too much thought this late at night," she finally decided on saying. "I should probably go in." They looked at each other.
"Okay, I get it. I'll walk you to the door -"

"No," She could only imagine if Robb was peeking out at them. "I will be fine. I'm not your girlfriend, you know," she teased.

He smirked a bit at that.

"Well, no, you're not. You are my Juliet, though. And if I had to have a girlfriend, I would ask you first, Sansa."

"Hopefully you won't be forced into having one, but thanks, Loras." She giggled a little then, while feeling bad for him at the same time. She understood, though, the need to keep something hidden, even if it meant being someone you weren't.

They said their goodbyes and Sansa watched him back out of the driveway before walking in the door. It truly was late; everyone was in bed, even Dad, as the living room was dark. Down the hall she saw a light in the kitchen and gravitated towards it, after hanging up her coat in the hall closet.

Robb.

Her heart fluttered as he leaned over the island, drinking a glass of water, then it sank when he looked up at her. His eyes were dull and he barely smiled. His hair was still damp and he was dressed for bed in a simple white tee and black pajama bottoms.

"A little late on a school night, isn't it, San?"

Trying her best to appear nonchalant, she shrugged her shoulders.

"I will get up just fine in the morning." You aren't Dad, she thought. "Petyr wants to make sure we are all set for next week, so rehearsal went over a bit."

"Is Petyr aware of curfews for minors? Oh, wait, you were home over a half hour ago, but you were chit chatting in the driveway."

"Chit chatting? You sound like a jealous old man." She couldn't help but smirk. He spied on her while she was talking to Loras! Imagine that!

He turned away from her and placed the empty glass on the counter. She grew indignant when he turned back around, avoided her gaze, and walked by her.

"I'm going to bed. You should, too. 'Night San. Sleep tight."

He left her there, alone in the kitchen. No hug, no good night kiss on the forehead... nothing. Sansa's insides started to churn and her jaw suddenly set in a determined line. She was not going to let him off that easily. Why should she? He was the one behaving like a brat. All she did was have a conversation with a friend.

She made her way through the living room and down the steps to the basement. He already had his door shut and she tried the knob; either he forgot to lock it or he just didn't care. Either way, it benefited her so she strode in, unannounced.

"Robb, what the HELL?"

He was messing with the clothes draped in his chair and he turned his head to look at her.

"You could have knocked first, you know," he said flatly.
"What is your problem?"

"I don't have a problem."

"Yes, you do. You're being a jerk."

"How am I being a jerk?"

He was baiting her and she knew it. What was he trying to get her to say?

"You - you didn't tell me good night."

"Yes, I did."

"Not like you usually do. You didn't even give me a hug." No sooner did the words tumble out of her mouth that she knew she sounded utterly ridiculous and childish, and maybe he thought so too from the way his eyebrows shot up and his half-smile twitched.

"I am sure you have had your fill of touching and kissing tonight, San. You don't need any more from your brother."

"Yours is what I need. And want."

"Fine, San." He walked over to her, reaching up to cup her face in his hands, tilting her face upwards. Her heart hammered wildly and she held her breath until he planted a chaste kiss on the top of her head.

"No." She reached out, grabbing at his t-shirt.

"Sansa, you need to go to bed. There's no telling when someone might wake up. What if Arya wakes up to see you aren't there and decides to investigate?"

She laid her palms flat against his broadening chest, looking up into his eyes. They sparkled now, with something like amusement, and he smiled at her, his hands still caressing her face.

"Arya sleeps through the night once she's out. You know that." His touch both soothed and excited her. "So kiss me goodnight like I want you to."

He cut her off by lowering his lips to hers in a feathery kiss, soft and gentle. His full lips easily drank her in, and she remembered how it felt to have those lips kissing her between her legs. She whimpered a bit, leaning into him, and he broke the kiss to travel up her cheek to her ear, lightly nipping and kissing there, circling his tongue around the lobe. She could feel his hot breath and his rapid breathing and it sent shivers down her spine.

He pulled away. Damn him.

"Is that better?"

She couldn't move or speak.

"I hope Loras and his kissing doesn't render you speechless on opening night."

Oh, he was back on that again! Seriously? She moved away from him, heading towards the door, but turned back to look at him squarely in the eyes as she lifted her chin at him.

"Loras doesn't make me want more kissing. Loras doesn't give me the butterflies in my stomach with
just a touch. Thinking of Loras doesn't make me wet between my legs. I don't dream of Loras inside of me." She triumphantly observed him tensing. "I will tell you this now, Robb. Next time, YOU will have to touch ME first. YOU will have to plead with ME."

She left him there and headed to bed.

Robb tugged at his tie, not used to anything around his neck. He preferred his buttoned henleys, or a simple crewneck shirt. Of course, this was a special occasion, and he was determined to dress for it. He hadn't been in a dressy outfit and tie since Mom died, and of course those memories crashed over him while he dressed. Almost a year and a half, and it seemed like yesterday he was dressing the same way, holding in the tears and pain, trying to be strong for everyone, including Dad. The difference now was, of course, he felt excitement, and then there was his blue shirt. It was Sansa's favorite color and she had picked it out herself for him to wear for the opening night of her play. She said it matched his eye color perfectly, and she was right.

From the dark recesses of his closet, he dug around until he found his black wool coat, hoping it would still fit; thankfully it did. He remembered it being a size too big the last time he had it on; now it was nearly a perfect fit. Everything just felt so strange; he was a jeans guy. But, for Sansa, he would suffer.
She had left hours before. Bran, Rickon, and Arya were already hanging at the Baratheons; they weren't going. Rickon and Bran were just too young to appreciate the play, and Arya was just being Arya, preferring the company of Tommen and Myrcella to a "bunch of stuffy over-dressed old geezers", even as Robb told her she should support her sister. Arya shot back that Sansa had him and Dad going for moral support, she wouldn't be missed. There was a new tone in her voice that didn't escape his attention, but he didn't feel like addressing it at the time.

He looked at the clock by his bed. 5:35.

Dad was supposed to be home by now. When Robb checked, his flight had already come in and he should be on his way from the airport, but he received no texts, even though he sent a few terse ones. Dad couldn't pass up the opportunity to clinch another client on the business trip; it would mean more money and possibly more clients in the future, and he reassured them he would have plenty of time to make it, even if there were any small delays. Robb didn't want to reflect on the fact that he wasn't feeling the pangs of disappointment, due to the fact that he had grown numb to it, but he was worried for Sansa's sake. She had been bolstered by Dad's promise to make it.

Grabbing his keys, he took one more look in his mirror to make sure everything was in place, and headed out. He was using Dad's SUV and picking up Jon, Sam and Theon. Sam was a total bookworm, especially the classics, so he was pumped; Jon liked anything broody and tragic, so it was right up his alley, and he wanted to support his cousin; but Theon? Robb thought maybe he wanted to support Sansa as well, but lately Robb's paranoid senses picked up an ulterior motive; his best friend was attracted to her. Theon and plays just did not mix.

Theon called shotgun so he sat in the passenger seat, and was given the dubious honor of holding Sansa's flowers. Jon, dressed in all black with his hair slicked back in a subdued ponytail, sat in the back with Sam, who fussed uncomfortably over his barely-worn dress shoes. Robb tried to engage himself in their conversations but he kept his mind on Sansa. Lately he was becoming a master at speaking and thinking two different things at the same time. It had become a part of his deception to the world, and to himself, and he hated himself for it. He had to be reduced to lying and hiding to everyone, and that was not who his mother - or father - raised him to be. All he ever knew was honor and honesty in his family, and he knew now there was no honor nor honesty in him. All because he had to fall in love with his sister, the only person on this earth he shouldn't be with, and he would do whatever it took to keep it secret...and alive.

"Thinking of Loras doesn't make me wet between my legs. I don't dream of Loras inside of me. Next time, YOU will have to touch ME first. YOU will have to plead with ME."

She dreamed of him inside her. Her words still rang in his head, like the sweetest, most torturous song replaying over and over until he thought he would go insane. She threw down the gauntlet. He struggled; he had wanted to race after her, drag her back to his room and show her he wanted her just as much as she wanted him, and it took all of his willpower not to do it, even at the risk of being caught at any moment by their siblings or, even worse, their father. It scared him, the overwhelming desire for her. He recognized it had been building, buried, for years. There was only so much he could attribute to mere brotherly affection. He knew now why he felt so little with the girls he's kissed, and why it never bothered him too much that Jeyne denied him the ultimate sexual favor. A normal teen boy would have begged, pleaded, cajoled, tried over and over to be her first, would have been heady with a rush of lust and first love. He wouldn't deny he liked Jeyne, she was pretty and adoring and although she was determined to remain a technical virgin, she wasn't above a good fingering, and she also was accepting of giving and receiving oral. Yet, for all he cared for Jeyne, and respected her, she never felt quite right to him, never filled his heart and mind; never inflamed his body.
What kind of fucked up individual was he, where the only girl he wanted was his sister? It wasn't just a physical want. If it was only sexual, he could manage that. It might take him becoming the worst whore at Winterfell High and beyond, but he would try to fuck the desire out of him. It was the emotional and mental want combined with the physical that scared him. She made him care with the way she spoke honestly with him, how vulnerable she was with him, how she mothered Rickon and Bran, how she doubled her attempts to be a decent sister to a sarcastic Arya, and how she kept her sweetness and hope and trust in all things good, even after losing their mother at a young age. She erased his pain, soothed him, but now that he'd finally had a taste of her - quite literally - he was fighting his need for her. Why was he fighting? She knew what she wanted, she told him she wanted him but now he would have to make a move; she was done. Frustration like he never knew flooded him this week; she not once asked for a kiss, or even a hug, and he couldn't bring himself to reach for her. At night, alone, he achieved his release but it was anything but perfunctory as he gave up and imagined her hand on his cock and his mouth on her sweet pussy. Afterwards he would be racked by the guilt, only to start again moments later.

The parking lot was half full when they arrived; Robb made sure they were early so he could slip backstage and wish Sansa good luck. The guys seemed to have no problem with waiting, sitting casually in their seats, keeping up conversations and messing with their phones. He was hardly acknowledged by them when he left, flowers in hand, and made his way through the side door, up a short flight of steps, around around the corner to the dressing rooms. It was surprisingly quiet, everyone conversing in hushed tones, nothing like he imagined. He scanned through the actors and spotted Baelish with Loras. Well, at least Loras wasn't hanging on Sansa.

"Robb!" Loras flagged him. He looked dashing as Romeo in full costume. Robb begrudgingly had to admit Baelish made an excellent casting choice.

He raised his eyebrows at him and Loras pointed at a small dressing room off to the side; it looked about the size of a broom closet. He knocked, softly at first and then with some pressure. He heard her voice through the door telling him to come in.

The door creaked open and she immediately leapt from her dressing table, running over to hug him, planting a discreet kiss to his cheek, nearly crushing the flowers.

"Hey, Starshine," he whispered. "Thought I would wish you luck."

She was gorgeous, sparkling in a wine colored velvet medieval gown, her hair streaming down her back. She wore his necklace around her neck still, and she had a ton of makeup on. Theatre makeup, of course, but she looked ten years older. She stepped back, smiling, and eyed the beautiful bouquet.

"For me? Robb! They are perfect!" He gave them to her and she took them, bringing them to her nose and inhaling with her eyes closed. "Thank you."

He desperately wanted to gather her in his arms and crush her to him, kissing her red painted lips, but of course he dared not. Instead he smiled and winked when she looked at him, and her smile turned slightly sensuous as she scanned him up and down.

"You look so handsome. Too handsome. You take my breath away." To others' ears it was a sister teasing a brother; to theirs it meant so much more. Robb felt a tightening in his groin.

"And you are beautiful, San. The loveliest Juliet I've ever seen."

There was so much more to say, to feel, to do, but that was all he could speak. Her smile faded a bit as she looked behind him.
"Where's Dad?"

His heart sank and for a split second he debated just what to say.

"He's running a bit behind but he's on his way. I wanted to get here early to see you without family or friends hanging over us. I guess I am selfish like that."

Her smile brightened and she hugged him close, her hand on his neck to bring his ear down to her lips. He shivered.

"I love your selfishness." Sweet, molten, like honey in his ears and heart.

Within moments she broke away to place the bouquet on the table as Loras appeared in the doorway.

"Hey Robb. Nice flowers! Glad you're here supporting your sis. She's going to blow everyone away, I know it!"

"I have no doubt," Robb said smoothly, willing his erection to fade quickly. Jesus, he needed to make a quick exit. "I'll leave you both to the last-minute jitters."

They said their goodbyes and Robb left, making his way back to his seat, where Theon was getting a bit loud in his laughing as Jon rolled his eyes and Sam concentrated on his phone. Sandwiched between Theon and Jon, he checked his cell. Nothing from Dad.

"So, is she nervous as hell?" Theon slumped in his seat, his roving eye scanning the audience for any hot chicks.

"Not really. I think she's more excited than anything."

"So did you run into Loras?"

"Yeah, for a second. Why?"

Theon shrugged and pulled out his phone to check it. Without looking at him, he continued.

"I think he and Sansa have a thing going. Somebody said they saw them dancing at my Halloween party, and really, dude, they are hanging out quite a bit at school. Just thought you'd be a bit more concerned than you seem to be. Loras has a rep with the ladies. Hell, I guess sexually he gives it pretty good, from what I've heard straight from the chicks he was with."

"Jesus, Theon, is that all you think about? There's more to life than sex -"

"Says the dude who was spotted buying condoms last week. C'mon, Stark, I'm your best friend and you've not shared any info with me. Unless you bought them as wishful thinking. Or you plan on taking me up on that offer to introduce you to Ros?"

Robb was grateful for the dim lighting and pretended to concentrate on his phone. He remembered running into Theon's sister at the drugstore, but didn't realize she saw what he was buying. Honestly, he didn't quite know how to defend himself on that. It wasn't like the purchase meant he knew eventually he was going to be having sex with Sansa; it was more of a 'just in case' scenario. Wasn't it?

"There's no one. I just wanted to make sure if the opportunity comes along, I'm prepared."

"Shit, you Starks are always so responsible. I live by the motto 'if it ain't skin, it ain't in'. No way am I fucking up the feeling of a pussy around my dick."
Jon coughed and Sam dropped his phone.

"Oh give me a break, the two virgins are freaked out about fuck talk." Theon rolled his eyes and chuckled. "Goddamn pansies."

"Sorry, Theon, I guess you like the idea of becoming a father?" Jon sat forward to look past Robb, raising his eyebrows. "I don't think I can picture you as a doting dad."

"Fuck you, Jon. I fucking pull out in time, every time. Haven't knocked anyone up yet, as far as I know."

"Yeah? Well, notice any sores or itching? Got an HIV test lately?"

"Jon, Theon, just stop, ok? We are in a theatre, can we keep the talk a bit more... civilized? " Robb's eyes darted to the older ladies in front of him.

"Sure. So did your sister like her flowers?"

"Yeah."

"That was a cool thing to do. Not sure I'd do that for my sister. Then again, my sister isn't a major hottie -"

" Shut the fuck UP, Theon!" Jon hissed.

"Can we all just be quiet?" Sam sighed. It was the first thing he'd spoken since he climbed in the car.

The lights flickered. Robb drew a sigh of relief. Then his phone vibrated.

_Sorry Son. Looks like I won't make it home tonight. Will be home on next flight tomorrow. Tell Sansa sorry and much love. Dad_

Robb all but threw his phone.

_Damn him._

He noticed Jon and Theon eyeing him but ignored them, clenching his jaw. This whole night meant so much to Sansa, and Dad would not be here for it. This was a once in a lifetime thing, an acting debut. How was he going to explain this to Sansa now, after he told her Dad was on the way? The only saving grace was that she wouldn't know before she went on stage.

All the anger and frustration he was feeling melted away when the play began and he saw Sansa on stage. Admittedly the scenes without her were less the compelling, and he found his thoughts wandering, but when he saw her, everything was about her. Her love, her pain, her happiness and despair... she was beautiful and tragic, and she made him feel for her Juliet... not unlike how he actually felt for her. His heart bled for her. He wished he could snap his fingers to transport their father to the front row, wished she had not fallen in love with her own brother, and at the same time wished she would love no one else.

He couldn't bear the kissing scenes. He dreaded them and when they came, when Loras held her in his arms and leaned in, he looked down. Particularly the morning after scene; he had to close his eyes. When he opened them, he looked to his right and Theon was staring straight at him. For a split second Theon's gaze held a serious note, or them maybe he imagined it as Theon leaned over to elbow him and raise his eyebrows suggestively while snickering. Damn his friend. Over to his left he saw Jon sitting transfixed. Of course Jon the Broody would totally be into Romeo and Juliet. It was a
wonder that he hadn't tried for the role himself. Sam was enraptured as well. No one was more emotionally struck or more proud than Robb. Sansa was in her element, he was sure this was her calling, and his heart swelled with pride and love.

The ending scene tugged at his heartstrings, seeing a grief-stricken Juliet mirrored Sansa's despair at Mom's sickness and death. Or maybe he was envisioning them in the future. There was no way their love could be sustained throughout their lives. Sansa refused to see it because of her romantic nature; Robb could see what could possibly be due to his practical nature. Sorrow, regret, deception and hiding... these were the only things he would be giving her... yet, still he couldn't imagine his life without her....

Then it was over.

The thundering applause and standing ovations drew him out of the magic of Sansa as he stood with everyone else. She sought and caught his eyes while taking her curtsy and his heart skipped as she smiled and blew a kiss, seemingly to the audience but he knew it was meant for only him. His happiness was shattered in an instant when Loras leaned over, encircling Sansa by her waist, and kissed her, increasing the audiences' response. It happened so quickly, unexpectedly, that Robb had no warning to look away and he froze in jealous horror, brought back only by Theon giving him a shove.

"Goddamn that was actually good," Theon shouted as the curtain was drawn and the crowd died down. "Never thought I'd ever say that about a play."

Robb tugged at his tie. He couldn't erase Loras Tyrell from his head. Little fucking prick. It was one thing to kiss her as the acting required; it was quite something else to grab her and plant one on her like she was his girl. She wasn't his girl. She would never be his girl, according to Sansa's own words.

"Thinking of Loras doesn't make me wet between my legs. I don't dream of Loras inside of me. Next time, YOU will have to touch ME first. YOU will have to plead with ME."

"So, what now, Stark? Party time? My place?"

Good ol' Theon.

"Um, I don't think so, unless you guys want," he said, looking over at Jon and Sam. "I need to go offer congrats to San and see if Dad texted her. Since he didn't make it -"

"Sorry, cuz." Jon offered a genuine apology, his dark eyes holding understanding. "I know how pumped Sansa was to have Uncle Ned see her acting debut. Why do we all go offer her a congrats? Maybe she will want to shake it off with a party, or maybe we could all go somewhere to hang and eat? Unless the actors have some after-party."

All four of them agreed and made their way to the dressing rooms. The hall was crowded with people and laughter, but Robb didn't see Sansa. He spotted Baelish and Loras talking to what he surmised were agents or producers, from their body language. He pushed past everyone to Sansa's little dressing room; the door was shut. He pounded on it.

"San? It's Robb... and Jon, Sam, and Theon -"

She opened the door and walked away before he could see her face. She already had her street clothes on and was tugging on her coat, grabbing his flowers and abandoning the rest of the bouquets on the table.
"San, that was an awesome performance," he started cautiously. "Everyone was completely taken with you as Juliet."

"Yes, except Dad."

Robb's heart sank and the guys behind him were silent.

"Sansa -"

"Oh, he sent flowers. I told Baelish it's okay to donate all the flowers to a local nursing home. With the exception of these. These I love." She turned back around. She still had her makeup on and her eyes were dry. No tears. "I just saw his text when I got back."

"Well, Sansa, you were a beautiful Juliet." Jon's voice was firm, reassuring.

"Thank you Jon."

"Yes, Sansa, you made me cry," Sam offered, stumbling around with his words a bit. "You - made Juliet - a perfect character."

"That's sweet of you, Sam."

"Yeah, you totally made me want to bang Juliet."

_Goddamn Theon._ Robb was about to turn around and deck him but resisted when Sansa laughed, along with Theon.

"Coming from you, Theon, that is probably the highest compliment, so thanks!"

"Sansa, has Baelish said anything about an after-party? Now that the plans with - the plans we had are gone, maybe you would want to -" Robb was cut off.

"NO." She shook her head. "I'm not much for a party. I'm sort of drained. I think tonight I just want to maybe go home, spend time with Arya, Bran, and Rickon. I imagine the after party will have a lot of sucking up to headhunters, and I can't deal with that right now."

Robb's insides twisted. He knew she was upset with him. She knew he lied to her before the performance... but he didn't really lie. He didn't know for sure until Dad sent that last text that he wasn't going to be there. Hopefully after he dropped everyone off and they were alone, he could explain to her and she would understand. She still hadn't met his eyes.

"Well, if that's what you want... Robb, just go ahead and drop me and Jon and Sam off at my place. We can raise some kind of hell while you take Sansa home."

Despite himself, Robb smiled. Raising hell with Jon and Sam? Theon was a bit delusional. But, that was Theon, never alone. Even if it meant hanging out with the two most anti-social, quiet guys that probably ever lived.

"Sure. San, I'll text Arya and let her know we are on our way home. I know she and the boys are at the Baratheons, or at least they were."

Sansa nodded, taking a last quick scan of the room before ushering them all out, slamming the door, and leaving her father's flowers behind, the note card unread.
Sansa sighed with relief as the boys were dropped off at Theon’s. It wasn’t that she didn’t enjoy their company, or that she wasn’t grateful for their support. Quite the contrary; she loved all of them for making the effort, for encouraging her, when her own father, her only parent left, couldn't be there. But she just wasn't feeling up to a party, or racy talk, or even socializing in general. The high from her performance crashed to a complete low when she checked her phone after the play. It wasn’t even the crushing disappointment from Dad that affected her so much, like everyone thought; it was Robb’s deception. There was no one else in the world she trusted as much as she trusted Robb; she knew she could always depend on him to tell the truth, no matter how harsh or unpleasant it was.

Of course, she had lied to him as well, about going to the Halloween party. This was different; this was about Dad. It was over something very precious to her and obviously Robb didn’t take it as seriously.

She glanced over at him; he was concentrating on driving, or trying to look like he was. As always, she was struck by how handsome he really was, and how he was growing even more so into adulthood. Every so often the streetlights glared through the window, reflecting off of his dark auburn curls and serious face. Him not speaking signified guilt to Sansa. He reached over to turn on the radio, and that was when Sansa broke the silence by grabbing his hand to stop him.

"I don't want the radio on. I want to talk."

He glanced at her then and nodded slightly.

"We are almost home, San, and we can talk then."

"No we can't. I don't want Arya and Bran and Rickon around for this."

She heard him sigh, eyes on the road again.

"I know you're pissed about Dad, San. Please believe me that I didn't know for sure about him not showing until you were getting ready to hit the stage. I thought for sure he would just be late. Look at his text; it was sent after I stopped in to see you." He swallowed hard. "Besides, truth be known, I would have still kept it from you, because I didn't want it to affect your performance. I knew this was too important to you."

"I'm not a baby, Robb. And Petyr says an actor worth his salt will set aside any personal issues and not let it affect their ability to portray a character correctly in a scene."

"I never said you were a baby. I think by now you know that I definitely know you are no baby."

She ignored that.

"I just don't know how much more I can take of Dad not caring. And with you lying I am so ready to freak out."

"I'm SORRY, SAN! Jesus, I've apologized, what more do you want? For me to cut out my goddamn heart and give it to you on a silver platter? Oh wait, too late!"
She fell silent. That was the first time since Theon’s party where he made a direct comment on him being in love with her. It hit her directly in her heart, and what could she argue with against that? Maybe her resentment at Robb was misdirected. She should focus it on the one who truly deserved it, shouldn't she? Or maybe, deep down, she wanted to be angry at Robb. Maybe it was helping her deal with the fact he hadn't attempted to touch her intimately since the party. Childish? Maybe.

"Just take me home so I can wash this crap off my face and breathe again."

He nodded his agreement and said nothing else.

Aside from Dad, the evening was perfect. She didn't even experience the dreaded stage fright; she remembered all her lines, and everything was on cue. She truly felt that she was Juliet, and when she dimmed her eyes, she could see Robb as her Romeo. Well, at least until Loras held her and kissed her; but even then she poured her passion into the kisses, even if they left her dry and wanting. At the curtain call, she immediately found Robb in the audience and couldn't resist blowing him a kiss, but then Loras made a surprising move and kissed her in front of everyone. The crowd loved it but Sansa was terrified that it would hurt Robb's feelings. She was going to reassure him it was like kissing a brick wall, sort of, but then she got Dad’s message and calming Robb’s jealousies over Loras was the last thing on her mind. Also the last thing on her mind was Baelish's invite to the after-party, with promises that agents from Hollywood would be there. She was underage, and without her father attending, there was really no point in it.

She looked down at Robb's flowers. *So lovely, so thoughtful*. She could try to stay mad at him, but what was the point? She knew he didn't intend for her to be upset.

They arrived home. Robb jumped out of the car to run over and open hers. She was going to admonish him, saying brothers don’t do that for sisters, but knew it would be pointless, so she thanked him instead. He even took her flowers and walked behind her to the door. The door was locked and it was dark inside.

"Arya? Bran? Rickon?"

Robb's voice boomed through the house and was met with silence. Obviously they were still at the Baraethon's, but it was Saturday night. Still, it was too late for ten year old Rickon to be out.

"Can you text them? They should be home by now. Do they know about Dad?" She couldn't hide the hitch in her voice.

*Alone. They were alone.*

*Now.*

She hurriedly flipped on all the lights as Robb's fingers flew on his phone. She started biting her lip as her heart rate sped up. How many times had she prayed to whatever god was out there that they could be alone? Now they were, but for how long? Her first instinct was to run over, slap the phone out of his hand, and kiss him. But she remembered all these past weeks where he shied away from her. She had told him he would have to touch her first, and she meant it. Her pride was hurt along with her feelings and she had to be made to see that. but... but he was just standing there, looking so... hot? Yes, yes he was hot. He was hot and comforting and sexual and sweet and he loved her.

Shrugging off her jacket and placing it in the hall closet, she instead walked towards the steps.

"Robb? I'm - I'm going to take a shower and get this paint off of my face." *Please, voice, please stop sounding so unnatural!*
"Sure. You hungry?"

For you. For us. Please, Robb. Please. Oh god, I'm going to hell, aren't I? Can't we just be happy? I can't take this. It might be wrong for everyone else but they don't matter.

"No. I think with everything going on, I don't have an appetite."

She raced up the steps to toss her phone in her room before running into the bathroom, slamming the door. Determined, frustrated, she stripped quickly and jumped into the shower with a clean washcloth, soaping it up excessively to scrub mercilessly at her face, while turning on the hot water full blast. She was hoping the heat would scald the desire off of her but all it did was redden her flesh. She washed in record time and, once towed, flung open the door, the steam rolling out behind her. If she was hopeful to see Robb lustily standing there, she was disappointed.

Whatever.

Tank top and pajama bottoms it is, with sensible, white cotton bikinis.

It was so quiet.

She could do one of two things; be a spoiled little sulking brat and go straight to bed, or she could go hang out with Robb. Part of her wanted to crawl into her bed and play the waiting game; see if Robb would come upstairs out of concern or desire. She imagined him bursting through the door, taking her in his arms and kissing her breathless before madly pulling off her clothes to hold her naked against him.

Like that would happen.

Sighing, she left her phone on her nightstand and made her way downstairs. The living room light was on but Robb wasn't there, so she floated down the other flight of stairs and into the rec room, where he lounged on the couch. He was drinking a Coke straight from the can, already in his Green Day t-shirt and black and red plaid PJ bottoms, feet bare. He had nice feet for a guy; they didn't stink and weren't hairy, or weird looking. For some reason she focused on his exposed ankles, wanting to rub her feet up against them. Maybe she had a foot fetish. The thought made her smile as she approached him to sit down. He smiled up at her - oh god, just his smile did things to her.

"Hey Starshine. I brought a bottled water down here for you." He motioned to the end table where it sat. "You said you weren't hungry but if you change your mind let me know. I started watching a movie but if you want something else -"

She sank into the cushion next to him and he moved in, easily putting her arm around her and she leaned into him, grateful, glancing at the TV. She groaned.

"Really? The Last Samurai again?"

"Hey, it's a classic."

"I'm not sure about that."

"Well, suggest something else then."

She shrugged, not caring about the movie choice. She was more interested in resting her head on his chest; his heart was hammering wildly. After the emotional highs and lows of the day, she was actually exhausted, and the shower had only worsened it. Her body was sending conflicting signals. Before she really knew what was happening, Robb moved them to where he was lying down, his
head propped up on the pillows, and she was lying on top of him, the right side of her face pressed into his chest. His arms snaked around her back to hold her. It was the best feeling she ever experienced... well, maybe it was on par with the orgasms he had given her. Neither of them said a word as his hand raised upwards to play with strands of her hair. It was like a death knell to her sexual frustration as she felt her eyelids droop, with the sounds of actors talking and her brother's heartbeat fading from her ears.

*This is a whole literal meaning to Netflix and chill,* she thought sleepily.

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Robb tried to reach his phone on the coffee table without disturbing Sansa. It went off twice and he needed to check it, just in case it was Dad. She had only been asleep for about twenty minutes; The Last Samurai was still playing, even though he had muted it. He loved being able to lie like this with her on the couch, and if Dad or Arya and Bran and Rickon came home, he had plenty of time to right themselves. He allowed himself a moment of daydreaming what this would be like if they had a home of their own, and then he concentrated on the movie.

He squirmed a bit and was able to reach his cell, but in doing so Sansa stirred. Frowning, he checked his messages and swallowed. Arya. She and the boys were spending the night at the Baratheon's. Dad. His flight should be in at 1 pm tomorrow.

"Hmmm. No." Sansa sleepily muttered into his chest, reaching up to swat at his phone. "Too comfy."

Wordlessly, he texted back quick responses to Dad and Arya before shutting off his phone. No more interruptions, now that he knew he and Sansa had the night to themselves. They had until tomorrow afternoon at least. Sansa was drowsy and warm against him and without thought he gathered her in his arms and stood up, letting his phone drop to the floor.

There was one thing he knew; she was going to sleep in his bed tonight.

He was amazed at how light she felt, almost like air, and she nestled into him, her lips dangerously close to his neck. He could feel her soft breath warming his skin as he entered his room and laid her down as gently as possible. Her eyes fluttered open then and she reached out for him as he turned down the bed, maneuvering the covers down from underneath her. Climbing in, he embraced her.

"Go back to sleep, San." He leaned over to kiss her forehead and smooth the strands that stuck there. "We can have this all night."

"All night?" She sat upright at that, wide-eyed. "Did you just say... all night?"

"Yes."

The realization struck her and all drowsiness was forgotten as she looked down at him. He was still lying on his side.

"Robb -"

"Sansa." He tried to keep the desperation, the struggle, the pleading out of his voice.

Her chin jutted forward and jerked; he knew she was being defiant before she spoke.
"I'm not going to beg for you. I'm not. But I know I can't just lie down with you and go to sleep. Not in your bed. Not when we are alone with no one to barge in on us."

"And I don't want to take advantage -"

"Oh, come off it, Robb! You don't want to take advantage of me? Save it. I know about those condoms you bought and stashed in your nightstand. Did you buy those for us or did you intend on fucking some other girl?"

Stunned, he sat up and moved off the bed. Standing on the side, he felt his face flush.

"How - Sansa, how did you know? San - were you snooping through my stuff?

"Damn skippy I was! I came in here one night when you were working to get laundry together and yes, ok, fine, I snooped! So what? Are you going to tell me?"

He didn't know if he should laugh or be angry.

"There's no one else, San."

A small, sensuous smirk crossed her face.

"Good. Well, you might as well come back to bed because I'm not leaving."

Aggressive Sansa. His groin twitched. She had said it firmly, resolutely, and she meant business. None of that sweet pleading she has done in the past. Jesus. How was it that she was so confident? How could she take this so lightly?

"You're not leaving? Well, then, goodnight San, sleep tight. Don't let the bedbugs bite -"

"What? Robb -"

He turned away from her and forced his legs to walk to the door. They felt like like cement and it took forever to reach his destination. His mind was a blur, his heart racing too quickly, the blood boiling against his skin. He closed his eyes. All he could see behind his lids was Sansa. He loved her. He wanted her. He couldn't imagine being with anyone else but her. He had a choice to make, and whatever path he chose, there were consequences. One was a lifetime of denial, wondering what could have been, living a lie and keeping Sansa as his sibling only. The other was giving in, making love to her, risking everything at all times to be her lover, and knowing what an all-encompassing love could feel like.

He inhaled and exhaled deeply, before shutting his door and locking it. The sound thundered through his head as he turned around and rushed to the bed to her outstretched arms. All at once he held her, breathed her in, meeting his lips with hers in a frenzied kiss; his conflict erased by the wetness of her tongue, the feel of her breasts against her chest. This time when she pulled him to her onto the bed he didn't pull away. As they kissed again and again his hands greedily stripped her of her tank top, skimming over her bare breasts before traveling down her sides to her waistband. No hesitation now as he yanked both her bottoms and her panties down in one fell swoop; she helped him by bending her knees up so he could slide them completely off.

She was a vision. He had never seen her completely naked before; he thought her a goddess lying there, looking up at him with trust and love and lust in her bright blue eyes, her lips slightly parted. He swallowed, finding his voice but not recognizing it as he spoke huskily.

"You're beautiful, Sansa."
"As you are, too," she smiled. "Let me see you."

Her wish was his command.

He left the bed for only a few moments and stripped easily out of his shirt and lounge pants, thankful he had gone commando. It was one less article of clothing to worry about. For a moment he stood there while she drank him in in all his naked glory, realizing this was the first time she saw a naked male body in real life. Her eyes traveled to his cock, already at attention and pathetically twitching at her. He read uncertainty in her eyes, or maybe it was fear, but he also saw the desire there.

"You are handsome, Robb. My Robb." She held out her arms again to him and he joined her again, this time to hold her completely naked in his arms.

She felt smooth and silky against his skin; she felt right, perfect. Like she was made to fit in his embrace.

"My Sansa." He kissed her again, gently this time. Although everything was racing and crashing inside him, he was determined to be gentle now, determined to make this moment, this night, something they could both remember with love when their lives became less sweet. She accepted his feather kisses with musical sighs as he ghosted kisses down her neck to her breasts, his hands starting to tremble as they followed, until he licked past her breasts to her taut stomach, and even lower until his mouth found what he was looking for. His hands still strayed at her nipples, lightly circling, his arms stretched to their fullest as he dipped his head down to lightly graze her clit with his tongue. She whimpered and then gasped, trying to stifle the sound with her hand. He stopped to look up at her.

"You don't have to hide how you feel, San. There's no one here to hear you but me, and I want to hear you. Your sounds are the ones I will carry with me to the grave."

He didn't wait for a reply as he licked slowly at her clit, then further down and then up again. She tasted sweet and a bit tart, and he licked into her harder, starting a rhythm as he felt her raising her hips into his face; he pressed harder as his arms came down to snake around the back of her thighs to elevate her just a touch; it gained him easier access to her opening as he slid his tongue inside her as far as he could go, he heard an 'oh god' and 'ahhh' before she fell into low moans as he slowly moved his tongue back out and in again, curling the tip to flutter inside of her. Her wet, soft walls surrounded his tongue, filling his mouth with her secretions. He knew she would taste even sweeter when she came.

To help her along, he smoothed one hand over her thigh to her clit and began gently massaging while increasing his movements with his tongue. She bucked faster against him and he could feel her swelling. She was getting close to her peak already.

She must have sensed it because she protested.

"Robb, please, come up here, I want you to make love to me. Please, please, I'm going to come and I don't want to -"

He ignored her pleas, and it didn't matter anyway as she peaked almost instantly.

"Robb! Robb! No, no not like... Ahhh! Ah!" She reached down to yank his curls as he felt the pulsations against his tongue and the rush of her orgasm found its way into his mouth, which he greedily lapped up and swallowed. He continued to gently stroke over her lips as he withdrew his mouth from her and kissed her inner thighs. As he moved back up to her, his hand cupped her mound gently and stayed there. He moved to start kissing her neck but saw her pouting through the flush of her orgasm.
"Sansa, what's wrong?"

She turned her head to look at him; he was on his side curled around her as she lay on her back. She licked her lips and stared into him.

"I wanted more, Robb. And you let me come."

He smiled then.

"Sansa, you can come more than once in a night." He planted a kiss against her neck. "I can give you as many as you want."

"I want you. I want you to make love to me."

"I am making love to you."

"Not -" she reached down, grasping his cock in her hands -"with this."

Jesus Christ, she started stroking him and all thought left him again. When he concentrated on her it was easy to control his erection; with her small, warm hands he thought he would come right then. And he didn't want to. Gently, he moved his hand where he cupped her, feeling the hair and the soft folds, still wet and now starting to emit a new wetness. Their breath increased together as their strokes fell in time; he slipped his middle finger in her easily and she gasped, moving to lean into him and whimpering. He quickly added another finger, stretching them both out inside her while moving in and out like his tongue had done. She was so tight and he was worried. He was suddenly afraid of hurting her. It's not like he was experienced as far as intercourse was concerned. Oral yes, actual fucking... not so much.

"Sansa - are you sure you want to make love?" Was he asking for her sake, or for his? God, he wanted to be inside her, wanted to be as close as possible to her, to feel her legs around his waist. He trembled. Was this real?

"Yes. Mmmm. Ah, yes, I love you -"

Gently he pulled his fingers out of her, hearing the wet sounds as he did so, and her whimper of protest hung in the air as he moved away and she reluctantly let go of his cock. With shaking fingers he fumbled around in his nightstand and found a loose package; within seconds he had it ripped open and the condom rolled onto his throbbing cock. He had wasted a few previously so he could perfect wearing it properly, so it was the easiest thing in the world to do... only this time he was shaking so badly it took more concentration.

Christ. This was really happening. This was really happening. He started to panic a bit. Oh god, this moment could never be taken back; this moment would never be duplicated. He wanted Sansa to remember this moment for what it was. Love.

"Are you sure?" He had to ask again. And again.

"Yes."

He moved to settle between her thighs. His cock brushed against her and she gasped, tensed. Wordlessly, he cupped her face in his hands, and they stared into each others' eyes. He smiled and she did as well; her hands fluttered up to push his curls back from his brow.

"I love you, Sansa. I will always love you and cherish you, and you mean everything to me. Now, and...always."
"I love you, too Robb. I want this. Always."

He groaned and leaned in to kiss her tenderly, while reaching down to stroke her again, his fingers deftly moving through her folds and dipping back into her hole, while he laved attention on her cheek, her ear, her neck, building up her passion again as she clung to him, her hands snaked up into his hair. She started to moan, bucking her hips and he knew she was getting closer again; he pulled his fingers out and, bracing himself against her on one hand, he took his other and guided his cock to her entrance.

Slowly, so slowly, he started entering her. She gasped, looking into his eyes, and he gasped as well, committing her face to his memory. He inched in further, carefully, a little more than halfway in now; feeling resistance, but the warmth flashed through the condom as if there was nothing between skins; she was so tight. He heard a slight squeaking noise coming from her and he stopped. To his horror he saw tears in her eyes, but she was still smiling at him, biting her lips. He tenderly kissed away her tears. Assuring him with a nod, bucking her hips upwards while wrapping her silky long legs around his waist, she silently entreated him to continue. He pushed the rest of the way in as slow as he could until he was buried fully inside her; she cried out then, her nails finding their way embedded down the length of his back. He gladly accepted it; it was only fair he shared in the pain. His heart broke and sang at the same time, and he stilled until he felt her relaxing again.

"Sansa, are you okay? Do you want me to stop? Are you in too much pain?" Perhaps not the most romantic thing to say, but he was worried for her. He dreaded hurting her but knew it would be this way; he only knew how to make sure she was aroused enough to have it hurt less...

"Yes, Robb, I'm.. it's... please, move. Please. I - I am okay. You feel - good - it's - you are - oh, I don't know - I feel - ah, you are mine now."

"Yes, Sansa, I am yours." He started moving, not pulling all the way out, but just enough to cause friction. His fingers started to work her clit; he raised up for better access to her. He wanted to look down to see him inside her but he kept his eyes on her instead, watching her lovely face grow slack as she grew accustomed to him, her mouth shaped into an "O" as she intermittently opened and closed her eyes, looking at him, her hair fanned out on his pillow. He kept his thrust tender while quickening his pace as his fingers manipulated her nub. He could feel her clit engorging and was confident she was peaking again, even if she was in discomfort; her breathing picked up again and he strove for her second orgasm.

"Robb! Robb! Robb!" Her cries became higher, strangled, and he loved it; loved her. He was holding back his own peak for hers. How could he have denied this. How could he ever deny her again. The feel of being inside her, the wetness against his fingers, her glorious body writhing underneath him, her cries in his ears... he felt her constricting around him and he thrusted faster now, chasing his own euphoria as she came, nails scraping more flesh off of his already smarting back. He felt it then, in a thunderous wave, and he momentarily lost himself, pushing inside her one final time before his climax took over.

"Sansa, Sansa, Sansa -" his lips gasped her name over and over, how many times he wasn't sure, or cared as he spilled into the condom in the most intense orgasm he's ever had. He felt her tighten her legs around him and pull him closer as he rode out the last of it, and then she pulled his neck down to her so she could kiss him softly, her tongue running along his lips.

Breathless, he leaned into her to touch foreheads and she smiled, giggling even, and it was infectious as he smiled with her, before kissing her again.

"I love you -" He exhaled against her hungry mouth.
"I love you," she whispered.

"Love you always-" He couldn't say it enough.

"Love -" She breathed.

"You," he said with finality.

"Only you," she countered.

"Always."

Reluctantly, he reached down to withdraw from her while grasping onto the condom.

"No, don't leave me."

"Sansa, I have to. I can't stay in, the condom could leak. I'm so sorry."

He was sorry, as he pulled out as slow as he could and he heard her hiss with an intake of breath. Looking down, he saw red streaks on the condom. He quickly removed it before Sansa could see and reached over to drop it in his wastepaper basket by his nightstand.

"Are you sure you are okay, San?"

He crawled back into bed to take her in his arms; while he laid on his back she spooned against him, her head on his chest, her fingers running through his chest hair. Her leg draped around his and she was so close against him he could feel the dampness between her legs smearing on his upper thigh. His cock was stirring already.

"Hmmm I feel happy. A little sore but not too bad. I feel... complete. Loved. Thank you, Robb." She looked up at him, the lethargy already in her eyes. "We can do it again, right?"

Despite himself, he laughed, kissing the top of her head.

"I think I've got enough condoms. But you're sore, San. Next time will be better, I promise, hopefully no pain or discomfort." He sighed. "I wish you didn't have to go through that."

"Oh, not me." She stretched lazily against him. "I knew I had to go through it, and I wanted to go through it to be with you. I love you."

"I love you, too San. Try to rest. We can sleep here all night."

She tightened her grip on him even as she was falling asleep.

Robb wanted to feel angst, regret, fear, trepidation, some sort of guilt for what just happened, but he felt an overwhelming peace instead. All the fighting against himself was for nothing. All that mattered was this girl in his arms; this girl who ceased to be his sister and was forever his life, his love, and his soulmate.

He wanted to stay awake to watch her sleep, but sleep overtook him too quickly.

Chapter End Notes
Sleep was no friend to Sansa. She didn't want to sleep but her body had ideas of its own. When she woke after they made love, it was just just after 1 am. The feeling of waking up in his arms overwhelmed her, and she couldn't help but stare at him from head to toe, even going so far as to pushing the sheets away to expose him completely. Supine and handsome, peaceful in his sleep, she could feast her eyes on his beauty and not feel guilty over it. She couldn't resist lightly touching his abs down to his thatch of curly dark auburn pubic hair, and when she did he finally stirred, emitting something of a contented groan. She was fascinated to watch as his cock went from flaccid to rock hard in no time as she stroked him, even daring to move down to run her tongue along it and taste the tip. He stopped her then, telling her she didn't need to do that, but his voice and his breathing betrayed his true feelings.

In the end he let her have her way and she experimented with her mouth and tongue; his girth was a bit much when she tried to take him into her mouth for the first time and she felt her mouth stretch. It took a minute to realize she had to cover her teeth with her lips, yet he remained perfectly still, a complete gentleman, not pushing her to do anything, keeping his hands clutched to his sides. For that she loved him even more. She decided the taste of him wasn't too bad, and her mouth and tongue eventually found a rhythm he must have liked, since his low moans reached her ears. She felt him tighten and he stopped her then, pulling away but making a mess of both of them when he ejaculated. That prompted a shower.

The shower was amazing. Of course she had never showered with anyone before, and it was both sensual and sweet. Robb washed her hair, and her body, making sure to be gentle while washing between her legs, and oh god, the feeling, the sight of him kneeling in the shower stall while rubbing the washcloth around her most sensitive areas. It was so divine, and even more divine when his mouth traded places with the washcloth. She had been a bit sore from the lovemaking but it seemed his lips and tongue kissed it away in a sweet wave of orgasmic bliss.

He had carried her back downstairs after that. Still wet, they laid back down in his bed. She had hoped he would make love to her again; but he insisted she needed to heal from the soreness, and proceeded to give her yet another orgasm with his skilled fingers without penetrating her, while kissing away the leftover water droplets on her body. After that, she tried desperately to keep awake but she was no match against two orgasms and his comforting arms.

Presently, when her eyes had fluttered open, she glanced at the clock and stared it down, as if that could stop it from progressing. It was 7 am already. No. It couldn't be that late. It couldn't. She sighed, a sadness and panic filling her until she felt Robb adjusting behind her. She was lying on her right side and he was spooned up against her back, forming his body a perfect mold, his left arm under hers, his warm hand cradling her breast. She could feel his breath on her neck. She blushed when she realized she was getting wet again just from his cuddling.

Everything since he locked his door has seem like a dream, a perfect storybook romance of how a girl's first time should be. The feeling of his naked body against hers, the feel of him inside her, the love they have for each other, and how they finally expressed it through making love... it was all perfect to her. Beautiful. How could something so lovely be perceived as so wrong? Yes, they were siblings, yes, they shared the same blood, but who was this hurting? Who was the affecting? In history there had been acceptance of incestuous marriages, such as the Pharaohs in Egypt where siblings married to keep the royal bloodlines pure. And if anyone believed people came from Adam and Eve, surely there were incestuous unions resulting from that. What did it matter, between two consenting people? Compared to all the evils in the world, why could they be persecuted and
condemned for simply loving each other?

Her thoughts flitted to Marg and Myrcella. Marg lost her virginity to Joffrey last summer, and when she told Sansa, she was horrified. Joff had been rude, rough, and complained about having to wear a rubber. Marg said he just shoved it in, not caring about foreplay or going slow, even though he knew she was a virgin. Thankfully he didn't last long, and he left immediately after, not even calling her to see if she was OK. Myrcella didn't fare much better; her first time was in the backseat of Tristane Martell's car. Even though he at least went down on her first, he was still too vigorous and was more about thrusting to his own pleasure than hers; she didn't get off and he later complained she bled on the seat. Then two days later he dumped her. But those scenarios were still accepted by society. She had been loved and cherished and it was beautiful; but it was something she would have to carry with her to the grave. Her limbs ached and she was exhausted but she had never been so happy in her life.

She sighed. They would have to get up soon and act like siblings again. Who knew when the kids would be home, and what if Dad's flight came in early? She dreaded it because not only did she want this to go on forever, she wasn't sure when they would ever be able to do this again. Also, her second performance was tonight and with little sleep it was going to be difficult to match last night.

Her sigh and movement of her leg must have fully awakened Robb. She felt his hand caressing her breast, fingers settling over her hardening nipple, and the wetness of his mouth pressed against her neck, followed by a gentle nip and kiss at her earlobe. She felt his erection pressing into her ass and moved against it, which drew an exasperated moan from him while his hand left her breast to skim down in between her legs to discover she was already wet.

"Good morning, San. You know we need to get up and get moving, maybe get our typical Saturday morning routine going in case they get home early. It is after seven, you know -"

"Hmmm." She didn't want to hear reason at this moment, not with his fingers caressing her and his lips peppering kisses along her neck. "It is not yet near day: It was the nightingale, and not the lark, that pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear; nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree. Believe me, love, it was the nightingale."

He chuckled lightly at that, deep and throaty, and responded immediately.

"It was the lark, the herald of the morn, no nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks do lace the severing clouds in yonder east. Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. I must be gone and live, or stay and die."

_**Oh god. His voice.**_ His memorization of Romeo's lines from when he practiced with her. He would have made a stunning Romeo. If only he could play Romeo... but that of course would never be allowed with her as Juliet. She felt her arousal increase.

"Robb, there is time, please make love to me again."

"Sansa, if you are sore -"

"I'm not too sore." She didn't think she was, but even if she was she didn't care. "I want to, Robb. I know you do, too." Before he could say anything she scooted over closer to the nightstand and grabbed a condom. She wanted to feel him bare inside her but knew that wasn't an option, so she carefully opened the package and turned around to face him. _Oh god, _his blue eyes drowned her with desire and love, his face serious even as a small smile played on his full, plump lips.

"San -"
"No, let me." Confident, she reached down and unrolled it down his length, making sure she squeezed the tip while she did it. Just as it was on, he gathered her in his arms and rolled her onto her back, and she eagerly met his mouth for a passionate kiss. Now that she knew what to expect, she wasn't as scared or nervous; she could take the time to enjoy the sensation of being naked with him, caress his chest and play with his chest hair, run her hands down his sides and up his back and then over his broad shoulders. She appreciated every muscle, every piece of flesh as she kissed him. She gasped into his mouth when she felt his fingers stroking her clit, and she knew he was taking her to the brink of a climax again. As before, she knew he was waiting until she got to her brink before entering her and she chased it, wanting him inside as soon as he could get there.

"I have more care to stay than will to go. Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so. How is It, my soul? Let's talk; it is not day," he whispered.

"Oh Robb," she could barely speak, "I love you." She reached down to move his hand away from her swollen clit and grasped him in her hand to guide him to her entrance, arching in invitation, and he slowly slid inside her more easily this time. The shock of the still newness of feeling him filling her up caused her to draw in her breath, but this time not from pain. There was only pleasure, which lessened the sore feeling. She heard Robb gasp as well as he moved, and she wrapped her legs around his waist for a moment, meeting his thrusts, which were still cautious and gentle yet more insistent. He started to reach down between them but she stopped him, wanting both arms around her. She was so close to her peak, and he was riding her in such a way he was hitting her clit with every stroke. It was maddening and she moved her legs down so her heels were digging into the back of his knees while she unabashedly raked her nails down his back to the top of his ass, digging in and pushing him into her harder. *God, he had a firm, muscled ass.*

"Christ, San!" His tone of surprise only turned her on even more and she climaxed, her nails scraping upwards to his shoulders and staying there. She softly cried out for him. She wanted to feel this forever. It was so fleeting, so quick. She felt him pulsing only moments later as he groaned her name in her ear, making her shiver in absolute pleasure.

When he pulled out of her she experienced a sense of loss. She felt empty, wishing there was a way to keep him inside her forever. Her body was more sore than she wanted to admit, and when he pulled her to him she wanted to pass out. But she couldn't, and neither could he.

She curled a finger in his chest hair.

"Are you really going to work today?"

"Yeah, for awhile. I'll be there tonight for your second night though. Dad will be there, too. Arya's fourteen now, she can stay at home with Bran and Rickon for a few hours. I don't think they will burn the house down."

"Robb. This was perfect. I wouldn't change a thing, and I don't regret it. I only regret I can't be in your bed every night."

She felt him kiss the top of her head.

"I know San, I feel the same way. I love you, and I don't want anyone else in my bed. I have a feeling it's you forever. You or no one. Even if this is the only time, I can tell myself at least we had this."

Fear pierced her heart. She wouldn't tolerate any doom talk. Not now. She popped her head off of his chest to take his face in her hands. Looking down at him, her hair cascaded over his chest like a waterfall, and he instinctively twirled a strand in between his fingers.
"We will have a lifetime of this, I promise. We will find a way," she said with the absolute conviction of a young girl in love for the first time.

"With your determination, I don't doubt it." He smiled, leaning up to kiss her slowly. Hotly. She opened her mouth for his tongue. Oh, what his tongue could do. She broke the kissing after a few minutes, reluctantly pushing up from him.

"I need to get dressed."

"I suppose I do, too." He glanced around. "I think your tank top and pajama bottoms are on your side of the bed."

"Oh, I have a side of your bed now?" She teased. "I thought you said at one point brothers and sisters don't sleep in the same bed."

"Oh, I think we've done more than sleep in the same bed at this point."

Laughing, she threw a pillow at him as she got up and gathered up her clothes. Aware of his gaze, she turned her back to him and tried to seductively slink into her panties, bottoms, and tank top.

"You're killing me, San," he growled appreciatively. "Why don't you come back here?"

She turned back to face him, noting the grin plastered on his face and his penis at full attention again. She stuck her tongue out at him and he raised his eyebrows suggestively.

"That's fine by me... come over here, then."

"No. Get up. It's not fair if you get to stay in bed."

Sighing, he got out of bed, searching for his own clothes. It was her turn to soak the view of his body up before it was covered. Who knew how long it would be before she would see him like that again? The only sin she could see was him covering up that perfect male body. A pang hit her chest. She loved him so much. Too much.

As if he could read her thoughts, he reached for her and drew her in close to hold her. He was so warm and reassuring. His hands cupped her cheeks as he leaned in to kiss her chastely. She looked into his bright blue eyes before clasping his right hand and moving it to her nose. He looked at her, puzzled.

"You might want to wash your hands before everyone comes home."

He pulled away and brought his hands up to smell them, and he sighed, smiling.

"Oh, San, I would gladly leave my hands unwashed forever just to smell you on my fingers."

Jesus.

"Robb. Please. Don't. We need to get upstairs." She sounded so weak.

"I know. Let's go. I love you, San."

"And I love you. I miss you already."

They made their way upstairs and Sansa climbed up the second set of stairs to her room to grab her phone while Robb went into the kitchen. Saturday was 'Big Breakfast Morning', which meant Robb fixed a nice spread for everyone to eat together at the table. He was pretty good at scrambled eggs,
bacon, and pancakes. He even made the pancakes into shapes for Rickon, even though at ten years old, he would try to declare himself too old for 'babycakes'. Sansa and Robb knew he still secretly loved them.

Back in the living room, Sansa turned it on to Cartoon Netowork, not really caring what was on. She was going to help Robb when he called out to her, telling her to just relax and he was handling it. Gratefully, she sank into the couch and passed out before she could check her phone; she awoke to the sound of Arya, Bran, and Rickon clamoring through the door. Rickon ran over to her and greeted her with a big hug.

"Hey SannySan, I think I missed you. I liked playing with Tommen but sometimes I think he's too old to play with me." Tommen was all of fourteen, like Arya.

"Oh, I think Tommen thinks he is just the right age to play with you," Sansa said, trying to keep a serious tone, only half awake. God, she was aching all over. In a good way, but aching just the same. Rickon gave the best hugs though.

"Did you do good last night? I bet you did. You are a pretty actress."

"Yes, I did pretty good." She kissed his cheek.

Bran said hi and made his way straight to the kitchen. She must not have slept long by the sounds of dishes being set down. Arya made her way over to the couch, flopping on it and checking her phone. She was always on her phone.

"Hey San, how's it going. Is Dad going to finally get home today?"

"Yes, around one, supposedly."

"You and Robb do okay all alone last night? You guys didn't throw a wild party or anything, did you?" She didn't look up from her phone. Which was good, since Sansa couldn't hide a blush on her face, no matter how hard she tried not to think of Robb making love to her. She tried to shield herself from Arya anyway by hugging into Rickon again.

"No wild party, I promise. I was just drained from the play and I ended up passing out. Robb was over at Theon's with Jon and Sam for a bit, I think. I don't even know what time he ended up coming home. "I'd better get used to lying, she thought grimly. It's what I am going to have to do now.

"Cool. Well I think we're all starving. Baratheons are on some sort of vegan kick, their breakfast sucked. I'm drooling for some eggs and bacon." Arya stuffed her phone in her pocket. " Robb's scrambled eggs are the bomb."

Rickon jumped up and scampered out into the kitchen. Sansa could smell the food and her stomach growled. She'd forgotten she skipped dinner last night. She had other things on her mind.

"Sansa, are you okay?" Arya's dark grey eyes peered at her.

"Sure, fine, just tired." Did she sound normal?

"Just checking. You seem off. I guess something high pressure like a play could do that to you. I'm sorry Dad missed it but at least he will be able to go tonight."

"Thanks, Arry."

They followed Rickon into the dining area. Bran and Robb had everything set out neatly. Sansa took
her usual seat next to Robb, aware of how close she was sitting to him. Everyone commenced to
eating, with mostly Bran and Rickon doing the talking about their visit at the Baratheon’s. It was an
easy Saturday morning social hour for everyone except her. All she could think about was Robb.
Maybe he could slip on his brotherly mask easily for everyone; but somehow, she was faltering with
her sisterly routine with him. Maybe it would get easier. After all, this was the morning after the first
time they made love. It just made no sense to her. He was the one that struggled with it, and she was
the one rushing into it without any qualms. Now, he was able to conceal his feelings where she was
afraid it was showing all over her face.

Then again, maybe he wasn't as adept at hiding as well as she thought. When she finished early and
begged off to take a nap, she took her dishes into the kitchen. Robb followed seconds later to come
up behind her while she was placing everything in the sink and she felt his hands on her waist. He
leaned in and she breathed in the scent of him while he planted a soft kiss on her neck just below her
ear. Then he whispered as she closed her eyes.

"All I can think about is how I want to be buried deep inside you as you cry out my name. It's all I
want, San. All I want."

Her knees almost gave out as he stepped away from her and returned to the dining room. Rather than
rejoin them, she headed in the opposite direction and headed to her bed, her head swimming with
incoherent thoughts and her heart racing.

*They will find a way. They had to find a way. There is a way; there had to be.*
"Robbie?"

Robb turned around from his dresser mirror to see Rickon in his doorway, a glass of milk in his hands, his bright eyes looking up at him.

"What's up, Ricky?"

"Is everything okay? This should be a fun time and you don't seem happy."

Robb forced a smile while glancing at his youngest brother.

"Of course I'm happy, just stressed out. I mean, everything has to be perfect, you know? Girls like special times to be perfect. Just trying to make sure I get everything in order."

Rickon nodded.

"Myrcella is really pretty, Robb. I love her long hair and her laugh, it's like how Tinkerbell might laugh, you know? All sweet like little bells." He paused when Robb said nothing. "SannySan is prettier. And I bet Myrcella can't make spaghetti like she does."

Robb stared at Rickon for a moment. He was sure it was an innocent statement. There was no way Rickon of all people in this house would ever suspect anything, was there? He and San have been painfully careful.

"Yes, San makes great spaghetti."

His little brother ran over to give him a hug, his milk sloshing dangerously around the edge. Robb grinned, hugging him back and planting a quick kiss on the top of his head. Rickon backed away, laughing.

"I'm almost eleven, Robbie. You can stop the kissing!"

"Sorry, Ricky. You'll always be my baby brother, but you're right; you are almost an adult."

"Bran says the older I get the more I look like you and SannySan, almost like if you two were my parents. But I told Bran you would have only been eight and Sanny would have been six, and that's not possible." He paused. "Then he laughed when I said you were kind of like my second Dad."

A knife twisted a fresh cut in Robb's heart at that on so many levels.

"Well, I like the thought of being your second Dad. And if I ever have a boy of my own someday, I hope he will look like you."

"I think we three look like Mommy and the Tullys. Bran and Arya look like Dad and the Starks." Rickon reflected for a second. "Sanny looks exactly like Mommy."

"Yes, she does." A lump formed in his throat.

"Well, have fun at the party. Arry said you won't be home until tomorrow."

He was relieved when Rickon appeared satisfied that their short conversation was at an end and left, but the pain still lingered as he turned back to his reflection, trying to focus his thoughts in another
Once again he found himself uncomfortably dressed for yet another occasion. The most recent one had been Sansa's performance in West Side Story. When Baelish discovered she had a lovely singing voice, she was immediately cast as Maria, ethnic origin be damned. It was strange to see Sansa in a dark wig and her skin darkened, but she was a breathtaking Maria. If only Baelish hadn't cast Loras as Tony. Jon even had a small part in it, and Robb thought maybe the acting bug has bitten him as well. Sansa's acting was flawless, just as it was in Romeo and Juliet, for which the papers and internet news gave rave reviews on both.

Now, it was Prom.

The only reason to be excited for Prom was that in less than a month he would be graduating. He originally had no desire to go to the thing; he wasn't a great dancer and he obviously couldn't take Sansa as his date, so what would be the point. Unfortunately Loras had asked Sansa and she had accepted. It took all it had in him to keep from raging at her about it. She was only a sophomore, why could Loras ask out any of the more than willing Senior girls? He listened to her explanation of how Loras was her friend, and he wanted to go but had no girlfriend, and he was most comfortable with her. It still made no sense to him as he was more than willing to stay home, maybe watch a movie with his siblings instead. In his increasingly jealous mind, Loras wanted her to go because he had feelings for her, and Sansa accepted because she was fascinated with him.

The only option then for Robb was to also go. Find a date and go to make sure Sansa wasn't getting hit on all night. He went through a bevy of possibilities before deciding to ask Myrcella. She was also a sophomore but a friend of the family, and she was excited when she asked him. He knew Robert Baratheon would have no problem with it, thankfully. He made sure to emphasize they were going as friends only, and she agreed, saying she would find the prettiest dress and make sure she was a fun date.

Jon and Sam had their dates lined up; shy Sam found a cute girl in Gilly, a quiet but strong-minded brown haired girl who liked literature as much as he did. Jon was taking wild child Ygritte, a tomboyish but pretty redhead who was obviously the lead in that relationship. He had no doubt both of them were going to lose their V card tonight to their more experienced dancing partners.

Theon was a different matter. Strangely enough, with all the chicks he had been through over the course of his Senior year, he was going stag. It seemed almost too bizarre to him until he observed how upset he was when he revealed his date choice of Myrcella. It dawned on him that Theon, brazen and outgoing, was crushing on sweet, loving Myrcella. She was probably the worst pick of who to be falling for; Robert hated the Greyjoys and did not want Theon and his reputation around his kids, especially his lovely daughter. Although Tristane Martell hadn't treated her very well from the rumors going around, Robert didn't know about that, only that the Martell's were a good family, if a bit lusty. All Robert knew of Theon was that he already was a notorious womanizer and drug user.

Robb will never forget the hurt in Sansa's eyes when he told her he was taking her best friend to Prom, even when he he explained his reasons for going. She of all people should know exactly how he felt, and she seemed to be under the impression it was some sort of love match. It was just one in a string of irritations and frustrations building up over the past five months.

At the top of the list was Sansa herself. Well, not her specifically but the situation he threw them in. By making love to her, he made their relationship something it should have never been, and the gods help him, he was completely and utterly in love. It could no longer be passed off as some temporary
feeling, some strange glitch in his genetic makeup that he could just try to rewire; there was no telling himself not to take it too far, or that it could only go so far, because now it went as far as it could go. It did nothing to ease the want, the need of her. Instead, he was inflamed with love and passion, desiring to be with her at the risk of being imprisoned for incest and statutory rape, at the risk of losing all his family and friends. She was so near him, every day, at school, at home, lying in her bed upstairs at night, and he nearly wept in frustration because they were never alone. Never.

She sneaked into his room a few times late at night with the intentions of making love, but the risk was too great so they ended up talking, holding hands, daring some kissing and light touching, but nothing much beyond that. Unless the house was empty, there would be no chance of lovemaking. Arya, Bran, and Rickon were always home when Dad went on his brief business trips. Sansa had pouted and begged, and he desperately wanted to give in but he stayed firm. She cajoled him into the backseat of the Taurus one late Saturday afternoon in the spot where he had taken her driving; it was damned uncomfortable yet they made it work, but that was on Valentine's Day. He didn't want quickies in the car while half-clothed. He didn't want to feel rushed, he wanted to savor every touch without worrying over someone catching them. He thought about renting a motel room in the next city over, but they would both be missed. It's not like they could sneak over to a friend's house, since their relationship had to be hidden from the goddamn world.

There was also the issue of his acceptance letter from Winterfell University, along with a scholastic scholarship. He hadn't even given much thought lately about it. He knew he didn't want to live on campus. The commute was a half hour, not too bad, and he could still keep his job and be home every night. He wanted to reassure himself it was for the family's sake, but he knew it was because he didn't want to be separated from Sansa. He thought he could work more hours at the shop and maybe go part time to college, so that he could afford his own apartment. With his own place, he could have Sansa in his bed without fear.

Then Dad delivered a blow to everyone at Christmas. He has a girlfriend, Melisandre Asshai, who had been a longtime partner at the law office where he worked. The shock hit him and Sansa the hardest from what he could tell; Arya, Bran, and Rickon seemed oddly receptive to it, at least so far. Robb's was suspicious of how long it had been going on, and how many trips were made with her in tow, but he said nothing. She was a gorgeous woman, with dark red hair and full red lips, and she tried to get to know the younger Starks. Sansa refused to talk to her and Dad didn't press it... yet. Robb would have been somewhat supporting if it wasn't for the fact that Dad was still ignoring his children, and now he knew in part the reason why. So Robb stopped defending him on anything to anyone, especially Sansa. He realized he was starting to deeply resent his father for almost two years of neglect, which he could no longer attribute to grief. Dad seemed over his grief since he was fucking some woman.

He peered at his reflection.

He shaved for this, even though he really didn't want to. He kind of liked the fact he could grow some scruff, and Sansa liked it, but it was a high school dance. He was lucky he wasn't told to shave it when he was in school. His naturally curly locks were lessened into waves by some great man gel. His simple black tux was accented by his midnight blue cummerbund and bow tie and it seemed to make his eyes darker. He really didn't care what he looked like. He just wanted to grab Myrcella's corsage out of the fridge and get the hell out before Loras Pretty Boy Tyrell came to the door to whisk Sansa away.

"Robb?"

Her soft yet throaty voice caressed him from the doorway. He closed his eyes and clenched his jaw for a moment before turning around. She was a vision in a long silver gown, low cut with an empire
waistline decorated in tiny blue sequined roses, which also made up the spaghetti straps. The only jewelry she wore was his necklace, and her hair was curled in smooth tendrils, held in place behind her ears with tiny blue clips.

"You are beautiful, San." His eyes couldn't help but drink her in. "I envy Loras."

"There's no need to envy him. I'm yours, remember? I just can't be your date."

"Don't you think I know that?" He tried to keep his voice level, quiet. "I know that every damn minute of every damn day."

"You look handsome, Robb." She tried to ignore the irritation in his voice. "Maybe I am envious of Myrcella. I just seem to be handling it better than you."

"You know Myrcella is a friend only."

"As you do Loras."

"I've never kissed Myrcella or let her drive me places."

"Would you listen to yourself?" Her lips curved into a nervous smirk. "You sound like a jealous boyfriend."

Within seconds he had his door shut and caught her up in an embrace, crushing her to him. He expected some resistance but her arms flew around her neck. Her body felt perfect against his.

"I guess I am a jealous boyfriend," he muttered, before pressing his lips to hers. She instantly responded, softly at first, then hungrily moving faster, harder. He savored it, but only for a few seconds, before pulling away. He couldn't get lost, even as he hardened against her and her lilac scent assaulted his senses. At any time someone else could be coming downstairs.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, looking up at him, pleading. "I have reasons for going with Loras but none involve wanting him as a boyfriend. I promise."

"I wish I could take you as my date, San. I'd love to be able to hold you through the slow dances and embarrass you through the fast ones."

"I wish Myrcella was your sister and I was a Baratheon."

"You'd want to be a sister to Joff?"

"If it meant I could have you openly as a boyfriend, I would be a sister to Hades himself."

"That would be too steep a price, San. I couldn't allow that." It was meant to be a joke but he didn't smile at her as stepped away to open the door.

"Robb - wait -"

He turned back around to her throwing herself at him, hands shoving through his hair to bring his head to hers for another kiss, this one more desperate than the last. She tasted sweet as he licked the last of her fruity lip balm off of her lips, and her hair was silky soft as he touched the flowing strands.

"Can't we be together? Tonight?" She whispered against his lips. "I don't know where, but somewhere? Anywhere?"

"What about your date? My date?"
"Theon is having a Prom party... I know Loras wants to be somewhere else, and I am going to cover for him -" She stopped, as if she realized what she was saying.

"You're letting Loras use you?"

"No more than you are using Myrcella, I think."

"Myrcella knows I want to keep an eye on you. She knows we are going as just friends. We even skipped the whole dinner thing. As did you."

"Robb, what are we doing? What can we do?"

"Love each other the way we want to."

"I'm already tired of never being alone with you -"

He cupped her face, staring into her eyes. He saw the tears in them.

"I know it seems hard now. Once you are out of school it will be easier."

She withdrew from him and moved to the door, opening it, and then walked back to him, sighing and sitting on the bed. On her side of the bed. She looked down at the floor as if it was the most interesting sight to behold.

"I think I will take online courses to finish school as early as possible. Petyr said it will also free up time to take acting lessons. I feel like acting is something I really want to pursue, Robb."

"Haven't I always encouraged you, Starshine?" Even as he said it, his heart ached. On one hand, online courses would mean she would be home... on the other hand, pursuing her dream of acting would no doubt mean relocation. There weren't many opportunities in Maine. He tried not to think that far ahead.

"Yes. Petyr said -"

"Can we fucking skip Baelish talk tonight?"

She shot off his bed at that, jerking her chin at him and flouncing past.

"Don't talk to me like that."

He closed his eyes while a muscle worked in his cheek. It took all his willpower to not grab her on her way out, kiss her, offer some apology. He knew he snapped at her and was sorry for it. Everything had him on edge lately and he knew he was acting differently. The last thing he wanted was Sansa upset. God, he wish he could bail tonight. It wouldn't be fair to Myrcella. Was anything fair? Lately he thought about what might have happened if he resisted her on opening night. Maybe he should have. But then he remembers the feeling of being inside her, her little cries in his ears, how good it was to have her lying in his arms asleep. He wanted her in his bed and not just sexually. He loved her more than that. Every night he drifted off to sleep thinking of when and how they could finally be together. It maddened him, this desperation.

He grabbed his keys and wallet. He had to pick up Myrcella soon, then swing by for Jon and Ygritte. Safety in doubles. Truth be told he just didn't want to be alone with anyone unless it was Sansa. She was all that really mattered; she was all he could see.

He was tired of being cautious, tired of not having her in his arms again.
"ROBB?" Dad's voice boomed down the stairs. "Loras just pulled in. Shouldn't you be on your way to the Baratheon's?"

"COMING!" Robb's voice equally bellowed. He didn't want to deal with his father. Or his new woman.

He didn't want to deal with anything. *He just wanted Sansa.*
"Have I told you thank you yet?" Loras leaned into her, whispering. "I owe you one."

Sansa smiled nervously, tightening her arms around his neck, trying to keep her eyes on him to avoid seeing Robb and Myrcella across the way.

"I am going to take you up on that someday."

The night so far had been a torturous hell and she regretted agreeing to help Loras out. It was getting old, his concern about his reputation and keeping up appearances, all for the sake of his dreamed acting career. She liked him, felt comfortable around him, and besides Robb and Myrcella, he was her closest confidante, but his ego was astounding. She knew he cared about her, loved her as a friend, and he always sought out her company, but when it came down to it, he was all about Renly and their secret love affair. She had to admit they made a cute couple and was saddened that they couldn't be open about it. In this day and age they could be, if Loras wasn't so hellbent on a hetero perception. She was surprised Renly had agreed to go along with it, but then again, she was deceiving the world with Robb, so she understood where he was coming from.

Robb. Oh god, she had hurt him when she told him about going to Prom with Loras, even as she tried to explain she was going as a friend. Of course with Loras's rep at school with the ladies, he thought he had nothing but impure intentions and decided to go as well. She didn't know if he meant to hurt her with his choice of Myrcella, but he did. Myrcella always had a crush on Robb, and Myrcella was undeniably beautiful and sweet. She also didn't want her best friend to get hurt, but Robb reassured her she knew it was a friends only deal, and that his sole reason for wanting to go was to keep an eye on her. That made her furious, as if Robb thought she couldn't handle herself, or that he thought Loras was an animal who would rape her on the gym floor during a slow dance or something. But the crux of her resentment was that she couldn't go with Robb as his date. She would have been so excited to dress up to be with him, go to a fancy dinner, dance all night, maybe rent a room for the night to make love and wake up in each others' arms. Instead, he was taking her best friend and she was covering for her friend that was going to leave early and run off to his boyfriend.

He was so handsome, so very, very handsome in his tux. He took her breath away and it pained her to see his arms around Myrcella, no matter how respectful and proper he was with her. They had shown up after her and Loras; they had been dancing to a fast tune when Robb waltzed in. Loras was an amazing dancer, and she had started to have fun... until she saw Robb and Myrcella, matching his colors in a gorgeous blue sequined gown. As much as she loved Myrcella she felt like running over and yanking out those blonde curls by the handfuls. Her fun mood dissipated immediately and turned for the worse when Loras insisted on dragging her over to them. She couldn't really protest, so she went, begrudgingly.

The look in Robb's eyes. She knew that look by now; barely disguised desire. It shot right through her, making her warm and wanting and she could do nothing about it, just as she hasn't been able to do anything about it since Valentine's Day. The only thing she has been able to do is bring herself to her own release whenever she had a chance, which usually was long after Arya was dead asleep, and she quietly orgasmed under the covers while imagining Robb in every possible scenario.

She could tell he was just as frustrated as she was, but unlike her, he was showing it by developing impatience with everything, which was not Robb at all. Even with Rickon and Bran he showed it, while helping with their school work. Then there was Dad. Ever since his announcement of Mel, Robb has been overly short with him, to the point of almost being disrespectful. Sansa hated Mel on sight but her response to her was silence.
"Sansa?" Loras ducked down to look at her. "Can you tell me what's wrong?"

She looked up at him. He was wearing his Prom King crown, looking quite dapper in his tux with a silver cummerbund and bow tie.

"Loras, nothing is - well, something is wrong but I can't really get into it right now. How long before you want to - leave?"

"You know I will help you out if you let me, Sansa. Anyway, I thought maybe a few more dances?"

"Figures." She smiled. "You are a great dancing partner."

"You aren't half bad yourself." He smiled then, and it brightened his pretty face. "Thanks again, San. Are you sure you don't mind being dropped off at home? I know Theon is throwing a huge after party."

She looked around the gym and spotted Theon by the punch bowl. She was sure he was spiking it but said nothing.

Amazingly Theon seemed completely sober... and alone. Of course he had no problem sneaking in dances with other dates and girls who went solo. He seemed to be spreading himself around, Theon-style, socializing and having fun. He even danced a slow dance with her earlier, under Robb's scowling gaze. He slow-danced quite well, and was careful not to press up against her too much. She was sure he feared a Robb beat down if he did.

"I don't think I'm much on a huge party tonight. I just want to make sure you are able to - do what you want to. I'll call in the favor someday, I am sure of it." She wondered if Robb was going to take Myrcella to the party.

Her eyes drifted back to Robb. She couldn't help it. He was sitting with Myrcella, whispering something in her ear, and she looked surprised as she giggled. Sansa's whole body tightened then relaxed a little as she watched her best friend gracefully leave the table and float over to Theon. She must have asked him to dance because they hit the floor to the slow tune. Well, there was a pairing she didn't think of...

She looked back to Loras, who was studying her, almost stopping his movements.

"What?" She wondered if guilt showed in her face.

She felt flushed and nervous.

Loras shook his head slowly. "Nothing."

She couldn't help it; her eyes darted back over to Robb, who was now talking to Jon and Ygritte. Ygritte was an outspoken tomboy, but funny, and Sansa thought Jon was completely mismatched, but she had to admit they looked good together; Ygritte in flame red and Jon in his -of course- all black tuxedo. His hair was slicked back into a man bun and he looked absolutely adorbs. He looked so much like Aunt Lyanna. Sansa made a mental note to visit her Aunt and cousin soon. She'd been neglecting extended family since Mom's death.

"Loras, can you give your Queen a few dances? If Sansa doesn't mind?"

Sansa's gaze dragged away from Robb to see Jeyne Westerling, looking fab in green. Great. She had liked Robb's ex well enough but always had a strange feeling about it all which now, looking back, Sansa could identify as jealousy. Now there was nothing left to be jealous about, but still she couldn't help but think that Robb had kissed her, gone down on her, and she had her mouth on his -
"Sansa?" Loras interrupted her thoughts. "Are you okay with that?"

"Sure." She could barely look at Jeyne. "I need a break anyway. He's all yours."

"Thanks Sansa, you look pretty tonight. Loras hasn't taken his eyes off you all night."

She decided to let that go without a reply and drifted away from them, and over to Robb was sitting, now alone, fumbling with a napkin and taking off his tie. With ease she sat down next to him and plucked the napkin from his fingers. He looked at her and smiled, his eyes sparkling.

"Hey San, I see Loras is soaking up the slow dances with you. I almost cut in when I couldn't see a space between your bodies."

"Same with you and Myrcella," she shot back.

He shrugged, letting his eyes travel to her lips and linger there for a moment, before stuffing his tie in his pocket.

"Oh, don't be jealous over your best friend. I think I just ended up playing matchmaker for the oddest couple ever, besides Jon and Ygritte." He pointed in the direction of Theon and Myrcella, who were cutting a rug to a fast tune, looking quite happy.

"Theon and Myrcella? I don't know, Robb -"

"Theon came alone and he came here sober. Sure, he laced the red punch with some booze but he hasn't had any. Which, by the way, drink from the other punch bowls if you're thirsty." He sighed, running fingers through his curls. "Maybe Theon has found someone good for him. I've never known him to have a crush on anyone, and it's obvious he thinks of her as more than a piece of meat."

She didn't know what to say to that. She really didn't want to talk about Theon or Myrcella, even as a wave of relief flooded over her. She knew she had to be guarded on what they were saying or doing, because at any given time someone could see them, come up to them to talk, but she didn't want to talk about other relationships.

"Robb, are you taking Mycella to Theon's party?"

"Is Loras taking you?"

"No. I don't want to go, really. Unless you go."

He was quiet and she knew he was thinking of what she was: Halloween. Being able to be alone for awhile in Theon's room, wondering if they could have that same opportunity tonight, to finally be able to be alone. Only this time there were no costumes or fog machines to hide them. She saw the muscle working in his cheek as he avoided her eyes, opting to look over the crowd to where Loras and Jeyne were dancing.

"It's too much of a risk and you know it."

Anger bubbled up inside of her; he said it with such finality. Giving up before even trying. This was the first time in almost three months where they had a chance to be alone, and he wasn't even going to try.

"Don't be such a coward," she hissed, venting some of her frustration.
To her shock he pushed away from the table, got up, and stormed out of the gym, not saying a word. She was too stunned to do anything but sit there.

"San?"

She turned around in her seat to see Loras staring down at her. She forced a smile.

"Hey, done with Jeyne so soon? Did you miss my dancing that much?"

"What's wrong with Robb?"

If she started talking about Robb she would cry, she was sure of it.

"He needed some fresh air. Are you ready to leave?"

He sank down into Robb's abandoned chair, waving at friends passing by.

"I think I've had my fill of Prom, and I think you have, too. Do you want to leave?"

The desire to get the hell out and the desire to find Robb tore at her. She should punish him by just leaving. If he hadn't cared enough to not leave her like this, why should she bother to see if he was fine? But she did care, more than she should, and wasn't that the problem she constantly had?

"Um. Can I go see where Robb is first? I want to tell him I'm leaving and don't feel like texting." It was lame, but Loras bought it.

"Sure. I can be social until you come back." He watched as she picked up her tiny clutch purse. "Are you sure you're okay?"

"Peachy." It came out harsh and she didn't mean it. "Thanks for asking, though. I'll be fine, don't worry about me. Just think about the night ahead for you." She stood up and leaned down to plant a pert peck on his cheek.

She left the gym and walked out the side door. She was pretty sure she knew where Robb went to cool off; his favorite place to hang outside the building, just beside the outside entrance to the Visitor's locker room. There was a U-shaped brick wall around a cement patio, with benches in the middle. No one really favored the spot, mostly because there were plaques for students who had died over the years embedded into the cement. It was a place she thought Jon would have preferred, not Robb.

Sure enough he was there, sitting with his head in his hands. Her anger ebbed out of her body at the sight of him. In the dim moonlight and shadows he cut a tragic figure, even more tragic than Romeo.

"Robb?"

He looked up at her, his jawline clenching.

"Don't you have a date to attend to?"

She was going to sit next to him on the bench but at his words she stayed where she was. She didn't like his tone.

"Loras wants to leave but I wanted to make sure things were okay."

"Okay? Christ, San. I'm pretty sure our lives will never truly be okay."
"I think we both know that's not true."

"You are living in a dream world, San."

"Maybe, but I love the dream. And I love you -"

"And I love you. It makes everything that much harder when you are all I see." He kept his voice low, even though no one was round. "I just want to be with you."

"You are with me. We can find ways to -"

"Damn it, San, I can't even take you to a fucking dance," he interrupted. "Instead I get to watch as another guy puts his hands on you."

At this she bristled. It was almost like he was accusing her of something that she wasn't even guilty of.

"I didn't ask you to come. You are just torturing yourself. I told you I was going as friends; you're the one who dragged my best friend to this farce just because you're worried Loras will try to stick his hands up the slit of my skirt."

Before she knew what was happening, he jumped off the bench and strode over to her, none too gently grabbing her bare shoulders and pushing her back until she bumped up against the brick wall. It felt bristly against her back and opened her mouth to protest and was promptly assaulted with his lips smudging her perfect lipstick. It stunned her, the power behind his kiss, but she willingly gave in to it, leaning into his chest. She almost dropped her purse but was still able to reach up in encouragement, pressing his neck to her. He was kissing her breathless and she could feel him hard against her, but that was nothing when she felt one of his hands dropping from her shoulder to fumble at her skirt, shoving up inside where the slit stopped mid-thigh. She felt the heat of his hand running up and inside her white lace panties and thought she would crumble when he touched her folds, running his finger tips inside the crevices. The only thing holding her up at this point was his body pressing into hers. She whimpered, burying her face into his neck as he bent to whisper.

"Like this? Is this what you think I would be worried about with your boy toy?"

She meant to reply but his fingers started stroking her, up and down, toying with her, teasing her clit. She thought she would die when he slipped two fingers inside her and unashamedly she tilted her hips upward and moaned. He cut her noises off by kissing her again, and oh god, his tongue slipped inside to seek hers as he moved his fingers back and forth, taking them out to rub her clit with wet fingertips, only to dip back inside.

He pulled his lips away, his breath hot on her face and she tried to look at him but her eyes kept closing in pure pleasure. She felt him increasing the pace while his thumb moved to stroke at her saturated nub. Wildly she wondered if it was possible to come standing up? This was new, something she's never done before, but she strove for it, moving against his fingers. She felt a third one being added, making her feel even more full, and she nearly shrieked but bit her lip instead, so hard she tasted blood. His low, sexy voice made it even worse - or, better.

"I love you. Gods help me, I love you. All I see is you. All I feel is you. It kills me to see you so close to me every day and I cannot touch you. But guys like Loras - they can - they can and it's so hard to know - to know-" He was babbling now, his words jumbling and making no sense to her, or maybe her mind was just too far gone in pleasure to care.

Oh gods, my brother is finger-fucking me against the school's brick wall on Prom night and I don't
care. Oh god I don't care, all I care is that he doesn't stop. Even this feels perfect, this feels right, I can get so lost in this, completely drowned in his love, our love, and need. I need him, I need this.

So she clings to him, thrusting against his hand, fighting towards her climax, her right hand digging her nails so hard into her purse she can hear the scraping of the fabric, while her other hand pulls at this neck again to stop his incoherent words by kissing him with all the passion she feels. When their tongues mate this time it's fierce, and then it's upon her, her release, and he furiously works his fingers as she comes, and she knows she will be sore tomorrow but she doesn't care. She starts to scream, or maybe just moan, or both, but he devours her mouth so all she can hear is a weak cry as everything seems to go white and black at the same time. Her legs feel like they are going to give out on her.

For some reason he is breathing as heavy as she is, as he moves from her lips to bury into her neck, kissing, licking, and muttering into the sweat that formed there.

"My San, my San -" He slowly retracts his fingers and she can hear it, the only sounds besides their panting, and it stings a bit when he leaves as he delicately moves her panties back into place and withdraws his hand from under her skirt, smoothing it out. She looks down; his fingers are wet, covered in her secretions. She could only stare as he moved away from her and brought his hand to his nose, taking in the scent and rubbing his fingertips together, as if trying to grind it permanently into his skin.

"I wish I could carry your scent on my skin forever."

Speechless, she looked into his eyes, so much like her own, and felt weak. Her legs are trembling and suddenly her heels are hurting her feet.

Before she could find a voice, she head footsteps.

Before someone could turn the corner to see them, Robb rushed back to sit on the bench and Sansa was left to try to compose herself. Acting was her forte but she's never had to play a role right after she had a mind-blowing orgasm.

"Robb? Sansa? Loras said you two took off outside, figured I'd try the usual haunts."

Theon stepped into view. Sansa was grateful for the darkness. If only her breathing could return to normal instantly. Instead she coughed to mask it.

"Hey Theon," she managed. "I think Robb needed some fresh air, I just came out here to make sure he wasn't going to abandon his date."

"Right. Yeah, about that." He looked sheepishly at Robb. "Um, I was wondering, if I can drive Myrella home? I mean, if you -"

"No, hey, it's fine!" Robb laughed, jumping off his seat to give Theon a man-hug. "I was kind of hoping you two would hook up."

"Yeah, she said you kind of hinted around about me having the hots for her."

Sansa smiled, genuinely happy to see Theon sober and falling for a girl.

"Theon, I don't have a problem with it either, but if you hurt her I will cut your balls off."

She almost laughed at how her rough, non-Sansa like language shocked him. Anything to throw him off the scent. The scent of my brother making me cum on his fingers.
"Yeah, I can see that, being her best friend and all. That's cool, I guess. Well -" Theon seemed a bit awkward, which was a new one. Even sober Theon was anything but awkward. "Alright then, I'll see ya. Coming to the party?"

"We might make an appearance. Not sure though. Sansa's pretty worn out and I've been... working my fingers to the bone, especially lately. We might just call it a night."

She thought she would swoon at that, or start insanely laughing.

"Ok, well, laters."

Robb nodded and she said bye. Just before she was exhaling a sigh of relief, Theon stopped and pivoted around to face them, his body shrouded in the dark.

"Hey Robb?"

"Yeah?"

"Might want to wipe that lipstick off your mouth before someone sees it."
"You know, Robb, I've been thinking," Jon said, trying to best him in Gears Of War and failing.

"You and thinking? Don't you sit and think all the damn time?" Robb joked while reaching for his can of Coke. It was rare that he and Jon had down time together to just hang and he was enjoying it. Sansa was out with Arya anyway.

"Funny." His character died and he set the controller down.

Robb smiled, continuing with the game. It was good to spend some time with his cousin. He hadn't seen much of him this summer but of course he had a girl now and she took up most of his spare time. Robb couldn't fault him for that, and knew Jon was completely devoted to Ygritte. Jon's personality was even changing now that he was in love and getting fucked on a regular basis; he seems a little less broody and actually joked sometimes. In contrast, Robb had become more moody and withdrawn. Even Jon commented on their reversals.

"So what, Jon? What's been on that emo mind of yours?"

"Well, I've been thinking of what I want to do. You know, life wise."

"What, besides doing Ygritte?"

He felt Jon's dark eyes on him while he confirmed kills on the screen.

"Robb, I don't do Ygritte. We make love. I love her."

Robb clenched his controller in a death grasp and his character died. He wanted to tell Jon he understood where he was coming from, but he couldn't. It was bad enough Theon knew. Well, Theon knew something. After convincing him that he and Sansa only shared a kiss on Prom night, and that was all that ever happened, Theon let it go and never addressed it again. He was so wrapped up in Myrcella anyway that Robb rarely saw him. Jealousy flowed through him. It seemed like it was the summer of love for everyone. Even Dad and Mel were getting more serious, and all Robb could so was throw himself into working and try to sneak moments with Sansa, which between her acting lessons and her part-time job with Dad at his office were few and far between. At least he had his own car now, and for graduation Dad, Uncle B, and Uncle E presented him with a motorcycle, a 2011 Harley-Davidson FXS Blackline. Of course his first thought was how he could take Sansa for rides, a perfect excuse to feel her against him in a completely acceptable manner.

"Jon in love is a poetic thing," Robb settled on saying, tossing his controller down.

"Love is a poetic thing," Jon corrected. "I love her and I'm torn."

Robb shifted uneasily on the couch. He was the last one to be asking advice from when it comes to love. He merely nodded which Jon took as a chance to continue.

"Well it seems everyone else has their plans mapped out. You, Theon, and Sam are starting at the University in the fall. Gendry is already in welding school. Loras hightailed it to Los Angeles right after graduation. I've just been floating around, working at the costume shop, not sure what to do. But I talked to a Marine recruiter the other day and realized, I've always been kind of a military-minded person."

"Marines?"
"Yeah." Jon ran his fingers through his black curls, his eyes eternally serious. "Well, if you're gonna go, go big and go the best, right?"

Jon in the Marines. He could see it. Jon would be one to excel in the military. He really had no aspirations for college and he wasn't wanting to work in a costume shop forever. It made sense.

"You sign up set?"

Jon shook his head.

"I want to talk to Ygritte first. I don't know how she would feel about it, not sure if she would be willing to wait on me when I get deployed to god knows where."

"Jon, if Ygritte really does love you, she won't run off with the first guy she sees when you are gone. And she would encourage you to do what you think is best for your future."

His cousin nodded slowly, looking down.

"I don't know Jon, the toughest thing for you won't be dealing with Ygritte. It's going to be you having to say goodbye to those pretty black locks."

He at least managed to coax out a smile as Jon ran his fingers again through his curls.

"Ygritte loves my hair. She likes pulling on it when I'm going down -"

Robb cleared his throat and Jon snickered.

"Sorry. I just love it, that's all. The feel of her yanking my hair. I'd miss that more than just the hair itself."

Unbidden, Robb thought of Sansa and the feeling of her fingers twining in his own curls, either when he was kissing her or when he was between her legs. She never pulled but rather flowed her fingers through, caressing the tips, and it always felt like heaven.

Thinking of her spurred something in him, the panic he had been feeling since the summer started. He was socking most of his money away so that he could get his own apartment when college started, and the only reason was Sansa. He was sure he would miss Arya, Bran, and Rickon, but he wouldn't be too far away and would visit often. Besides, it seemed that Dad was slowly moving away from his neglectful behavior and was spending more time with the kids as work allowed. Ironic, now that the law office he worked for was finally generating more business, Ned was starting to be there for the family again. Robb wondered if Mel had anything to do with it, even if Sansa refused to give her credit for anything.

Ever since Theon's discovery, Robb made a vow to be more cautious with Sansa, and the result was anything but pleasing for both of them. He kept reminding her it wouldn't be long until he had his own place and she could come over; spend the night even, as long as she lied and said she was spending the night at Myrcella's or Marg's. He tried to dampen his need for her and promised himself he wouldn't lose his shit around her like he did at Prom when he finger fucked her within an inch of his life. It was made only marginally easier for him when Loras left for Los Angeles, stars in his eyes and Baelish behind his back. Already he had a bit part in a T.V. show and was set to perform on stage in Macbeth. Robb thought he could star in the biggest blockbuster to ever hit the screen for all he cared, as long has he was far away from Sansa...

"Jon, you were without it for eighteen years. Thirteen weeks of boot camp is nothing. You'll be too busy to even think about fucking."
That received a punch on the arm.

"It's not fucking, I really do love her." He paused, looking at him, swallowing and looking suddenly hesitant.

"What is it, Jon?"

"Robb - I was going to ask you something but I don't know if it's my place."

"What? You can ask me whatever you want. You should know that."

Jon looked around the rec room and then glanced at the stairs, seemingly listening for any signs of life or a door opening for eavesdroppers. There was nothing.

"Well, I know nothing when it comes to relationships. Or people. Or pretty much anything. But -"

"But what, Jon? Get it out."

"Do you love her?"

"Who?" The cold sweat appeared and his mind jolted.

"Sansa."

Robb froze. He was afraid of making a wrong move, saying a wrong word even as the fear rolled through his gut. He realized Jon was waiting on a reply, any reply, so he tried his best to answer in a rational voice.

"Of course I love her. Why wouldn't I? She's my sister." The last word tasted like poison in his mouth. He didn't like calling Sansa his sister, even though that is what she really was. He never thought of her as a sister, but his love, his soul mate, his... well what could he label her? Girlfriend? Partner-in-crime? He met those dark, serious eyes and he knew Jon knew. His shoulders slumped in defeat as Jon furrowed his dark eyebrows.

"I'm not going to condemn you, Robb. I don't understand it but I just wanted to know. You can tell me to fuck off and mind my own business, but I love you and Sansa both and I'm just worried. I've been kind of seeing some things, thought maybe it was my imagination. I know you love Sansa because she is your sister, but it's not the same love you have for Arya, is it?"

"I love Arya. I love my family. I've been closer to Sansa pretty much always, maybe because we are close in age, and when Mom died we sort of took over for her and Dad at the house -"

"I know, I know all that. But do you love her - I mean - really love her?"

The urge to confess, to unburden himself was so strong. This was Jon, he knew he could trust him. With Theon there was a small thread of distrust that prevented him from confessing it all, and it had been hard enough to admit to only kissing and possibly having feelings for her. He had convinced Theon that he was confused and it was a spur of the moment reaction; he couldn't tell him the truth. But with Jon? He was tempted to break down but his loyalty was first and foremost to Sansa and their love. Unless his hand was forced he wouldn't betray her.

"Are you seriously asking me if I'm fucking my sister?" It came out harsh, more angry than he intended. Jon's eyes didn't flinch.

"I suppose I am," he said quietly.
"I am not fucking my sister." He said it with absolute conviction. It wasn't a lie. He wasn't fucking Sansa. He made love with her. It was love. Even as he rationalized it, he felt hollow and guilty. Not for the love he felt, but for deceiving his cousin.

Jon nodded and picked up his controller. He was a man of few words and if he could get by with a movement or a look he did so. He frowned a bit but nodded. The silence hung in the air uncomfortably for awhile as he resumed playing and Robb fiddled with his pop can. It seemed like hours before Jon spoke again.

"So anyway, since we already took the ASVAB in high school, and scored well, that's one step already out of the way. You know, you scored the highest out of everyone, I am surprised you didn't consider it an option."

"I thought about it for a second." That was true. But it would take him away from his family. From Sansa. "Now I'm all set for the University."

"I don't see you as a businessman or a history teacher, but OK."

Jon had a point but Robb said nothing as he watched his character die again.

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Sleep wouldn't come, no matter what Robb tried.

His thoughts kept racing over Jon and Theon's suspicions. Were they that obvious? Well, Theon he understood, as the lipstick was blatant evidence, but Jon? What had he picked up on to make him question it? Who else was noticing? Not the family, or there would have been a shit storm by now.

He glanced at the clock. Nearly two in the morning. He supposed he could watch TV, listen to some music, maybe rub one out or even resort to warm milk or Tylenol PM. Absentmindedly he scratched his bare chest and kicked off his covers while he thought of Sansa. He always thought of her when sleep eluded him; imagined her next to him, her body pressed up against his, her hair fanning out over his chest. It didn't take long for his cock to stand at full attention, making it that much more difficult to relax. Every night he railed against the fates that made Sansa his sister. He wondered what he had done in a previous life to deserve this cruelty and if there was any good solution to any of this. He knew he was bound to her forever, a curse and blessing all in one, and he saw no clear path, knew of no happy ending. Sansa did. She had stars in her eyes and was convinced they would find a way to be together forever without consequence. He desperately wanted her optimism.

As if she could hear his thoughts two stories away, he heard his door slowly open and close with a soft clink and she was standing at the foot of the bed, ethereal and sweet in a white cotton nightie that barely reached past her knees, her hair a mess. His cock, already hard, immediately strained even more. He tried to ignore it but it was futile.

"Sansa," he managed to croak. "We've talked about this. You can't -"

"I can. And I will. I'm tired of not being with you. Sneaking kisses here and there, stealing moments in the car. Everyone is asleep, I checked before I came down here." Her whisper was firm as she pulled all of her covers down off the bed. "I don't want to wait until you get your apartment."

He was speechless as she stripped out of her nightgown and panties, and crawled onto the bed and made short work of his boxers, and before he could protest her wet, warm mouth encircled his cock.
It felt too good to push her away, too good to protest, and there was something erotic in the only sounds in the room being the suction from her lips. His breathing hitched when he felt her hands on the base and then down lower while she took in as much of him as she could, languidly moving up and down. He knew he wouldn't last.

"San, come here. Please."

She slowly withdrew her mouth and climbed up his body while peppering kisses along the way, stopping at his chest finger his chest hair and lightly bite and lick at his nipples. He gasped in genuine surprise at her careful teeth; he never had that done before, and he knew immediately why Sansa loved it so much when he did it to her. He moved to wrap his arms around her, her body on him taking over all his senses. It seemed forever until her lips met his in a sweet, long kiss. He would never tire of kissing her.

"Hmm. Robb, I want to try something," she whispered, breaking away from the kiss and looking down at him, her eyes bright and her hair falling over him everywhere.

"Wh-what, San?" He could barely get this words out as she leaned over, fumbling in his nightstand. He was terrified he would spend himself before he even got to be inside her. It has been so long...

"I was lying in bed dreaming of it. Wanting it. Wanting you." She skimmed back down his body in an instant, and before he knew it the condom was on and she straddled him, hovering slightly over as she grabbed his cock and moved it to her entrance. "I want this."

She sank down onto him with a cry, muffled by the biting of her lip, and all Robb could do was thrust his hips upward to help the impalement. He gasped at the feel of it, at the vision of her sitting on him, exposed completely in all her naked glory as she tossed her hair over her shoulders and arched into him, reaching down for his hands. Her cool hands grasped his warm ones, placing them on her hips.

"Move me, Robb. Move me." It was a demand, an order, and Robb started moving under her, guiding her hips in sync to him, and she eased into the rhythm, a bit uncertain and clumsy at first, her moans and sighs soft and restrained. "Ah, ah, yes, it... it almost hurts this way but it feels too good-

At that he slowed his pace down, careful not to thrust up in her too sharply. Since he had a good hold of her now she slid a hand down her front to her clit, massaging. It was a sight, seeing her touch herself, and Robb almost came then. Part of him wanted to enjoy the vision, but the other part wanted to do it himself, and yet another part craved a closeness he just wasn't getting from this position. He sat up, grabbing her around her back and pulled her to him, kissing her gently. She shifted forward and he was pushed in even deeper and she cried out.

"Shhhh! San, shhhh..." He met her lips with his, so warm and inviting. He loved kissing her, feeling her little tongue sweetly caressing his. She moved against him, slowly, and he rained kisses up and down her neck, his arms around her reaching up to pull her closer, then lowering down the length of her back to cup her perfect ass. He let his index finger skim down the crevice between her cheeks and she squealed a little. She was so perfect to him, so perfect for him. His skin felt on fire and his mind was racing with nothing but the thought of her. His Sansa. His beautiful Sansa.

His hands caressed her back up to her shoulders and without warning he rolled her over onto her back, still inside her. She gasped in surprise but clutched him around his neck and looked into his eyes, smiling.

"My beautiful love, my San," he started moving again, slow and sure and she tilted her hips to meet every stroke, her long legs around his waist. He couldn't help it, with her moans in his ears and the
feel of her around him, he wanted to last forever, he wanted her to come first, but in the heat and passion of it all, he couldn't stop in time and his orgasm came on too quickly and he groaned against her neck.

"God San, I'm sorry." He wanted to keep going but he knew he couldn't as he pulled out of her and made short work of the condom. "You didn't come."

She laughed softly then when he returned to holding her, looking up at him, thumbing his lips. "It isn't always about the orgasm, Robb."

"The hell it's not," he muttered, before moving down her body and parting her legs. He wasted no time in licking her furiously; she was already so swollen and wet, already so aroused he knew she wouldn't be long. She tasted so good, only now there was a tinge of latex to her but he didn't care. She whimpered and reached down to thread her fingers through his hair as he dipped his tongue inside her and back up again. Once was all it took and when he licked around her clit again, she came with a barely stifled cry, pressing his head into her, encouraging him to lap up her secretions through her orgasm. He loved it.

"Come here, " she breathed. "You are too far away from me."

Eagerly he moved up, lying on his side against her. He propped up on his elbow, head in and and looked at her, while his other hand made lazy caresses over her face, neck, breasts, and stomach. She was so soft, so pale. There were a few freckles scattered over her body and he circled every one, before reaching between her legs to touch the hair there. She had taken to shaving and trimming, but left enough for him to play with. He loved scraping his fingertips over her mound, dipping down to feel her delicate folds and clit.

"MMMM. You do that and I think it won't take long for me to want you again," she giggled in her post-orgasmic bliss.

"I don't think I'd mind too much," he grinned. "I wish we could do this all night."

"That would be a dream come true." She looked down and let her hand travel to grasp his cock. It immediately responded to her touch. "I think you will be ready again in no time, too."

"I think he's already ready." God her hand felt good. "This time I want to make sure you come while I'm inside you."

"Robb, everything with you is perfect. I just want to be close to you."

"Soon enough there will be more of this. I promise."

"Yes! I can't wait. I think Mycella and Marg will be having a lot of sleepovers."

"I don't like you having to lie."

She moved her hand away and he swore his cock cried in protest, but he didn't move his hand from her. Her eyes searched his and her smile faded.

"I don't like it either, but it's what we have to do. Forever."

"Is it worth it to you?" He just wanted to make sure, Once again. Always.

"Yes. Your love is the only thing worth it. Our love."
Groaning, he moved in to kiss her and she complied, pressing herself against him. His hand started working her again, teasing. She was slippery from her previous arousal and now even more so.

"Robb -"

"Hmmm."

She broke away from his lips.

"Can I - can I feel you inside me?"

"Always." He started to move to the nightstand.

"No." She stopped him, pulling him back to her.

"San, what -"

"I want to feel you inside me. Not a piece of latex."

His mind jolted along with his cock.

"No, San." He couldn't believe he was refusing her. "You know we can't."

"You don't have to come inside me. I just want to feel you, just for a minute." She reached down to stroke him. "I am going to make Dad set up an appointment for the OBGYN. I'm getting on birth control."

"San, Dad would freak out -"

"Robb, I'll be seventeen soon. It's only natural I start going to the GYN. I don't think Dad will freak out. I'm not Arya. He would freak out over Arya."

"Sansa. We can't." He was weakening. The thought of feeling her without the barrier of a condom...

"We can. Besides, I can stop at the drugstore and get the Plan B if you are so worried."

Robb couldn't think. He wasn't some irresponsible jerk like Joff or Theon when it comes to this. The thought of impregnating his sister horrified him. It was one step too far in their situation; her refused to risk the chance of it happening. Then again, Theon swore by withdraw methods and he hadn't had an accident... god. The way she was so nonchalant about emergency contraceptive.. it didn't sound like her.

Frustrated, his fingers delved into her. She was so wet and warm, and he imagined his cock feeling like his fingers did at this moment. Sansa stopped pleading and whimpered into his neck, pushing against him in hunger, stroking him harder as he curled his fingers inside her while thumbing her clit. It only took minutes before he felt her tightening, tensing her whole body; she let go of his cock and gripped his shoulders. She was close.

"Please Robb," she whimpered in his ear. "Please, please. Just this once. I want to feel it. I need to feel it, please. I know you want to - ah - ah!"

Her pleading, her whispers and her arousal tipped him over the edge as he withdrew his fingers and thrust into her in one motion.

"God, Sansa!" He gasped. She felt too good, it felt too good to be bare inside her. This time he could feel her drenched around him, the soft insides of her grasping him, her warmth. He gritted his teeth
for control even as he moaned and she cried out against him, bucking up and locking her legs around him. "You feel so good, so damn good, I love you -"

"Robb. Ah Robb, I love you. This is all I want -"

It was all he wanted, too. This was madness, but this was love.

He moved then, praying he wouldn't lose control as he thrust, each movement a new sensation; he could feel her soft clit up against his shaft as he rubbed against her, Christ, this was everything; this was his heaven.

His heaven cried out a little too loudly so he covered her mouth with his as he felt her climax, her walls pulsing around him; even this was more intense and he kissed her hard, taking away their breath, and he couldn't stop moving, and he hoped he could time it perfectly to spill on the sheets and not inside her.

He thought he heard something but was so caught up in their lovemaking he blocked it out of his mind. It wasn't until the voice pierced their muffled sounds of pleasure that Robb stopped in shock and turned.

"SannySan? Robbie?"

Sansa gasped and Robb lifted off and out of her, both of them grasping for cover, madly trying to gather clothes, sheets, anything to shield their nakedness, their shame, their horror.

Rickon stood immobile in the doorway.

Robb found his boxers, stumbling into them as Sansa grabbed her nightgown, and she started to gasp and sob quietly, her hand over her mouth. Robb wanted to comfort her but Rickon was in front of him, wide-eyed, in shock or surprise. Robb's whole body went numb and his mind blank.

"Ricky." It was all he could get out. His insides were twisting and he looked over at Sansa, who was trying desperately to control her crying and she inched forward, standing behind him as if she needed him as a shield from her eleven year old brother. She has forgotten to lock his door. In her desire to be with him she forgot to lock his fucking door.

Rickon started to turn as if to bolt. Robb couldn't let him go, couldn't let him run to Dad. He lunged forward, grabbing him by the collar of his t-shirt and spinning him around. Robb crouched down to be at eye-level with him and he read the confusion and fear in his face. His sweet baby brother Rickon. What have they done.

"Ricky?" He struggled for words. "Ricky, what do you think you saw?" He needed to know, to assess the situation. He tried to get his shit together and focus on his brother.

"You and Sanny making a baby. Like I saw Mel and Dad do one night. They looked just like you did. They were upset when I walked in on them too."

"Did - did Dad say for you not to talk about it?"

Rickon nodded, his blue eyes wide they darted over to Sansa.

"Well, same thing. Ricky, you can't talk about this." He paused as Rickon nodded again. "Do you promise me?"

"I promise. Robbie, I know what sex is and it makes babies. Do you want a baby with Sanny? I
didn't mean to stop you."

"You did nothing wrong, Ricky. Understand?"

Another slow nod.

"SannySan, why are you crying? I'm sorry I interrupted you."

Sansa was beyond words, still behind him.

"Ricky, you can't say anything to anyone, do you understand? If anyone found out about this, it would be very, very bad." He paused. "I could go to jail and you would never be able to see either of us again."

"I - I won't. I promise."

"Good. I love you, Ricky. Did you come down here for something?"

"I - I was thirsty and got a drink of water. I thought I heard something and wanted to see what it was. I guess I know now."

"Well," Robb tried to sound natural. "Go back to bed." He stood up and kissed the top of his head while hugging him, hoping against hope the damage wasn't irreversible.

"Night Robbie. Night SannySan, I'm sorry."

Robb watched his youngest brother turn around and slowly walk out. He shut and locked the door behind him, even though it was far too late for that. Turning around he strode over to Sansa, who stood looking at him with watery, tear-filled eyes. She looked almost like a child there, trembling and clutching the sides of her rumpled gown which hiked the hem above her knees. Without words he took her in his arms and she clung to him, openly weeping. He stroked her hair, kissing her forehead, much like the comfort he gave when Mom died. She clawed into his chest, shuddering.

"Robb, oh god, what's going to happen to us now?"

"Rickon won't say anything, I'm sure -"

"For now. For now he won't. He could say something at any time. If he tells anyone, if he tells Dad -"

He cupped her face in his hands, forcing her to look at him.

"It will be fine, do you hear me? Fine." He hoped his voice sounded stronger than he felt.

"Robb. Robb. My Robb. Don't leave me, please don't leave me. Don't stop loving me."

"I will love you no matter what, San. I could be dragged through hell and back and it won't make a difference. I love you. Do you hear me? I love you."

"I'm so sorry, I'm sorry I forgot to lock the door. I'm so sorry -"

"San, stop. Just stop."

He held her tight. Theon. Jon. Now Rickon. They were getting so careless, reckless. It would be so different, so very different if Sansa was of age, if they could move out of town and share an apartment together. But they still had a little over a year. With Rickon knowing, how could they
continue as they were, waiting for the ball to drop? All it would take is one moment of Rickon blurting something out to Dad. One minute and their lives would be destroyed. His heart ached.

"San, you have to go to bed. You have to go back to bed before anyone else wakes up."

She inhaled his scent, whimpering.

"I don't want to, Robb. I need you."

He wrenched free of her.

"San, go now, please. We can't risk it. Tomorrow I will spend some time with Rickon, please just keep your distance from us. I'll make sure everything is... right." He kept his voice gentle but he was screaming inside.

She barely nodded, making her way to the door.

"I love you Robb. I love you so much."

"I love you too, San. Don't worry. Everything will be taken care of."

She was gone in a whisper and Robb crept back into bed, dragging the covers up with him. The bed was still warm from Sansa and he moved to where she had laid underneath him. His mind was racing a million miles a minute in his head. What to do now, what to do now, what to do now. He knew they needed to stop, they needed to take a break from their relationship as it was. They couldn't get caught again. He wouldn't let them get caught again. Rickon. His poor baby brother saw them in the act; it was something he could never erase from his memory bank. Never. Yet Robb knew he couldn't stop and Sansa wouldn't stop.

He rubbed his face into the pillow; it smelled like Sansa's freshly shampooed hair.

*Look at me. I can't help but want her when her scent is trapped on my pillow. I can't stop, I just can't stop and neither can she. This is who we are, this is what we want. But we can't hurt the ones we love. We've already damaged Rickon.*

Something flashed in his mind, and the pain intensified in his heart. Maybe there was another way, as hard as it would be, there was a way to get through this latest situation. It would be painful and a struggle, but it would give them time to mature more, and diffuse the home life situation.

He reached for his phone, and went straight to his contacts. Clearing his voice, he waited, knowing there would be an answer; he had insomnia worse than Robb did.

"What the hell, Robb?" So much for a friendly greeting.

"Jon."

"Man, this better be good."

"No one died, I promise."

"What's going on then? It's three in the morning."

Robb closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

*I love you, San. I am doing this for us.*
"When are you going to see the recruiter again?"
Jon stepped out of the taxi and stood in awe in front of the building, looking down at his phone to double check the address on his text. Yes, this was it. The place was lush, towering, and Jon shifted uncomfortably in his dress blues.

He has just finished a Toys For Tots function and thought he would finally visit Sansa. He hadn't seen her in over five years, not since he graduated from boot camp. It was a stroke of luck that after his tour in Afghanistan, he was assigned to MCRD San Diego. Robb hadn't fared as well, being stuck over on the East coast at Camp Lejeune in North Carolina.

It would be good to see family again. His mom had flown out to see him two years ago, and Jon made it back once to Winterfell for Thanksgiving but hadn't been back since, and Jon was finally going home for Christmas. He has saved up his time and, well, he deserved it. He knew Robb was
planning a Christmas at home as well. Jon reflected on the stroke of luck that he and Robb were in Afghanistan together; then again, they kept their cousin status a secret, adopting a don't ask, don't tell policy. He was certain they would have been on opposite sides of the world otherwise.

He hated Los Angeles; the busy, loud, star-studded, drug-addled hedonistic aspect of it all, but the desire to see family was greater than his disike of the city. Well, his desire to see Sansa. He was proud of her. She had been out here for four years and already she had starred in three theatre performances, had several one-shot appearances on TV shows, and now she was starring in a Netflix series with Loras. Jon binge-watched the first season, and it was surprisingly good, although the subject was a bit unnerving: it focused on a crime family, and Sansa and Loras played siblings that take over the family business when their father dies. Siblings who were also lovers. The love scenes made Jon cringe a bit and he looked away uncomfortably. There was no nudity from Sansa but he felt as if it wasn't Sansa and Loras he was watching, and Loras' dyed auburn hair didn't help matters.

Two girls walking past him looked him up and down and giggled. He gripped his man bag tighter to his side. He probably should have taken the time to change into street clothes but he had to admit, being in uniform gave him a sense of pride. He still wasn't used to the female attention. After Ygritte dumped him three years ago, he halfheartedly went on dates when he could, but he couldn't catch that magic he had with his fiery redhead. So, like Robb, he threw himself into his career in the military. Robb already made Gunner Sergeant and was striving towards Master; it was almost unheard of to move up so quickly, but he was constantly proving his mettle. Jon felt satisfied with his own recent promotion to Sergeant, but was in awe of Robb's ambitions. Just as he was in awe of Sansa's.

He cleared his throat and walked over to buzz himself in, giving his name, and the door unlocked seconds later. He wondered a bit at the security but started up the flight of steps, skipping the elevator. Third floor, 3A. He used the knocker and waited, then replied into the speaker by the door when he heard her say 'Jon'.

The door opened and shut quickly behind him and before he could survey the apartment she was on him, hugging him with such force he dropped his bag. The first thing he noticed was that she had grown taller; she was his height, maybe even an inch more, and when he looked down, he saw she was barefoot.

"Jon!" She squealed into him and took a step back, assessing him. "Look at you, all handsome and buff in your dress blues. You look just like you did at boot camp graduation!"

"And you... got taller and prettier, San," he laughed, allowing her to kiss his cheek.

She was prettier; more womanly, more mature. Seeing her on the TV was nothing compared to seeing her in the flesh. Her hair was shorter now, styled just below her shoulders, and with a bit of embarrassment he saw her curves, curves at twenty-two that weren't there at seventeen. Always an observer, he scanned her face and saw the slightly dark circles under her eyes, and there was something like a permanent sorrow in them.

"Well, thanks. I'd show you around but there's not too much to show -"}

There wasn't, not in terms of rooms. The small foyer led to a massive living area, with dual french doors to the left that led out to a generous enclosed balcony. Off to the right was a kitchen. Beyond the living area were two doors to the bedrooms. Hers and Loras's. It was simple in design but very, very upscale. Jon had never been in such a place.

"Is Loras here?" He was told they were living together. Petyr Baelish had been indulgent enough to move them in here shortly after Sansa arrived in LA. They were his prodigies, his contracts. He had
other actors that he managed, but Jon has always seen pictures of him with Sansa and Loras. He never cared for Baelish and neither did Robb; the guy seemed so self-serving and overly ambitious; managing careers wasn't his only occupation. The man had his hand in everything. But Sansa seemed happy and her acting career was flourishing.

"No, he and his friend Renly are out for the evening." She led him to the plush couch where he sank in clumsily, her following with grace. She wore a simple dress the color of butternut squash, and around her neck was a delicate blue rose pendant. She looked glowing and pure and good. She was a slice of home, and Jon felt homesick for the first time in years.

"Are you two still an item?"

Her smile faded as her fingers reached up to twine in her necklace.

"We were never an item, Jon, no matter what the tabloids said."

He remembered. Last year, in the middle of the first season of her show, pictures surfaced of Sansa and Loras, making out in Loras's car. Robb had called him, freaking out. He tried to placate him by saying Sansa could do a lot worse than Loras Tyrell, and at least it was a family friend and not some Los Angeles jerk. It did nothing to console him, and Jon knew why. He wished he didn't know, but he knew.

"Are you going home for Christmas this year? Uncle Ned said he felt like you were avoiding the family, now that you're a huge star."

"Huge star? No, I'm not that," she laughed. "No, I haven't thought about going home, but it's been years." She suddenly turned somber.

"Right, it has. Uncle Ned and Aunt Mel are doing great." Jon knew Sansa had no love for her stepmother, so he treaded carefully. "I was there last year. Finally got to meet their kid. Cute little shit. I can't believe Uncle Ned would agree to adopt a baby at his age, but he explained Mel can never have kids and this was his shot at having a family."

"Dad already had a family," she interrupted bitterly. "One that he chose to ignore when mom died."

"Uncle Ned hasn't given up on his family, Sansa, not even Rickon." Rickon was once again in juvenile detention, this time for grand theft auto. "He loves all his kids, you know that."

"What of Robb? Any news from him? I haven't talked to him in awhile, I know he's been busy - and -" she looked away from him - "I just haven't had time," she finished lamely.

Jon studied her and knew. Without a doubt, he knew it was the same with her as it was with Robb. The love. It was all over her face, and she might be a damn good actress on screen but she could not hide her heart. He felt a sudden sick pang in the pit of his stomach.

"You mean he's refused to talk to you since he found out about Loras, right?" He ran his fingers through imaginary locks. After five years he thought for sure he would get used to his high-and-tight. He wasn't.

"Jon, I tried to talk to him but he wouldn't pick up or answer my texts if that was the subject. I wanted to explain but he didn't give me the chance."

"Well maybe seeing him at home will give you a chance to clear the air. Just go home, Sansa. Besides, you haven't even seen your new brother yet. Arya and Gendry shackled up together, did you know that? And Bran, well, he's getting ready to graduate from high school with honors. Kid is a
"If ever a wiz there was," she joked, trying to mask her pain. Jon wasn't fooled.

"Well, Mom and I were invited to Christmas Eve dinner. It would be nice to see everyone again. Seeing Rickon would be nice, too. Maybe I can visit him."

"Dad is a lawyer, he should be able to get him out of there."

"Sansa, Rickon has been in trouble too many times. You know it's not his first offense."

"When did you last see Robb? Is he well? Does he... is he seeing anyone?"

"I flew down to North Carolina last year. We hung out for a bit, grabbed a few beers. He's doing good. Even gained some more muscle weight. No girlfriend that I know of. Come to think of it, he hasn't been serious with anyone since... hell, since Jeyne. Hell, I'm thinking he might be playing for the other team."

He didn't want to tell her that Robb was a fucking mess. That after his freakout fest over the phone, Jon flew to North Carolina as soon as he was able. A few beers was actually more than that as Robb got rip-roaring drunk. It was then that he wildly confessed his love for Sansa, nearly getting into a bar fight and then destroying nearly everything in his apartment when Jon had dragged him back home. Jon then witnessed his cousin, so strong and formidable, even when in Afghanistan, break down in front of him in a tirade of confessions about Sansa that made Jon blush. Apparently half of Robb's ten day leave after boot camp was spent with Sansa at a getaway. Robb cried over and over how he wanted to go back there and never leave, how he never wanted to be anywhere that wasn't with his sister. It was sad and sweet and horrifying, and Jon wished he could brush it off as a drunk man's insane babblings, but in his heart he knew it was true. The next morning, Robb said not a word and neither did Jon.

"I doubt that, Jon." Her mouth twisted in a wry smile. She looked relieved to find out there was no other steady woman in Robb's life. "I was so angry at him for joining the Marines. I had thirteen weeks to cool off and miss him. Then when he left for overseas -" Tears started forming in her eyes. Awkwardly, Jon reached out and patted her hand.

"Sansa, here's your chance to go home and squeeze some family time in." He went to move his hand away and she clutched it. His eyes met hers and he shifted.

"I'm sorry, Jon. I've been so lonely out here. I try to stay busy and take whatever acting roles I can get, but it still all feels so empty."

"Then go home."

"I can't. I'm contracted for two more seasons on the series. And this is my dream, remember? I wanted to be an actress. I'm living the dream."

"Then go home as much as you can for visits. After your series ends, just go local gigs, like theatre. Go to college. You can afford it now."

"I can't go home," she whispered. "I just can't."

"Why?" He thought he knew the answer but he wanted to hear her reply. He could see she was struggling and he wanted to comfort her, but somehow that felt awkward, too. He really didn't know what to do. He looked at her and all he could see was her with Robb.
"I just can't."

"Okay, well, then at least humor me and say you'll think about it?"

She nodded.

He smiled then and she followed.

"You really are more handsome when you smile. Ygritte was a fool to leave you."

"You always did flatter me well, cousin."

She relaxed after that, and after he removed his jacket they watched a movie and talked, and Jon observed that their conversations always seemed to steer back to Robb. Jon didn't mind too much; it kept her happy, and that's what mattered.

"Jon, I'd offer to take you to a party or clubbing but I know that's not your style."

"No, it's not. I'll take a movie with a ravishing redhead any day." He was shocked when she moved into him, snuggling on his arm, but he knew she craved the closeness of family. The closeness of Robb. He was the next best thing, he supposed. He liked her body up against him a little too much, maybe. Still, he encircled an arm around her. He wasn't Robb, and that made all the difference. To him, anyway.

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Sansa's head was rightly swimming when she heard Loras stumbling through the door. She looked down at the almost empty wine bottle on the coffee table. After Jon left she busted out the spirits. She needed something to numb the pain of his leaving. He had been comforting, sweet, and good, just like she remembered Robb used to be like. It was almost like a piece of Robb left her, just like when she looked up and saw a piece of Robb - in looks anyway - walking through the door.

"Loras, it's good to see you again, my wayward friend."

He threw his keys on the floor and sank into the couch next to her, his head in his hands. To her horror he started crying.

"Loras?" Through her inebriated haze she reached for him and he grabbed onto her, as if she were the only thing keeping him from sinking.

"It's over," he choked. "It's over. Renly just broke things off with me."

"What? No.. no!" She stroked his curls. "That can't be true."

"It is. Oh fuck, it is. He said he's tired of me hiding him like some dirty secret. He said he wants a love where he doesn't have to sneak around, one where he can feel good about himself. And he can't feel good with us lying to everyone."

It struck Sansa's heart. Lying was all she knew when it came to love. She wanted to tell Loras she understood, but she couldn't. All she could do was hold him to her, trying to soothe him as best she could running fingers through his wavy hair. She was reminded of Rickon, and the way she would calm him down from his nightmares after Mom died.

"I'm sorry, Loras. He'll come around. He's just upset. If he loves you -"

"Maybe I didn't love him as much as I said I did and he saw that. I love my career more, my
ambition. My reputation means more to me than his love -"

"You were doing what you thought was best. Do you know how many actors are still in the closet? Only a few have been brave enough to -"

"Yes, I'm a coward. He's been angry with me since those fucking photos surfaced, those photos -"

She sighed. She remembered that day, being followed around by someone with a camera thinking they were so discreet. It was a joke, really, and she was the one who suggested they give the little shit something to spy on. They had been out shopping, thrilled with their newfound semi-fame, and what better way to solidify his hetero status if he was 'caught' making out with his co-star and roommate? Unfortunately she didn't think it through and neither did he as she straddled him in the passenger seat and kissed him. They were both laughing, having fun, and it felt...good. She was ashamed to admit that it comforted her, that she craved the contact. Petyr had been furious, but Sansa couldn't understand why; it was great publicity and their ratings increased, as well as their sex scenes in the show.

Robb had been angry, too.

"Shhh, shhh. Don't think about it now." She looked over at the wine bottle. "Let me get you a drink."

He sat there, sniffing and looking at her through watery eyes as she poured a glassful and handed it to him, and he took it with shaking fingers. Lucky for them, wine and vodka were their only vice, as far as drugs were concerned. Even if they did drink too much of it.

"Thanks." He offered a crooked smile while he drained it and held it out for more. Sansa wasn't doing so great at pouring but she managed to fill it up again and when he took it, she filled her own glass.

"So Jon showed up?" Loras seemed a bit calmer now, glancing up to see what she had on the flatscreen. Some movie she could care less about.

"Yeah, it was a nice visit. He wants me to go home for Christmas."

"Will you?"

"I don't think so." Her heart hurt. Her stomach ached. She watched as Loras kicked off his shoes and unbuttoned the two top buttons of his dress shirt.

"Sansa, you can't avoid your family forever. You were so close to them. Then it seemed like once you got out here, you cut them off."

"Maybe I did. Loras, you just got dumped by someone you were with for six years. We don't need to talk about my family. You just lost your first love."

Loras grabbed the bottle of wine and, seeing it empty, started laughing, throwing his head back.

"My first love was a sweet little thing named Rochelle Farthing. I lost my virginity to her in the ninth grade." He smirked. "My dick virginity, I guess you could say. Renly of course took my ass virginity." He laughed again, standing up and making his way to more wine in the fridge.

"Loras!"

"Well, it's true." He was back on the couch no time, his tears dried and his voice calm, drinking
straight out of the bottle. "No use in trying to rewrite history."

"I wish I could rewrite my history," she muttered. "There would be so much I would change, and only one thing I wouldn't."

He reached an arm around her easily and she settled in. They had spent quite a few nights like this, just lounging in front of the TV with good wine and conversation. It had been awhile though. After Jon's visit, she craved more affection.

"What wouldn't you change, San?"

Robb. I wouldn't change being in love with Robb.

"I don't want to talk about it." She moved her hand over her stomach, resting it there. So much pain, so much heartache and so much happiness...all of it, traced back to Robb. She would give all this up to be with him. The only reason she let Baelish lure her out here was because of Robb. Robb and their love. Robb, Robb, Robb. Always Robb.

"I think you can't talk about it because your speech is slurred."

"Is it?" her tongue felt like it was rolling in her mouth. "Lor, can you take my phone so I don't drunk dial?"

"You only call me Lor when you're drunk. Time to call it a night."

She didn't realize how drunk she was until she felt Loras lifting her up in his arms and the room was spinning. Meekly she clasped his hands around his neck. Since being out here he had put on more muscle; the only reason he staggered was because of his own wine-induced state. He laid her carefully on the king-sized plush four-poster bed and she gazed up at him.

"Lor, can you please stay with me? I need cuddles tonight. I'm lonely."

"Again, Sansa, really?" She felt him slip in beside her. "We need to get you a boyfriend, stat. Or a girlfriend. Or both."

"I don't need one. Too much bother." She turned but decided her stomach revolted too much at that. So instead she laid on her back and reached out her hand. He took it, squeezing gently. "Thanks, Lor. I'm so sorry about Ren. I can only tell you it doesn't get any better."

"Thanks, Sunshine."

Starshine.

Her eyelids drooped as she drifted. As always, sleep was merciful and welcomed. At least with sleep she wouldn't have to deal with any heartache.

She wraps her legs around him as he holds her close, whispering in her ear..."I love you, San, my love, my life, I love you and I love no other"... he pushes into her slowly, he fills her up and she cries out, feeling the warmth of his skin, the hardness of his desire as they move in sync... his thrusts are slow, sensual, and she throws her head back, only to feel his burning lips there..."don't leave me", she cries, and he whispers against her skin... "never"...she tightens around him crying "liar, liar, my sweet liar"... feels the wetness of his tongue on her nipples...hears his moans and grunts intermingling with her whimpers and sighs...she is grasping, holding tight, his lips overtake hers in a passionate kiss as she feels his release, feels his seed exploding into her womb and taking root... "my love, my love, you are leaving me", she cries... "never", he declares again... "I didn't know, how
could I have known, why -".. she is peaking, she can feel it -

Her eyes flutter open as she gasps; it is dark except for the moonlight coming through her window, and the glare of the clock by her bed. Her whole body is tight as a drum and she sees she is still wearing her yellow dress. She runs her hands over her nipples, finding them hard and tender. Only a dream, just a dream and it was like he was there with her, touching her, as if five years without him didn't exist. Her hand dipped down between her legs; she was soaking through her panties and swollen, as if he had really been inside her.

Beside her Loras is lying on his side, his back facing her. He must have felt the effects of the wine as well; he was fast asleep, his light breathing the only sound in the room. She still felt dizzy, maybe still a bit tipsy, and alone and completely turned on. Careful not to disturb her sleeping partner, she discreetly slipped her fingers inside her drenched panties, shocked at the amount of wetness, trying to move with minimal disturbance.

Unfortunately, Loras has always been a light sleeper, and she freezes when he turns over to lie on his side facing her, propping his head up in his hand. She gasps as she looks at him staring holes into her; in the moonlight with his dark auburn-dyed curls, sparkling eyes and muscled chest, she is reminded so much of Robb that she quivers for a moment, on the brink of crying. She sees Robb; Robb is all she sees.

There is no time to cry as he moves his left arm over her, hand skimming down to push hers away and she feels his long, delicate fingers enter her. He moves closer to her and she moves into him, clutching at his chest, finding no hair there to curl into, so she digs her nails into his chest as he pumps his fingers inside of her, lazily circling her clit. It doesn't take long and she is ashamed but needy as she pushes down for deeper penetration; she can't bear to look at him as she threads her fingers through his curls and quickly reaches her peak. She lets it crash over her as she feels him plant a kiss on her neck, and she cries out.

"Robb! Robb !" She doesn't realize it until it's too late, this cry of betrayal in the heat of the moment, as she rides out the last of her orgasm. She sees him, she wants him, she feels him. Robb. Then the empty, lonely feeling floods back to her as well as shame as his fingers slowly pull out of her. Where Robb would either bring them to his nose or his mouth, Loras wipes the slick off on the pants he was still wearing from his night out, and she can feel him staring into her.

She crashes back into reality.

Loras says nothing; he gives her a chaste kiss on her temple and rolls back over to his side. She scoots up against his back, molding her body into his. She can't help the tears that start to fall, and he reaches back to wrap her right arm around him.

Thankful, she tries to let sleep overtake her again.

"Thank you," she whispered.

Robb, her mind screamed. Robb, I'm coming to you.
Five years and all that happened in it seemed to fade away as Robb sat in the rec room at Dad's. It was some stroke of luck or torture or both that Sansa was seated next to him on the couch, with Bran lounging on his other side. Now and then she brushed up against him as if by accident, but he knew it was no accident and he leaned into her every time, relishing the feel of her, the scent of her, the look of her in her cream colored fuzzy sweater, her blue rose pendant at her neck.

"I've never taken it off," she whispered to him at dinner, while the chatter carried on all around them. He knew it was the truth; she wore it even in her series.

All the family, with the exception of Rickon, had gathered for Christmas dinner; Arya with Gendry on her arm, Uncle Brynden and Uncle Edmure, Mel, Dad, Bran, Aunt Lyanna, Jon, and the newer addition to the Stark family, little Benjen. Robb was fascinated with the four year old; this was the third time visting since his return from Afghanistan and the little boy took a liking to him each time he arrived. Dad and Mel doted on their adopted son, and it wasn't hard to see why; he actually reminded Robb of Rickon, which twisted his heart. It was good to see family again. He scheduled visitation with Rickon for tomorrow before he had to catch his flight. A sense of dread and guilt and obligation flooded him over that.

But nothing mattered when Sansa had walked in the door, bearing gifts and laughing, her cheeks rosy from the cold as she made her way through the hugs and kisses and exclamations. His heart jumped at the sight of her. She had become even more lovely, a grown woman now instead of a developing teen girl. Feeling like a lecherous freak but unable to look away, he drank her in like a man thirsting. When she made her way to him he couldn't resist scooping her up in his arms, twirling her around and nuzzling into her hair. He heard a soft moan in his ear, so discreet and quick yet it unmanned him and he felt himself hardening against her lithe body. He only put her down and turned away when he felt eyes on him. He hadn't wanted to let her go, not when he saw the look in her eyes before he embraced her. The love was still there, the desire and need, just as it burned through him. It never stopped burning for him. Never.

Through the long days and nights in Afghanistan, she was the only thing that kept him sane, grounded; when he ended up in the infirmary after a roadside bombing and sniper shooting, all he could think of was her. He was hailed as a hero but it meant nothing to him. His promotions were to make her proud; he strove to be a better man, one that Sansa would approve of. He cared about his career and he had pride in the military, but it was nothing compared to the love for her. He wasn't going to re-up for another four years; his intention was to move out to San Diego under the pretext of being near Jon, but it would mean being near enough to Sansa. Then the tabloid pictures surfaced of Sansa and Loras, and in a fit of jealousy and betrayal and rage, he hastily signed up again. The rage was new; he never felt so violently before. Jon noticed the change; Jon tried to reason with him.

It was one thing to see her on TV. He watched her series faithfully, even if it was painful to see her love scenes with Loras, even if it maddened him to know she was playing a lover to her on-screen brother. The whole 'art imitates life imitates art' was not lost on him as he watched. He called her after the first sex scene, and he had jealously asked if she enjoyed filming it, like a petulant boyfriend. He was reassured it was acting, and thankfully Petyr had made sure she had a 'no gratuitous nudity' clause in her contract for the series. So at least he was spared of her being naked for the world to see, even though watching Loras in the buff made him want to gouge out his eyes. Then the pictures came out and the knowledge that Sansa and Loras were living together had nearly driven him insane. It wasn't even the thought of Sansa having a lover - he was too realistic to think she would stay celibate - it was the emotional connection she had with Loras that hurt, and even
though it was acting, the love scenes were hard to take. Still, with the mix of jealousy and hurt was also the feeling of pride and happiness for her. She was living her dream, something he would never prevent her from doing, no matter how much it pained him to live without her.

Robb was used to the bachelor life, and his military became his girl. He somewhat went on one-shot dates just to keep up appearances, but never got close or slept with any of them. He would kiss them goodnight and feel nothing, and thank them for a great evening, and leave it at that. His heart wants what his heart wants, and unless they were Sansa, he was not interested. It was easy enough to preoccupy his time with his forced career ambitions, and live unfettered without a girlfriend, wife, or children. He still had his Sansa, although since being back in the States, their schedules never lined up to meet. Skyping, Facebook, and phone conversations were what they had. When they interacted online they were always discreet, as well as when they texted; but it was the phone conversations he looked forward to the most. After the first few awkward times of phone sex, they became quite the experts at dirty talk. It was sexy and thrilling, but then when it was over he felt empty, lonely, and aching. He wanted to hold her, feel her, make love to her and whisper sweet nothings in her ear... but he took what he could get. Every night his last thoughts were of her, and every morning as well.

Now she was here in the flesh, cozying up to him as if the time between boot camp graduation and now never existed. It felt like yesterday when they were sequestered in their little cabin, with three days and nights of nothing but making love and spending time together. It had been his way of telling her he was sorry for his snap decision; she had been beyond angry and hurt when he told her he enlisted, and punished him by not corresponding with him at all during basic training. Yet, when she came out for graduation it all melted away, and the ten day leave was heaven sent when she agreed to get away with him. It had been too easy, using Mycella as a shield, and Myrcella used Sansa as well so she could stay with Theon. Robb had never known such bliss; they had made love twelve times in those three days (he counted and committed to memory), and that didn't include the separate orgasms without sex. They were raw and drained afterwards, as if they loved a lifetime in those few days; maybe they really did.

"You really should come out and visit," she said presently, sipping on eggnog, her eyes glancing from him to the TV where 'A Christmas Story' was playing. "It's lovely right now, and you could get away from the cold."

"The cold is in our blood, San," he returned easily. "I don't mind it. I think I'd be like Jon in Los Angeles. Completely lost."

"I could be your tour guide." Her voice was low, almost seductive. Christ. Good thing Jon had already left with Aunt Lyanna. Their uncles and Gendry and Arya had just left as well; it was only Dad, Mel, Bran, and little Benjen.

He looked at her as she sipped innocently from her eggnog, looking at him. Her eyes, even with the dark circles under them, shone and sparkled. His whole body ached to hold her.

"Even Jon came for a visit, even though he loathes the city. The least you could do is make an effort."

"Yeah, Robb. Jeez." Bran looked up long enough from his phone to glare at him. "You have time now; hell, you could fly out every weekend if you wanted. Sansa's got enough money to foot your air fare."

"Oh, Bran, you are absolutely right." She set the cup down on the end table and smirked. "Robb, let your little sister pay your way to the City of Angels."

"I'll be damned if I mooch off of you, San. I'd pay my own way."
Bran shrugged, getting up from his spot. "I'm gonna go see what Dad and Mel and Benjen are doing. I'll be back."

Robb barely allowed for Bran's footsteps to fade before he leaned over, palming Sansa's soft cheek to draw her in for a kiss. He couldn't help it; he needed the contact. There was no hesitation in her, but her response was shy - *it has been so long* - and he softly met her lips in a feathery touch, not unlike their very first time. She tasted and felt better than he remembered and she gently offered her tongue and she melted in to him...for a second, before stiffening and pulling away. Her eyes pleaded with him.

"Robb, please. We can't. Not here."

"I love you, San," he choked out. "It's been so long, all I can think about is being able to hold you properly. Nothing has changed for me. I just want to be with you. It's so hard, being here, seeing you, hearing you, smelling you, and yet I can't touch you."

She twisted her mouth into a wry smile, her eyes darting to the stairs and them back to him again. His heart hurt even as his cock stood at full attention and he had to try to concentrate on more than her beautiful face and her soft, eager lips.

"You don't think I feel it, too? How hard do to think it was to keep from tackling you when I walked in the door? It's like time stood still, only now you are more of a man than a teen boy. All muscle and broad shoulders, looking so fine in your tight blue thermal shirt." She stared into him, and her fingertips touched his bottom lip. "No matter what you think, I've *never* had another man's cock inside me."

He groaned at her bold statement and kissed her finger. This past year, they've barely spoke since the fight over the leaked makeout pics with Loras; it seemed to melt away at their first physical contact in years.

"When do you leave? My flight is tomorrow afternoon -"

"Tomorrow morning." She pulled her hand down and moved away from him.

"Come to my hotel room. Or I can come to yours." He couldn't believe the words coming from his mouth. Usually it was her pleading with him. "Please, San."

"You don't think someone could be watching? All it would take is for one fan to take a picture of you going into my room and post it on their Tumblr."

"I hardly think there are rabid fans here in Winterfell. Even so, is it so odd to have a brother visiting his sister who is in town for the holiday?"

She stood up, her hand flying to her necklace to yank at the chain. "Is this what you came here for? To *fuck* me?" The way she said it, so cold and angry, startled him.

"No! No, I just wanted to see the family. I didn't know you were coming home until you sent that late text. I'm not even expecting anything from you, San. I just want to be alone with you, no matter what happens. I'm not going to deny I want to make love to you. But I would never cross any line you laid down for me."

She said nothing, only stared down at him, her bottom lip quivering. He thought he had never seen anyone more beautiful. She would always be beautiful to him.
"San -" He reached for her. "We've been apart for so long, it seems like eternity. Isn't it fair we take advantage of this time we have? Or do we need to wait five more years for another chance?"

"Come to California."

"Come to North Carolina."

Footsteps coming from the stairs kept them silent. Down came Ned carrying Benjen. As soon as he was set down he headed straight to Robb, running and crashing into his legs, squealing.

"Robby! I missed you!"

"Hey little brother, I missed you, too. That half hour must have been rough."

He reached over and deposited Benjen into his lap. Such a winsome little kid, with dark hair and bright blue eyes. He couldn't help but kiss him and hug him tight as Ned sunk into the overstuffed recliner. Benjen responded by laughing and hugging back as tight as he could. Ned smiled appreciatively but Sansa stared with a blank expression while she clutched the jeweled rose in a death grip. Robb knew Sansa still hated Mel, but there was no reason for her to extend that dislike to her child. He frowned. He had always known Sansa to be sensitive to others, especially children; when mom died, she mothered Rickon and Bran. At nine and eleven, they looked to her as a replacement and she settled into the role. But Sansa had barely looked at Benjen since she walked in the door, even though she was staring now. Maybe she resented Dad adopting a child with Mel, but it was Dad's marriage and Dad's life.

"BenBen seems to be quite taken with you, Robb." Ned's deep voice boomed across the rec room. "You seem to have a natural talent with kids. Maybe I can become a grandfather in a few years?"

There was the rub. Robb glanced over at Sansa and her face fell, as if she was struggling not to cry. He understood now. If he and Sansa were somehow able to live together, there would be no children unless one of them would adopt. They had discussed it before and they both agreed they wanted each other more than kids, but they were young. What if Sansa was thinking of a baby? He thought she was too invested in an acting career to entertain the thought of being a mother. He knew he couldn't become a father and was resigned to being the best uncle to future nieces and nephews from Arya, Bran, and Rickon. He was twenty-four, and was sure he could find a doctor to perform a vasectomy. It was on his list of things to do. But Sansa? She looked right now like she was going to break down and sob.

"Better ask Arya and Gendry to get on with it," he tried to joke. "I'm not too sure my life is going to involve a kid. Not in the Marines."

"A lot of Marines have kids." His dad shrugged. "Well, you're young yet. I'm sure the right woman will change your mind when she comes along."

I already found the right woman. And she's why I won't be a father. Her love means more to me than any child any other woman could give me.

Robb set Benjen down and he scampered off to his toy box to drag out dozens of items for his inspection. It was only then that Sansa sank back into the couch, far enough away where Robb couldn't accidentally touch her. He wanted to console her and admonish her at the same time. She shouldn't be acting like this towards an innocent child. Still, there was something he could do: change the subject.

"So, Dad," Robb cleared his throat. "Mel said you guys are building a new house?"
"Sure are. Bigger, out in the countryside. Business has been good. Been thinking of offering this one to you or Sansa first, then Arya. I doubt Sansa will want it, will you? And Robb, I doubt you will, too, any time soon. I might just let Arya and Gendry move into it. It's a sight better than their tiny one bedroom apartment."

*Their family home. So many memories. Mom. Sansa.*

"As long as it stays in the family, I don't care." Sansa shrugged. "There are a lot of good memories of Mom here, and it would be heartbreaking for someone else to move in."

"Arya and her beau it is, then."

"Robb! Play with me!" Benjen ran over, clutching various stuffed animals and action figures. "I've got Batman, you can be Batman. I will be Mr. Teddy."

"Sure thing, Benjen. Batman has always been my fave." Robb smiled, getting on the floor to sit with him. "You know why? He's human, he doesn't have superpowers but he fights the bad guys all the same, with some cool grown-up toys."

Sansa stood up in a less than graceful movement.

"I've got an early flight tomorrow, and it's late. I'm leaving."

Robb looked up at her, concerned. His first reaction was to take her in his arms and comfort her, ask her what was on her mind. Of course he couldn't. He could only watch as she called for a cab. Ned got up and glanced down at them before moving to Sansa.

"I'll wait with you upstairs. Robb, are you and Benjen going to be able to handle the play time?"

"Sure, Dad." Robb stood. Nothing more unhappy than having to say goodbye to Sansa in front of their father. No chance for a last kiss or embrace that wasn't any more than brotherly.

"San, don't be a stranger. Call me when you get back in LA, and you know, maybe I'll visit sometime. Jon isn't too far away, I could stay with him. I love you."

She leaned into him but before he could hug her he saw the tears. He held her close, tightly, and she pulled him as tight as her arms would allow. Discreetly he took in the scent of her. He willed himself not to cry. And he hadn't cried for a long time.

"Love you back, Robb. Take care." It was all she could manage, her eyes pleading with him when she tore away, wiping at her eyes and turning to follow their Dad up the stairs. Before she was out of his line of vision, she looked back down at him and smiled.

Robb smiled back as he returned to his spot with Benjen, who happily shoved Batman at him. He then realized she didn't bother to say goodbye to her little brother.

An hour later, cuddling with a sleeping Benjen on the couch, Robb felt his phone vibrate in his pocket. Pulling it out, he unlocked it and caught his breath. *Sansa.*

*Hilton. 13th fl Rm 66*

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How long was he going to stare at the door?

Thankfully no one was in the hall, and maybe it was only minutes but it seemed like hours. He didn't want any suspicions or any chance of someone stalking Sansa's whereabouts, or whatever, but damn it, he felt rooted. What was he so afraid of? This was Sansa, his love, his beautiful, loving little Starshine. It wasn't like he didn't know what she felt like naked underneath him. It wasn't like he didn't know her.

Five years. Five long goddamn years....

He breathed in and knocked twice, then three times. Code knocking.

The door opened and he stepped in. He froze as she quietly shut and locked the door, leaning up against it as if for support. She had freshly showered and was dressed in a modest, v-necked t-shirt nightgown that reached past her knees. He swallowed as he took in her damp hair and makeup-free face with the pronounced dark circles under her eyes. Her mouth was slightly opened, as if she was stunned, and she didn't speak, but neither did he. Now he could look at her, and he already felt himself hardening as he skimmed her body. Thin fabric clung around her braless breasts, the nipples pronounced; he took in the swell of her hips down to her delicate, pink-painted toes. He let his eyes travel back up again to her exposed neck, around which she still wore his necklace, and then back to her eyes, and he noticed she was taking him in as well. His arms felt like lead as he shrugged off his coat, hat, gloves and scarf and carelessly let them fall to the floor.

Who moved first, he wasn't sure, but she was in his arms kissing him, and he felt her trembling, from her lips and her entire body up against him. His mind went blank and all he knew was his arms shook around her, too, as he tried to kiss her gently. Tried to restrain himself. He wanted to taste her, savor her, cherish her. She was taller than he remembered; almost at eye level now; he didn't need to bend over as far to kiss her. Over, over, and over again he met her lips, his shaking hands caressing her face, running through her hair, pulling her closer. She started sighing against him, her breath warm on his face, and her hands found their way to the neck of his thermal shirt, tugging. He wasn't sure if she wanted it off or she wanted him closer, and maybe it was both, so he scooped her up in his arms, raining kisses on her face as he swung her around and glanced over to locate the bed, which was already turned down. He walked - or did he race? - over to gingerly lay her down but she squirmed against him, tugging at his shirt so violently he fell on top of her. He made an attempt to say something, an apology or a plead, but was cut off by her lips taking his forcefully, her tongue demanding his, her hands reaching up to skim through non-existent curls. All he could feel was her body under him, her softness against his hardness, and then her hands were furiously clawing at his shirt.

She will be the death of me. Jesus Fucking Christ.

He leaned up and she stripped it off him and threw it god knows here, and he groaned as her hands found his bare chest, skimming through the hair there, scraping her nails as if she was trying to claw her way inside his heart, even though she was already there, would always be there. Before he knew quite what was happening, her fingers traveled down to his belt buckle to loosen it and unzip his jeans, and she was tugging down madly, whimpering in his mouth. Reluctantly he moved away from her, kicking off his boots and stripping himself of his socks and jeans and boxers as quickly as he could.

The cool air hit him but had no effect on his burning skin as Sansa was pulling him on her again, her bare legs tangling with his, her mouth demanding his. Already his cock was wet at the tip as he slid his body against her, rocking, his hands hastily grabbing the hem of her nightshirt to rid her of it, moaning as he discovered she wore no panties underneath, madly wondering why he didn't notice
when he was carrying her to bed or when he pressed up against her. It didn't matter, nothing mattered but his Sansa, naked and arching into him, grinding up, clutching his neck, scraping his back, trying to invite him inside.

He wanted to draw it out, this moment, this feel of abandon and love, he didn't want to give in to her so easily. He broke from her lips to lick down her neck, kissing her collarbone, one hand deftly moving the necklace to the side so he could taste her without an obstacle. His hands and mouth found her breasts, her nipples already rock hard for his tongue as his hands caressed her curves, and he marveled at how they were no longer slight but full, womanly, and perfect. Then again, she was always perfect to him.

He allowed his hands to explore her waist and over her hips - god, even her hips were more curvy -, and he marveled at the feel of her. He kissed her harder then, as his hand dipped lower to graze his fingertips across her mound, feeling she only had a slight strip of shaved hair, and then his fingers dipped down through her folds over her clit. She was so wet already as he caressed lower into her opening, and even here she felt different than he remembered, god she felt so soft and warmth seemed to radiate from her. She gasped into his mouth and he felt her tense for a moment, and he stilled; hesitated. Maybe it was too much, too soon - then her hand pushed into his shoulder, downwards, and he let two fingers slide deep inside her. He struggled for control as she moaned while he slowly moved inside her. He couldn't resist lowering himself down, licking her skin on the way, stopping for a slight swirl in her delicate belly button before making his way to her clit. He wanted to taste her.

She was as sweet as he remembered; it was a taste he would never forget. Her moans turned to little cries as he laved attention to every fold, every crevice, taking his time to rediscover each petal. Still so pink and lovely, so delicate and swollen and soaked against his tongue. He was mindless now as he removed his fingers and replaced them with his tongue as far as it could go, curling inside to lap up what he could while he slowly moved inside her. He heard her hiss with an intake of breath and he grabbed a thought in his head: it has been five years, he needed to be gentle with her.

He was finally inside her, finally, after all this time. This is what I want, this is who I am. I am nothing without her. This is everything.

She was perfect for him, so perfectly matched. He was home inside her, wet and warm and clinging. He stilled again, trying to savor the moment, but then Sansa broke away from his lips and huffed, pressing him on by pressing her legs into him and writhing. He moved to her will, setting a pace that he quickened at her insistence, he wasn't sure how long he would last but he wanted this to last forever. He raised up to look down at her and she reached for him, passionately kissing as they both melded into a blend of moans and gyrations. Reaching down to massage her clit, he broke the kiss to look at her, his Sansa. She had tears in her eyes as she stared into him and he rocked into her, harder, faster, and her moans increased as she met his thrusts, and he knew she was on the brink. He knew it, strove for it, until she closed her eyes and arched her neck, her breath hard, and she peaked. He could feel her pulses faint around him as he moved inside her as hard and fast as he could to ride out her climax as it came. He watched her face; her expression of desire and pleasure prompting his own
orgasm, even as he watched the tears trickle down the sides of her temples. She cried out his name, 
over and over, and he choked out hers as well, relishing the sound of their names in passion from 
each others' lips as he spilled into her. For a moment everything went white and soundless and then 
he came down, panting.

She opened her eyes, smiling with her kiss-swollen lips slightly parted, her legs tightening to keep 
him inside, her arms sliding up around his neck. He leaned in then to kiss away her tear streaks, 
thumbing over her lips while she kissed his finger.

"Sansa. I love you."

"I love you, too, Robb." To his horror, she started to cry.

"San!" He tried to move out of her but she kept him in place, even as he felt himself softening. He 
caressed the sides of her face, staring into her. "Sansa, what is it?"

"I need you, Robb. And I'm so sorry."

"Sorry - for what?"

"For everything. I'm sorry for just... everything. I need you, Robb. I would give up everything today 
if I could just be with you."

"I wouldn't let you do that, San. I know how much acting means to you. I would never stop you 
from your dreams. Please, don't cry. Don't cry, my love." He moved out of her finally, aware of the 
leaking onto the sheets. She whimpered in protest. It was the first time he had ever spent inside of 
her. He wouldn't have but he knew she was on birth control now.

"We need to find a way," she whispered.

He said nothing; instead he moved over to his back and dragged her with him, away from the wet 
spot on the bed. He knew they needed to find a way, but what way?

"Robb!" Her head popped up. "What is this?"

Her fingers were skimming over the scar on his upper shoulder.

"Oh. That? That is a lovely gift from being in Afghanistan. Sniper bullet." He didn't tell her it still 
ached on occasion.

"Sniper? What happened to -"

"Dead. I killed him." His voice turned rough. "There was a roadside bombing and snipers." He didn't 
want to go into detail and hoped she wouldn't ask to elaborate. She shuddered and kissed him there.

"You won't go back there, will you?"

"San, it's a time I don't like to talk about. Sometimes I think the only things that kept me sane were 
your little packages. Jon used to joke that the ones you sent him weren't as big."

"They weren't." She smiled against his chest, playing with his hair. "You have more chest hair now. 
More to play with, but not too much. It's perfect. And your shoulders seem to be more broad. And 
your muscles -"

He groaned as she curved her fingertips into his abs, tracing through the lines. Already he felt his 
cock stirring, and he wondered how many times he could take her before morning.
"Well you seem to have more of something, too," he teased, reaching down to cup a full breast in his palm. He felt her tense and for a moment and she paused in her explorations before easing her hand down through his dark auburn thatch of hair to his already hardening cock.

"I'm not sure, but I think maybe this has grown as well."

"He's just overly excited to finally be inside of you, to finally be inside of a sweet, warm pussy for the first time in five years."

"First time? Robb, you haven't -"

"No. Didn't I tell you six years ago? It's you, only you. Maybe that's unnatural for a man, but it is what it is. I've been on a few dates, kissed a couple of them, and felt nothing. I don't know, you have this hold over me. All I've known is you, and you are all I want to know." He tried to concentrate on what he was saying as she stroked him, nestling in to plant little nips on his chest and upper abdomen. "It would be easy to just find a woman and settle down, have a few kids. But I don't want that, and it wouldn't be fair."

"So what do we do, Robb? What can we do?"

"I don't know, San. Take the opportunity as it comes up, for now." He knew it wasn't the best answer but it was the only one he had. "Love each other when we can, see each other when we can, and keep a sibling facade for the world."

"It won't be like that, not forever. I can't accept that."

"San, there's nothing else we can do."

"I don't believe that. I won't believe that."

He wanted to reply but she quickly moved down to enclose her mouth around his head, licking at the slit. All thoughts left immediately except one. His heart ached and bled yet he was swimming in pure happiness.

"I love you, San," he breathed, softly running his hands through her hair, almost dried now against his fingers. "I want to make love to you again."

She sucked softly up and off his cock, licking at the slit again for good measure and slid up his body while he groaned. There was nothing like the feel of her naked against him. Nothing.

"I want to feel you inside me all night," she whispered. "I want to limp out of here. So let's see how many times we can make love until morning. Don't expect any sleep tonight."

Moaning, he flipped her over to her back and entered her without preamble.

"Sleep? That's what a plane ride home is for," he muttered, as she sighed against him.
Babycakes No More

Dazed from lack of sleep and aching in more ways than one from Sansa, Robb shifted uneasily in the plastic chair in front of the excessively low table. The room was sparse with visitors; only two other tables were occupied as he waited for his brother to come out. The last time he had seen him was over a year ago at Dad's, and even then he was fresh from a short stint due to theft/larceny and vandalism. Robb knew Dad's influence would only get Rickon so many chances. This was probably his last one before any future offenses might find him charged as an adult. It was so hard to picture his youngest brother as a delinquent.

Robb tried to concentrate on seeing his brother but Sansa colored all of this thoughts. The feel of her, the touch and sound and taste of her, it was embedded in his mind, body, and soul. In a way it was worse now; he had a taste of what he had before and wanted now, and what he needed in the future. Being inside of her again opened the floodgates, and he was a man possessed more than ever. He couldn't imagine his life without her by his side, no matter what they had to do to make it happen. It was a fool's dream, maybe, but wildly he hoped he could transfer out to San Diego where Jon was. He knew that wasn't about to happen, so for the time being he would have to settle for seeing her whenever their schedules would permit... and he knew how well that had gone in the past few years. Jesus Christ, what had he done? By joining the military he thought it would solve their problems and all it seemed to do was make them worse. And one of the worsening issues was walking out now.

Rickon sauntered out, projecting an almost too cocky gait for someone of sixteen, especially from someone who has been caught red-handed as much as he has. He was tall, almost as tall as Robb already, with the same bright blue eyes and dark auburn hair. He had Mom's features and coloring but his face was hard, sharp around the mouth and eyes. The hardness seemed to have increased over the past year, along with his stature. Robb forced a smile and leaned in for a brief hug and handshake before settling back down in the uncomfortable chair.

"Good to see you, Ricky." Robb's voice cracked and he was started to see a fading bruise under Rickon's eye.

"Yeah, you too, Robbie." He afforded a small smile even as his eyes remained dull and he nodded curtly. "It's good of you to come see me before heading back to Lejeune."

"How's it been in here?" His heart twisted. "How have you been treated?"

Rickon shrugged but met his gaze squarely.

"It's a detention facility, Robbie. Not the Hilton. This -" he gestured at his eye - "is nothing. You should see the other kid. I do just fine in here. Hoping not to come back, though."

"Ricky, you know now that you're getting older, any more trouble you get in might mean facing charges as an adult. I don't think even Dad would be able to help you out then."

Another shrug from his brother, as if getting sent to prison would be of little consequence or concern.

"So how was Christmas Day? Lots of family show up? Dad visited me on Christmas Eve, with Mel."

"It was the gang of usual suspects. Uncles E and B, Aunt Lyanna, Jon, of course Arya and Gendry, and Sansa."

Rickon snorted, a small smirk appearing on his face as he tapped his spindly fingers on the table.
Immediately Robb was put on guard; he had not talked about Sansa to Rickon since the day after he caught them together. He had spent that entire day with Rickon, just hanging out and talking, doing whatever he wanted to do, trying to make sure he was fine. At the time, he seemed fine - happy, even - and he had been relieved. And it was never brought up again.

"I miss Arry and Gendry. Heard they are talking about getting married." He paused for a long moment. "So, our starlet sister finally decided to come home. It would have been nice if she could have stopped for a visit. I haven't seen her since she turned eighteen and ran out to California with that prick Baelish. And even then, she abandoned the family after you left when she stayed at crazy Aunt Lysa's for half a year."

"What?" Robb didn't think he heard right. "Sansa stayed at Lysa's? I thought she just visited her for a few days during summer before she turned eighteen?"

"No. She went before that. I remember. It was, like, around Christmas. I remember because I fucking begged her to stay. She couldn't get away fast enough. I guess after you left she figured there was no reason to hang."

Frowning, Robb looked over at the guard. He wished with all his heart he could just walk out with his brother, take him home, talk with him in private and just spend time doing whatever he wanted to do. He remembered his sweet little baby Ricky, clinging to him after Mom died, begging his SannySan to read him bedtime stories and tuck him in at night, like Mom always did. He desperately searched this young man's face for any sign of that little boy and so far came up empty. He felt sick. And guilty.

"Sansa loves you, Ricky. We all do."

"So she's a Hollywood star, and you are a Military hero. Things worked out well for the two oldest Stark siblings, yeah?"

"You have a good future ahead of you, if you get your head out of your ass." Robb tried to keep his tone jocular. "Dad says you're an evil genius at math and science."

"Yeah, but obviously I'm pretty life stupid."

"You're just running with the wrong crowd is all. You're young enough to be able to turn it around and get things right."

Rickon laughed then, a completely teenage boy chuckle, but Robb didn't know if it was genuine or forced. By his darkened eyes he figured it was the latter.

"Wish you would have told Sansa that." He shrugged again. "Hell, I was only twelve when she left with Petyr and I knew something wasn't right about him. The way he was building her up, giving her ideas of being some great actress. Everyone thought I was such a dumb kid, and didn't know anything about what evil lurks in men's minds or however that phrase goes. Everyone praised Bran for being some kind of child prodigy but thought I was just sweet little Ricky. I might not have been able to articulate well but my mind took in more than anyone could even dream."

Baelish. What did anyone really know about Petyr besides what he wanted everyone to know? Sansa never seemed to think he crossed any line of indecency with her; in fact, she said she trusted his counsel and took his advice. After all, look where she was now, a main star in a series at only twenty-two. Most actors would never get so far. Yet, even as he defended him in his demeanor regarding Sansa in his mind, he knew Petyr had been in love with Mom at some point in his life, losing her to Dad when they were young. And Sansa now more than ever looked like Mom. He
wasn't around to see how Baelish acted with her. Of course not. He had to run away to the Marines, unknowingly leaving Sansa and Rickon to their own devices...

"Did - did you - see Petyr do anything to Sansa, Ricky?" He was almost afraid to ask. Rickon had to have seen or heard something if it was going on. Immediately after the words left his mouth, he cringed inwardly, and knew what was coming. Goddamn it.

"Oh, what, you mean like what you did to Sansa?" The chuckle erupted again. "Fuck no, thank god. But I've seen him look at her the way he used to look at Mom when he thought no one was paying attention. Even as a little kid, I picked up on expressions. Funny, isn't it? Adults and brothers and sisters let their guards down when they think a child is too stupid to notice things. I am sure Sansa wouldn't have stood for it if he was out of line. But then again, who's to say she wasn't ambitious enough to accept some of his advances?"

The blood boiled just below the surface and Robb clenched his jaw. To hear his little brother suggest Sansa would willingly be Baelish's whore just to get ahead in her career angered him. His eyes flashed a warning as he struggled for patience. This was also the first time since the day after that Rickon made any reference to catching them making love.

Rickon raised his eyebrows at him and coughed.

"Sorry, Robbie, calm down. I didn't mean to insinuate our sister was a whore."

"I would hope to hell not."

"I think I meant to maybe suggest you keep an eye on her as best you can, make sure he's not trying anything stupid with her." Rickon's voice softened a bit. "She is still my sister, you know. She tried her best to take over Mom's role when she died."

"I'll do my best."

"I'm sure you gave Sansa your best while she was here."

"Rickon." He hoped his voice was fatherly, commanding.

"I suppose you want me to say sorry or something like that," Rickon stated flatly, his voice lowered to almost a whisper. "Well, I'm not. I guess I'm just curious. Are you still fucking her?"

"Rickon!" Robb saw the guard move closer to him and he bit back some of his anger. "If we weren't here, I would -"

"You would what? Punch me for asking a valid question? It was just a question. I already know the answer anyway. I know you love her, I've seen you love her, even though I wish to fucking god I could wipe that from my memory. And you know what the sad part of it all is? At the time, I wished you could be my parents. I used to pretend that you were. So fucking twisted and pathetic, right? I wanted it more than I wanted Dad and Mel. I caught them and was grossed out. I caught you and Sansa and thought maybe then you two could have really been my mom and dad since you were already acting like it in the bed."

"Ricky -"

"No, really, just don't. You both abandoned me and it's all over some fucked up love that you can't stop from feeling. I mean, fuck, who falls in love with their - with their -"

Robb winced and nervously cracked his knuckles, hoping Rickon's soft voice didn't carry so well.
He was speechless.

"Oh, don't freak out. I haven't said a fucking thing to anyone and I'm not going to start now. As much as a little prick I've been, I can't bring that kind of shit down on the family. Especially Benjen. I love that little kid as if he were my own blood brother, and he's already got a strike against him, with having Mel as his mom and all."

"Rickon, I'm so sor-"

"Robb, don't fucking say it. Just don't. You're sorry you got caught but you're not fucking sorry about why. For fuck's sake, I can smell her on you. You smell like lilacs and sex. You could have at least fucking showered."

"I just want to -"

"Don't try to explain shit, either. Don't talk to me like I'm eleven still. I don't look up to you anymore and you're not my father. I'm sixteen, old enough to know how things are. Hell, I'm as old as Sansa was, when I caught you, right? Yeah, I've fucked some girls. Quite a few, really. Maybe trying to understand what the madness is all about and why you can't find one to love in a sea of millions that isn't her."

Robb didn't know what to say. His mind raced but nothing came out of his mouth. He hadn't showered because he had been running late, and honesty forced him to admit he wanted the remnants of Sansa on his skin until he absolutely had to wash her away. He didn't think his brother's sense of smell was that keen. He looked into Rickon's eyes and saw the something behind the dullness, and he knew he was struggling, trying to make sense of it all, when even Robb couldn't explain it. At least, not sitting in a detention center for an hour visit. The sinking feeling in his gut increased. He had failed his little brother, somehow, when all he wanted to to was make things right.

"Don't bother to say anything," Rickon muttered tiredly. "There's really nothing you can say. Jesus fuck, Mom would die of horror if she wasn't already dead. I'm glad she's dead so she doesn't have to know about this."

"That's enough, Rickon!" Robb bellowed, prompting another guard to move closer and bark a warning. "Don't talk about Mom like that, damn you. She deserves respect."

"I'm just telling the truth Robb, something you are very good at avoiding. I was hoping you guys would have just stopped, just cut it out and get tired of the kink and move on to other relationships. Today just told me that's not happening. You can't keep your dick out of her. Do you realize what kind of guy that makes you? You know, I was scared that I was going to end up like you, like it was some sort of genetic disease? I kept looking at Arya, wondering if I should be feeling like fucking her. But no, I didn't feel like I wanted to fuck her and I have to tell you that was a huge relief. And I only think of SannySan as a mother figure. I had to second-guess myself, to find out I'm not some sick twisted FUCK."

"Rickon, I love her. This isn't some sort of sickness -"

"Isn't it? Isn't it?" Rickon's voice started hitching and his mouth twitched. "What the fuck do you THINK it IS, Robb? Tell me. TELL ME!"

This wasn't Rickon. This wasn't his sweet baby Rickon who loved Sansa's spaghetti and lived for Robb's babycakes pancakes in animal shapes. This wasn't his little brother, so quiet and eager to please, who begged him to not tell Bran he was still afraid of the dark at ten years old. This just wasn't Ricky. He tried to wrestle his anger down and reach out to him.
"Calm down, Ricky. You're drawing attention and you'll get in trouble -"

"CALM DOWN ?" Rickon jumped up from his seat, pushing the table into Robb, making him jump from his seat as well. The guards were on him in seconds and Robb lurched forward to intervene before remembering where he was. He could only watch helplessly as Rickon struggled against the guards' efforts to calm him, which failed, and they were forcibly removing him from the visitation room before Robb's eyes. Rickon's eyes showed something more than a void then, as his angry gaze narrowed in at him.

"Why couldn't it have been you? Why couldn't it been you? Why was it Mom? Why couldn't YOU die? Why couldn't it have been you?!?!" His voice faded as he was led through the doors, still fighting. "It should have been you !"

Aware of the stares in his direction, Robb felt like ice flooded his veins, rendering him immobile. He wanted to scream, rage, cry, run after Rickon and hold him, try to bring back his little brother and tell him how much he loved him. He could only stare at the stilled doors, his vision blurring, the silence deafening.

His little brother was gone.
Sansa heard the knocking on her bedroom door and chose to ignore it. Instead she twisted in the
sheets, spooning with her body pillow, her nightie riding up on her. The knocking increased. She
knew he'd come in anyway so she lazily snuggled into her pillow and sighed as he strode in.

"Rise and shine, Sunshine. Time for our jog."

Loras was already dressed for the run, shoes included. He still managed to look very GQ-like.

"Go 'way. I'm - I'm still in mourning."

"Liar. You didn't give two shits about your Aunt Lysa. Get up."

"Liar. You didn't give two shits about your Aunt Lysa. Get up."

He had her there. When Dad called to tell her the news of Lysa's passing, she felt nothing. She tried
to feel sorry that Lysa died in her sleep but she couldn't. She went peacefully, suddenly, unlike Mom.
She absented herself from Lysa's funeral by using work as an excuse, sending Petyr in her stead, and
didn't feel one bit remorseful. If anything, she felt relief. She hadn't seen her aunt since just before
she came out here to live with Loras, and truth be told, she despised the woman. She didn't really
care for her cousin, either; Robin was just as bizarre as his mother, but at least he had some marbles
in his head, even if they did rattle around a bit.

"Hmmm. No, I don't feel like jogging today. I feel sick anyway."

It was true. She did feel sick. Last night she and Loras attended a promotional party for their fourth
season premiere of "In Our Blood" with the other cast members and staff, and she had a little too
much wine after the interviews and photos were finished. She honestly hated that part of acting, but
of course she was an actress and could put on an enthusiastic face. Wine helped.

"Yeah, I'd feel sick, too, after what happened. You want to talk about it?" Loras plopped down next
to her on the bed. "You know I'm a great listener."

She looked up at him and smiled, which he returned, his baby face roughened up a bit from the
scruff he now sported, originally grown for his latest role. He was a good listener, always had been.
He was always there for her when Robb couldn't be. There was a stillness, a soft calmness in Loras,
as if he was made up of more gentle and beautiful stuff that was not meant for this harsh world. At
twenty-six, the same age as Robb, Loras had it all. Looks, money, fame, career, adoration from his
fans. There was nothing that Loras lacked... except for a relationship. It had been two years since
Renly, and Sansa knew of no secret involvements with any man - or woman. Outwardly, the world
still perceived him as smitten by his co-star, and they made the rounds frequently enough to
encourage the rumor mill. Combining that with living in the same penthouse, they made a believable
couple. The fans ate it up, although they did get some hate mail from lovesick men and women.

Sansa was satisfied enough to play the girlfriend. Robb's visits for the past two years have been far
too infrequent for her liking, and she sought comfort in the company of Loras. She was with him
more often than not, with the exception of him filming in Scotland for a movie for the past five
months. During that time, Sansa finally convinced Robb to come to her penthouse to stay for a
weekend. He relented, and after a two-second tour of the place, they remained sequestered in her
room and made love and slept in each others' arms for two days, only venturing out to the kitchen for
fuel. And why should they leave? Her massive bedroom had a breathtaking private bath with a
garden tub and separate shower, and she had a 70 inch flatscreen... not that it really got watched. If
they weren't making love they had just lain in each others' arms and talked.
Robb was all she wanted, but having Loras a pseudo-boyfriend kept everyone at bay.

Well, *almost* everyone.

Her stomach churned.

"Sansa?" Loras hesitated before reaching out to brush her hair away from her face. "Can you talk about it?"

"I *can* but, really, I don't *want* to."

Loras already knew, so what was there to say? Except...

"Thank you for walking in when you did."

"Are you okay? Is he going to be angry with you?"

She rolled over onto her back then, shoving the pillow aside and looked up at him. She saw the genuine concern in his blue eyes as well as something more. There was love there, too. It was strange; she grew up with Marg as one of her best friends, but since playing opposite of him in *Romeo and Juliet*, Loras far surpassed her in the closest friend category. *Well, maybe because Marg never had her fingers inside her -*

"I don't think so." She tried to break her thoughts away from the night that was never spoken of, even as she felt a blush creeping up. "I didn't give him a reason to be angry. I was honest with him. What more could I do?"

"Well, it's not like you - or I - need him for anything anymore. We aren't contracted to him now in any way. The only thing is this apartment, which we both have plenty of money to move elsewhere. I'm surprised we haven't talked about it." Loras shrugged. "We have our careers established, and he has other upcoming stars he's representing. I often wondered why he kept coming around and I guess now I know why."

She winced and his hand grazed over her cheek in reassurance.

"Don't think too much on it. Good thing I decided not to stay at the after party."

"Yes, you are like my knight in shining armour, weren't you?"

"No, that honor goes to *Robb*, doesn't it?"

Robb. He tried to warn her about Baelish months ago. Did she listen? Of course not. It had prompted another bickering session, where she accused Robb of being jealous and he accused her of not being cautious enough. If seemed lately if they weren't stealing moments to make love they were arguing about something, namely family. Robb was still concerned about Rickon, now eighteen and so far staying out of trouble. He still blames himself for the way Rickon was always getting into trouble, and when she reminded him that he hasn't been around him much in seven years, he said that was the point.

"Robb isn't around enough to be my knight," she teased. "It seems you have always been there for me, Lor. To make sure I don't fall prey to the pitfalls of life in the City of Angels."

Loras scratched his beard before raking a hand through his tousled curls. His curls were more tight and wild than Robb's, especially when he didn't use any product to tame them.
"I honestly didn't see Petyr as one. I'm sorry I didn't pick up on it."

"No need to apologize. I didn't see it coming, either."

Petyr had offered her a ride home, nothing unusual. He was in his usual mood, showing her deference and striking up conversations. She had been flush with wine and had sunk into the couch next to him. He started talking about Aunt Lysa, and Mom, old memories of when he was younger and he thought himself in love with her. He talked of how Ned stole her away, how he had a carefully laid-out plan to make Cat his, but along came the more handsome, charismatic Stark to take her away from him. Something about how now he was in love with her daughter, and he was damned if history would repeat itself. He had bent on one knee in front of her and asked her to marry him. Let me give you a life you deserve, he whispered in his swarmy voice. She had laughed, not meaning to, but it was ridiculous, a man old enough to be her father down on his knees for her. She thought he was angered but he seemed calm, only telling her she was making a mistake. That no one could protect her and care for her as he did, that without his guidance she would have been subjected to the evils the city had to offer. Without him she would be nothing... and she stopped laughing when he leaned in to kiss her. His kiss evoked no feeling in her. She had only kissed two other men in her life, Robb and Loras, one in passion and one for acting, and Baelish lacked the ability of them both to make her feel anything.

She had struggled against him, she remembered that, and he was whispering over and over that he adored her, wanted to make her his, calling her his love. She told him no, that she didn't want him, didn't want him like that, to get away from her. He was restrained, oddly cool as Baelish always was, and then Loras came through the door. Petyr immediately stood up, presenting them with a mocking bow before sauntering past a stunned Loras and walking out the door.

"So, that's as far as it got? A kiss or two?" Loras started fidgeting with her sheet, rubbing it around his fingers like a child would to a security blankie. She couldn't help but watch those tapered, perfect fingers, mildly fascinated. He averted his eyes from her. Instinctively she tugged the hem of her nightgown down as far as it would go. Not that Loras would care.

"Yes, that's as far as it got. I seriously doubt he would have raped me, Loras. That's not Baelish's way. You should know that by now."

"I didn't think he would try something on a tipsy girl half his age, either, but he did."

"He offered marriage first."

A snicker came out of him then and he raised his eyebrows as he looked a her.

"Mrs. Sansa Baelish? Hardly sounds right."

"Oh, I would keep the Stark name. She grinned. Leave it to Loras to make her smile over a horrifyingly bad experience.

"I am sure you do wish you could be married and still have Stark for your last name."

She bolted up at that, clenching her fists to the side. Her stomach flipping worse than it was when they were talking about Baelish's advances. Loras absentmindedly caressed her knee, looking down.

"Lor -" She searched frantically for words, but nothing came out.

"Sansa, I'm not stupid. Or blind. Or deaf. That's all really needs to be said." He said it so quietly, so calmly, like he was discussing the weather. He snatched his hand away from her knee and moved to stand, but her hand reached out to stop him, her nails digging into his bicep. He flinched a bit and
looked at her questioningly.

"Do you - do you think less of me?" She didn't know why it concerned her, what Loras thought, except he was a part of her life, she loved him. Aside from Robb, he meant more to her now than even family. He was her family.

He smiled, a small, sad smile. His lips were thinner, not as thick and sensual like Robb's, but when his mouth curved upward it made him more handsome and seemed to pronounce his dimpled chin.

"Why would I think less of you, San? Society will never quite understand it, but to me, it is what it is. We love who we love in life, I think we have no choice. I believe in destiny. There are billions of people in the world, yet only a few come into our lives as our loves. Why is that? Why do we fall in love with specific people? Destiny. It was always meant to happen, with whomever."

She breathed out a sigh. She knew Loras was a romantic, a dreamer, but he never really broached the subject of love this way. She knew he loved Renly, but was torn with his love for him and his desire for a career. Was that true love? Renly gave him an ultimatum and Loras refused it. Did that mean it was destiny for them to suffer heartbreak? And Robb? What higher being - if there even was one - would be so cruel as to create a destiny where she fell in love with her brother? Was Robb her only love, was this her life until the day she drew her last breath? Hiding, sneaking around, lying, worrying... and loving passionately, completely, perfectly.

"Thank you."

His thin eyebrows arched up.

"For what?"

"For not judging me."

Loras chuckled softly and planted a quick kiss to her cheek.

"I am the last person to cast judgement on anyone. Besides, Robb is one hot sexy beast. Too bad he doesn't shift to the bi side of things." Just like Loras, say something serious and reflective and back it up with a joke. Or was it?

"Like you?" It was a shot in the dark.

His lips pursed together at that.

"Gay, bi, straight, trans, tri, asexual - why are there so many fucking labels? Why can't we just be who we are and leave it at that? In the grand scheme of life, so many people are concerned what people do with their dicks - or pussy."

She giggled. Loras saying 'pussy' was just too much. He laughed with her.

"What, I can't say 'pussy' without you cracking up?" At least you're in a better mood now." He stretched his back. "Anyway, I've been looking a real estate. This Baelish thing is just making me want to speed up the process. What do you say to being my roommate in a new place? If you don't like it, you can always move on, but I hope you know I've grown fond of our hanging around time and late night talks."

A new place. One without strings or Baelish attached, and she'd still have Loras. God knows the both of them had more than enough money. Money was never the issue. It was all about convenience and location. Truth be told, she was getting tired of city life. Now that the series was
drawing to its end, she could think about movie deals or even going back to theatre. She did stints when she wasn't filming for her show; maybe she could even convince Loras to reprise his role as Romeo and they could perform together...

"I think I would like that. Even if Petyr would kick us out tomorrow, I know a place I - or we - can go until we we find something." She was thinking of Jon in San Diego, who just bought a modest three bedroom house.

"I doubt Petyr will evict us so suddenly. I am sure it's not the first marriage proposal that has been shot down. Besides, if you agreed to marry him I would have kidnapped you on your wedding day. Well, me and Robb." He stood up then, reaching his hand down to her. "So it's settled. Let's get our workout in to celebrate."

"That hardly seems like a celebration. And anymore, going for a jog means getting interrupted by fans or paparazzi."

"What better way to keep us current?" He motioned with his fingers in a come-hither stance. "We need to work off all that wine anyway."

Knowing he would persist until he got his way, and knowing he refused to jog alone, Sansa meekly held out her hand for him to grasp. Really, without Loras she would have gained so much weight by now she would have been fired. Physical activity was not her thing.

She slinked off the bed, suddenly aware of her hand in his, his fingers laced in hers. She couldn't help but focus on them as a surge of confused longing heated between her thighs.

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Petyr Baelish lounged in the ornate chair, which he surmised to be late eighteenth century. A butler had asked to take his long black coat but he declined. Even in L.A. he preferred to remain cloaked. In front of him on the dark wood desk were two documents, both with dual signatures with ink drying on them. He twirled the pen in his fingers nonchalantly, a small smirk playing on his face.

"I hardly think these will be valid in a court of law," he drawled. "It seems every time we come to an agreement you are insistent on my autograph to seal the deal, and it means absolutely nothing. Usually I would not be so bold as to offer my own terms, but this is a very special matter and I require discretion as never before. Even if this may mean nothing, I assure you there will be serious consequences for you if your discretion is compromised this time."

From behind the wide desk, The Patron also twirled a pen, but more slowly. Baelish could never get used to the air surrounding this office. It was dark, dank, and oppressive, much like the rest of the estate. Although he had attended many functions here, both business and recreational, he never really felt completely comfortable and always remained on guard. The Patron was his most lucrative associate, so he very rarely denied an invitation or a request. He originally denied The Patron this particular deal, but in light of recent events and the fact that the dollar amount was obscene - tripled from the last offer - he reversed his initial stance. He might have lost out in love and relationships and popularity in general, but in this area he always won out. Whatever The Patron wanted, Baelish could deliver, by whatever means necessary.

Always.
He was a master at hiding his emotions and he did so now. He always had to be tougher, more callous than The Patron or any other business partner. They all saw him as as their little gopher, but in reality Baelish was their crutch in a private, illicit world, and they needed him more than he needed them. Money and power replaced love and desire for him, and he fed off of others' weaknesses and their desperation to pay dearly for it; on both sides.

"Also understand that timing is everything. Give me an undefined expected date, and I shall deliver with the expediency as the situation allows."

The Patron said nothing, leaning back, nodding slightly.

Baelish allowed himself a small smile. This was by far his most profitable endeavor.
"C'mon, Robb, I've been waiting to leave all night."

He was no more than a moth to the flame as Sansa motioned for him to get into the limo parked outside the Convention Center. Loosening his ridiculously white bowtie on his Armani tux, he leaned in and grinned at her. He never dreamed of owning such a tailored piece from such a renowned designer, but Sansa gifted it to him and was insisting on dragging him to public events whenever his life in the Marines deemed it possible; he had been to four this year already. He never felt quite comfortable at them, meeting famous actors and producers and rubbing elbows with the elite, but Sansa always begged him so sweetly that he could never resist.

The first time a picture of them made headlines, he was stunned. The picture was good enough; he had his arm around Sansa's waist and she casually leaned in to smile for the camera. Nothing more than siblings enjoying a fundraiser; but the fascination with him was surprising, and he was embarrassed by the attention. "Sansa Stark's Sibling Sizzles" was one of the most memorable of captions, where underneath it noted he was a Marine and single. It was almost like a free dating ad, not that he needed it. Anything Sansa took him to always had some woman - or two or three - coming onto him. He always acted the gentleman but politely declined; there was only one woman he wanted, and he refused to waste anyone's time. He may not see Sansa as much as he wanted, and their opportunities for lovemaking were few and far between, but he was learning to accept what it was. It would change soon anyway, and he couldn't wait to tell her.

"Alright, Starshine, let's go home." He slid in next to her, eyeing the limo driver as she gave the address. He wondered if the limo guy was discreet. Considering Sansa's fame had grown, he doubted it.

"Not home for much longer."

He had moved in closer to her but stopped when she said that. He looked at her warily, hoping to avoid an argument. He knew about Loras and the new house purchase, and although he was relieved Sansa would be out of the place Baelish furnished for her, he was less than thrilled at the prospect of her still living with Loras. He never stopped being suspicious of him and sensed there was a genuine interest from him towards Sansa that surpassed any bond of friendship. Sansa was always quick to defend him so Robb stopped fishing around for the truth about it. He knew Sansa had no romantic interest in Loras so that was good enough for him. Well, sort of. He was still jealous of the time Loras could spend with her, and the fact that they could spend every night in the same home.

He clenched his jaw and said nothing as she reached over to take his hand while pushing the button to roll up the divider. She looked incredible tonight in a shimmering dark silver halter gown with a plunging neckline, her long red hair hanging straight down. She wore her blue rose pendant at her neck, as always. Nearly nine years and he had never seen her without it. It hung down enticingly and his eyes couldn't help but travel down to her cleavage before glancing away and out the window. He knew within the hour he would be kissing what was underneath that fine fabric. He needed patience. There was no opportunity for anything other than hand holding here in the limo; he didn't trust the driver. If he wasn't her brother, or if she were just an ordinary anonymous person, he would be taking full advantage of their situation and initiating some limo loving. As it was, all he could do was helplessly crave her.
"Have I told you yet you look stunning tonight?" He caressed her slender fingers tenderly, allowing the feeling jolt through his body. "You are by far the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

"I'm not so sure. You've had many beautiful women throwing themselves at you tonight," she teased. "You could be such a player if you wanted."

"You are the only woman I want. You are all I see. And hopefully soon we will be able to see more of each other. I've reached my limit, San. Now I can do something about it."

She leaned over, a smile on her lips as her eyebrows raised. He was desperate to kiss away that red lipstick.

"And just what can you do?"

He smiled then, leaning into her to graze her ear with his lips.

"I'm opting to not re-enlist. I will be out of the Marines soon, which means I can look to settle down somewhere once I find a steady job. I'm thinking of neighboring up with Jon."

He heard her gasp and before he knew what was happening, she squealed and flung her arms around him.

"Really, Robb? Finally! I can't believe it! But -" she pulled away - "You love the Marines. You've done so well for yourself, why stop at eight years?"

"You mean more to me than the Marines, San."

No sooner did he get the words out than he found her lips on his, passionately kissing him, pressing her body against his. He resisted weakly, revelling in the feel of her.

"San- the driver -"

"He can't see! He can't! Who cares? Robb -"

He backed away, holding her arms, even as he felt himself growing hard.

"San, we need to be mindful."

She nodded, turning and fumbling in her purse for tissues, wiping the rest of her dark red lipstick off, then reaching out to wipe what she had left on him. It reminded him Senior Prom and what they should have done before they were caught. He smiled.

The limo stopped and they exited as quickly as they could.

It was hard to appear distant and brotherly. Hell, he didn't know what brotherly was anymore with Sansa. He only knew he loved her beyond all reasoning or societal dictations. And in a few minutes, she could be in his arms again. Loras was at the new house, preoccupied with the finishing touches. He and Sansa would have all night together; something that hadn't happened since Loras was on a location shoot five months ago.

It seemed to take forever to reach the floor and walk down the hallway. Sansa was ahead of him, her key ready. He had an urge to cup her bottom playfully but thought better of it. There were security cameras everywhere and of course he didn't dare do anything... but the thought was there.

"You know we need to bust out some wine for this occasion," she whispered. "Although we had enough at the event, we could always use a little more."
"I don't need more wine. I just need you, my love," he whispered back, watching her blush while she giggled, fumbling her key but managing to get the door open.

The door clicked behind him and he almost ran into Sansa, who had kicked off her heels and then stopped cold. He heard her take in her breath and when he peered around her he saw why. In the dimly lit room, Petyr Baelish was lounging on the plush sectional, while three of his trusted security men stood in front of him, silent.

Baelish had been at the fundraiser; why the hell was he here now? Robb could barely hide his distaste and disappointment. Now he needed to wait him out. Petyr wasn't a man to leave at someone's request; and after all, this still was his place.

His security men nodded and walked past, leaving the penthouse and leaving Baelish to stand up, extending his arms as if in greeting. He was still wearing his all black suit with ease, and a small smile formed under his black and silver mustache.

"Sansa! Robb! Home so early from the gala? I thought you might have enjoyed the night more. Although, there is something to be said for the comforts of home." He dropped his arms and gestured to the couch. "Please, have a seat, relax. Would you like some wine? I know I would."

Robb could feel the tension radiating off of Sansa as she sunk into the couch while he took off his bow tie completely, shrugged his jacket off, and unbuttoned the first three buttons of his shirt. Baelish was behind the kitchen counter and the clanking of glasses filled the air, followed by the pouring of liquid. Robb sat next to Sansa, making sure they didn't touch, but close enough to keep Petyr at bay. He wished for a natural disaster or a freak accident to get him out of the way. Anything.

"Plead sickness or a headache," he whispered. God, he sounded like some horny teen. He couldn't help it. The urge to touch her, even just to cuddle her, was so strong he felt like grabbing her and crushing her to him, even in front of Baelish.

"I will," she countered, "After a few sips of wine -" She broke off, and he saw something in her eyes as Baelish sauntered back into the living room area, handing them two glasses with a flourish. She looked wary, suspicious, and.. was that hesitation? Fear? He never knew her to be anything but trusting around him, treating him like a father figure and hanging on his guidance and advice. So what was that look for?

Robb accepted the wine with a gruff thanks and nearly downed the whole glass instantly. Sansa sipped at hers and then frowned at Baelish, who grabbed the remote and moved to lounge up against a table near the TV. Robb surveyed him through slightly narrowed eyes. Why did he look like the cat that ate the canary? Suddenly he was on guard. Something was not right; he set the wine glass on the coffee table and decided to try conversation.

"Petyr, I think we are surprised to see you here. I thought for sure you would have stayed at the fundraiser longer, or else make your way back to your own home."

"Oh, my dear boy, don't you know this is my home?" Petyr looked upwards and to his right, as if contemplating. "This place and all the contents in it. Actually, I have more contents than what meets the eye."

"Petyr, I'm tired. Can you please see yourself out? I'm going to bed." Sana's voice had dropped and she whined a bit, her eyes drooping. Well, she was an actress.

"My dear, nothing would make me more happy. However, I am here on a business call, not social. I regret to inform you, I must stay until our business is concluded."
Sansa perked a bit, and Robb knew she was imagining he had a possible role offer for her. It better be a good one, if it was something that just couldn't wait until tomorrow. Robb felt uneasy as Petyr turned on the TV, then fiddled with the buttons on the remote idly. One thing about Petyr, he could manipulate just about anything—or anyone.

"I see the interest in your eyes, Sansa. Are you still wanting to retire to bed? Well, my Sweet, I am surprised you would be so eager for bed with no one to warm it now."

Robb glanced at Sansa.

She leaned forward to set her wine glass down a little too carefully, and Robb saw her hand trembling. Even though her face remained impassive, a small flush appeared on her cheeks and she refused to look at him, instead staring at Petyr. Robb looked over to him and found his eyes were studying Sansa.

"I suppose you thought no one would know?" He drawl was smooth. "How you like to spend your nights?"

Suddenly, with the click of the remote, the TV came to life, and Robb had to take a moment to process what he was looking at. Undeniably it was Sansa, lying in her bed in a yellow dress, and Loras lying on his side up against her - his hand - his hand -

No. It couldn't be. It couldn't.

Robb couldn't move. Apparently neither could Sansa. She seemed to stop breathing.

"Oh, I profusely apologize! This isn't what I wanted. Here, this is the one I wanted -"

The scene changed before Robb's stunned eyes, and the feeling went from stunned to shocked. Horrified. There he was - and Sansa - making love.

"Before I moved you here, I had cameras installed in your room, my dear. My favorite one is behind the ornate mirror that faces the bed. You do love looking at yourself. Vanity will be your ruin, will it not? To think if you wanted it removed, I would have lost my best angle."

A thread of fury started building in Robb and it fought with the shock for dominance. Caught. On video. They were caught, and it wasn't lipstick discovered by Theon, or even their brother who was sworn to secrecy, or Jon who heard only a drunken confession. This was Petyr Baelish, a powerful force with contacts and so many associates that Robb couldn't even think about it. Rickon warned him and in turn he tried to warn Sansa and she wouldn't listen to him - and now-

"You know, I was willing to overlook this...abomination, out of the love and respect I had for your mother, and for you. However, Sansa, your rejection of my marriage proposal has left me with nothing but a broken heart and a desire to now profit from my pain. So, I am here with a business proposition. One that I am confident you will accept."

Robb started to rise. The wine was making him feel...odd. He could handle one glass of wine like it was water. This was different -was he poisoned? He felt lightheaded.

"I would sit down if I were you, Robb. Please. It would not be wise for you to invade my personal space." He mercifully turned off the TV, the small smirk still plastered on his narrow face. Robb sat down. Sansa remained still, staring at the now blank screen. She could have been a statue for all she was reacting.

Petyr reached into his black coat and pulled out two pieces of cream-colored paper.
"I am not a man who cares to prolong a situation, so I will come straight to the point. Both of you are in an extremely precarious position, aren't you? There is video evidence of your incestuous relationship. There is no mistaking who is on it. Can you imagine if such a video made it to the media? Sansa, your career would be completely over. Robb, I am not sure about the Marines, but I think it is safe to assume your military career would be over as well. Not to mention that incest is, by law, a punishable offense. Your family would be in ruin. Many people would get hurt if this would get out. Sansa, you are well known enough now; this would no doubt be on the nightly news for days. Copies would be sold to thousands of people who would love nothing better than to see Sansa Stark getting fucked by her handsome brother. Well, I have to say, the video does show a very tender and passionate lovemaking, undeniably consensual, which brings me to my quandary."

He paused, either for emphasis or to gauge their reactions. Robb felt Sansa's terror emerging without even looking at her and she reached out to touch his arm. He flinched, tensed, and moved away from her. The image of Loras finger-fucking her was blazing through his head. She had lied to him. Lied again. This time about her relationship with Loras. Now they were caught. Caught, all because of her association with Petyr Baelish. Caught, because he gave in to her pleas to come to Los Angeles to be with her. Caught because she rejected Baelish. She never mentioned a marriage proposal; that was something else she kept from him. They were caught. Red-handed. Recorded. Evidence. Undisputed evidence.

"I have a business partner who has an extreme interest in you, Sansa. Obsession, really. This particularly avid fan of yours has watched your series literally hundreds of times. Let me say this person also has a few fetishes, and as it would have it, one is that they are very much into incest. Well, not committing it like you, but watching it. However, Loras is not your actual brother, so the fantasy on TV has lost its appeal. Can you imagine the delight of this person when your actual brother started showing up to public events with you? The photographs all over social media gave them a deeper craving. A craving for the lovely Sansa Stark and her wickedly handsome brother. So, knowing I have direct access to you, this person has struck a deal with me that will make me an even more wealthy man. The Patron, unfortunately, was not satisfied with the footage I do have. Too vanilla, I believe was the wording. Now, Sansa, if you had accepted my proposal of marriage I would have told the Patron to go fuck himself and I would have destroyed the video. Now, I see you are determined to travel a very destructive path, and I am now all too willing to help you out."

Finally Sansa spoke even as he remained speechless, and Robb couldn't believe what came out of her mouth.

"If you want to marry me, I'll marry you." Her voice was weak. "I will marry you if you destroy the video and don't do whatever you are doing. I will never see Robb again. So willing to throw me away. So ready to give in. All to protect her precious reputation and career. She can't be serious. What is happening, what is happening, this can't be real. Jesus, we are caught. There is no way out. None. Baelish holds the cards. All of them.

"My Dear, I refuse to blackmail someone to obtain a wife. How unscrupulous do you think I can be? So, this is my offer you cannot decline. Think of your lives, your family. All I'm asking is for you to go into that bedroom and make another video. It should be easy for you, shouldn't it? Well, perhaps not as easy as your first foray into pornography. As I've said, things will need to be a little more interesting. This paper is a list of demands. All of these things are expected from you both. If you do not perform these acts, the promise to keep the other video private is null and void, and it will be mass distributed within an hour."

Baelish moved forward to lie the papers on the coffee table.
"I will remain here to ensure this is followed through before I leave. The recorded video will instantly be saved and redirected to a private account. Due to my considerate nature, I won't be present in the bedroom. However, from the living room I will be able to monitor the proceedings as they take place."

Robb picked up the paper with a shaking hand the same time Sansa picked up hers and began to read it.

No.

I won't do this. I won't. I can't. Let the video be shown. Let it disgrace us, let the family be horrified. At least I wouldn't have to do this. I can't. Oh god, goddamn you Sansa, damn you to hell. Goddamn me. Goddamn the day I kissed you. The day we made love for the first time. Damn me to hell for my weakness. And yours.

"I do have to say, I am quite looking forward to this performance, Sansa."

Within seconds Robb threw the paper down and jumped from the couch, grabbing Petyr by the throat in a stranglehold, dragging up to the nearest wall and slamming him against it. It felt good, really good. Knowing he could choke the life out of him. He should. Too easy.

"Kill me - and you won't get far -" Baelish's cool demeanor evaporated as he struggled to breathe. "My security is just outside that door. All I have to do is press send on my phone - and they will take Sansa to the Patron and she will be - ahhh - subject to things you cannot even imagine -"

Robb let go then after shoving him against the wall again for good measure. Baelish gasped, rubbing around his neck, but found the strength to smirk.

"An excellent grip, boy. It will work great on you sister."

"ROBB!" Sansa's voice rang in his head as he reared back and punched Baelish in the jaw. "ROBB! Stop!"

"I won't do it. I won't, Baelish." He stepped back and watched as the older man struggled to his feet, clutching his chin. "You can go fuck yourself. Release the tape. I won't fucking do this."

He couldn't. Wouldn't. Sansa was his light in the dark, she soothed his soul and she was his peace, his happiness, even in his conflict, she was his talisman of love. He refused to degrade what they had, even if society already thought it was degrading, even if they would be humiliated and ostracized. The tape showing them making love was just that, making love. It was sweet and sexy and it was lovemaking and he was not ashamed. He would weather whatever happened now.

"Tell me, boy, would you do it to protect your precious son?"

"Wh -what?" Robb froze. "I have no son. I have no children."

The smirk widened as Petyr looked over to Sansa, who sank back into the couch.

"We know that's not true, is it, my Dear? My, my, I hadn't realized Robb didn't know."

The world seemed to collapse around him, the air was tight and the floor seemed to be sinking. A son, my son? Sansa? He looked over to Sansa, who sunk to the floor, looking at him, pleading with her eyes. Those big, beautiful, blue, lying eyes.
"You're lying." It came out as a whisper.

"Oh, I wish I was. It was a secret I would have carried with me to the grave. However, it is an ace I hold now to get what I want. When your Aunt Lysa died, I found a few interesting things among her belongings. Such a mistake, Sansa, sending me in your stead to attend her service. Sweet Robin let me have access to so much. I do love that trusting boy."

Aunt Lysa. Rickon said Sansa spent almost six months at Lysa's. Hiding. Hiding a pregnancy. No. She would have told him. She would have told him. Their son. She would have told him. She would have. His son. No.

"I was able to piece together some things, and did a little investigating. To make a long story less long, I was able to find out Sansa Stark gave birth to a healthy baby boy who was immediately adopted by Eddard and Melissandre Stark. A one Benjen Stark. Now, I wasn't a hundred percent sure on the parentage. It seems Theon Greyjoy had taken responsibility for it when pressed by Ned. And, imagine my surprise when I discovered a diary hidden away here in Sana's closet. Interesting diary, Sansa, you've kept it since you were sixteen? A gift from your sister?"


Something snapped in Robb then, something of a disconnect, his perfect dream shattered and replaced with an insane clarity, an acceptance of what needed to be. Baelish was talking, still talking in his smug, monotone voice, yet Robb heard nothing, nothing but a low humming in his brain. Defeat and submission overcame him and mingled with rage, hurt, grief, despair. Numbly he moved to pick up the piece of paper, scanning it, committing it to memory. A short list, a graphic list, easy to remember. One night. One night and his son would be safe. His family would be safe. Sansa -

He looked down at her.

She was still on the floor, still mute, refusing to look at him. She was struggling to keep from crying, her eyes staring at but not seeing the list in her hand. He reached down to yank it away from her, only to discover it was a copy of his. Baelish still rambled on about particulars, about some senseless interaction with Benjen and how he looked so much like his parents. Benjen. Benjen. My son. My son.

Throwing down both pieces of paper, he looked down at her and she still avoided his burning eyes. Burning with tears behind the lids, tears that refused to fall, tears that stung and made him see red. Red like Sansa's hair. So beautiful, so selfish and deceiving, his Sansa.

Ignoring Baelish, he reached down, grabbing her by her right arm and yanking her to her feet and she cried out. She looked at him then, fear and disbelief in her eyes. He shut out his heart as he held fast to her arm, half pulling, half dragging her in long strides to the bedroom. It was already well lit and brighter than the living room as Robb shoved her inside, shutting and locking the door, glancing a moment at the massive gilded mirror facing the bed. Sansa stood silent and when he grabbed her by the arm again to lead her to the foot of the bed, he felt her shiver. He found his voice, shutting out her fear, closing himself off from her.
"Make all of this good, Sansa. Show Baelish your talented acting skills. We don't want to disappoint, do we?"

He blocked out her terrified gasp as he dug his fingers into her bare shoulders, shoving her to her knees, reaching down to tear off her rose necklace, breaking the chain.

Chapter End Notes

I have two versions for the next chapter. One is a graphic description of all that goes down in that room. The other is a fast forward to the aftermath, skipping out the night entirely and leaving it up to the readers' imaginations. Which way I go will depend on the reception to this chapter. Feedback is appreciated. Thanks!
The knock was light; she barely heard it as she drifted back into consciousness. Oblivion was merciful. This was not.

Dark, so dark. Quiet, so quiet, except for the mad rushing of her heart in her chest, and of course the inner voice was screaming, crying, lamenting in her head. Pounding, really. Pounding in time to the knock on the door. Her satiated body ached down to her bones. For a moment she wished she could slip away forever. Anything to dull the pain and wipe away her shame, her sorrow. The girl who kissed her brother so sweetly was gone, replaced by this broken, deceitful shadow. A shadow blending into nothingness in the dark, taking with it the love and trust of the one who mattered the most. Robb, Robb, I'm so sorry. Please come back.

"Sansa?"

He can't see me in the dark. There is nothing to see. Nothing to record. Nothing to watch. It's too dark. I feel it, the wetness. Between my thighs. There's wetness in my hands. My hand. The rose in my hand. Hold tight, hold tight. My love. That's right. I've lost you. All my fault. All my fault. I'm so sorry, so sorry for it all. What now? What now? What now -

"Sansa!"

The voice was louder now, more commanding. Robb? No, not Robb. Robb was gone. Gone. Her heart hurt. Her soul felt empty. But not her body. Her body was full of him, full of his seed and his marks and his scent and the shame of wanting more. Petyr? No, Petyr was gone. Wasn't he? She cowered at the thought of facing him again. The door. It was locked. She couldn't move. Her body was numb and sore. Left hand clutched around her rose, right hand - right hand - wet. Her head hurt. What did she care now, who cares who was on the other side of the door. Robb was gone. What had she done. What had they done. Their son, he was safe now. Wasn't he?

The loud bang and sudden glare of light startled her; she fisted her hands to her face, finding her voice, screeching, moving into a fetal position.

"Shut the door! Shut it! No light! He can see with the light -" God, her throat hurt. She swallowed painfully.

"Jesus FUCK! Sansa!"

Crunching. Crunching noise that stopped instantly but still echoed in her head.

"Sansa. Are you - Sansa, what - I'm calling 911 -"

"NO!" She opened her eyes to squint at the cautiously approaching figure. Dark in form, the light shining a halo around his curls. A guardian angel. No. She didn't believe in angels. Robb. Not anymore. Or demons. Petyr was a demon. If they exist.

"Sansa, I think there's glass everywhere. I can't see shit. I need to turn on a light -"

"NO. He can see you with the light on. He can see. Maybe hear. He maybe hears you, too."
"Who? What are you - Sansa - you're - um - honey, where's your clothes?"

Robb tried to get her some clothes. Robb tried to get her covered but there was no time so the sheet served as a shield. Not that it mattered. Petyr. He saw everything and then some. Petyr came in. Took Robb away from her. There was only enough time for him to press her necklace into her hand and whisper. A whisper. All there was was a whisper and a touch before Petyr came in and stole what was left to her. What was left of her. Robb.

"Clothes. I think I need some. But - oh god, I feel - I feel sick -"

Arms instantly around her, picking her up, rushing her to the bathroom. She was set down just in time and her hands fisted on the toilet seat as she emptied whatever it was in her stomach from her mouth. It tasted like sour wine and semen. Retching while gentle hands held back her hair. Cool hands, feeling good against her cheek. Sweat tickled her brow. She felt clammy. And naked. And -

The cool hands left her. She laid her cheek down on the toilet seat, the fine porcelain cool to the touch as well. The stench of the vomit assaulted her nostrils. It didn't matter. Water was running; the sound of a washcloth being wrung out. A light came on, dim, adjusted enough to see -

"Jesus Fucking Christ! I'm calling for an ambul-"

"No. Please, no." Was she speaking above a whisper? "No, don't. It's not what you think." She lifted her head slowly to be greeted with a cool washcloth wiping tenderly across her forehead, then down her face to the back of her neck. Gratefully she sunk back into solid arms that caught her.

"Not what I think? Your hand, it's bleeding. Let me look at it. It might need stitches. Dear fucking hell, what - what the fuck - Jesus fucking Christ -"

She heard a strangled cry and more cursing.

"Who - who - did this? Sansa, your wrists - your neck - ah fuck! Was it Baelish? Ill fucking kill that prick -"

"You should see the other guy." The words fell out as she heard him suck in his breath. "No, not Petyr."

"Sansa - please answer me, were you - raped?"

Raped. Mind, yes. Emotion, yes. Body? My body? Oh, I gave and took like the most willing of whores, didn't I? The mind plays tricks but the body never lies. But I had to, didn't I? I had no choice. I had no - I am an abomination, just like Petyr said.

"No, no. I wasn't. I - clothes. Please. I just need some clothes." Clarity was starting to come back to her. It seemed all the disorientation was being flushed down the toilet with her vomit and she turned her head into his chest, clinging. Her hand hurt and her head hurt but there was a little comfort to be had. She breathed in deeply, taking in his scent, then looked up at him. Kind blue eyes looking down at her in worry and fear. She suddenly felt very naked and exposed. There was blood now on his pale blue shirt.

"Sansa?" His hands cupped her face and he was searching her eyes frantically. "What did you have to drink? You are acting drugged. Do you think you might have been drugged? How do you feel?"

"Like I got fucked within an inch of my life." The laughing came then, high-pitched and ugly, while she felt tears in her eyes.
"SANSA!" He let her go then, banging around. She whimpered at the loss of the tenderness. The noise traveled right to her head. Moments passed and she felt a bandage being wrapped around her right hand. He reached for her left and she jerked it away. No. No one was taking it from her again. Not even him.

"Okay. I get it. Well, here." A towel surrounded her, tucked in place. She winced. "Sansa, you need to tell me what the fuck is going on, or else I'm going to lose my mind and call the cops."

She would have stood but her legs were too shaky. Looking up at him, she snaked her arms around his neck, still holding her necklace. Loras.

"Loras, how did you know I needed you?"

"Sansa, you called me on your cell. Said to come get you. You don't remember? You sounded strange and when I started to ask questions you disconnected. I tried to call back and you didn't answer. So here I am. Traffic wasn't too bad but that was still about an hour ago. I almost called the police then to check on you. Robb- he was at the gala. Where is he?" She heard him suck in his breath. Realization. "Did he do this to you?"

She tried to remember. Yes, she vaguely recalled -something - she called -

Robb, Robb, please call me, please. My Love, please. I need you, please call. I need you. You can't leave me like this. You can't. My Love. I'm so sorry. Forgive me.

"Loras, I want to leave here. For good. I don't want to come back. Take me to the Hilton, please. I just need something to wear. And my purse. And my diary. My diary. In my closet. I need it. Nothing else. Please."

"Anything. Anything you want, my dear, anything. But no Hilton. You're coming home with me. The decorating isn't completed but it's finished enough to live in. I didn't want you to see it until everything was perfect, but fuck it. Let's go."

"Loras, no light in the bedroom. Please. No light. I don't think I damaged the mirror enough. He will be able to see you. I don't know where the cameras are. In my room. I don't know how many there are. Please."

"Cameras?" He seemed to pale before her eyes. "You mean the place is bugged?"

"I don't think it's anywhere but my room. I think. I think that's what Petyr said."

"Baelish bugged your fucking room? What kind of sick fuck -"

"Loras, please." To her horror, she started to cry.

"Shhh. Shhh. I'm sorry," he crooned, holding her close. "I'm so sorry, Sansa. Let's get you some clothes. And your - diary? I don't know where that might be, San. You'll have to get it yourself, or give me specific directions, can you do that? You know, fuck Baelish, I'll need to turn the light on to make sure we get everything - there's glass everywhere. We don't want to get cut any more than we have, do we? So he sees I helped you leave. So what. Let him see. Please don't cry. We will make all of this right. You'll see. I promise."

It can never be made right. None of this. It's all my fault. All my fault. I should've told him about our child. I should have told him about Loras, even if it was just that one time. And about Petyr's marriage proposal. And I should have listened to his warning about Petyr. I didn't. I didn't do anything. I've lost him and it is all my fault. This night. This night is my fault. My ambition is my
fault. Our love is my fault, I pressed him into this. I've always pressed him, so selfish and thoughtless. Even tonight I was selfish. I still love him. I still want him. I will never stop wanting. Needing. Even if he hates me forever. I love him and I want him.

Petyr's small smirk flashed before her eyes.

"How many times did you come, my sweet? Apparently you didn't need your acting skills after all -"

"Sansa?" Arms around her again, lifting her again, she was floating in warmth until she was on the bed again. On the sheets that smelled of sex. Smelled of Robb. She pulled the sheet up to her nose. In between her legs, she ached. Her wrists burned. Her throat felt tight. She needed water. Still, the rose dug into her palm, reassuring, the broken chain delicate in her grasp. She closed her eyes as the nightstand lamp clicked on. She could hear Loras rummaging around for a few moments, then he leaned over the bed.

"Sansa, I've got some clothes for you. I will help you. Please let me help you."

She let him dress her, like a helpless child. His hands were gentle, careful, slow. After the night she went through, there was not even one shy thought to Loras gliding her panties up over her hips or sliding her shirt and yoga pants on. She was still leaking Robb's cum but it mattered little to her if Loras knew it. It only mattered that she was leaving. Her running shoes were slipped on and tied; he even pulled back her hair in a messy ponytail. He asked where her diary was and she told him; thankfully he found it with little trouble. He placed it in one of her suitcases, along with her purse, phone, and some odds and ends she didn't think about, and then her laptop. She noticed he was trying to avoid looking at her directly. Was she that ghastly of a sight?

"Sansa, can you walk to the car? I was going to clean up the glass, but fuck it. Let Baelish do it. You fucked up the mirror pretty good, I'm assuming with that paperweight on the floor. Good news is that I didn't see any glass in your hand in the bathroom, but you cut yourself somehow -" He stopped suddenly, looking at the floor. "I'll be right back."

She stared at the ceiling. She could still feel him all over her body, inside her. His teeth sinking into her neck, in between her legs, on her ass, and in every space between, his hot breath saturating her. Hold on, hold on to this. Pray there are scars from this to remind me forever, because I may never feel him again. Robb. I need you. Please.

She watched Loras warily when he returned with a garbage bag. She knew what he was doing but said nothing as he made his way around the bed. Her torn silver gown on the floor was thrown away, along with the matching ripped panties. Rope. She heard him swear under his breath at that. A few other items on the floor were picked up and she tried to block everything out but couldn't. Her vision blurred. Tears again. There weren't enough tears to shed for this. Some stranger somewhere unknown was going to have a fine time getting off by watching Sansa Stark and Robb Stark fucking like a couple of rabid animals in heat. She couldn't think of it now. She couldn't. She would start screaming and never stop. Sweet Loras, trying his to clean up their goddamn mess. Literally. This is nightmare.

She sat up, scooting to the edge of the bed. Her legs still felt wobbly, but she had to try. She refused to let Baelish see her having to be carried out of the room. It was bad enough that Loras dressed her. The last view she wanted him to have was her walking out with something close to dignity, even though that was long gone, gone instantly when she choked on her brother's cock while she got wet between the legs at the feel of him pulling her hair and forcing her head down. Was she even being recorded now? Gingerly she stood, fighting the urge to sink to the floor. She jerked her chin up and looked straight ahead -
Chin held high. She could feel his hand at her throat, pulling her against him as he took her from behind, her hands bound -

"Sansa?" Loras returned from taking out the trash. She held out a hand to stop him from helping her.

"I'm ready."

She didn't falter.

And she didn't look back.

Loras said not a word as he drove her to the house. Sansa drifted off every now and then, sometimes glancing out the window of his Land Rover. It seemed to take days to reach the house, set far enough away from LA, just outside of Long Beach. It had some acreage, for privacy, and it was gated, hidden by shrubbery. The house itself looked very Victorian-esque on a smaller scale and seemed a bit out of place for a California home, but it was beautiful. Loras had exquisite taste, probably inherited from his father and his grandmother.

Sansa wished she could appreciate it more, at least say something complimentary to Loras, but she was devoid of anything but her own racing thoughts. She managed a weak thank you when he opened up the car door for her and unbuckled her seat belt, offering his arm for her to steady herself on. In moments she stepped inside the foyer while Loras disabled and then reset the alarm. She blinked, trying to take in the newness of the place and failing. It was overwhelming, too much to process, and she felt everything rushing as Loras caught her up in his arms for the second - or third - time that night.

Still no words as he scooped her up with a faint grunt, and she locked her hands around his neck and pressed her face into him as she felt herself being carried up a flight of steps, the soft thud of his shoes the only sound. Her body worn, her mind as well, sick at heart as well as stomach, she only burrowed closer until she felt him lying her down on a soft, comforting bed.

She opened her eyes, lamenting the loss of his warmth, watching as he exited stage left into what she surmised was a private bath when she heard the water running. Staring up into a canopy, she took in the sight of decadent damask swathed in pale pinks and cerulean blues.

Her two favorite colors.

Cerulean blue. Like Robb's eyes. Like hers. Like Benjen's.

She sat up.

The comforter was of the same blue, plush and luxurious to the touch. Her eyes scanned the room, taking in the ornate fireplace, vanity and bench, small sitting area off the to right, in front of french doors swathed in blue curtains with pink accents. The TV on the wall above the mantle was the only modern object in the room. The bedroom looked like something out of the 1700's. It was feminine without being gaudy, and it was completely her. Tears stung her eyes. It was beautiful and thoughtful. She didn't deserve such beauty.

Loras.

He was there, standing by the bed in his bloodstained shirt, looking down at her again with the worried, fearful look on his face. It gave him lines around his mouth and aged him around the eyes. He loved her.
"Loras, it's beautiful, thank you." Her voice cracked. "It's everything I could have ever dreamed of. I love it."

"You're welcome, San. The bookcase isn't done yet so there will be an empty space for awhile. I'm having it carved - well - it's not important right now. You need a bath. And when you feel like you can talk about it I'd like to know what the hell went on." The concerned, scared look hadn't left his face even as he smiled at her. His tone meant he would brook no refusal.

Meekly she took his outstretched hand. Inside she was conflicted. A bath would feel good, relax her, soothe her aching body, but Robb's scent would be gone forever. She needed to feel him, smell him. Robb.

The decision was made for her when she started to buckle. Loras picked her up and carried her into the bathroom, setting her on the bench next to the garden tub. She eyed frothy bubbles coating the streaming bath. It was inviting and she knew the bubbles were for modesty. Modesty. What did it matter? Loras had already seen her nude body in its entirety. She felt nothing at that; after what she did, knowing a stranger would be watching her naked body getting sucked and fucked, this was nothing. Nothing at all.

Loras turned to leave but she grabbed at this hand.

"Lor, help me. Please." Her body was starting to shake. He nodded his assent and began undoing what he had done earlier, peeling off her shirt, then she lifted slightly off the bench so he could rid her of her pants and panties. He took care not to look at her body as he helped her lower herself into the tub, the warm water stinging her skin as she sunk down. She couldn't help but hiss low and deep as the stinging seared down in her ass, in between her legs, and over the many bitemarks. Thankfully there was a cushioned mat to sit on. She allowed cautious hands to wash her hair, reveling in the massage and the feel of the warm water rinsing away the shampoo. If only she could rinse away the last five hours. Or six. Or however long it has been since she and Robb left the gala.

We were so happy just several hours ago. So happy. We had danced, drank, had such a wonderful time. I was so happy when he told me he wasn't going to sign on again for the Marines. We were going to be together, finally, somehow, somewhere. Our own place. We were going to make love to celebrate. We were going to make love. Love. I was looking forward to falling asleep with him and waking up in his arms. Nothing feels so right as when I can lie next to him and feel him. Why are we punished? Punished for our love. Even now, I don't want it to stop. I can't stop. I can't stop loving him. I don't want him to stop loving me. What we did. What we did was still love. It was. My fear left. My fear left with the touches. The touches we knew Petyr couldn't see. Robb. His whispers we knew Petyr couldn't hear. Robb. He still loves me. I know this. I know. He was angry. He was angry and scared and beaten. He has a right to be angry. Our son. I would have carried the secret with me to the grave if I could have. The pain would have been no less if I made him bear it too. Now there's no choice, he bears it too. Robb.

The washcloth softly caressed her face like a lover. Like Robb. She closed her eyes, her right hand resting on the ledge, keeping the bandages dry, her left in the water by her side, still clutching her necklace. Opening her eyes, she focused on her fingernails on her right hand. There were still skin particles under them. Robb's skin, scraped away from his body in her lust and fear and desperation. She squeezed her eyes shut, allowing Loras to continue washing her. It felt good, almost too good. Her mind tried to concentrate on it, move away from all that happened and focus on the glide of the cloth against her abused skin. He was being too careful, skipping the front of her breasts and anything below the waist and above the thighs. In the dark recess of her mind and body, something flickered. She ignored it.
"Loras."

He stopped, withdrawing the cloth, his head bowed, eyes averted. She could sense his confusion more than see it. She set it aside from her mind.

"Thank you. For - for everything. I have to tell you. I need -"

"You can take all the time you need, Sansa. I'm here."

"No, I need to tell you now. Petyr - Petyr has had my room under surveillance since the beginning. He knows about me and Robb. He has videos of us - of us making love." He met her eyes then, startled, but silent. "And tonight, Petyr used it against us. He threatened to destroy us and our family if we didn't - ah, if we didn't make a video. It was specific. There was a list -"

Loras made a low guttural sound deep down, swallowing hard, his hands curling into fists. He still said nothing, so she tried to press on.

"It was for some client of his, or a business partner or something, referred to as The Patron. Have you heard of him or her?"

His brow furrowed, and there as a slight shake of his head, his curls barely moving.

"Petyr said this person was into incestuous sex. Said he first watched us in the show, but then they found out I had a real brother. After I refused Petyr's marriage proposal, Petyr stuck a deal and he is to be paid for delivering a video. In return, I am not to be harmed, our secret is safe, life goes on as normal. I don't know if I fully trust him but it's all I have." She spoke in a monotone. She had to. She would lose it if she didn't.

Loras reached into his pocket and pulled out a rumpled, cream-colored piece of paper. Sansa started shaking.

"Is this the list?" He asked quietly. "I found this on the bedroom floor when I was cleaning it up."

All she could do was nod.

"Robb and you - you had to do these things." It was more of a statement than question. "Why didn't Robb - why did Robb - why didn't he stay with you? Why did he leave?"

"He had to. Petyr came in as soon as we were done. He had three of his security team waiting outside. He didn't allow us any time. I can't remember much. Things were spinning, I laid down, I think that's when I called you. I called Robb, he didn't answer. I don't even remember smashing the mirror."

"Do you think he would harm Robb?"

*Her worst fear.*

"No. Petyr is too smart for that, isn't he? We both know he is far too smart to do anything to him. But Robb's not answering. I know he has his flight back to North Carolina tomorrow, but I don't know where he is now. Maybe he went to Jon's. I don't know. He won't answer my texts or my calls. I think he hates me."

She struggled not to cry as Loras whipped out his phone. Realizing what he was doing, she lunged for his arm, soaking his shirt.
"No! Please don't call. He won't talk to you. I know he won't!"

"Why?" Loras slide the phone back in his pocket. "Why wouldn't he -"

"He knows, Lor. He knows."

"Knows what?"

"Petyr -" Her head was pounding again. "Petyr also had us on video. That night - that night where you -" *Fuck it, why be delicate.* "Petyr showed us the video where you used your fingers on me. I'm so sorry, Lor. I'm sorry."

"There's nothing to apologize for. Jesus Christ, San, that's nothing compared to what has happened." He withdrew from her completely, opting to sit on the bench. Looking down at his hands, he appeared to be thinking. If he was thinking of that night, or of Petyr, or of Robb, or of this whole sordid mess, Sansa wasn't sure, but she could tell his thoughts were racing. Suddenly, the desire to know, and maybe the desire to think on something else, came to her.

"Loras?"

"Yes?"

"That night. What - what made you do that?"

"Sansa, " he breathed out shakily, but met her eyes squarely, "There are more important things right now to concentrate on -"

"Please. I just want to know. It's been two years and we've never talked about it."

"This isn't the time."

"Maybe it is. I just want to know."

"We had been drinking. A lot. I was mourning my breakup with Renly. I laid down with you because you wanted me to, we fell asleep together. When I woke up to you touching yourself, I don't know. I think I was still half-drunk. You looked so lovely, so sad, and so frustrated sexually, all at once. I love you, San, and I offered you a release. It was solace. For you and for me. It was - it was - maybe it was something inside me that was curious. I wanted to feel what you felt like. I wanted to see what you looked like when you came. Maybe to see if what you did for me onscreen matched what you would do for me in real life." He struggled for words, even as a blush crept up his neck. "Of course, calling out Robb's name was never in a script. You were still very beautiful."

"You kissed my neck," she whispered. "I could feel your arousal from it all. The way you touched me, it was perfect. I thought you weren't interested in girls. Then you kissed me again on the temple and rolled over. *I felt you, Loras. You were hard. For me. I felt you.*" The words tumbled out, stumbling over each other in a rush be spoken. It was easier, to concentrate on something she had power over. *She didn't want to feel powerless anymore.*

"Sansa, you've been through a traumatic experience. I think it's time to try to get some rest. In the morning I'm going to check your hand. If you need stitches we can call up my doctor. He's discreet and I trust him, and besides, a cut hand is easy to explain in a hundred different ways." He stood up, grabbing an oversized blue towel from the rack behind him. "Do you need help drying and dressing? I picked out your favorite nightie from the stash of clothes back at the penthouse. Everything else will be replaced. We can go shopping when you feel up to it."
He reminded her of Robb when he was avoiding talking about his feelings for her. Suddenly, she started sobbing uncontrollably, provoking Loras into action as he lifted her out of the tub with the towel wrapped around her. He sat with her on the bench, holding her against him in his lap, rocking back and forth. She cried into his shoulder; loud, strangled, choking cries. It felt good and terrible at the same time, this release. She could feel him shaking and she realized dully that he was crying now, too, albeit silently.

"Sansa, Sansa, it's going to be ok. I promise. Cry if that's what you need, you can cry on me all night and longer, if that's what it takes. I promise you, I will find a way to make this better. I will. Petyr won't get away with what he's done. We will find a way to right this. We will right this with both you and Robb."

At Robb's name, she popped her head up to look into his watery blue eyes. They were a lighter blue than Robb's, but still beautiful all the same.

"How? How can anything be right anymore?"

He said nothing, so she let him dry her and dress her quickly while she tried to stifle her crying. He was wet but he carried her back to the bed, tucking her in carefully. It felt good. Too good. He kissed her on the temple and managed to smile at her through his tears.

"I have someone who might be able to help us. He's Grandmother Olenna's long time associate and he's been connected to Petyr in the past. I'm not sure where he is now, but a phone call to Grandmother will solve that issue."

Her head was swimming. So many thoughts and she was tired.

"Lor, please stay. I don't want to be alone right now."

He nodded, staying on top of the comforter and lying down next to her, making sure there was some distance between their bodies. She wanted his warmth but didn't move. She wasn't sure on what to do anymore. Maybe if she fell asleep she would wake up and this would all have been a nightmare. Or maybe she would mercifully not wake up at all. But there was hope. Loras might have a way to get through to Baelish.

"So who is this mystery person? Do I know them?"

"I don't think so, San. His name is Varys."

Varys. Such a strange name. Still, names didn't matter; she would call him her Savior if he could be the key to stop Petyr Baelish.

Sighing, she stuck out her left arm to touch his chest. He responded by moving his hand over hers, holding her fist as she still clung to the necklace. It was warm and reassuring, and she drifted off into darkness, with Robb's face the last image behind her eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Credit to sansafeels....
Sansa, her hand bleeding, looking up at him with wild, tormented blue eyes. They were trembling and clinging when he carried her whimpering into his bed, his tendrils...
"Jesus Fucking CHRIST, Stark. What the fuck, man?"

Robb said nothing, but calmly walked over to his freezer to retrieve an ice pack from it and tossed it at Theon, eyeing him as he caught it with a struggle and flopped down on the couch, placing it against his jaw. It was a short throw in his cramped one-bedroom apartment, but he didn't need a huge place to sleep and eat, which is pretty much all he ever did in it. His furniture and decor was sparse, and Theon's incredulous voice nearly echoed.

Robb seated himself on the only chair next to the couch, cracking his knuckles before flexing his right hand, still looking at this friend with a glazed stare and remaining silent. Unsure of why he deserved to be clocked as soon as he stepped on the door, Theon was warily eyeing him back.

"I thought when you asked me to visit that this was gonna be a friendly venture, not a fucking beat-down session." He moved his lower jaw in a clockwork motion, as if to test the bone structure. "Goddamn, I thought we could celebrate you making Master Sergeant."

"Do you think I give a shit about that?" Robb finally spoke, his voice quiet, even as the blood was raging in his veins. "I asked you to come down here for something completely different."

"What, to beat the shit out of me for old times' sake? And just so you know, Stark, you look like fucking shit. Complete shit. Like, you need a fucking shave and a shower and about a day's worth of sleep or something, The Marines allow you to look like that? They gotta be getting lax."

"You're not here to talk about how I look, Theon."

"Well, fucking have out with it, then, or I'm turning around and driving straight back to Maine. I didn't drive all this fucking way to get beat."

Maybe Theon had a few valid points. Not that Robb really cared.

He didn't care much for anything. Except Sansa. Benjen. And the truth.

Theon probably didn't need to be overly observant to see that he really hasn't been sleeping. Or eating. Maybe he hasn't showered; he didn't realize how long it had been. Sansa's scent had left his skin days ago but he swore he could still smell her on him. He was barely able to function enough for his job, which he still managed to execute in perfect fashion, even though a constant haze fogged his mind and glazed his eyes. Insomnia was his closest friend - or enemy - and he relied on his comrade Karstark to supply him with uppers to get him through. At this point he didn't even give two shits if his superiors caught him over it. Maybe he even wished for it, even as he was just recently promoted. The promotion meant nothing to him. Nothing mattered anymore, except salvaging what was left of him and Sansa. If he could.

He looked at Theon. Playboy, rich Theon, who inherited a massive fortune at the death of his father. Still the life of the party, not a care in the world. Able to come and go as he pleased, travel the world
when he wanted, fucking around with this girl and that. His father's mansion was his own now. Robb felt a pang of envy and jealousy for his friend. Footloose and fancy-free, not eternally condemned for falling in love and wanting the one woman on earth he shouldn't want.

Some friend. Keeping secrets from him about his son. There was no point in beating around the bush with him. He didn't intend to punch him when he walked in the door, but he let the feelings of betrayal overpower him. *Theon was there. Theon saw Sansa pregnant. Maybe he even touched her belly, felt his son kick...*

"Why don't you tell me about Sansa and her child?"

"I - I - what are you talking about?" Theon clenched the pack tighter to his jaw. Robb saw the whitening of his knuckles and his adam's apple constricting.

"I'm talking about Sansa's pregnancy, Theon. The fact that Benjen is Sansa's son."

"I don't follow -"

"Don't lie to me. You confessed to Dad that you fathered her kid."

Robb knew better than to address the actual parentage outright. It had occurred to him ever since Baelish revealed the truth about Benjen, that perhaps the man wasn't completely sure himself. Even if in his heart of hearts Robb knew Benjen was his, he wasn't about to reveal it to Theon if Theon himself didn't know. Robb knew nothing besides the fact that Theon had claimed he was the father, and even that was a shot in the dark. Just because Baelish said it didn't make it the truth. Robb knew nothing anymore about anything except that he wanted answers. Now. And Theon would give it to him. *Now.*

Theon was never a skilled liar, so how he managed to fool Dad was beyond him. Maybe Sansa had given him acting lessons beforehand. Even if she had, they were lost on him now. It was written all over his face: guilt, surprise, horror, fear... then, resignation.

"How did you know?" It was the quietest Robb ever heard him speak.

"It doesn't matter. What matters is why the *fuck* would you keep something like this from me?" Robb kept his voice dead calm.

Defiance crossed Theon's face as he tossed the pack on to the end table.

"And why would you need to know anything? You left town and never looked back." He looked him straight in the face. "You abandoned the family you professed to love so much. I mean, you loved Sansa so much that you couldn't help but fuck her and then leave her?"

Within seconds Robb was on him, hand on throat. Theon's startled eyes widened in fear as he started gasping, his hands grabbing at his. Theon wasn't as strong as he was.

"She's my sister, Theon. I *love* her. I did what I did for family. Not that I could expect you to understand love of family."

"Fuck, R-Robb, goddamn, s-s- stop -"

Robb closed his eyes. A soft roaring overcame his senses and an image flashed.

*Number three. Number three. Number three. So soft, so fragile, sensing the power, seeing her wet, opened mouth gaping in surprise, feeling the pulsations of her veins under his hands and her cunt...*
around his cock, hearing the mangled, broken cry of her climax as it tore away and escaped from his grip. The sensation of his own orgasm spurred by the look of her in the throes of restriction. Number three. Oh god, no.

He released his hold and received a blow to his face. The image of Sansa blurred away. Stunned, he fell backwards and Theon was on top of him, doing his best to beat the shit out of him, but Robb was stronger, faster, and more angry. Theon relented, backing away, out of breath and now sporting a bloody nose.

"I yield! White flag, what the fuck ever, just fucking stop Jesus FUCK!"

Robb backed away, stumbling back into the chair, out of breath. He admitted it felt good to give Theon a bloody nose. He'd deserved it in the past and he resisted every time, always excusing his stupid behavior in some form or fashion. For lying about his son, from withholding the knowledge he had, he deserved more than a bloody nose and bruised ego.

"I want to know, Theon. I deserve to know."

Theon made his way back to the couch after picking up the ice pack and laid down on his back against the pillows, tilting his head back and wiping his nose on his sleeve, placing the pack on his jaw again. As affable as ever, he didn't take the brief fight to heart.

"Maybe you do deserve to know. Hell, maybe you don't. The situation isn't exactly one that has a happy ending for anyone if anything gets out. I promised Sansa I wouldn't breathe a word of it."

Betrayal struck anew in his heart, yet with all the had happened, he couldn't feel anger now against Sansa. At least, not at the moment. He missed her, longed for her, wondered how she was doing, how she was handling it all. Two weeks had passed. Two long, agonizing weeks. He had countless texts and calls from her; begging him to call her, text her, anything. The last text he had from her was terse. She said she had to find out from Jon about his promotion and she surmised he was still breathing.

Yes, he was breathing... but not quite alive.

"Oh, I forgot, my dear boy. There is one more stipulation to all of this. Well, we didn't need to worry Sansa's pretty little head over it, did we? Poor thing has enough to process at the moment. Not only did I book you a slightly earlier flight back to your toy soldier home, I will also request you have no contact with your dear sister until further notice. None. I do have ways to find out if you defy me and if I am defied, the videos will be released and we can only guess what will happen from that. Though, from the look of things, when your career in the military has ended in disgrace, you could always make an exceptional foray into the world of adult filmmaking."

Sansa.

Baelish wasn't quite done with them yet. Would he ever be done? What would stop him from holding it against them for more? But what more could he want? He could never have Sansa. Could he?

Sansa.

"So, Robb, I guess my question is: how much do you already know?"

"Just start at the beginning. Pretend I know nothing."

"Okay. Fine. So, you are off in Afghanistan land. Sansa and I hung out quite a bit, you weren't
around so she was feeling lonely. I tried to take her mind off of things by taking her places and stuff. We, um, got close pretty quick -"

"Cut the shit, Theon. I don't want the bullshit you told my Dad. I want the fucking truth and I won't let you leave here until you spit it out."

Theon sat up then and set the pack on the couch, looking him squarely in the eye. The blood had stopped dripping from his nose and even though he had blood on him and his hair and clothes were a mess, he still looked ten times more put together than Robb.

"Ok. Well, Sansa and I did hang out quite a bit. That was true; she was lonely and missed you. Anyway, she comes to me one day, she'd been crying. Tells me she's in a pickle and asks for my help. Asks for a money loan and for a ride to and from the local uh... women's health center. She said she was knocked up and didn't know who the father was. So she wanted to get rid of it, abortion-style. She had some money but needed to make up the difference. And she wanted someone to help her get to and from her appointment."

Robb felt sick but nodded for him to continue. Theon swallowed nervously.

"So, I agreed to help her out. Take her there the day of. I sat in the waiting room. She came out and said she couldn't do it. Crying and freaking out and saying how she couldn't do it because she couldn't live with herself. Said it was made in love and she couldn't destroy that love, something like that. It didn't take much for me to put it all together but I didn't say a fucking word. Not one word. Yeah, so she tells me a couple weeks later that she wanted to have the baby and then give it up for adoption, and that she confessed to her Dad that she was all preggers. He took it pretty well but wanted to know who the father was. She told me she wouldn't -or couldn't- tell him who it was. So, I offered to be the father, to give her a little peace of mind. Hell, Ned wanted to adopt the kid, so all I had to do was sign away my parental rights. And I did. But I sure as hell didn't get invited over for Stark dinners anymore after that."

With shaking hands, he fumbled for a cig and lighter, motioning. Robb nodded and he lit up, trembling.

"So, before Sansa starts showing, she said she worked it out to go stay with you Aunt Lysa while taking online courses to finish high school. That way, no one in the Stark household would know of the pregnancy. Since Lysa lived two hours away, it was easy to keep the younger kids from just popping over to say hey. It was about six months or so until she came back to Winterfell. Even then, in a matter of weeks she was in Los Angeles shacking up with Loras and having Baelish serving as her agent and publicist or whatever they call people like him."

He took another long drag.

"I hope it was all worth it, what she did. I don't know if I would go back and do the same again. Not only am I on Ned Stark's shitlist for, like, ever, I lost Myrcella in the process. One of her friends was a volunteer at the clinic, and saw me and Sansa. Told Myrcella that Sansa was there for an abortion and well, Myrcella drew her own conclusions. So much for confidentiality. And so much for the love of my life. I lost the only girl I ever cared about. Anyway, I always thought she should have named Loras as the father, but seeing how he was in Los Angeles at the time of her impregnation, that was pretty much a no-go."

Loras. Fresh wounds opened up at the mention of his name. The many bites and scratches from her that night had healed and scarred over, but this was a mark that would never fade. The vision of Sansa leaning into Loras in bed while his fingers pleasured her flashed in his mind and he clenched his teeth. If only she would have been honest about it. He had even told her once he never expected
her to remain faithful to him in body; he was a realist, not a dreamer like she was. Still, he suspected
Loras has feelings more than friendship towards her and when he asked her about him he expected
her to be honest. When she insisted there was nothing but friendship there, he had believed her. I've
never had another man's cock inside of me. Wasn't that what she said? A sharp suspicion jolted his
brain.

"You never fucked her?"

"Fuck, Robb! First of all, you'd rip my goddamn balls off and make me eat them for sure. Second,
she isn't the kind of girl to fuck a guy when she's already in love with someone else. Even if I wanted
to, she isn't the type to do anything unless there's emotions behind it. I don't know much in life but I
know that, at least."

Loras.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you what, that you managed to knock up your sister? They don't make Hallmark greeting cards
for that, man." Theon let out a raspy laugh."Sansa never outright admitted you were the father, but
I'm not as dumb as I look. She did what she thought was best and I gotta agree, it's best for everyone.
Including Benjen. You can't acknowledge him, Robb. You'd be arrested, the family would be
destroyed. Benjen would be fucking scarred for life. He's happy with Ned and Mel, I'm sure of it.
Just leave it be."

Just leave it be? I should have let Sansa be, from the very beginning. Should have kept our love
platonic. I should have forced myself to find someone else to love. Now this. We were so careful. We
used birth control. We did. I never thought. I never thought about this. Now look where we are.
Sansa. I love her still. She is still my light, my love. She must have suffered all those months, all
alone, carrying our child. Probably scared out of her goddamn mind. And I wasn't there. I wasn't
there for her. I didn't know. She sent all those care packages, kept in contact, and not one word. Not
one. We could have run away, we could have gone someplace where no one knew us, made a life
somewhere and raised our son, just us three, our little family. But no. I had to enlist. I thought I
could save our love. I've ruined it. I've ruined it. I should have killed Baelish with my bare hands
that night. I should have refused to make that video. What could we do. Sansa. Benjen.

"Robb?"

He looked at Theon but didn't see him.

"Look man, for what it's worth I'm sorry as hell. I thought you would never find out. It would have
been better, you not knowing. How did you find out?"

"It doesn't matter." Suddenly his body felt drained. "It just doesn't matter," he repeated tonelessly.

"Robb, if it's any consolation, I visited Sansa as much as she let me. Kept her company, you know,
took her out to places, bought things for the baby, helped her do stuff, went with her to her
appointments if your Dad couldn't make it. She really cared about the baby. She did. And I was
allowed to be there for Benjen's birth. She asked not to hold him. I knew why. Too painful for her I
think. She cried. I did my best to comfort her. I did. We had a few minutes alone and she kept saying
your name, and that she missed you. She said she knew what she was doing was for the best."
Theon paused. "Uh, I stayed by her head, man, I swear. I didn't see anything."

I wasn't there. Theon was there. Of all people, fucking Theon stepped up and was a man. Theon
held her hand, he saw my son being born, he comforted her. He was there for her. Where was I? I
wasn't there for her. I couldn't save her from her pain then and I can't save her from her pain now. I've always meant to protect her and I've failed. I've failed her. My love, my life, my Sansa. What kind of man am I? I am no man. I should have strangled Baelish. I should have. I should have done anything I had to do to protect her. I didn't. Where am I now? Here. She is out there alone. Loras. I left her there for Loras to comfort. I had to. Baelish threatened us if I didn't leave. Theon and Loras. Better men for Sansa than I ever have been. I don't know how to be her brother anymore and I can't openly be her lover.

"Robb. Man, say something. Can you at least say something? You're acting like a fucking zombie."

"Get out."

"Robb, I know you're trying to deal with this -"

"I said, get out."

For some reason, for once in his life, Theon must have thought better than to argue with him and nodded. Robb watched through glazed eyes as he searched his pocket for his keys and hightailed it to the door. He hesitated for a moment, looking back at him.

"I feel for you, man. I do. I'm sorry you fell in love with your sister. Hell, that is weird as fuck to say. But maybe this is a sign to leave her alone. Break it off, do what you have to do to just be a brother to her. Before you both end up just getting more hurt as the years go by. See ya, Robb. Get your shit together and let's hang out for real sometime."

Theon telling him to get his shit together. Theon. Of all people. Rock, meet bottom. Mom would be so proud of him right now, wouldn't she? Jesus Christ.

Robb stood up as the door clicked quietly shut. He strode over to lock it, his hand aching. Maybe he acted too harshly with Theon. Well, yes, he did, but he could feel nothing about it. Not right now. Not even any regret over Theon coming all this way for an hour visit that was less a visit and more of a punching contest and information session. Instead, he went through the motions of picking up the ice pack and returning it to the freezer. The dead silence in his apartment only increased the roaring in his ears; it almost sounded like a buzzing. Like a phone. Like his cell.

My cell. Someone's calling.

He picked up his phone off the floor where it has fallen in the scuffle with Theon. Probably was Theon; he should let it go to voicemail. But, maybe he could muster up enough care to at least apologize for hitting him. After all, he did look after Sansa-

Strange number.

"Hello."

"Robb?"

He didn't recognize the voice at first.

"And who's this?"

"Robb, it's Loras."

Loras Pretty Boy Fucking Tyrell.
Robb said nothing, debating on whether to disconnect or not. All he could see behind his eyes was Loras with his fingers inside her, leaning in to kiss her neck while she pulls on his curls. He used to have curls, too, that she had liked to caress with her long, slender fingers. He hasn't had curls in nearly eight years but he could feel her hands running through them like it was yesterday.

"Robb?"

"Yeah. What."

"Don't hang up. Please. Sansa needs you."

_She needs me? I need her. I can't. Why is Loras telling me what she needs? He doesn't know her like I know her. Or maybe he does._

"I am sure you know all about her needs." Christ. He couldn't stop the snark.

"Robb, I'm serious. Look, I know about what happened. Baelish, the video. All of it. I don't want to get into it, but I need to know the soonest you are able to get out here. I am buying you a ticket, no arguments. We aren't in Los Angeles anymore. We're just outside of Long Beach. Sansa left the penthouse for good that night."

"I can't." He couldn't believe she told Loras. _How could she tell anyone about what happened?_

"If Baelish is the reason you can't, then don't worry. He isn't going to be a problem for much longer. Please. Trust me."

"She wants to see me?" He doubted that. Not after all they did. After all they had to do for everyone's sake...

"Yes." It sounded like Loras cleared his throat. "Yes, she does."

His heart skipped a few beats. Sansa.

"I can't until the weekend. You know, if I had ordinary employment it wouldn't be such a huge deal, but -"

"It's fine. Just tell me when, I'll get it taken care of. First class all the way."

Of course. Money was no problem for a well-known actor. Loras had it all: wealthy family name, looks, charisma, talent, money, fame - _and Sansa._

Robb tried to be civil. The lack of sleep and constant tirade of emotions was getting to him but now there was some light at the end of the tunnel. Not only did Sansa want to see him, Loras mentioned Petyr won't be a problem soon? The deed was already done. He was sure whomever was called The Patron has already gotten off to their homemade fetish porn. A stranger has already taken in the sight of brother and sister fucking each other with lust and violence and passion. Or more than one stranger watched. Maybe a group. Strange eyes prying, seeing the shells of who they were. At least, they could not glimpse inside their hearts, their souls. They would see the flesh but not the love. _Not the love._ He tried to keep his mind away from the images flashing in his head.

The conversation wasn't long, thankfully. Loras, to his credit, sounded extremely cautious, if not nervous. Robb decided to let it go and make tentative arrangements. The call ended, though not quickly enough, and he saved the number to his list of contacts. He had a feeling he might need it in the future.
Something burned in his chest.

He smelled himself for the first time in awhile and decided it was time for a shower.

His hand still hurt as he turned on the shower head and stepped inside. He had it near scalding and the steam immediately started floating around him, but it felt good on his tired, dirty flesh. In no time he soaped up and washed what little hair he had, raking his fingers through his facial hair. His commanding officer demanded he take care of it. Guess it was time to shave. It didn't matter. Six months from now he would be out of the Marines for good and he could grow it longer than Santa Claus if he wanted. He'd be able to grow back his curls that Sansa loved so much around her fingers -

_Her fingers dug into the back of his neck, tearing, scarring. Angry, fearful marks. He felt her fear as she fought him. Fight me, he had growled at her, fight me. Even as he reached for the rope and grabbed her wrists, he leaned down into her, pressing his lips to her ear for a whisper - "don't allow him to have this piece of us" - and his head lowered to rest over her heart only for a moment - a moment he willed her to know - then he forced her arms up and over her head - the rope, the rope. Tight enough to make her cry out. He knew her cries and knew it was not out of fear -

Stop. Stop it. His eyes squeezed shut and he tilted his head back, letting the water pound over his face. Don't remember. Don't think. Sing a song. Block it out. He started singing a random tune from his memory. Sansa always said he had a decent singing voice...

_You look so beautiful in this light  
Your silhouette over me  
The way it brings out the blue in your eyes  
Is the Tenerife Sea

Her luminous, blue eyes. Staring into him, wild with regret and pain and something animalistic, something he'd never seen before -

_And all of the voices surrounding us here  
They just fade out when you take a breath  
Just say the word and I will disappear  
Into the wilderness

They shut it out, they shut Baelish out and the camera out and the world out. It was them. Just them. Raw, powerful, heady. Pain became pleasure. Was that who they truly were?

_Should this be the last thing I see  
I want you to know it's enough for me  
'Cause all that you are is all that I'll ever need

The song died off of his lips.

_Oh god, Sansa. Can we ever go back? We can never go back. Our love was so pure, and good. No matter how wrong society perceives it to be, no matter what punishment we face, we loved each other and it was true and right. But what we did to protect our love - what we did to protect our son-

He had been insane with anger, betrayal, lust, love, despair, sorrow, jealousy, hate, and yet he tried - he tried to reach her - through the filth that rolled off their tongues, loud enough to be recorded, he tried to reach her through whispers only she could hear - and small touches, hidden from a camera's view - he tried - tried - even recalling her 16th birthday poem -
"I vow, now and forever, I will always love you."

"Don't allow him to have this piece of us"

"They can't touch us. They can't touch our love."

"I love you."

He loved her still. Loved her more. Loved her always.

He hung his head and cried, his tears washed away by the shower stream.
Sansa lounged on her bed, laptop steadied on her thighs. The battery was almost dead but she
aimlessly typed on, searching. Always searching. Over and over again, day after day, she searched
with baited breath, her heart thumping madly against her chest.

Nothing yet.

She had found quite a bit of things that she'd rather not see, rather not know, but so far not what she
was looking for, and it was a relief. She was nervous, scared, worried over the past three weeks that
somehow the video would pop up online. The more she dwelled on it, the more obsessed she
became. She didn't trust Petyr; how could she? A man who did not hesitate to blackmail siblings into
making a sex video for profit, emotional harm, and ruin could not be trusted. Still, there was nothing
of her on social media besides the usual clips of interviews, fundraisers, TV appearances, snippets of
her series, and various articles. She came across pictures of her and Robb at the gala before Petyr
confronted them, and cried. They had been so happy that night; every pic showed them smiling,
posing, chatting. They had been so close, so full of hope and promise. Petyr had destroyed every
dream for the future in a matter of hours. Robb had whispered to her, begged her to not let Petyr
destroy them, but what was happening now? She had seen or heard nothing from Petyr since that
night; she was sure he was shocked when he returned to the penthouse to find her gone. His neglect
was a thankful sign, but Robb's was a cause for concern.

Robb refused to take her calls or answer her texts. At first she was angry and hurt, then it dissolved
into worry. She was sure Petyr had something to do with it. Robb would never abandon her, not
even after the reveal of their son. Although, she wouldn't blame him for it if he did; keeping his child
from him was unforgivable. She knew it was wrong, but at the time she was doing what she thought
was best for everyone, including Benjen. Especially Benjen.

Her thoughts deliberately shut out their son and she focused on the laptop, brushing off tiny droplets
of water from her hair. It was only early evening but she already had her shower, thanks to Loras
depositing her fully clothed and turning the water on. He had been ridiculous about it. The past few
weeks he had been her caretaker, making sure she ate, bathed, and got out on occasion. True to his
word, he took her out shopping for a new wardrobe, only to end up choosing everything himself
while she just shrugged in complete apathy. He dragged her out to their private gardens to catch
some sun and fresh air. He was like an AA sponsor and she was both annoyed and comforted by his
constant attention. Thankfully, with their series' final season filming now wrapped up, they had a
break in their schedules. It wouldn't last long; she was scheduled to start filming for a co-starring role
in a period drama next month, and Loras had a recurring role in a Sci-Fi series. He was also set to
audition for a coveted role as a super hero in a trilogy. Sansa was grateful for her next gig, which
required her to film in Australia for three months. Keeping busy was the key. She had to keep her
mind on other things.

Popping up her Facebook page, she looked again at her 'family and friends only' account, under her
mother's maiden name, at the pics Arya had sent her. She couldn't help but smile. Arya was finally
marrying Gendry next spring, after they had been talking about it for a couple of years. Sansa was set
to be maid-of-honor. It promised to be an interesting affair; Arya had already chosen her colors as
black, white, and grey, and she sent Sansa pics of her favorite pick for her bridal gown: a dark grey
number with black rose accents, and Sansa's gown was going to be all black with a plunging
neckline. Typical Arya and Gendry, going for a gothic theme instead of the sugary, dreamy confection Sansa had always dreamed of as a little girl. She was happy for her little sister; she knew Gendry was a good man and he loved her. He had just taken over Uncle B and Uncle E's shop, as her Uncles wanted to keep the business going after they retired. Gendry’s first action was to give Rickon a full-time spot, which has helped to give her troubled brother some responsibility and stability. She wasn’t sure how long Arya and Gendry had been a thing before making it official, but she suspected it all started innocently enough when Arya was very young and very much jail bait. Remembering what and who she was doing when she was jail material herself, she shrugged it off. Actually, she herself was still technically jail material...

Admittedly, a part of her was jealous. Arya was marrying the man she loved. Sansa could claim to everyone she wasn’t the marrying kind, that she wanted to focus on her career rather than start a family, that marriage was an archaic notion to her that was nothing but a piece of paper, but deep down she thought of what it would be like. How it would feel to have the love of her life become her husband. She would never have it. Never. She had fame and money, and Robb's love, but she could never publicly show that love, and it hurt, but it was what it was and she could bear it, as long as she had Robb.

Now, she wasn't even sure of that. Not after that night, and his silence.

Her fingers nervously sought out her necklace and clasped the rose. The fragile chain had been repaired by the best jeweler in town; it was as if it had never been broken. Just as she wished the love between her and Robb could be fixed just as easily. But after all they have gone through, there was little hope of that. Especially if he wouldn't see her. She had resorted to calling Dad and Bran and Jon for information on him, and found out about his promotion. Panic struck her then; he told her he wasn't enlisting again, but with the circumstances and a new promotion, why would he leave the Marines? He excelled there. He could have a successful career and keep moving up the ranks, and keep away from her and a volatile situation. The timing of Petyr could not have been worse for them, and maybe that's what Petyr planned all along. She still could not fathom Petyr's hatred of them. All because their mother rejected him for their dad? All because she rejected him for Robb? It made no sense.

Nothing made sense anymore. Her mind was cloudy, not able to focus on one thing at a time, always jumping from one thing to another. She feared she was going crazy. She told Loras her fear and he suggested a psychiatrist in a way as to not offend her. Just someone to talk with. Of course she refused. She didn't need anyone else involved in this nightmare. It was bad enough Loras was now dragged into it. She regretted it but he was showing that underneath his flowery, dreamy, romantic yet humorous surface, there was a man of determined steel. He had found the man he called Varys, but Sansa knew little more than he has been having meetings with him. She knew Loras was waiting to involve her more after she got back to a more emotionally stable state, and truth be told, she didn't want to be involved. All she wanted was for them to somehow neuter Petyr from doing any more damage to her and Robb and to others. She knew they most likely were not the only victims of Petyr Baelish's schemes. She shuddered to think of other scenarios where he fed the fetishes of wealthy, twisted men...and women.

I can't think on it, not now. Not right now. I'll go crazy if I do. If I think of strangers watching me and Robb I will lose it. I can't let it consume me or he wins. He wins.

She thought she heard the door. It was faint, and she strained her ears. Loras had left after tossing her into the shower. She missed him terribly already and she hated being alone now. Being alone meant more time to focus on her thoughts, to dwell on what had happened, and to obsess over the internet. Snapping the laptop shut, she carried it over to her desk and gingerly placed it down. If Loras caught her on the internet again there would be hell to pay. Hell meaning another conversation in which he...
would enumerate all the ways that searching for that video was damaging her delicate frame of mind. Whatever. Maybe she should creep back into bed and feign sleep. She didn't feel like any more heart-to-hearts even if she was curious as to where he had gone tonight, so she slipped back into bed, curling up under the luxurious comforter. Sleep was always a welcome thought now even as it took her forever to fade into the sweet nothingness.

She heard the footsteps on the stairs and sighed. It wasn't the usual sprinting Loras did, but a slow, almost hesitant plodding. Cautious. She pulled the sheets up to her chin but wasn't sure why. Loras has seen her so many times in her nightie, and has even seen her naked more than once. She was being ridiculous and she knew it. She didn't even know why she cared...it was just Loras...and suddenly, she wanted his company, even as she tightened her grip on the comforter.

"Loras?" She called out. "Can you come in?"

Her voice trailed off and any words she formed in her throat were caught when he appeared in her doorway, the light from her room contrasting with the dark of the hallway behind him. His head was slightly bowed as he looked at her, his hand clutching the door frame, his eyes large, his body frozen. Robb.

She couldn't breathe. Was he an apparition? Hallucination? No, no, it was Robb. Oh god, it was Robb. Her heart stopped but she bolted up, still clutching the comforter to her.

"San." His broken, hoarse voice was a soothing balm to her soul.

All she could do was close her eyes at the sound and try to breathe, but it didn't matter as she felt him rush over to take her in his arms and hold her to his chest. She let herself inhale his scent, feel his warmth. She breathed him in and the tears welled in her eyes as she felt him tremble and heard his heart hammering.

"Robb. Robb, I love you. I missed you. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, so very sorry." She moved her face to burrow into his neck, wetting his shirt collar with tears. "For everything, for it all. For it all -" She clung to him; the only sure thing she ever knew.

"Shhh, San, shhh." His hands were gently caressing her hair, touching the back of her neck and running along the thin chain of her necklace. "I love you. Don't. Don't apologize, my Love."

She pulled away then, to look into watery blue, bloodshot eyes. Her hands reached up to cup his clean-shaven face. She was searching for and found the love she desperately needed, and suddenly she calmed, stilled. But there was something else lingering behind his eyes -

"I am sorry. For not telling you about Benjen, about Loras, about Petyr, about my diary, about -about that night - god, Robb, that night - please forgive me, it's my fault what we did, we we had to do. It's all my fault -"

She felt his hands on her face, mirroring her own actions, and closed her eyes while leaning into his touch. Through the comfort another sensation emerged, between her legs, and she tried to push it down, make it go away. When her eyes opened she noticed his mouth twisting into a small frown. When he spoke, he was soft, faltering.

"Don't do this to yourself. You never asked for or wanted any of it to happen. I love you, San, nothing else matters to me as long as you love me, too, if you can still love me after what I've done to you. It's I who needs forgiveness."

"You? No, no. Robb. I know you had no choice. I know you did what you thought you had to do to
keep us all safe. To keep our family safe. You tried - I know you tried - I know you did what you
could to make it better - " she paused, breathing deep, her thoughts racing faster than her words - " It
was better. It was you, it was me, I shut it out, what wasn't us -"

"San, please. We don't need to talk about it. We don't. Please." The pleading in his voice turned
firm. "We need to just move on from it. Put it behind us and forget, live our lives -"

"Forget? I can't." Fear of her emotions struck her then, her voice barely a whisper. "Maybe I don't
want to forget."

He pushed her from him, his hands on her arms, and she whimpered from the loss of contact. She felt
him freeze, his eyes staring at her in disbelief and shock, even as his fingers loosened his grip. He
looked horrified.

"San, I hurt you and degraded you, not just with actions but with words. That wasn't me. I should
have stopped. I should have refused and found some way to tell Petyr to go to hell. I should have
killed him with my bare hands. Anything to stop it. Anything."

"There was nothing you could do. I think - I think the wine we drank had something in it, to mess us
up, to dull our minds. You had more than I, you weren't rational -"

"I wasn't?" He moved away from her completely then, withdrawing even his hands from her arms.
Her skin instantly cooled and was left wanting. "I knew exactly what I was doing. The whole time. I
did exactly what that list demanded. I was clear-headed enough to do and let be done what needed to
be. Don't make excuses for me."

She grabbed at his hands, pulling them to her to encircle her waist. He resisted weakly, allowing her
to have control, and she stared into him. He was as vulnerable as she was as his fingers burned
through her nightgown.

"You didn't hurt me, Robb. You were careful not to hurt me, and yes, that was rational. Those
whispers hidden by the dirty talk that you planted in my ears when you could. I remember those
touches, those light touches - that was you, Robb. Not a drug, not blackmail, not a list." She reached
up to touch his lips lightly with his fingertips. "You made it bearable. You made it - you made it -"
You made me come. Oh god, you made me come.

She couldn't find the words, or couldn't say them. Instead of him kissing her fingertips, he reached up
to move her hand to her side.

"I promise to never defile our love like that again," he declared resolutely. "I will never again treat
you like I was forced to that night, no matter what I have to do. It's haunted me ever since."

Haunted. She was haunted by the look in Robb's eyes when Petyr told him about Benjen. She was
haunted by him watching her and Loras on the TV. She was haunted by the betrayal of a man she
trusted as a father-figure. Haunted knowing that somewhere out there, someone had a video of them
fucking. Haunted by what they did? She was ashamed only by the twisted pleasure she actually felt
during -

"Robb, remember what you whispered to me before Petyr barged into the room? When you placed
my necklace into my hand? You said - This will not destroy us. I love you. Forever.' That meant
everything to me."

Instead of moving closer, he moved to the edge of the bed, planting his feet on the hardwood floor
and hanging his head, hands clenched at his sides. As if he was afraid to touch her or even look at
"And how many bruises did I cause, San?" He asked quietly, his voice wavering. "How long did it take for your neck to stop hurting where I yanked the necklace from you? When did the marks on your neck fade? The burns on your wrists, I can still see the faint lines. Did I make it so bearable that you didn't mind being bitten? Sodomized? Smacked around? Choked? Yes, San, it all just seemed so...sweet and loving, didn't it? Christ." To her horror, he put his head in his hands and started breaking down, sobbing.

"Oh, Robb." She had never seen him cry like this before. Never. Not even when Mom died. Even then he was stoic and strong, comforting her and their siblings. She had seen tears in his eyes before, that day when they went driving, but never this. Never this. She was at a loss of what to do, what to say, so she did the first thing to come to her mind. Scooting over to his back, she moved to embrace him, her knees on either side of his hips. Gently her arms snaked under his and she hugged him around his stomach, which was spasming with grief. Lying her head on his shoulder, she nestled in. "Robb, it's okay. Everything is okay, now."

"It's not," he rasped, sniffing. She felt his head tilt back as his hands cautiously enveloped hers at his waist. "Sansa - what happened to us - it was rape. How is that okay? Tell me, I want to know. How can you say it is okay. What's to stop Baelish from demanding more? He can demand us to do it again, or something even worse, and what can we do, sort of murdering the bastard? He has power over us. He has our son over us. Our son, San."

"He doesn't have power over our love, Robb. He can't take that away..."

"Can't he? Didn't he?" She felt his chest heave. "I didn't take you in love that night."

Closing her eyes, she moved her lips to his neck, feeling the warm constriction. There were no words, nothing she could say to calm his despair. She tried not to think of that part of him that night, the anger in his eyes, the fury in his thrusts, the random filth spewing from his mouth - a requirement on the list - that somehow made her both cringe and become wet with desire at the same time. She instead concentrated on the stolen sweet words, the gentle skimming of his fingers, a morse code he must have known she would decipher - there was love there. Anger and lust and horror, yes, but she knew with all her heart even then he had still loved her through it all.

"I know you love me, Robb." Without thinking, she kissed his neck and sank her teeth in, not hard enough to break the skin but enough of a nip to make him to gasp and tilt his head back into her. "Knowing you love me gives me the strength to get through this, and anything else." Her lips traveled up to his earlobe to bite and suck lightly. She needed the contact. She needed him. She wanted to convey her need and trust in him in a way to reassure him. In the pit of her stomach, something was awakening.

"San, don't." She heard his plea as she slid her hands up to his chest, grasping at his shirt. She could feel his heart hammering in his chest as she undid the buttons down to his belt buckle, exposing him so she could feel his chest hair against her fingertips on one hand, while the other slid down to find him hard against his jeans. She was shocked when she felt him push both of her hands away and stand up. When he spoke his voice was harsh. "San, I didn't come here for that."

"You knew I needed you. I need to feel you, Robb. You came here for us. It took you long enough, but you came back to me."

He turned to face her then, looking down at her, his eyes narrowing.

"For us, yes. Not for that."
The way he said it, the way he jammed his hands into his pockets, confused her. She scooted to the edge of the bed, reaching out for him, and he stepped back two paces. He denied her. He hadn’t denied her since the time they lived at home. The sorrow on his face was replaced by what she could only see as disgust, and it hurt her, bewildered her, stunned her. Angered her. She felt like a fool.

She stood up and rushed to him, pulling his hands out of his pockets and pressing herself against his body, looking, searching his eyes, which he closed. Undeterred, she pressed her lips again to his neck, more forceful this time.

"Kiss me, Robb, please." She needed him, desperately."I can feel you, I know you want me, I know you want to make love to me. Why-"

"I said no, San!" He pushed her away then, his voice deeper, more angry.

"What in the hell is wrong with you, Robb?" Embarrassment and shame filled her, making her snap at him. He opened his eyes to stare into her. Past her. He started pacing around the room then, past her chair and the ornate bookcase, in front of the decorative fireplace, his fingers fumbling to button up his shirt. She could feel the anger rising in him from where she stood. This was not Robb. Not her Robb.

"What's wrong with me? Me? What is wrong with you, Sansa? I mean, you keep my child a secret from me. You don't think about the dangers of keeping a written fucking record of our relationship. You let an older man control you just for an acting career. Now, after being blackmailed by that older man into having sex with your own brother on camera, you want to fuck me? And you ask what is wrong with me?"

Fear crept over her, making her shiver, even as the anger heated in her body. She had never seen this side of Robb before. His emotions were all over the place; only minutes earlier he had been crying on the bed. Now he was stalking the room like a madman. She knew he was angry over Benjen, and he had every right to be angry over that. But to throw Petyr in her face, as if she was responsible for his actions, was uncalled for. She didn't know how Petyr was, and if she knew she would not have taken his guidance on her career. And how he was demeaning what she felt for him, mocking her desire to be as close as she could be to him, it was insulting. She just wanted to love him, feel him inside her. The only time her hurt disappeared was when they were loving each other, shutting the world out.

"Don't you care about what happened to us, Sansa? What is happening to us now? Don't you get it? Don't you feel? No, all you can think of is getting a piece of your brother's cock. Is that all I'm good for?" He paused, as if waiting for an answer but she was speechless. When she said nothing, he grabbed the books lying on top of the bookcase and threw them across the room in a sudden rage.

Before she could yell at him for damaging her property he was in front of her, grabbing her. She flinched, where moments before she was begging for his touch. Through the wincing she still wanted him, was desperate for contact. She looked into his eyes and saw it then, the anger and betrayal and hurt. But she was hurting, too.

"Tell me, San, what is wrong with you? I mean, besides getting off multiple times while you're forced to be your brother's whore?"

She pulled out of his grip then to slap him full force; everything she had went into it, the sound echoing in the room. She would have done it again but he picked her up; and before she could struggle he threw her down on the bed, falling down with her, crushing her with his weight. Panic and pleasure melded in her as he leaned in to kiss her roughly while his hands sought out and tore away her panties. Instinctively she raised her hips into him, expecting his fingers but she heard him
unbuckling his belt instead, and then the zipper. She tried to look into his face when he broke away from the bruising kisses but his head bent down, as if he needed to see what he was doing. She reached up to pull him in closer to her and she felt him thrust into her. She was already wet. Gasping, she tugged on his shirt.

"Is this what you wanted?" His breath was hot and heavy as he moved into her neck, biting. "Is this what you want from me?" He sounded frantic, desperate.

"Yes." She meant to scream it at him but it only came out as a whisper as he thrust hard and fast into her, her legs curled around his waist, feet digging into the top of his jeans, her heels feeling the bared top of his ass. "Yes, I want this. I want you."

He filled her, overwhelmed her, as she tried to match his plunging and failed. Instead she gave herself over to his will, caring only that he didn't stop. She reached up to touch his face but he grabbed both of her wrists, pinning them over her head, down into the mattress. She started to protest and he assaulted her lips with his again, reducing any words to mere moans into his mouth. Straining against his grip, feeling his cock and part of his jeans rubbing against her clit, experiencing his crushing body and demanding lips and tongue, she felt the pleasure rising, peaking. She wanted more of him, all of him, it would never be enough.

Yet through the pleasure, she felt his pain. Robb. Her Robb. He was suffering, in torment. It emanated in every thrust, every groan, every kiss and lick and bite to her lips and neck. He was fucking her mindlessly and all she wanted was him. For him to never leave. For him to stay inside her. For him to never stop.

"Let me - let me hold you, Robb - please -" Breathlessly she begged against his demanding mouth.

He refused her, keeping a stronghold on her wrists, and she surrendered, slipping completely into the madness of the moment, chasing her own primal euphoria as she embraced his feral lovemaking, her senses heightened to his moans, his breathing, his scent, his body crushing down on hers. Robb. He was hers and she was his. No matter what, it comes down to this. Always.

Her breath hitched as she felt her climax building; it peaked and crashed over her with a fierceness that made her cry out to him and she felt his teeth sink into her neck, biting her through her blinding orgasm. All too quickly she came down, but he slammed into her even harder, never hesitating, his teeth still latched onto her neck, and she felt him pulsing. As he came, he remained silent, clenching his jaws as if to prevent saying her name, his hands relaxing his hold. Her hands tingled but they were free; free to finally hold him against her.

This time, it was she who had tears in her eyes.

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Sansa's eyes fluttered open, slowly focusing on the books lying haphazardly on the floor by the wall. She was lying on her stomach, her head pressed into the cool pillowcase, feeling warm, happy, and satiated. And sore. So sore, but in a pleasant way.

She smiled.
"Robb." She murmured his name sensuously, reaching out her right arm, seeking and finding...nothing. "Robb?"

She twisted over on the bed to her left side to find it empty, the rumpled sheets and his lingering scent the only telltale signs he had been there. She sighed. There was so few opportunities to wake up next to him; couldn't a breakfast wait? Then again, that was Robb, the connoisseur of breakfasts. Maybe he would bring it up and serve her in bed.

Smiling, she sat up, running fingers through her long mane of flame hair, glancing around. Her eyes sought out the clock on her nightstand. It was only just past seven, but she had passed out for all of the night. She noticed a folded piece of paper she knew wasn't there before, and with a sinking feeling she reached for it. It was a page from her stationary. Loras always joked about how archaic she was to keep stationary and a pen in her nightstand drawer. There was just something about the lure of paper and pen, and besides, it was made of recycled paper, which appeased the enviromentalist in Loras...

Her fingers started to tremble as she opened it up. She wondered if it was a little poem from Robb, like the one from her sixteenth birthday that she still carried around in her purse. Maybe it was his way to make up after losing it last night.

Her eyes scanned his writing and her body went completely numb. Her heart felt as if it stopped beating as she stared in disbelief.

_No_.

_No_.

*Forgive me. This has to end, now. I love you but this has to end. For not just our sake but for everyone around us. I will always love you, but it's over. Know that it kills me inside to do this, but there is no other way. Remember us, the way we were.*

She threw down the note with a strangled cry, and then everything went blank.

Robb.

Chapter End Notes

By sansafeels...
LET ME HOLD YOU. ROBB. PLEASE.
Loras shifted uncomfortably in his seat in his grandmother's study, leaning forward slightly, his elbows resting on his knees, fingers touching in a pyramid. It was a cross between a defeatist pose and an intent one as he faced Varys, who was seated directly in front of him. He was already wary of the soft-spoken, bald-headed man, and wondered if he had made the right choice in contacting him. His grandmother had highly recommended him as the man who could uncover and expose anything about anyone, if the price was right, but even if he was presenting results, Loras wondered about his discretion and skill.

Meeting at Grandmother Olenna's estate in Highgarden was a precautionary measure. It wasn't too far away from Long Beach, but it was secluded. He wasn't sure if Baelish was having him followed, or Sansa for that matter. He had not seen or heard from him since the video was made, and was both thankful and concerned over that. He was sure Baelish had seen him taking care of Sansa in the aftermath and expected a call, and received nothing.

Sansa was in Australia filming, and although he missed her presence, he was thankful for her absence. Not only did it give her something to focus on, it gave him time to meet with Varys without feeling guilty. Guilty for leaving her. She had been in such a fragile state since Robb had visited. He wondered if he had made a good call in bringing Robb to her. He had the best of intentions, thinking the reunion would help to heal them both over what had happened to them, but instead it seemed to have created a permanent rift.

He had come home to find her worse than when he left her.

Robb refused to answer his calls and messages.

He didn't know what the hell to do anymore.

Where before she had clung to him, talking and sharing her feelings non-stop, always wanting his hands holding hers or his body comforting hers in a cuddle, she now never touched him, barely spoke, and only her blank eyes followed him around silently, watching his every move, staying a few paces away from him; a slim, pale ghost. He had to drive her to the airport himself and put her on the flight to Australia, and made sure their new publicist accompanied her. He was thankful she was an older, no-nonsense woman. She had come highly recommended by his grandmother.

"A man such as Petyr Baelish will be resourceful enough to cover his misdeeds," Varys stated, his voice smooth and easy. "However, my little birds and I have discovered the identity of the person whom you refer to as The Patron."

Loras reached out to take the offered file, opening it, scanning the documents.

"We have already set in motion certain - how shall we say - events, to infiltrate The Patron's humble abode. It will be easier to gain access there than Baelish's home, for now. Unfortunately, blackmailers and little gophers tend to be a very paranoid lot, even more so than the ones who reap the rewards of their damaging endeavors."

It figures Grandmother would align herself with someone who talked like he was in a movie, an irony not lost on him. He handed the file back to Varys and leaned back into the chair, resting his elbow on the armrest and touching his lip reflectively. Varys sat still, his facial expressions limited at best, giving away no hint of emotion.
"We can either wait for an opportune time to deal with Baelish directly, or we can move against his most lucrative partner and castrate him from that angle. Either way, I assume the main objective for you is to assure that the originals of the videos in question are found and erased. This may prove more difficult if copies were made and stored elsewhere."

Loras closed his eyes.

Behind the lids he envisioned Sansa. Sansa as a sixteen year old Juliet, nervous and breathless as they shared their first acting kiss. Sansa at eighteen arriving at the penthouse, laughing and hugging him until he couldn't breathe. Sansa celebrating with him when they found out they had gotten the lead roles in their series. Sansa sharing hopes and dreams and a bottle of wine while watching classic movies on many a night. Sansa climaxing on his fingers, clinging to him in a passion not meant for him. Sansa, scared and broken and crying in his arms, traumatized.

He opened his eyes to look levelly at the impassive man before him.

"Whatever it takes. Whatever the price you ask, I can pay it. And if you need to take more..drastic measures, I will compensate you for that as well." Varys raised his eyebrow only slightly at his words, but whether it was surprise at his callous tone or to indicate he understood the meaning, Loras wasn't quite sure.

"My dear boy, I never demand a higher price than what is originally set." Varys slowly stood, extending his hand. Hastily Loras stood with him and accepted with a hard grasp. "You see, Baelish and I go back further than I care to admit. The man has always been questionable at best. The difference between us is he will stop at nothing and cares not for the feelings of others; if he is able to gain through pain and coercion, he will not hesitate. I, on the other hand, prefer to keep such dealings on the consensual side."

"This is not consensual for Petyr."

"Perhaps not. We can justify our actions, can we not? Protecting a loved one from a grievous wrong and retaliating against the wrongdoers is truly a valiant action."

Loras yanked his hand away and reached up to scratch at his closely trimmed beard. Varys afforded himself a small, wry smile then, and he slightly bowed.

"I will meet with you again, as soon as we have made more progress. It is only a matter of time now." He paused. "However, I must ask you this before I proceed: Do you prefer Baelish to be...brought to trial for his crimes? Or, perhaps, something a little less..exposing ?"

The meaning was clear and Loras set his jaw in a determined line.

"I don't want Sansa hurt any more than she already is. Having Baelish arrested would only mean his crimes would be news fodder. The videos would come out anyway, and there is a risk Sansa would be not only exposed, but she might be forced to testify." Loras cleared his throat. "First and foremost, I want the videos gone, if possible. And any diary entries. Find the source and destroy it. As far as the man - well - I want him destroyed as well." Sansa, her hand bleeding, looking up at him with watery, tormented blue eyes, trembling and clinging when he carried her, whimpering as he bathed her tender body -

"Say no more." Loras was a bit taken aback when Varys placed a hand on his shoulder and leaned in close to him. "A man in love will bear his soul and happily sell it to the highest bidder, as long as his love is protected."
In a whisper he was gone.

Opting for the plush couch instead of the highbacked chair, Loras sunk down into it, moving his hand over his face. His whole life he prided himself on being a lover, not a fighter. Make love not war, it was always his belief; even as his childhood friends mimicked playing soldiers he preferred the fantasy world of knights saving fair ladies...and gents. While his friends kicked around soccer balls and threw footballs in the fields, he was picking the flowers to make a lovely crown for his younger sister. From a very young age he loved to play the role of the romantic lover; platonic at first and then, with his first sexual experience, he strove to be what he thought a girl might enjoy in bed. Then with Renly, he was determined to show his first male lover how even though he was a man, he could still indulge in romance and sweetness.

Now look at me, demanding his pound of flesh and even suggesting the ending of a life without batting an eye.

It should be Robb doing this, handling this. It should be Robb determined to end Baelish at any cost. But no, this is the second time her fucks her and leaves her, leaving me to try to pick up the pieces. And I try. God, I try. I'm trying to be everything she needs but I know I can never be everything she wants. She wants her brother. She wants her brother by her side and in her bed, and I am a poor substitute. I am the friend she makes do with, the companion she cares for like she would a lapdog. And maybe I have tried to substitute her for Renly. We are friends, best friends, close friends. We lie together at night when the pain and heartache is too much for us to sleep alone. She curls into me almost like a child would, and she molds into me perfectly. Not many people can have the relationship we have. I should be grateful for it.

He was grateful. So grateful that he was willing to look the other way at the possible murder of another human being. Surely Varys would find another way to silence Petyr Baelish. He didn't take Varys for a man who liked bloodshed unless it was unavoidable. Then again, it wasn't like he was a great judge of character, considering he didn't suss out Baelish for the weasel he was. If he had, he would have moved Sansa out sooner. He has always felt like Sansa's protector, her knight in shining armor, and he couldn't shield her from the terrible events of that night.

He read that list and regretted knowing what that list was for. He only hoped that Robb somehow found a way to make it less horrific. He had seen the marks on her alabaster body, and wished he hadn't.

"I trust this meeting was good news?"

Grandmother Olenna stepped into the study, quietly shutting the dual doors behind her. He sat up instantly, straight-backed and respectful. As the matriarch of the Tyrell family, she still had a very commanding presence for a woman of her advancing years. She had been a great beauty in her day, and even showed some remaining loveliness in her sparkling eyes, inherited by both of her grandchildren. The Tyrells may have looks and wealth and prestige, but above all else they loved each other. Olenna's caustic personality belied her true affectionate nature towards her kin. Loras loved her spirit; Marg was growing up to be just like her in so many ways.

"I suppose so." He stood up to press his lips to her dry cheek. "Thank you, Grandmother, for allowing us to meet here."

She nodded, sitting down next to him, taking his hands in his as if he were still a child.

"I would trust Varys with my life, my dear."

"And what of the lives of others?" He couldn't stop himself from asking.
"It depends on the value of the life, I suppose." She shrewdly eyed him. "What Petyr Baelish has done is vile, and who knows how many others he has coerced and hurt? I still cannot believe poor Sansa and Robb, my heart goes out to them. I do hope it won't sever their bond. They always seemed so close growing up, and the Starks are lovely people."

Loras swallowed and could only nod. Olenna knew what had befallen Sansa and Robb as far as being forced into making a pornographic video, but she had no clue of the true nature of their relationship. Even Varys did not know. It was something Loras would never reveal to anyone as long as he lived. It wasn't that he didn't trust his grandmother, but he respected Sansa's privacy, and this was one secret no one should be knowing.

"The poor little darling, she is on location now, isn't she? Are you planning on attending Arya's wedding? I only ask because I cannot imagine the awkwardness she will be feeling. After all, she is a maid of honor and Robb is the best man."

"Yes, we are going together." He sighed, nervous fingers clawing at his facial hair.

The wedding was still several months away but admittedly it was on his mind. Sansa, once so excited at the thought of Arya marrying Gendry, never mentioned it. He knew she now felt trapped and dreaded seeing Robb again, while at the same time she yearned for him. He knew she still loved him and wanted to see him even though the coward ended it via a note on her nightstand. Loras would never forgive him for that, just as he would never forgive himself for not revealing to Sansa that Baelish had ordered Robb to stay away from her. He wasn't sure if telling her would even make a difference. At the end of the day, he still abandoned her when she was the most vulnerable. Damn him. If he had known what would happen, he wouldn't have flown him out here in the first place.

"Good. She will need your support, Loras." Her eyes did not lose their scrutinizing gaze. "She is lucky to have you."

"I assume you are driving back? Or are you staying awhile?" He tone held a note of hope and he wished he hadn't heard it.

"I need to get back," he said apologetically. "I start my martial arts training tomorrow."

"Oh, dear, it slipped my mind; I forgot you won that role you were coveting so much."

It slipped his mind, too, and even though he now had a plum role in his lap, the excitement was deadened by Sansa's situation. Still, life went on, and he was ready to enter six months of intense training. He always prided himself on his slim yet defined physique, but his new role would demand amazing definition as well as bulking up a bit more. At least filming wouldn't start for a good while, so he could still devote time to Sansa, whenever he wasn't being trained.

"It's alright, Grandmother. You know I will visit you as time allows." He ran his fingers through his unruly curls. His hair was back to light brown now, thanks to the ending of their series. He wondered if Sansa was disappointed that he abandoned the dark auburn locks, and then decided he'd rather not know.

"You mean, as Sansa allows." She smiled to take the sting out of her words. "Really, Loras, I've not seen you so taken with anyone before. Not even Renly. Of course, I suppose that is like comparing apples and oranges."

Immediately he tensed, as he always did when Renly was mentioned. Olenna knew about his
relationship with Renly only because she was as observant as she was old. You could get nothing past her. *Except she had no clue about Sansa and Robb.*

"She's my dearest friend. I've lived with her for nearly eight years. We've been through so much together." *More than you could ever know.*

"Rubbish. I'm not a fool, and I'm not yet blind. You're in love with her, and she obviously adores you. Do you know how many men would do what you are doing for her? None that are *not* in love, I can promise you."

"Still trying to get great-grandbabies, aren't you?" He decided to take the teasing route. "What's the matter, Marg still can't seem to decide on a permanent beau?"

"Your sister is as slutty as she is lovely. I doubt she will ever settle down."

"Grandmother, I really should be leaving."

Even though acting was his forte, he was never smooth at long goodbyes, and Olenna knew this, so they said their closing endearments, followed by hugs and a kiss. Loras made a mental note to plan an extended visit with her soon. She seemed lonely out here, and wondered why she just didn't return to Winterfell for good.

Easing into his Land Rover, he paused. his key hovering over the ignition. The ache was there again; the pain in his chest returned. It hovered, struck him, and he breathed deeply as if to catch his breath. He closed his eyes, focusing on the silence around him.

*He heard her sleepy, dreamy voice muffled into his chest as she scooted closer to him, pulling the sheets with her. Fingers dug absentmindedly in his chest for a moment, as if searching for something to grip that wasn't there and she let out a small huff. He eased his arms around her, careful not to press her too close. Hold on loosely but don't let go, just like the lyrics out of a cheesy 80's song. The tune actually raced through his head. Anything to keep his body from responding to her long bare legs rubbing over his, the apex between her thighs emanating warmth on his own upper leg. He could feel her through her thin panties and was suddenly aware of all of her. Her scent, her body, the soft little sweet sounds she made as she drifted in and out of sleep, her lips murmuring against his nipple. He wondered if he dared to slide his hand down into her underwear to see if she was as wet as she was warm. He'd done it once before, how could he forget the wetness and softness of her? He remembered his fingers drenched in her secretions, feeling her pulses around them as she came. He wanted to make her come. He wanted to dare more but she had called out her brother's name, so he thought it best to leave it at that and turn over. He was sure this time he would not face away from her...and then it happened, even as he felt his cock starting to harden.. she brought her hand down to touch him there and he wasn't sure what to do... then he heard her whimper - "Robb. Robb. Please. Stay" - and there was nothing he could do but lie still. Lie still and hold her until she slipped away into a more sound sleep, kissing the top of her head in a desperate move to console her..."

Loras opened his eyes. There was a faint chirping of a bird nearby. His heart was thumping madly in his chest as he slammed his head back against the headrest, his neck arching, straining.

*He knew.*

He knew the ache well. May as well admit it, even if only to himself, forever.
He was in love with Sansa.
"Damn, Robb, you are spoiling me. Your scrambled eggs are still the bomb," Arya declared, shoving another forkful in her mouth while glancing at her phone.

Robb sat restlessly, stabbing at his own pile of eggs next to his toast and bacon. He appreciated Arya's compliment, but she has said it pretty much every morning since he moved in. It had only been just over three weeks, but it seemed like an eternity.

"Thanks, Arry." He tried to smile and fell a bit short. "I feel like a slacker so I need to earn my keep around here somehow." He raised his eyes to meet her dark grey ones and saw her frown.

"Jeez, Robb. How many times have I told you, we don't mind you moving in for a bit. I mean, you just got out of the Marines. Besides, it's good to have you home. Sometimes it feels weird with just me and Gendry in Mom and Dad's house. I keep remembering what it was like to have all seven of us under the same roof. I kind of miss it, you know. I still miss mom something fierce. I really wish she could be there when I get married. She would have loved Gendry."

He tensed at the mention of their mother and the upcoming nuptials. Arya originally wasn't supposed to be married until spring, but she found out there was an opening Halloween weekend at her and Gendry's choice of venue, due to another couple cancelling, and they jumped at the chance. There had been a mad rush in the past few weeks to push out hasty invitations and to finalize all the arrangements. Arya begged him to move in when he left the Marines, just to take care of things around the house while she and Gendry juggled their jobs and finalized the revised wedding plans. Sansa was quick to help, footing the bill for their entire honeymoon, choosing a five star hotel in Transylvania along with two additional nights at the Ice Hotel Romania. Her gift to the couple, along with a hefty sum for spending money, and a deposit in their bank account to "get started on married life", left Robb feeling extremely inadequate with his choice of an authentic medieval sword set for their collective tastes. Then again, Sansa had him feeling more than just inadequate...

"I miss Mom, too." Eleven years later, it still hurt him. He would still give anything to hear her voice, feel her hugging him. "She would have approved of Gendry. I know I do."

"Yeah, he's great, isn't he? He's probably the best friend I've ever had. Some people might think that kills the romantic side of things, but it sure doesn't. I think it enhances it."

Robb looked down at his plate, not knowing what to say to that. It wasn't just that he didn't want to picture Gendry getting romantic with his little sister, but it was the truth in what she had said. Sansa had been his closest confidant since he could remember, and it seemed to heighten his passion for her as a lover. The past five months without her had been pure hell. He even restrained himself from calling her on her twenty-fifth birthday and felt like a complete asshole for it. Just like he felt like an asshole when he left her the way he did on their last night together. Oh god, their last night together...

"Robb?" Arya's voice was soft and he looked up at her again. "Robb, is being out of the Marines bothering you? You haven't seemed well since you've been back."

"Sorry, Arry. Just getting adjusted to civilian life again. Working at the shop helps. Not sure what direction to go in. Probably college at Winterfell U." He hoped his excuse would satisfy her. He honestly didn't know if he was coming or going and really didn't care. He was breathing but not living.
"Well, maybe you can meet a nice college chick and finally settle down. You know, Bran is going for his Master's there. Maybe he can hook you up with someone."

The pit of his stomach churned and he pushed his plate forward a little. All he could think of was Sansa in his arms. A dream that was over now, even as his desire for her sharpened.

"So, your hair is starting to get a wee bit of curl again. It's weird. I mean, you even got a little grey streak starting." She reached over to flick at the grey and smiled. "It gives you character. You gonna keep that scruff for the wedding? I mean, the feeble attempt at a short beard as it is?"

"Are you trying to tell me you want me baby-faced for the wedding album?" He couldn't help but smile then, even when he batted her hand away. "C'mon, Arry, I've had a regulatory haircut for years, and I'm tired of not having some facial hair, and you can't begrudge me wanting my hot and sexy curls back."

"Nah, you're fine. Just make sure you show up trimmed, pressed, clean, and sober." She seemed to be searching his face for something more than just his stubble. "You picking up Benjen again today after school?"

"Of course. It's like an Indian Summer here, and we are going to the park again."

"I think it's sweet, you getting in all this bro-hanging time. Not only does Benjen love it, but Dad and Mel like getting some alone time out of it. Dad seems more than happy to fork over his kid to you as much as he can." Arya stood up to clear her plate and motioned at his; he handed it to her and she sighed. "Robb, you haven't been eating much. You cook it but don't eat it. Are you sick or something?"

"You sound like Mom." He slouched back in his chair, surveying her.

"Yeah, well, I take that as a compliment. And you're already getting thinner. I just worry. Besides hanging with Benjen, and working at the shop, you just seem to stick around the house. That's not the Robb I know. I mean, you haven't really seen anyone since you've been back; not Theon, Sam, Marg, Myrcella, or anyone you used to hang out with. Thought you would at least grab a beer with Theon. Although, with the bachelor party tonight, I guess there's your chance to get some buddy time, especially with Jon flying in."

"Arry, you know Gendry doesn't want to do the whole bachelor party thing. It wasn't my idea, either. I'm kind of glad Gendry isn't interested in strippers and booze. It makes him more worthy of my little sis."

"Yeah, well, I don't mind; just make sure he's in one piece and on time." Scraping the leftovers in the trash, she clanked the dishes into the sink. "Sansa and I are just gonna have a quiet girls' night tonight. I don't have many female friends, so it's probably just going to be us and maybe Marg and Myrcella, if that. I'd like to just have some sis time, though. Since she's gotten all famous, there hasn't been much time for just hanging out."

Sansa. Sansa was here and he had yet to see her. He knew she was avoiding him, and it was just as well. They couldn't avoid each other tomorrow evening, that was for certain. She didn't attend the rehearsal dinner and Arya explained that Loras and Sansa had scheduling conflicts and weren't able to fly in until the day before the wedding. Robb thought the scheduling conflict was nothing more than Sansa trying to trim down the required instances of him being in the same room with her. He ached. Sansa. How could he ever manage without her in his life?

Arya waltzed back to the table to swoop up her phone and study his face again.
"Seriously, Robb, I'm worried about you. Is something bothering you? Do you want to talk about
it?" She followed her question up by placing her slender hand on his forehead. "You're not sick, are
you?"

"Arry, you are getting married tomorrow, don't worry about me, " Robb retorted uneasily, moving
away. He didn't want to be put on the spot by his little sister. Her phone buzzed and she checked it.

"Rickon isn't gonna be at the shop today. Didn't give an explanation. I hope he's not getting into
trouble again. Or at least he needs to hold off until Gendry and I get back from the honeymoon."

There was nothing to say to that. Robb knew Rickon was not-so-skillfully avoiding working with
him and kept opposite hours at the shop. Still, Rickon seemed to be softening a little bit towards him
since he came home, and Robb was sure he had observed there was no contact with Sansa
whatsoever. He wanted to tell him he had ended the romantic relationship but there was no good
way to bring up the topic, so he just let it be. He was accepting, finally, that his bond with Rickon
had been forever shattered. It hurt, but all he could do was try to be the best brother he was allowed
to be...which wasn't much of one.

Arya stuffed her phone in her pocket, gave Robb a rather patronizing pat on the head, and laughed
when he scowled and tried to swat her away.

"Well I'm off to the Rat Race. Have fun at work, have fun with Benjen, and if I don't see you until
after, don't have too much fun tonight."

"Sure, you too. Hey Arya -"

She had already started walking away from him and she pivoted around.

"Yeah?"

"Are you nervous?"

"Nervous?" A warm smile lit up her face. "Nope. I've totally been wanting to marry Gendry for so
long, there's nothing to be nervous about. Though, I can see Gendry hyperventilating in a paper bag
just before I walk down the aisle."

"So, you're happy?" He needed to know. He wanted to hear that at least one Stark kid had the love
they wanted.

"Yeah, silly. Of course. If I wasn't, they would be no way in hell I would get married." Her voice
softened. "I love you, Robb, and maybe someday it will happen for you, too. Maybe you can catch
my bouquet if Sansa doesn't. Well, I don't think Sana needs the luck. I'm placing my bet on a Loras
and Sansa Hollywood wedding in the future."

He couldn't help but wince at that; but if she noticed she said nothing but goodbye before heading
out the door, leaving him alone at the table with his nothing but his tortured thoughts to keep him
company before he left for work.

Lately all the thoughts were swimming around in his head, and he couldn't focus. He wondered if
leaving the military was the smart thing to do. At least there he had focus and structure and a drive to
succeed. Now he was lost, back working at Uncle B and E's shop, living in his parents' old home. It
was like the last eight years never happened and he was eighteen again, just graduated and waiting
on college to come around. Only, now there was so more baggage, so much more emotional pain. It
wasn't all about looking forward to getting his own apartment so he and Sansa could finally be
together in private. Life had dealt them a terrible hand, a traumatic one, one that could never be
turned around, and now it was about dealing with the consequences they rendered, and yet there was one consequence that Robb could never regret.

Their son.

He loved Benjen, spending as much free time with him as he could. His boy was a bright seven year old, something he was both proud and relieved about. He knew the increased risks of genetic disorders but it seemed, at least outwardly, there was nothing to worry about. Benjen was a normal kid, smart in school, obsessed with beating him at Minecraft and kicking around a soccer ball. His originally darker hair had turned lighter, showing the auburn so much like his and Sansa's, along with his big blue eyes and fair complexion. He was a tad on the skinny side, probably due to the fact he was like a fart in a skillet, and only ate when he was made to. Robb's heart broke and rejoiced at the same time when he noted he had Sansa's expressions, mannerisms, and also her determination to make things work. There was no way to deny who his actual mother and father really were, if someone bothered to look close enough. There were no questions, no insinuations from anyone about Sansa as his mother, only cute little comments that Benjen looked more like a Tully blood relative more than any of them, and wasn't that just perfectly adorable? Ned and Mel were so lucky to have been able to adopt such a handsome little boy...

Every hug, every conversation, every game played with Benjen was something Robb cherished and committed to memory. His son loved him, gravitated towards him even with Dad around, and he soaked it up, greedily taking the moments he could. Weekend visits were left behind along with the military, and now he saw his son on a daily basis. Dad didn't seem to mind. It occurred to Robb that not only was he desperate to spend time with Benjen because he was his son, he also latched onto him because he was a part of Sansa. He looked and acted so much like her, it was as if he had a part of her with him still, and literally, he did. The pain of never being able to acknowledge Benjen as his son was ever-present, but it was eclipsed by the knowledge that he was a happy, healthy, well-loved and well-adjusted boy.

Every night was a sleepless night, and every night he ached for Sansa. In his mind and in his dreams he smelled her, touched her, heard her sweet, low voice. He knew how he had left her was wrong, she deserved far better than that. He has been a total coward, worse than a coward, but he knew if he tried to tell her face-to-face, he would end up breaking his resolve and acquiesce to her begging once again, and risk Baelish's threats coming to light just to have her with him. It had been risky enough to see her then and Loras with his assurances that Baelish was being taken care of could not calm his fears. Baelish was a slippery shit, and no doubt had spies on his payroll. He had only intended on seeing her, talking with her, finally having a conversation about what happened that damnable night, and to tell her of Petyr's final blackmail stipulation. Of course he wanted to touch her, make love to her, but he knew to do so would be an even bigger betrayal to their love. He was focused on the emotions, concentrating on trying to say the right things to lessen the inevitable hurt and she just wouldn't let him be. Giving in to her pleas made him angry, desperate, and he hated himself. Hated himself for wanting her like he did, for breaking down, for losing control, for fucking her with a passion and violence that reminded him of their forced night together, then being damned to do it again and again. He had to leave her like he did. He had to.

Sansa.

Sansa was home.

He had to face her tomorrow.

He was no actor; how could he get through it? All he could hope was that everyone would be so focused on Arya -as it should be- that no one would notice the private hell he would be going
through. His own hell of wanting to pull her to him and tell her the truth, to kiss her and beg her to run away with him. Maybe they could move to Canada, Sansa always said she wanted to live up there. They could change their names and live anonymously. But would she? All along he encouraged her to follow her acting dreams, and now that she achieved stardom, would she give it up? He wouldn't want her to, no matter how much he desired to be with her. At the end of the day, he just wanted Sansa to live a happy life...

Then he remembered Benjen. He would be the one to suffer the most. Robb would make whatever sacrifice he needed to, just to make sure Benjen was protected. Even if Sansa would even agree to run away with him, Baelish would destroy the child. And his entire family.

His phone vibrated.

Hey man, it's on tonight! Jon's flight is gonna be here soon. We are going to party. Bygones be Bygones and all that shit.

Theon.

Robb had apologized a few times already for the beat down, and Theon seemed to let it roll off his back. Theon let everything roll off his back except for Mycrella. He really loved the golden Baratheon beauty, and Robb had to admit she would be the best woman Theon would ever have. He felt responsible for that fallout; if he hadn't impregnated Sansa, Theon would have never been in that delicate situation. If Robb had been home, Theon's trip to the abortion clinic would never have happened. Theon could have ratted Sansa out to save his relationship, but he didn't, and Robb reconciled the harsh truth that Theon - party-lover, drug user, notorious womanizer, lazy playboy - proved to be a better friend to Sansa than Robb was a lover - or brother.

He sighed, texting back without any feeling for it.

Sounds good. Maybe get Gendry to drink more than a Shirley Temple. LOL

In his mind, he wondered how he could set things right with everyone. Atonement, that was what he needed. Maybe he could start with Theon. The bachelor party might be a perfect opportunity to start; otherwise, Robb would rather just stay home and watch a kid movie with Benjen and let him sleep over. Even since his wild drunken escapade with Jon several years ago, he hadn't touched any alcohol aside from the bit of wine at social functions with Sansa, and he wasn't interested in it now, but the other guys seemed to think it was a rite of passage for a groom to get trashed the night before his wedding. If he could marry Sansa, he wouldn't be spending his last night as a single man drinking with a bunch of dudes. He would spend it with her, in any way she wanted.

Sansa.

Her name echoed in his head as he put his phone back in his pocket and finished getting ready for work.
Nice Day For A Black Wedding

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Sansa smoothed out the last wild strays in Arya's gorgeous updo. Her dark hair had been circled and twisted in to intricate knots around her head, with a few wispy tendrils hanging down. Her sister was glowing in her dark grey and black roses gown, her short grey veil secured in place with black rose pins. The only other color in her ensemble was dark burgundy, which was scattered in her bouquet and headpiece in the form of rosebuds. She looked truly like a gothic princess marrying her prince. Sansa herself was wearing a sleeveless, V-neck black gown, simple yet still so lovely and quite daring for a maid-of-honor's dress. Arya did have exquisite taste, and it surprised her; the stereotypical tomboy had grown up into quite the girly girl. Well, aside from the whole goth thing.

"You look beautiful, Arya," she said, as Arya returned the favor and patted through her own swept-up, pre-curled hair.

"So do you, as always." Arya picked up her blue rose necklace to study it, as if seeing it for the first time. "I don't think I've ever seen you without this. I guess Robb hit the mark when he gave it to you almost a decade ago."

Not knowing what to say, Sansa pulled away, turning around and trying to busy herself with absolutely nothing. They were in a small room waiting for Arya's big moment. The venue she had so desperately wanted was a mansion transformed into a Gothic-themed castle, and the wedding was taking place in what was dubbed "The Great Hall". Deep down, Sansa was grateful she was able to buy out the couple that had reserved it for a Halloween weekend wedding and place Arya and Gendry on the list. She could not stomach the idea of Arya being wed in a church setting, if only due to her own sins. It was bad enough to have to face Robb after he abandoned her, she would not do so under the great eye of God.

"Are you nervous at all?" She decided to redirect. "I mean, these are you last moments as Arya Stark. You're going to be a wife now."

The old Arya came through as she scoffed and stepped over to punch her lightly in the arm.

"I've been wanting to put the ball and chain on Gendry since I was fifteen. I'm not nervous at all. Just surprised you didn't beat me to it. I mean, it's pretty obvious you have your own little groom-to-be in the wings."

"Me? I've got my career going pretty strong, I don't have time -"

"Right. Same excuse you always give. But I see the way Loras looks at you, I see how you two act together. I mean, you guys live together, you're always acting together, and you get photographed all the time together. Why can't you just admit it? You could do alot worse than good looking, sweet, sexy, rich, generous, oh-my-god- his- smile Loras Tyrell. Alot worse."

"You need to be more focused on the task at hand, silly." Sana's paranoid mind picked up something odd with the last of her sister's comment. "Stop playing matchmaker."

The knock at the door prevented any more discussion, and Sansa was so ready to kiss the person on the other side as she strode over to open it.

Loras stood there, looking sheepish. He was impeccable in his all black suit and black shirt. As
usher, he was dressed like the best man and groomsmen: all black suits with black shirts and dark grey ties. Arya did love black and grey. His mane of curls had been relaxed into mere waves, gelled away from his face. She didn't miss the way his eyes scanned her up and down appreciatively, even though he had seen her at her hotel room after she was dressed. They had adjoining rooms and the whole floor was reserved for them alone, for privacy's sake. Sansa didn't know if the media was privy to their travels, but just in case, she booked the whole floor anyway. Loras grinned down at her, flashing the smile Arya had just commented on.

"Everyone is ready for the action." He nodded at Arya. "You look gorgeous, Arya. I think Gendry will pass out before you get to him."

"Hah, well, you guys dumped him off last night onto me and Sansa, he was three sheets to the wind, and you know he doesn't drink. So if he passes out it's most likely do to alcohol poisoning. And I'll beat all your asses, famous or not."

Loras laughed before pulling up his arm to flex. "I'd like to see you take me. I've been working out nonstop for my latest role, and I think I might be able to take you."

"I'd rather you take Sansa."

"Arya!" Sansa blushed furiously and Loras grinned, obviously not phased.

"Well, I will definitely be taking her on that dance floor." Sansa met his eyes, and saw the worry flash through them, even as he smiled. "Sansa, can I talk to you for a moment?"

She nodded, looking back at Arya, who smirked. Rolling her eyes, she stepped out into the hallway and quietly closed the door. Loras looked around to make sure they were alone.

"Robb's here -"

"Yes, of course he's here. He's the best man, isn't he?" She couldn't help but snap, yet Loras shrugged it off, just as he shrugged off most of her picking and bitching lately. Ever since she had gotten back from Australia she had been at him relentlessly, like a harpy or fishwife, complaining about this or that, contradicting him at every turn, baiting him into discussions that she tried to turn into arguments. It was wrong and she knew it, but he was her whipping boy, her outlet for the pain she still felt over Robb. Worse still, he knew it, and took it.

"Yes, I know, but I hope you can get through this." He took her cold hands into his. "I was out with him last night and he's a mess. He didn't drink much or talk much, and he looks terrible. He's lost a lot of weight since you last saw him, and he's just not...Robb."

"He chose to do what he did." Her heart hurt. "I can't help it that he walked out on me, chose a life without me in it. That's on him."

"San, I know we haven't talked about that night because you won't let me, but -" he lifted her hands to his lips and he kissed her knuckles gently. "There is something you need to know now, and I don't want you to cut me off like you usually do when I mention Robb's name."

She wrenched her hands free from the sensation his lips created.

"Well, what is it?" Now was not the time to argue with him over Robb.

Loras sighed, tugging at his jacket sleeves, and he looked down.

"Petyr Baelish had one more demand after that night, San. He told Robb he was to have no contact
with you. If there was any contact between you two, all bets were off. So, when I flew him in to see you, it was a risk but I thought it was a chance for you both to talk about what happened, maybe start to heal, and I made sure to do it as secretly as possible -"

She stared at him in disbelief, letting it process.

"Why - why wouldn't he tell me? What- why- why wouldn't you tell me?" He voice was hitching higher. "Why would you both not fucking tell me this? And why now?"

"San, you never wanted to talk about Robb. And maybe it was for the best you didn't know. Maybe Robb just wants to be left alone and this was the only way he knew how to do it. Maybe he thought if you knew it was coming from him and not Baelish, you wouldn't try to seek him out, or convince him that love truly conquers all and that you could still see each other behind Baelish's back. I don't know. But I think it's killing him, literally."

"So you tell me this on my sister's wedding day? Damn you, Loras." Her heart lifted, even as she was angry. Robb didn't want to leave her, he had to leave her. He didn't have a choice when she thought the choice had all been his. She thought of their last night together. Maybe he would have told her, if they hadn't ended up making furious love all night.

"I know it's bad timing, but I don't want anything to happen on Arya's day. I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner, San. But seeing Robb last night, well, I knew this couldn't go on. And with Varys getting closer to what needs to be done, I thought I needed to tell you."

Tears started in her eyes and she quickly brushed them away. Her makeup would be ruined and there were pictures still to be taken. Robb.

Arms were around her, familiar ones, holding her cautiously. For a moment she leaned in gratefully, then remembered what he kept from her and she wrenched away.

"Go."

It was only one word, but as usual Loras heeded her every word, so he turned and left, his head hung low as the soft thudding of his freshly-shined shoes made their way back the Great Hall.

Sansa leaned up against the wall be the door, numb. She needed to breathe, to sort everything out in her mind, but there was no time as she spotted the Officiant walking towards her, with Myrcella and Marg in tow. They were Arya's bridesmaids and looked simply gorgeous. She nodded at them, and opened the door. Arya was already at the door and she handed over her bouquet of black and grey roses accented by burgundy baby's breath. Sansa wondered if Arya head any of the conversation, but if her sister did she gave no mention to it.

"Ready Sis?"

"So ready. Let's get this going before Gendry has time to think on what it's like to be a free man and change his mind."

The girls giggled.

They lined up in formation, with Myrcella first, then Marg. Sansa was behind her. She couldn't help feeling the excitement for her little sister, and even Myrcella seemed determined to put her feelings aside and was extremely polite to her. She wondered a bit at that, as Myrcella always had thought Theon cheated on her with her.

Dad was walking down the hall with Benjen. Benjen was the ring bearer, carrying the rings on a
grey silk pillow lined in black roses. Seeing him twisted Sansa's heart; he was so handsome, looking so much like Robb the more he grew. This boy whom she carried in her body, gave life to, gave up to give a life to, he was all Robb. She ached to hold him, to love him, but she knew he could never be a son to her, only a brother. She was determined to remain detached as much as possible, for all their sakes. He was Dad's son, Dad's and Mel's. He was never hers. The pain would never leave her but she could bear it. She had to.

Dad walked over, saying how pretty they looked, and stopped to kiss her on the cheek before hugging Arya. He was aging but still handsome, his smile still one to win over woman half his age - like a blushing Myrcella and Marg.

"You look beautiful, Princess," he whispered brokenly. Arya hugged him back, laughing and saying if he didn't stop she was going to cry. Maybe Sansa would start crying, too, but for many different reasons, and she kept her eyes on her flowers. She knew she would not be able to keep her eyes on the flowers when they entered the hall.

The music started, a non-traditional, almost mystical tune. It was lovely, sweet, and so much better than 'Here Comes The Bride'. Sansa's knees shook as Mycella and Marg went forward. She counted the appropriate amount of paces before starting; she entered the room with grace and poise, even as her heart pounded her breath quickened. She purposefully glanced side to side at the guests, smiling her prettiest smile; Aunt Lyanna and Jon with Ygritte; she didn't know they were an item again; Sam with Gilly, Loras and Theon, serving as ushers; Olenna and her date, a strange looking bald-headed man impeccably dressed; The Baratheons minus Renly; Uncle Brynden and Uncle Edmure with his wife; so many faces. So many and all she wanted to see and dreaded to see was one.

She glanced ahead as the walk seemed like an eternity. There was Bran and Rickon, the groomsmen, Bran standing at full attention and Rickon slouching a bit; and Gendry, his fingers tapping nervously as he gave her a lopsided grin, and Robb. Unsmiling, stoic Robb, looking down at the floor. He was thinner, far thinner than she remembered, but still so handsome in all black. She noticed his curls were starting to sprout back and his closely shaved beard suited him. She wanted him to look at her but at the same time she didn't. She was an actress, she could hide what she was feeling but knew that he could not.

She took her place across from Robb, with Myrcella and Marge standing next to her, and the guests rose for Arya, strolling down the aisle with their Dad. She really was beautiful and she heard Gendry gasp, and when she looked at him she noticed the finger-tapping stopped and he looked at his bride with a love that Sansa was comforted with. She knew her sister had a good man in Gendry.

She looked at Robb and he raised his eyes to gaze approvingly at Arya as she walked up, accepting Dad's kiss and his gesture of giving her over to Gendry, as everyone sat down and the wedding party turned towards the couple. It was then that Sansa caught Robb's eyes, and she could not look away from his dark blue pools of emotion. His heart shone through his eyes and she knew he still loved her. Still needed her. Still wanted her. Just one look, one stare, brought every single moment they ever had to her and she felt it to her core. She swallowed, trying to concentrate on the words spoken but all she really could do was long to be in his arms again. She smiled at him, a small sensuous smile, hoping to convey to him that she still loved him, that nothing has changed, not even Petyr keeping them apart could change what she felt. Her heart thrummed faster when he smiled back, his eyes transfixed on her face, and she saw the love and longing there, and knew he saw it reflected in her own.

We can never be over. We will never be over. Never. We need to find a way. Always.
Petyr stared at his phone in the back of the limo, not believing what he was seeing on the news feed. The cold feeling crept up his spine, along with a sense of relief and possibly downright glee. It wasn't as if he needed the money anymore, but still -

He fumbled with his phone with shaking hands, turning up the volume.

The driver careened to the right. Terrible driver, the guy must have taken at least five sharp turns since leaving the airport. If he managed to get home in one piece, he would be giving him a tip in the form of telling him to find a job he was better at.

*Investigators have determined the fire started in the mansion's library on the first floor. Due to the remote location and the late 911 call, the estate was engulfed in flames when firefighters arrived. At this time, there is one confirmed death, that of Roose A. Bolton, 57, the notable successful businessman and patron of the Arts, renowned for his charitable works and well known from his associations with the rich and famous. He was found in the library where the fire originated, and investigators are not ruling out a possible homicide -*

The library. Where all of the Patron's files and videos were located.

A small smirk formed on his lips.

*Burn in your pleasant hell, you twisted fuck.*

Granted, he made his money from him and his associates, more than he would hope to spend in his lifetime, miser that he was, but with his most lucrative partner gone, he could concentrate on other deals. It was just as well. The Patron - Roose, he hated that name - was demanding a far riskier undertaking that Petyr had been in the process of trying to figure out on how to deliver. He had wanted Sansa and Robb dispatched personally to the mansion, and while the money offered was *unbelievable*, even Petyr was balking at the idea. Filming them doing things they probably already had done to each other anyway was one thing, but physically handing them over to a twisted sadist was quite the other. There would be no way he could ensure Sansa's safety with that one. Then again, if he didn't follow through, he could not ensure his *own* safety, and that above all was a great motivator. Even though he had enough dirt to put him away for life, Petyr knew the same could be said the other way.

His other hand brought the opened wine bottle to his lips, but not before he raised it up in a toast to the god of fire. Cheers. Normally he didn't drink while traveling, but he was nearly home, so what did it matter. Perhaps now was as good a time as any to get drunk.

He missed his home, really. Rather, his missed his most prized possession, his video. Now with the Patron's study destroyed, he had the only one in existence. In a way in pained him, knowing others would see what he always desired to see, Sansa's pale body writhing in pleasure, getting fucked. Although, he wanted to be the one fucking her, yet he may be many a thing but a rapist was not one of them. He could not force himself inside of her but he could force her brother to take his place.

He could still blackmail her into marrying him, but what good would it do? He wanted Sansa as much as he wanted Cat, to be his wife, to be by his side and in his bed. His lust for her at sixteen evolved into an obsession, a desire he was never to obtain, just like her mother. *Just like her mother, preferring a Stark boy over him.* She even wanted her own flesh and blood over him. At least he successfully ruined that relationship. To date he knew she has not been with her brother, and it was...
little consolation but it was enough. He watched the video enough to know their love was genuine. He saw it even as he knew Robb tried to hide it from him, from anyone watching, just as he shielded Sansa's face from the camera whenever possible. He saw. He saw the caresses, saw him leaning in to whisper things that couldn't be heard. It made him want to kill Robb, but he was not a murderer. *Maybe he could learn to be one.*

The chilled wine was cool bliss traveling down his throat.

With the Patron gone, Sansa was all his again. She had nothing to fear from anyone; except himself. He would be the only man pulling her strings, he would be the only one to control what happened to her. It was a heady thought. Maybe in time he could even make her love him. Nothing was impossible.

The limo came to a screeching halt. Thankfully the bottle was nearly gone, so nothing spilled on his expensive clothing. He swept out of the car, his long black coat swirling behind him. He sauntered up to the driver, who rolled his window down to peer up at him. For some reason Petyr lost the urge to be snarky and shoved a couple of Franklins at him.

"Wait until I am completely inside before you leave," he instructed, and the man merely nodded and rolled up the window. *Such congeniality.*

Home. Where was home, really? After clearing out his equipment and renting the penthouse to his new favorite starlet, he really didn't know where he belonged. He always dreamed of him and Sansa living together happily in that penthouse, but here he was, alone in a house that was supposed to be his home. It was the reason he traveled abroad so much lately.

He walked in, disarming the alarm, turning on the lights. He was met with silence, of course, and his shoes clicked against the tiled floor. He dropped the bottle and it clanged to the floor, whether it broke or not, he did not know or care, maybe he was too drunk to notice. All he wanted was to settle into his study, and replay once again his Sansa in the throes of passion. Sounds he would only hear in a video. He imagined himself in Robb's place, shoving her against the wall to lick and bite her between her legs, making her cum so violently on his mouth that she tore out his hair; making her scream out her climax while he sucked her pretty little cunt; making her moan as he stroked her soaked clit while he sucked her tight little ass; telling her how much he loved fucking her as he tightened his hands on her throat. He never envied a man such as he did Robb Stark, unless it was Ned Stark. There was no doubt Sansa was more beautiful, more sweet than her mother -

He flipped on the light in his study and paused. Blinked. Blinked again.

The room was empty. Void. *Bare.*

His computer, his desk, his books and papers and even his paintings and decorations - all *gone.* The only thing left was a chair, his chair, sitting in the middle of the room.

Frantic, he ran over to the left side of the wall where the safe was built in, and clumsily entered his passcode. Opening it, he was greeted with an empty shell. Nothing.

*Nothing.*

All his files, all his information. Sansa. The video. *Gone.*

He stumbled back until his legs hit his chair and he sunk down into it, dazed, haphazardly wondering if the house fire at Roose's was related to this. Of course it was. It had to be. Someone destroyed all of his blackmail evidence, and not just Sansa's, but many, many others. He still had an ace up his
sleeve, though. He still had one remaining trump card.

Hands shaking, he retrieved his phone. One call and he could work on gathering his wits and seeking his revenge. Where before he was restrained by the love and want he felt for Sansa, he would now show no mercy to her or her incestuous lover. One call and he would destroy them forever -

The phone dropped before he could make the call as something cold and biting and steel-like caressed his throat. It stung and shocked and his hand flew to his throat to stop the warm flow of blood as he pitched forward out of the chair to his knees, turning around to face his assailant.

The man loomed over him, shrouded in black, the hood of his coat framing his face.

_The limo driver._

He did not know this man. He did not know. What was happening. Was he dying. Where were his security guards. Who sent this man-

"Whooo -" his words gurgled out. He pressed harder down on his neck as he struggled to his feet, attempting to lurch at the man.

"Guess I am a bit rusty. You were supposed to be dead by now."

The voice echoed and seemed far away as Peter lumbered past him to the door, gripping the frame to steady himself. His phone. He dropped his phone. He tried to pivot around and fell down the side of the door, grappling on his way down. He looked up as the man approached, the bloodied blade poised and ready.

_He felt numb as he was picked up by his hair, enough to jerk his head back and expose his gaping wound. He looked up but his eyes were glazed over, he saw nothing but blurred images, and as the steel kissed his skin once again, only deeper this time, the image melded into a beautiful, red-headed dark angel who shrieked out a haunting laugh, and leaned in to kiss him._

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"You may now kiss the bride!"

The clapping and cheering ensued as Gendry dipped Arya down for a passionate kiss, drawing a few giggles and an "Alright!" from Theon. The happy couple turned to walk down the aisle and the party followed. The reception was being held in the Banquet Room, so at least there was no travelling involved. Sansa had even booked all the suites for the night in case any of the guests wanted to stay. Gendry and Arya had the honeymoon suite, and in the morning would depart on their two week honeymoon. It was the least Sansa could do; she thought it money well spent to see her sister have the perfect time, and god knows she had plenty of money to go around.

On her way out she was stopped by Loras, who was standing next to Olenna and her date. He waved them on and pulled Sansa out of the way.

"Who's that?" Sansa asked, nodding towards the man.

"That's Varys, San." He paused. "I need to talk to you. In private."

"Now? Can't it wait?" She glanced over and saw Robb, flanked by Bran and Dad, making their way out. All she wanted was to be near him.
"No, I don' think it can wait." She looked up into his face then, and saw something strange glittering in his eyes. Something obviously couldn't wait.

"Fine, then, let's go back to where Arya was waiting." She grabbed his hand, smiling at passerbys, leading him out and down the hall to the little side room. Once inside, she locked it. Whatever Loras had to say, she guessed it was important and it was best not to have the interruption.

"Well, what?"

He walked over and swung an empty chair around to sit in, slouching forward. He motioned to another seat but she shook her head, crossing her arms over half-exposed chest, suddenly self-conscious of the plunging neckline. Sighing, he ran his fingers through his hair, a nervous reaction that Robb also did when he was about to say something that might upset her.

"Baelish is dead. Along with The Patron, it seems." She stopped breathing for a moment, trying to process it. Petyr dead? Her blackmailer was no more? The person who made the awful request was gone, too?

"How -"

"Does it matter how? He's gone, San, and with it any evidence of you and Robb."

"How do you know?"

He reached in his pocket and pulled out his phone. She edged closer to see the text he had up on the screen.

"Bae no more. Patron no more. Vids no more. - V"

"When -"

"During the ceremony is when he texted me. He excused himself to take a message. We were in the last row, so it wasn't disruptive. This is what he sent. I don't know any more details and I will talk to Varys at some other time. Now is not the time or place, San. But I wanted you to know: you are free. You and Robb are free from the threat of blackmail." He quickly deleted the message and stuffed his phone back in his pocket.

Emotions fought for dominance in her brain, but one won out as she flung herself into Loras's arms, hugging him tight. He let out an exhaled grunt at the forcefulness of it, but embraced her back as she perched on his lap.

"Thank you, Loras, thank you! I know it was you who told me this would be taken care of, this was going to be resolved and I'd never have to worry again. I just cannot believe it, I can't! Thank you, Lor, thank -" she broke off, looking at him, the horror striking her.

"You had him killed."

"San, I did not order his killing. All I wanted was the video and any documents on your diary destroyed by any means necessary. I did not tell Varys to kill him. And besides, Varys is here, how could he kill a man thousands of miles away? I said he was dead, San, not murdered."

"Same difference, " she whispered, moving off of him and backing away to the door. How many night had she tossed and turned, crying herself to sleep, wishing Petyr Baelish was dead? Now he was gone...but still...
"Sansa, what matters now is that it's over, your ordeal. He can't hurt you anymore. He can't make you do anything or hurt your family anymore. You are now free to love Robb - I mean, as free as a brother and sister in love can be, anyway."

She stared at him as he raised up from the chair and sauntered over, reaching out to place his hands on her cheeks, looking at her so intently she cowered a bit. There was something in his eyes, something she has never seen before, the intensity so deep, so serious, she only saw this sort of expression in acting, when he was playing her killer mobster lover brother -

"Do you hear me, Sansa? It's over now."

It was relief that warmed her body, relief that made her knees weak, that's what she tried to tell herself but her body told her to shut up as she reached up to grab Loras by the hair and draw him in for a hard kiss. He struggled for a second until he gave in to her, he would always give in to her whims, and he kissed her back with the fierceness she wanted from him. His lips were firm and experienced and she wriggled her tongue into his mouth and sought his. He was a perfect kisser, well she already knew that from their love scenes, but this was not a scene, this was real and genuine and she could savor it for the first time. It felt good, maybe too good, but she found his hair and grabbed it by the handfuls, pulling him closer into her. So close, he pushed her back against the wall by the door, kissing her over and over, their breath heavy. She could feel his cock growing hard; gods he felt huge and hot against her. His hands left her face and roamed greedily everywhere; skimming her shoulders, her breasts, down her hip, and she felt his hand sliding in the slit of her skirt, up her bare leg and she gasped as he hesitated at her inner thigh. Her legs felt like they might give out. Well, she knew what his fingers would feel like, didn't she? She knew -

"- you're worried Loras will try to stick his hands up the slit of my skirt."

"Like this? Is this what you think I would be worried about with your boy toy?"

Robb's voice echoed in her memory and she stiffened. Loras must have felt the change and he stopped, withdrawing his hand from her bare skin and pulling away from her lips, panting.

The door was tried and then there was a knock.

"Hello?" It was Marg's voice.

"Just- just a sec-" Sansa's voice was shrill as she pushed Loras completely away and composed herself, smoothing out her skirt. Loras did the same, although it might be a bit more problematic to smooth out a massive hard-on. She moved over and unlocked the door.

"Hey San, I just need to get the throwing bouquet; the girls are ready." Marg sauntered in, gorgeous and cool and confident. She spotted her brother and smirked.

"Well, um, now I know why the door was locked," she laughed. "Jesus Christ, brother, couldn't you have at least waited until after the speeches and cake-cutting? And at least have the tact to take her to one of the many suites. Not much opportunity for fucking in here unless it's standing up or on the hardwood floor." She kissed him on his flushed cheek. "You two are being noted as missing, so get you asses out there. Besides, Loras, you promised me a dance."

Loras and Sansa looked at each other and then at Marg, who didn't budge.

"I'm not leaving without you both. Step to it."

Ever the acquiescent one to a more bossy female, Loras nodded. Sansa, knowing the moment was gone forever, nodded as well. Her body and heart wrestled in a confused state, her mind reeling.
Baelish was gone, the only barrier to Robb was gone, and she made out with her dearest friend. What in the hell was wrong with her?

Ever the gentleman, Loras let Marg and Sansa out first, closing the door behind him. Sansa felt his hand lightly, tentatively on her shoulder and she reached back to hold it down on her, squeezing, holding tight.

She knew he understood.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the delay in an update, hope this one was worth it! Thank you!!
Graphics by sansafeels!
Speeches and toasts and food and cake-cutting completed, everyone had seemed to pair off for dancing in the middle of the floor. Arya and Gendry held their place in the center after the father/daughter dance was completed. Robb tried to maintain a smile on his face through it all; he was genuinely happy for his little sister, but his mood had been dampening ever since Sansa and Loras entered the Banquet Room together after being noticeably absent, trailing behind a joking Marg who loudly exclaimed she found the two lovebirds hiding in a closet. The seating for the dinner had made the situation worse; Arya had Loras and Sansa seated side by side, and it was agonizing to watch them play off each other like an old married couple. Sansa seemed especially giddy, laughing and flushed and gracious as everyone crowded around them for pictures and even autographs. He felt her trying to catch his attention, but Robb steadfastly refused to meet her eyes. He hadn't looked straight at her since he was at the altar. She was so breathtakingly beautiful, and when she smiled at him, a hundred images flashed through his mind, at it was all he could do to keep from scooping her up in his arms right there and telling the world to go fuck itself; but now, with her seemingly joyous over Loras showering her with attention, all Robb could feel was sick and sullen.

Oddly enough he was seated next to Myrcella, which he didn't mind as it gave him an opportunity to talk to her about Theon. No one was paying attention to them anyway, except for Theon, who kept glancing nervously over as if he expected Robb to grab Myrcella and kiss her. Admittedly, she was just as beautiful as her mother, even more so because she had a personality to match. Robb complimented her on her dress and struck up some mundane conversation before easing into Theon territory, and the transition seemed to work well, because he was able to explain that Theon never slept with Sansa, and that he had only been there because Robb could not be home to help her out himself. He still protected Sansa as much as he could with the truth. He never came out and said she never had the abortion, or that he knew who the father was. Myrcella seemed shocked and horrified at the same time, then she flashed her gorgeous smile before hugging and thanking him. It was strange to play matchmaker when his own love life was a mess, but a Theon and Myrcella reunion was long overdue, and Robb felt deeply responsible for their breakup anyway. Besides, it kept his focus off of Sansa, even as his whole body was painfully in tune to her.

Then the dancing happened.

Of course Loras was good at everything, dancing being no exception. The talented bastard wasted no time getting down on the dance floor, to everyone's delight. Robb was relieved when Marg grabbed her brother up for the first dance, but then tensed when she abandoned him for Tommen Brathion and Loras responded by dragging Sansa onto the floor. Sansa was also an excellent dancer and Robb tried to avert his stare, but he just couldn't drag his eyes away from his perfect love gyrating and swaying her hips to the music. It wasn't exactly a possessive jealousy he felt, it was more of a longing to be able to be the one to freely dance with her. Sure, he could offer a very brotherly dance, like the brief one he had with Arya, but he could never be at liberty to attempt a Salsa or lowdown, dirty, bump-and-grind, madly teasing not just her but himself...like what Loras looked to be attempting. Robb was hoping it was just the effects of an open bar the was prompting such a shameless display from Loras; a bar in which neither he - nor Sansa, he observed - had taken advantage of.

_Not yet anyway._
Even Jon and Ygritte were having fun; Mr. Broods-A-Lot was smiling and twirling his flame-haired girlfriend around; Gilly was leading Sam in a clumsy but sweet jig; Dad was getting a little too grabby with Mel; Bran cozied up to his new love Meera; Rickon was practically having sex with his latest interest; and now, finally, Myrcella and Theon took to the floor, with Theon displaying a shit-eating grin while keeping ahold of her in a respectful stance. Yes, everyone seemed happy and paired off, with the exception of a resting bitch-faced Cersei seated next to an already-drunk Robert. Of course it didn't last long once her golden-dream of a brother Jaime offered to dance with her, and Robb saw her smile for the first time since she had arrived.

He was thinking of a great way to excuse himself and leave. At this point he just wanted to go home, flop in bed, and wallow in his own pool of misery. It was pure torture, really, to be here. All he wanted was Sansa. She was so near to him but so far out of reach. He wanted to talk to her, to explain about Baelish and beg her forgiveness, but there never seemed a time to cut in.

"Robb?"

Through the music, laughter, and chatter, Benjen's voice chimed clearly in his head. Robb turned to face him as he plopped down into the empty chair next to him. He looked sleepy already; the responsibility of his big moment as ring bearer no doubt wore him out. He looked up at him with his big, blue, soulful eyes, and Robb's heart broke. He cleared his throat.

"Hey Buddy. Are you having a good time?"

"Yeah. I mean, sort of. I think I ate too much cake. You don't look too happy."

"Understatement of the year, my son. If only you knew...but it's best that you don't."

"I think I am just tired, too, Ben. The guests are starting to thin out a bit, so I am sure Dad and Mel will be ready to go soon. Maybe you should tell them you're tired? I'd like to have us ditch everyone and go home now, but I rode my motorcycle." Robb regretted it now, opting for his bike over his truck. The weather was so unusually warm that he couldn't resist taking the bike out, but a chance to escape with Benjen was ruined. Maybe he should have thought his mode of transportation through a bit better.

"Why aren't you dancing?" Benjen's question was fair enough. "You haven't been up to dance at all except once with Arya. And that was for like a minute."

Robb afforded himself a smile and reached out to rumple his son's hair. It was more wavy than curly. It seemed a perfect blend of his curly and Sansa's straight locks. Benjen smiled - Sansa's smile - and pulled away.

"Well, no one has asked me, and I'm not very good at it."

"Well, brother, maybe you just need the right dancing partner." The low, throaty voice that always was music to his ears caressed him. "C'mon, brother, let's dance."

Sansa.

He looked up at her and he ached. She was so lovely, tendrils of her updo escaping and hanging down, her eyes sparkling, face flushed, and a light sheen of sweat on her pale brow. Her black dress clung to her, showing her perfect cleavage, narrowed waist and the slight curve of her hips. Her smile seemed genuine and she acted as giddy as a schoolgirl, something he hadn't seen since - well, since she was a schoolgirl. What had her so happy? Has she forgotten they are in a room full of people, that he abandoned her five months ago and hasn't spoken a word to her since? Yet here she
was, her hand outstretched to him as if he never broke off their romantic involvement. As if she had not a care in the world. A flicker of resentment passed over him even as he drank her in. Why was she not suffering as he was? Here she was in front of him, beaming, her slender hand outstretched.

"Go on," a nudge from Benjen broke him out of his daze. "I think Mom and Dad look ready to go anyway. I love you Robbie, bye Sansa." He stood up and ran over to Ned and Mel, leaving Robb with a choice to make...and of course he made the only one he knew was right.

Standing up, he accepted her hand, small and warm in his, her fingers interlacing with his, sending the warmth through his entire body. She always had that effect on him, no matter what the environment or circumstance. He felt the pressure increase, as if she was worried he would pull away. The dance floor was scattered now, and even Arya and Gendry had slipped away with very little fanfare. Robb's hope for a fast tune was dashed when he heard the next song playing, yet at the same time he was thankful for the Jeff Buckley tune from the DJ. It enabled him to pull her softly but cautiously into him, one hand on her waist and his other still holding her hand, drawing it to his chest. She looked up at him and he desperately wanted to kiss her pale lips. He dammed his body as he felt his reaction to her closeness below his waist, but refused to think of anything else but her. So, instead he decided to sing to keep things under control. Sansa always said he had a good voice.

Lonely is the room, the bed is made, the open window lets the rain in
Burning in the corner is the only one who dreams he had you with him
My body turns and yearns for a sleep that won't ever come
It's never over, my kingdom for a kiss upon her shoulder
It's never over, all my riches for her smiles when I slept so soft against her
It's never over, all my blood for the sweetness of her laughter
It's never over, she's the tear that hangs inside my song forever
Oh lover, you should've come over -

Maybe it wasn't the best song to sing with his sister in his arms, at least not in a room full of people, but no one seemed to mind, as absorbed as they were in their own partners, and Robb didn't bother to see if they did mind. He knew the lyrics, felt the song, it was so appropriate and damn it, everything else just felt right, and he knew it was perfect when he saw the love in her eyes before she ducked her head into his collarbone.

"San-" he breathed. His eyes darted over to find Loras sitting next to Marg. He was watching them intently and raised his wine glass with a grin as the song ended. Drunk little pretty boy. Robb shifted his gaze back to Sansa, who pulled away from him, a wistful smile on her lips.

"Robb. I need to tell you something. I need to talk to you - away from everyone - just for a few minutes. Please. I promise I won't - um - keep you. I have to say something." Her eyes were pleading with him, her voice so soft and breaking.

"San -" He tried to speak again but ended up only nodding. He felt helpless, almost childlike as she led him out of the Banquet Room, past the Great Hall, and into a side room, the noise from the music and guests fading as she shut the door and locked it behind her. He wondered for a moment if this was where she had been with Loras when Marg found them, but quickly pushed it out of his head. It really didn't matter now. All that mattered was that he was near her again after five months of torture. He could smell her, feel her, almost taste her.

"Robb." She hesitated only for a second before she rushed into his arms, clinging to his jacket,
grabbing around his neck, nearly toppling him over and she started to babble when his arms wrapped around her. "Robb, I know, I know! I know why you thought you had to leave me, I know now why you've stayed away. I want to tell you, it's all over now. It's all over. Petyr is dead, dead. Gone. All of his files have been destroyed, all of the Patron's records and videos are also gone, everything is gone. Petyr is dead. We don't have to live in fear anymore. He can't blackmail us anymore."

Petyr dead? Their video was gone? Was that even possible? His brain tried to process her words and he pulled free from her for a moment, looking at her in disbelief.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," she breathed. "I don't know all the details, but Petyr is dead. I know now that he was blackmailing you and you had to stay away from me. You should have told me, Robb. I would have figured something out. We would have figured something out. Now He's gone. We are free. You are out of the Marines now. There's nothing to stop us from being together now. Nothing. Come out to California. I have plenty of contacts so finding a job will be no problem. You can even travel with me when I have to film on location. We can get a place, just for the two of us."

Typical Sansa, glossing over everything and creating a dream world in her optimistic head, where everything fit perfectly with no complications. For a moment he considered what she was saying, imagining finally to be able to climb into bed with her every night and wake up to her every morning. Just like a normal couple in love. Could it really happen? After all they have been through, could they finally have what they always wanted?

Another thought entered his mind. He took another step back from her.

"You want me to leave everything and follow you?"

"Leave everything? Robb, what are you leaving? Arya's house where you're just a house guest, and a job as a standard grease monkey at our Uncles' shop? Robb, didn't you hear-"

"I heard, Sansa." He looked at her face of puzzlement. "And thanks for insulting me and my life. You seem to forget our family is here, and our son. Our son, San, have you forgotten him?"

"Of course I haven't forgotten," she whispered, a nervous hand flying up to twist her necklace. "It does no good for you to get close to Benjen. He is Dad and Mel's son, not ours. Do you think it doesn't hurt me to see so much of you in him? But he needs a normal life, and he has that with Dad. Arya told me how much time you're spending with him, and it's not good, Robb. Not for you or for him. And I didn't mean to insult your job. I just meant -"

"You just meant me giving up my life is easier," he said simply,"because I am not a rich, famous actor. I'm sorry if it seems pitiful in comparison to yours. And I'm sorry that you cannot understand me wanting to see my son. He is the only child I will ever have. At least, biologically."

"You can have more children, if you wanted. So could I. We could, eventually. And I'm sorry if you thought I was demeaning you. It wasn't my intention. I just want to be with you, is all." Her tone wavered and he could tell she was fighting her emotions. He knew her every facial expression and what it meant, knew her inside and out.

"I cannot have any more children, San. Just before I left the military I had a vasectomy."

"What?" She looked incredulous. "Seriously?"

"Yes." He reached out to her but she backed away, up against the door, her hand raising up to the doorknob. "I always knew I never wanted children with anyone but you, and I cannot have them
with you. We were lucky with Benjen, he seems to be healthy, intelligent boy. Besides, I see how you react to him, and I knew I'd never be a part of bringing another child with you into the world."

He heard her tighten her hand on the doorknob and her other hand balled into her fist. Her bottom lip quivered but she jerked her chin up and stood up straight. He hated the words after they left his mouth, but he couldn't stop them from being said.

"I see. I'm the selfish bitch and a terrible person, right? I chose to carry our child through nine months of hell, scared and sick and out of my mind, give birth, and made a decision to ensure the best life he could have without the threat of humiliation and shame. I choose to stay distant so he can love and know his parents. I was seventeen, Robb, and made hard choices while you were blissfully unaware."

"And who's fault was that? You know I would have done whatever it took to help you, to be there for you!" He realized his voice was raising, he couldn't help it. "Let's be honest, Petyr Baelish put stars in your eyes and our child was a roadblock to your dreams of fame and wealth. It would have been bad PR to have it known you were an unwed teenage mother, and a child would just drag you down, so why not shove him off on Dad? All the while, I had a son and only found out only after Petyr Baelish told me in his most successful effort to force me into fucking you for entertainment!"

She winced and he was sorry but she needed to hear him, hear his pain. Giving voice to it was harsh, heartbreaking, and he knew he was being cruel but he couldn't stop. And the way she swallowed and looked at the floor was a small indication that some of what he stated was actually true.

"Well, kudos to you for punishing me by taking away any chance to have another child with you, one that we could raise together and be there for. I've thought about it, how we could have done it. You think I don't feel for Benjen, but I do. He looks so much like you, Robb, and maybe that's why I can't bear to be around him. But it doesn't matter how I feel now, right? I mean, here's another thing you've went ahead and done without even asking me how I feel. You are always doing what you think is best for us. Going into the military, re-enlisting, leaving a note behind to let me know we are over, now taking care of the terrible idea of me getting pregnant again. It seems you are always abandoning me in some form or another. Now you've taken away my decision on children."

"You could always put Loras up for stud." It tumbled out before he could catch himself. "I am sure you wouldn't find it disagreeable, considering how you two have been on each other -"

"Fuck you. Go to hell."

She turned to unlock the door and he rushed her, turning her around, his hands on her shoulders, bumping her up against the door. Tears started in her eyes even as she tensed and bit her lip, a small whimper escaping even as she looked at him angrily.

"I'm already in hell, San," he said quietly, evenly. "I've been in a hell ever since I kissed you in the bathroom that lice-ridden day. But it's a hell I gladly burn in, because I love you, and I keep loving you, and will always love you. No matter what has happened, I can't stop. I'm sorry for everything, ever action, every word, that has caused you pain." His hands slid up her neck to caress her face, thumbing away the tears. "I just don't know what to do anymore, and now you tell me Petyr is dead and it changes everything."

He eased his lips onto hers and felt her hesitation for only a second before she softened against him and he parted her lips in a slow, tentative kiss, not daring much. Her hands flew to his beard, smoothing upwards until she found the short curls on his head. He lived for this, her touch, even as he was angry with her, angry at himself. He let himself press against her, reveling in her curves, the feel of her, but when his hands left her face to skim down her neck, she withdrew her hands and
pushed him forcibly away.

"You spew out cruel words to hurt me and now you want a kiss?" Her mouth twisted, her tongue licking her bottom lip. "Loras had me in the same position here just a few hours ago, and he didn't insult me before he kissed me." Her words stung him, as she no doubt meant for them to do. "I remember you accusing me of wanting you only for your cock. Did you ever stop to think I have more than just yours available to me?" Her chest heaved as she stared at him and he froze.

She was baiting him. Trying to hurt him, trying to get a reaction out of him. To what purpose? To goad him into fucking her up against the wall? To hurt him as he hurt her with the truth? To make him jealous? To let him know that if he hesitated, there would always be someone to take his place? Tit-for-tat, it was immature but maybe they needed the outlet right now. He fed into it. He needed her. He spent so many days, months, years without her near him, and there was no reason now to be apart, aside from this childish fighting. Maybe it's what they needed. Maybe it's what they wanted. He had her up against the wall again in a heartbeat, his hands once again cupping her face, their eyes met and held.

"And you aren't the only woman in the world, but you are the only one I want." He felt her arms fly around his neck. "I stood there listening to Arya and Gendry's vows, and wished it was us. I imagined it was us becoming husband and wife, leading the first dance, showing our love for everyone to see and applaud for. To openly express how we feel about each other. It can never be, but it doesn't stop me from wanting it."

"Then act like it," she whispered. She was trembling. "Be with me. Let's prove to ourselves that Petyr hasn't ruined us, that we can move past everything that has happened and live the rest of our lives out loving each other."

In response he kissed her again, this time fiercely, with passion and frustration. She responded with a sigh against him and his desire increased. He was coming back to life - and not just from the blood rushing to his cock - he felt the soothing in his soul, in his inner depths. Alive. He was alive again, with his Sansa. Suddenly he broke away from her lips and she furrowed her brow in confusion, her mouth parted, slightly breathless. He dropped to knees in front of her and heard her gasp as she grabbed ahold of her skirt with one hand to push it up as his other found the waistband of her panties and tugged them down, and they fell to her ankles.

Not waiting to slide them off, he moved in without warning, spreading her lips apart to take a long, slow lick, tasting her. She was already wet, and she tasted sweet and salty, her arousal intermixing with a slight sheen of sweat. Her whimpers spurred him on and she unabashedly spread her legs further apart while one hand helped him hike her skirt up and the other twisted into the top of his head in his hair, pushing him into her. In response he shoved his tongue deep inside and she cried out as his fingers sought to start a tried and true rhythm against her clit as he matched the repetition with his tongue. He felt her swelling, so quickly, he knew it wouldn't take long to get her off, it never did once he started. It was immature, childish, but he needed her to come for him, only him, prove she was his and his alone.

"Ah, Robb. I love you. I love you." Her throaty voice, so sensual in his ears, turned him on even more as she grinded even harder into his face. "Ah, god-" Her legs tensed and he worked furiously. He wanted to hear her cry out and feel her climax in his mouth -

A light knock at the door startled them both and Sansa started to push him away but he would not be denied. He gripped her hips tightly with both hands to hold her in place and moved his tongue out of her to swirl roughly around her clit. She was too close for him to stop now.

"Sansa?"
Loras. Fuck him. His tongue pressed in harder as his lips sucked around it.

"Yes?" How she managed to get that out in a halfway decent tone was beyond him. He growled softly.

"Umm, Marg is taking me back to the hotel. I'm drunk I think. Anyway everyone is leaving and...um...just be careful coming out, OK?"

"Yes." It was all she could manage and Robb suddenly felt her pulsations. He stuck his tongue back quickly in her hole, greedily lapping her up through her orgasm, swallowing her sweet secretions.

"Alright then, see you tomorrow."

There was nothing more from the other side of the door and Robb gave a final lick before pulling away, reaching down to slide her panties back up and smooth her skirt down. He looked up at her, observing the way her chest heaved, how her tendrils stuck to her neck, and how she looked down at him in a mixture of satisfaction and - what was it - guilt? Something clicked in his mind and he smiled as he slowly stood, his hand trailing up her leg and under her skirt. Face to face, he kissed her softly, seeking out her tongue with his so she could taste how excited she had been as he cupped her underneath her panties, a finger gently sliding in easily to feel her wet and still aroused. He pulled out slowly and she huffed into his mouth, breaking the kiss and almost pouting. Undaunted, he brought his finger to his mouth and deliberately enclosed his lips around it, sucking. She flushed but didn't look way as he pulled his finger away.

"It turned you on, didn't it, when Loras was on the other side of the door?"

"No," she whispered, reaching down to his belt. She was a bad liar with him.

He stopped her.

"No, San, not now. Guests are leaving and I am sure we are missed. All it would take is for someone to pass by this room. Trust me, I want to be buried inside of you, but not this way."

She nodded, once again pulling away from him, straightening herself out. He reached over to unlock the door.

"Grab whatever you came with. You're coming home with me. Arya and Gendry are gone for two weeks, so I am house-sitting. I hope you don't mind the motorcycle."

"I never minded the motorcycle." Her smile was sexy, and he knew what she was thinking. It was the only time they could be close to each other physically without anyone raising an eyebrow. He was now thankful he decided to take out out for one more ride. After all, it wasn't very often they had an Indian summer in Maine.

"Let's go."

In no time they slipped out of the room and down the hall. Peering into the Banquet Room, they noticed it was practically empty. Dad and Mel and Benjen were gone. The only one they knew was Theon, who was shooting the shit with the DJ. Sansa went to gather up her purse while Robb fished for his keys, and was about to meet her in the greeting hall when Theon spotted him and rushed over, grinning.

"Hey Stark, just wanted to say thanks, man." He held out his hand and Robb offered his left one awkwardly to shake. He couldn't extend his right one, not with Sansa's scent and dried secretions on it. Theon shrugged and adjusted to give him a man-shake. "Myrcella's coming over to the after-after
party at the house, just to talk. But it's more than I ever hoped for."

"No problem, Theon. You deserve to be happy, and I know you never got over her. I hope things work out for you. And thanks for looking out for Sansa when I couldn't."

"No more beatdowns?" Theon grimaced in mock-pain. "We're square? Are you stopping by the party?"

"We're even, and no, I'm...kinda beat. I'm closer to thirty than twenty, I think my body is slowing down. I can't pull all-nighters anymore."

Theon leaned in to pat him on the back in a man-hug.

"Never were a good liar, were you?" He winked, knowingly.

Robb couldn't help a smile at his best friend.

"No, I wasn't, and I'm still not."

"Well, kiss her once for me. And maybe she can start fattening you up again, yeah? You're getting a little too lean, buddy. Prob lost your abs. She might be starting to look elsewhere if you -"

"Stop while you're ahead, man," Robb laughed.

Theon chuckled and slapped him on the back one more time before nodding and saying goodbye. It felt good to finally do right by him, and mend any hard feelings. Robb walked towards an impatient Sansa, taking in how beautiful she was, standing there tapping her foot at him.

"Sorry, Starshine, Theon caught me for two seconds."

"Whatever. Robb, it's starting to rain. It's light now, so let's hurry up and get home before we get caught in a downpour." She looked him up and down discreetly. "I'm going to assume you didn't bring a raincoat."

"It's rain, San, we won't melt." He shrugged off his suit jacket. "Here, put this on if it makes you feel better."

She thanked him and eased into the jacket, stopping to smell it.

It was only sprinkling as they made their way outside to the parking lot. Sansa didn't think twice about jumping on the back and they settled in, her arms embracing him from behind, leaning into his back as close as she could get. Of course he soaked it up, just as the rain started to come down harder and soak his hair. Revving up, he eased out onto the street, trying to keep a careful pace while his heart screamed at him to hurry the hell up. He was going home. Home with Sansa.

Chapter End Notes

Lyrics from "Lover You Should've Come Over" by Jeff Buckley, and of course I derived the chapter title from it as well. :)

Chapter End Notes
Twelve Breakfasts

Sansa sighed, lying on her side, naked under the sheets. Behind her a spooning Robb held her fast to him, his face buried in the nape of his neck, his nude body conformed to her curves. Even in sleep he held her tightly, as if he was afraid she might try to leave while he slumbered, and his breath was warm on her skin.

_Not a chance_, she drowsily thought. _I couldn't run even if I wanted to._

Her whole body cried out for both rest and to be pleasured again. Twelve days, twelve glorious days of nothing but her and Robb, minus a few outings here and there. She didn't want to think of Arya and Gendry coming home in two days' time, since it meant relinquishing the ability to fall asleep and wake up in Robb's arms. Almost two weeks of perfection, and it was nearing an end.

_There was hope for the future, at least._

She had convinced him to come live with her in California, at least for a short while. Currently the only project she was attached to was filming a guest appearance in Loras's new series, which wouldn't take up much of her time. Then, she was pretty much free. The idea of finally being able to live with Robb excited her so much she couldn't contain herself, and she pushed her body beyond its limits to show Robb just how happy she truly was. If there were any worries over what it would be like to live together as a couple, the past almost two weeks dissolved them.

Leaning forward a little, Sansa fumbled for her phone on Robb's nightstand. It was as if time had stopped and she was sixteen again, flush with the discovery of making love with him, only this time there was no worry about getting caught, and no worries about getting pregnant. Even though she had been angry at Robb's sterilization, she reconciled it and understood his reasoning. If only he felt the same about the reasons she had for giving Benjen up for adoption. Still, she was confident he would see things her way, eventually. Benjen always seemed to be the elephant in the room, and she learned in the past twelve days that distraction was the key; keep his bed warm and his stomach full, and he had little time to think of anything else.

Feeling Robb moving closer to her, she sighed and checked her phone as quietly as she could.

One text from Loras.

_Morning, Sunshine. Hope you kiddos are still enjoying yourselves. Looking forward to you coming home in a couple days. Bottle of wine and some Carey Grant movies are waiting. Hugs._

She couldn't help but smile as she texted back:

_If it's Bringing Up Baby and The Awful Truth, count me in. Hugs._

Quickly deleting the history, she placed the phone back and pulled the sheet up to her breasts. She hadn't allowed much thought to stray towards Loras since he left the day after the wedding. It was deliberate, as their brief make-out session danced on the edges of her guilt-ridden mind, and she tried to banish it by concentrating on Robb. Sometimes, though, when Robb was fast asleep and she lay restless, she would replay it in her head, and wonder at the feeling his lips on hers and his roaming hands had given her. It wasn't as if she never kissed Loras before - they had plenty of scenes on stage and camera - but this was something _tangible_, something real and _intimate_. Still, she tried to shove it out of her thoughts as soon as it haunted her. Loras had yet to bring it up, so maybe it was just a frivolous one-off. Besides, she wouldn't be seeing much of Loras in the next couple of months while
he filmed his new series, so when she flew back she would spend as much time with him as she
could, and break the news about Robb coming out to live with her at a later time. She wasn't sure
how he would take it, but Loras seemed to like Robb well enough; _Loras_ was not the problem.

Her movements must have woken up Robb, who sighed and pulled her even tighter against him. She
felt the wetness of his kisses at the base of her neck while his left hand gently skimmed her breasts,
finding the nipples already hard. Much like how he was hard, pressing into the cleft in her ass. It was
wonderful, especially when he emitted a low growl in his throat. She couldn't help but laugh softly.

"I'm going to say no, Robb, that's enough. I don't think my body can take much more. Seriously, my
legs are like jelly now and my nether regions are so sore and tender after all the licking, biting,
sucking, and fucking."

No sooner did she make her statement, he skimmed his fingers past her breasts, down her middle past
her fluttering, taut stomach, and through her trimmed hair to gently caress the folds there, lightly
tickling her clit. She meant to say more but sighed instead. Resistance was futile, she supposed. His
breathing picked up, and when he spoke, his voice was deep and throaty.

"So who was that texting you this early in the morning? Your little friend?" His hand withdrew
between her legs, skimming up and then over her left hip. He moved back just enough to snake his
hand over her left butt cheek. She would have squeaked in surprise if she wasn't so drained as he let
two fingers swirl teasingly around her anus. "And I just love how you use the word _nether regions_.
Besides, I can just as easily go _here_."

She bucked forward away from his touch.

"You _could_, but I'm tender there as well. And my little friend is _anything_ but little." The jibe was on
purpose. "_Trust_ me on that."

"Goddamn, that was _cruel_." She detected hurt in his tone, even as he leaned in to whisper in her ear
before tracing the outer edge with his tongue. "But I can be _just_ as mean."

With that, she felt him move his hand and he pressed his cock into her, and she helped him by
moving her left leg upward, bending at the knee. Yes, she was somewhat sore and tender but she
would not pass up the chance to have him inside her again. It wasn't as if she wasn't already aroused
anyway, so she pushed back into him. They started moving in their familiar rhythm and the feeling
overtook her, and it only increased when his knowledgeable fingers dipped between her legs to help
her towards her orgasm. It was definitely the best way to start a morning, and to think she could
finally have this every morning, without worry of getting caught or thinking about when his flight
leaves.

She reached up behind her to clutch at the back of his head as she shook and moaned out her climax.
It was glorious to hear his groans in her ear as he followed suit, moving to clutch her around the
waist and bury himself as deep as he could go. It was greedy and possessive and Sansa loved it.
Unfortunately her body was already protesting, aching and trembling from this latest intrusion. They
really did need to slow down. Maybe it was just as well that she would be flying out tomorrow.

"Hmm, a wonderful way to start the day, _thank you_," he whispered, kissing along her neck and
shoulders until she turned her head into him for a long, lazy kiss. _The man didn't even have morning
breath. Was he perfect in every way?_

Her phone vibrated on the nightstand. Robb broke the kiss to curse into her hair. She wanted to
answer it - it was a call, not a text - but thought better of it. It was probably Loras, and he would have
to wait. Robb was always so tense when it came to him, especially in these precious days where he
wanted no interruptions.
Breaking away from him, she moved forward, separating herself from him slowly, aware of the leaking and the new wetness on the bed. She couldn't remember what it felt like to be dry. He grunted in protest as she snaked off of the bed, searching for her panties and discarded yoga pants and t-shirt. She afforded him a glance; he laid back, hands under his head, sheet around his waist, a satiated look on his face as he watched her.

"I'm sorry, Robb, but I am hungry. We can't live on love alone." She tried to ignore her cell which started vibrating again, then went off once. *Great, she had a text now as well.*

"We could try." He reluctantly moved to get up as well to find his lounge pants. "Besides, I am the one in charge of breakfast. You can't cook for shit." His statement was rewarded with a pillow thrown at his face as he smirked. "You can't throw for shit, either."

"I'm an actress, I don't *need* to know how to cook or throw. I can hire a caterer everyday if I wanted. Although, they couldn't top your scrambled eggs." She smiled as her phone went off yet again. She saw Robb frown and added to soothe him: "I can't wait for you to come out to be with me."

They walked hand-in-hand out of Robb's old bedroom, through the rec room, up the stairs, through the living room, and into the kitchen. It was a familiar walk, and Robb wasted no time pulling out a frying pan and a bowl, while Sansa made herself completely worthless by sitting at the table, watching his every move, taking in his biceps and his form. He was already gaining some weight back and looked healthier, and he smiled and hummed as he set about his business of making breakfast. *Yes, she thought to herself, I could definitely get used to this. We can make this work. Even as she thought it, a small tingle of apprehension crept up her neck.*

They still hadn't talked much about Petyr's death or about the night they were blackmailed. There was still so much territory left to sort through but it never seemed a good time to have a heart-to-heart. Sansa knew it was something they could get past, eventually, and even now she felt this was a part of their healing. She wouldn't deny that their lovemaking felt different now, it was more urgent, desperate, heated and serious. It sometimes felt as if they were still holding back, reigning in some dark streak that neither wanted to emerge, Robb more so than she. She wanted more exploration during sex and he wouldn't give it to her. What would be so wrong with some light bondage, or a hand at her throat? Was it terrible of her to want him angry, demanding, maybe even pull her hair? Apparently Robb thought it was terrible to explore out of the status quo and maybe she understood it. He didn't want to remember anything about that night, he wanted to forget and move on, and she wanted to remember and take from it the parts that opened new doors to her. She refused to let Petyr ruin anything, even now that he was gone...

"Scrambled?"

Robb's voice broke through her thoughts.

"Yes, of course." She watched him intently, her eyes taking in his busy hands as he finished the eggs, bacon, and toast. Perhaps she should strike up conversation but she was tired and it was nice just to watch him. Maybe he could train to be a chef; he knew how to make more than just breakfast and she has been reaping the benefits of his skill. *He was great in the Marines and you stopped that career,* her brain sneered.

"Robb, I'm going to grab my phone. I left it on your nightstand," she said, slowly rising from her chair.

He turned to face her, striding over with two filled plates that he set down on the table with a quiet clank. He looked down at the food.
"Loras can wait, San."

"It isn't about Loras, Robb, it's about how modern technology has made us so addicted that I feel like I need my phone on me at all times."

"Whatever justifies it." He shrugged and sat down, still refusing to meet her eyes. "I'll wait until you come back to start eating."

Before she could spout off a snotty remark, Sansa left and made her way out into the living room and heard a key fumbling in the front door lock. Who had a key and was trying to come in without knocking first? Dad? Mel? Why would they be -

The door pushed open, slamming against the wall, and Rickon charged in, his eyes wild and his face reddened. Sansa froze within arms reach when she saw the anger on his face and noticed the tears. He was clutching his cellphone.

"Ricky? What -"

Robb rushed into the room to see what the noise was, and before Sansa knew what was happening, Rickon rushed at him, dropping his phone and tackling Robb to the floor, spewing out curses as he started punching.

"You fucking sick bastard! You fucking asshole, you just couldn't leave her alone! You twisted fuck!"

"Ricky!" Sansa found her voice but couldn't move as she watched in horror as her brothers fought. Robb was stronger, more fit, but he had been caught by surprise and was already bleeding from the nose. "Stop! Stop this! What -"

"Do you know what you've done? Do you know? You sick fuck, you sick fucking fuck -"

Robb got the better of him, putting his military training to work as he managed to pin him to the ground, holding fast as Rickon continued his tirade, stopping only to attempt to spit Robb in the face, which prompted a punch from Robb.

"Rickon, fucking stop it. Just stop -" Robb's voice boomed through the living room. "We are adults, whatever we do behind closed doors -"

"Fuck you Robb, fuck you and Sansa too -"

Sansa gasped as Rickon received another blow for that comment. She still stood, immobile, stunned, even as her heart was breaking. Her two brothers. Once upon a time Robb was like a father to Rickon when their Dad was too grief-stricken to step up. Now -

"Did you hear me? Rickon, stop. It's time you got over this childish thing you've been holding on to since you walked in on us. You're my brother and I love you, this needs to -"

"Stop? I need to stop? You need to stop fucking your sister!" Rickon screamed, making Sansa flinch at his harsh words. "At least slink back into the shadows where your disgusting incest-fucking belongs!"

Suddenly Rickon burst into tears, instantly devoid of fight and struggle. Robb lifted off of him and offered a hand to stand which Rickon defiantly rejected, standing on his own a bit unevenly. He had blood on his lip. He looked so young and vulnerable, more like a scared ten year old than nineteen. His eyes darted to Sansa as she stood helplessly, struck at the coldness in his eyes, then he grabbed
his fallen phone off the floor, tapping into it.

Sansa stared at him dumbly. Why was he messing with his phone right now after what just happened?

"Robb?" Her voice was thin as she looked over at him, and his brow furrowed as he panted, advancing towards Rickon.

Rickon stepped away from them both and as he turned the volume up on his phone, Sansa's blood ran cold and she felt as if she would faint.

"You like this, don't you sister? Your brother fucking your ass with his cock? Tell me you like it --

Yes, yes, I like it, I love it, fuck me brother, fuck me, I want you to fuck me harder -"

Rickon flipped the phone around but Sansa knew what it was before she saw it. Her eyes drifted to it unwillingly, watching as Robb took her anally from behind while her hands were bound -oh god, no -no -she looked at Robb, who seemed to stop breathing and paled.

"It's all over the place. All over !" Rickon cried. "What the fuck are you two doing recording this fucking sick shit! Turn on the news, it's on the news, fucking all the news outlets, our family - our family - ah, Benjen. Dad! Benjen! Your kid. I knew it, I know he is your kid, Robb, you fucking asshole. You stupid sister-fucking prick. All these years I've kept it a secret, all these years I never told anyone what I knew - and now -now -"

Robb tried to reach out to Rickon but he shrieked and turned and fled out the door. Robb hesitated but Sansa emitted a soft "go ", so he grabbed his keys off the holder by the door and took off after him as she heard Rickon peeling away. In his state she feared he would wreck, or do something impulsive that would land him in jail; he needed Robb more than she did at this moment, and she needed Robb immensely.

She wanted to cry, scream faint. All she could do was stand there.

How. Oh god, how. Petyr is dead. The Patron is dead. Files and computers were destroyed. How. Loras said Varys had taken care of everything, they were free- they were free and everything was going to be fine - now - oh god- what now? What do we do now? Dad. Arya. Bran. Oh god, my family. My career. My life -

Before she knew it she was racing down the steps to Robb's old room, frantic. She snatched up her phone. Six missed calls, seven texts. All from Loras. Nothing yet from anyone else in her family. This was her family cell. She had deliberately left her work phone at home.

Ignoring them all she shakily called him.

He answered on the first ring.

"San? You need to listen to me, there's been -"

"I know, Loras, I know. I know. I know -" she stared crying then. "How, Loras? How? What do I do now? What do I do -"

"San, listen to me, I'm hiring a driver there in Winterfell to take you and Robb to my Grandmother's estate in Highgarden. You can't fly, the media is everywhere and I'm afraid you'll be mobbed if you're recognized. I've called Varys. You can't come home, not right now, the paparazzi are camping
out at the goddamn gates."

She could only cry as she listened to his voice, taking some consolation in the firmness in his tone.

"San? Are you listening? The driver will be pulling up in about a half hour in an Escalade. I trust him, his name is Sandor." A pause. "San, we will fix this, somehow. Varys in already on it, we will fix this, I promise."

"Yes," she choked. "I - Robb- he's not here right now, he -"

"Sandor will wait, San. As long as it takes. I've let Grandmother know and she will be expecting you. I'm so sorry, San, I thought with Peter gone it was done."

"What - how?"

"Short answer is that Petyr left a gift package at his will reading. He left it with his lawyer to be distributed to the media in the event of an untimely death."

Petyr, tormenting and ruining her life beyond the grave.

Suddenly shame and embarrassment filled her and she stupidly gave voice to her next thought.

"Lor- did you - did you see the video?" Please no, please say no, let me be spared this one little thing, please just one small comfort -

"No, San, I didn't." His voice cracked. "Just get your bags ready and we will figure everything out once you get out here."

"Ok, ok, yes, thank you." Her head was swimming. "Thank you, Lor. Lor - I love you."

Silence. Why was there silence? Was there a disconnection? What was happening? She couldn't do this, she couldn't handle this, why was this happening - where was he?

"I love you, too, San." He sounded faint, broken, as if he was crying, too. "I will see you both soon. We will make this right."

She disconnected, glancing at the bed that she and Robb made love on not an hour before. Wildly her thoughts went to Arya and Gendry. They needed to clean up his room before leaving, wash the sheets or maybe just replace them and throw the soiled ones out if they didn't have the time to mess with it. She wondered how long before the media tracked down her location, wondered if Dad knew, wondered if Robb was able to stop Rickon. Everyone would know now. Everyone. From her publicist to her number one adoring fan, they would all know she was sleeping with her brother. They all would watch with their scandalized, hungry eyes and post their comments and have their discussions and poke fun and profess horror and outrage as they still watched the video in its entirety.

For the first time since she started the affair with Robb, she felt shame.

She sank down into the bed and cried.
Another Way Out

"This is nothing short of a disaster. You told me everything had been taken care of, and now this? And your immediate action was to push a lawyer into the spotlight for a five minute press conference? Where all he said is that to the best of anyone's knowledge, the sex tape is not real? Then keep silent for the past three weeks? Are you fucking kidding me?"

Loras paced around his Grandmother's study, infuriated at the sight of calm, cool, collected Varys seated at the desk. The bald-headed man was poised, unruffled in his tailored black suit, his face virtually unreadable. Loras, on the other hand, hadn't shaved for weeks, looked completely disheveled, and was going on about two hours a night for sleep. He was trying to keep up with his training for his new series, set to film in just one week in New York, but the recent scandal - and Sansa - preoccupied much of his time.

"Patience is a virtue, my boy. I rather hate overused sayings but this one fits, really. I assure you Tyrion Lannister is the best lawyer money can buy, and he is partner of mine. Friend, really, if one can actually have friends in this day and age. First rule of something like this is always deny, deny, deny with haste, and sort out the sordid details later. To remain completely silent would have been even more disastrous. Better to seek out the media first, initially deny and state there is an investigation."

"It's a little hard to deny a video that has made it on all of the social media sites!" Frustrated, Loras tugged at his hair, his fingers getting stuck in the rattiness. He couldn't remember the last time he combed it. Usually so polished, he was falling apart. "How can anyone deny the fact that it's Sansa and Robb fucking?"

"Sit down, Loras, please." Varys made a grand gesture to the nearby settee, to which Loras obediently flopped onto, even though his legs bounced nervously and he cracked his knuckles. "We've been through a few possibilities to resolve the situation. However, none of them are very feasible. We do have this one option, as far-fetched as it is. Really, if you would have been honest with me from the start, things may have been different."

The reproach in his tone was not missed, and Loras hung his head in his hands.

"No one will believe this. Even if they believe this, it still tarnishes Robb. I cannot believe he agreed this is the way. And, I didn't tell you about Sansa and Robb's ongoing relationship because I thought it was irrelevant. We just wanted Baelish to stop the blackmail, that's all."

"And now we know the reason for the blackmail. We cannot use it. We could have submitted all of our evidence to the authorities, admit to the video, but then prove they were blackmailed into making that video; people would be sympathetic to their horrific rape, we could make a showcase of the siblings seeking out intensive therapy, and everyone would get on with their lives. Now, the issue we have is this: what could possibly be so damning that they would go through with the demands?"

Loras said nothing. Even now, when Varys knew all, he still would not betray her. Varys afforded a small smile, seemingly understanding his thoughts.

"It wasn't just their ongoing incestuous relationship they wanted to protect, it was their son as well. What do you think would happen if the truth was exposed? So, no, we cannot admit to the video for that reason. You should be thanking me for finding an alternative so quickly."

Loras had suspicions about Benjen long before Varys presented him with the documents stolen from
Petyr's house. The boy was the perfect image of Robb and Sansa, and thinking back to the timing, it made sense. He had been in Los Angeles at the time, but offered to come home to see her and she had adamantly refused, saying she was spending time with her Aunt Lysa; an aunt she cared nothing about. Of course she didn't want him to visit. Her belly would have given everything away. Still, he did not fault her for keeping Benjen a secret from him. No matter how close they were, it was a secret she would not be willing to share with anyone. It was always in the back of his mind but when presented with the evidence, along with the original disc of Sansa and Robb, he was shocked. He immediately destroyed everything in the fireplace, but then he was treated to the visuals online. It was everywhere on the internet. News outlets showed only blurred images, but many sites had the full-length. Loras didn't need to see it. He read the list and dealt with the aftermath, and that was enough for him. Yet before he could click away, he saw enough.

"So what do we do now? Sansa's tattoo is completely healed."

"Leave it up to me and Tyron. Sansa does not need to ever have to hold a press conference or go on camera. Tyrion will make the statements, show the pictures. This is the way of things. Famous actors never need to say one word."

"If the public doesn't believe it -"

"The public is growing more dumb and more gullible as the years drag on, my son. Throwing this out there will satisfy them and they will move on to the next scandal. They will believe Sansa never had sexual relations with her brother, Robb is just some kinky bastard with an amazing sex drive, Benjen will be nothing more than Ned and Mel Stark's child, and life goes on as usual. End of story. Perhaps you should take Sansa on a nice little vacation somewhere, get her out of this environment for awhile. Your Grandmother's home is lovely, of course, but perhaps she needs a change of venue. Then, eventually, you can both return to your home."

"I leave for New York in a week. She's coming with me. She's shooting a guest appearance in my show."

"No one would ever know how he had to beg his producer to keep Sansa in the guest appearance. He wanted to drop her as soon as the video hit, and it took him finally agreeing to appear in his next film for next to nothing in wages. The movie itself didn't sound like a winner but it was the only way for Sansa to keep her role. He had a feeling roles would not be coming to Sansa now, even if her name was cleared.

"Well, then, there you go. New York is lovely this time of year. Cold, though, and I hear you are in for some snow next week. But what of Robb?"

"I don't know about Robb, it's not like we are tight, you know. Especially right now."

Varys held some understanding in his eyes.

"Perhaps he needs time away from his sister. At any rate, I have my appointment with the lovely Ambrosia. She is most eager to help us. Not only due to the massive amount of compensation but she will also gain her fifteen minutes of fame."

"And what if she decides to go to the media with her story?"

"I can assure you she won't, and she knows nothing anyway. All she knows is that the famous Sansa Stark is in a bit of a quandary and she is needed. Let me handle her. She has been Sansa's body double and stunt double for years, she has a good relationship with the star she shadows. Now she no longer has to be the unknown double."

Loras felt sick to his stomach.
If this works, Varys, you are more an evil genius than even my Grandmother gives you credit for. If this doesn't work, Sansa will completely break. She's a mess as it is, staying sequestered in her room more often than not. And Robb—well, Robb is already breaking. I can hear them arguing, they stay in separate rooms, Robb won't speak to me and Sansa alternates between clinging to me and avoiding me. Grandmother's peaceful, quiet, rose-garden filled estate has turned into complete bedlam. Yet, they are safe here. No one knows they are here, not even the Stark family.

"This better work, Varys, for all our sake's. Don't forget you murdered a man." Loras struggled to remain quiet as he spoke a veiled threat. "That is a crime that can have severe consequences for you."

Varys remained unaffected by his words, tilting his head to the side and folding his hands together.

"My dear boy, I have no idea what you are talking about. I was with your dear grandmother, the ever lovely Olenna, attending a wedding thousands of miles away from any crime scene. I do appreciate your passion on protecting your lady love, so I will excuse your words as nothing more than agony from a tormented, lovesick puppy. I cannot imagine how difficult it has been to offer sanctuary to the lover of your beloved. There's a movie to be created in that, surely."

"You have no idea what this has been like. Not for me, not for Robb, and especially not for Sansa."

"That is true, " Varys sighed. "But we all have our horrors in life to survive. Some are more...permanent than others."

Loras didn't miss the shadows in his eyes, and wondered if someone as even keeled and methodic as Varys had been through some hell that he had to overcome. The man wasn't exactly an open book, and for the first time Loras saw him as a mere human, vulnerable like the rest of them. Everyone had their own story to tell. He had no doubt Varys had an interesting one.

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"Robb, what are you doing?"

Sansa burst into his room unannounced, her eyes widening as she slammed the door behind her. Robb made no reply and turned away from her to continue what he was doing.

"Robb. Robb! I asked you -"

"I heard you the first time, San. What does it look like I'm doing? I'm packing."

He felt her rush over to him, grabbing his arm to turn him to face her. Instantly he saw the anger in her eyes and he looked away, guilty, continuing his packing. There wasn't much to pack.

"You're leaving me? You can't leave me -"

"I'm not going far, San. I'm going to Jon's for awhile, just to get away and clear my head. It might do us some time to be apart, for a myriad of reasons which I am too tired to list right now." His voice was calm, quiet; so quiet that she backed away from him and sank into a nearby upholstered chair. "It's better for everyone, and anyway, you will be leaving for New York in a week for filming. I'm not staying at Olenna Tyrells's house without you or Loras here. It wouldn't feel right. Hell, it doesn't feel right now."
He didn't bother to add that nothing had felt right since they fled Winterfell. It seemed like a nightmare with no ending, and even the solace he used to find in Sansa's arms was gone. Not that they had made love since that morning when Rickon came by; even on the trip out here, he ended up just holding her while she intermittently cried and spaced out like a zombie, but it felt contrite, hollow. It was the worst road trip ever, with their driver being a stone-faced road warrior who required pretty much no sleep and made it across the country in record time. Arriving at Olenna Tyrell's mansion, their relationship fared no better. Discreetly given adjoining rooms, Sansa didn't seek him out at night; instead he listened painfully as she creaked her door and padded down the long hallway to the wing where Loras had his rooms. He knew, yes, he knew their relationship wasn't sexual, yet he wished it was. Sex was easily given between two people wanting to experience pleasure, and Robb ultimately could not begrudge her that. It was the emotional bond he knew they had that killed him, and in turn made him jealous. Adding to his jealousy was the fact that not only had Loras offered them a private, safe haven, he was also bringing Varys in for damage control. Through it all Loras was nothing but kind and understanding, and Robb desperately wanted to hate him and punch his face in, but he just couldn't.

The plan was insane, so far-flung and out there that Robb had he doubts, even as Sansa wildly clung to the idea, not seemingly caring about what it would do to Robb's reputation. Robb excused her as being in not the best frame of mind and refused to see it as disloyalty to him or their love, and since he agreed to go along with it, he couldn't fault her for clinging to it like a life preserver. Yes, he thought glumly, her life would be preserved but he would be the one viewed as some sick freak, just not the sick freak who committed actual incest. But at least Benjen would be safe and Sansa could still have her career.

So simple, Varys had said.

Simple. Right.

Deny that it was Sansa in the video.

Easy to explain.

Lucky for them, when they were being recorded, Robb did his best to shield Sansa's face from where he knew the main camera was, in the mirror on the wall overlooking the bed. He doubted Baelish would bitch for retakes and it was his only act of outright defiance, besides ridding Sansa of her necklace before they started. Both now worked in their favor, as Sansa had never been without her necklace since she was sixteen, and the quality of the video was at least soft enough to where the very few times Sansa's face was full on, no one could be completely positive it was her, due to the contorted expressions she emitted while being fucked six ways to Sunday, and then there were times her hair was in the way. Add the fact that Sansa now sported a back tattoo of twisted vines and blue roses on her back, intertwining up her spine, they can claim it was definitely not her. Robb was suddenly thankful Sansa had a no nudity clause in her contract. No film or show she was ever in showed her nude. Audio was more difficult to pass over, but it was mostly him talking, and his voice carried over better than hers. A few times it was clear, as was apparent when Rickon played it for them, but Sansa's voice was thankfully not distinct.

So here it was: an attempt by anti-Sansa Stark fanatics to smear her, including Baelish, whom everyone knew had a chip on his shoulder after both Loras and Sansa dropped him as their Publicist/Agent. The woman in the hedonistic video was actually her body double, who had a one-night fling with Sansa Stark's brother, whom she met that night at the gala. That part was true, Robb had met her, and was impressed how much she looked like Sansa, not just in body type but hair and even face. He had joked then about how they could be twins. Little did they know what life was going to throw at them. So the claim was that they didn't know they were being filmed. That was all
well and good, and Robb wouldn't have such a problem with it, if he wasn't heard unmistakably saying he loved fucking his sister, demanding she tell him how much she liked fucking her brother. If he was having a one-night stand with some random woman, that was one thing, but this would paint him as some messed-up dude who has sister issues and takes it out in role-playing. Yet, he accepted the plan as it was. He was a nobody, just an ex-Marine and relative to a famous actor. *They would forget about him in time, but they would never forget it if Sansa Stark was actually fucking her brother.*

"Has it *ever* felt right for you, Robb?" Her voice trembled and he turned to face her again, his bags ready. She looked up at him with her tired blue eyes rimmed with dark circles.

"What do you mean by that?" Normally he would rush to her and take her in his arms, but he felt like lead. Instead he jammed his hands into his jeans pockets and met her gaze.

"Do you ever stop and *think*, if Mom hadn't died, would we still end up loving each other like we do? Or would we have been just another normal pair of siblings, loving each other as we should have?"

He sighed, moving to sit on the bench at the foot of his bed across from her, never taking his eyes from her face.

"There is no way to answer that, San. Sometimes I think our lives would be less complicated, and that is an understatement. I've wanted to pass this off sometimes as just a youthful indiscretion that would fade as we found others to love. I haven't found another to love and you are *all* I had ever wanted, right or wrong, but look at the price we've paid, and those around us. We created Benjen, who can never know his real parents. Rickon has been a mess for awhile, and now since that morning when he drove off and I lost sight of him, he hasn't been seen since. We've brought shame and embarrassment onto all of our family. We haven't heard from Dad, Arya, or Bran since the video went viral, although that is our fault for cancelling our cellphones. We were forced to perform sex acts by a man who later was murdered. Theon almost lost his one chance at true love and getting his life in order because of us, and Loras has gone from a dreamy-eyed, tree-hugging Romeo into someone who advocates the disposal of another human being. Now I will be exposed to all kinds of speculation and jokes from pretty much the whole world. At the end of the day, San, I'm truly sorry for the turn our lives have taken, yet I *still* cannot love you as a brother should."

"So, to show your undying love you are leaving me again." It was like she didn't even hear what he was saying. "You're angry at me for agreeing to this plan, aren't you? You're punishing me for what *you* think is throwing you under the bus to save my own skin."

"I'm going to Jon's, not re-joining the military. You will be going to New York anyway and I cannot go with you. I'm saving *more* than just your pretty skin, San. You keep forgetting we *have a son*, and a whole family back in Winterfell." He couldn't help the shortness in his tone. It was as if she was wanting to forget their son existed, and to Robb it was a rift between them that had widened with the latest turn of events. Truth be told, she was agreeing to feed him to the wolves.

"You can paint it any way you *want*, Robb. We've been arguing too much in these past couple weeks, and I'm tired of it."

"Well, I'm sorry this hasn't been the most romantic, rainbow-filled time for us, San. I've tried to be there for you but instead you scamper off to your boyfriend's bedroom in the middle of the night. It's obviously not *my arms* you are wanting to soothe you."

She had the decency to blush over his words and look down for a moment, her bottom lip sticking out, but her resentment and anger still held.
"Loras has been nothing but supportive and helpful, unlike you. All you've been doing is brooding around and picking fights with me. At this time we should be closer than ever, comforting each other, and all you can do is act jealous around a man who has done nothing but help us. I don't understand what's gotten into you, Robb. Just a few weeks ago we were so happy. Planning for our future together, making love and enjoying just lying in each others' arms. Now? Now all we've done is fight, argue about what needs to be done, argue about family and our relationship, and now you're abandoning me again."

"San Diego isn't that far away, San. Once you are back from New York you can come to Jon's, you know you are always welcome there. We have a lot of things unresolved -"

"Oh, really? Like what?"

"Oh, I don't know... like our family? We haven't spoken to Dad, Sansa, and I need to set things right with him, and Arya and Bran, and don't you care that Rickon hasn't been home since that morning? We only know that tidbit of information thanks to Jon." He paused. "Maybe my shortness with you is a result of your obvious inconsideration for anyone besides yourself."

"Yes, of course, I'm such the inconsiderate brat, aren't I? Well, I'm not the one running away again!" She stood up but didn't move towards him. "As far as Loras, at least he is making me his top priority. I seem to be at the bottom of your list."

"Loras doesn't have a son." He struggled for control. "I'm done trying to defend our child to you. I'm sorry that you cannot understand that I love him because he is our child. And I'm sorry you've let the value of our whole family slip away from you. The Sansa I knew at fifteen doesn't seem to exist in the Sansa now at twenty-five."

"So much has happened since then, Robb. I do love my family. Why do you think I've agreed to this whole so-called solution? If it works, our family will be spared any backlash. Why did I agree to go along with Baelish's demands? Because I, too, wanted to protect our son."

Robb's pay-as-you-go phone buzzed. He had bought it at a local drugstore; it wasn't the best phone ever but it wasn't a contract so it was an unregistered number. He whipped it out of his pocket to check it and shoved it back.

"The cabbie is here." He stood up and moved to embrace her, but she backed away. It hurt him, seeing the resentment in her eyes.

"I guess you really mean to go, so go."

"San, please, please don't be this way. No matter how much we've fought, you know I still love you with everything I am. I laid in bed at night hoping you would come to me, just to slip in next to me to be held, nothing more. Yet, you didn't. Maybe that means more than any words we could fling at each other."

"The door worked both ways, Robb."

"True, if you actually stayed in your room at night, I might have come to you."

Ignoring her folded arms and defiant stance, he closed the distance between them and drew her in for a hug. She hesitated before unfolding her arms to return the affectionate gesture, but Robb, so used to her hugs, felt the difference and his heart ached for her, for him, for them. He knew their relationship had changed, and not for the better, and there was really no good time right now to try to mend it. He kissed her on the top of her head, not daring to move to her lips.
"I love you, San. Try to have fun in New York; it will be good for you to spend some time away from California," he said hoarsely. "All this mess will be cleared up while you are there."

"Hmm." She pulled away from him then. "I love you, too, Robb. But if you leave me now, I don't know if I can accept it."

She didn't meet his eyes and he suddenly knew why she had been picking fights since their roadtrip. The pain jolted through his body and settled right into his heart. It was all over her face now and he wondered why he hadn't picked up on it before. She wasn't just lashing out at him over the leaked video and avoiding him at night simply because she thought Loras was better company.

She felt guilty. She felt ashamed. Of them.

He wanted to cry, shout, argue, shake her, pick her up and carry her to bed, either to just hold her until neither of them could breathe or make love to her until all doubt left her mind. But he did none of those things, opting instead to pick up his bags and throw the straps over his shoulders. Maybe the separation would help her sort out her feelings without having him around to cloud her judgement. He hoped she would realize what they meant to each other and come back without feeling shame for loving him. Yes, this time apart would be for the best.

"Goodbye, Sansa."

She stepped further away from him and his heart broke more, but instead of saying anything more, he passed her and headed out into the hallway.

He turned around to see her one last time, and was met with the door slamming in his face.

Robb turned towards the staircase, and didn't look back.
"The excitement filled my lungs and my mind as I breathed in the smog of the City of Angels. I knew this was going to be the journey I had always dreamed of as a little girl as I stepped out of the taxi and walked in awe into the penthouse building. My heart beat so rapidly against my chest as I made my way up to my new home and when I buzzed the door I had a moment of hesitation. Then, when the door opened and I was greeted with sparkling blue eyes and the most charismatic smile I'd ever seen, and when the owner of that grin swept me up and twirled me around effortlessly as if I were lighter than a feather, I knew I had found a home with -"

Sansa paused, staring at her laptop screen, contemplating what she had just typed, and sighed. With a friend? With my best friend? With Loras? With my fellow actor? With the dashing, fun-loving Romeo? With my Bearer of the Candy-Cane-Coolness nailpolish that has yet to make it back? She glanced down at the time while shifting the laptop on her thighs. The charge was getting low and the warmth heated her legs through her thin, daffodil-colored nightshirt.

New York was not as impressive as she had hoped. The onslaught of snow storms dampened her enthusiasm, along with the obvious distaste of the producer and director when she filmed her scenes with Loras for the series he was starring in. It had mattered, but not as much as she anticipated, that the media was all over the tawdry release of details concerning the leaked video. Rather than having the interest dissipate once it was known it was Sansa's body double getting it on with the starlet's brother, the focus became more on the brother's dirty talk and the parsing of the sex acts performed. It prompted various segments on sexual fetishes and incest fantasies and every expert had an analysis; not that Sansa watched. She had not watched anything since the video went viral. Even Ambrosia's popularity soared and she was offered interviews and even cameos not just in shows but of course in pornos. She was under Varys and Tryion's supervision so all acceptances or refusals ran through them; yes, Sansa's stand-in was no longer a no-name.

Of course the media wanted Robb as well, but he was nowhere to be found for comment. Sansa knew he was hiding at Jon's, or supposed he was, as she refused to contact him after he left her yet again. Sansa could not afford the luxury of hiding away, as she was contracted for her guest appearance, a 3 episode arc. She suspected -no, she knew - Loras was the reason she still had the job, so she put on her big girl professional panties and went to work, giving what she thought was her best performance. No matter what happened in her life, acting was her outlet and an area where she could leave her actual life behind and absorb her character, who more often than not had troubles deeper than her own.

Loras still had quite a bit of filming left to do, and Sansa was more than happy to leave the set behind due to the cold shoulders; Loras had begged her to visit but she politely refused. Everyone had been either avoiding her or offering her sympathy, and even Loras could not ease the tensions. So, she stayed at their rented pad, rarely venturing out. It was then that she discovered a new outlet for her
pain, frustration, and boredom: writing. She always had kept a diary, but this was different. She
decided to take a stab at writing a novel. The only experience she had of creative writing was a
couple of classes she took in school, and of course her drabbles in her diary books, but she found she
had a natural flair for it - and a need to tell her story. It was therapeutic and passed the time, and her
hobby even sometimes fought Loras for her attention at night. After all, Loras was gone from four in
the morning, sometimes not coming home until nearly midnight. The grueling pace left little time for
her and Loras to do much of anything besides sleep. He was allowed Sundays off from shooting, but
that was usually spent sleeping and maybe catching one or two old movies with a quiet dinner. So,
her laptop was her stand-in for Loras.

Loras.

She glanced down at the time again.

He should have been back by now.

Suddenly she felt bad for sending him out like she did. She couldn't really defend how upset she
became when, after her shower, she wanted to paint her nails and found that her favorite color,
Candy- Cane- Coolness , was not to be found. Like a spoiled child, she threw her bottles to the floor
and screamed in frustration, which brought a panicked Loras from his room into hers. She angrily
told him the situation and, being Loras, he said he would go get her a damn bottle if it would make
her feel better. So, out he went into the constant cold and snow with the empty bottle to match it up,
leaving Sansa alone to feel like an idiotic brat.

Well, she was being a brat and she knew it. It wasn't just Robb's departure that did it to her, but the
stress of it all; from the video leak to being the self-imposed recluse , from the lack of family
interaction to dreading the inevitable confrontation with them, and then of course there was the
looming graveyard of her career. She knew she would have to now struggle for roles, even if it was
known it wasn't her in the sex video; some of the damage would always be there no matter what
what known. It wasn't about the money. She had enough to live comfortably on for the rest of her
life. It was all about her life.

And what of Robb? What of his life? She tried not to think too much on Robb since coming out to
New York. His leaving made her angry and defiant rather than sad and desperate. Too many times he
had left her, too many times she had cried over him and missed him, and even though she
acknowledged it was the best way, a thread of resentment towards him had formed, even as her love
for him remained.

There was nothing from him in two months, and Sansa was too pridieful to text him. All she knew
that he was at Jon's and he has had no contact with anyone, according to Jon. The time apart also
looked good for the media, she supposed. As it was, everyone knew she was in New York staying
somewhere with Loras Tyrell, but as of yet they didn't have the specific location. She knew
eventually she would have to make a statement to the public, even as Varys and Tyrion advised
against ever doing it. She cared about her fans, if she had any left. Deleting all social media accounts
probably did not help her fanbase but she did it out of fear of being slammed. She had not been on
the internet since.

Their rented pad was nice, a loaner from a friend, but it was ultra-modern and a bit masculine. Loras
had offered to redecorate her bedroom but considering they were only going to be here about five
months, she declined. The dark wooded furniture, crisp white sheets, and thickly striped window
treatments and blankets weren't her thing, but at least it was comfortable, even if it was a stark
contrast to Olenna Tyrell's lush accommodations at Highgarden, or her own blue and pink feminine
sanctuary at home.
She heard the door open and shut and sighed with relief as she heard Loras shrugging off his coat and boots before making his way through her opened door. He stood there in his thick cabled sweater over his crisp white shirt, matched with striped pants, his feet pink from the cold and bare. Loras hated shoes and socks and went barefoot whenever he could. Sansa was thankful he didn't have Hobbit feet. They were really nice feet, for a guy.

"Your polish, you little brat." His dazzling grin took the sting out of his words as he tossed the bag at her feet, as she hadn't bothered to get up to greet him or even move the laptop. "I had to venture into three places to find that shit, so you'd better thank me."

An idea formed in her mind as she watched him rake a hand through slightly damp curls and claw at his closely trimmed beard. It must still be snowing outside, she thought. He went through a lot of trouble just to get me a tiny bottle of polish and yes, I should really thank him.

"Ok, fine, Loras, I will thank you for putting up with me being such a brat." She saved the material she had on her computer and shut it, moving it off her lap to the end table, and reached down for the little brown bag, shaking it as she extended her arm towards him. "For all your hard work, I will allow you to paint my nails."

His eyebrows shot up at that but he swiped the bag from her. She gave him her prettiest smile, smoothing down her nightshirt as she adjusted the pillows behind her so she sat up comfortably as he made his way to sit on her bed by her knees. He studied her intently for a moment, then gave a little laugh, shook his head, and stared at her feet as she wriggled her toes in anticipation. She watched as he pulled off his sweater, tossing it into the corner, and then rolled up his sleeves on his oxford shirt, as if he were getting down to some serious business.

"It's getting hot in here, so take off all your clothes - I am gettin' so hot - I wanna -" The song just popped in her head as she sang softly, mock-dancing with her arms moving in a perfect cabbage-patch rotation.

"Ok, hell no, stop with the Nelly or I refuse." He moved down to her toes. "You have any of those toe separator things?" She shook her head, amazed that he was going to do it. He smiled as he took the bottle out, shook it, and twisted the top off. "I guess I will just use my fingers then."

Her breath caught. It was such an innocent statement, surely, but her mind went off in an entirely different direction and she pressed her thighs together, moving her left leg up over her right one to close any visible gaps as Loras cleared his throat and got down to it. His left hand gently cupped her foot as he wedged a finger in between her big toe and her thumb toe, using his right hand to paint. His hands were surprisingly warm, considering he was just in the cold. She tried to shrug the feelings off. She was just lonely, nothing more...but...

"So what's next, Sunshine? Braid each others' hair and talk about boys?" He leaned down to blow on the wet polish. "Two coats, right?"

"Um." His breath tickled her toes and she looked down at him as the sensations crept up from her feet through her bare legs and straight in between them. "Um. Three. No, maybe four. Yes, um. Four."

The painting paused, but only for a moment. Loras kept his eyes averted to his task and cleared his throat again.

Sansa was used to comfortable silences with Loras, whether it was relaxing with him and taking in old movies and drinking wine, or just lying together for comfort on sleepless nights. Everything was so easy with him, so relaxing. She couldn't remember ever fighting with him, nothing serious
anyway. Silly spats over the direction of acting out their scenes sometimes or disagreements over who was the better actress, Bette Davis or Joan Crawford (Bette all the way) or the best actor, James Stewart or Gary Cooper (Jimmy, of course). It was all so easy in life with Loras, but this silence was nothing easy. Not for her. Not for him, either, if she had to go by the slight flush on his cheeks and how he had to slow the brushstrokes down, as if he was concentrating on steadying his hand.

"You know, I painted Marg's nails when we were younger." His tone was low, raspy, and Sansa closed her eyes, focusing on his voice and his touch. She loved listening to him talk in his calm, quiet tones, not as deep as Robb's voice but still, undeniably soothing. "I remember going on a picnic with family and friends, it was a huge gathering. All the boys got together to play tag football in the fields and they laughed at me for choosing to spend time with my sister over them, and laughed harder when Marg presented me with her nail polish. I ignored those boys and happily decorated my sister's toes and fingers while we giggled and laughed, talking to each other like we were a prince and princess of a huge castle that was filled of nothing but roses and fresh-baked cookies."

She felt his breath again on her toes as he carefully placed her foot down and reached for the other one. She moved her left leg apart from her right and wondered if Loras would take the chance to look up her nightie, but he kept his eyes on her feet. Sansa scooted down to where she was lying and placed her arms on her stomach. She could will the feeling away, she could. There were times where she felt his touch keenly but pushed it away as nothing more than raging hormones, or longing for Robb. But then she remembered his fingers inside her, and the way he kissed her at the wedding, and the remembering made her warm. Wet. Wet like the polish he laid down on the toes of her left foot now. With his fingers parting her toes. Her toes. Maybe she wanted him to part more crevices than just her toes...

"While she sat in the grass waving her feet and toes to dry them faster, I set about finding as many flowers as I could, but ended up with burnets and dandelions. I managed to make her a little crown of them. It wasn't easy but Marg's squeal of delight was reward enough for me. Her little peals of laughter were music to my ears. I placed it on her head and crowned her the Princess of Love and Beauty, and told her she was the most beautiful princess in all the land. She took my hand and led me around my the nose, so to speak, and I was far happier playing with my sister than getting beat up by those boys. I didn't give two shits about what those little bastards said about me. I was with who I wanted to be with, and I knew I was having a far better time that they were. I could see some of them looking at us wistfully, as if they either wanted to join or maybe they just wanted to be the ones to make Marg laugh. And I was so proud, proud I chose her over those rude kids, proud to make her feel special, proud that my crown didn't fall apart. I knew then that all my life, all I wanted to do was please everyone, and be the best at whatever I do. That, of course, includes toenail painting."

She opened her eyes as he set the closed bottle down and lifted her foot up, to blow at the finished paint there. Again the feeling shot up between her legs.

"Three coats to go." He reached for the bottle again, and then froze when she said his name.
"Loras."

It came out breathy, and it caught his attention, and her heart stopped for a beat or two as she met his questioning blue eyes with hers. She fought the shyness, the hesitation, and possible rejection and slowly reached down to pull up her nightgown with both hands until it fell around her waist, then lowered her right hand to her lower abdomen, all the while not breaking her gaze on him. She was wet, she could feel it through her thin, cotton bikinis. She could also feel her hand trembling until Loras suddenly reached up to grab it, moving it away from her mound.

"Sansa. No." His voice was firm.

She cringed and died inside. She knew it. She knew. Her boldness left her, and she swallowed as Loras moved his body up next to her, seating himself on her right side, his hand still clutching hers. His eyes intently searched hers before a small smile emerged. He understood.

"What I mean is, no, you don't have to do that. Let me, Sansa. If you want."

Her immediate response was to spread her legs further apart and moved their clasped hands back down; she felt him release her hand to softly touch her over her panties. Soft yet smooth, there was no trembling in his hand. She bucked up against him, wanting to feel the pressure and she reached up to pull him down to her for a kiss. Finally, it wasn't a movie scene, or a quick hurry-before-we-get-caught scenario, this was true and slow, and she was determined not to compare, determined not to think of anything other than how sweet his lips were moving against hers. His hand still did not move and she started gyrating against it as her lips pressed harder into his for a more demanding kiss. He complied - he always would, wouldn't he - and her hands grasped his forearms, feeling his blondish-brown hair there, and she skimmed upwards to be greeted by... his shirt. She huffed into his mouth as her fingers hastily undid the buttons to peel off his shirt. She broke the kiss to look at him. How many times has she seen him shirtless? Many, too many to count, yet she still traced her hand down his hairless chest to his pants. Those crazy striped pants she absolutely hated and made fun of when he wore them. She huffed again, reaching down to undo them.

"Sansa." His warm hand left her throbbing center and he pulled back from her. "Are you sure you want this? I mean, I know where your heart lies, it's not with me. I know you love me as a dear friend, and I don't want that feeling to be destroyed if this happens. And I know you will be comparing me, I don't want you to feel guilty about that, either. It's only natural."

"You talk too much." She reached out for his belt, unbuckling it and whipping it out of his belt loops before unbuttoning and unzipping his fly in record time. "I won't compare you to Robb if you don't compare me to Renly." Even saying his name, there was a twinge of hesitation, but only a twinge. Robb left her. Loras has never left her. Loras was here and he was willing to make her happy.

Unexpectedly he laughed as she tried to tug down his pants.

"Not a chance on that one." He moved her hands away and did the honors himself. "But I don't mind you comparing this."

She couldn't help but smile when he moved off the bed and dropped his pants, kicking them away, and then her smile faded as she drank him in. She couldn't help but stare. Oh, she was familiar with his swimmer's body, always so lean and now with muscle tone for his show, his sides narrowing into his slim waist. He had a very faint happy trail and his pubic hair was surprisingly short and well groomed, but oh dear god. She had felt it hard up against her, accidentally when sleeping and on purpose at the wedding, but he was endowed, maybe a bit too much? She couldn't help but compare in that instant. Robb was smaller, and Robb was not small by any means, at least she didn't think so when she gave him head or felt him inside her. Loras was longer and thicker for sure, and even
though it looked smooth and rather.. pretty standing at full attention, it was intimidating. Having only had one other cock inside her, maybe she was overreacting, but when her eyes traveled back up to meet his, he knew her concern, and probably understood when her eyes went straight back to his cock.

"I take it you were the bottom in you previous relationship," she whispered. It was enough to break some of the tension and Loras half-laughed.

"We switched off, if you must know." He grew serious again as he moved back on to the bed to take her in his arms. "We don't have to do this, and you can tell me to stop. We don't even have to go that far. It's your call, Sansa."

In response she reached up to snake her arms around his neck, pulling him in for more passionate kissing. How long they kissed she did not know. His lips traveled to her neck, his tongue flicking around her necklace, and she remembered the night his fingers were in her and he had kissed her there, and it turned her on even more. His attentions to the curve of her neck and then back up to her lips frustrated her; she felt as if Loras would be content with just kissing and she knew she wouldn't be. She squirmed away from him to tug off her nightshirt, and before she could throw it aside he was cupping her breasts, licking and sucking on each one while his hands encircled them. She felt it right between her legs and she moaned a little, pressing his neck into her. His breath was heavy so was hers, but she was the impatient one as she gripped his hands and shoved them down to the waistband of her underwear.

"Ah, panties. Right. What is the purpose of underwear anyway? We should burn all the underwear and just go commando. There's no point in them." He kissed between her breasts before lifting up and shedding her slowly of the nuisance. "Well, I suppose they offer a bit of tease-"

"Loras, are you a talker during sex?" Desire and frustration was rolling off her in waves and he was critiquing undergarments. Then it struck her. He hadn't been with a girl sexually since high school. At least, not that she was aware of. Only Renly and a fling with some guy who called himself Olyvar. She was sure Loras would tell her if he had been with a woman. Wouldn't he? "Lor, have you been with a woman since -"

"Not since high school, no. I've not found a woman sexually attractive since then besides you, San." He sat back on his haunches to take her in, as if he'd never seen her naked before. He had, quite a few times, so why did he act like it was so new? "You are beautiful, Sansa. If I had a flower crown I would name you my Queen of Love and Beauty. And yes, I am a talker. Why stay so silent, when words intermixed with moans and cries are the music of making love?"

She meant to say something but lost the ability when he moved to settle between her legs, spreading them enough to accommodate his body. She knew what was coming, or thought she did, when he settled his head on her thigh. She could feel his breath on her as one smooth finger grazed her lip next to her clit, just lightly stroking. She looked down at him and he was already looking up at her and she pleaded with her eyes, starting to buck up, but his other hand held her at the hip.

"Can you do something for me, San?"

Anything.

"Wh-what, Loras?"

"Tell me when you get close to cumming."

"Ok. Oh -" Her heart was going to jump out of her chest as his fingers started lightly exploring every
fold, deliberately avoiding her clt, reaching down to feel her drenched opening, then running wet fingers back thru the crevices.

"Every petal is like a rose after a spring rain," he murmured, and Sansa whimpered as he increased his stroking. "Pink, wet, and full from the water, especially the bud in the center. You are so lovely, Sansa, a work of art."

She didn't know which of his fingers found it but she whined as he finally stroked her clt in perfect, round circles. His pace was slow and she growled low with impatience and he sped up, keeping a rhythm that surely would get her there quickly. She felt the build up and wondered if he did, it was happening so soon -

"Lor, I'm starting to -"

His fingers jerked away as he planted kisses along the insides of her thighs, travelling down to her knees and he continued planting wet kisses down to her shins. The build-up subsided and she popped her head up to look at him.

"Why?" Her whole body was tight. "Why !"

His fingers reached up to stroke her again, lightly as he kissed his way back up to her thighs.

"I want this to last, Sansa. I want to make this something you will never forget. I want you to experience more than just a rush to the finish line. This isn't about the fight for a climax. This is about a climb to a higher feeling."

He began again, touching her more boldly now, using two fingers to massage her nub, more pressure now, and here she was again -

"Loras! I -"

Pulling away, he kissed her stomach, her hip, his tongue tracing wet patterns on her skin as his hands roamed over her thighs. It was bliss and it was painful, and suddenly Sansa accepted this game, this way of making love. It was something new, something exhilarating, and Loras talking to her in his throaty yet soft voice was tipping her over.

"Your skin tastes of flowers, like the lilac soap you use in the shower," he said between caresses of his mouth. "I've imagined you countless times, wishing to god I could be that little purple bar of soap." With that, he dipped his head down between her legs. "Do you taste as good as you smell?"

She couldn't give a reply even if he wanted one as she felt his tongue on her, licking slow and deep in her folds, his fingers spreading her open to make sure he didn't miss a spot. And he didn't. Whatever he learned in high school he must have kept with him because she could feel herself swelling even more, and couldn't tell what wetness was his mouth and what was hers. All thought left her and even as his other hand held her in place she moved against him, urging him to lick faster, and he did, and there she was again, reaching her point -

"Lor -" It was a needy cry and he pulled his mouth away, kissing again up her belly and moving up her body, his lips not missing a single patch of skin until he came to her breasts, licking and lightly nipping each one. He moved up to kiss her and she responded fiercely, shoving her tongue in his mouth, tasting. He moved away but not before licking her bottom lip and gently biting it, before turning his attentions to her earlobe. His breath was hot and panting in her ear and she almost died when his hand slipped down and two fingers found their way down and very slowly eased into her wet, swollen cunt.
"Do you remember this?" His whispers seemed to trickle down her ear into her neck and she shivered in delight. "You might have said another man's name, but it's my fingers you came on. I loved sinking my fingers in your cunt, San. So warm and inviting, it was pure heaven, feeling your soft walls clenching me." He curled his fingers and started pumping them, his thumb finding her overly sensitive clit. She felt his chest against her, his cock massive and pressing into her side, some precum smearing on her. She could only whimper until she felt it again, and for a moment thought about not telling him, just riding out the powerful orgasm she knew was coming and savoring it. Her whole body strained for it.

"Loras!" She huffed it out and her body screamed for completion as he withdrew his fingers instantly. Her body was alive with pleasure. And why should she be the one in this exquisite torment? She reached down to grasp him, amazed at his thickness but she started stroking him all the same, touching the tip of his head and smearing the precum around the top. Loras didn't object and his breathing intensified. She felt his cock tighten and he instinctively gyrated into her hand while burying his teeth into her neck. Emboldened, she jerked her hand away when she thought he was getting close to exploding.

There, now he knows how it feels. And it does feel pretty damn good.

"Ah, Sansa, you're a fast learner." He nipped at her neck and down to her collarbone. "I want this to be all about you. I want you dripping wet before I enter you, for obvious reasons other than my ego."

Before she knew it he was back down again, licking her lightly, so lightly she could barely feel it, but she was so aroused and swollen at this point it felt like he was using full pressure. Then she felt it, his tongue stabbing his way inside her hole, a finger rapidly yet lightly tapping her clit. It was all she needed as she thrust up into his mouth, and she wasn't going to tell him this time. No, she wasn't. She wanted this. She was going to scream his name so loud the neighbors would come knocking. Gripping whatever piece of sheet she could find, she chased the feeling -

He pulled away.

"Goddamn you, Loras!" It wasn't exactly the scream she had hoped to emit. "I want to cum. I can't take this anymore. I can't!" She felt on the edge of laughing or crying or shouting. Her stomach was as tight as a drum and her pussy felt like it was going to goddamn explode. Sweat was forming on her brow and she wanted that climax.

"You're straining too hard, San." She couldn't believe it when he scooted down to her feet, to kiss them, before flicking his tongue over her painted toes, one at a time, his fingers tracing in the crevices. Just as he did earlier, only now it was more than just suggestively sexual, it was downright torturous. "Just relax, embrace this, don't fight it."

"I'm not fighting this! I want this. I want you. I want -"

"And I want you." He moved back up, once again delving his fingers inside, pumping slowly again and she wanted to move away but she couldn't. Maybe this time would be the time. Maybe. Again she rocked her hips up, the build-up was instant, and she thought she had it until he pulled out once again. He continued this deliberate action again and again, until she thought she could take no more. Her legs started shaking uncontrollably at some point and she felt like she was going to gleefully lose her mind.

Unbidden, she started a breathless laugh and felt tears in her eyes as he moved again to embrace her.

"Are you sure? Are you sure you want this, want me?"
She heard, through her obscene pleasure, the uncertainty in his voice, and the love as well. She knew his worry, and tried her best to absolve him of it.

"Yes, I want this. I want you, Loras Tyrell. If you don't fuck me now I will make you regret it every day for the rest of your life."

She locked eyes with him and he pushed in slowly with a groan, his eyes closing only for a second before looking into hers again. The feel of him was overwhelming, he was huge, she felt like she had a cannon inside her, she was stretched and she felt her lips cling around him as he sunk in the rest of the way. She took all of him in and there was no pain but she was filled to the hilt. She moaned loud and deep, and almost came just from the feeling, and would have if he started thrusting, but he did not. Her arms flew around his back.

"Sansa." It was a low gasp. "I want you to do something for me- ah, before I move -"

"Anything." She meant that. Anything.

"When you feel yourself cumming, let go. Relax you whole body. Trust me."

In the back of her mind she knew what he was doing, he was making sure he didn't hurt her, making sure this first time around she adjusted to his size. In the front of her mind, she wanted to scream at him and slap him, spur him on to fuck her madly, blindly. He had her on the brink so many times, and now this?

He reared up, propping himself up on his hands on either side of her so their chests weren't touching and began to thrust, slowly, and Sansa broke away from his eyes to stare at his hips sensuously moving up into her, the rhythmic flow and the angle of his cock grazing her overly swollen clit, it didn't take long for her to build up again and she reached up to place her hands on his sweaty chest, digging her nails in, staring into him and he managed a sexy grin, which tipped her over the edge. As she was asked, she exhaled and relaxed her whole body, her arms falling to her sides, nothing of her straining for his increasing thrusts and for a moment it felt like floating, felt like dreaming, and then it was upon her, the climax floating over her entire body, not in a rush of frantic fury but in a slow stream of euphoria like she had never known before. Her intended scream became a low, drawn-out moan; she didn't recognize her own voice or what came from it. All she knew was this powerful yet lighter-than-air intense, drawn-out pleasure.

"Lor-" it was all she could manage, groaning low and throaty, as almost deep as a man's voice, as white and black flashed across her eyes, riding out the end of her orgasm, and she felt him quickening his pace. She reached up to grab him and pull him onto her as she met his thrusts, the euphoria of her climax lingering as she clawed at his back, feeling his hardness, his fullness, wanting him to join her in this completely unexpected feeling. He was almost beyond all flowery words at this point and she kissed him, biting his lips and she felt him as he came, the pulses so strong inside her she thought she might have another orgasm; they seemed to go on forever as he moaned against her lips and she reveled in it, pushing her hips into his even as she felt a slight pain from his tightness.

"Sansa." Emptied, satiated, he collapsed gently onto her, his breath heavy on her shoulder. She reached up to run her fingers through his dampened curls before he moved them so they laid on their sides facing each other, his cock still buried deep within her. Her breath slowed but the rest of her felt like jelly and she reached up to caress his beard and smiled before pulling her hand away.

In response he lightly skimmed a finger from her neck down her shoulder and arm to her hand, clasping it and kissing the knuckles lightly before holding it to his chest, offering her a gentle smile even as his eyebrows raised a bit.
"I didn't hurt you, did I, Sunshine?"

"No, you didn't hurt me." She swallowed. "You got me mad about delaying my orgasm, but I think the end result wiped that anger away."

His other hand reached up to gently smooth some flyaway hair around her face.

"Do you regret it?"

"No." She meant it. "No, Loras, I don't regret it, and I won't."

To try to reassure him, she snuggled in close to bury her head into his chest. She felt him sigh and he moved to hold her against him. Already she was sleepy and her body felt like she ran a marathon. Tired, drained, but accomplished.

"I'm glad, San. I was worried this might change us, and I hope it doesn't."

"Hmm. Um." She was getting drowsy. "Lor, tell me a story."

She felt his body tense for a moment and then relax.

"I used to like to spend the summers at Grandmother's place in Highgarden. Every night it seemed I would have a dream, the same dream, of a little fairy sprite who would visit me. She had long, red hair and bright blue eyes—"

It took all of five minutes for Sansa to fall asleep, listening to the lull of Loras, feeling him still deep inside of her.

Chapter End Notes

Don't hate on Sansa. 'Cause admit it, if you saw this, you would, too.
Finn Jones pic inspiration:
The Visitor At Jon's Humble Abode

"Robb ? Robb !"

"Hmmm.. I'm here, San. I'm here."

Robb felt her hand on his shoulder and he reached out to grasp it, pulling it to cover his heart. Her scent filled his senses...her hair fell over him like the softest curtain...

"You've always had this, always will. I love -"

"ROBB!"

Her voice turned masculine and Robb forced his eyes open at the loss of contact. Disappointment and embarrassment flooded him as he realized it wasn't a blue-eyed, flame-haired beauty hovering over him, but a grey-eyed, dark-curled dude.

"Jon. What the fuck?" He rubbed the sleep out of his eyes.

"I could say the same thing. I've never had a man's hand cradle mine to his goddamn chest before. The naked thing doesn't help the situation."

Robb groaned as he sat up, rearranging the sheets around him to shield his naked body. Jon loomed over him, pushing back his mop of curls from his eyes. A small smile, sad and full of pity and understanding - more than Robb deserved - formed on his lips.

"Hey, it's almost noon. I'm heading out to see Ygritte. I wanted to make sure you were up at 'em. I am getting tired of you as a house guest, man." He ran his fingers through his tousled mess and looked down. "A few days turned into a few weeks, and that now has been a couple months. I know you've offered rent money, and you've been doing the cooking and cleaning and yard caring like a good little house bitch, but your roomie days now have to be numbered."

He understood what Jon was saying. Hell, he couldn't blame him, really. Christmas had already come and gone, with Robb house-sitting while Jon and Ygritte traveled back to Winterfell; the New Year came and went with him hiding under the bed covers; and now February was here, close to Valentine's Day. Robb kept losing track of time and his funds were low, and of course he felt like a bum. The media at least had seemed to all but forgotten the scandalous video, and had moved onto the newest salacious bit about a producer caught in bed with a fifteen-year-old by his long-suffering wife. However, Robb still, in the rare times he ventured off of Jon's block, still looked over his shoulder and hid behind sunglasses, fearful someone would recognize him and hunt him down. The paranoia did nothing for his mental state, and although Jon had mentioned therapy more than once, Robb was resistant. He didn't need a therapist. What he needed was, well, plain and simple: Sansa.

There had been no word from Sansa, and he couldn't bring himself to contact her himself, relying on Jon for information about her and his family. All he knew was she was still in New York with Loras while he was wrapping up filming and currently doing reshoots for his series, and had caught a severe bacterial infection recently. He wanted to be the one to take care of her through her sickness, and hated the thought of Loras being the one to look after her, but his pride and stubbornness - and fear - kept him from calling her or flying out. She hadn't bothered to get in touch with him, either, so there was that; and every time he reached for his phone, he remembered the way she slammed the door in his face and resisted. He missed her, ached for her, wanted her, but his heart couldn't reconcile with his mind this time around. He dreamed of her at night and thought of her during the
day, but he was also upset with her; upset that she was now ashamed of them, upset that she acted like she cared nothing for their son or their family; and mostly upset that she hadn't come running back to see him. It was wrong and he knew it, but he had hoped she would have seen the sacrifice he had made for her well-being where the leaked video was concerned, and come back to him with open arms. His hopes were dashed with every day that trickled by.

"I know, man, I know. I need a game plan." Robb groaned as he slid out of bed, stark naked, looking around for his boxers. "I just don't know what to do anymore."

"Start by clothing yourself," Jon suggested, turning away. "I'm getting tired of your bare ass hanging out saying hi to me all the time. Thankfully Ygritte doesn't come over much."

Robb said nothing as he threw on his boxers and discarded jeans, padding over to the dresser to rummage around for a t-shirt. He knew why Ygritte rarely came over; she did not approve of him. She did not know the extent of his relationship with Sansa, but she had seen the video and Robb knew she thought he was a fucked-up individual and didn't want to share space with such a deviant. He had overheard a conversation early on when they thought he was sound sleep, with Ygritte point-blank stating she wouldn't be fucking Jon while Robb was in the house. So, Jon remedied that by popping over to her place as much as he could. Family always came first with Jon, and he found a solution to appease both parties for a time. Now, Robb suspected Ygritte was tired of loaning out her man to his cousin and wanted him to shove off ASAP.

"Jon, you know I've been trying to get on at Karstark's Logging Company. As soon as there's an opening, I'm gone." That much was true. His Marine buddy's father had a logging business in Montana, and Robb was next in line for a job there.

"Montana? In BFE? Why don't you just join the Marines again? You are still on active, why not just go back? I'm sure you will retain your ranking -"

"They wouldn't have me back, Jon." He hastily pulled on a dark grey t-shirt. "Not sure what the protocol is on it, but I am sure they are well aware of the video."

"You could always try. You were a beast in the military. I think it was your calling." Jon turned back around to survey him. "I never took you for a coward, Robb. Remember I was with you in Afghanistan; I know what you are capable of. You've risked your life to save others, you never backed down, and you were an excellent shot. Now, you can't seem to get out of bed before noon and you are afraid to talk to your own sister. You need to get over it, Robb, and call her. And you need to go home."

Robb winced. Home. He missed his family, especially Benjen, but going back to Winterfell? Facing Dad and Arya and Bran? Jon was right, he was a coward. He couldn't stomach the thought of how they would perceive him, especially Dad. He would rather do a hundred more tours in Afghanistan than deal with the family's judgement. The experience with Rickon was bad enough, and Rickon still was avoiding the family as well, only visiting Dad during Christmas before disappearing again.

"I can't go home, Jon." He swept past him out of the guest room and made his way down the hall of the three bedroom ranch, heading towards the kitchen. Jon followed close on his heels.

"Look, isn't it time? I've told you, your whole family keeps calling and asking about you. They are worried, Robb. They are concerned -"

"Concerned? Right. They all want to see me stuffed into a looney bin or something, don't they? Maybe some good old-fashioned shock therapy and manufactured drugs will rid me of the sickness of role-playing that women I fuck are my sister."
"I didn't say that. No one thinks that." Robb heard the uncertainty in his voice and inwardly shuddered. "Robb, I know you love Sansa and it's more than...more than that video tells. It's not some role-play with some lookalike for a kink factor. It's love, and though I don't understand it, I can see it every time you talk about her. It's all over your face. You are like you were overseas when we would get care packages and letters from her. You face just lights up, just as it did then. There's a tender look only a lover would give when thinking about his girl. You didn't think I would notice? And then there's that drunk confession. Remember?"

Robb refused to answer, pretending to ignore him as he searched for orange juice. He wasn't eating much, so juice would be sufficient for his brunch. With shaking hands he located a coffee mug from the cupboard. He heard Jon's phone go off but kept his back to him as he stood and downed the juice. He hoped it was Ygritte bitching at him so he'd leave. He heard him sigh, so he turned around to lean back into the counter and look at him. Dark eyes met blue; determined met avoidance. Even now, Robb was refusing to admit his love for Sansa. Even now, he would not betray her through his own voice, even though deep down he knew Jon knew everything.

"Fine." Jon's voice was quiet, gentle, as he stuffed his phone back into his pocket. "I have to leave now. I'll be back...maybe tonight, or tomorrow."

"Jon." Robb's voice was broken, low. "If I haven't thanked you yet, I want to thank you for taking me in when I needed it most. I'll be out of your pretty-boy curly hair soon, I promise. I just needed to get my head on straight and stop hiding from the world and that video, and from Sansa as well. You see, I wanted her to heal on her own. Having me around would just have...complicated things. We fought so much after that thing got leaked. Time apart is best for her."

The juice seemed to churn in his stomach already as he heard Jon sigh before grabbing him into the roughest man-hug he could muster, which wasn't rough at all. For a moment, relief passed through him. Jon knew, and still loved him as much as a brother would.

"Maybe you should have asked Sansa what she thought was best for her. See you later, man."

A few pats on the back and Jon disappeared, shutting the front door silently behind him. Robb felt like a fool. A damned stupid fool. That was par for the course lately anyway.

Sansa is right to not forgive me for this last bit. Leaving her at that point was wrong. So we were fighting, so what? All couples fight, all couples have stress, and I ran away like a petulant child when she needed me the most. I should have manned up, went to her rooms at night and demanded we talk things out rationally. I should have confronted her about her feelings of shame and guilt, assure her that my love for her hasn't changed, will never change. I've told her so many times before how she is the only woman I could ever love, and maybe if she heard it one more time, it would have helped. But no, I run for the hills because all I could think about was that damn video going viral and honestly I didn't know how to cope with her not wanting this relationship full-force. She was always the aggressor, always pushing for more after our initial kiss. Now she is the one resisting, withdrawing. All I thought I wanted was some space between us to stop the fights and heal. Now...well, now I know it was the wrong choice and I'm going to do something about it. Now. Now, before it's too late.

His mind set and more clear than it has been for months, he set off to the bedroom to grab his phone. He was going to call her until she answered. If she still didn't answer, he was going to call Loras and demand he hand the phone to her personally. Enough was enough.

Heading down the hallway, he was interrupted by the doorbell. It was an annoying thing, loud and obnoxious and completely un-Jon like. He debated about answering it but decided why the hell not, it was probably another action figure Jon ordered from Evilbay. It was one of his passions that Robb
never really understood. Then again, Robb's only passion in life, aside from the Marines, was Sansa. He swung the door open and stopped.

"Dad?"

There Ned Stark stood in front of him, looking old and worn, his dark grey eyes rimmed with bags under them, his hair seemingly more grey than the last time Robb saw him, at Arya's wedding.

"Son." His voice was low and gravelly.

Robb froze, feeling fear and surprise and shame. His mind raced and he opened his mouth to say something, anything, but he didn't know what to say or do. He knew instantly this was Jon's doing, and the text he received was his Dad's arrival.

His father stood eye-to eye, the man he once revered so much, then resented when he emotionally abandoned his children in his own grief. Only after his marriage to Mel did he seem to come back around to being an actual father, and by then it was too late...too late for him, for Sansa, for Rickon...and then it seemed like he was a child again, about to get reprimanded for something he did wrong, only now his misdeeds were larger and more serious than anything he ever did growing up. Robb pitched forward to his father's waiting arms, and broke down, crying uncontrollably. Ned stepped inside with him and shut the door and they crumpled to the floor, Ned cradling Robb's head against his solid chest as if he were a child again. All of the stress and agony and inner pain since that night with Baelish came out in choked sobs as Robb grasped at his father's jacket.

"Robb." His voice was broken and not unkind. "Son -"

"Dad. Ah, Dad. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." Robb struggled for composure, horrified. "Dad, please don't hate me -"

How long they sat on the floor, Robb didn't know. He only knew it felt good, if only for a few moments or minutes, to finally have a release for everything that had happened. Maybe now, finally, after years of holding a grudge against his father, he could forgive him and be forgiven in return.

Ned coaxed him up and helped him to the couch. Robb tried to compose himself, hurriedly wiping away the tears and sniffing, then closing his eyes, refusing to meet his father's gaze as he moved away from him. Learning forward, he bowed his head into his hands. Here he was, blubbering like a baby, where he should man up and be strong for Sansa's sake. Sansa needed a champion for her love, a defender, not a broken-down waste of a human being. Loras had the balls to seek out someone to help take down Peter Baelish, and what has he really done for her? Besides taking some heat for a sex video with some body double? Nothing. Nothing...and now he was apologizing to his father for the only love in his life that was true, steadfast, and all-encompassing. No matter what the price - and oh how they paid the price - she was all that mattered to him. Still, he couldn't look at his dad.

"Robb, let me start by saying you are my son, you will always be my son, and I love you. I know I haven't been the best father to any of you since your mother died, and I am sorry for that." His voice sounded more firm now. "This whole business about that video that went viral, it's vile for sure, but -"

"Dad." Suddenly Robb reared up, straight-backed, running a hand through his curls and daring to look his father in the eyes. "Dad, there's something you need to know -"

Need offered a bitter smile.
"I know, son. I know." He paused."I had suspected early on. You and Sansa were always so close growing up, nothing wrong with that, but when your mother died, it seemed you two became even more close. It's my fault how close you became. I wasn't there for you in your time of need, so you turned to each other for comfort and love as well as playing the role of parents to your sister and brothers. Being teenagers, I guess hormonally you thought the love needed to be physical, maybe that's how you dealt with the pain of your mother dying and losing your father emotionally. I take full blame for your relationship with your sister and the damage it's caused both of you."

"Dad, I -"

"No, Robb. Wait. This needs to be said, it needed to be said awhile ago but I kept hoping I was wrong, hoping it was just an overactive imagination." He paused again to look Robb straight in the eyes. "I know Benjen is yours, Robb. I had an inkling about him when Sansa came to me pregnant and scared and I agreed to adopt the child as my own. My suspicions were only confirmed as Benjen grew. Babies all kind of look alike, but once they start forming features...well, I knew. Besides the fact that Theon isn't a very good liar, and Benjen's looks, there was the irrational fear from Sansa that something might be wrong with the child, and her stubbornness to carry the baby to term and give it a life that would never really include her. I knew, and putting it all together, with the covert glances and feelings I picked up between the two of you, I just knew. And I still stuck my head in the sand and hoped it would fade, hoped you both would find happiness with someone else and end this incestuous fling. Only with this video leak did I somewhat faced the fact you will never let each other go."

Stunned, Robb could only stare. He knew. He knew about Benjen. It made sense now, looking back, how he was always so encouraging for Robb to spend time with Benjen, offering any chance for them to bond, and Robb always thought it was meant to form a brotherly bond. Now, he realized Dad was trying to give him an opportunity to know his own son in the only way he could. He knew his children were sleeping together yet never confronted them, never demanded they stop, never intervened except to give their child happy life. Yet -yet Robb still felt like he needed to protect Sansa.

"Dad, the video -that wasn't- that wasn't San-"

"Robb, I know you've lost respect for me over the years but don't lie to me now. I am your father, for Christ's sake, and I know that is Sansa. I know my children, and while the world may be fooled by Tyrion Lannister's grandstanding press conference, I am not. It was not something I wanted to see, but I saw enough to know. My mind cannot comprehend what I saw, and that is no doubt merciful-"

"Dad," Robb's stomach churned and the shame crept up in him, shame not in his relationship with Sansa, but shame at what was seen on the video, "There's something you should know. Now that you know - now that you know - I - first, I love Sansa, I love her. I would never hurt her in a million years, I would never mistreat her. I never forced her into our relationship and I would do anything to protect her. There's something I need to tell you, about that video. It's about Peter Baelish. The part of Tyrion's conference that was true, Baelish did have us recorded, but we knew about it, we were forced to do what you saw on that video -"

It spilled out of him in a torrent of words then, his confession, and it felt good to unburden it all even as he relived the horror of it all, even as he worried over his Dad's reaction. He couldn't look at him in the eyes as he rambled, instead concentrating on his chest, which heaved in emotion as he laid it all out for him. The only time he ever saw his father cry was when they lost Mom...

"We had no choice, Dad. We had no choice. And when Peter was found dead, the video was released by his lawyer. I'm sorry, so sorry. We tried to protect the family. That's not us. That doesn't
represent how we love each other, I swear to you. I'd give the world to Sansa if I could. I would do anything for her happiness."

He dared to look up at him and saw his dad's eyes brimming with tears. Robb struggled to not cry; he already disgraced himself once, he refused to do it again. He almost fell apart when Ned moved closer to hug him again, clutching him tight.

"My son, my son. I'm sorry for what you went through. I'm not sorry Baelish is dead. First he tries to steal my Cat away, then he rapes my children. If he were not dead already I would do it myself." Robb felt his adam's apple constrict against his head. "I cannot undo what's already been done, but I can help you, Robb. I can help you and Sansa heal. I can help you both move past this. I haven't been much of a father to either of you since your mother died, and I know it's too late for some things, but it's not too late for others."

Robb pulled away.

"Dad, there's nothing you can do. Nothing. It was what it was and it is what it is."

"We can start somewhere. Come back with me to Winterfell, we can start there. You can go to Winterfell U, just as you had planned, and your Uncle Bryden and Edmure have already agreed to give you back your job at the shop. Gendry is on board with it as well. Arya and Gendry are moving, so the house will be empty and you can have it. You'll be able to spend as much time as you want with Benjen. Mel and your brothers and sister, well, they don't know about Benjen's true parentage, no one does, and as far as I can tell they all believe it was that other woman in the video. Your family misses you, Robb. Come home. You can build a life there, maybe we can get you into therapy, nothing extreme, just maybe a few sessions to see how it goes."

Therapy.

Robb jumped up then, jamming fisted hands in his pockets.

"I don't need therapy, Dad. I don't! Neither does Sansa -"

"Son." Ned stood, holding his hands out in supplication. "You have been through a terrible experience. You've been through more than just one trauma. Your mother's death, your tour in Afghanistan, Baelish's blackmail, having a child with your own sister, having the world seeing sexual acts you were forced to do with Sansa... and yes, the incest. Robb, you need someone to talk to, besides Sansa."

"How do you know what I need?" Robb's whole body went cold. "You checked out on us when we needed you most. At sixteen I was left to deal with my mom slowly dying and I had to be a father to my siblings while you only thought about you and your own pain. The only good thing to come of it was loving Sansa. I don't care if nobody understands it. It's not anyone's business. She's the one true thing in my life. When we're together, it just makes sense, and only in her arms do I find the peace and solace I need. Benjen was a mistake, one I've made sure I won't repeat ever again, but I wouldn't wish him away for anything in the world. What we had to do for Baelish killed me inside and until the day I die it will haunt me, but if I could go back in time and change it, I wouldn't if it meant I had to give up Sansa."

"And where is Sansa now, Robb?" Ned's voice was calm, even. "She's not with you. She's in New York and you are here in San Diego. She won't talk to me but Loras keeps me posted. She's afraid to go outside and has had no contact with anyone. She sits in her room most of the time typing out some novel or something. Loras thinks it's her therapy, and maybe it is. You are hiding at Jon's, also refusing to talk to family. You look gaunt and sick. Tell me, son, how is that solace and peace? How
is this love? She is your sister, Robb, not your wife, not your girlfriend. Sister. You need to be there for her as a brother, not as a lover.

Robb started pacing, his sorrow swallowed whole by his anger and desperation. He should have known his father wouldn't understand. True, he hadn't disowned him or condemned him, but he thought his son needed mental help. He didn't. He didn't. Suddenly he found his strength, his nerve, in defending the only love for a woman he would ever have.

"This isn't some kind of illness, Dad." He stopped pacing to look his father straight in the eyes. "I love her. I'm sorry if I don't fit on the social acceptance list, but I love her. I've been faithful to her, too, how many people can say that about their relationships? I've never loved another woman, I've never been with another woman, and I refuse to think it's just because I must be sick in the head. And we're apart right now because we need time apart. I'm giving Sansa space -"

"Robb, she doesn't need space. She needs a normal life, as you do, too. Think of your lives now, with everything that has happened. All of this could have been avoided if you had left your sister alone. She's younger than you, Robb. You are her older brother and you should have stopped this affair from ever starting -"

"She wanted it as much as I did, Dad, probably even more. I even resisted at first. I did. But I loved her. I still do. It's been a decade since we found this love between us, and I will go to my grave loving her as I do. No amount of therapy will cure me. There is nothing to cure. If it hadn't been for Baelish we would be living together now, somewhere, as a husband and wife would behind closed doors. To the outside world we would simply be siblings sharing a home, but inside we would be lovers sharing a bed."

Ned winced at that, and Robb had said it on purpose; he wanted to be brutally honest. He wanted his father to see it for what it was, even if it wasn't what he wanted to hear.

"Robb, this is real life, not a fantasy world in your head. This - love - you two have can never be. It will always have repercussions until the day you die. It will eventually eat you from the inside out, and I can't just sit back and watch you and your sister destroy your lives over some teenage Indiscretion -"

"Dad, are you not hearing me? This isn't some one-off, not some stupid drunken mistake or a moment of weakness. We are in love, Dad. A mad, passionate, yes, sexual love, a love beyond that, too. I can't even explain it, and I don't want to. Call me sick in the head, call me a deviant, a freak, whatever you want, but nothing will make me stop loving her."

Robb watched as his father switched from combative mode to resignation almost immediately, his eyes sad and his mouth set firm.

"I've not confronted Sansa yet about this for her take, Robb. I cannot understand this obsession beyond the fact that I accept what happened when your mother died as an act of solace. I understand you both finding comfort in each others' arms, and as I said, I accept the blame for that. But it's been years now." He strode over to Robb, placing his hand on his tense shoulder. "Come back home. Forget I mentioned therapy; it doesn't need to happen. Just come home, be with your family, be with Benjen. We can go from there."

Benjen. Home.

He could be with his son, he could be with family again.

Sansa.
Sansa was still in New York. Sansa hadn't bothered to contact him. He could give her all the space she needed until she was ready to see him again, and in the meantime he could keep busy in Winterfell, live a quiet life surrounded by family, old friends...and his son. Maybe he could repair his relationship with Rickon, if he ever came back around, and maybe even salvage a relationship with his Dad. He could get his shit straight so when Sansa came to her senses, he could be the rock she always thought him to be, he could be the man she deserved. Then, maybe then, they could find a way to finally, finally, at last be together.

For good.

When there was nothing left, anything was worth a shot...

He leaned in to hug his dad tight. He didn't seem as strong and solid as he remembered.

"Ok, Dad, I will come back home. Just don't mention a shrink again." There was resignation and a warning in his voice.

"Thank you, son." Finally he flashed a Ned-famous smile. "I knew you would agree. I took the liberty of purchasing two plane tickets in advance. We will need to leave soon to catch the flight. The cab is still outside waiting. Although the tab will be hefty, it is money well spent. Don't worry; Jon knows. He's the reason I'm here. So, grab your bags. We are going home."
"Loras?" The soft knock at the bedroom door was followed by a sweet, almost hesitant voice. "Loras, may I come in?"

Loras hastily threw his dark blue sheets over his naked body, modestly tucking them in before reaching over to flip on the nightstand light. If he didn't, the room would be pitch black. He thought it was ridiculous the way he held on to decorum, and she clung to her overly polished manners, considering what they had been doing since Valentine's Day. It has been nearly two months since that damned holiday, one that he cursed and blessed at the same time.

"It's alright, come in," he managed, propping himself up against plush pillows. He was ready for almost anything she wanted and his body inadvertently responded to her when she floated in wearing a simple light-pink eyelet nightie that barely came to her knees, her hair swept up in a messy bun. She flashed him a small grin. Swallowing, he let some disappointment flood over him when he spotted her laptop, which she walked over to the desk in the corner of the room and placed down quietly. Before seating herself in front of it, she turned on the desk light, so Loras proceeded to snap off his own light. She moved a small package off of the computer and set it to the side and it peaked his curiosity but he said nothing, instead taking in the slender curve of her pale neck and resisted the urge to get up and plant a kiss on it, naked self be damned. Still, as usual, he would never make a first move. That was not what their dynamic was about...if they even had a dynamic now.

"You don't mind if I write in here? I just don't want to be alone, even if you are trying to sleep." She turned gracefully towards him, a gentle smile on her face. "I haven't been sleeping well for the past few days."

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"It's more than fine, Sunshine. You don't even need to ask." She blew a kiss in his direction and turned back around, opening her computer and tapping away almost instantly.

It seemed only two things made her happy since she had fallen ill with a severe bacterial infection back in February; writing and using him for sexcapades. Not that he had objected.

After the first time they had sex, Loras treated it as a one-time deal and tried to settle back into their usual routine, their usual life, even as his emotions were sent spiraling into a tortured turmoil. It helped that he had to work most of the time, trying to finish filming his series, so that when he came home late at night, she was already hidden in her own room, typing away. He left her alone, agonizing over if he should confront her about what they had done or just follow her lead and say nothing. She had told him she didn't regret it, true, but that was in the afterglow right before she fell asleep in his arms, and in the morning when he woke she was gone. And she never mentioned it from that point on.

Just before Valentine's Day she was was stricken with a severe bacterial infection, which they
surmised was caused by something she ate, but it ended up so severe it required a trip to a local
doctor and antibiotics. As his work schedule permitted, he made sure to take care of her; he had
never seen her so ill before and it worried him. Deep down he enjoyed being her caregiver, enjoyed
being the one she relied on and called out for, the one she begged to stay with her and tell her stories
of anything he could think of - work, friends, gossip, and his childhood, which she always seemed to
love. It was the sweetest when she would fall asleep curled against him and he wondered if maybe
they could stay in New York indefinitely. It seemed being here had shut them off from the worries of
the outside world.

During that time, she made no attempt to talk about Robb, even when he casually mentioned that
Robb was back in Winterfell at the Stark's old house. She had merely shrugged and turned her tired
eyes away from him but not before he saw the look on her face. She still loved Robb and still wanted
him but she would refuse to admit it to him or even to herself. His heart broke a little, even though he
knew the score and had always accepted it.

He hated knowing, seeing.

He hated himself for feeling the way he did.

He was in love with his best friend and making love to her had deepened it. Or made it worse. Or
both, really. It was far different than what he had with Renly and it wasn't because of the gender
issue. He hadn't started as friends with Renly. The attraction was instant and mutual and it seemed
they went from strangers to lovers instantly. Neither of them had loved anyone else so deeply, and
even though Loras had been unsure at first about the sexual aspect to their relationship, everything
fell into place and they were equals. He always thought he would end up marrying Renly someday,
when his career cooled down. It took Renly finally having enough of being a secret for Loras to
realize he just didn't love him enough to not hide in the closet. His ambition and success was more
important to him than any love Renly could give. Loras hated to lose at anything. His competitive
nature didn't extend to fighting to get Renly back, and at first he couldn't understand why...until he
admitted to himself he was already in love with Sansa.

He never thought he would fall for a woman again. He thought he had been in love with a girl once
in high school, and he had sexual relationships with a few girls, but what does anyone know about
love in their teens? Well, Sansa, apparently, who was still in love with her own brother. They started
in high school, didn't they? But what did he know then, and what did he really know now?

He knew he was in over his head for the first time in his over-confident life.

The first time he made love to her he thought surely it would be the last. Like a damned fool he
wanted to give her pleasure and a wonderful memory and he wanted desperately to give her
something he knew Robb hadn't. He had seen them together enough to know - begrudgingly - that
their relationship was torrid, passionate, almost frenzied; perhaps it was the forbidden aspect to it that
made it all the more intense. From the minute he tasted her, heard her cry his name, felt her warmth
pulsating around him, he knew he would want more. Yet the realization that her heart would never
be his - and his pride - kept him from making a move on her, and he accepted that even though
things changed for him emotionally, he had to accept her love in the form of friendship.

Then, Valentine's Day happened.

"Loras, am I disturbing you?" Her voice cut through as he realized he had sighed a little too loudly.
"I can leave -"

"No, no. Stay." He mumbled, rolling over to his side while holding the sheets in place. *He was still
hard as a rock, goddamn it.*
Even when he was with Renly, he always managed to do something special for Valentine's Day for Sansa, to make her feel included. Whether it was a bouquet of blue and pink roses, or a box of imported chocolates, or tickets to the opera, he always made sure she had some small surprise. She was nearly fully recovered when Valentine's Day approached, so Loras gave her the choice on what she wanted to do; she chose watching old movies and a sparse dinner of catered chicken noodle soup with wine and chocolates for dessert. It had been like old times when she had snuggled up to him, with The Philadelphia Story playing. Without warning Sansa decided snaking her hand down in his lounge pants was a good idea, and the movie was forgotten. She used no words but as he took her on the couch, worshipping her body thoroughly before her climax, he maybe said a little too much. How he had wanted her again, how beautiful she was, how sweet she tasted, how he loved her long, silky, trembling legs wrapped around him and how her cries and moans were music to his ears. He told her everything he was feeling.

"Everything except that he was hopelessly in love with her.

He had told her many times he loved her in the context of friendship and it was as simple as that. Now, nothing was so innocent and he was terrified to give voice to how much he truly loved her.

It didn't stop at that night, either, her insistence that they make love; every night she sought his bed. She still used no words other than crying out his name as she peaked from his mouth (or his hand or his cock, it didn't matter), and he thanked whatever god there was that it was his name on her lips, even as he knew he would have forgiven her anyway if she had slipped. It was as if she was addicted to the drawn-out orgasms, and along the way with patient experimentation she discovered she was multi-orgasmic, something he knew hadn't happened before from the expressions on her face. He couldn't help but feel pride at that. Still, even as she cuddled up in his arms post-coitus, he suspected that she was using him to forget about Robb, at least temporarily, but he couldn't feel indignant at that realization; rather, he happily accepted it even as a twinge of desperation seeped through him. He desperately wanted her to see him for who he was with her: a man in love. A man in love who was her most willing servant in any sexual whim she expressed. Now that his series was wrapped up, they had a couple of weeks left at the apartment if they desired; and Loras was more than willing to linger and devote every waking moment to pleasing his flame-haired Queen of Love and Beauty... and his heart.

"Loras? You're having trouble getting to sleep, aren't you?"

_Understatement of the year_, Loras thought. _Between my stubborn cock and you sitting there in a skimpy nightie, I'm so fucked on the sleep thing._

"A bit," he responded instead. "But don't leave. It's just hard to unwind after the .. grueling schedule I've had, and now -"

"Say no more, Lor."

Loras moved to lie on his back again and looked at her quizzically as she stood up and snapped her laptop shut, grabbing the small bag. Honestly his eyes were more on her sinewy body, graceful and poised as a dancer, her long legs making strides across the room and into his private bath, where he heard her snap on the light and the water started running while Sansa started humming some tune that he didn't recognize. His heart beat a little faster. She was running a bath? She was going to take a bath in his tub? The water seemed to take forever but eventually she shut it off, the faint creaking reaching his ears. He could only imagine her slipping out of her nightie before slinking down into the massive garden tub. The last time he saw her in a tub was the night of the video making, where he had tenderly bathed her abused, bruised skin and killed Baelish a thousand times and beat Robb's face to a bloody pulp a hundred times in his head...
He wasn't sure what to do so he laid immobile, almost breathless. He wouldn't overstep any boundaries, refused to invade her space, yet the desire was there to -

"Lor?" She appeared in the archway, the bathroom light shining from behind, giving her an ethereal glow surrounding her entire silhouette. She truly was a goddess, an angel, so achingly beautiful he nearly wept from frustration. *She would never be his. Never. Why keep on with this, when it would only tear him apart...*

"Yes, San?" He was careful to keep his voice steady. "What is it?"

"Your bath awaits. So get up and come in here."

"Um, Sansa, I'm -"

"Totally naked, I know. It's not like I haven't seen anything, right? So get off your nicely rounded ass and get in here. *Now.*" Her hands planted firmly on her hips, brooking no refusal.

Swallowing hard and then letting out a soft chuckle, Loras threw back the covers and swung out of bed in a smooth move, acutely aware of his persistent erection. Not that he had anything to be ashamed of. It was just that she apparently wasn't wanting sex but his body hungered for her all the same and his damn cock was betraying him.

"Well, look who else is wide awake," she smirked as he walked towards her. "God, Lor, how you got any action is beyond me. *Anyone* would run screaming for the hills on seeing that for the first time, man or woman."

"Jesus, San, I'm not John Holmes." He manged to wink at her and hide his feelings by playing as he approached her and leaned in to whisper in her ear. "*You* seem to do just fine with it."

She giggled and slapped him on the arm before coyly moving away. He loved making her giggle; it reminded him of when they first started working on Romeo and Juliet, how young and spirited she was, flush with the excitement of her first play. Sadly that young girl was long gone, after all she had been through, but once in awhile, he still caught a glimpse of the nearly-sixteen year old Sansa.

"Well, I think it helps that you manage to get me sopping wet and wild with want before you oh-so-slowly slide your massive cock inside." She pushed him towards the tub. "Besides, you're right, if you were that big, I'd pass on the intercourse and just beg you to *fuck me with your tongue and fingers instead.*"

"Goddamn, Sansa!" He tried to remain calm, cool, and collected, but it was a losing battle as he moved to step in. As he did so he felt a cool, soft hand caress his ass and then gently push. He hesitated; it looked like a billion bubbles were overflowing the tub.

"Oh, right, I think I went overboard. Sorry." She reached over to the counter to pick up the package she had brought into the bedroom with her computer. "Mr. Bubble," she explained. "I had forgotten how much I would measure out as a kid."

Loras grinned and sank into the bubbly confection, which reached the base of his neck. The water was warm and he felt himself relaxing as Sansa paded out of the bathroom and then back again, bringing her laptop in. She backed up against the wall and slid down to the floor, sitting on the carpeted floor with her legs crossed while demurely rearranging her gown. Moments later she was tapping, and then he heard Toto's "Africa", while he scooped up some of Mr. Bubble's bubbles and tried to blow them in her direction. They fell short and evaporated into the carpet.

"Here's some 80's cheese to go with your future wine," she smiled. "Just don't fall asleep."
He allowed his eyes to close and he thought it was sweet of her to tolerate his favorite genre of
music. She knew him, he knew her, they were practically an old married couple. He tried not to think
of how things might have been if he had not loved Renly and Sansa had not fallen in love with her
own brother. Could they have made a power couple in truth, could they have been Hollywood
royalty? They could have had it all. Money, fame, happiness, compatibility, great sex, comfort. A
charmed life together.

"I wanted to try to do something to tell you thank you for everything. I know this isn't much, but I do
have more in store for you, I promise."

"You don't have to do anything, Sunshine, except be happy. That's all I want."

He heard the laptop being moved.

"Well, about that. There's something I want to talk to you about."

He opened his eyes to look at her. She was still sitting on the floor, the laptop set off to the side, now
playing The Cure's "Love Song." She seemed small and vulnerable and her blue eyes met his, her
previous smile now gone. She was nervous.

Oh god here it comes. She is trying to soothe me before the bomb drops. The death knell. The 'I'm
sorry, we can't be friends with benefits anymore. We can't be fuckbuddies. The orgasms were great,
Lor, but I am in love with my own brother and I will remain his even if we can never really be
together as a man and woman. I of course love you as my best friend and my personal shit cleaner-
upper, but -'

"Lor." She drew a deep breath and her eyes seemed to darken. "Lor, these past few months, I've had
time to think on things. You've been there for me, in more ways than one, and I don't expect you to
stand by me in everything, but - well, there's been a recent development in our relationship, I didn't
expect it to happen, it was a complete shock and surprise, but it's not something we can take back
and I -"

"Sansa. Please." He couldn't stand for her to stumble around with her words. She was always so
eloquent and well-spoken and this was too much to bear. He would rather the band-aid be torn off
than have it peeled away bit by bit.

"No, Lor, you need to listen to me. You deserve to know now, I didn't know for sure but now I
know -"

"Sansa, can you come here?" He reached out a bubble-covered arm to her. He didn't want to hear it,
not yet. Maybe he could stay in denial just a little while longer.

"Loras, this is important. I -"

"Please." He made his voice low and throaty, just how he knew she liked it, and as predicted she
stood to her feet and inched forward until her toes touched the bottom of the porcelain tub. His heart
in his mouth he reached out both hands to her and she gingerly placed her hands in his. She felt cool
to his touch and she looked down at him. He noticed the circles under her eyes, the flush on her
cheeks, the soft curve of her lips set in a determined line, her hair starting to fall under the tiny clasp
that held her bun in place. The veins in her long neck pulsed.

Her pale, bare neck.

Bare.
It all flashed through him then, hope and longing and love and desperation, and he yanked her down into the tub with him, careful not to hurt her and she shrieked in protest. Water and bubbles splashed and spilled everywhere as he crushed her to him, meeting his lips with hers in a hard, demanding kiss as he swiped away frothiness from her face to cup her cheeks and run his fingers around to the back of her hair to undo her clasp. She kissed him back, just as hard, her hands running up through his dyed-blonde curls, all squeals of protests forgotten. She pressed firmly against him and it drove him nearly mad as he reached down into the water to hastily find her panties and clumsily rip them off of her as her lips sought his over and over mercilessly.

"Wait -" she tried to talk between kisses -"Lor, Lor, I need to tell you -"

"No, Sansa, not now, not yet, just - one more time, please -" Goddamn it, the tub was the most uncomfortable place to try to have sex in. Of course the movies always made it sexy. But this was reality. This wouldn't do.

Thanking god for his friend's carpeted bathroom while silently apologizing to his friend for what he was about to do, Loras grabbed Sansa and stood up, lifting her into his arms and stepping out of the tub. Water and bubbles leaked out onto the carpet as he walked out of the bathroom and back into the bedroom, where he deposited her on the bed, ridding her of the soaked nightgown that clung to her like a second skin.

"Loras, I-" She was breathless. "I'm so wet! Your sheets -"

"You will be even more wet shortly, and the sheets will be soiled with more than suds and water," he whispered. "We - and the sheets - will dry, eventually."

There was no more protesting from her as he gathered her in his arms, raining kisses everywhere he could as she ran her hands over his shoulders, back, and arms, ridding him of lingering bubbles. Her touch was fire against his slippery skin and he lost himself in the feel of her underneath him, losing control for the first time with her. Gone was the calculated touches, the slow maneuverings to tease her and prolong her pleasure to delay her peak; his lips greedily took from her lips, from her bare, exposed neck, from her pink-tipped breasts. His hand wasted no time skimming down the length of her body to find her already spreading her legs for easy access, but he stopped at her folds, his already wet fingers stroking her velvety lips. This might be the last time he would feel her this way, the last time he would hear her moan as she was doing now.

He moved down, kissing as he went, not minding that she tasted like bubble bath soap. He knew she would taste better elsewhere and it didn't take long for him to find what he wanted as he licked into her long and deep while he crossed his index and middle finger to enter her. With his movements of this tongue and fingers in sync he was rewarded with her sharp cries and whimper as she bucked up into him and he felt her fingers clutching at his curls. It took no time for her to become swollen and nearing a peak, and this time Loras was not going to wait. He pulled away from her to move back up, making sure her eyes were on him as he licked his lips, savoring her. She whimpered and pulled him down to her for a kiss, and she was just as fevered as he; biting his lip, clawing at his shoulders, wild for him to enter her.

"Sansa," he whispered in between her assaults on his lips, "Sansa, Sansa -" her name was a litany. His heart was in agony - "I love you."

No flowery words, no sweet speech, just the simple truth, and the words fell so easily from his lips as he looked down at her. She stared up into him and inhaled with a gasp; whether it was shock or passion he didn't know, and before she could respond he slowly pushed into her, her walls always a warm, tight, welcoming home, and he covered her mouth with kisses to stop her from breaking his heart any further, even as she moaned into his mouth and wrapped her legs around his waist, her
nails fixated on his back. He held fast to her as his thrusts started slow but quickly gained speed. He wanted to - *he needed to* - possess her one last time, and instead of a drawing out the pleasure, he needed to feel her in a mad rush and his guilt for it was absolved because she was just as frantic as he. His hand moved down between them to furiously stroke her clit and by now he didn't need any verbal warnings. He felt her ready to peak so he pulled away to thrust faster, harder as she cried out his name, her nails stinging his back, drawing blood. The pain equaled his heart as he came, releasing inside of her with her name groaned out, his lips finding her neck once again, arched and ready for his kisses.

"Sansa." She tasted sweet and salty. Their chests heaved against each other. His mad euphoria was washing away quickly with the realization of his declaration and he moved cautiously and gently out and off of her, lying on his back.

Immediately she cuddled up next to him and he could have wept, but instead he looped an arm around her easily and drew her in, and she laid her head on his chest, her leg snaking over his as her hand caressed his lower abdomen.

"Loras." Her voice trembled. "Loras. *I love you, too.*"

"I know you do, Sunshine. We say it often enough, yes?"

"As friends, yes. But this is something more. We are something more. *I know* we are. I've been selfish and blind and a complete fool. I don't want you to hate me -"

He tightened his grip on her, leaning in to kiss her damp hair. His heart should be singing at her words but he knew. He knew there was, and always would be, a man she loved more passionately, better, stronger. If there was a choice between them she would always choose Robb. Always. And that was why he knew she was trying to break it off with him, end the sexual part of their relationship. And he just had to make love to her one last time. *Goddamn it, he was no better than Robb.*

"I could never hate you, Sansa. I accept who you are and who you love, I always will."

"I don't think you *understand* what I was trying to tell you, Loras," she said, moving to prop herself up to look at him. She was gorgeous, makeup-free, her face flushed with her orgasm, her eyes bright. "I'm -"

They both jumped as Loras looked over to see his vibrating phone going crazy on his nightstand. This late at night, it couldn't be a social call. If it was, it was a drunk one.

Loras reached over for the phone as Sansa nestled into her side of the bed, pulling up the sheet to hide her naked body as she ran a hand down his bleeding back. He glanced at the phone.

*Ned.*

Quickly he answered it.

"Hello?" He kept his back turned to Sansa.

"Loras. I need to speak with Sansa." It didn't sound like Ned. He sounded hoarse, oddly strained.

"She's sleeping -"

"I don't care. Wake her up. Put her on. It's an emergency."
Loras turned towards Sansa and handed her the phone. She sat upright, biting her lip, and he noticed she started to tremble. His heart ached.

*She thinks its Robb.*

"It's your Dad, San. He says there's an emergency."

Her eyes widened and she paled, post-coitus bliss forgotten as she grabbed the phone from him and jumped out of the bed, stark naked and beautiful. Loras felt guilty about taking in her body when there was a family concern, even as his cock was twitching back to life again already.

"Dad. Daddy. I -" She paused, looking straight at Loras. "I don't want to sit down. What is it?"

Loras watched as Sansa paled, staring up at him, her hand bringing the phone down from her ear.

"No, *oh god no. No. Loras -"* The phone dropped to the floor and Sansa screamed. Loras barely had enough time to rush to her to catch her as she fainted into his arms.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to Twisty88 for this lovely collage! Used with permission on Tumblr and here...
(A Bit More Than) Twenty-Four Hours Earlier

Chapter Summary

This takes place the night before Eddard calls Sansa in New York.

Robb paused in his task and looked up at the clock above the TV. It was only 5:30.

Plans of going out this Friday night weren't happening until much later. Theon had pestered him into agreeing to hang out at Frey's, a local bar that Robb thought was a little on the rough side, but Theon insisted it was the place to hang for any excitement in this quiet town. Theon being Theon hadn't wanted to just chill and hang out at home on a Friday night, and Robb was appreciative of how close he and Theon had become again after he arrived back in Winterfell, so he felt obligated to go wherever her wanted. It was almost like old times.

Almost.

Now Theon was an engaged man; Mycella was the center of his world, and with it brought a new maturity to him that Robb was pleased and a bit stunned to see. He was still very much a party boy but he ditched the illegal substances and limited the drinking to weekends only, and most times Myrcella came with him. Robb didn't mind. Myrcella in turn usually brought Margaery along and Robb could smell a set-up from a mile away, but Robb was finding he didn't mind that so much, either. It was good to have companionship for a change, and he was starting to think Dad had the right idea with him coming home.

The past couple of months found himself attempting to settle into the old Stark house, reconnect with family and a few friends, work at his Uncles' shop, and prepare for summer classes at Winterfell U online, all while typically keeping a low profile and keeping his mind off of Sansa as much as possible. When he gave in to Theon's ceaseless begging to go out and have "fun", he always worried. He was still self-conscious, wondering if when strangers’ eyes fell upon him they were recognizing him from the video. At was always in the back of his mind, and when he did go out with the group, he found a beer or two calmed his nerves. He was still conservative with drinking, determined not to get drunk, but having a slight buzz was all well and good.

Sitting on the floor in the middle of the living room, Robb's concentration tried to revert back to what he was doing; whittling pieces for a hand-made chess board and set for Benjen's next birthday. He had a few months to go but each piece had to be perfectly crafted, and Robb recently discovered a talent he never thought he had; carving and creating works of art out of wood. It happened by chance while helping Margaery out at her antique shop downtown and an old chess set caught his eye while moving items around. Benjen was something of a child prodigy when it came to the game and Robb encouraged it, even if getting beat by his kid was humbling, and when he spotted the set in the shop it inspired him to take up a hobby. Hell, he needed something to occupy his time when he wasn't working. He was ready for summer classes at Winterfell U but that wasn't for two more months, and a focused mind was a healthy mind. So, with some help from his Dad, he embarked on his task, discovering he had a passion in his life he didn't feel guilty about and could enjoy until his hands no longer worked.

He frowned, blowing off the residue from his King and placing it in its own protective box. The horses were already done, along with the Jesters, but the Kings were proving harder to detail. He
needed them to be perfect and wondered if Margaery could help him paint them when he was finished, or if he should just leave them as is. She was surprisingly an excellent painter, something he never knew about her, but then again she had always been close to Sansa, not him. Not surprisingly, she had put her degree in Art and Art History to work, and not only was the curator at the Art Museum but she owned a successful antique shop, Tyrell's Treasures. Not that she needed to work, considering the Tyrell wealth.

Thinking of Marg led to thinking of Loras, which led to thinking of Sansa. Marg liked to relay tidbits about Loras in New York. The Tyrell siblings were close, loving, and kept in touch at least by text on a daily basis. She had planned to fly out there to see him but with Sansa's sickness and the brutal work schedule for Loras, it was abandoned. At least now he knew Loras had wrapped up filming, which would mean he and Sansa would be flying back to Cali soon. Even though it was sometimes painful to listen to Marg gush and prattle about her godlike brother, he endured it to hear anything he could about Sansa, but unfortunately there wasn't too much she revealed.

He wondered if she was still mad at him, but somehow the pain over that lingering in his heart was subsiding. Of course he was tempted to call her but since arriving home he thought better of it. Dad was right, he needed time with the family, time at home. This was home to him. He moved his bedroom furniture into Mom and Dad's bedroom, deliberately choosing to not move back down into his room in the basement, where all he would do is keep replaying over and over in his mind the first time they had made love. He kept himself so busy that he crashed every night, too tired to stay awake and think of his sister, and his sleep was so solid he rarely dreamed of her. It was on purpose but it was working; perhaps not driving her out completely but it was at a somewhat manageable level. As long as he didn't think of the last time he saw her, slamming the door in his face, or he didn't dwell on the fact that he knew damn well Loras was taking care of her while she was sick, as much as he could with the schedule he had. He should be the one taking care of her, seeing to her every whim, trying to cheer her up and make her feel better. It was the domestic duties that Robb envied Loras over, even if his jealous mind also wondered if he was lending his magic fingers to her as well.

The doorbell rang, taking him out of his thoughts. Dusting off his jeans and blue t-shirt, he stood up and made his way over to the door, scratching at his beard on the way over. It was getting itchy and he needed a trim. Plus his hair was actually reaching the collar of his shirt in the back. He needed a damn barber. Maybe Marg knew a good stylist.

Flinging the door open, he was greeted by a smiling Margaery, dressed expertly (and very conservative for her) in a long skirt and V-neck blouse and trendy dark blue jacket. In her hand she held up a large brown paper bag with white handles that read "Hotpie's" across it. Robb's stomach inadvertently growled in response to the visual.

"Hey Robb, thought you might need something to fill you up before you go drinking," she drawled, as he gave way for her to waltz in, her long wavy brown hair bouncing off of her shoulders. "I mean, two beers and you're done. We need to work on your stamina."

"Hi Marg, nice to see you, won't you come in?" Robb grinned and rolled his eyes before slamming the door shut. She had already ditched her jacket, glanced over to the living room floor, and sauntered off into the kitchen, setting the bag down on the table and proceeded to empty the contents.

He didn't know what changed Marg, if it was pity or sympathy or if she needed to take on a charity case, but ever since he came back to Winterfell she made it a point to spend time with him and always came armed with food. She told him flat out that he was too skinny and needed to put on what she called "man weight", and Robb, ever the gentleman, never refused to eat the food she brought over. It was really good too, all catered or special ordered from this restaurant or that (she admitted she couldn't cook a grilled cheese sandwich if her life depended on it), but his favorite was
Hotpie's, and she picked up on it and now showed up with it several times a week, making sure he ate every bite while making interesting small talk.

He found her intimidating and fascinating at the same time. He always thought she was an assertive, pushy girl growing up, but with a heart of gold. She cared about those around her but she was sometimes too strong-willed in her wants and views. Robb was never put off by strong women. He rather liked them. The more time he spent with Marg, the more he looked forward to seeing her. She was a breath of fresh air in his stale, sickened life; it was if she waltzed right in and made herself right at home, and Robb found himself laughing and smiling again around someone other than his son. Deep down in his heart he felt like he was betraying Sansa by basking in the attentions of another beautiful, charismatic woman, but then remembered her slamming the door in his face and not bothering to contact him, and her lack of appreciation for him taking the heat for the video. He hated himself for feeling guilty about feeling good for the first time in a long, long time. Didn't he deserve a chance to laugh, to smile?

"I see you've been working on your chess set." He watched her as she transferred the entrees to the plates she retrieved from the cupboards and then grabbed two bottled waters out of the refrigerator. "Are we eating in here or in the living room?"

"Uh, here's fine. Living room is a mess. Thanks Marg. The steak and baked potato looks great."

"Yes, well, thank me by cleaning your plate." Her eyes, the exact color of her brother's, surveyed him. "I think you're finally looking like your fine self again. See? Eating actually works. We need to talk about a trip to the beauty parlor next."

Slowly he sank into his chair, placing his napkin in his lap. She started diving into her own steak as he starting cutting. It was prepared just as he liked it: medium well. Meekly and quietly he began to eat, noting for the millionth time how much she looked like Loras and for the millionth time he became uneasy. She could have her pick of any man in town, yet here she was wasting her time on a broken-down headcase.

"So, you are okay with Frey's tonight? It kind of shocked me. It's kind of a wild bar, not one I really favor." She took a sip of water. "I'd say bring your gun but you know, there's a ban on firearms in there for a reason."

"I am sure you could hold your own in a bar fight," he joked, easily downing the meal. "I guess I'm going just to more or less to shut Theon up for awhile."

"Shit." Marg placed her fork down and pulled out her phone. "Oh, it's Myrcella. She says Renly might be meeting us there."

"Renly Baratheon? He's in town?" Robb was surprised. Renly had moved out to California and then ended up in Arizona, and hadn't been back to Winterfell for years. Apparently he didn't mesh well with his much older brothers or any of his family, really.

"Yes, well, I ran into him yesterday. Still such a nice-looking, polite man. He couldn't help but ask me about Loras about five seconds into our convo. He never got over him, and is still in love with him, I think."

Robb choked on his steak.

Renly has a crush on Loras?"

"Ummm... no, they were together for like six years, Robb. You knew, didn't you?" She leaned over
to whack him on the back a few times. "You going to be alright?"

"Christ!" Robb slurped down some water and then started laughing. It was relief. The release of ten years of jealously, gone in an instant. "No, I didn't know!"

"Oh, well." She shrugged. "Not many people know. He has a career to protect. Pretty much I know, grandmother knows, and Sansa. That's it. And now you -"

"Sansa knows?"

"Jesus Robb, what's the big deal? Yes, she's known since high school. They are best friends, you know."

He steadfastly refused to to think about the video he saw of Loras's fingers pleasuring Sansa. Well, maybe that made more sense now when Sansa admitted they had consumed a lot of wine before that happened, and she said it was a one-time thing. Although *even a drunk Loras should have known a pussy felt different around his fingers than an asshole*, he thought viciously. So, Loras liked fucking men. He never would have thought it. Loras Tyrell, his rep in high school as an excellent lay from the girls he fucked. Yet after high school Robb never saw him with a girl, not even out in California. All those hot actresses he could choose from and all that ever surfaced were pics of Sansa making out with him in a car. He remembered how angry he had been, and now he realized it was just something to throw the paparazzi off the scent. What an immature ass he'd been. He wanted to laugh again but suppressed it. He had nothing to worry about where Loras Tyrell was concerned.

He was aware of Margaery staring at him. He cleared his throat and studied his plate as he resumed eating, searching for the right thing to say.

"Well, I mean, it's no big deal. I - it just threw me off for a second. I don't care what or who anyone does between the sheets. Whatever."

"Hmmm. Well, you don't care about anyone doing anything between the sheets except Sansa, right?"
She said it quietly.

This was the first time Marg ever alluded to anything other than a normal sibling relationship between him and and Sansa, and for some reason his heart sank. It didn't matter that Loras already knew; he knew Loras would never betray Sansa's secrets. Margarey though? He didn't want their time together marred by her acknowledgement of the incest.

"Robb."

Her voice was softer than he had ever heard it and he felt a placid hand on his bare arm. It shocked him and he looked at her, acutely aware of her touch. In her eyes he saw understanding and pity. It was better than condemnation.

"I know about you and Sansa, and it doesn't matter to me." Her voice was low. "No, Sansa never breathed a word and neither did Loras, and it wasn't that damn video either. I see more than people think I do, sense things people tend to overlook."

"Marg. I -"

"No, you don't need to say anything. Just finish your dinner." She withdrew her hand.

It was a relief, to not have to say a word. As he ate she talked, and he couldn't interject anything even if he felt like it, for what she was saying was fascinating, her smoky voice never wavering.
"You know, Loras and I have always been close. We love each other, look out for each other. We used to call ourselves sibling soulmates; I was his princess and he was my prince. He always preferred my company to friends his age, and I wanted nothing but to spend time with my brother whom I adored and who adored me. Of course as we got older, the dynamic changed. Father was always so worried about how close we were, and how it looked. We are a loving family, but something made him uncomfortable and we realized we were not fitting into the way siblings should behave, I guess. But we never lost our closeness. High school was confusing. Kids didn't take too kindly to how Loras and I were openly affectionate. I think we were supposed to hate each other or something, isn't that what 'normal' siblings do?"

"You and Loras have a strong bond. I never saw anything off." It was the only thing he could think to say as his eyes met hers and she smiled, her mouth turning up into a smirk. For a second she flashed her teeth.

"It's probably not normal to walk into your brother's room while he's fucking his secret boyfriend and take a seat to watch while he finishes."

"Marg!" Thankfully he swallowed the last of his meal. He looked at her and she shrugged her shoulders as if she were discussing her latest findings coming into her shop.

"I was curious. I'd never seen two guys fucking in real life and I wanted to see. I told them that and asked them to keep going. I had a huge crush on Renly at the time, so it was a golden opportunity. Besides, I was also curious to know if my brother was endowed as the rumor mill claimed he was. I can say he has the prettiest cock I've ever seen. Thickest, yes, but not the longest, but damn close. But I've seen a lot of cock. Smallest ever was Joffrey Baratheon. It was a sad thing. Vienna sausage sized but not as appealing as the actual meat product. But I digress -"

"Marg!" He said her name again because he was rendered incapable of saying anything else. Yet the way she was talking, he'd never really heard her talk this way before and it was.. well, honestly, kind of arousing. Shit.

"Well, I didn't fuck him, if that's what you're thinking. I love my brother, he's a beautiful sight when he's fucking, but I don't have a physical desire to fuck him. But that's not to say other siblings feel the same. After all, how many could say they got off while watching their brother have gay sex? Granted I was concentrating on Renly most of the time, if that helps lessen the shock value for you."

"Was- was Loras OK with - with -"

"If he wasn't, he would have told me to leave and I would have left. It probably added a bit of spice to it for them, really. Loras is very competitive and always strives to be the best at everything. Fucking is no exception, apparently."

Robb wondered if Sansa knew about that little voyeuristic show. Somehow he doubted it. He didn't know what to say. He was floored.

"And take Cersei Baratheon. The rumor has it she's been fucking her brother Jaime since before she married Robert. So, really, all families probably have something in their closet they don't want public. I think the majority of people do."

She shrugged again and polished off her meal while he just stared at her in silence. He found himself studying her features as he had been wont to do lately. She was truly beautiful, just as beautiful as Loras was handsome. The whole Tyrell clan had always been good looking, kind, wealthy. Grandmother Olenna had been one hot number in her day. They were the golden family in Winterfell and everyone loved them for their generosity and humility. Only Marg seemed to have too
much pride and a ruthless streak in her, but Robb excused it as simply being a strong woman proving herself formidable in a sexist society.

He couldn't get the image out of his head of her pleasuring herself while watching Renly and Loras in bed and it embarrassed him when he felt himself growing hard.

"Robb? I hope I didn't stun you into silence. My point being, I'm really not phased about you and Sansa having a deeper bond than what is deemed normal. It's not unheard of, just extremely taboo, probably the last naughty no-no left in our society where everything goes. As long as it's consenting adults...well, I've always suspected you two started before reaching legal age, but that is water under the bridge as well."

Robb shifted uncomfortably in his seat and nodded. Usually so eager to talk about Sansa in some form or another, he wished to change the topic. He also wished to get up from the table, but Marg's sharp gaze usually missed nothing and he wasn't taking any chances.

As if she had telepathic abilities, Marg stood up and offered her hand.

"Marg, you don't need to take my plate. I'm perfectly capable -"

"Save your indignation and just hand me your damn plate, Robb."

He obeyed, silently taking in her every move as she cleaned up. Sensual and smooth was Marg's style. It ebbed from her naturally and even with a simple domestic act she exuded sexuality. It was no wonder she easily found lovers. Yet since he had been back she hadn't been seen with anyone, not even Tommen Baratheon, who was her favorite boy toy. Robb's female-dense mind clicked suddenly in a rush. Of course he cared for Marg, but he never really gave much thought as to how she cared for him. He figured Loras had asked her to keep an eye on him and she obliged, just as she always did where Loras was concerned.

But maybe it was something more.

"So is Benjen spending the night tomorrow night? You'd better make sure those chess pieces are put up where a curious boy can't discover them." She moved to tidy up the kitchen counter, grabbing a washcloth to clean it off.

"Yes, Dad is dropping him off tomorrow. Another reason I'm not too jazzed about going out drinking tonight, " Robb admitted. "I'd honestly rather just stay here. Theon means well, though, so I thought I would humor him."

"Theon can be tiring. Myrcella has tamed him so much but he still has that party streak. I think he is just concerned about you, Robb. We all have been." She glanced at the clock on the microwave. "I'm sorry I stopped by so early. Maybe I expected us to take more time eating."

"Margaery." He tore his eyes away from her to stare down at the table. "What are you doing?"

"Oh, well, I guess I am acting like a housekeeper. Sorry." She tossed the dishcloth in the sink and turned around. "I'm a bit of a clean freak -"

"No, I didn't mean that." He raised his eyes to look at her. "I mean with me."

"Making sure you eat." She flashed her winsome smile as she strutted over to him. "Skinny men bother me." She reached out to yank on his beard. "As do mountain men. I'm going to get you in to the best barber in town."
His hand reached out for hers and he grasped it, pulling it away from his face and holding it down on the table. Hers was smooth and cool under his calloused, warm one.

"That's not what I meant, either." He didn't withdraw his hand. "The past couple of months you've been around me more than you have my whole life. I've enjoyed it, don't get me wrong, but why? Did Loras put you up to this, for Sansa's sake?" Another thought formed in his head. "Did my Dad recruit you to try to take my mind off of Sansa?"

"Goddamn Robb." She yanked her hand away. "I'm not a whore-for-hire. What the hell?"

"Am I a pet project for you? Did you see how fucked up I am and decide to take me on as a charity case? I mean -"

"Robb Stark, did you ever stop to think this is all just because I like your company? That there is no nefarious plot to steal you away and break those chains your sister obviously has you in? Maybe I just think you are incredibly hot and just want to enjoy gazing at your handsome self. What woman wouldn't enjoy your company?"

Sansa, apparently, he thought, before pushing it away.

"I'm sorry," he muttered. "I'm not trying to accuse you of anything."

"Yes you are. But I get it. You haven't been in the right frame of mind and I understand. I know my reputation is use 'em and dump 'em, but I promise nothing like that is going on."

In an instant he felt about two inches tall. Had he accused Theon of insincerity? Myrcella? Sam? Arya? Gendry? Bran? Dad? No, he hadn't. Why was he questioning Marg's motives? What is because of her reputation with men? Or was it because she was beautiful and sweet under that layer of steel, and he didn't deem himself worthy of her friendship? Why would the successful and smart Margaery Tyrell waste her time on an emotionally fragile fuckup who pined for his own sister?

"I'm sorry," he repeated, and her features softened at his quiet entreaty. "I didn't mean to insult you in any way. I guess I just can't fathom why you would enjoy being around me. I'm not exactly Mr. Fun."

"Well, you're more fun than you realize, then. Helping me out at the shop, well, the only thing I dislike about my job is moving all that crap around; it's much more fun now to able to talk to a hot guy while watching him do the grunt work for me. I try to be social with our circle of friends, but I can only take so much of them and you help me tolerate it. And I've never had a more pleasant dining companion. You actually eat everything on your plate and exude impeccable table manners and engage in witty conversations. It's a challenge to get you to laugh but when it happens, it's infectious. We even have comfortable silences, like when I watched you whittle for two hours and we said absolutely nothing. What is there for me not to like and want?"

She moved closer to him, leaning over his chair. Her face was so close and he could smell her faint perfume, the scent like a delicate honeysuckle, her hair streaming forward, framing her features. His heart sped up as the famous sexy Tyrell smile graced her lips.

"Impossible loves happen every day. Heartbreak, loss of first loves, deteriorations of relationships, endings of toxic emotional enslavement... it happens to everyone at some point in their lives. Yet most go on to find happiness, other loves. Robb Stark, you are one sexy man full of life and you don't even know it. You are going to waste and it's a damn shame."

Before he could reply her mouth came down on his, her hands reaching around his neck to lock in
place. Her lips were warm and sweet and she was of course a practiced kisser, her full, sensuous lips matching his. For a moment Robb forgot to breathe and he became lightheaded, then he threaded his hands up through her hair and pulled her closer. She complied and sank down into his lap, increasing the pressure of their kisses. He was sure she could feel his hardness as she gave little sighs in his mouth, something so feminine and sexy it shook Robb to his core. He broke the kissing to lean back into the chair and stare up at her.

"Marg?" It was a form of a question but he wasn't sure what he was asking. It didn't matter anyway when her lips crashed back down on his and he hungrily accepted what she offered. It felt good, and dizzily he wondered if this was right. It didn't feel wrong. She felt good in his lap. Too good. It didn't seem quite real as she reached down to rid him of his shirt, running her pointed nails through his chest hair before her lips assaulted his neck. She pushed against him and he could feel her hardened nipples through her blouse and thin bra as she reached down to swiftly -and expertly- undo his fly.

He wanted to panic, he wanted to hesitate, he wanted to hold on to the faithfulness he clung desperately to for a decade but the feeling didn't come as he stood up, taking Marg with him. He wrapped her legs around him as he carried her into the living room and they tumbled into the couch. He wasn't confident that he could have made it up the stairs to his room with as lightheaded as he was, his thoughts racing and his hands shaking as he unbuttoned her blouse and unhooked her bra. She shimmied out of both as he pulled back to squirm out of his jeans and boxers and then sat back on his haunches. He looked down at her, her hair floating in wavy tendrils over the couch pillow, her eyes darkened in lust and an expressive eyebrow raised. She smiled and her chest was heaving.

"Why, Robb Stark, your cock is rather pretty, too." It was unexpected and he couldn't help but laugh. He'd never had his dick called pretty before. It broke the tension and uncertainty and he reached down to pull her skirt off, leaving her in nothing but impossibly lacy, barely-there black panties. He could see she was completely shaved.

He swallowed. They were too far gone for him to become nervous now.

She must have sensed his hesitation and she reached up for him.

"We don't have to do anything more, Robb. If you want to stop we stop. But I will warn you if we stop, I will keep going on my own." He almost had a heart attack as she slid her hand down into her panties and began rubbing slowly up and down. Through the sparse lace he could see her squeezing her clit between her middle and ring finger, the swollen skin protruding between them.

"I - I think I might be inclined to -to watch you keep going on your own," he admitted, stunned, even as his hands reached down and slowly pulled off the blocking nuisance. She bent her legs for easy removal but didn't move her hand away and he could see her pleasuring herself now completely exposed and open to him. She smiled wickedly and he found his voice again. "But I don't want to just look."

"And what do you want to do, Robb?" She purred out her words before inserting two of her long, slim fingers inside of her.

"I-" Damn it. He struggled. He wanted to taste her. He wanted to bury himself inside her but he couldn't give voice to it. He couldn't.

Whatever he was going to say was lost on his tongue as he heard the front door creak open. Startled, he jumped off the couch while Marg gasped and cringed back. In a second he located her skirt and blouse and tossed them to her as he reached for his jeans. Fuck, he forgot to lock the fucking door, and who was coming in without knocking-
"Jesus fucking CHRIST, again??"

Rickon.

Struggling into his jeans while trying to shield Marg as she dressed. Rickon walked towards them and spotted her thankfully at least half-dressed, albeit braless and unbuttoned. This was the first time Robb had seen him since that horrible morning, and the first time in years that he actually saw something of a smile form on his face. He looked like shit; clad in all black, he was far thinner than Robb remembered, and reeked of old booze, body odor, and cigarettes. His face was drawn and aged; he looked older than Robb.

"Hi Marg. You look lovely. I didn't know Robb was staying here. I don't see his car in the drive way but I saw yours and thought that was odd."

Marg tossed a glare in his direction and stood up, brazenly buttoning up right in front of him. Robb noticed her still- erect nipples showing through.

"Ricky - I've been here for two months. What -" Robb tried to gather his thoughts.

"I came over to pick up my leftover shit. It's in my and Bran's old room. I need it. I'll be gone in five minutes so don't get your panties in a fucking twist." He nodded towards Marg. "Good to see you're finally fucking someone other than our sister. Hope she keeps your shit straight."

"Robb, I'm going to use the bathroom," Marg said haughtily. "Rickon, good to see you."

"Sure." Rickon smirked as she walked away from them. "Well brother, I'm impressed. Marg is totally hot. I always fantasized about her giving me a turn but of course, I'm not her type."

"Rickon." Robb wanted to be angry but he was just grateful to see his little brother again. "Ricky, can we talk? Please?" He saw the look on his brother's face melt into something resembling compassion.

"Look, Robb, I have my friend waiting for me, he's waiting in his car for me to get my shit and get out. I told him twenty minutes. Trust me, I need to be back out there in twenty minutes or he'll leave my ass."

Robb went over to the front window to peer out of the curtain. Sure enough, there was a beat up old SUV parked by the curb, a dude lounging inside. He looked like a bonafide hoodlum ready to get into trouble. Great.

"How about I follow you around while you gather you stuff and we talk, will that work?"

Rickon nodded and they made their way upstairs, grateful that Marg chose the bathroom downstairs to freshen up, or get herself off, or both. Robb's softening erection suddenly started to spring back to life at that thought and he tried to push it aside. He was damning Rickon for spoiling a moment he never thought he would have and then chastised himself for it. He should be grateful Rickon wasn't angry at him for once.

Rickon messed around in the closet and brought out two huge duffel bags and began stuffing various items from drawers into them.

"Ricky, the whole family has been worried about you. Dad hasn't heard from you since Christmas. Benjen keeps asking where you are. We didn't know if you were dead or alive, and with the people you hang out with and live with, we couldn't help but check the jail websites."
"Yeah, I'm the problem child, a disgrace to the Stark name, right?" Robb knew his underlying meaning with that one. "Well, I'm going to get my shit straight. I just have to pawn off some shit to settle a debt and then I'm going to Dad's. I miss Benjen. Not really Dad or Mel but they will give me a place to crash until I get on my feet."

"You could stay here. Arya and Gendry moved to the other side of town and I'm here alone. There's plenty of room. I know Mom would want you to live in this house. How much money do you need? I can help -"

"Nah. I got it. Are you and Marg in a relationship? Is it serious or are you just fucking?"

Robb sat on the twin bed against the wall. How could he answer that except honestly?

"We've been hanging out a lot lately. She..makes me feel good, Ricky. I care for her. I don't know where it is going, we haven't had a talk about that. I guess it's just us going with the flow right now. Taking things slow. She really is a remarkable woman."

Rickon chuckled but didn't look at him.

"Fucking on the couch ain't exactly taking it slow. So the whole sleeping with our sister thing is over? I saw on TMZ she is in New York with Loras. Looks like the lies and schemes released about that video worked. Everyone just thinks you are the sick fuck now and Sansa is off scot-free. Brilliant, you know, a testament to true love is the lover throwing himself on the sword for his lady fair. Then again, you were always one to try to protect as all as much as you could, even if you did fuck it up most times."

"Not that it is any of your business, but I haven't seen or talked to Sansa since the video leak," Robb stated, deliberately being somewhat evasive. "Dad asked me to come home and rebuild a life here, and that's what I am trying to do."

"Yeah, well, that's great. You hit rock bottom and come back to welcoming arms. Got your job back, live in our house, your frends and family forgive you for fucking your sister, and now you've snagged the finest piece of ass in Winterfell. Man."

"A little respect please for Marg. Don't talk like that about her again."

"Right. She is your girlfriend now after all. Sorry. I forget what a little shit I am sometimes."

Rickon finished gathering up what he wanted and zipped the bags shut. They were over stuffed and heavy, from the way he grunted picking one up. Robb helped by taking the other one and they headed down the stairs while keeping his temper in check. He loved his brother, trying to remember the good times with him, the loving little boy who looked up to him like a son did to a dad. He wanted that Rickon back, but knew he was gone forever. Still, he had to try to reach him.

"Ricky, why don't you consider staying here instead of Dad's? I know you have no love for me now, but I'm still your brother and I love you. If you're serious about cleaning up you act, then, well, maybe we can get our shit straight together. Maybe you can enroll at Winterfell U. And Benjen spends the night here usually every Saturday night. It'd be a great opportunity to spend time with him."

They reached the front door and Rickon dropped his bag and turned around, his blue eyes watery as he started at him. Robb was struck with all he saw: pain, regret, sadness, a glimmer of hope. He waited for a moment, his breath caught.

"Put a shirt on. Mom always hated us running around without a shirt."
Robb smiled sadly along with Rickon. It was the most civil they had been in years, and it was a start. He heard Marg emerge from the bathroom and glanced over to see her perfectly groomed once more before she discreetly slipped into the kitchen. He wondered if she would be willing to resume their previous engagement and found that he would be willing to find out. He looked back at Rickon who smirked and then shrugged, a hand reaching back to rub his neck, and action Robb did when he was feeling contrite or sheepish.

"On second thought don't bother with the shirt. I'm sorry I interrupted you getting laid. I would have waited fifteen minutes if I knew."

"Rickon -"

"Yeah."

"I'm sorry for everything. I hope you know that. I know we can never be close again, but can we at least make an effort to finally heal?"

Letting out a sigh, Rickon slowly nodded. "Try, yeah sure, maybe. I just need to get this done. I'll be around, I guess. Not sure when."

Robb knew that was as good as it was going to get so he didn't attempt to hug him, afraid it would scare him off or make him angry, so he merely reached out to awkwardly pat him on the shoulder before shifting the bag on his shoulder.

"Sounds good. I'll help you carry this out."

"Sure. Thanks, Robb."

"Wait, at least let me get a shirt on. This April weather isn't exactly meant for a bare chest." Robb put the bag down and rushed into the kitchen, where Marg was lounging, texting away on her phone. She looked up as he swiped his shirt from his chair, which she had folded neatly and placed there.

"I hope you don't mind, I masturbated with your beard trimmer," she whispered with a wink and a smile. "But that doesn't mean we can't pick up where we left off when Rickon leaves."

_Jesus Christ._ There was nothing he could say to that even as his cock reacted to it. He managed a small nod and a shy smile before he pulled his shirt on under her approving gaze. Impulsively he leaned over and planted a chaste kiss on her cheek before walking out and back to the front door, slinging the bag over his shoulder.

The cool hair hit him when they stepped out and made their way to the car. Instantly Robb was on guard. This guy was in Rickon's circle, and he didn't hang out with altar boys. Neither one of them said a word as Rickon opened the back door to set his bag down and then motioned for Robb to fork over the other one, and he plopped that one down before slamming the door shut.

"Thanks Robb. I'll be seeing you around." Rickon extended his hand and Robb gratefully shook it before pulling him in for a hug. He didn't give two shits who was watching. For about a three seconds Rickon tolerated it then pushed away when the car door slammed and his friend walked around the car.

"Fuck Rick, didn't know you went that way," the dude said. He was a tall, muscled man. "Who is this, your boyfriend?"

"Fuck off, Mike. This is my brother. Let's go. See ya, Robb."
"Robb? Robb Stark?" Recognition flowed over the man's face as he laughed. "Holy shit, it is you. Man, you're the movie star sister fucker, aren't ya? Oh fuck man, that vid tops my porno feeds, so hot the way that bitch got choked out and took it up the ass."

"Shut the fuck UP!" Rickon yelled, pushing his friend before Robb could react with physical contact of his own. He slammed him up against the car with a thud; the guy Rickon called Mike bum-rushed back onto Rickon and they toppled to the ground, punching. Robb rushed at them, trying to pry them apart and got a left hook. His jaw smarted.

Fuck this, Robb thought. I'm a fucking Marine, I've dealt with men a million times more dangerous than this little fuck. I'm going to pound this asshole in the ground.

The determination was there, the guy was bulkier but Robb knew combat. He grabbed Rickon and shoved him out of the way and grabbed Mike by the throat with one hand and punched him square in the face. There was a cracking noise and blood and a shriek and Mike was writhing on the sidewalk like a little punk. Hardly breaking a sweat and satisfied, Robb turned to help up Rickon, who was struggling to get to his feet and was clutching his side.

"You okay, Ricky?" He extended his hand. Rickon tried to smile through his grimace and reach for help when suddenly his face contorted.

"ROBB! He's got -"

Robb spun around, hearing the click of a gun and lunged for it. It fired and Robb felt pain tear through him and he roared, his ears ringing as he fought for the gun. He felt himself weakening but still struggled for the gun before head-butting his opponent. Stunned, the man started to fall back with Robb going with him, hitting the sidewalk. Grabbing his head, Robb repeatedly slammed him into the concrete. Anger, frustration, pain ebbed from him. In the distance he heard screaming. Sansa. Sansa, I am sorry. I love you. Maybe he was screaming. Or Rickon. Was it Marg? How long was he slamming this head? He gasped for breath, his vision blurred as he tried release his grip to stand and he stumbled, turning towards his brother. He lay motionless on the ground. Why is he not moving. He was only punched...he was only punched...he turned back around, the guy called Mike wasn't moving...he gun still in his motionless hand...ah, the pain. It hurts. Sansa.

Then there was nothing.

*************

"Robbie?"

Benjen came into the room. Robb turned his head to watch him with dull, tired eyes.

"Robbie, Dad said I could bring this up to you. I know you like the white stuff in Oreos so I scraped out all the fillings from all our Oreos and made a nice round ball for you to eat. No cookie anywhere."

The plate was set down quietly on the nightstand and Benjen sat in the chair next to Robb's bed, his hands folded.

"I don't think you like staying here with Dad and Mom. But we love you and we want you to get better. This is much better than that nasty hospital."

"Thank you, Benny." Robb closed his eyes. His shoulder ached.
"Margie's been asking for you. Will you see her soon?"

His eyes opened. His son looked at him with Sansa's blue eyes and Sansa's expression.

"Yes, soon."

"Sansa will be here soon, and Loras too. And Jon and everyone. I will be with you, Robbie, to hold your hand. I know what a funeral is. Dad said he is proud of me being a little man. You know I loved Ricky. He was a good older brother when he came to visit. I'm sorry he died."

Tears started to stream down Robb's face. He felt them running and he was ashamed to have Benjen see him this way. Rickon was dead. The shot that was fired had passed through his shoulder and struck Rickon in the chest, killing him. His little brother. Gone. All because of him. His brother's death was on his head. And Sansa's.

"Why couldn't it have been you? Why couldn't it been you? Why was it Mom? Why couldn't it have been you?!? It should have been you!" Rickon's voice screamed in his head and wouldn't stop. It should have been me. I deserve to die.

"Please don't cry." Benjen moved from his chair, carefully crawling on to the bed and cuddling up on Robb's right side, hugging him as best he could while avoiding going near his left side. Robb hugged him back with his right arm, comforted by his warmth.

"Will you feel better if I share a secret to you?"

"Sure." Robb's voice cracked in a whisper. He felt dead inside but tried to fake interest for his son's sake.

"I love you, Daddy. I know you're my real daddy and I love you."

Robb cried into his son's wavy, auburn hair.
The Completion Of A Pretty Puzzle

Surreal.

Everything in the past two weeks felt so far from reality and Sansa's head remained foggy, her emotions staid. From her coming to in Loras's arms, to the flight back to Winterfell, Rickon's cremation and memorial, all the kind words and sympathetic looks from family and friends, it was as if she were living someone else's nightmare. She observed Arya and Bran crying and her Dad breaking down with a detachment that both scared her and saved her, and after the initial shock at the news, the numbness over her dead brother took over, protecting her from feeling much of anything at all with his passing. She hadn't seem much of Rickon in years, really, and the loss wasn't affecting her as much as she thought it would and she began to question if she even had a heart.

Robb, however, was a different matter.

She knew she had a heart when she and Loras had arrived at the service. She met Robb's eyes for the first time since he had deserted her for Jon's house, and she was ripped apart by the blank, dull look in them. She restrained herself as she quickly embraced him, forgetting about his injury and becoming embarrassed at causing him thoughtless pain while also feeling something stir deep inside her where she craved the feel of him against her. She felt him tense and he pulled back, his weary eyes flitting away from her to follow Benjen's movements before he walked as far away from her as he could get. All she wanted to do was fling herself in his arms and forget everything, but in front of everyone she could only let him leave her while she moved on to embrace Arya and Bran, and then Dad. Her mind mercifully blocked out the rest of the experience, which she could only recall in a haze a sea of faces and embraces and condolences, and occasionally she would steal glances at Robb, who never met her gaze. She wondered if it was her imagination when she saw Marg lean into him and take his hand, which he obviously accepted with a sad smile. He looked upon her with a gratefulness that shot an arrow straight through her heart. It was so different from how he nearly recoiled from her own touch and somewhere beyond the numbness, it hurt.

In Loras, however, she had a life-preserver to cling to; a shield to hide behind when it came to her family. She made him go with her everywhere, even when he insisted she needed time alone with her family. At the service for Rickon she clung to his arm. At her miserable visit at Dad's house she made him stay glued by her side as she went through the motions of talking with and consoling her family. It was hard to even let him disappear for five minutes to use the bathroom and she found herself lingering by the bathroom door until he emerged. Only when they returned to their hotel suites did she show a little clarity and emotion when she proceeded to rail at him for having booked two separate rooms for their stay. She raged at him, threw anything she could in his direction, accusing him of being ashamed and trying to hide the fact they were sleeping together by getting separate suites, only to have him subdue her by hugging her tight and whispering reassurances in her ear, before carrying her to the bed to tuck her in and spoon with her until she fell into a restless sleep. She didn't want to be alone at night, so each evening she abandoned her rooms and slept with Loras in his room, his protective arms holding her close.

She didn't want to be here. She didn't want to face her brother's death.

She also didn't want to see Robb's blatant rejection of her. Now more than ever she needed him and he was keeping her at arm's length.

Why?

It had to be more than her slamming a door in his face, or not calling him to make up. It had to be
more than just Marg hanging on him. Why was he avoiding her in their time of need? She gave voice to her concerns thoughtlessly with Loras one night while she curled up in bed and he lounged on the loveseat in the room, checking his phone. After all, he had been her constant confidant for ever a decade now, and she saw no harm in it. Besides, it was Loras who brought up Robb first.

"San, it's been two weeks since we've been back in Winterfell," he started cautiously, avoiding looking at her. "I know you've been through a lot, and I am sorry for it, but you haven't been to see Robb. I don't think you've left my side this whole time. Don't you think he deserves a visit? He's back at the old house now. You wouldn't have to worry about going over to your Dad's place."

At first she said nothing, curling into the comforter even tighter as she lay on her side, staring at him. He was impeccable as always, clad in a simple long-sleeved black shirt and pants. His curls were growing, his light brown roots showing through his dark-blonde dye job for his series. He only had a mere scruff now, as he had clean-shaved for the funeral. She liked the look on him. They had not made love since the night Dad called her, which was understandable, but in a way she resented him for not even trying to touch her intimately, and was worried that he regretted sleeping with her. She was ashamed that even though tragedy and stress had struck her, she still wanted to be fucked, even as every meal she tried to eat found it's way back up and she felt weak and tired. Pride kept her from making a move on him.

"San?" He looked up from his phone. "Did you hear me? Marg sent me a text -"

"Hmm. Your sister knows all about Robb, doesn't she? Do you know something about her and Robb, and you're not sharing?" She couldn't help the accusatory tone.

His eyes darted away from her.

"Marg has been spending time with Robb since he came back home. That's all I know."

"We both know Marg isn't looking for a buddy, and she tells you everything about her little personal life and who she is fucking. You know she is going to take advantage of him and throw him away -"

"Robb is a grown man and can spend time however he chooses." Loras cut her off. Usually so patient, he seemed to have his back up instantly, his face serious as he looked at her. "Just as you have spent time with me how you have chosen to in New York."

His implication was clear and Sansa was crestfallen. He looked almost angry as he spoke. She had never seen him look at her this way before, his mouth turned down in seriousness and his gaze like ice.

"Sansa, you need to see Robb. I'm not blind. I know you still love him, and I know he still loves you. You need to talk with him, be there for him, get over the childish spat you two had. Just be the mature one and make the first attempt. Robb saw your brother die in front of him and was injured in the process. He killed a man with his bare hands. Because of Marg’s statement, and the evidence of the gun still in the guy's hand, Robb is going to beat a murder or manslaughter charge. Yet that doesn't erase the fact that he killed someone. I am sure a kind word and understanding from you would go a long way. I'm not advocating you going over to fuck his brains out, but you know, if that's how you both deal with your grief, who am I to say? I mean, I am only the concerned friend."

What Loras said made sense and was the truth, but it still stung. How could he sit there and tell her to go see her lover-brother, when he confessed he loved her while buried deep inside her the last time they made love? He knew how things generally went whenever she was with Robb. He wasn't ignorant to the love and passion they shared when they were able to be together, even as circumstances were always ripping them apart. Didn't Loras care about her and their own changing
relationship? Or did he just view them as friends with benefits -like he just told her he was a concerned friend - and he intended to carry on as if nothing happened between them? She had seen him briefly speaking to Renly at the memorial service. Renly, looking fit and handsome, his chocolate brown eyes looking Loras up and down. Was he having second thoughts over breaking up with him?

"Fine. I promise to go see Robb tomorrow. First thing in the morning. Is that good enough for you?" She flared at him. "Or would you prefer I spend the night with him at the house? It seems like you are trying to push me back into my brother's arms. Trying to get rid of me? Tired of my pathetic clinging? Did New York mean anything to you? Or has Renly Baratheon's presence at the memorial service wiped everything from your mind save the thought of getting some dick again?"

As soon as she spat out the round of hateful questions, she was mortified. She didn't mean it, not really, and it was below the belt. She was a mess right now but it was no excuse. She saw his eyes narrow and mouth tighten and he gripped his phone so tightly his knuckles turned white but said nothing. He was always so incredibly patient with her, even when she didn't deserve it. Trying to deflect from her hatefulness, she tried to change the subject.

"Loras, when are we going home?" It was a question off the topic but she wanted to know. "It's been two weeks and there's nothing more I can do here."

"The suites are paid up for another week. I didn't know how long you wanted to stay. I have to leave to do the press and promo circuit for the series soon, not to mention production will start on the movie I signed on to do, probably sometime mid-summer. You can choose to come home with me, or stay here." He shrugged as if it was of no importance what she decided. As if he didn't care that she told him she loved him, too. As if it didn't matter that he cared enough to give her most intense orgasms of her life.

It annoyed her.

"Loras, can you put the damn phone away?" She sat up in bed then, smoothing out her hair. "I don't want to compete with your sister. Although I'm sure I could, if you want to hook back up with Renly for the night while I watch you two get it on. Would that capture your attention?"

She couldn't help another hateful remark, even if she was sorry after it tumbled out. She was having enough to deal with, grief and numbness and regret, and she didn't know how to handle this new feeling: pure, unadulterated jealousy. Whether it was over Renly's attentions or Marg's, or both, she didn't really know or care. Lately there was a streak of possessiveness in her where Loras was concerned, born the first night he fucked her, and it was growing.

"Sansa, you always have my attention, you know that." He placed his phone down and stood up, graceful and smooth as he made his way to the bed to sit on the edge. "I spoke to Renly politely. There is nothing between us now but the past. A past that is in the past for a reason."

"I'm sorry, Loras, please forgive me. I didn't mean to be such a bitch. I'm sorry I've been on edge lately." It was the truth. She was sorry.

He reached for her hands and she let him hold them, taking comfort in his warmth. He smiled sadly at her, his previous constrained anger gone.

"It's understandable, San. You have been through a lot. Everyone grieves differently. If you choose to throw more things at me, I'll just skillfully duck again until you run out of things to chuck."

He was too good for her. He deserved better than she could ever give him.
She pulled her hands away and slid off of the bed, her stomach in knots. He looked up at her, slightly questioning, and she tentatively ran a hand through his curls. They were silky soft, without any product in them.

"It's more than grief, Lor. Much more. I am truly sorry for the way I've been taking you for granted." She took a deep breath. "I don't want any more time to pass, and I'm sorry this isn't the most perfect moment. I mean, I don't have any Mr. Bubble with me, or an 80's playlist. But, I did bring something with me I meant to give to you that night."

"It's fine, San, we can wait. I know you're emotionally drained, I don't need to be gifted with anything right now. It's very sweet of you and thank you. The only thing I need is for you to be okay."

"I'm here, I'm alive. You're here with me. It's a start," she replied, padding over to the dresser, opening it and withdrawing a small paper bag and walking back to him. "Here, this is for you. Open it, please."

"If I open it, will you promise to go see Robb tomorrow?"

She nodded, even as her stomach churned. "Scout's honor."

Loras obediently took the bag from her and opened it up, revealing a flat, square box. With an eyebrow raised he opened the lid as Sansa sank back down on the bed to sit in front of him. There was a note on top of puzzle pieces.

_I thought you might like to know..._

Loras read it, both brows now furrowed as the edges of his lips curled up in a small smile.

"Like to know what, Sunshine?" He dumped the puzzle pieces onto the bed, smoothing and tightening out the comforter for a flatter surface."Thank god it's a simple puzzle. I haven't done one of these since I was a little kid."

She said nothing, her eyes fixed on his face as he rearranged them. His fingers started to shake when he snapped the last one in place and he stared at it for a moment, his face blank. Her stomach did flips and her heart felt like it was jumping up to her mouth. She knew it wasn't the best time, but she didn't want to wait any longer. Not for something like this. But he was frozen and her heart started to sink. He stared at the finished puzzle.

_You're going to be a Daddy!_

"San - " His voice broke and he looked at her, slow to comprehend what he read, clearly stunned. "Sansa-is this-is this true? I mean, you're -we're -"

"Yes, Loras. I'm pregnant. Four tests, all positive. You're going to be a Daddy."

She watched as his breath caught before a wide smile formed on his face and he reached out to cup her face in his shaking hands, his eyes sparkling, the puzzle forgotten.

"Are you - ah, is this what - is this -"

She smoothed her hands over his in reassurance and smiled. The knight of flowery words was at a complete loss. It was sweet and struck her heart and relief flooded her.

"Yes, this is what I want. I want your child. Our child."
It was the truth, minus the panic and uncertainty she faced at first; the sense of betrayal towards Robb, the feeling of despair and the few moments of doubt and briefly considering her alternatives, and more than one time of berating herself for being so stupid and careless. The worry, the heartache, the remembrance over her first traumatic pregnancy experience had been clouding her mind, but it drifted away with his ecstatic smile and watering eyes that held so much elation in them she almost had to look elsewhere. He leaned in to kiss her forehead and cheek as if she were a child before touching his lips against hers in a feathery kiss as if she were made of glass. It sent shivers of pleasure down her spine all the same. He broke away softly to skim a hand down to her flat belly and gingerly rested it there, staring as if he expected her stomach to start expanding immediately.

"I'm not sure how far I am, I need to set up an appointment once we get back to Long Beach. I'm thinking at the most it was Valentine's Day, since I had my period after we made love the first time, but not since. So that puts me at a little over nine weeks at most."

"Ah, Sunshine. I thought you were being sweet to me our last night together in New York to let me down easy," he admitted, swallowing hard. "Now this. This is - are you sure you want this? I know you love Ro-"

"Loras." She sighed. "I know this isn't the best timing right now, and I'm sorry it's not a happier environment. I just didn't want to wait any longer to tell you. But this child was made in love and he or she will be raised in love. This is for you and me to decide, and everything else must fall into place behind it." Everything and everyone, including Robb. She was firm, resolute.

Loras moved in to kiss her again and she welcomed it, breathing a sigh of relief against his lips as he gently pushed her back into the pillows. She surrendered to his peppering of kisses all over her face and neck, little damp touches that didn't dare much but felt soothing and arousing against her drained body. She sighed again when she felt him lower himself down to pull up her shirt, leaving her stomach exposed down to her low-rise yoga pants.

"I love you, Sansa. I cannot even attempt to put into words right now how happy I am. To think, inside of you right now is our child. Trust me, I am not leaving your side. You'll have to run away halfway across the world to escape me, and even then I would follow you. I love you, Sansa, and I love our baby already."

When he kissed her belly reverently while skimming circles around with his fingers, looking up at her adoringly with his loving grin, she threaded her fingers in his hair and cried.

For once, they were not tears of sorrow.
I can do this. I can. I'm not a coward and this needs to be done, now. It's now or never. It's the least Robb deserves. I need to see him. We need to talk about Rickon. And I need to tell him about the baby before someone else does.

Hesitantly, Sansa knocked on the front door of the family house and waited, furtively looking around. She had spotted Robb's truck and motorcycle, but then realized that didn't mean anything as he wasn't able to drive - or couldn't, with his injury. She was over here at the crack of dawn for a reason; better chance to catch him alone. Thankfully Marg's BMW wasn't parked in the driveway. She would have balked at knocking and left, even though she knew it would have been completely hypocritical of her. After all, she had lain in Loras' arms all night.

It had been sweet, really. Loras had asked her to stay with him and he excitedly babbled on and on about plans he wanted to make concerning the child up to and including perspective colleges. It would have been all well and good, but she had been so inexplicably aroused and wanted him to fuck her. She didn't want to demand it, ask for it, or beg for it, she wanted him to take her subtle hints and take charge. She had scooted up against him while they spooned, coyly "adjusting" herself to cause some friction. Her hand found his on her belly and she caressed it, making 'mmm' sounds as he was talking. All to no avail. She gave up and fell asleep to him spooning her, his hand placed gingerly yet protectively over her belly. Loras and his exuberance lingered in her mind as she knocked again, harder, and rang the doorbell. It gave her a bit of strength and determination, a fortification against the unhappiness she surely would be seeing in Robb.

It wasn't about her and Robb anymore. She realized if having a baby with Loras was going to work, the nature of her and Robb's relationship had to change. There was no other way around it and the sacrifice was heartbreaking to her. Another innocent life as at risk, just as it was when she found out she was pregnant with Benjen. At the time she did what she thought was best for her and Robb's child, after the initial shock and rush to the women's clinic. She knew sitting in the clinic she could never destroy anything made with Robb. Giving him up for her Dad to adopt him had ensured he would never face the possible disgrace and embarrassment if he or anyone else found out he was a product of brother-sister incest. It was the happiest life she could provide, and although Robb didn't see it that way, she loved their child enough to make that sacrifice. Of course she hadn't counted on Peytr Baelish sussing out the truth.

But she didn't have to give up Robb.

Now, with this child, she wasn't a scared seventeen year old girl pregnant with her brother's child. She was an established, famous, wealthy twenty-six year old pregnant by a loving, caring, well-adjusted man who was not a blood relative. She would not have to be alone and hide in shame and fear, and the father could be as doting and prevalent as he wanted. It would be nice to have him holding her hand, resting his hands on her tummy to feel the baby kick, to have him there for support and reassurance. Loras, so open and fun-loving and good. She knew their child would want for nothing.

This time, she had to give up Robb. At least romantically. Loras didn't ask it of her, and she knew he never would, and it was tempting to have her cake and eat it, too. But in her heart she knew it would be wrong. For so long she was determined that she and Robb would find a way to be together; somehow, some way, some day. Now, everything has changed. It wasn't just the child but Loras as well that influenced her decision. Her emotions were being pulled in every direction but she had to do right. This child was her chance at redemption, and she was damned if she was going to mess it
It was easy to sort it out and rationalize it without being in front of Robb while doing it. Face-to-face was going to be a completely different matter.

Accepting the fact Robb was not answering the door, Sansa sighed and pulled out her keys. Luckily Arya never changed the locks and neither did Robb, and the door opened easily for her. She stepped in with a quiet creaking of the door, shutting and locking it softly behind her.

"Robb? Robb, it's Sansa." She called out to him, pulling off her lightweight jacket, tossing it and her purse on the nearby bench. That was something new.

She walked past the foyer, glided into the living room, and stopped. Her eyes scanned the immaculate area, peppered with plants and flowers. The walls were now calming colors of blue and green, somewhat masculine but still soft. The focal point was a massive oil painting of a man sitting on a back porch whittling out a toy soldier for the little boy seated next to him who was looking up in obvious adoration. The colors in the art brought the whole room together. She was amazed at it until the thought pricked her mind and she found herself swiftly experiencing jealousy and envy as green as the walls.

Margaery Tyrell decorated this room.

Trying to push the thought aside, she floated down the basement steps. The rec room was now filled with boxes of wood and paints and other art supplies. She opened the door to Robb's old room only to discover it was being used for storage. Well, of course he wouldn't choose to sleep down here. He was the only one living here now, so it was only natural he would take Mom and Dad's old room. It was the most spacious bedroom, of course. Still, she closed her eyes for a moment, her hand on the door, letting the memories wash over her. The first time they made love. Sneaking in late at night to steal kisses. Two weeks of carnal bliss after Arya's wedding; the last time they had made love. Even the thoughts aroused her and she was frustrated by it.

She flipped her vision to Loras, how she woke him up this morning to tell him she was going to Robb's. He had smiled drowsily up at her with that gorgeous smile and told her to take care, while grabbing at her pillow to snuggle it close and inhale deeply into it. She had hesitated, wanting instead to crawl back into bed with him, but a wave of nausea had overtaken her and she left him there to fall asleep with the pillow serving as a poor substitute. She wondered how he could be so understanding and nonchalant about her visiting Robb. She wished she could adopt such a cavalier attitude.

Shutting the door, she made her way back up the stairs, past the living room, glancing into the kitchen along the way, but knowing full well he must still be in bed sleeping. Ascending the stairs she hoped - prayed - that he was alone. Just because she didn't see Marg's car didn't mean she wasn't here.

The door to her parents' old room was wide open so she tiptoed inside and looked at the bed.

Robb lay on his back on top of the covers, his left arm in a sling, propped up with pillows, his shoulder bandaged. He was clad only in a pair of dark grey boxers and he was dead asleep, his earbuds still in his ears. To the left on the nightstand sat his phone, a glass of water and a pill bottle.

She crept closer to him.

"Robb?" She didn't know if she should wake him. He wore a pained expression, brows furrowing together. His hair was cut short but long enough for his curls to show, his beard was trimmed, and his muscled body was still solid, which told her at least he was taking care of himself - or he was
being taken care of. His lips were slightly parted and she couldn't help but feast her eyes on his beauty. He was sensual even in sleep.

She finished walking over to the side of the bed. She knew it was wrong but she picked up his phone. Of course it wasn't locked. He never locked his phone. Well, first things first. She tiptoed over sit in a chair off to the side. It was plush and she sunk into it, nervously glancing over at Robb, still completely passed out. She tried to rationalize what she was doing by telling herself he would do the same thing if the opportunity presented itself.

She fiddled around for a few minutes, smiling. After that, she skimmed through his contacts. She was still on top, under Starshine. Then it was the usual suspects, nothing shocking. Marg was in there, too. She stopped when she found an unfamiliar one.

**DR JM**

She frowned. Maybe it was the doctor treating him for his wound. He was going to have to go through physical therapy..

Shrugging, she checked the text messages. Robb was apparently popular since coming back to Winterfell. Texts from Theon, Sam, Myrcella, Tommen, Dad, Arya, Bran, Gendry, Uncle Brynden, Jon -good god, did he delete anything? Of course, she bypassed all of them to get to the one she really wanted to see.

**Margaery.**

She paused. Did she really want to know? Well...yes, yes she did.

Robb: *U know I cant type well w one hand*

Marg: *I'm sure U do something well with one hand lol*

Robb: *What time tmrw*

Marg: *I'm at the shop till noon.*

Robb: *Ok*

Marg: *Don't worry Babe. I keep it strictly professional, you know that.*

Robb: *Sure*

Marg: *Don't text back. Save your strength. U R going to need it after U heal.*

Sansa swallowed. There was nothing else, mercifully. It wasn't as bad as she had braced herself for, but there was definitely some flirtation on Marg's side. Relief intermingled with guilt as she got up and placed his phone back to the exact spot, next to the painkillers.

"Robb?" She leaned over him. He smelled like fresh soap and faint man deodorant. *He smelled like Robb.* Gently she removed the earbuds and placed them and the device on his nightstand. It was enough to wake him and he stirred, a low moan emitting from his throat. His face settled into more placid lines and he seemingly fell back into his deep sleep.

He looked so vulnerable. Kicking off her shoes she crept into bed beside him and snuggled up against his right side, resting her head and right hand on his chest, curling into the chest hair she always found both comforting and sexy at the same time. She could hear his heartbeat thumping
madly against her as she slid her right leg over his. Nothing ever felt so right as when she could lie in
his arms, or lie up next to him at least. Whatever befell them, the mere touch of him could soothe her
deepest hurts. Even when he was the cause of them.

"Hmmm." She heard him emit a satisfied humming noise before she felt his right arm encircling her
and tightening. "Starshine. Is it really you or am I dreaming?"

God his voice was always so low and growly when he woke up. Just hearing his voice could turn
her on, and with her being so hyper-sensitive and sexually frustrated right now, it was a sweet
torture.

"I'm real enough, Robb." It was all she could say, her hand starting to trace down the length of his
torso to his belly button. It was thoughtless; she just wanted to touch him again. It has been so long,
well, not as long as she had gone before, but it seemed like an eternity ago since she felt him on her
fingertips. Was it so wrong? Even as she felt the sexual undercurrent she also felt lethargy setting in.
Her body was confused on whether it wanted to be comforted or fucked.

Apparently it was comfort that won out. She jolted with a shock to her system and she sat up to turn
over to see the clock. Nearly three hours had passed since she laid down. Sighing, she turned back
over to Robb who awakened at her moments. His eyes were open, staring at her, his eyes darkened.
She was scared to see how dull they looked, how lifeless. He never looked at her with anything other
than sparkling eyes, whether it was love or lust or anger, they were always twin reflections of
emotions. She laid her head back on his chest to avoid his gaze.

"I'm sorry Robb. I have a key and you weren't responding."

She felt him kiss the top of her head and his lips lingered there, his hand weaving through her long
red hair. If he would just keep doing that, she could die happy. Well, almost...

"It's alright." His tone suggested it was anything but."You could have called."

"And risk you refusing to see me? No." She paused. "I wanted to see how you were doing. Our
brother died and you won't let me be there for you. You didn't even sit next to me at the service.
Why, Robb?"

"Sansa." His grip on her tightened. "I've been through a lot -"

"As have I. I lost a brother, too, Robb." She didn't like the way this conversation was going but
didn't know how to stop it, other than by skimming her fingertips down his chest and to his waist.
She felt him tense. He was fully awake now.

"Not a minute goes by that I don't think of Rickon," he sighed. "It's not like you don't have a support
system."

"But you are my comfort, Robb, you know that. How do you think I got through Mom's death? I
would have been more of a mess if it wasn't for you -"

"Yes, well, it seems my ability to comfort you has been diminished. Was I there for you when you
were pregnant with my child? Was I there after Baelish made us do what we did? Or how about after
the video was released? Oh, but, that's right, I didn't know you were pregnant. I was forced to stay
away from you by Baelish. And at Highgarden you scampered off to Loras' room while I lay there
alone."

"Please, Robb, I didn't come over to squabble. I came here to tell you I'm sorry, for everything. I am
mourning Rickon, too. I need you. I love you."
"I love you, too, San. I'm sorry you felt slighted at the memorial but there was a reason for that. I just needed to distance myself from you for Benjen's sake."

"Benjen?" She frowned, not understanding, while her hand snaked upward to play with his chest hair, her leg hiking up between his. It wasn't deliberate, she swore it wasn't, but her leg felt him aroused and hard against her. It was reassuring.

"Yes." He drew in a sharp breath and then exhaled. "Benjen knows I'm his father."

She sat upright at that, moving away from him, a cold feeling taking over her body.

"What?" She stared at him and he looked at her, through her, beyond her. "Does- does he know I'm his mother, too?"

A wry smile formed.

"It's not about you, San, sorry." He groaned as he sat up as well, babying his left side as he swung his legs over the side of the bed and reached for his pills. He skilfully fished one out with one hand and downed it with the water, draining the glass. He began twirling it as if it was the most interesting piece of plastic he had ever seen.

"How - how does he know?" It came out as a whisper. She was horrified.

"I don't know and I don't care. All I know is I had to lie to my son. I told him whatever he had seen or heard, Dad is his dad and Mel is his mom; that he must have just misunderstood. Once again I am backed in a corner trying to protect someone I love. Now it's blatantly lying to my own son and deliberately deceiving him about his parentage. Kids are easily manipulated when it comes to someone they unconditionally love pulling the strings." He hung his head. "I don't know if he knows about you but thought it best that he didn't see us together."

"But Robb, if he knows about you he probably knows about me -"

Robb slammed the glass down on the nightstand, making Sansa jump and cringe.

"Goddamn it, Sansa, it's not about you! I don't give a fuck about what else he might know. I drove it home in his brain that Dad is his dad, so guess what, you don't have to deal with it. Just like you never had to deal with Rickon."

"I've been dealing with Rickon's death, too, Robb." She resented his implication, even as she knew she was avoiding feeling anything where their brother was concerned.

"That's not what I meant. Did you ever stop to think, Rickon's death is on our heads? Maybe if he didn't catch us in the act, he wouldn't have been so messed up, he wouldn't have gotten into trouble and hung out with the wrong crowd. -"

"No!" Sansa scooted over to him, mindful of his left shoulder she she rested her chin on his right one, her right hand circling around to embrace him "That's not true! Don't blame us for Rickon's mental state. A lot of bad things happen to kids every day, sad to think of, but there's all kinds of trauma suffered, far worse than catching a brother and sister making love. Does every single kid grow up to be a felon? No! There was something in Rickon that...maybe wasn't wired correctly or something. Maybe with a proper diagnosis and meds he could have been better. If anything I blame Dad for not paying attention to his son."

He accepted her embrace, clasping her hand to him, leaning his head back to touch hers. It was something, and she was thankful he didn't pull away from her. But his voice became deadly calm.
"You know, you sound just like my psych. You say we're not to blame, but the reason Rickon is dead is because that sack of shit made a lewd comment about our sex video. Rickon attacked him and I broke it up, but the guy pulled a gun on me. When I was smashing that prick's head into the pavement, I imagined he was Baelish. It's what I should have done to him when he threatened us and I had him shoved against the wall...I should have beat his head against it until he drew his last breath."

"Psych? You mean you are seeing a psychiatrist?" Maybe she heard him wrong. She hoped she heard him wrong. She clutched his abs harder, nails digging in. He didn't make a sound of protest.

"Yes, San. I am seeing a shrink. Only two sessions so far. It's something I felt I needed to do, I needed to talk to someone."

Panic filled her. No. No, please no. A shrink would twist his mind, have him see their relationship as ugly and wrong. It would be like an AA meeting, where they tell you to cut of all the negative influences in your life to get clean and stay clean. Or was that NA. Or it was both. They would even discourage a sibling relationship because being around her would prove too great a temptation to slide back into the evilness of incest. No. The relationship between them might need to change now but she refused to give him up in all aspects. She could never give him up completely.

*It would kill her.*

"And what does he or she say about us?" She sounded shrill but she didn't care.

"Good god, San, stop it." He sounded so casual to her fear as he got up slowly, detaching her claws from him. He looked around and retrieved a pair of lounge pants that were flung over the chair Sansa had sat in. She moved to help him but he stayed her, clumsily pulling them on with one hand. They were loose enough to lessen the appearance of his hard-on, but Sansa was drawn to it all the same, then looked away, guilty, but not before he caught her. "Sansa, it's not all about you. Christ, you can be an egomaniac. Did you try to even stop and think that my baggage isn't just you? I saw my brother get killed before my eyes, I murdered a man by madly smashing his skull in, and then there's all the shit I've carried from my time in Afghanistan." His gentle tone took the sting out of his words.

"Robb, I'm sorry." She felt small, insignificant. Of course he had been through some hell that didn't pertain to her. "If it helps you, then I am all for it." A lie, but she needed to make him feel better.

"Sansa." He came over and sat on the bed again, reaching his arm out to grasp her hand. "I love you, and that will never change, right or wrong. This time in Winterfell was supposed to be an opportunity to get my life back on track, bond with family again, and become the man you truly deserve. I couldn't predict what a horrible turn it would take."

"I've ruined your life, Robb, and I keep ruining it. How can you still love me?"

She felt his hand cup her cheek to turn her to face him. There was now a light in his eyes, a familiar glow that made all resolve melt away and he smiled slowly.

"Because you're my little Starshine," he whispered. "You are still the only woman I have ever loved."

"And what of Marg?" She was weakening and needed to hold on to some resentment.

His eyebrow shot up at that.

"Marg is a friend, she has helped me out a great deal. She and I have hung out and spent quite a bit of time together, and I'm not going to lie to you, there's an attraction there -" his hand moved to her
neck to keep her from pulling away at that - "but it is all in good fun. We both know what it is."

She was being a hypocrite, she knew it, but it hurt to hear him admit he was sexually attracted to Marg, and to do it in such a candid manner. Yet, the truth was better than a lie..or a secret. Her stomach churned as if on cue.

"Robb, I need to tell you -"

"Please, Sansa, I don't mean to hurt you with the truth. But please know that you are the one who haunts my dreams, you are the one I want in my bed at night, you are the one I want as my wife, even though it can never be. But forces seem to keep destroying any hope for us to even be together, and after everything, I don't think it is too horrible to accept solace where we can find it."

Oh, he just gave her the perfect lead-in. Now was her chance, now -

Before she could say anything, his lips sought hers. She could never forget how his lips felt and there was no hesitation as she met his slow, languid kiss. It seemed like forever since the last time they were like this, and it was sweet, the parting of their lips against each other again and again, until the pace quickened. Her hands flew up to his hair and she grabbed his curls to push him closer. It was awkward sitting side-by-side so they move to face each other, kissing, until Robb broke away to travel down her neck. She loved him kissing her neck, one of her more sensitive areas, and he knew it; he took his time kissing and licking and biting and she whimpered. Could she ever really give this up? Was she a complete fool for thinking she could? Even as her thoughts raced and she became wet between her legs she felt him sucking ardently on her neck, marking her -

"Robb." She was breathless, trying to protest. "Robb, I -"

"Your necklace." He muttered against her skin.

"I - took it off in New York to have it cleaned - I - it's - I forgot it when we left for Winterfell -" *Another lie*. What was she supposed to say? That she took it off as it seemed like a betrayal to wear it while she got pleasured by another man? Her lame lie was obviously accepted as he continued to kiss her, moving lower to collarbone and then to the top of her breasts where her top started. She felt his teeth graze her already hardened nipples through the fabrics -

"Sansa. Sansa."

She closed her eyes and thought of Loras. *Loras, with his funny ways, he could always make her laugh with his good-naturedness, even in the bad times. Loras, hanging out on the couch just vegging out on with her, passing a bottle of wine between them and watching classic movies. Loras, bathing her bruised, dirty body after rescuing her from Baelish's penthouse. Loras, giving her so much pleasure that she shook and laughed and cried out for him again and again. Loras, his eyes shining with love and pure joy as he placed his hand over where their child would be growing -*

"Robb!" It took all her willpower to push him away. "Robb, please, *I can't*!"

She realized she pushed him harder than she intended to as she jumped up from the bed. She half expected him to be angry but his handsome face just looked up at her with worry.

"Sansa, what is it? I'm sorry. I -"

"Robb." She clasped her neck where there surely was a mark. "Robb - *I'm pregnant*!"

The word seemed to echo throughout the room. It wasn't the way she meant to tell him, not really, but -but - at least it was out there now. Robb stared at her, speechless. Her arms went around her
waist, hugging tight, as if her womb would burst out of her in that instant and she cautiously eyed him. He sat on the edge of the bed, frozen.

"Robb, I wanted to tell you before you found out from someone else. I know it's hard to hear, and I'm sorry -"

"Who's the father?" His quiet but cracking voice cut through the air of the room. He looked at her, seemingly patiently waiting for her to answer. She knew he had to know, and she knew he wouldn't be overly thrilled about. Especially since all along she denied any sexual involvement with him aside from the one-time drunken fingering.

"Loras." She said it softly but defiantly, her chin jerking upwards. She scanned his face for a reaction but there was none. His expression was so still, so tight, and all he did was lower his eyes to her stomach. Whether it was a reaction to her announcement or a deliberate move to prevent the emotion in his eyes from being read, she wasn't quite sure.

Seconds passed like minutes; minutes like hours.

Robb slowly stood up, removing his sling and folded it up neatly before placing it on the bed. She started to say something but her heart caught in her mouth as he made his way to her, wincing as he outstretched both arms to embrace her, his eyes downcast. It didn't feel quite real as he pulled her against his chest and she felt him kiss the top of her head. She let her arms fling around him gratefully, and relief overwhelmed her so much she thought she would weep.

"Congrats, Sansa. I love you."

"Robb -"

She pulled away from him, looking into his eyes. They were back to their dull, lifeless state, even as he pulled a smile onto his face. But he was being more generous to her than she had expected, considering the circumstances.

"I think it's time for you to leave, Sansa. You can see yourself out, yes?"

"Y-yes, Robb. I - I just wanted you to know before everyone gets wind of it. I knew this would hurt you and I wanted to make sure I was the one to tell you in private. I love you, Robb. I do. Always."

"As I love you, Sansa. That will never change, no matter what the circumstances."

She wanted to stay, to fling herself back into his arms, beg him to make love to her, fall asleep with his arms wrapped around her. But she could not forget the world, could not abandon reality, and could not forsake yet another love. She refused to be that kind of woman.

Suddenly, she needed Loras.

Whether it was the worst thing she could do or not, she turned and left him there, closing the door, and fled as if both her and Robb's inner demons took form and were close at her heels.
Defining And Taking A Hint

Chapter Notes

Thank you to forbidden-love-is-sweet on Tumblr (Twisty88) for this lovely little fan edit (used with permission).

Loras glanced at the clock in his hotel suite.

8:45 pm

He sighed, running his hands through his hair, trying not to worry as he moved around stacks of packages for about the tenth time, focusing on the fruits of his day-long solo binge-shopping excursion. He probably shouldn't have done it, but with all the emotions he was experiencing, the early morning jog wasn't enough to quell them, and shopping was always his go-to outlet, next to working out. It was a good thing he had more money that he knew what to do with, and the tab he racked up today alone surpassed what an average worker made in a year. His room was overflowing with bags and boxes.

*He was going to be a father. He was going to be a Dad. A Daddy.*

His mind was a mess and his heart even more so, but he knew one thing for certain, and that was this changed everything. It changed his feelings, his outlook, his plans and goals for the future. In a moment his world had changed and he couldn't be happier for it; well, almost, anyway. He never thought he would have a chance to be a father, not unless he adopted. In the past he always envisioned settling down with Renly after his career cooled, maybe adopting a child or two together, yet try as he might he could never really picture Renly as a father, and he was never quite sure why.
It was no reflection on his character, as Renly was really too sweet and good for this world, but perhaps it was instead his own hangups and hesitation that clouded his perception. Whatever it was, it was nothing but a pale and faded dream next to this glittering reality.

After Sansa had left for Robb's, Loras made sure to pay for an extended stay on both the suites. He had every intention of leaving Winterfell with Sansa and returning to New York to gather their things, maybe sight-see, then leave for California. Originally he had wanted to go home for a short while before it was time do do the press junket for his show and start filming in Spain for the movie he was contracted to do in exchange for Sansa's guest role on his series. He had wanted to ask Sansa to accompany him, but it was out of the question now. She needed to establish an OB-GYN as soon as possible and he could not have her travel around the world with him. He cursed the movie; he hadn't wanted to to it anyway, and the shoot was predicted to take three to four months. There would definitely be some frequent-flyer miles racking up for him soon, as he was determined to fly back at any chance he got. Yet the idea of Sansa being pregnant and alone in Long Beach didn't set well with him. Sure, she had made friends in California, but Hollywood friends couldn't hold a candle to family. What Sansa needed was consistency and a support system.

He desperately wanted to be by her side but the contracts already in place were going to keep him away from her. There were so many events and press conferences and promotions already lined up for his series. As he was the star they were unavoidable. At least the majority of them were in the States, so Sansa could be with him for those, if she felt up to it. But Spain?

He looked over at the clock again.

She had been away all day, and that was after she had called him after her visit with Robb, sounding frantic yet she insisted she was fine, she needed to see him. He had been in the middle of shopping then and offered to meet up with her, but she for some reason changed her mind and said she was going to spend the rest of the day with Myrcella and Arya. Loras was more than fine with that but he sensed a desperation in her voice. He asked how Robb took the news and if she was all right, and she told him Robb gave her a hug and said congratulations. Loras found that very hard to believe but didn't question her further. One thing of many that he knew about Sansa, you didn't push her for anything she wasn't willing to give.

Sansa was now the mother of his child. Their child. He was going to be a father. A father to Sansa's child.

He tried not to think of Robb, but of course there was no way to get around him. Marg had texted him shortly after he had talked to Sansa, sounding frantic but she insisted she was fine, she needed to see him. He had been in the middle of shopping then and offered to meet up with her, but she for some reason changed her mind and said she was going to spend the rest of the day with Myrcella and Arya. Loras was more than fine with that but he sensed a desperation in her voice. He asked how Robb took the news and if she was all right, and she told him Robb gave her a hug and said congratulations. Loras found that very hard to believe but didn't question her further. One thing of many that he knew about Sansa, you didn't push her for anything she wasn't willing to give.

Sansa was now the mother of his child. Their child. He was going to be a father. A father to Sansa's child.

The hours-long visit Sansa had with Robb made Loras slightly jealous, even though he would never admit it to anyone, especially Sansa. He wondered if they made love. He was pretty sure they had, and though he understood it and even assured Sansa that if that was what she needed, so be it. Yet the though ate away at him. She had not touched him intimately since that last time in New York, and even that time he was the one that had initiated it. He had left her alone out of respect for her grief over Rickon and was content to hold her when she sought him out at night. His impulse when she announced her pregnancy was to make love to her, but he fought against it. It wasn't about him or what he wanted, it was about the new life growing inside the belly of the woman he was in love with. And she did not ask so he did nothing. And yet, he knew a moment alone together would be all
it took for Robb and Sansa to give in to each other, as they always had and always will. Loras accepted who they were years ago and could not begrudge them their love.

*Besides, it was not their fault who they were to each other, and it was not their fault Sansa's best friend was in love with her.*

An unfamiliar thread of jealousy started coursing through his veins. He, Loras Tryell, was *jealous* of Robb Stark? The man was a hot mess, has had so much shit happen to him, and Loras was the golden boy with a charmed life. He should *not* be jealous. It had to be *hell* to be in love with your own sister. Of course he loved Marg, but not in the way Robb loved Sansa. He and Marg were not innocent for sure; Marg's voyeurism while he fucked Renly proved that, made even less innocent because it turned Loras on something fierce, but he credited it to the fact someone found his performance hot enough to climax to. Marg could have been replaced with anyone and it would have been arousing. Besides, they knew where to draw the line, thanks to their father's constant influence on their lives. Robb and Sansa had no such filter when their love for each other became something unacceptable.

*Destined to love each other, destined to never truly be together.* Loras had no right to envy either one of them and would not wish that kind of love on his worst enemy...if he had any enemies, anyway. Robb still had the best of Sansa's love, but what good was it to possess a love like that if it could never lead to anything but pain? At least he had a piece of Sansa's heart, not the lion's share but it was something, and now he had put a child in her womb.

*Then again, so had Robb.*

*Look what happened there.*

Loras tried to clear his head of everything save the fact that he was going to be a daddy and that everything now was about caring and providing for Sansa and their baby. He would do whatever was necessary to keep her happy, and if she wanted to continue fucking her brother, then so be it. It wasn't as if he had a right to ask her to stop sleeping with her brother. They weren't even in a relationship anyway, not really, were they? They were friends-turned-lovers, however briefly, and they were having a baby together. To push for more was something Loras was not willing to do. Better to be happy with what they were. It was more than most people would ever have in their lifetime.

*Be satisfied with that, Loras,* he told himself. *It is something. And it is something that she wants to have this child with you. Some men don't even get that.*

A knock at his suite door startled him out of his thoughts, thankfully, and he strode to the door, peering though the peephole first. It was a cautionary measure, borne out of fear of the paparazzi following him everywhere. Thankfully, so far, there was none in Winterfell that he knew of. It was refreshing, to be back home and pass through the days like a normal Joe on the street...

*Sansa.*

He unlocked the door and opened it only for her to push her way inside and slam it before locking it. She moved to lean up against it and stared up at him as if to say something, but then her eyes darted around the massive room at all the clutter. She dropped her purse and keys where she stood, her hair pulled charmingly to the side in a forward-sweeping ponytail, her cheeks flushed slightly pink and lips parted. If he didn't know any better, she looked as if she just had an orgasm as she shrugged off her light jacket. She looked radiant in her casual jeans and blouse, and she kicked off her shoes as if she was going to be staying awhile, her eyes widening. He suddenly felt embarrassed at all the spoils around them and bowed his head.
"Um, yeah, while you were...gone I figured I could get a jump start on the shopping," he offered sheepishly. "Well, nowadays there's not much for gender-neutral but I managed to pick out a few things, and of course I had to get started on the toys."

"A few things? Lor, did you buy out all the toy and baby stores in the city?" She whispered in an exhale, moving closer to all the goodies, her eyes catching the six foot teddybear seated on the loveseat and the various stuffed animals on the bed. "How do you propose getting all of this back to California? Rent a U-haul?"

"Well, about that, San." He moved over to sit on the loveseat next to Mr. Bear, watching her as she sifted through the bags. She started to pull this and that out, making small cooing noises at various items, a smile forming on her lips. Whatever was bothering her when she rushed in the door wasn't affecting her now. "I was kind of thinking about something and I want your opinion."

"Hmmm?" She held up a baby rattle, shaking it, before returning it to its rightful place and turning her attentions to all the fluffy stuffed goodness on the bed. She was almost like a child herself, picking up each animal to hug, as if testing the softness.

He smiled.

"You know I have to make the rounds for my new series, and you know I have to honor the contract for my next film that starts shooting next month. I was thinking, maybe we could buy a house in Winterfell for you to stay at while we wait for the baby to be born. I hate the idea of you being all alone in California while I am overseas, San, and you will have a huge support system. Not just your family but mine as well, and all of our old friends, not to mention the fact the paparazzi wouldn't be around tracking your - what do they always call it - baby bump. If you wanted to move back out to Long Beach after the baby is born, we can. I'm intending to take a break from filming for maybe a couple of years, unless the series gets picked up for season two. But other than that, I want to spend time with you and the baby. I want to be an actual daddy, not some actor that hires nannies and sees his kid like twice a year due to his work schedule."

She dropped the plush tiger she had been cuddling and looked at him for a moment. He could almost read her thoughts from the look in her beautiful blue eyes; after all, they had lived together for nearly eight years and he knew her so well.

"If you are swayed by thoughts of Robb, then stop that swaying. I, for one, know Robb loves you and will do whatever it takes to see you comfortable and happy. I'm confident he would share the same view as I do." He said it with absolute conviction in his voice but in reality he was less than sure on that last statement. "It's something you can think over, but just say the word and we can have a house bought yesterday. Pick whatever place you want."

"Myrcella and Theon are engaged," she said, completely off topic, a strange glint in her eyes as she made her way to stand in front of him. "She asked me to be her maid-of-honor today and of course I said yes. She wants a Christmas wedding, which suits me fine considering I'll be having the baby probably around the middle to end of October."

"Sansa -"

"Loras, why haven't you wanted to touch me?"

Her question caught him off guard as he looked up at her. Her brows were furrowed and she bit her lip, her hands clasped behind her, her eyes suddenly cool blue fire.
"Ah, Sansa, I don't see how that has anything to do with what we were talking about, and I don't know what you mean. I figured after last night, me touching and rubbing on your belly and holding y-"

"I don't mean holding me. Why haven't you wanted to *fuck* me?"

His mind jolted and he swallowed, trying to process her straightforward question, careful of what to say. She asked it with an even tone in her voice, even as her eyes blazed.

"You mean making love, right? Sansa, your brother just died, I know you are going through a lot emotionally. And now you just had a visit with Robb today. I don't think it's a good time -"

"Why?"

"You just told me you're pregnant -"

"So you are *repulsed* by me now that I'm pregnant? Is that it?"

"Sansa, I just found out last night! I - well, quite the contrary, I find it sexy as hell you are carrying my child, I just - I don't know, I just was - letting it up to you -"

"How many times did I need to rub my ass up against your cock for you to get the hint? I mean, really, Loras, has it been that long since you were with a woman, that you can't pick up on the obvious signs? I guess men are not as subtle?"

"Obvious signs? Like that huge-ass hickey fresh on your neck?" Loras countered bitingly. "Signs like *that*, Sansa?" Of course he noticed it despite her hairstyle. Did she think he was blind? He tried to curb his jealousy as well as extend his patience. She needed understanding, not an argument. Loras was a lover by nature, not a fighter, although if needs be he could fight with the best of them... just not Sansa.

"I don't need to justify my actions to you." She sounded ashamed, though, even as she jutted her chin forward and reached up to pull the tie from her hair, shaking her hair back over her shoulders. It was a graceful movement. The mark could be seen plainly now. He dragged his eyes back to hers.

"I never said you had to, Sansa. After all, didn't I say that if that is how you two can express and get over your grief, then so be it? I am not ignorant of your relationship with Robb."

"But you are ignorant of your relationship with me!*" Her hands clenched at her sides and like a petulant child. "What am I to you? Do you care so little for me that you don't care if I *fuck my brother* while I'm carrying your child?"

"On the contrary, I care *too much.*" Loras balled his own hands into fists at his side, praying for control. "I know you love Robb, and if that is what makes you happy, then who am I to stop you. *I don't own you.* Fuck, San, we aren't even in a relationship, are we?"

"I *-I want to be,*" she confessed, her voice weakening. "I see Myrcella and Theon, so happy, so free with expressing their love for each other. There's no shame in what we have, Loras. Yes, you are my dearest friend but now it's far more than that. I just- I just - don't know what it's like to have a normal relationship. I don't. *But I want to know.* I'm going to be twenty-six and the closest I've had to a boyfriend was...*my brother.*" He saw her shudder as tears started in her eyes.

Loras reached up with both hands to grab her fists, his impatience and impending anger washed away at her broken confession. His heart bled for her. He knew she would never stop loving Robb the way she did, but he also knew Robb could never give her the one thing she needed right now.
But he could.

"Sansa, I don't know if we need to slap a label on us, but if you want to define us as dating, or as boyfriend/girlfriend, or as lovers, or whatever it is people call each other, then by all means, let's move forward as... a couple." He smiled and his eyebrows shot up as he looked into her watery eyes, noticing a small smile forming on her pretty lips. "Would that make you feel better?"

She nodded but the tears spilled out of her eyes anyway. He pulled her gently into his lap and she gratefully eased herself down. She smelled like lilacs. *The Sansa smell.*

"Well, I guess that means Loras Tyrell is off the market. Sorry, ladies and gents, he's ball-and-chained," he joked, reaching up to caress her face and wipe away the tears. "Taken by his lovely, pregnant, fire-haired co-star. Oh, how TMZ will love this story."

"We need to tell the family first." Her arms flew around his neck, caressing the hair just curled around the nape. He needed a cut. "Maybe we can do that tomorrow. I'm tired."

"I'm sorry, Sansa. I'm sure it has been a long day, not just because of Robb and the pregnancy, but Myrcella is a ball of bubbly energy. She tires me out after fifteen minutes of convo. I can't imagine spending hours with her."

"Loras, I'm sorry I snapped at you again." She bit her lip. It was endearing and suddenly very arousing. "You didn't deserve it, after all those cute things you bought thinking of me and the baby."

"Its par for the course, San. I will assume it only gets worse from here, right? I will be giving you quite a few passes, seeing how you are the hormonal preggy lady." He grinned as she playfully slapped him lightly across the cheek. Oddly it seemed to arouse him even more. "Oh, is that your idea of foreplay now?"

"So you take that as a hint, yet me grinding my ass up against your cock slipped your scope of understanding?"

"I am a man, Sansa. We are a dense lot, aren't we?" Unable to resist, he cupped her face in his hands and drew her in for a light but long kiss. "Maybe this would have been a better hint," he whispered, breaking away. "I thought you were tired, darling."

"Hmmm. I'm not as tired as I thought. And It's a nice hint. I was always the one coming to you, you know. I hoped you would come to me, take control, but you didn't."

"That was because I was scared of rejection," he muttered, raining soft kisses on her cheeks and down her neck. He stopped where Robb had marked her and sighed.

"I didn't have sex with Robb," she stated plainly.

"I didn't ask."

Before she could say anything else he kissed her again, more forcefully this time, and her tongue sought his. He couldn't help but moan a little into her mouth and she broke away to lift herself off his lap, taking several paces backwards from the loveseat. He started to speak but the words died on his lips as he watched her shimmy out of her blouse and jeans and then her white lace bra and panties. In no time she was stark naked in front of him, her pale pink nipples already hardened. She didn't move. She was breathtaking.

"If you want me, Loras, you will have to come to me."
No other words could make Loras strip out of his own clothes fast enough as he tossed them any which way and practically raced over to sweep her off her feet and into his arms. Just the feel of her bare flesh against his was enough incentive to make haste to the bed. He laid her down, swatting all the stuffed animals every which way onto the floor, one of them making a slight squeaking noise in protest. Sansa giggled.

"No, no, no! No squeaky toys are going to ruin this mood. Enough time for that when junior arrives," he declared, gathering her in his arms. "Besides, this is the first time we will make love as an official couple. I'm not letting this opportunity pass by."

Sansa's giggles converted into sighs and moans as he explored every inch of her body, making sure to leave no part un kissed; from the knuckles on her hands to the back of her knees; from the curve of her ass to her delicate ankles; and from her still-taut belly to her sweet-tasting center, Loras savored every touch, kiss, and lick and the sounds it brought to Sansa's lips.

He brought her to an orgasm several times over before finally sheathing himself inside of her, loving the feel of her so sopping wet and clenched so tightly around him, her long legs wrapped tightly around his waist, her mouth pursed in a sensuous O and her eyes fluttering open and shut as he started moving, slowly, so slowly.

She reached her climax crying out his name, the sweetest sound he would ever hear, before bringing his lips to hers, and he swore he could not feel more complete. Without words they snuggled into each others' arms, allowing the lethargy to overcome them. Loras entwined his fingers with hers and held them to his chest as Sansa drifted off to sleep first, breathing heavily against his skin. He looked down at her and kissed the top of her head.

Within the past twenty-four hours, Sansa had turned his life around. She not only made him a father but also now gave him a relationship with the only woman he ever truly loved. She had made him a lucky man.

Yet, looking down at the purple mark on her neck, he couldn't help but wonder if she had left Robb as miserable as he was happy.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: Robb's POV with Margaery. You've been warned... ;)


Four To One

Chapter Summary

Robbaery.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Robb winced a little, frustrated, flexing his right hand slowly before attempting again on his main project while staring over at his secondary one, which amounted to a pile of mahogany under a blanket. His right hand was not cooperating today, probably due to the relentless rain and dampness, and his left shoulder was following suit. Benjen's birthday was only a week away and the chess set was not yet completed. Thankfully he had most of it done before Rickon's death. Even then, as long as he could grasp with his left hand he could have finished, but then he had to fuck up his right hand. At least he had been weaned off the painkillers with no issues, but it was little consolation to his aching body.

Exasperated, he set the knight down in the box. It was almost the end of June and he was running out of time. It was his own stupidity that was possibly ruining his son's gift. As a backup plan Robb bought him an antique set from Marg's shop, even though she argued about taking his money, and then back down and sold it to him for practically nothing. But the handmade set was his pride and joy, his focus, something he wanted to do that came directly from the heart. He needed the distraction. It was easier to keep busy when he wasn't home. He mostly worked shoving papers and scheduling appointments at the shop, and was taking a couple of college courses and still helping out Marg at her shop as much as he was allowed to since he was still in physical therapy.

Unfortunately, nothing could take his mind off of Sansa.

No matter what he did, he thought of her even while trying to quell his myriad of emotions that always threaded through him now when she crossed his mind. Anger, sorrow, love, lust, resentment, acceptance, and a bit of denial. He wanted to hate her, to feel completely disgusted and betrayed by her, as that would make it easier, but he couldn't. He loved her still, loved her just as much as when they first admitted their feelings for each other were less than sibling-like. No matter what life threw at him, he loved her. It was just that now that he preferred to love her from afar. For his own sanity.

Unfortunately, she had taken up permanent residence in Winterfell, just on the outskirts of town in the country. Margaery was the one who told him Loras and Sansa had bought a house together, and his heart sank at the news. His undying love for her did not extend to being overjoyed at the prospect of seeing her on a regular basis with her charming new boyfriend. Not only was the house another piece of evidence that Loras and Sansa were now officially a couple, but it also meant she would still be around to torture him with her expanding belly and glow of motherhood and what it meant. Why couldn't she have just gone back to California with Loras?

It was a nightmare the day he and Marg were invited over to the Tyrell's, along with all of their family for the announcement about the baby. He should have been thankful Sansa had come to him first before the big reveal to both families, but it still twisted his gut, even as he told her congratulations once again and hugged her in a brotherly fashion. She stiffened at his touch and quickly moved on to Dad's embrace. He unsuccessfully tried to ignore Loras and avoided his dad's
wary gaze. No doubt Dad was relieved Sansa's child was not her own brother's this time around. He could now play the happy grandfather legitimately. Olenna was tickled pink, as was the rest of the family.

Robb's stomach had clenched all the tighter when had he realized, looking at Sansa, that she was happy. Genuinely happy and radiant to have a Tyrell child growing inside of her. He thought of Benjen, knowing the child he made with her that gave her nothing but grief and worry as he grew in her womb. His envy of Loras grew into a silent monster that ripped his insides to shreds when he jealously noticed Loras gently touching Sansa's stomach any chance he got, acting as the proud father and caring lover, holding her hand and allowing her to pull him closer to her. A simple action that Robb would never know the happiness of; an action which he was deliberately denied.

So much for Loras being into guys.

When Sansa revealed her pregnancy and the father, Robb was stunned. He felt betrayed. All those years when Sansa reassured him that pretty boy Loras was only a friend, and then Marg's reveal of the Renly affair, had put his mind at ease, and now that was gone. His mind formed a suspicion that Sansa had feelings for him all along. In his heart he knew Loras would cherish her, but his mind jeered at the idea and wondered what would happen if one day Loras decided he preferred men after all. He would no doubt leave Sansa and Robb would be there to pick up the pieces; because no matter what, he loved her and he still would do anything to be with her. Even with her stating Loras was the father he managed to keep it together long enough to be civil. Hadn't he hurt her enough in the past? What could he do but be tender with the love of his life, even as she admitted to him she fucked and got knocked up by her bisexual roommate? All the forced consideration left him when she did, and his fist promptly met with the bedroom wall repeatedly. It was stupid, taking out his anger and perceived betrayal by hurting himself, but he knew of no other way to immediately deal with it. The painkillers either helped or didn't help, he wasn't quite sure which.

It was with some embarrassment that he had Margaery drive him to the ER. At the time she didn't know about the baby and he was loath to tell her, but there was no believable explanation he could give and he refused to lie to her. So, he admitted Sansa had stopped by for a visit. Marg was a sharp woman, and understanding as well; she said nothing and asked nothing, her only concern being the state of his hand. She had been sweet, almost motherly, something he never thought as attributes to describe Margaery Tyrell, and it threw him off guard as well as tugged at his heartstrings. He realized she genuinely had deeper feelings for him than she let on. It was balm to his wounded heart and he focused on it to deflect his emotions over Sansa, Loras, and the baby. And damned if he didn't have some feelings developing for her as well. He knew it wasn't like it was for Sansa, it could never be what he felt -and would always feel - for Sansa, but it was something, and it was something good.

Here was a woman, beautiful and smart and ambitious, desired by half the town as a friend or a fuck, and for some inexplicable reason she wanted to be with him, the most fucked-up man in Winterfell and probably beyond. She knew about Sansa; not about Benjen or the truth concerning the sex tape, but she knew he loved his sister incestuously - and still did, even if she was with Loras now - and she didn't even bat an eye. She never asked him if he was seeing her or had talked to her. It was as if she still viewed Sansa as a friend, not competition for his affections, and it baffled him. Margaery was predatory by nature when it came to men, she even admitted it herself. Yet she did not seemed ruffled over Sansa taking up residence in Winterfell.

Maybe because Sansa was fucking her brother and making her an aunt.

Robb shoved off the floor with a groan and bounded upstairs when the doorbell rang. Of course he got carried away trying to finish Benjen's gift and trying to process his thoughts and lost track of time, but he thought for sure Marg would cancel their "date" of going to the lake for a picnic. After
all, it was a bit hard to picnic in rain, although one would not have to worry about ants.

Sure enough, he answered the door and there she stood, looking hopelessly sexy in a green checkered halter sundress and matching shoes, her hair cascading around her in soft chocolate waves. The dress made her eyes more green than blue and she smiled at him, dimpling, holding up a wicker basket with a blanket in one hand and a bottle of wine in the other.

"You look great, Margaery, and very well-suited for a picnic that can't happen," he half-joked, letting her breeze by him, aware of the faint vanilla-and-roses scent that followed. She always smelled good, was always dressed to perfection. He was aware he was dusty and in an old pair of jeans and a ratty old Misfits band t-shirt borrowed from Gendry at some point for some reason Robb couldn't quite remember.

"Thank you, and no, the weather has not been kind to us today. That doesn't mean we still can't eat the lunch I painstakingly made."

"Painstakingly ordered from Hotpie's, you mean." Robb grinned.

"Not true! At least, not this time." She set everything down and spread out the blanket in the middle of the living room floor before primly opening the huge basket and emptying the contents. "PB & J sandwiches, chips, and...some strawberry jello."

Robb couldn't help but chuckle a little as she primly laid out the paper plates, plastic picnicware, and Solo cups, which didn't balance too well on the blanket.

"So, Robb Stark has the ability to laugh? Who knew?" She uncorked the wine and poured some into a cup and handed it to him, flashing her smile and tucking her skirt modestly around her. "So the ambiance isn't exactly a sunny summer day, but there is something to be said for rainy days, too."

He sat down opposite of her, crossing his legs, taking half of a sandwich.

"Thanks, Marg."

"How has that shoulder been doing? I see you're back to whittling." She reached over and brushed some wood dust off. "You know I will help you paint them. Any progress?"

"It's slow," he admitted. "But I can be thankful my right hand has healed. Shoulder and left arm still doesn't have full feeling in it, and it might be something I will never get back, but at least I can use it." He paused to eat a bite of sandwich, watching her as she slid out of her sandals, revealing her delicate, toe-painted feet. He chased the sticking peanut butter down with half a cup of wine and then some. "Thank you for asking."

"I know we haven't seen much of each other since the ER trip," she murmured, "For that I am sorry, but I figured you needed some space. I don't count the baby announcement as quality time spent. I just wanted to spend some time alone with you, rain or shine."

He stared at her then and she raised her eyebrows in all innocence, a dimpled grin forming. For a second he was unnerved at how much she and Loras looked alike. They could be twins, really. Even their smiles were the same.

The rest of his wine was gone in seconds.

"Robb." Her voice grew soft. "Do you want to talk about it?"

"About what?" He grabbed the wine bottle and poured himself another drink.
"About the baby. About Sansa and Loras."

"There's nothing to say." He knew he should pace himself but the wine tasted good and he feared this conversation was going to sour the mood. They've talked about Sansa and Loras before, and the baby... and it always destroyed the good mood Marg always started him in.

"I can tell you now, Loras will be there for Sansa and the baby all the way. You can at least feel good about the fact that Loras is a caring man who always wants to do right for others. I can tell he genuinely loves her. In fact, he loves her and the baby so much he stands to lose millions of dollars, not to mention his acting reputation. That has to mean something -"

"What?" Robb nearly choked on his sandwich. "What are you talking about?"

"Oh, that's right. I keep forgetting you require the Sansa or Loras news to be kept to a bare minimum. Well, Tyrion and Varys are in the middle of a legal battle with Loras' producer. Loras is breaking his contract with the movie that will put him in Spain for three months or so. At this point Sansa is what - four and a half months along, give or take? That would make her pushing eight by the time he's finished filming, and that is only if things are smooth. It could take longer, and Loras doesn't want Sansa to face this pregnancy alone. He doesn't even want to to the press tours for his new series, but he can't worm his way out of that."

Her face stayed serene, as if she were discussing the latest antique piece to make it into her shop. Robb tried to concentrate on the jello she handed to him. Strawberry was his favorite, and he wondered if she knew or it was just a coincidence.

"Why would the producer even fight it? Why not just let Loras go and find another actor?" It was all he could think of to say.

"My brother is a hot commodity right now." She shrugged. "Loras only made the contract to keep Sansa's guest role in his series after...the video surfaced. He didn't want to to do the movie, some fantasy cheesy thing, but he didn't want Sansa to suffer anymore than she already had."

"Can we talk about something else, Marg?" Hearing her extolling Loras' virtues was not exactly appealing to him right now. "I mean, I don't think you came over here to talk about your brother or the baby."

"Well, you are right. I'm sorry, Robb, I just know it's on your mind and I just wanted to let you know I'm here to lend an ear. I'm probably the most open-minded individual in Winterfell, besides my brother and grandmother."

She gave a rare, sheepish look, batting her eyelids. "Sorry."

Unexpectedly, he grinned.

"It's fine, really. I mean, not fine, but it is what it is. Thank you for this, it hit the spot, I'm just sorry the weather didn't hold up."

"Oh, I'm not. I rather like having you all to myself behind closed doors." She moved to clean everything up, but Robb stayed her hand.

"Let me, Marg. You brought it over. It's the least I can do." He absentmindedly caressed her hand. "Please."

Surprisingly she yanked her hand away and nodded, standing up and smoothing out her dress before reaching for her purse as Robb quickly scooped up the paper and plastic and threw it all away, then
came back to fold the blanket and deposit what was left of the wine into the fridge. Marg spent the time fishing through her purse and checking her reflection in a compact mirror. Robb's instinct was to tell her she was always flawlessly pretty, but he decided against it. He didn't want to sound like a stupid teenager ogling a chick on his first date. Actually, he felt somewhat awkward when he sat down next to her on the couch, aware that he smelled like lumber and sweat while her sweet feminine scent tickled his nose.

He cleared his throat.

"Well now that our picnic is over, do you want to maybe catch a movie? I mean, we can go out or stay in, or - something." He was starting to become nervous. She was just sitting there, not even touching him, but it was Margaery. She was still intimidating with her girly gingham sundress that showed off her tan and her cleavage quite nicely.

"Staying in sounds divine. I know I come across as someone who loves to run, run, run, but there is something to be said for time at home."

He nodded, reaching for the remote, but she stopped him with a gentle hand. He looked at her, questioning silently. Her eyes seemed to turn green then blue then back to green again as she smiled at him.

"Robb, I didn't come over to watch movies. I didn't even come over here to have lunch." She scooted closer to him. "I've tried to give you your space, be respectful of Rickon's memory. I know you've been hurting, but -" She reached out to touch his cheek. "I've waited longer for you than any other man. Usually it only takes a night to seduce someone, but then again, after a night I'm done." She kissed him softly, tasting of strawberry jello and wine. And a touch of peanut butter. He waited for her to be the one to break away.

"A one-and-done kind of girl?" He tried to joke, but her touch affected him. "I know you've been considerate, Marg. I -" He floundered. He wasn't great with words off the top of his head, not like she was - and her brother. He tried not to think of the last time they were this close. He tried to focus only on her. "I appreciate you. For all you've done .-"

"Robb." She stood up, turning to dig into her purse for a second, then extending an open hand to him. "I haven't done enough. I want to show you how much I want you. I want you to let someone take care of you just for the sake of wanting to do it, no strings or guilt attached. If you'll let me."

His stomach clenched but he stood up and accepted her and it was warm like his. She led him from the living room and up the stairs. His mind started to hum and his heart was already beating madly in his chest as he climbed each step, watching her sashay in front of him. He still held her hand, and in the other one she clutched a condom.

She really meant business.

He was a man pushing thirty and he felt like a fifteen year old ready to score for the first time, or worse. He knew he wanted her, and the feeling was a mixture of excitement and nervousness, as well as betrayal. Why would he think this was being unfaithful to Sansa? She moved on, hell, she was pregnant by another man. It was obvious she made her choices and they didn't include him. Could he really blame himself for wanting to move on as well? To maybe know some sliver of happiness where it was offered? This wasn't going to be just some lowdown dirty fuck. He genuinely cared for Marg, and they had spent a lot of time together since he'd been back in Winterfell. He obviously found her sexually attractive, as he was already hard. Maybe he could be a one-and-one in her mind, but he could never view her that way.
As if in a dream they floated into his room. She broke away from him to throw the condom on his bed before turning her back and reaching up to untie her dress at the neck. Robb hurriedly pulled his cell out of his front pocket and placed it on the nightstand before rushing over to help her with her dress, impulsively drawing her hair over her shoulder so he could kiss the back of her neck. The dress dropped down to her ankles and Robb skimmed his hands down to unhook her strapless bra and skim a hand down her svelte, slim back, noting she coordinated her bra and panty set to match the color of her dress. Unabashedly she bent to remove her panties, and for a moment Robb closed his eyes. *Could he really do this?* His body was telling him hell yes, but his heart and mind stayed in limbo.

"Robb."

He opened his eyes to drink her in for a moment and he smiled.

"You're gorgeous, Margaery." It was all he could think to say, acutely aware he was still fully clothed.

"And you are handsome, with or *without* clothes." She tugged his shirt off and made short work of his jeans and boxers which he kicked away, but before he could react she leaned into him, nipping at his good shoulder and caressing his sides down to his hips. It was enough for him as he scooped her up and carried her over to the bed, lying her down gently before joining her, flinching. Marg was a slim woman but his shoulder and arm still ached with the effort. He moved to hover over her but she grasped his arms and turned him over onto his back, her hair spilling down around his face as she straddled him, his cock pressed against her lush bottom. He looked up at her, raising his eyebrows.

"Now, Robb, I want to take care of you. I see you doing for everyone else, and I want to do for you. So lie back, and enjoy the show." She winked slowly and smirked before raising up to scoot backwards over his cock and down his legs. Robb’s breath increased and he was almost oddly terrified when he sensed her intentions. *Was it because of how much he wanted it?* His confused feelings didn't matter when she closed her mouth over his cock and began a slow, sensual worship with her lips and tongue, her hands stroking him further down. He felt almost ashamed of how his body was reacting to her skill and he threw an arm across his eyes even as he let out a small moan. She was getting him there too quickly, and he did not want to explode in her mouth.

"Marg." It came out as a whisper.

"Mmmm." She slowly puckered off of him, her tongue swiping the tip. "You have a handsome cock, Robb Stark. But even as handsome as it is, I'd rather feel it *inside* me than look at it."

He took his arm away and looked up at her when he heard the unwrapping of the condom. She rolled it over his shaft so quickly and deftly he wondered how many times she had done it for others but then abandoned the thought when she eased down onto him with a low moan, her body arching forward and her eyes closing for a moment. He was mesmerized, fascinated at her beauty and sensuality as she started to move, gyrating her hips as she reached her arms back to dig her nails into his upper legs. She was brazenly exposed to him, from her full breasts down to the hairless V between her legs, and she was a vision. He moved in time with her -

*This was Sansa’s least favorite position. She never liked the feeling of being too far away from him so they rarely made love this way; if she was on top he always sat up and held her against him so they could kiss, cling, caress ... he needed to stop. Stop thinking and just feel. He needed to not compare, it wasn’t fair...it wasn’t right...* 

One hand found her hip as the other reached her clit, stroking her, provoking whimpers of pleasure. Marg’s rhythm was a little too expert and Robb felt himself tightening, but he fought it with
everything he had. There was no way he was going to cum without making her climax first. It was the least he could do for her. He realized then that Margaery was giving him a gift, even if she didn't know it; he was breaking a bond he held onto fast and true for a decade; whether it was a willing tie or not he didn't even know anymore. Sansa had already severed it on her side and them some. Even though his heart was in pieces, he was discovering something to ease the pain and heartbreak. Maybe, just maybe, he would be allowed some peace. Maybe -

"Ah, Robb. God, you feel - ah. Oh my god, yes -" Her panted words drew him out of his thoughts as she came, crying out, pulsating around him and on his fingers. He let go then, reaching his orgasm, not able to resist leaning up to grab her down to him, kissing her fiercely as he came, their kisses drowning out any words he might have said, erroneously or not. She lifted off of him slowly and he turned to the side, reluctantly scooting off the bed to dispose of the condom. He felt awkward, not quite knowing what to do next as he made his way into the half bath to chuck the condom in the trash.

He emerged from the bathroom almost shyly. Marg was lounging on the bed, smoothing her hair back, a satisfied smile on her lips, looking very much like the cat that ate the canary. He couldn't help but smile as he made his way back to her, sitting next to her.

"Why, Robb, is that a satisfied smile I see?" She seemed pleased with herself.

He leaned over to kiss her cheek, and then her neck, smoothing away a few strands that stuck to her next in a slight sheen of sweat.

"Maybe." He sought her lips for a light kiss. "Thank you. This picnic went far better than I thought it would."

"Hmm. I concur."

"So, did you set aside a massive chuck of time for our picnic? Or do you have other engagements to attend to later?"

"Well, I wasn't sure my seducing was going to work on you, but just in case, I cleared my schedule for the rest of the day. If I had failed, I would have accepted an afternoon of watching you whittle away, while I paint. Although I think fucking is better pastime, I don't think I would have minded non-sexual activities with you. Why do you ask?"

Instead of responding verbally, Robb grabbed her, pushed her onto her back, and hovered over her. She let out a squeal of surprise but suddenly quieted when he headed south.

"Robb, this was supposed to be about you -"

"It is," he muttered, spreading her legs wide. "I want to return the favor."

"But that's not what -oh - oh my fucking god !"

He licked into her hard and deep, tasting her previous orgasm, relieved that she didn't taste anything like Sansa. She went wild on him, gripping his head and squirming, breathing out simply naughty and filthy words, spurring him on, arousing him. It took her no time at all to climax on his tongue, her secretions running into his mouth. Even after she was done she held his head against her, so he continued, and she orgasmed again within a few minutes.

"Goddamn, Robb! I heard you were good at tongue-fucking, but damn." She scooted up and away from his mouth. "I mean, damn."
"You heard?" Surprised, Robb sat up. "Really?"

"Well, Jeyne did tend to have loose lips when it came to the things you two did behind closed doors. She said you ate her out so well she couldn't orgasm any other way, and didn't want to. Hell, she still says the only way she comes is when she has a mouth on her cunt, and no one had managed to match your skill."

"Jesus Christ." He wasn't sure what he was in awe of, Jeyne complimenting him or Marg being so crass. He'd never heard a woman talk like her before.

Well, not voluntarily.

"Robb, I think you sell yourself short in every capacity and I just don't understand it. You have to know you are hot as hell. Not to mention you had success in the Marines, and I suspect I know why you got out early. You are smart, and can do anything you want if you put your mind to it. I've seen the way you act around Benjen, you are a great brother to him. You'd make a great father, you know. There's nothing you suck at. I mean, unless we are talking about actual sucking, then I would have to say you suck on a clit quite well -"

Robb's mood went dark. It wasn't her fault; she was sweet, giving him compliments and building his ego, but mentioning Benjen and fatherhood, no matter how innocent it was, affected him. He would never be a father now, unless he paid for an expensive reversal, and he already had a son that he could never speak the truth about, not even to him. Benjen. He moved back to Winterfell for Benjen, to be with his son, but he couldn't actually be a father to him, only a brother. Only a brother. Sansa wanted him as only a brother now. Only a brother.

"Robb?" He felt a warm hand on his cheek. "Hey, where are you?"

"I'm here." He said it softly. "Here." He stared into her, and through her, and Sansa's face appeared before him. He shook her image away before kissing Margaery hard, pressing her to him so tightly she gasped and pulled back a little, but she kissed him back just as ferociously. Something flashed through him like a fire, and he crushed her to him without meaning to. He was already hard as he pushed against her, and she protested weakly.

"Robb- I only had one condom up here- I need to -"

"I have more." he said too roughly,"In the nightstand. Not that I need them." Two fingers found their way inside, where she was soaked and warm and inviting. She moaned against him...

"He's circlin' round my ankle
He's circlin' round my ankle
He needs some pettin' and lovin' on his hide
Oh kitty, won't you come inside
Kitty on my foot and I wanna touch it
Kitty on my foot and I wanna touch it

Fuck.

The mood instantly shattered, Marg started laughing at his ringtone while Robb cursed, stilling his fingers inside her. He forgot in his blind lust to shut the damn thing off - and he knew it was Sansa. She had changed his ringtone when she was over and he was sleeping, and he never changed it back. It was a throwback to simpler times, a time where everything had been so innocent, a time where a playful Sansa always loved to change his tones to cheesy songs no hot-blooded teenage boy would be caught dead with on his phone, and he held onto it, a piece of her, a piece of them, just as
Benjen was a piece of them -

"Ah, I'm sorry, Robb. Jesus, what song is that? Oh god, what do I care anyway when you're finger fucking me."

"Marg -" He hesitated. Then he heard a chime. A text message.

Maybe something happened. Maybe it was the baby. Maybe something went terribly wrong and she needed him. What if - no, no it can wait. Defiantly, he resumed pumping his fingers inside of her before sliding down to lick furiously at her clit. He would finish her off, get her off for a fourth time. Maybe he'd try for fifth and sixth. He would concentrate on Marg, and Marg only.

Whimpers turned to moans turned to groans and then to downright shrieking as Marg came again; at the end he nipped at her overstimulated bud, eliciting another cry from her.

"God, Robb! I'm four to your one. Hmmm. I need to even the score."

She was limp against the comforter, rendered lazy in a post-orgasmic state.

"There is no score, Marg. Just relax looking beautifully naked in my bed. We have all day and night, correct?"

"I'll hold you to that." Her smile faded for a moment. "Go check your phone and then come back here. I'm not through with you yet."

Marg was a sharp woman. She knew.

Robb leaned over to kiss her forehead before finding his clothes and throwing them on and grabbing his phone, stuffing it into his pocket.

"Drink?"

"Hmmm. I am parched, but not for a drink. Hurry back."

Robb was barely in the hallway before he dragged out his phone, his fingers trembling and smelling like Marg.

No voicemail.

One text. It was a mass text, nothing sent privately to him.

IT'S A GIRL!

Stuffing the cell back in his pocket, he leaned against the banister and sighed. Beautiful, thoughtless Sansa. She could have left him out of the text, but then again, she probably thought his feelings would be hurt if he was excluded and found out from a third party. Not that his feelings mattered anyway. They never did.

Chapter End Notes

The latest "cheesy" song on Robb's phone (lyrics used in this chapter) is "Kitty", by The Presidents of the United States of America.
"Sandor, are you sure you can't tell me where you're taking me?" Sansa talked into the intercom system from the back of the limo.

"Sorry, Miss Stark. Mr. Tyrell swore me to secrecy."

She thought she heard a small chuckle before she snapped her finger off the button and sighed. Even the Tyrell driver was humoring her lately, taking any snappy comment or action with a grain of salt. Just a bit over five months pregnant now and everyone was treating her with kid gloves. like she was some crazy preggo lady. All she really wanted was to be taken seriously sometimes.

She leaned back, sighing again, rubbing a hand around her stomach. It was protruding now; she felt like a mountain already. With Benjen she stayed small throughout the whole pregnancy, but with this little girl her stomach was expanding rapidly. The ultrasounds confirmed there was only one in there, but sometimes it felt like two or three. Just recently she could feel little flutters inside; a little further along and she would be able to have Loras feel it from the outside. He would love that.

She and Loras were still adjusting to their new home and new life. He had hired decorators to help her to design the place as she wanted, even moving her bedroom suit from the house in Long Beach. It was sweet in a way, to see Loras so awkward over the sleeping arrangements. She could read his mind. Yes, they were now an established couple, but did that mean Sansa would share a bedroom with him? She quickly put his unease to rest by moving some of her personal things into the master bedroom, and the relieved, sexy smile she received was enough for her. Well, not quite enough. She dragged him over to the bed after that.

Life with Loras as his girlfriend was really no different than living with him as a friend, except of course the amazing sex. He was a skilled lover, no doubt, and her appetite for him increased something fierce in her second trimester. Surprisingly he kept up with her, accepting her growing belly as a challenge to find the most comfortable positions for her. If anything, Loras Tyrell loved accepting and winning a challenge, and his enthusiasm and libido matched hers. His excitement also extended to the nursery. It was like a pink and white explosion when you walked in the room, from the ultra-plush pink carpet to the white walls decorated with a delicate pink-flowered border, and the canopied crib. Sansa had to tell him about the hazards of the frothy hangings, which he sheepishly removed. One thing for certain, their little girl would want for nothing, especially a doting father, and it was never more apparent than when they had a doctor's visit. He was so excited, asking a million questions and grinning from ear to ear; he wouldn't hear of her going to an appointment alone. Every time they were together, her belly was like a magnet and he always wanted to touch, rub, kiss, or lie his head gently against her growing bump swearing up and down he could feel the baby kick, even though Sansa could feel nothing yet except some internal fluttering.

It seemed like everything was coming together and nearly perfect with their lives, give or take the conventions and press junkets Loras had to attend. Luckily they lasted no more than a week or so at a time. She should be grateful that Tyrion Lannister was a damn good lawyer; he succeeded - with some guidance from Varys - in breaking Loras' movie contract with very little financial pain, and that meant Loras would not have to be away from her for months at a time. The impact it would have on his career was not not known, and Sansa couldn't help but feel she was responsible yet again for making another man's life more difficult. However, even going a week without him was intolerable and she found herself anxious and nervous. She realized she desperately needed his comfort at night and his reassurances during the day, and was a little embarrassed at how needy and clingy she had become with him, even if he was patient with her and didn't seem to mind.
It had less to do with the baby and more to do with Robb.

Seeing Robb was unavoidable, and yet Sansa found she didn't want to avoid him, even if it was painful to be in his presence now. They were never alone, they both made sure of that; never a chance for a private conversation even though there was so much they could say. It was a new unspoken pact between them, to try an awkward casual sibling relationship. Maybe she was a coward, but there was more to her heartache than just accepting their uneasy platonic love. She was pregnant and in a relationship with Loras, she had no right to be upset, but she knew now that Robb was in a relationship with Marg. She also knew now it had turned sexual. She had observed them at the July 4th cookout at Dad's house; they were playing water balloons with Benjen, Robb looking happy and undeniably handsome in his swimming trunks, and Marg showing off her flat stomach and pert breasts in her little green bikini. Sansa had jealously eyed her while smoothing a hand over her own protruding belly, wishing she was slim and able to wear her sapphire blue bikini and put Marg to shame. The way they interacted and played off each other... it was obvious to Sansa they were lovers. She knew Robb only too well. And it hurt. She could understand now how Robb must have hurt when she told him she was pregnant with Loras' child. Yet even as her envious eyes stared at the unaware couple, her feelings were soothed when Loras had come up behind her to place his hands on her belly and nibble at her ear, whispering how he'd like nothing better to ravish her in her Dad's guest bathroom.

At night in Loras' arms, sometimes, when he was fast asleep and she lay restless, she thought of Robb. She admitted to herself she missed his touch, missed just being able to hug him, talk to him, lie with her head on his chest like she did with Loras now. She would never have that again by her own decisions, and it saddened her. For so long Robb had been her solace, even when the bad times happened; she clung to her love for him and now to what remnants stubbornly remained. Honesty forced her to admit she also longed to make love with him, even as Loras kept her more than satisfied and happy in that area. It consumed her with guilt, and when the feelings got to be too much, she would shake poor Loras awake and demand he fuck her six ways to Sunday, which of course he willingly did, driving all thoughts of Robb from her mind. Worse still, Loras was smart and observant, and she knew he knew, but he never approached her about it, never mentioned it. He was far too understanding and good for her. She did not deserve him and told him so on an almost daily basis now. Of course, he rejected her opinion and reassured her with passionate kisses and cuddles that she was just perfect for him and he couldn't imagine a better life.

Sansa felt the limo stop, finally, and she peered out of the tinted window at her surroundings. They were parked in front of the theater. She was a little confused; Baelish had ownership of it, and when he died, the doors closed. As far as she knew, no one had taken it over and it was left abandoned, but looking out, she noticed the dim lights shining through the dual front doors.

Attempting to scoot over and open the door, she was greeted by Sandor doing it for her instead, so she stepped out a bit awkwardly. She was wearing her prettiest maternity-styled summer dress, a flowing, loose pink number with spaghetti- straps. For a vain moment she was thankful the rest of her body stayed the same, from her slim arms to her narrow feet. She was still able - so far - to wear her pretty wedged sandals. Loras liked her hair up, so she had it swept up and bobby-pinned, long tendrils deliberately left as wispy pieces. She suspected a dinner date somewhere tonight, even if she only wanted to eat a few specific things right now. Mostly bacon, blueberries, and milk. That's all she craved. But the theater? What was there to do here?

Sandor opened the door for her and she thanked him as she slowly walked in. The lights in the lobby were dimmed, and she could hear faint traces of instrumental music beyond the doors in the house area. Hesitantly, she pushed the dim lights shining through the dual front doors.

The lights were dimmed, her eyes drawn to the aisle and the stage. On either sides of the aisles,
tucked just out of the way inside the space in front of each of the first seats, were pink dogwood trees, of the artificial kind but very realistic. They were tall and their branches tentacled out from their thin trunks, reaching over to touch each other over the aisle, creating an archway of blossoms. Sprinkled on the carpet were blue and pink petals, with tall, thin vases set along the way holding real blue and pink roses leading to the stage, which was adorned not only with dogwoods in the back, but with blue and pink rose bushes. From the scent in the air she knew those were real. The bushes were styled in a circle around a centered table and two chairs, and on the stage there were so many rose petals she couldn't see one space of flooring. Over the rafters across the whole room were gauzy and silky drappings, seemingly floating in a non-existent breeze. It was as if she was walking through a dreamland of flowers and trees with the sweetest, softest music coming from a place she didn't even know. It was like something out of a fairy tale, and it took her breath away as she slowly walked to the stage, her mind in awe of the thought and effort - and expense - Loras must have put into this.

Loras had been seated at the table but stood up when he saw her walk through the doors. He was dressed as perfect as ever in a tailored navy suit and pale pink shirt, with dark brown shoes. He cut his hair, finally, short except for on the top and upper sides so that he still retained his curls, his roots growing out his natural chocolate-brown color. His beard was also closely-shaved and impeccable, and his signature sexy smile graced his handsome face. Suddenly she felt severely underdressed for this dinner and also another feeling crept up in her: trepidation.

This wasn't a typical date night or dinner. All this trouble had to be for something. Of course she wouldn't put it past Loras to do something romantic and surprising for her, just to make her happy, but this exceeded any date she could ever imagine. She knew he had to leave in the morning for a Comic Con and an interview/photoshoot session overseas, and the estimated two weeks would be the longest he would be away from her since before New York. Maybe this was his way of telling her he was regretting having to leave.

She reached the steps and walked up them a little unsteadily, speechless with wonder as Loras strode over to her, extending his hand and giving a gentlemanly bow. She lifted her hand for him to take and he caressed it before bringing it to his lips for a gentle but lingering kiss that left her wanting. She was close enough to see his eyes sparkle as he he looked at her, still smiling, leading her to her chair, pulling it out for her and then carefully pushing her in.

"You look breathtakingly lovely, Sansa." He kissed her lips and cheek in an almost chaste touch before taking his seat across from her and lifting the silver covers from their plates. "So how is my hot Momma tonight?"

"Temperature hot, yes." She looked around at everything, still amazed.

"Hmmm. I figured. I cranked the air up in here this morning."

"Loras," she breathed a little shakily, "This is just beautiful. It's like I am in a rose and dogwood wonderland, it looks like something out of a fairy tale. I don't even know what to say except it's beautiful and thank you." She looked down and had to laugh. Their romantic dinner consisted of bacon, toast, fresh blueberries and glasses of milk.

"You're welcome, Sunshine. I know dinner isn't exactly gourmet, but I didn't want to risk you trying to eat something that either repulses you or will come right back up. I think it covers everything, though, for our little girl: protein, fruit, starch, calcium, ummm... not so much for a vegetable but, well, it's - oh, whatever. I at least know you can eat it." He stumbled around for words almost apologetically, offering a smile before spearing a few blueberries on his fork.

"You could just eat the blueberries by hand, Lor. We aren't in a restaurant," she admonished jokingly. "Well, thank you. I love how you take note of the simple things. And this is just wonderful."
Very romantic. And you look so handsome in pink. Not very men can pull it off with style."

"Well, I love pink." He winked mischievously. "Especially yours."

"Loras!" She giggled, biting down on a bacon strip and felt warmth on her cheeks.

"Why, Sansa, you have such a dirty mind now that you're pregnant. I meant your dress, darling. It's lovely; not as lovely as you, of course. You are like a morning summer's breeze touched by sunlight. Positively radiant. Although I must admit I love your...other pink things as well."

"Thank you." She blushed deeper. Sometimes the flowery way he spoke with an added tidbit of sexy left her without words. "And you are far too handsome to go to a Comic Con alone. You are so great with the fans and I think they adore you a little too much." She couldn't hide the insecure tone in her voice. It was true, he loved ever single fan he ever came across, was unfailingly sweet, and even didn't mind physical contact. She has always been more reserved but no less grateful for her fans. The idea of hot, young, non-pregnant females fawning over him took on a new meaning now and she couldn't help how she felt.

"Fans are fans, San. Without them I wouldn't have a career doing what I love, so I am always grateful." He took the napkin from his lap and wiped his mouth, smiling. "You have nothing to worry about over me posing for a fan selfie. Just think, a couple of weeks is better than a few months."

"Loras, I'm worried about your reputation with this breaking of a contract -"

"No, none of that. Don't worry. Contracts are broken all the time, and actors move on. Besides, I have a back-up plan already in place."

"Really?" This was news to her. "And what might that be?"

He smiled at her and stretched his arms out, gesturing to the stage.

Sansa stopped eating.

"Loras -"

"Yes, Sunshine, I've bought the theater. I have so many plans in my head for it. One idea is to mentor aspiring young actors here, give them a place to hone in on their dreams and talent. This place holds so much meaning and so many memories. If you choose, you can be my partner in this. If you don't want to, then that is fine, too. I don't know if both our careers are now on the skids, but they are, this is something positive to focus on. If we aren't affected, then this is still an excellent endeavor that will benefit aspiring actors."

So that's what this is all about. His way to announce that the theater was his. Or, rather, theirs, if she chose. With their child on the way, was he thinking of making Winterfell their permanent residence? What about California and his house near Long Beach? Now add the New York apartment on to everything; Loras had convinced his friend to let him take over the lease. She understood the reasoning, but now with their house here...it was too much. It wasn't the money that concerned her, it was the stability she craved for the baby. One home. Truth be told, she wanted to live in Winterfell. Here there was a sense of anonymity that she wouldn't have in California or even New York; either the population of Winterfell never went to a movie or saw a TV show or they never paid attention to TMZ or any Hollywood gossip. It felt good to be just another resident and not have to worry about paparazzi. They would be hounding her if they new she was pregnant with Loras' baby...

"I think it's wonderful," she settled on saying. "I would love to be a part of it. Being here means our
little girl could have a chance at a normal life. Los Angeles isn't exactly kid-friendly. And it would be nice to take her to a park without worrying about a camera hiding in the bushes."

"You actually want to stay in Winterfell?"

"Well it is home, you know, for both of us. Our families are here."

Maybe she spoke softer than usual, or maybe he noticed her face change, but the unspoken words and thoughts hovered around them. She looked down at her plate as he gently reached his arm out to her to take her left hand, holding it as if it were glass. Unwillingly she looked up into his eyes and saw the concern there, but also a glint of determination as he smiled but his teeth clenched. She could see his jaw muscles tighten.

"Sansa." He breathed her name lightly, almost in a whisper.

"Loras." She smiled then, taking in his beautiful face. "What is it?"

He pushed his seat back and his face changed into his lover's expression as he made his way to her side. She pushed back her chair a little and raised her eyebrows, questioning. She could scarcely believe it when he bent down on one knee in front of her in the petals, taking both of her cool hands in his. He looked up at her in earnest and took a deep breath.

"Sansa, you are not only my best friend and mother to my child, but you are also my most treasured love. I had a long-winded speech rehearsed in my head, but looking at you renders me unable to articulate how I truly feel. Know that I love you and my love is unconditional. I love you for who you are, and all that comes to mind as I look upon your lovely face is how I fell in love with you as my Juliet, and all that comes to mind are some ineffectual lyrics that I cannot even claim as my own."

Sansa blinked, her heartbeat quickening. Her mind was racing and she tried to remain calm. She couldn't speak but she didn't need to as Loras swallowed and took another deep breath before pulling a hand away from hers and reaching into inner jacket pocket.

"Through window breaks the rising sun; by any other name, you're still so beautiful; in everything I do, I will love you my whole life...If you'll be my Juliet -" Loras' other hand still held her right one and she could feel it start to tremble, and all she could do was stare in shock as he pulled out a pink and blue diamond ring.

"Sansa Stark, would you please do me the sweetest honor and marry me?"
Robb hopped into his truck, started the ignition, and tore out of the driveway like a bat out of hell. Actually, more like a man on a mission, a last-minute mission. He cursed the thought of driving over to the mall of all places; The Winterfell mall on a Saturday, raining as it was, would be packed. In typical dude fashion, he cringed at the thought, but he needed as massive roll of wrapping paper and he knew of only one store for certain that had what he wanted.

Radio off, he hummed a little tune in his head while his fingers nervously tapped the steering wheel. There was a cold rain coming down; heavy jacket weather. It was already the end of October and he wondered where the time went, where the summer went, and where the hell fall was going. Then again, he kept busy, kept his mind occupied, and that definitely made the time fly. If he wasn't working at the shop he was taking his college classes, expanding his hobby, or spending time with Marg or Benjen, or hanging out with friends. Life was moving quickly and Robb didn't mind.

* A busy mind is a sane mind. 
He ended his sessions with his shrink. It had been completely voluntary in the first place. Eight months after his first session, he just felt like it ran its course. He wasn't crazy. He just needed to talk things out, and at the shrink's rates, he felt he was done talking at this point. Life was good. Rickon's death still affected him, and it always would, but he could at least now think of him without being a mess. The shrink helped him with his PTSD as well, and overall he was in a better place mentally. He chucked his anti-depressants into the trash. He didn't need them anymore.

Even his relationship with Sansa was settling into something he could handle, even if there was still pain there. Pain was in the form of her heavily pregnant body. Pain was the glitter of her engagement ring on her finger. Yet the pain of not having her in in his life in some shape or form would be far worse than anything else. He had lost her as a lover but he regained her as a sister; at least, they were trying to revert back to a sibling relationship and stay there. He would always love her and want her, but her choices have been clear and Robb had to accept it. She was the one who had been steadfastly determined that they could find a way, somehow, to be together, and now that she had given them up, there was no other option other than to live without her touch.

His own relationship was going strong. Marg was a caring, loving woman underneath that overly ambitious and sometimes ruthless streak. He still wasn't quite sure what she really wanted with him. She made no hints about marriage or children or even monogamy. It seemed she accepted him as he was, knowing he would always love Sansa, and she didn't care. Sometimes he wondered if she was seeing other men but he never asked and she never told. It didn't seem like she was, with as much fucking they did on a regular basis. Marg had some very strong appetites where that was concerned. She opened doors to him that he could never bring himself to experience with Sansa, except on that fateful night, and he hedonistically enjoyed it, giving in to any whim Marg had behind closed doors. What did it matter that he imagined she was Sansa when he tied her up, his hands at her throat, cumming so hard he nearly passed out? He was absolved of guilt when he heard Margaery's choked cries of passion and lust; no matter what was in his mind, she was satisfied and happy and that was what mattered. He cared for Marg, and sometimes the sex was lovemaking, slow and tender, when he was more in control, but she preferred him to be rough, demanding, kinky...and he gave her what she wanted. It was the least he could do.

*Margaery Tyrell had become better therapy than any doctor or drug.*

Yet afterwards - when she snuggled up next to him and he wrapped his arms around her - that was what seemed like a betrayal, even now. The woman he still dreamed about, still wanted to wrap his arms around and fall asleep with at night, well, it was Sansa. It would always be Sansa. Marg was beautiful, made him laugh, was great in and out of bed, was everything any man would ever ask for, and he was damn near in love with her, and he cared for her so much it could be love, but buried deep within him was his love for Sansa. His sister. Even after she lied to him about Benjen, even after Baelish, even after she gave up on them and threw herself into Loras Tyrell's bed and had become pregnant with his child, he loved her. The dream of lying in bed together like he did with Marg was dead, but the love for her would never die. The difference now was that it wasn't eating him from the inside out, wasn't torturing himself to the point where he couldn't enjoy his life.

His reconciliation with his relationship with Sansa did not extend to Loras, however. Loras was the only issue he could not confront. He could bear to see Sansa, talk with her...they have even had lunch alone on several times at her favorite restaurant (her sickness gone, she was ravenous all the time now, it seems), but he still could not stomach to see Loras and Sansa together. Maybe after the baby was born it would be better. It was hard not to be jealous, sad, and angry when Loras was a proud father, always touching Sansa's healthy, round belly, grinning like a fool ear-to-ear with that goddamn Tyrell smile. Robb wished he could have had that with Sansa for Benjen, and it made him sick to realize even if he knew about Benjen, even if he hadn't been overseas in the Marines, he still could not have been a proud father in public. He could never display his excitement and happiness,
never be the proud daddy to everyone. And it hurt. Loras had everything he ever really wanted, and although he couldn't hate him - after all, he was good to Sansa - he resented him and would give anything to take his place.

The engagement didn't help matters. At least, not the way it was revealed. Marg had the TV on to watch a segment on the premiere gala for Loras' new series. Of course there were interviews of the cast and crew and Robb could barely suppress a yawn through most of it. When it came to interview Loras - which of course he was last - a visibly intoxicated Loras Tyrell blurted out excitedly that not only was he going to be a daddy, he was also an engaged man, giving much love to the beautiful and now reclusive actress, Sansa Stark. Robb went numb and choked on the beer he was drinking; even Marg looked shocked, so obviously it was something not yet revealed to anyone. The media was in a frenzy over it and Robb took pains to avoid social media for awhile. Proving he was more mature now, and not wanting to upset Sansa in her advancing state, he called her to congratulate her. He could tell by her voice she was restrained in her response, and even now he couldn't recall their conversation, only that he found out the engagement was true and not some off-hand drunken rambling. The next time he saw her, she was wearing a pink and blue ring and there was nothing more to be said. Loras could give her the wedding of her dreams, he could be her husband and proudly call her his wife. Loras would give her the moon and the stars if she only asked for them, and Robb could give her nothing but his love, which she did not want.

Pulling into the parking lot, he cursed. He really, really hated the mall.

Jumping out of the truck and jogging in as if he could dodge the pounding rain, he made his way to the store; thankfully it was only three stores in. The shop wasn't busy, save for two teenage girls, who giggled appreciatively and stared at him as he made polite conversation to the clerk while he rang up his order. Not wanting to be rude, he smiled in the girls' direction and they smiled back, before putting their heads together and strolling out, giggling. He would have to tell Marg about that; hearing how girls half her age were staring at him might get her worked up, not that she needed an excuse. Tucking the large roll of wrapping paper under his arm, he made his way back out, glancing over at the restaurant next door. It was Sansa's favorite low-key place to eat in town. Maybe he should pick something up for her since he was here? Her appetite was so odd lately, when they had their lunch dates he was never sure what she was going to like; she was over eight months pregnant and picky as hell. She was supposed to stop by the house in a couple of hours anyway, maybe she would appreciate a snack.

He dipped in, chatting with the hostess and giving her an order. Sitting at the bar stool section and waiting, he glanced around at the patrons. He rather enjoyed people-watching, especially when there wasn't much else to do while he waited; he had left his phone in the car. There weren't a lot of people at this odd time of day. His eyes focused on a couple in a booth, leaning into each other, talking intently; the brown-haired woman had her back towards him but the man he could see just fine: Loras.

Robb tried to lean over as far as he could to see who he was talking to. He could only catch a glimpse of hair. Whomever it was, Loras had an intensity in his face Robb had never seen before. It was a woman, judging by the length of hair, of course with Loras that probably didn't mean it was a woman. Robb tensed. If Loras was cheating on Sansa, he would have to take care of it, here and now.

He asked the hostess if he could be moved to a booth, flashing a smile to charm her, motioning to the one by Loras. Loras was so distracted he didn't see Robb as he ducked his head and slid into the booth behind the woman. He felt silly, spying on his sister's fiancee, but he was both rewarded and relieved a the same time when he heard the woman's voice.
"I just don't think this is something that needs to be brought up. Besides, you need to catch that flight. Hurry up and finish eating. I brought you here to make sure you had something to tide you over."

Margaery. Oh, thank god. He knew Loras was on his way today to New York for an interview and photoshoot, his last one scheduled before the baby is born. Robb was about to stand up and say something to them but he stopped cold when the conversation continued.

"Well, you know I don't want her upset. She's getting so close to giving birth. But -"

"Exactly. She doesn't need to know. Maybe after your child is born, maybe never. She can go her whole life not knowing. So just shut up." Robb heard Marg hiss at the end and clank a fork.

"She would never forgive me."

"She can not ever forgive you over something she doesn't even know. There's quite a few things she doesn't know, isn't there, dear brother?"

"What about your boy toy, Margie?"

"Things have changed. And it's not like it matters anyway. My... boy toy gives me quite a bit of happiness, you know. He's happy as well. Sansa is happy. You are happy. The end results are what matter, Loras. Not how we get there." A pause. "I commend you for ensuring Sana's happiness no matter what. I am fairly jealous at that."

"Sansa is all that matters to me."

Silence. Robb felt sick to his stomach, trying to understand the words he was hearing. Nervously he looked over to make sure no one was coming over with Sansa's order, clutching onto his roll of wrapping paper.

"Don't I matter to you anymore?" Marg's voice grew softer and Robb strained to hear. "I always mattered a great deal to you all of our lives, until you started fucking Sansa."

"Of course you still matter. You're my sister and I love you."

"I see you less and less." Marg sounded so needy. Insecure. Not like herself. "It seems all you have time for is Sansa. Or that damned theater."

"Margie, once I get back from New York I'll set aside time just for us, will that make happy? We can do lunch or dinner, just the two of us -"

"Fuck lunch."

Robb's head began to ache.

"Didn't I ask you to take me to the airport?"

"Well, you didn't want your heavily pregnant fiancee to be bothered. I'm the backup plan."

"Stop, Marg. Just stop."

"I'm sorry, I just miss you. I feel like I'm losing you." Her voice turned soft.

"You can't lose me, Marg. I'm your brother, remember?"

"Yes, well, it seems Sansa has lost Robb and he is her brother."
"Robb is still in Sansa's life, just not like the way he was before. Maybe you could take a lesson from your boyfriend."

Robb had enough of it. He spied a cook bringing up his bagged order to the front so he slipped out of the booth, hurriedly making his way with his head down, not looking back. He gave the server a generous tip and left as quickly as he could, trying to make sense of their conversation and feeling like he would vomit on the pavement.

At least the rain had stopped.

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Three o'clock, right on the money.

Robb answered the door, which was ridiculous. She didn't need to knock or ring the doorbell. She still had a key anyway and could use it if she wanted. But it was a small courtesy, one of many they inadvertently imposed on each other. It was all about propriety's sake, as if that invisible line between them needed special care and formalities.

As always, his heart jumped a little when he saw her. That would never change. She was as lovely as ever, even heavily pregnant with another man's child, or maybe she was even more lovely as an expectant mother, he wasn't quite sure. That was his little niece in there, a child from Sansa he could openly love and shower affection on as a proud uncle. Benjen is your nephew as well as your son, his mind sneered. He let that go. Her hair streamed down her back, lush and full, held back by a simple headband. There were dark circles under her blue eyes, and her face was slightly puffy, her mouth turned into a smile that was tight and weary. She was still the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

"Sansa...come in..." He offered her his hand and she shied away, carefully stepping inside. Her usual graceful gait was gone, due to her her belly that hid under a camel colored trench coat. Her dress came down to her knees and she wore stylish boots. Even now she was dressed in style, looking more like a sleepless model rather than a haggard pregnant woman wanting to just have the damn kid already. He noticed her makeup was carefully applied, even though the circles still showed through, at least to his eagle-eye.

"Robb, I'm not an invalid, I'm pregnant. I can still walk without help," she snapped, immediately backtracking. "Sorry, thank you. I assumed this was something important?"

Her eyes drank him in for a moment before turning to the living room. In the middle there was a huge package, wrapped in pretty pink paper with a massive bow on top. Robb resisted the urge to reach for her hand, instead opting to shove his hands in his pockets, standing a respectable distance away. Her eyes lit up in surprise as she smiled, turning back to him and beaming.

"Robb!"

She advanced toward him and he stepped back, but smiled. Her face fell a little.

"Well, San, you had your baby shower and it was no guys allowed, so I had to wait to give this to you. Um, I also brought you some Gissepies, too. Your favorite, the spaghetti and meatballs, with the Italian lemon cheesecake for dessert. If you're hungry."
"Oh, I could always eat. Lately it's all I want to do. Like making up for six months of constant morning sickness." She walked over to her gift. "Thank you, Robb. It's so thoughtful of you."

"You're welcome. Well... go on," he urged, almost shyly.

Always one eager for gifts, Sansa didn't hesitate to tear into the massive paper wrapping, even as she bit her lip. He always received joy from watching her open presents, and for a moment he was reminded of her when she was young and everything had been so innocent...including her.

The unwrapping slowed and she drew in a breath as she gingerly removed the rest of the wrapping, taking in the dark mahogany cradle he had made and carved by hand. She said nothing, reaching out to touch the 18th century styled baby bed as if it were made of glass, skimming her fingertips over every intricately carved scroll, rose and leaf. Walking around, she traced the baby's name carved into the bottom of the footboard in painstakingly thin cursive:

_Lorsa Catelyn Tyrell_

"R-Robb." Her back was to him and she stood still, seemingly frozen in place, hand down on the cradle. "Oh-

"I wanted to - I wanted to do something to match your bedroom suit," he faltered. He knew of course she and Loras shared a room now, they were engaged after all, but wasn't sure if it was her room they occupied or his and didn't want to dwell on it. He had only been in Loras' room once at the new house, and that was to help Marg hang a painting in there. She said nothing and did not move so he tried again. "I mean, I know you are all into the Rococo style and all. And the roses -"

Still she remained silent and bowed her head. Robb felt uneasy. Maybe the cradle was too big of a gift, or maybe she already had a cradle, one that was better? Maybe it didn't match or it wasn't the right color of wood. He was doubting himself, wondering if this was such a great idea. In the months it took him to create it, he never thought of a negative effect this might have on her. It was a labor of love for him, a symbol of all he felt for Sansa and his little niece that would soon be here.

He swallowed. Even now he was apprehensive as he made his way over to her to place a hesitant hand on her shoulder. He felt her tense and heard her sniffle, and when she turned around, she met his eyes with her watery ones, tears spilling out down onto her coat collar. Oh god, her blue eyes, always staring into him to make him weak.

"Sansa?" He hadn't been this close to her face, to her lips, for so long. The darkness under her eyes seemed amplified.

"Oh god, Robb, it's **beautiful**!" She flung herself against him as best she could, her belly up against him, a barrier to the rest of her body. She leaned her head down into his chest, burying there, sobs starting to rack her body. As delicately as he could, he bent down and scooped her up in his arms, carrying her to the couch. He meant to set her down and sit next to her but she clung so tightly he nervously held her on his lap, letting her cry into his shoulder. She wept, sniffling into him, one had grasping the back of his neck and the other clutching into his hair. He didn't know what else to do but hold her, mindful of the baby.

"I'm so sorry, Robb. Sorry for **everything**. I - I've messed up so much." She took a long sniff. "I should have told you I was pregnant with Benjen. I was just so scared. I didn't know - I thought our baby could be taken from us, never to been seen again, you could go to jail. Lose your military career. And I - I didn't know what a bastard Baelish was." She cried harder as his heart was tearing apart. "I love **our child**, Robb, I do. But I can't. I can't show it. I can only bear it and try to not be close. Dad is his dad, Mel is his mom. I fucked **everything** up for you."
"Shhh, Sansa, please." She gripped him tighter and felt like he couldn't breathe. A hand went up to remove her headband and stroke her flame-colored locks. "Don't cry, it's all right, it's all right." he said helplessly.

"No, no. It's not. You even sacrificed your own reputation so I could keep mine and for what? For me to wrap myself up in my own self-pity and shame. For me to spit on our love and turn my back on you. To run into Loras' arms to forget you. I love Loras, I do, but -but I can never stop loving you. And I try. Every day."

Robb tried to fight back the tears. He was scared to say the wrong thing, so he kissed the top of her head instead.

"The cradle is so beautiful, Robb. So beautiful. I'm scared it will get scratched or damaged. It's - it's like our love, it's beautiful but we've had so many scratches, so many nicks, so many things chipping away at us, damaging us -"

"Sansa, Sansa, Starshine," he whispered brokenly, gently lifting her head with his shaking hands to look at her, thumb over her wet streaks to wipe them away. He tried to smile, raise his eyebrows. "It's a baby cradle, San. A piece of wood furniture."

"No, she whispered. No, it's more. You know and I know it's more that what it seems."

"San -" He meant to say something, what it was he wasn't sure and it didn't matter anyway when she suddenly met her lips with his. It had been so long since he had kissed her, not since the day she revealed she was pregnant, and he was on painkillers then. Now, even now, he wanted to kiss her, touch her, but now everything had changed. Regrettably he pulled his mouth away from the unfinished kiss, instead kissing her cheek in an almost brotherly fashion, except he lingered too long. She started crying all the harder, dropping her head back into his shoulder, her mouth on his neck. He dared not move but her lips on his neck felt too good, too tempting, especially when she started kissing him there between sobs, her hands twining in his hair, gripping.

"Sansa." He thought about Marg and Loras at the restaurant, conspiring to keep something from Sansa. Margaery not telling him something...they were hiding something from the both of them. His heavily pregnant sister was sitting on his lap, kissing and biting on his neck, her crying subsiding, and he was already half-hard and trying to remain impassive. He couldn't do this. She couldn't. She would regret anything she did as soon as she walked out the front door. He had to be the better person here.

Whatever he wanted to do, whether it was to stop her or kiss her, it didn't matter when she drew back with a sharp cry, her hands loosening her grip in his curls to clasp at her stomach.

"Sansa?" He reached out to touch her belly. "Sansa, what is it?"

"Oh god!" She let out a low moan of pain and drew in her breath. "Robb -"

"Sansa?"

"Wait- wait." She breathed low, struggling off of his lap, standing. "I just- ah!" She bent over slightly.

"Sansa. Are you - it's -" he stood up and reached out to her, but she shook her head. His mind raced. He knew next to nothing about pregnancy. She was at, what, 35 weeks? Right?

"Robb!" Another contraction must have hit. She gritted her teeth and looked at him.
"Do you - um - do - the hospital?"

"No, no." She breathed out, deep. "It could be Braxton-Hicks, I just need to wait -"

"I don't think we should wait -"

"Oh, shut up!" The woman invitingly kissing his neck was gone. "I've fucking had this before. I just need to - oh. I need to go to the bathroom -"

Instantly he reached out to help her and she backed away and turned to scurry to the half bath by the kitchen.

"I can walk, Robb."

With that she disappeared, leaving him worried. To occupy his time he scooped up all the wrapping paper and threw it in the trash and grabbed his phone off the kitchen counter. He should probably call Loras. He was probably in New York by now. Shit. He should wait until he knew for sure if Sansa was okay. He tapped his fingers on the counter. She was taking too long and she was quiet.

Fuck this.

He left the kitchen to bang on the bathroom door.

"Sansa?" Nothing. "Sansa!" The door wasn't locked and he burst in. She was sitting on the toilet, bent over, her head in her hands, panties around her ankles. There was blood on them. She was crying softly.

"Goddamn it, Sansa!" He was scared, and angry with her for not calling out to him sooner.

"I - I have a b-bag the car. W-w-with underwear -"

"Don't worry, San, I'll get it. Then we are going to the hospital." He tried to be calm as he raced out to her car, looking around for her bag. He popped the trunk and found it in there. Instead of just fishing around for her underwear he brought the whole bag in. Time saver.

She was crying softly, her hair covering her face. She wouldn't - couldn't - look at him as he found her a clean pair of panties and a thick pad, but she let him slip off her bloody pair and replace it with the clean ones, and he awkwardly unwrapped the pad and stuck it in place. She stood up and let him pull them up over her hips, smoothing down her dress and leaning over to flush the toilet.

"Let me carry you, San."

"No," Stubbornly, she started walking. "We will take my car." She refused to look at him, still crying softly, but she clung to him, allowing his arm around her shoulder.

"San, it's okay. Everything is okay," he hoped he was convincing. "I'll call Loras on the way there. He will just have to try to get a flight back here ASAP. It will be all fine, don't worry. I - I love you, San."

"I love you, too, Robb." A whimper escaped her lips as they walked past the living room and they stopped for a moment for her to catch her breath. Before heading out the door, Sansa turned her head towards the cradle in the living room. She cried harder then, her words broken.

"So beautiful," she whispered. "So perfect."
Chapter End Notes

Graphics by the lovely Sansafeels!

"It's like our love,
It's beautiful
but we've had too many scratches,
so many risks,
so many things chipping away at us,
damaging us..."
Greetings, Little Lorsa

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

"Is your phone even working?"

Sansa's voice, shrill in desperation and discomfort, panicked him even more as Robb once again hit Loras' name. It was the same result as ten seconds ago: straight to voicemail.

"I'm sorry, San. He must have his phone off for the interview." He tapped his phone off and shoved it into his pocket clumsily. She had a hold of his left hand in a death grip. "I'll try again in a couple of minutes. Do you know where the photo shoot is? I should try to call the studio he's at, right? I'd check your phone to see if he left anything on it but you left it at your house. I could always leave and go get it."

"No! Don't go. Don't leave me! I - I can't think right now. Robb." She gasped for breath. "It's another one already."

Robb glanced briefly to the printing paper from the monitor cascading into a small pile on the floor. Sure enough, it was a big one. Worriedly he looked at Sansa. She had only been admitted a little over an hour ago but she looked like she had been lying in the hospital bed for days, her face drawn and pale with dark circles under dull eyes. He had pulled back her hair into a low ponytail to keep it out of her way and the usual gleam of her red hair looked lifeless. Pain and worry and frustration etched across her face, but Robb still thought she looked naturally beautiful. She tugged at her hospital gown with her IV studded left hand and looked away from him, probably so he couldn't see the tears in her eyes. He brought her hand to his lips and kissed it, eyeing the door. The nurse had been in and out so much, and even though she always knocked before entering, he still did not want to get caught kissing his sister's hand.

"It's okay, San. I'll try again when the anesthesiologist finally gets here." He hoped the dude would get in here pronto. Sansa really needed that epidural. Too far gone in the stages of labor for the doctor to administer anything to slow down or stop the contractions, pain management was the only comfort left to offer his worried sister. Of course the nurse and doctor reassured her that at nearly thirty-six weeks, the baby would have the possibility of minor issues at worst, as she was already a decent weight of almost 6 lbs. The excessive blood she experienced could be a partial abruption, something they wouldn't be sure of until after delivery, so they didn't want to prevent labor. But telling that to her over and over didn't seem to make her feel any better.

She just kept asking for Loras.

"This wasn't supposed to happen. I can't believe this is happening. I had to be induced with Benjen, he didn't want to come out. I didn't think this would happen -"

Robb involuntarily flinched. It wasn't the first time she mentioned Benjen's delivery, and probably wouldn't be the last. He supposed it was only natural for her to compare the two, but every time she talked about it, his heart broke a little more. Ironic that he was here for her now, when it was another man's baby. He tried to shove down his feelings for her sake, but staring at her, he envisioned what she must have looked like, seventeen and frightened and alone. Well, no, not alone. Theon was with her, and Dad had been there, too, although not for the actual delivery. But it should have been him.

"I guess your little girl can't wait to arrive," he tried to soothe her, touching her forehead as she
clamped down on his other hand. "It's like she knows she going to be spoiled as hell."

"Loras risked his acting reputation and paid a nice chunk of change to get out of that movie. And for what? To still miss the birth of his daughter?"

"San, at least he was here for you for everything and not off filming a movie for months. I sent him texts and left him about ten voicemails. Maybe he is jumping on a plane as we speak? It won't take long to get here, you know that -"

"I don't think I have a couple hours, Robb. God, I was so stupid not to realize I was in labor even before I showed up at your door. I just thought -"

Robb's hand cupped the side of her face, thumbing the tears away, and she fell silent, staring at him. He couldn't bear to see her in pain, emotional or physical. He'd gladly take all of it for her if he could, but that was a fanciful notion.

"Robb." Her hand flew up to clasp his, keeping it in place. "Thank you for being here with me. I'm so sorry for -" she faltered for a moment, closing her eyes. "Gissepie's dinner is going to go to waste in your fridge."

"Not to worry, San. After Lorsa is born, I'll bring it in for you if you want. You know it's good to eat for a couple of days." He knew she was about to apologize for him not being at Benjen's birth and didn't want to hear it. He couldn't bear it. "Do you want me to call Dad and Arya and Bran -"

"No." Her eyes flew open. "No. No one else but Loras needs to know. Not...not yet. Please."

Their eyes met and Robb understood even as it was left unspoken. There was so much that would linger between them, no matter how they tried to ignore it, lock it away, deny it, or love others. They would never have a normal sibling relationship, even though he was trying and she even more so. It wasn't as if things weren't progressing for them outwardly; she was engaged and having a baby with Loras and he was dating Margaery, and they both genuinely cared for their partners. Robb was hesitant to call what he felt for Marg as love, but he enjoyed her company and had a great deal of affection for her. Sansa has admitted to him several times she loved Loras as more than just her best friend with benefits. Even as Robb questioned Sansa's motives and feelings, he knew for certain that they would never stop loving each other. Their newfound maturity was able to recognize their forbidden love would never die, but it needed to be relinquished to the deepest recesses of their hearts, while their lives moved forward for the better.

Yet he could see the pleading in her eyes as much as he tried to ignore it. He tried to rationalize it, her desire to have him and him only with her right now; she was scared, in pain, lonely and needy. This was no easy thing and she needed soothing, understanding, and he had not left her side. Robb knew he was a substitute. If Loras was here he would be regulated to the waiting room with the rest of the family, as it should be. But Loras was not here and he refused to leave his sister. He had left her one too many times in the past, whether voluntarily or not, and he would not do it again in her time of need.

"Robb." She moved his hand to her lips, which were surprisingly cold even as sweat had formed on her brow. Her eyes weren't just pleading with him. He saw her need of him.

He knew in that moment, even now after everything that had happened, if she begged him to run away with her and leave everything behind, if she wanted him to raise little Lorsa as his own with her, he would. But deeper still, he knew his family was everything to him. But she was his family and right or wrong, she was the woman he would always love. He would never be set free. Never. He leaned in to touch his forehead with hers and she sighed, her breath warm in his face.
The knock at the door startled them both and Robb reluctantly pulled back and yanked his hand away as the anesthesiologist came in, looking like something out of a B-rated biological warfare movie. All seriousness, he nodded at Robb and made his way over to Sansa.

"Hi there, Mrs. Tyrell. I'm Pycelle, and I'll be administering your epidural. I need to ask your husband to step outside while this is completed, for sterile reasons." The man, completely business-like with no room for questions or hesitation, began setting up, already disregarding everything but his serious task.

Robb meant to correct the man about his relation to Sansa, but the words died on his lips as something triggered in his brain. Sansa remained silent and turned her face away. Before he could react to it, he stood up and kissed Sansa chastely on the temple before saying softly he would be just outside the door. She still gripped his hand until he was far enough away to break the connection, not looking back at her face before nodding to the man and leaving the room. A sinking feeling took over and his stomach lurched as the door clinked shut behind him.

The anesthesiologist had been mistaken, that's all.

He must have been lingering too long at the door, and maybe he didn't look quite right, because a pretty little nurse from the nearby nurse's station hurried over to him, a look of concern on her face.

"Mr. Tyrell, is it? Are you okay? Do you need a glass of water? Your wife is going to be fine, and the baby as well. We have been monitoring both very closely and everything is progressing as it should be. Sometimes babies are just early. The anesthesiologist won't be long, and you'll be able to return to the room. Please, sit."

Nodding dumbly, he allowed her to lead him to the waiting area and he sank into the most uncomfortable seat ever as she drew a paper cup and filled it with water from the nearby water dispenser. He replied with a thanks and took it, even though he didn't feel like drinking. A beer would have been more acceptable though.

"I just started my shift, Mr. Tyrell, so if there's anything you or your wife need, I'm Talisa. I'll be -"

"I'm - I'm not her husband. I'm her brother." God, he hated saying the words, not even able to look the nurse in the eye. Of course to a stranger it was nothing but a clarification of a misunderstanding, but to him it ripped though his heart. Never to be her husband, damned to be her fucked-up excuse for a brother. It would never end.

"Oh, I'm sorry." He was sorry, too. "Well, if you or your sister need anything, we are here. The epidural will take about twenty minutes for full effect. From what we are seeing, it won't be long now."

"Thank you...Talisa, I appreciate it." He allowed himself to look at her as she walked away, her dark hair swishing behind her in a ponytail. He wasn't even seeing her. He wasn't seeing anything at all. But he was hearing it. Mrs. Tyrell. Mrs. Mrs Tyrell. Husband. Wife. Now was not the time. Now was not the time to ask questions, or to express hurt or rage or betrayal; if he had any of those feelings anyway they were unjustified and uncalled for. Sansa needed him now, and he would not let her down like he had in the past.

Whipping out his phone, he tried Loras again. No dice.

Sansa's door opened and Mr. Creepy stepped out, giving him a nod. Robb bolted from his seat, tossing the paper cup in the trash on the way to her room. He knocked before entering and she glanced over before turning her head away from him, seemingly staring through closed curtains out
the window. Robb said nothing as he sat back down in the chair by her bed, leaning over to hold her hand. The silence was strained yet nothing needed to be said to break it.

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Loras jogged through the hospital entrance, jogging to the maternity ward. Worry and regret and frustration rolled off of him and he was completely panicked. The day had started off so well and it was ending on the worst note possible.

Of all the days, all the times to lose his fucking cellphone.

He didn't even realize he didn't have it until he was in a taxi on his way to the interview and photo shoot. He was going to call Sansa and let her know he made it safe and sound, and it wasn't in the tiny man bag he carried. He really wasn't too panicked then; when he made it to the studio he made a phone call from there. It went straight to her voicemail but there was no reason to think there was a concern. He left a loving message before getting down to it, going through the motions of a Q & A and dressing up in designer duds for some pics. Sure, he was worried about where the hell his cell was, but it was locked and if he couldn't find it, he could easily get a new one.

Going through the series of events for the day, he realized the last time he had his phone was at Gissepie's during the lunch he had with Marg. Since Sansa didn't seem to have her phone on, he called Marg from the studio and asked her to go back to the restaurant. In the meantime, after the shoot he asked the taxi driver to use his phone, making sure after he called Marg the number was deleted, even though at that point he was in shock. Thankfully his phone was found by their server and Marg had it. Unfortunately after he gave her his code to unlock it, she had some shocking news. Six voicemails and fourteen text messages from Robb. Sansa was in labor.

The less than two-hour flight was the longest one he's ever been on.

Marg had met him at the airport and drove him to the hospital, offering to go in with him but he declined, telling her he'd call her. She handed him his phone and he tried to call both Sansa and Robb, with no luck. It panicked him even more. Sansa was in labor early, and he knew nothing. Calling the hospital of course was not much help, even after he identified who he was. He should be thankful for the security; after all, he had asked for extra discretion due to their celebrity status. But he was worried and pissed off all the same.

Maybe running through the halls was a bit dramatic, but fuck it.

He reached the maternity section in no time and tried to remain calm and remember his manners as he addressed the pretty, dark-haired nurse behind the counter.

"Hi, I'm - I'm Loras Tyrell. Sansa Tyrell's husband -"

"Yes, Mr. Tyrell, she's in Room 223, just right across the way. You will need to sign in and take this badge -" There was a look on her face. It looked like pity. It looked like she held bad news in her dark eyes. No. He was imagining things, wasn't he? Was Sansa and their daughter all right?

He snatched the badge and hooked it clumsily on his shirt before sprinting over to the door, taking a few seconds to compose himself before opening it. In his concern he didn't bother knocking, and the sight he was rewarded with was not one he expected - or wanted - to see.
Sansa was propped up in bed, their newborn little girl in her arms. She was wrapped tightly and held to Sansa's partially exposed breast, apparently feeding. Robb was seated as close as he could get, adjusting the blankets with one hand while the other rested on her hand. If Loras had been a stranger, he would think it was a loving scene of a happy new family. As it was, jealousy and pain flooded over him. He missed the once-in-a-lifetime experience of seeing his child being born. He missed being there for Sansa, being the one to comfort her, encourage her, love her. Instead, it was Robb who did those things, and no doubt he did them well. Maybe he should be grateful she wasn't alone in her time of need, like she had been with Benjen, but gratefulness was the last emotion flowing through him at the moment.

They both looked up. Robb immediately moved away from Sansa, pushing his chair back to rise from it. He walked over with his hand outstretched, seemingly for a handshake in a congratulations, but Loras stuffed his hands in his pockets and sidestepped him, instead looking him levelly in the eye - almost, anyway, since he was a few inches taller than Robb. The hurt was new to Loras, this feeling of complete inadequacy. Not knowing how to handle it, he bit out the only words he knew would hurt the man Sansa would always love more.

"I'd like to be alone with my wife, please."

Robb lowered his eyes and hung his head, nodding. He didn't look back at Sansa as he passed Loras and left, the door quietly shutting behind him.

"Sansa." He rushed over to her, uncertain of what to do or say. "Sansa, darling, I'm so sorry I -"

She reached out her free arm to him and he no longer hesitated. He crawled into the hospital bed with her, sitting teetering on the edge, careful not to lean against her. The bed was not made for two but he temporarily made do. He caressed her limp hair before kissing her lips softly, then peering down at their little girl. She was tiny but latching on to Sansa's breast. That was a good sign. There was a small thatch of brown hair, his color, and her eyes were closed. Already he could tell she had Sansa's nose and his mouth. Gently he leaned down, breathing in his new daughter's scent, gently planting a kiss on her soft head. She made a small squeaking noise, much to his delight.

"She's beautiful, Sansa. Our little girl is beautiful." He felt a rush like he had never known; a thread of pure, unconditional love and protectiveness for this little person he and Sansa created. He ached to hold her but didn't want to interrupt her feeding. "Are you okay? I mean, are you both -"

"We're both fine, Lor. Little Lorsa may be early but she's a good weight and she is breathing fine. We were worried at first about her ability to latch on and feed, but she is doing great. The doctor said she might be under observation for the next two or three days, but if she is feeding and breathing normally, she'll be able to go home."

"And you? What about you, Sunshine?" He tore his eyes away from his daughter to meet her gaze. Her eyes were tired, gentle...and haunted.

"It wasn't a hard delivery. Amazingly quick, really. I guess little Lorsa couldn't wait to come into the world. I only had very minor lacerations. I think my epidural was amped up, though. I still can't feel my legs."

"Do you - do you need anything?"

"Just you." She grabbed his hand, careful of her IV, and brought it to her lips. "Just you," she repeated. "And little Lorsa."

It was a sweet lie. Maybe she even believed it but Loras was not fooled and he shoved the hurt down...
and away. Right now it didn't matter. All that mattered was what was lying here in this terribly uncomfortable hospital bed.

"I'm sorry I wasn't here for you, Sansa. I am so sorry, darling. We can never have this moment back, and I apologize. My phone went missing -"

"Shhh, just don't worry. What's done is done and it isn't your fault. I'm sorry you missed it but you are here now, and that is all that matters."

He embraced her as best he could. It was hard for him not to blurt out that he regretted not being here, especially since when she birthed Benjen she was alone. Or, rather, she didn't have the father there for that birth either. Sansa still didn't know that he knew about Benjen's true parentage. Why he never told her what he found out from Varys was beyond him. Maybe he hoped she would come to him of her own volition and trust him enough to confide in him. Yet, if she never told her own father, why would she tell him? No doubt it was a painful time, and perhaps she hoped the secret of Benjen's parentage would die with her. Baelish knew. But did anyone else? Did Robb, even? Robb certainly took to Benjen, but was that a brotherly affection or a fatherly one? He was worse than Robb. At least Robb had the excuse of not knowing. He should have known better than to schedule an interview so close to Sansa's due date.

"I love you, Loras." Her voice was sleepy. "I love you and our little girl."

In his wrong frame of mind, he thought she sounded as if she was trying to convince herself. He tried to push it aside and concentrate on her and their child. They were all that mattered, now more than ever. He would try to be the best for both of them...and he was determined to succeed.

"I love you, Sunshine, and our little Lorsa, too. I promise I won't let you down again."

"Hmmm. Don't be hard on yourself. Besides, if you saw what happens to me down there when I give birth, you wouldn't want to ever make love to me again." She gently moved Lorsa from her breast, holding her up to burp her. She still kept her eyes closed.

"I doubt that, darling. It would probably make me want to kiss your lovely lady bits even more, to make up for the abuse you suffered down there." His teasing lost some of the naughty aspect as Lorsa let out a tiny burp mid-sentence. Sansa smiled, wiping the spit-up away. before making sure Lorsa was secured in her blanket.

"Here, Daddy, I suspect you want to hold her."

Trying not to be too grabby, Loras waited while Sansa made sure Lorsa was secured in her blanket before passing her over. She fit in his arms perfectly, making little delicate squeaks before nestling in. She was warm and small and beautiful. For a moment her eyes opened, flashing blues.

"Ah, she has your eyes, San! She is going to be a beauty like her Mommy." He was mesmerized.

"Loras." Her voice was fading. Not surprising that she was ready to pass out. "Are you happy? I'm sorry. So sorry for - for you not being here. If I could have stopped it I would."

Delicately, regrettably, Loras placed Lorsa in the hospital incubator bed next to them. Sansa would no doubt be asleep soon and he'd have plenty of time to cling to his little girl. He moved back to sit on the edge of the bed and kissed her cheek, embracing her.

"Babies come out when they come out. No one is at fault, especially not you. I'm here now, you and Lorsa are healthy. I am the happiest man alive right now, Sansa." He refused to address the elephant in the room, or rather, the elephant that left the room. Robb had no place in this moment.
She sighed against him, leaning her head down into his chest. Within minutes, she was fast asleep, and Loras did his best to situate her in the bed, tucking her in and kissing her on the cheek, before he greedily picked up his little girl again, easing into the chair and holding her fast. She was fast asleep. There was nothing that felt like this. *Nothing.*

Suddenly he felt pity for Robb. He still envied him and what he had with Sansa, but now he could feel sorry for him as well. Robb never had the chance to hold his infant son. Never had the chance to be a father, to be there for all the firsts in his child's life. He would never hear his child call him Daddy. Robb may have the best of Sansa's love, but now, Loras had the best of Sansa.

He held his daughter closer to him, and started softly singing a lullaby.

Chapter End Notes

I'm amazed at all the support I've received on this fic. Thank you so much! I apologize for the slower updates. Life happens. Thanks for reading! :)
"I still cannot believe Theon Greyjoy, of all people, is getting married today," mused Loras, packing up a couple of readied baby bottles. "And he didn't even want a bachelor party? Theon, refusing a drunken night of debauchery before he gets hitched? Impossible."

"You know Theon is throwing a huge party next weekend to celebrate. And there's the reception after the wedding tonight. That's close enough. Are you wanting to go next weekend?"

"Only if a certain flame-haired beauty attends with me. But I don't know if I want a babysitter for our little girl two weekends in a row."

"Oh yes, I am sure Lorsa will feel so neglected." Sansa couldn't help but roll her eyes and smile, watching as Loras left the kitchen to retrieve Lorsa from her nursery, pausing to plant a quick peck on her cheek, his scruff scraping her teasingly.

"It's bad enough I have to fork her over to Father for the night tonight. But I suppose we deserve a couple's night out for the first time since before Lorsa came home, even if it is a wedding."

She listened to his voice to try to decipher his tone and meaning, but came up with it being just an honest statement, even as she had hoped to hear his voice teasing or thick with the hopes of passion.

She watched him leave, dressed in a plain white t-shirt and baggy jeans, whipping out his phone to check it on the way. His black tailored suit was pressed and hung upstairs, waiting for him to don it and give it a nice shape and form. Next to his suit was her own wedding attire, a simple red strapless dress with a small bow peeking out of the left side. Myrcella's Christmas wedding colors were red and black for the wedding, with mistletoe as decoration. It was to be a small wedding, which surprised Sansa; after all, the Baratheons went big or went home on pretty much everything. However, Robert was no fan of Theon's, so perhaps Myrcella thought it best to stay quaint.

Sansa touched her hair, already set in a chignon in the back. She would be wearing no jewelry besides her engagement and wedding band. Myrcella wanted it simple. She sighed, looking down at her left hand, remembering her own wedding in contrast; standing in front of the Justice Of The Peace with only her father and Grandmother Olenna in attendance as witnesses. Once upon a time she had dreamed of a beautiful confection of a wedding, all pink and blue and white flowers; a June wedding, outside, complete with a frothy, flowing white gown and a veil with tiny pink rosebuds as her crown.

Strange how real life always turned out so differently from all her fantasies.

Loras gave in to her pleadings to marry before Lorsa was born, as Loras always gave in to her wishes, even as he had misgivings over it. She convinced him that they could always have a second formal wedding to satisfy her childhood dreams, but she begged so sweetly to become his wife, albeit in private. She didn't want the paparazzi to find out, she didn't want a media circus. She reminded him how the media went rabid over the news of their engagement and her pregnancy, and that he owed her this much. As of yet the paparazzi didn't know they held residence in Winterfell, and that was how she liked it, not just for her but for their child as well. He resisted at first, but relented when she reminded him he spilled the beans on national television and therefore owed her a huge favor.

She had not counted on Robb finding out at the hospital. Olenna and Dad were sworn to secrecy until they could figure out a perfect time for an announcement, but she had never thought she would
be in the predicament she was in when Robb rushed her to the hospital. She had other things on her
mind and forgot to ask the staff to be discreet. To Robb's credit, he acted as if he didn't hear all the
times she was called Mrs. Tyrell, or when the nurses asked about her husband, or mistook Robb for
her husband. It must have cut him deeply but there was no time for explanations or hurt feelings as
Lorsa made her way into the world, with Robb at her side, holding her hand and whispering
encouragement into her ear. It was Robb whose eyes beheld Lorsa for the first time, before she was
even cleaned. It was Robb who defied the nurses and doctor to kiss her forehead and stroke her hair
while reassuring her that Lorsa was healthy and fine for being nearly a month early. It was a sin how
much she loved that bold gesture. The guilt over it all rose in her breast and lingered still; guilt over
Robb, guilt over Loras.

Loras had been nothing but the perfect husband and father for the past two months. She barely had to
raise a finger; Loras took care of her and Lorsa and there was nothing to worry about. He jumped out
of bed during the night for the feedings every couple of hours, letting her rest comfortably. The first
few days she was home he insisted on her staying in bed, bringing her meals up to her, helping her
bathe, making sure she knew she was just as important and loved as their little girl. As for Lorsa,
Sansa worried she would get too used to being cuddled in Loras' arms and would cry whenever she
was placed in her bed, but she was a sweet baby, gentle in temper. Sansa experienced a love she had
never known before when she cradled Lorsa to her breast, feeling her warm and small against her,
yet she felt like crying every time she did so. She couldn't help but think of Benjen and her refusal to
hold him when he was born. She knew once she had held him, she wouldn't want to give him up.
And she had to. She had to give away her firstborn so he could have a normal life. At least one of
her children belonged to her. Well, belonged to her and Loras.

Sansa sighed, running her hand down to her stomach. Just last week her doctor cleared her to resume
sexual intercourse. Now that Lorsa was two months old and adjusted to her schedule, she and Loras
were adjusting to the change in their relationship. It was a subtle change, and one that she didn't think
she liked very much. Yes, he was doting and patient and loving as always, but there was an
undercurrent with him that she couldn't place a finger on. When he was with their daughter he was
still fun-loving, dashing Loras, but in their bed at night he seemed slightly distant, off, reflective.
Then again, maybe she was as well.

It would be easy to explain their small rift due to the addition of Lorsa into their lives, but she knew
with their little girl they were in sync, even if Sansa sometimes was annoyed at how selfish Loras
was. Lorsa was her little girl as well, and she felt like they argued too much over who got to hold her
or rock her to sleep. But what wife and mother wouldn't love to have that problem? No, the issue
was not their baby.

Their easy compatibility was still present. Whenever possible, Loras held to tradition and cozied up
to her to watch old movies and sip wine, and she would sink thankfully into him, and make small
talk about the most inane things. Usually they were so exhausted from handling new parenthood that
they ended up dozing off, and that was fine, too. But lying in his arms at night; that was where the
gulf was evident.

After the first month, she felt well enough to at least try to make a move to please him, hoping he
would touch her intimately in return. Even though she wasn't supposed to engage in intercourse for
at least six weeks, or until she was cleared by the doctor, it didn't mean they couldn't indulge in other
activities. However, he rebuffed her advances gently, pulling her hand away when it tried traveling
south of his chest, and returning it to over his heart. His kisses were affectionate but not passionate;
his touches were of love but not lust. She panicked inside and did not know what to do; she felt him
hard often enough to know his body was interested, but his mind and heart obviously were not. The
resentment was building but she lacked the determination to bring it up, because she knew damn well
the reason and it was a conversation she was more than willing to avoid.

Robb.

It was Robb. It was the fact that Robb was there for the birth of his child and he was not. Even more than that, it had everything to do with the reason Loras sidestepped Robb in the hospital; Loras had not done that because he saw nothing between them. They could ignore it during the day, but at night, there was nothing to hide behind. He still held her gently, cuddled with her and clutched her in his sleep, while she lay on his smooth chest and cried silent tears that there was no hair there to curl her fingers into.

She loved Loras but she would always love Robb, and she hated herself for it. She hated herself for replaying in her head the day Robb gifted the cradle and he held her on his lap. She had been so hungry for him then, wanting his touch, wanting to feel his lips. She knew he still wanted her, even at over eight months pregnant. She felt him half-hard against her and took comfort and triumph in it.

Worse still, she hated herself for how she looked forward to Robb and Marg’s visits, just to be near him.

Sansa sensed a rift between Robb and Marg and wondered if it had anything to do with Robb being with her for Lorsa’s birth. It was none of her business but they seemed far less affectionate now, and Robb didn't look at her with eyes of respect anymore. Because of this perception, Sansa fell into an uneasy truce with Marg; and with an air of superiority, she almost pitied her. They had been good friends in high school but things were so different now. Amazingly, she cooed and doted on Lorsa, declaring she looked like her aunt the most. She was constantly bringing over presents and offering to babysit, which Sansa was less than enthusiastic over. She could only imagine Marg and Robb playing house with her baby, as wrongheaded as it was, but she would not deny Marg time with her little niece. Indeed, she was a warm and loving woman by nature, underneath that streak of ruthlessness.

Robb holding Lorsa was a different problem. She tried not to dwell on the vision of him holding her baby but it was emblazoned on her brain, forever a scar to never fade. He should have had the chance to hold his own child so lovingly and she had robbed him of that. Even worse, she felt Lorsa tense every time Robb held her when he was around. Sansa didn't see this situation improving any time soon. In fact, she sensed something on the brink of imploding. From Loras and his unspoken tension, to Robb and his silent agony, it was building to a head, but on whom it would detonate she had no idea.

She sighed again as Loras made his way back to her, this time with Lorsa dressed in her cute little winter snow outfit, tucked and buckled into the carrier car seat. She was sleeping. Loras, dressed for the snow and cold as well, flashed the smile Sansa loved and jiggled his keys, adjusting the baby bag over his shoulder.

"All ready for Grampa Tyrell. We will do great on time as long as Dad doesn't keep me." He walked over and kissed her on the lips, a soft touch that didn't dare much more. Sansa tried not to lean into him, and then knelt down to kiss Lorsa on her hat-covered forehead. She was out like a light. This would be the first night without her, and Sansa wasn't sure she felt completely right about that. Loras seemed to read her mind.

"Don't worry, sexy Momma. Our little girl will be in good hands. I'll be back ASAP. At least we lucked out with no snow or ice for tonight."

He was gone, leaving Sansa completely alone for the first time in months. She didn't like the house deathly quiet. Trying to shrug it off, she made her way up the banister, bypassing her and Loras'
room and the nursery, making her way into her nearly abandoned bedroom. Everything was as it was back in Long Beach, from the French canopied bed to the elegant hand-crafted bookshelf. In the far corner, untouched and pristine sat the baby cradle Robb had made for Lorsa.

She glided over to sit at her vanity to stare at her reflection. Her face looked only slightly fuller, as well as her breasts. She was lucky she hadn't gained much weight and what she did gain, she lost, but her lower abdomen sagged slightly. At least her matron of honor dress still fit her. Now that she was given the green light from her doctor, she would be able to tighten that up, hopefully. She wasn't bouncing back as quickly as she did with Benjen, but then again she was a little older now, and this was her second child. Sometimes she had to remember Loras didn't know Benjen's true parentage. There were times she would start to make a remark about her first pregnancy and had to catch herself. Someday, maybe, she would confess to him, but there seemed to never be a good time to tell him.

Sighing, she opened her drawer, pulling out a small box, opening the lid and retrieving the blue rose necklace to clasp it on to her neck. The chain felt cold against her warm skin, the pendant settling into her collarbone. Her fingertips lightly caressed it while she gazed into the mirror. She wished she could wear it tonight. She hadn't worn it since New York. Loras didn't know the true nature of the necklace, just as he didn't realize she had another child. Her own brother's child. Why was it so difficult to tell him? Hasn't Loras proved himself to be understanding? She knew he would not condemn her for it, but the longer she hesitated, the more she was sure he would be hurt. He had been in Los Angeles when she was pregnant with Benjen. He had offered to come come for a visit at a time she was so heavily pregnant she declined his offer. What if she had told him then? Would he have offered to claim the child as his own? He was already out of state when Benjen was conceived, so unless he had super sperm shipped and inseminated, the claim would not have been believable.

The doorbell broke her thoughts away and she hastily unclasped the necklace, placing it down on her vanity and sprinting downstairs, feeling guilty. She glanced at the wall clock in the hallway; she still had two hours before she needed to arrive at the church. Who would be stopping by now?

She flung the door open without concern for her safety, and breathed out a surprise greeting.

"Dad?"

Ned stood in front of her, his hair newly cut and his facial hair trimmed. His hair was salt and pepper now, but he was still a handsome man.

"Hi Punkin'."

She clumsily hugged him and moved to invite him in, trying to hide her hesitation. He walked in and she followed him into the den, biting her lip. She hadn't been alone with her father since she arrived back in Winterfell for Rickon's funeral. There was a good reason for that, and almost all of it had to do with Benjen. She never felt comfortable in her Dad's presence after Benjen was born, as if somehow being in the same room with him would tip him off to whom the real father of Benjen was. His treatment of Theon was evidence he believed the lie, and she hoped Benjen's looks were attributed to her features only.

"Lorsa isn't here. Loras took her over to Mace's."

Ned sat down into an easy chair, motioning her to sit. She sank into the couch across from him, immediately fiddling with the fringe of a decorative pillow.

"I know. Loras texted me to let me know. We need to talk, Sansa. I know you need to leave soon so I won't take up too much time." He didn't bother to take off his coat and Sansa didn't ask him to.
"How are you feeling? How are you and my granddaughter? I've talked to Loras recently but not you."

Immediately Sansa's eyes narrowed. Yes, she knew Loras and Ned were thick as thieves these days. He spent more time hanging out with him than Robb or Bran. She attributed it to both liking Loras as a son-in-law and being thankful he didn't have to raise this grandchild.

"I've been fine, Dad. A little tired. Loras does most of the work, though. Are you and Mel and Benjen excited for the wedding?" Her inquiry was hollow. She cared nothing for Mel and it always hurt to ask after Benjen. "I'm surprised Benjen isn't with you. Then again, Lorsa isn't here."

Ned smiled. It was a small, wistful smile, and Sansa suddenly realized her father looked older than his fifty-seven years.

"Benjen is quite taken with his - with his - with Lorsa."

Involuntarily she winced. She couldn't blame her dad for stumbling on what to call Benjen and Lorsa's relation. Half-sibling? Niece? Whatever she was to him, Benjen was fascinated with her. Sansa allowed him to hold her and he treated her like she was a porcelain doll, not even daring to breathe as he cuddled her close. He had puffed his chest out, stating he was no longer a little boy, he was nine years old and he could hold a baby right. Then when Ned had placed her in his arms and showed him how to support her neck, his eyes grew wide and he cooed at the well-behaved infant. Ever since then, according to Ned, Benjen was always begging to visit his little niece. Sister. Everyone thought it was so cute, with the exception of Sansa and Robb, how Benjen went on and on about how he loved Lorsa, how he was going to make sure he looked after her and protect her since she was so tiny. It ripped Sansa's heart to shreds; just another ache to bear for the rest of her life.

"Everyone is quite taken with Lorsa. She has Loras' temperament, thank God."

"Ah, but you have a sweet temperament too. At least, you did."

"Dad." Sansa tried to ask gently, but she was never good at small talk with her dad anymore. "Forgive me for asking, but why are you here?"

Ned scoured his face with his hands before leaning forward, taking a deep breath.

"I am afraid I have some bad news, Punkin'. I've been trying to hide it but I cannot make excuses anymore, and now it will be noticeable, so there is no use in keeping secrets."

"What is it, Dad?" Bad news. What could possibly be going on in his life that would affect her? They were not close now. They stopped being close after Mom died. "Just have out with it."

"It's Mel." Ned sighed but looked her square in the face. "She is demanding a divorce. Before you start a happy dance, it isn't all she is demanding. She wants full custody of Benjen. She's been in Washington for the past three months, occasionally flying back to see Benjen."

"Washington?" Sansa felt her mouth become dry and her heart dropped. "All the way across the county? What the hell is she doing there?"

"She accepted a job in a prestigious law firm, and although I cannot be certain, there may be a young lawyer there that she is involved with."

"And - and Benjen?"

"You know as well as I do, the courts tend to favor the mother. I've been a lawyer long enough to
know the odds are against me. Both Mel and I signed the adoption papers, so we are both the legally named parents. She has as much of a right to custody as I do, perhaps more at this point in time."

He paused as if to let it all sink in. Mel would no doubt win custody, but maybe not full custody. After all, Dad has been a great father, has a great career, is well respected in the community. He could fight. All he had to do was call Tyrion Lannister. That man could work wonders. She meant to say this, but he must have read her thoughts.

"Mel knows you are Benjen's mother." Ned didn't mince words. "She has already threatened to expose that fact if I do not agree to her terms of full custody."

Sansa felt ice cold to the fingertips. She didn't know what to feel. What to say. She tried to form a calm, rational thought in her head and speak it, but it didn't come.

"Sansa." Ned's tone was low. "Sansa, I know Robb is Benjen's father. Mel does not, thankfully. She believes Theon is the biological father, as his name is on the birth certificate."

Robb. Even now, they were paying for the love. Even now, more outside influences were threatening their son, their livelihood. Would any of it end? Would it ever end? And Dad knew? She wanted to feel shame and guilt in front of her father, but she felt nothing. Nothing, except the desire to protect Robb as best she could. If she could.

"Dad. I don't know what you're -" She started to deny it.

"Sansa, Robb admitted it to me just before he came back to Winterfell. I understand even now you want to protect your brother and your son, and yes, yourself. But I know the truth. I've accepted it, reconciled it, and have put it away. Robb has moved on with Margaery, you have moved on with Loras. You are both living normal lives. I don't want to destroy that."

"But?" She raised her eyebrows, numb to his confession. Robb told him? Why hadn't Robb told her Dad knew?

"Sansa. If you were to petition the courts for custody as Benjen's biological parent, you could trump Mel's demands. You were a minor when you signed over parental rights and agreed to the adoption. I've done my research, and the courts are sympathetic to this kind of scenario. Not only are you Benjen's biological mother, you have the financial means and access to one of the best lawyers in the country. I'm asking you for your help in keeping your son here with his biological family, where he belongs. Here with all of us."

Of course. Her father wanted her to risk everything for his own sake.

"I wouldn't ask for your help. I know it had been a painful road for you, but I can't lose Benjen. Neither can Robb. Think of what this might do to Robb."

Robb. Oh god, this would kill Robb. She knew the only reason he moved back to Winterfell was to be near his son, to spend what time he could with him and see him grow up. What would he do if he found out Benjen had to live with Mel on the other side of the country? He had no rights to see him, and would have to rely on any goodness of Mel's heart, or wait for holidays or summers when Benjen could come visit. It would crush him. Yet what was she to do? It would still be a media firestorm, the reveal that Sansa Stark had an illegitimate child at seventeen and hid it like a shame for nine years. Then there is Theon to consider; he is on the birth certificate. He was marrying the love of his life tonight; what would it do to his and Myrcella's relationship? Then there was her own life to consider. True, her acting career has stalled, but she was not forgotten. She knew the video would come up again, and some people were smart enough to arrange all the puzzle pieces into place. There
will always be private investigators who would somehow dig up the dirt...and it would be far worse on Benjen than living with Mel ten months out of a year.

"I can't do that," she whispered. "I just can't. Benjen can never know I am his mother."

"Not even to keep him with the family that loves him? The world doesn't need to know you have a child fathered by your own brother. Theon Greyjoy is listed as the father."

"Yes, and he is marrying Myrcella tonight. You know, the wedding you're attending. Their relationship was ruined once over this, and I'll be damned if I ruin his life again. He stood up for me when no one else had."

"What about Loras?" She couldn't believe how desperate he sounded. "It's common knowledge you two have been acting together since high school. He loves you, Sansa, and would do anything for your happiness."

"Loras doesn't know about Benjen, Dad. Besides, he wasn't even near Winterfell when I got pregnant."

Ned winced and finally looked away from her. Of course he didn't want to hear about his children having sex. Of course not. Yet he could sit here and ask her to do something that would once again bring their sins out into the open. And where was he when their sins started? Off on this business trip or that, probably fucking that redheaded whore every chance he got while his two eldest children struggled with their mother's death and tried to be surrogate parents to their younger siblings. How desperately she wanted her father's love and attention back then. Only Robb had been there for her, only Robb could stop the hurting with his love for her, right or wrong. Robb may have been able to reconcile with Dad but she just could not. The pain cut too deep back then, and now he opened up the scar to become a fresh wound to bleed once again.

"Sansa, please. I am asking for you to help keep your son here where he belongs."

"And who's fault is it, exactly? Dad, I could have told you from the beginning, that woman is conniving, hateful, and vindictive. I never liked her. Maybe this is some sort of poetic justice? You were so preoccupied with a piece of ass while your children needed a father. I always thought you married her rather quickly. Tell me, were you fucking her when Mom was in the hospital? And now you're asking me to risk everything, even threatening Robb's welfare. You married the bitch. You deal with her." She started to shake. She wanted to cry, scream, strike her father, but of course she did none of those things.

"I am still your father and refuse to be talked to that way, Sansa. Put your old resentments aside and think what is best for your son."

"I don't want to hear anymore. I just don't. I have a wedding to attend to in an hour. Please, just go. I don't know why you had to do this now. Why now?"

"Because Mel left on a plane this morning and took Benjen with her."

"What?" Sansa jumped up, her hands balled into fists. "Why in the hell did you let her?"

"Sansa, I couldn't cause a scene, not in front of Benjen. He was so excited at the idea of seeing Mommy's new office, and flying on a plane for the first time. Any move I make and any action I take is being watched. Trust me, I cannot act like an asshole when it comes to my son. My grandson."

"Why exactly does she hate you so much? Why is she asking for a divorce like this?" She shook her head, feeling tears behind her eyes. "Did you abandon her emotionally, too?"
"Sansa, what is between Mel and me is just that, between Mel and me. I am your father and need not to explain myself to my child."

"No, Dad, you don't need to explain anything, but you can ask me to turn my world and several other peoples' upside down because you can't sort out your marital affairs."

"I am not a perfect parent, and I am not a perfect husband, but I love my family and will do whatever it takes to keep them together and happy."

"Like Rickon?" The words slipped out before she could stop them. Ned's face crumpled and he dropped his head into his hands. With horror, Sansa realized he was crying, and reached him within seconds to embrace him. "I'm sorry, Dad, I'm sorry. That was cruel and I did not mean it, I'm so sorry. I - I love you." She wanted to cry with him, but her tears stayed behind her eyes. She had been through too much in the past to let tears fall now.

She heard the door open and close, and moved away while Ned wiped his eyes dry and quickly composed himself. Sansa could recall him only crying once his entire adult life, and that was the day Mom died. She was touched but she was also hardened. This would hurt Robb deeply, at a time where he was finally in a normal place. Or, as normal as things could be for him. With Lorsa a constant reminder of what he can never have, at least he had Benjen near him, even if only as a brother. It was better than nothing, and Dad did let Robb see him whenever he - or Benjen - wanted. Could she not finally take action to help Robb, to somehow repay him for the hell he has gone through for her?

She clenched her fists again but spoke clearly.

"Let me see what options we have. First things first, I'm going to call Tyrion Lannister. Maybe it's only a matter of finding a flaw in Mel's life. In the meantime, we have a wedding to attend."

Ned rose and embraced her with a thank you, but Sansa felt next to nothing as Loras walked into the den, smiling his famous Tyrell grin.
Robb wasn't in the mood for Theon's wedding but he concealed it rather well through the ceremony and toasting. At least, he hoped he was hiding it well. After all, it isn't every day that your best friend marries the woman of his dreams, and Robb was attempting to display the gaiety of a proud Best Man. He didn't do too badly with the toast even if he thought he went over the top with it to try to conceal his mood. He wasn't an actor like Sansa, who executed her little speech with elegance and smooth perfection. He had sat back in his chair, eyes half-closed, and tugged his black bow tie loose while he listened to her melodic voice praise Myrcella and Theon for becoming, against all odds, Winterfell's oddest but cutest couple. He tried not to glance at Loras sitting next to her and gazing up at his wife with heart eyes while she talked, perfectly groomed and charming everyone with his damn smile and his damn charm.

Margaery sat beside him. He knew she was sullen but she showed her Tyrell smile through the whole thing. Margaery was a class act when it came to appearances and she was no less stellar tonight. He might be upset with her, but no one could tell she was in distress about it.

Robb's third glass of wine sat teasingly in front of him and he circled the rim lightly with his index finger before grabbing it and gulping down the contents while surveying the dancing couples in the ballroom of the Hilton. He wished he was anywhere but here, as the Hilton brought memories to him that would never fade. After five years apart, he and Sansa had made love in this building. Before the madness. Before the pain. Before their love had been twisted and bent into a torturous, never-ending emotional hell for the both of them. He remembered feeling happy, complete, loved. Were they ever that happy? Or was it just a figment of his imagination, while the reality was harsh and cold and full of despair?

"Will you at least dance with me?" Marg's voice was low and full of irritation. "I mean, can you act like we are in a great relationship for at least another hour? So we don't upset the happy couple? Then you can be on your way to wallow in your little pity party all by your lonesome."

Robb turned to study her face. So gorgeous but so hard. She was wearing the same gown as Sansa, but the red did not suit her as well for some reason. Maybe it was the bright red lipstick or her hair pulled back too severely, or maybe it was her hateful expression. He knew she was still angry after their huge fight earlier and he tried to care, but between their fight and Dad's bombshell announcement, he just couldn't right now.

"I'm not an actor or a dancer like your brother or his wife." He nodded in the direction of Loras and Sansa, who were dancing up against each other. "I can't act like nothing has happened between us, Marg, and I am a terrible fast dancer. Plus I don't know if I can stomach a slow dance."

"I am sure you would if it was Sansa." Marg's usual polished, seductive self was nowhere to be found tonight as she hissed out her words in frustration. "Robb, I told you I was sorry."

Robb closed his eyes and prayed for control.

"Let's just get through the reception." Somewhere behind his eyelids, he tucked the hurt and betrayal away in the dark. "It's not like I haven't been through worse agony."

"I do care about you, Robb. I hope you realize it. I - I fell in lo -"
Like lightning his hand left his glass and grabbed her arm. She didn't cry out in protest; rather, she seemed to actually welcome the touch. He felt her lean in closer to him and he inadvertently recoiled. Sometimes the more rough he was, the more it turned her on.

"Don't fucking say it. Not after you've admitted your brother pimped you out like a little whore and you willingly went along with it."

She jerked her arm away, taking a long unladylike swig of wine before slamming the glass back down.

"You asshole. I'm not a whore. I didn't take Loras' money. And I told you the truth. I've had a crush on you since high school. I wanted to pursue a relationship with you. It wasn't like Loras had to push me into it."

"Spare me."

"Robb, I am not a beggar and I refuse to be one now. I won't beg for forgiveness, not when it's brought us both happiness. You don't understand what he wanted me to do. He wanted you and Sansa to have time apart, to heal from the media shitstorm over that video. Can I at least talk to you after the reception?"

"Sorry, Marg, I am in no mood. I need to talk to Sansa."

"Cause trouble between her and Loras, you mean."

"Any trouble that comes between my sister and your brother has nothing to do with my actions," Robb snapped curtly. "And Sansa deserves to know."

"Robb, I -"

"Quiet." Robb cut her off as he spotted Jon and Ygritte coming their way. "Smile pretty like I know you can do. You are used to lying, I suppose you can fake some feelings like you have all along for me."

"That's not fair. What does it matter how things started between us? We have something good now. Please don't throw us away over this."

Robb's head hurt. The wine was numbing him but not enough. Usually adverse to excessive drinking, he was going to go home and drink until he passed out. Alone. And it would be more enjoyable than this whole evening. He was happy for Theon and Myrcella, he truly was, but with Dad's announcement of the impending divorce and Benjen going to Washington with Mel for who knows how long, and finally confronting Marg about the conversation he overheard at Gisspeie's with Loras, he didn't think anyone could blame him for being slightly dour. Still, he agreed to show up with Margaery for appearance's sake, even though they arrived in separate cars. He didn't know what he felt for her now, and maybe he was making mountains out of molehills, but it still stung and it was fresh. Maybe he could have waited another night to ask her. After all, he held it like an albatross for two months, but not very well. He had been acting differently towards her and she noticed it, calling him out on being a dick a few times. They had been arguing over stupid, pointless things, and he hadn't been his usual self when they made love, on the very few occasions that they did.

"Great," muttered Marg. "Another disgustingly happy couple." She rolled her eyes and Robb couldn't help but silently agree with her expression.

Jon made his way over, looking happy in a dark grey suit and black shirt, his hair still cut short, his
arm hooked with Ygritte's. She was as slim as a reed and looked feminine for once in her silver
dress, her hair cascading around her shoulders. Robb experienced a pang of envy as he noticed how
comfortable and in love they were. On Ygritte's hand an engagement ring sparkled, just like Gilly's
did when she showed up with Sam. Thankfully Ygritte started making small talk with Marg, so he
could try to focus on Jon.

"Hey, cuz." Jon's softspoken voice could barely be heard over the music. "Why aren't you busting a
move on the floor with your lady?"

"I guess I don't want to embarass...my lady." Robb forced a smile. "But you aren't doing too bad out
there, Jon."

Jon grinned before looking over the dance floor. His eyes rested on Sansa and Loras for a moment
and his smile faded when he looked back at Robb. Robb averted his gaze to Robert Baratheon trying
to dance with a busty blonde who was not his wife. For some reason he didn't want to see the pity
and understanding in Jon's eyes. Jon was not a man of large words but his dark eyes held all his
emotions. He knew. He knew and he had said not one word. He envied Jon, doing so well with his
career in the Marines and now engaged to the love of his life. Hell, he envied all the men in great
relationships tonight.

Especially the one dancing with Sansa.

"Pardon me, would you like a refill?" The server leaned over to take Robb's glass. A young brunette,
pretty and polite. Robb nodded and she took the glass before glancing out at the dance floor. "If you
guys don't mind me asking, am I seeing things? Is that Loras Tyrell, the actor? And is that Sansa
Stark?"

Robb said nothing and tried to shoot a warning glance at Jon but it went missed. Jon was as
oblivious as he was full of eye emotion.

"Yeah, it's them. I think they like being back here -"

"Jon." Robb tried to snap the word out but it just rolled off his tongue. The warmth from the wine
was taking affect on him, taking his edge off. "That's enough -"

"Wow. I can't believe I am this close to celebrities. I need to text some people, but don't worry, I will
bring you a whole bottle. On the house." In a flash she was gone. Robb furrowed his brow in worry.
It wouldn't take long for people to start congregating if the sever started texting everyone and their
uncle.

"Great job, man." Robb reached over on the other side of him where Arya's nearly full and
completely abandoned glass sat and drained it. She had left with Gendry about a half hour earlier.
"Well, the guests are dwindling down, I've had a hell of a day, and now I think I need to let Loras
and Sansa know they should probably leave as well."

"Shit. Sorry, I guess I didn't think. It's still hard to believe they are both famous, you know? To me
they are just Cousin Sansa and Popular Loras from when we were kids. Even when I visited Sansa
in Los Angeles, it just...didn't seem real." Jon rubbed his chin. "I hope that server doesn't alert
everyone. I don't know, have they ever dealt with a mob of fans?"

Robb shrugged. He didn't feel like responding. He was only concerned for Sansa's safety.

"So, Robb, how many times are you going to be Best Man?" Ygritte smiled her toothy grin.
"Gendry, Theon, soon for Jon, who's next? Bran? Maybe you need to break your curse and get
hitched." She glanced suggestively over at Marg, who folded her arms across her ample breasts and smirked but said nothing.

"Look, man, I'm going to go find that server and ask her not to tell anyone. I don't think Theon and Myrcella want to be upstaged by fans." Jon looked contrite. "Listen, I'm here for a week for a Christmas break, so we need to get together. I mean, hang out. Drop me a text -"

Robb nodded but didn't miss Ygritte rolling her eyes as she dragged Jon in the direction the server went. He guessed she was worried he might decide to go back out to San Diego for a months long visit. He was happy that his cousin was happy, but Ygritte bothered him something fierce.

His eyes floated over to another redhead who was now sitting next to Tommen Baratheon and chatting amicably. Loras had drifted over to Theon. At least they stopped dancing. It was one thing to see them together normally, but seeing them dancing was too much for his sensibilities. Whether it was the close physical contact, or the knowledge that Loras was far better at something than he was, he wasn't sure. At any rate, Robb tugged at the coat on the back of his chair. He'd had enough and the guests were dwindling. Margaery, however, had other ideas. As soon as she saw her opportunity, she jumped from her chair and sauntered over to Loras and Theon without so much as a word to him, tossing her head and sashaying her hips. He could still appreciate her posterior even as upset with her as he was. He heard her voice ring sharp and clear, no doubt for his benefit.

"Brother, dance with me."

It was more a command than a request as Marg dragged Loras by the hand to the middle of the floor and pulled him against her for a slow dance. For a moment Robb felt unsettled watching them talking and laughing, then envy set in. No one thought anything about the Tyrell siblings dancing a slow dance. Yet if Robb asked Sansa to dance there would be whispers and rumors, all because of the release of that goddamn video. Even now, when their love was platonic, and Sansa was married and a mother, there would be gossip. If everyone thought he was having sex with the stunt double, it didn't excuse his graphic talk of how he loved to fuck his sister. That would probably tattoo everyone's mind until the day he died and beyond.

Enough was enough. He wasn't going to wait on the bottle of wine. He just wanted the comforts of home. And to get shitfaced in private.

He shrugged on his jacket and fished his keys out, making his way over to Theon, who was chatting with Sansa and Tommen. He couldn't help but look at Sansa, who was staring past Theon to where Marg leaned into Loras and whispered something into his ear. He wondered if she was having the same thoughts as he was.

"San."

She dragged her eyes away to look at him, her eyes shining. A gentle smile formed on her lips and it nearly stopped his heart. She was so beautiful, so damn lovely. She had her hair undone from its severe bun in the back, and it cascaded down her back. She was slightly sweaty from all the fast dancing and her face looked rounded, healthy. She looked a little more curvy after having Lorsa, which made her look even more tempting to him. He could never look upon her as a brother should. He would always want her. The feelings would never die but they had to stay buried, for the sake of just not their children but for them as well.

"Hey man, congrats again. You got lucky so you'd better keep treating her right." Robb clasped Theon's hand and smacked him on the back. "I'm heading out."

"Thanks, Robb. I mean, if it wasn't for you I probably would have never hooked back up with her."
Theon's lopsided grin stretched ear-to-ear as he accepted his embrace, making him appear almost boyish. "Take care going home. Myrcella said it's snowing now."

Robb smiled before giving Tommen a short nod. He wasn't feeling generous to Marg's former fuckboy right now. Tommen managed a small smile before moving away from him to talk to Theon.

"Robb, is everything all right?" Sansa lowered her eyes to stare at her plate as she started fiddling with her linen napkin.

"As well as expected, I guess. Dad said Benjen might not be home for Christmas." It was the wrong thing to say and he knew it as he observed her biting her lip. "But it is what it is."

Sansa glanced furtively around before looking up at him. Her pretty blues held so much emotion in them and he was struck again at her beauty, even as the dark circles peeked out from her makeup. He wondered if it was because of Lorsa that she wasn't sleeping, or if it was because she was lying in the wrong set of arms every night. He tried to shake the thought away but the wine was giving him a great buzz. As much as he didn't want to picture Sansa in bed with Loras, his ego allowed him to imagine she was restless because it wasn't him that held her at night. One thing about booze, it boosted his confidence levels.

"I'm sorry, Robb. We all will miss Benjen."

"I doubt that." He couldn't help his accusatory tone.

"Robb." Her voice hardened and he was reminded of Marg. "I am going to do what I can -"

"I don't want to hear it. Not really. I'm leaving. Goodnight, sleep tight, don't let the bedbugs bite. If they do, pinch them tight -" He rambled off the saying they used to sing before bedtime.

"They'll come back another night," she finished for him, almost sadly. "I'm sorry, Robb," she repeated. "I didn't find out until late this afternoon."

He nodded because he didn't trust himself to speak and he pivoted away from her, never looking back as he grappled for his keys in his coat pocket. Not bothering to say goodbye to anyone else, he made his way out into the night. It indeed was snowing, slow and sparse but huge flakes. The ground was lightly coated, nothing too severe. Cold enough to snow, but not cold enough to be frigid. He trudged his way through the parking lot to his truck, reminiscing about when they were all younger, forming huge snowballs for fights in the backyard. Sansa used to shriek with laughter when he hit her with one; probably because he always made sure the snowball meant for her was small, and he never threw hard. Ricky always loved the snow fort he would build, and Mom would always have the hot chocolate ready for all of them. The thought of his youngest brother and his mother made his heart ache in tune with his head.

Robb fumbled with his keys, finally pushing the button to unlock the doors, when he heard footsteps behind him. He turned and let out a breath.

Sansa. Sansa in her cream-colored wrap, her heels stepping delicately on the dusting of snow coating the parking lot, looking very much like an ethereal snow angel, the flakes dancing around her before melting into her hair, pale and soft against the moonlight of the night. He tried to avert his eyes but they were transfixed on the love of his life, and wild horses couldn't drag him away from the sight of her.

"San, you shouldn't be out here." Whether he meant because of the weather or because they were alone, he wasn't sure. "Go back inside. I'll - I'll call you tomorrow."
"Robb, please. I know you're upset over Benjen. I don't want you to drive away angry. Not with the snow coming down like this. I - I want you to know, I've decided to help Dad however I can. To help him get full custody of Benjen, so he can stay here."

He weighed what she was saying against what he was feeling. All he could think about for the past day was Benjen leaving and Marg's admission that Loras asked her to seduce him to keep him occupied and away from Sansa. It was all he could think about and he was tired of thinking. With Marg, he could shove it down for now. What was done in the past was just that: the past. He did feel hurt and betrayed on some level with Marg, but deep down he cared for her and he knew she cared for him as well. He might even be able to push past it. Margaery had been good for him and there was happiness there.

Then there was Benjen. His son, yet not his son. He was powerless when it came to Benjen's life, and when Dad first told him of the divorce, he panicked. One of the few joys in his life was to be able to spend time with his son, to see him growing up, to be a part of his life, even if it was only as a brother. He tried to do right by Benjen. No one could comprehend the pain he felt when convincing his son that he was not his father, only his brother, that he was mistaken and confused. He still wondered how Benjen came to entertain the notion of Robb as his father, but he never pressed him to find out. At any rate, it cut his heart but he knew it was for the greater good for Benjen. Now, with the divorce, the pain at the possibility of only seeing him a few times a year had to be shoved down for his son's sake. Instantly Robb knew Benjen would be better off with Mel in the long run. A boy belongs with his mother, and Mel has been a loving mother, no matter her other flaws. Robb had advised Ned to not make a bloody fight for custody but it fell on deaf ears. Who knew how many skeletons from the family closet Mel knew about? The woman was sharp, no doubt about that, and could they all really risk the dirty laundry being aired? It would kill Robb to only see his son on holidays and maybe the summers, but it would kill him more if Benjen knew his true parentage.

He stared at Sansa, who closed the distance between them, her hand reaching up to brush away melting snowflakes from his hair with her bare hand. He breathed her in then, the familiar faint lilac scent forever painted in his memory.

"Let me help, Robb, for once. Let me try to make this right."

Robb stepped back from her touch and she flinched.

"San, don't. Leave it alone. Let the chips fall where they may. Concentrate on the child you have."
He didn't mean for it to sound harsh or cruel, but her face crumpled. Instantly sorry, he yanked off his gloves and stuffed them into his coat pockets before cupping her face up to him. For a second a flashback seared through him, one from seemingly a lifetime ago, where he stuffed white gloves in his Marines costume to feel her. His warm hands stung against the cold contrast of her damp cheeks and the memory vanished. Her frown transformed to a sad smile.

"Don't you want Benjen to stay here?" Her searching eyes struck him to his core. "He belongs -"

"He belongs with his mother. He belongs in an environment where he can thrive and be happy and not have the threat of his true parentage revealed. San, he is a child of incest. What do you think would happen if Mel had things investigated? Aside from the societal ramifications, he could be taken away. We could actually be prosecuted. Not to mention the attention your fame would garner for it. Just let it be. Whatever happens."

Robb couldn't take the defeated look that graced her features. She had seemed so happy just an hour ago, dancing with Loras and chatting with friends. He knew then he could not bring himself to tell her about Loras. Sansa has hurt enough. As much as it pained Robb to acknowledge it, Loras was good to her, good for her, and she was his wife now and the mother of his child. No matter how
much Robb had dreamed of having Sansa that way, he knew it was a dream to never come true. Maybe it was time to truly let go of her. Once and for all. Let it all go.

"I'm sorry, Starshine," he whispered, before drawing her in for a hug, his hands holding her tight before reaching up to smooth her hair and leaning in to kiss her forehead. "Thank you for offering to help, though."

Even as the coats provided a thick barrier between them, his body strained for her. Such a fool, thinking he could be just a brother to her. He was mature enough to not act on it, but his body would betray him every single time he held her. He has not been this close to her since the day he took her to the hospital. Between the warmth from the affects of the wine and the heat of her body through her clothing, Robb felt like he was drowning in a sea of love and longing. Longing for all that would never be his. He looked at her, forcing himself to smile, hoping she didn't see the hunger there; but of course she did. She always would.

Sansa’s arms flung around his neck, her hands locking there, drawing him in. As soon as he felt her cold lips against his he was lost. He knew he should do what he did when she sat on his lap and just move away, but he couldn’t. Wouldn’t. Her mouth warmed under his as they kissed; she seemed ravenous as he tried to maintain control and rationale and gave up in an instant. The memory of her passionate kisses were nothing against this glittering reality. The snow and cold seemed to dissipate into sun and summer, with nothing surrounding them but the warmth radiating from within. One hand cupped the back of her head to him as their lips parted against each other, his other arm reaching around her waist to crush her to him. She whimpered into his mouth and he wondered if she could feel him hard underneath the layers. If she could, she didn’t seem to mind, slipping her tongue in to seek his. Over and over their lips took and gave, and Robb somewhere in the back of his mind berated himself for kissing another man's wife.

"Why, Starshine, why?" He muttered against her lips in between breaths. "Why did you marry him?" His mouth left hers to rain warm kisses against her cheek, down her neck and back up again, passionate yet gentle, while her sighs rang in his ears. "Why did you -"

He heard them before she did and broke away from her before she could answer; and maybe he didn't want to hear a reply anyway. It might not have been one that he could bear. Sansa seemed entranced for a moment, before turning around, seeing Loras and Margaery making their way toward them. Robb's head was swimming as he dizzily leaned up against the truck, painfully aware of his straining cock and his aching heart. He wondered if they had seen, and he knew Sansa was thinking the same thing as he saw her swallow nervously.

If they spotted anything, they gave nothing away.

Sansa glanced at him with love and longing in her eyes before smiling in Loras' direction. Robb stared blankly at Margaery.

"Darling, are you ready to head home?" Loras held Sansa's purse, his expression one of abject concern. "We said our goodbyes to Theon and Myrcella. Jon mentioned one of the servers recognized us, so I thought it best to leave."

Robb hated the way Sansa gravitated towards Loras, slipping her hand into his gloved one. He despised it even more when Loras exclaimed her hands must be cold and stripped off his gloves to tug them onto Sansa's hands. Acting like the perfect fucking gentleman, like he never asked his sister to fuck a guy so he could win the girl more easily.

"Yes, I - I wanted to say goodbye to Robb." Her voice was thin and her explanation weak.
"Goodnight Robb, Margaery." She refused to look at him again and Loras merely nodded in his
direction before escorting Sansa away, his arm around her. Robb would have jealously watched them leave but Margaery stepped in front of him, blocking his view. Even after all their fighting today, she looked worried.

"Robb, you've had quite a bit of wine. I don't think you should be driving home."

"I had three glasses, Marg."

"Four. You drank Arya's, too, remember?" She reached over and grabbed his keys away from him. "Get in the car, I'm driving."

Strong-willed Marg. He knew she wouldn't take no for an answer so he sauntered to the other side and hopped in the passenger seat. He then realized he didn't open the door for her.

"Sorry, Marg." It tumbled out softly, as his mind was still on Sansa and her kisses. He still wanted to go home and get trashed, though. "I'll pay for a cab to pick you up at the house and bring you back."

He waited for her to start the engine after she slammed the keys in the ignition, but instead she turned to face him.

"You have some lipstick residue on your mouth," she bit out. "Jesus, Robb, in public? What the fuck were you thinking? I'd never be so stupid."

"You've done much worse in public." He knew that firsthand.

"Not with my brother."

She had him there so he said nothing, staring at her. She was a gorgeous woman, not a soft gentle beauty like Sansa but something wild and exotic. Any man would love to love her. He thought she had wanted him based on his own merits; at least, the merits she thought he had. Now he knew differently. But why was she so insistent on carrying on with him now? Sansa was married to Loras and they had Lorsa. Their relationship was established. Even if Marg moved on, nothing on Sansa's side would change.

"Yes, I suppose behind closed doors is a different matter for both of us."

Marg bit her lip at that and glared at him. His eyes traveled to her red painted lips, which curled into a smirk as her own gaze shifted downwards and then back up again.

"I won't dignify that with a response."

"Isn't you saying you won't respond a response?" He snarked a little, drawing a laugh from her. It was almost like their usual teasing, aside from the fact he was on the verge of ending their relationship.

"Robb, you are so buzzed right now. And confused. I know you're mad at me, and maybe in the morning you will grow up and realize this isn't as big of a deal as you are making it. Let me at least take care of you. Tomorrow, with a clear head, you can make a decision on our relationship."

Kissing Sansa had lit a fire in him but also soothed him, calmed him. He wasn't angry at Marg right now. Or maybe it was a combination of wine and Sansa. Sansa was on her way home with Loras, but Marg was here with him now, caring enough after all the yelling and insults at the house and the jabs at the wedding to actually make sure he arrived safe at home. He yearned for Sansa's arms, but -

Suddenly Marg's lips crashed into his, rough and demanding, bites to his lower lip shocking him out...
of his lull. He struggled, pushing at her, moving his head away.

"Marg! What are you -"

"Getting the taste of your sister out of your mouth." She was on him again, even more forceful this time, her tongue lapping into his. He gave in to her until he felt her hands push his coat open, unbuckle the belt around his pants, and unzip him. "And taking care of the evidence that you weren't just saying a polite goodbye." He felt her hand grab onto his hardened length. He bucked up intending to move away, but she gripped him harder and pulled her mouth away, leaning down.

"Loras deserves better," she spat out almost hatefully, before lowering her mouth onto his cock.

Robb gave up and closed his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

By sansafeels...thank you! :)

By sansafeels...thank you! :)

By sansafeels...thank you! :)

By sansafeels...thank you! :)
"Here, you can have your gloves back now, Lor. I think my hands are plenty warm now, thank you. It was really sweet of you."

Sansa's words were meek and barely above a whisper as she poked the leather, wool-lined gloves back towards Loras, who managed a smile while accepting them back, opting to toss them onto the console. His hands were already warm from the heater in the car and from his own raised body temperature. They were almost home, the drive taking considerably longer to travel in the dark with snowy roads. Living outside the city limits in the beautiful countryside had its benefits, but also its drawbacks, such as winter weather.

"Thank you, darling. What kind of husband would I be if I didn't offer some much-needed comfort to my wife?"

Loras' question was thick with double meaning, but he made sure to say it in a joking manner. Those words were the first Sansa had spoken to him since they left the Hilton, and he wanted to tread lightly with her, grateful that she finally made an effort to open her mouth to talk to him. He glanced over at her; she leaned her head against the headrest and turned her head to concentrate on staring out her door window as if the snow was the most interesting thing in the world. He resisted reaching over to hold her hand.

Loras debated on picking up Lorsa on the way home. He wasn't sure what kind of weather they
were truly in for and he didn't want his daughter spending more time away than necessary, even though she had enough bottles to get her through a couple of days. Sansa always laughed at him for over packing every time they took Lorsa out, but better to overdo it than not have enough. Anyway, it wasn't like he didn't trust his father, and Grandmother Olenna was staying with him as well. They both doted on Lorsa. It was just that this was the first night he would not have his little girl at home and it didn't feel right. However, it was a golden opportunity to finally have a heart-to-heart conversation with Sansa alone, and try to set things right again. Since Lorsa's birth, Loras had tried to be compassionate, understanding, helpful, and loving. He loved Sansa and their beautiful daughter. He lived a charmed life and he appreciated it..until he lay in bed at night with Sansa restless in his arms.

It was in the dark, when she thought he had fallen asleep, where he felt the gulf between them. She clung to him like he was a life preserver but it was a desperate act, one he knew was borne of the desire to convince herself she wasn't wishing it was Robb that she held on to. He understood it, tried to be compassionate. He knew the score when they became involved as more than friends and it wasn't logical to fault her for her feelings now. Yet things had changed since then. They were married now, and they had their daughter, and both were a result of her own choosing. It was fair easier to overlook his status as a secondary option during the busy days with Lorsa, but his burgeoning resentment and hurt grew at night, rearing its ugly head in the form of gently rebuffing Sansa's sexual advances. In truth, part of it was concern over her healing. He was terrified at the thought of attempting even the insertion of one finger until the doctor officially cleared her. Even the idea of going down on her panicked him but he had to admit it was less about discomfort and more about the idea she would be imagining someone else's tongue pleasing her. She attempted to pleasure him and he resisted that as well. His body screamed for her but his heart and mind would not let it happen. He kissed her, held her, told her he loved her, and prayed she would fall asleep quickly in his arms so she couldn't see his heart breaking each time she nestled into him.

He was no longer satisfied being a consolation prize.

Then tonight happened.

A lover not a fighter, a dreamy romantic and not a realist, in tune with emotion and sensuality rather than a cold brashness, Loras was quick to observe not only the discord between his sister and Robb, but the tension of undeniable want and attraction between Robb and Sansa. They made sure to stay apart, allowing only the most general of conversations pass between them when necessary, but Loras had seen the short glances, and those stolen looks conveyed more to each other than Loras ever could to Sansa with his pretty words and his passionate touches. And it hurt seeing, knowing. He wondered if Sansa would feel how he did if the roles were reversed and he behaved as such with Marg, but of course she would probably not care as long as Robb was there for her. Still, the looks of longing and love were nothing next to seeing them kissing passionately in front of Robb's truck, out in plain sight where anyone could see them. It was so risky, careless, after all they had been through. The jealousy seared through him as well as the despair; he would have turned around and left unnoticed, but Jon had told him about the sever and he thought it best they leave.

What would she have done if she caught him kissing Renly with abandon out in a public parking lot?

"Lor?" Sansa shattered the uncomfortable silence. "You don't want to pick up Lorsa?"

Finally making it home and driving down the long winding driveway to their four-car attached garage, Loras sighed before slamming the car in park. The garage lights flickered on and there was no semi-darkness for her to hide in now. She turned from him, her eyes lowered.

"It's so late, we would interrupt her sleep pattern. Besides, we have a bottle of wine with our name
on it. I thought we could throw in a late-night pizza and maybe a movie. Just relax. Pass out on the
couch. You know, parent goals." *Did she know he caught her? Or did she think they pulled away in
time? Why couldn't he just ask her?*

"Hmm." They both slunk out of the car and headed through the door to the house. "I was just
thinking, I am so tired. I think I just want a shower and my wonderfully comfy bed."

**Tired. Bed. Her bed. Not theirs.** His heart ached.

He hung his keys up and shrugged out of his coat. Sansa took her wrap off and clutched it, making a
bee-line for the huge foyer and winding staircase. She didn't even bother to hang her coat up in the
hall closet, instead walking up the flight of steps as quickly as she could without running. Loras
quietly hung up his coat before wandering back into the grand kitchen to grab that bottle of wine.
Even if she wasn't interested in it, he was. In no time he found himself shedding his suit jacket,
shoes, and socks before flopping onto the couch in their entertainment room to watch something on
TV that he wasn't really going to pay attention to. His intentions of having a candid talk with Sansa
went out the window as he took an extremely unattractive swig of wine straight from the bottle. He
never drank alone and he really didn't want to now, but he took some comfort in the warmth
spreading from it. Bringing it to his lips for another drink, he hesitated, and instead set it gingerly on
the end table and closed his eyes.

**Sansa.**

It wouldn't do, this feeling of defeat. He was a competitive optimist by nature and he refused to give
up and lose at anything. Yet how to fight for a win a heart that had already been taken years ago?
Sansa was his best friend, his wife, his lover, mother to his child, and all he could do was sit here on
the couch and pretend their relationship wasn't in any kind of peril. He had been doing just that since
Lorsa's birth, becoming the ostrich with his head in the sand when it came to Robb and Sansa's
renewed closeness. Turning a blind eye was not in his nature and yet here he was, outwardly
ignoring the fact he took in the sight of her passionately kissing her brother in the Hilton parking lot.

Loras' eyes opened to rest on the series of massive photos on the wall. It was from a photo shoot they
recently did with Lorsa. A couple were serious, mother and father and child, a few were just of
Lorsa, one with just Sansa and Lorsa, and of course the photographer was delighted to have Loras
hamming it up, hugging and dancing around with Lorsa's six foot teddybear. That had been a
whimsical day, his heart full of love and pride. It definitely resonated with the public and they were
once in again in the spotlight. Drafts of movie scripts came his way and amazingly, Sansa's as well.
One was a movie version of their series *In Our Blood*, reprising their roles as the incestuous Mafia
siblings. They were once again at the pinnacle of favor and adoration, yet Sansa could not keep
away from the one thing that could bring down their house of cards.

**Enough.** Enough of all of this. He and Sansa always had great communication, and there was no
reason why he should be skulking on the couch when Sansa was just upstairs getting ready for bed.
Besides, after she showered he knew she would be relaxed and sleepy; a perfect chance to broach
the subject of their relationship.

His phone vibrated and he whipped it out to glance at it. Marg. What was she doing texting him so
late?

**Robb knows. He confronted me and I couldn't lie. I'm sorry. I don't know how long it will take for
her to know. I love you.**

Loras stared, numb, before he texted back.
This was not what he needed night now. Not now -

*Your favor I granted.*

Swearing under his breath, he tossed the phone down beside him and stood up, making his way out of the den, down the hall, up the winding staircase and straight to their room. It was empty, quiet, cold. A pang hit him then. She had not chosen their room; not to shower in or to sleep in. An ominous sign.

Passing the nursery, he entered Sansa's room, the door wide open. If it had been shut and locked he probably would have just walked away. He spotted her wrap and clothing strewn all over the bed and he heard the shower running in her full bathroom, a smile forming on his lips. So completely Sansa to take the longest shower known to man or woman. She would stay in there until the water ran cold and her fingertips turned wrinkly. It was fine, really. It gave him an opportunity to gather his thoughts which now wasn't only about how to talk about their feelings, but how to admit to her he asked his sister to give Robb attention when he returned to Winterfell so that he wouldn't feel more compelled to run back to Sansa's waiting arms.

Her room was exactly as he had it in Long Beach. He remembered how he painstakingly picked out each and every piece of furniture, agonized over every color scheme and detail, from the pattern of the comforter to each decorative accent on her mantle. He wanted to surprise her in a sweet way, blindfold her and lead her upstairs, and he couldn't wait to hear her excitement and happiness. What he got was a traumatized, mentally and physically battered Sansa who was forced to make a porn video with her brother.

His jaw clenched. It was his bright idea to buy a house in Winterfell with the notion of being close to family for Sansa's pregnancy. Marg had ranted and raved at him, accusing him of destroying all she was building with Robb, demanding why did he ever beg her to seduce Robb in the first place if all he was going to do was have them in close proximity again. He had told her only Sansa mattered in anything he did and it seemed like the best option. He had only seen Marg lose her cool demeanor on a few occasions in his life, and that was one of them. She raged and cried and threw things at him. It had crossed his mind: she was scared. Never one to be scared of anything, she was scared of losing Robb, and in that heated moment he realized Marg was actually in love with Robb. Loras wasn't sure how to process it. For so long, he had been the sole apple of her eye, the only object of her love and affection, and now Robb had won her over, instead of the vice-versa plan.

He was becoming like Robb. Trying to do everything for the greater good and managing to fuck it up right and proper.

His tie suddenly felt too restrictive and he loosened it, pulling it off. Contrary to what everyone thought, he didn't care much for a full formal suit. It was much too big to stuff in his pockets so he sauntered over to Sansa's vanity and tossed down the expensive Dornish silk tie. A sparkle caught his eye and he glanced down at the only thing on the table; her blue rose necklace she had so often worn through the years. He had not seen it on her for awhile now and she used to have the thing on all the time. It was her favorite piece of jewelry.

Her drawer below the tabletop was open a few inches. Maybe she meant to wear it tonight and then remembered Myrcella requested no jewelry for a simple look, and just forgot to put it back. He opened the drawer, nearly empty except for a small, long box. Assuming it was for the necklace, Loras reached for it, intending to place the blue bauble back where it belonged. The lid came off easily. Inside was a folded-up piece of paper, obviously not a receipt. Frowning, Loras retrieved the paper and carefully unfolded it even as something warned him in the back of his mind that he should...
leave well enough alone. He scanned the written words.

"Baby, I put up with Gaga, Adele, and Barry

But I might draw the line at Mariah Carey

For all the lame music you put me through

I vow, now and forever, I will always love you."

Slow to react, Loras folded and placed the paper back to its respective place and returned the closed box back where he found it. His gaze raised to his reflection in her tall, ornate french mirror. He didn't see himself. The man staring back at him was auburn haired, with laughing blue eyes and a handsome, mocking face. Taunting him for his fame and his fortune and his success which mattered little next to his love of his family. His wife wished him to be another man and wished their daughter was someone else's. Fool, such a fool, the image seemed to whisper.

He turned away, striding over to the bathroom. The door was shut and as he tried the doorknob he discovered it was locked. Locking him out, no doubt. Locking him out of not just her bathroom but out of her heart as well. One kissing make-out session in a parking lot broke down her resolve. What was all of it for? Instigating the lovemaking? Choosing to have his child? Accepting his proposal? Begging him to marry her before Lorsa was born? Was he nothing more than her beard, her protection to which she could hide behind? Pain slashed at his heart. He was her willing puppet. She had always controlled his strings, even as friends, and now more than ever since they became lovers. He had no one to blame but himself for his broken heart and shattered dreams. He knew she would never let go of her brother. Never.

Without thinking, Loras threw himself against the door. It budged only a little, and a flash of determination flooded him as he used full force to kick the door open. His strength and martial arts training came in handy, or else the door was flimsy to begin with. Or both. It didn't matter anyway as he strode over to the frosted sliding-glass shower door, pushing it open to expose a very shocked and scared Sansa, who turned to face him with a gasp. He didn't allow for hesitation as he stepped in and grabbed her, crushing her wet naked body to his clothed one, crushing his lips down onto her hers in a kiss that demanded instant gratification. He could feel a moment of resistance before she returned his kiss, flinging her arms around his neck, clutching at his soaked dress shirt. Pushing her up against the back wall and out of the direct stream of water, his hands tangled into her long, wet strands of flame hair, his lips relentlessly seeking hers over and over again, the urgency to possess her overriding any other emotion. Normally he would take his time, kiss her slow, murmur sweet words of endearment but there was no thought for that now. They would be wasted anyway. Wasted on a woman who would always love her brother more.

He heard her whimper when he tore away from her mouth to engulf her neck with his lips. His kisses were hard, bruising, demanding, and he bit into her wherever his lips and tongue landed, as if biting away the imaginary blue necklace hanging around her neck. It would always be there, painted on her skin, a ghost Loras couldn't see to banish. Sansa moaned, the echo in the shower assaulting his ears as she grabbed fistfuls of his hair to push him in or down, he wasn't quite sure but he moved down to take a nipple into his teeth. That was when she shrieked, shoving him back. Realizing his mistake he lunged forward, the brutality of pinning her arms against the wall a contrast to his lips finding a sensitive nipple, gently flicking and caressing his tongue around the hardened bud. It was an apology for him forgetting himself and how sensitive her breasts were from the breastfeeding.

She bucked up and into him, grinding against his cock, now hard and throbbing with need. The last time he made love to her was on their wedding night. He had been so happy then, chanting wife as he tenderly moved inside her, spooning her from behind and caressing her pregnant belly. Foolishly
he thought they could finally be happy -

He let go of her arms and jerked his head up. Her head was turned to the side, stands stuck to the side of her face, her eyes screwed shut. Firmly he grasped her chin to make her face him, see him. He did not want her imagining...he knew she had imagined...how many times...her eyes bore into his, sharp with lust and desire, it was something...and it overcame him, the despair and love and the pain, and he could no longer look her in the eyes. He kissed her again, longer and deeper this time, her tongue slipping in to find his already waiting. Her hands grappled at his shirt before clawing at his shoulders and for the first time he gave over to his own lust, reaching down to fumble with the hook and zipper of his black dress pants. Within seconds he dipped down between her parted legs and entered her in one hard thrust.

Loras groaned into Sansa's mouth and she moaned into his with a little cry. Her height worked well with his as he stilled in her. She was surprisingly tight after having two children, but it had also been several months since he had been inside her. He had never taken her this way before because of his size. He could feel her soft, wet insides clenching around him as her fingernails dug into his shoulder blades. There was pain but he ignored it, lost to the feeling of being buried in her to the hilt, touching her barrier. His hands grabbed her slippery hips to push her down to him as he began to rhythmically thrust, fast and unrestrained. She cried out into his mouth with every move, a leg hiking up and over to hold him in place. Loras broke the kiss to bury his face into her neck, biting, tasting rust. She was crying out his name but did not push him away or tell him to stop, so he gave over completely to his own pleasure, thrusting madly, no longer feeling the sting of her nails.

There was a low roaring in his ears as he came, so much sooner than he ever had before, shouting her name and digging his fingers into her hipbones before releasing her to place his palms flat up against the tile to steady himself, panting and gasping for air as much as she. He felt her head tentatively lower down to nip at his neck, her nails detracting to skim down his shirt, shakily unbuttoning it. She hummed against him, muffled, and it was a satisfied sound, which was unbelievable considering he knew damn well she didn't reach a climax. A flush immediately crept up his neck. For the first time since he began his sexual experiences, he hadn't made his partner cum.

Embarrassed by his actions, he gently pulled out from her, already missing her warmth. No flowery words could save him from his actions, so he managed to tuck himself back into his trousers before turning to shut off the water, noticing at the last minute it had turned cool.

He turned back around to see Sansa leaning back against the wall, shivering, looking up at him. She looked like a delicate angel, pale and luminous, soaking wet and shaking, her hair in snake-like tendrils sticking to her neck and beyond. Already he could see the teeth marks, some places where blood had been drawn. He knew she would be covered with bruises on her neck and hips and was instantly ashamed. Yet the shame disappeared as she slowly, seductively smiled, the grin accentuating her kiss - swollen lips as she skimmed a hand down to in between her legs to begin rubbing there, her other arm wrapping around her stomach as if to shield it from his sight.

Instantly he knew two things: she liked the way he took her, and she was still insecure over her post-baby body. Loras above all else was observant when it came to his lovers; he always prided himself on being able to pick up on things they loved and also the things they wouldn't try again. He thought Sansa was no exception but this was an eye-opener. Not only was the lovely, sexy Sansa insecure about not looking perfect - which, in Loras' eyes, she still was - she also liked the rough, possessive sex. Even if she didn't climax.

When was Loras not all about giving Sansa what she wanted?

He stood transfixed as she closed her eyes. Her hand worked faster and he was tempted to let her
finish herself off. But as her head rolled to the side he couldn't help but wonder if she was fantasizing
about her brother instead. She could be and he would be none the wiser for it.

No.

Instantly he reached over and grabbed her wrist. Her eyes popped open in surprise but he didn't give
her time to say anything. He scooped her up into his arms, racing out of the bathroom as best he
could with wet feet on tile, hitting the plush of her blue carpet. He felt her shaking as he laid her on
the bed, intending on giving her the orgasm he didn't in the shower. He admired the vision of her
while he stripped off his shirt and pants, which felt almost like peeling off a second skin. Slowly,
methodically, he turned and walked over to her closet to hang up his clothes to dry. He did it on
purpose, to let her anticipate what might be coming, but once he shut the closet door and went to
pivot around to head back toward the bed, his eye caught the diamond sparkling from the rose
pendant on the vanity. Instead of making his way to the bed, he stopped at the table to pick up the
jewelry, making sure Sansa was watching him. He saw her reflection in the mirror, her eyes
widening. Quietly he retrieved the box and placed the necklace inside and returned it to the drawer.
He knew she was nervous, biting her lip and covering her stomach with both arms draped over the
front of her.

"Sansa." His voice cracked but was deadly calm. "I saw you tonight, kissing Robb."

He waited for her to defend herself but she said nothing and he wondered if she was trying to think
of a lie. He couldn't bear to look at her, not even through the mirror, so he lowered his eyes to the
table. He could hear her moving off the bed and before he quite knew what was happening he
grabbed his tie off the vanity and ran to her, pushing her back down onto the bed. She looked up at
him in shock before biting her lip, eyeing the tie. He couldn't believe it when she threw her arms
above her head, closing her eyes and crossing her wrists.

No words passed between them as he bound her. His heart and blood started racing again as he tied
intricate knots, making sure she couldn't wriggle free. His favorite and most expensive tie would be
ruined but what did he care?

"You should never hide your body, Sansa, and I am going to make sure you don't. You are nothing
less than beautiful."

Even with bondage play he couldn't resist telling her how lovely she was. To prove it, he snaked
down her body, pushing her legs as far apart as they could go so he could nestle there, his mouth
immediately kissing over her belly. There were stretchmarks and some loose skin there, all the more
beautiful as they were remnants of her bearing his child. She tried to squirm away from him but he
held her in place with his hands as his tongue licked her wet skin from hip to hip, diving into her
bellybutton along the way.

"Any man would sacrifice anything he had to be able to touch this flesh," he whispered, even as his
brain screamed at him to shut the hell up. "Even your own brother. So goddamn careless, him
kissing you out in the open like that. After all the cover-up, all the pain and rebuilding of your
reputation, all your building a life and family. It could all have been destroyed with that one moment
of weakness."

"Lor, I -"

Before she could say anything, he dipped his head down and licked her folds, his hands sliding
down to keep her thighs parted. He wasn't tender or teasing, wasting no time at dipping his tongue
inside her. Her secretions mixed with his own fluids dripping out of her was an interesting blend and
he couldn't say he minded it. He heard her rasping and looked up to see her head thrown back, her
eyes staring staring above her at her tied hands.

"Lor, stop, please. You- ah, you came inside me ."

"Yes, I know." He licked up to her clit, swirling and sucking before speaking again."You think it's the first time I've tasted semen? I'm quite familiar with the taste. Only now your wetness sweetens it." He dipped back into her hole, thrusting, before moving back out and up to her clit once again. He thought he heard her whisper something but it was so faint he couldn't hear it.

"What was that, darling? Did you say something?"

"I want to cum with you inside me." She swallowed and turned her head to the side, seemingly shy.

He knew what she meant but he slid three fingers inside of her, instantly slick from their combined secretions. Starting to fuck her with them, twisting them in alternate movements, he felt her tensing and moving in time.

"Like this?" He leaned in to suck her now fully engorged clit. "This?"

"No." She nearly wept her response out. "No."

Withdrawing his fingers and mouth, he knelt on his knees and flipped her over. Sansa moaned, her bound hands still above her head. Loras' hands clutched the back of her knees, pushing, encouraging her. She wiggled so she was kneeling, her ass in the air and her head down into the pillow, her tied hands hanging over the edge. This was another position Loras always stayed away from, for more reasons than just his size. He took men this way, not women. They were two different types of fucks and he liked to keep it that way. Still, there was no denying Sansa liked a little ass play every now and then, a tongue or a finger or two inserted, and he enjoyed eating her out from behind, but he never fucked her this way. She had the nicest ass, smooth and taut and pale and curvy in all the right spots.

No warning was given. He was erect again and he slid into her, grasping her bruising hips and eliciting a low moan from her throat. She backed into him, taking him deep, and once again he found her barrier. She was even tighter this way and he caught his breath at the sensation. In no time at all he was rutting her like a dog in heat, the slick sounds filling their ears and arousing them even more. One arm reached around to find her clit while his other hand gripped her hip to steady her against his hips. She was moaning, whimpering, sounds of "ah" and "um" and "oh" spurring him on. It didn't take long for her to climax, her cries muffled into the pillow. Loras refused to cum then. He wasn't ready yet. Instead he leaned over to whisper in her ear.

"I love you, Sansa. I will give you anything you want."

Pulling out, his cock glistening, he turned her back over. She looked up at him, her eyes shining. He wasn't done yet. He decided he was going to try to fuck her brother out of her head and heart, at least for one night. Tomorrow they could talk, tomorrow they could trade secrets and discuss feelings. Just not now. Not when he could see she wanted this as much as he did. He wanted to remind her that there was love and attraction between the two of them, too.

"You are still my Queen of Love and Beauty." With his declaration, he entered her again. Immediately her silky long legs wrapped around his waist and she moaned. His arms reached up and he grasped her bound hands with his, meeting her frantic, begging thrusts with his own. They were both sensitive from their previous orgasms and Loras was surprised when he slipped one arm down between them to stroke her and found she was swollen and ready to peak again. Peak she did, and he along with her, the dizziness of euphoria washing over them. Her breath was as heavy as his, the
wetness from the shower turning to a slight sheen of sweat from exertion. Gently he pulled out of her, wondering if she was sore at this point. He laid on top on her, supporting his weight on his elbows, enjoying the feel of her for a few minutes and brushing away strands of hair from her face before she decided to speak.

"Lor." He loomed over her and she lowered her hands to reach out and touch him on his face with her fingertips, the only part she could wriggle. "I'm so sorry. It was just a moment. Just a moment, that's all."

He wanted to believe her. He didn't. She wanted to believe it herself but he doubted she did. He sighed and reached up to untie her. She shook her head and he stopped.

"Lor... I want this. It might be wrong and sick but I...I want this. Please. I also want -" She paused and looked away.

"What you you want, San?" He turned her face back to him, kissing along her jawline. "What do you want?"

She blushed.

"San, I've known you since childhood and we are married. We have a child together. We have made love a countless number of times. You need only ask."

"Can we try...can we try anal sex?" It was a whisper and she ducked her head sideways into the pillow."I mean, once you're able to...get hard again."

"Anything but that, San." The idea made his cock twitch already but he was worried. "I am not a small man."

"It's not like I haven't had it done before," she pointed out brazenly. "And I don't think it was a tiny penis then, either. And I have lube in my nightstand that I use with my vibe Mr. Purple."

Loras winced. Always Robb. He knew she had no other lovers in the past besides her brother. He wondered where this was suddenly coming from and then he knew. It hit him like a ton of bricks and he felt it in the pit of his stomach. He opened the floodgates with the rough sex in the shower.

Silently he reached over to her nightstand to grab the small bottle of lube and lay it on the bed.

"This might still hurt," he warned.

"I trust you." She rolled herself over again.

The sight of her ass upturned and waiting and her complete trust in him was irresistible and sweet balm to his open wounds. Still, he refused to do anything without a little preparation, so he grabbed the bottle and knelt behind her, gently hold her cheeks apart with his hands and planting kisses and licks to her skin around her opening, soft and sensual, until he felt her start to relax at his touch. They've done this before as part of his complete body worship of her when he made sure to lick and kiss every inch of her skin before penetration, but this of course was very, very different. He went slow, languid, and he felt his cock already hardening again. She had that affect on him.

When his tongue found her taut hole she bucked back into him, her sighs letting him know just how much she loved his tongue mimicking a cock as he slid in and out at a rapid pace. Even here she tasted good. The flavor was undeniably all Sansa. His index finger followed as his other hand reached under to find her clit. He knew two fingers would require more lubrication than his saliva so he paused to pour some of the lube in and around her opening before generously coating his cock.
Two fingers slid in smoothly and he fucked her slowly with them, still concentrating on her already drenched cunt. He wanted her as close to a climax as he could get her.

"Loras! Loras, please. Please. I'm ready. Ah -" He knew he had her where he wanted her so he moved to line up the head of his cock to quickly replace his two fingers. It took some finesse and timing but he did it, gently pushing the tip in, just the tip. He felt her tense so he stopped until she relaxed her muscles again. It was the most constrictive he's ever felt during any kind of sex and he struggled for control.

"Sansa -" Oh god, he was enjoying this too much - "Sansa, are you -"

"Go on, push it in. All the way. Please."

At her command, he slowly inched inside and almost came immediately. Sansa shrieked into the pillow but it was not entirely of pain. He knew her pleasure sounds by now and he could tell it was a mixture.

He stopped.

"I can pull out if it's too much." He was now nearly fully sheathed inside her ass. "I don't want to hurt you -" His hand worked on her clit again. He didn't move his cock.

It was Sansa who started moving, bucking her hips back and up against him, finishing the penetration.

"Just fuck me, Loras, please."

It was her begging that did it. That and her gyrating. He moved at her behest, a hand firm on her hip, rocking into her gently, carefully. He tried not to speed up and she hissed at him, so he gave her what she wanted, picking up the pace while his fingers did the same on her saturated nub and inside her sweet cunt. God, she was tighter than any ass he'd ever had. Renly was nothing compared to this. He felt her tensing, working towards an orgasm and he waited until he could feel the pulsations start before he let his own shattering climax overtake him. He cried out her name and she moaned his, almost cumming together in perfect unison. He debated whether to wait until his erection faded to pull out but decided to slowly withdraw immediately. The suction made a noise in the silence and his fluids immediately leaked out of her.

Sansa collapsed on the bed and turned around, panting, reaching for him.

"Loras. Loras, I love you."

He should resist her. He should take Lorsa and leave, go back to Long Beach or New York, and let her self-destruct even further with Robb. He should talk sense into Margaery, make her see she would never be first in Robb's life just as he would never be first in Sansa’s. Oh, she's trying, she is trying to convince herself her life is here with him and Lorsa. The only question was how long she could delude herself and how long could he delude himself. He loved her. It would kill him but he would go to his grave loving her. He has that much in common with Robb. He had loved Renly with all he had but he would not give his life up to be with him. He loved Sansa with a devotion beyond reason, advocating murder and whoring out his own beloved sister to keep what pain he could from her. To leave her would be to deny her.

There was someone even more important than Sansa in his life now, someone who was small and defenseless and needed a strong father to do right by her. Lorsa was now who mattered most. Her safety and happiness was paramount. She needed her mother. And Lorsa needed her mother as well.
"Sansa." He emitted defeat in sighing her name, but did not move to embrace her. "Sansa, I need a shower."

"As do I. Again. We can take one together. Besides, you need to untie me." She sat up and kissed his cheek. It felt obscenely chaste after what they just did. "I'll start by washing that talented cock of yours. Then, we can start fresh."

She slithered off the bed, humming a tune, her gait a little unsteady, all worries seemingly put to rest for now. For Loras it was not as easy as that, but he ambled along, following her into the bathroom.
Sansa’s eyes fluttered open only for an instant, reacting to the sunlight streaming in her window through the filmy curtains. She squeezed them shut again for a moment and sighed, stretching out as lazy as a cat. Her limbs were aching, her ass was smarting, and internally she was throbbing with tenderness, but she allowed herself a small smile.

Lying naked on her back, the pink sheet twisted around her waist, she turned to her right to open her eyes again, this time away from the light, and glanced at the clock before turning her head the other way. It was still morning, amazingly. With as drained as she was, she thought for sure she would have slept later.

To her left, Loras slept without sheets, stark naked, his back towards her. Guiltily she glanced over the angry, blood - spotted lines running from the nape of his neck down to his smooth ass. Bite marks were scattered everywhere. It looked painful but when they were made Loras hadn’t seemed to mind them. And she definitely didn’t mind inflicting them.

Briefly she debated on whether to get up or not. Her laptop was sitting on the foot bench and she felt like writing; it had been one hell of an inspiring night. Loras seemed dead to the world and they still had until the afternoon and early evening before picking up Lorsa from Mace’s. She hastily checked her phone for any updates, but there wasn’t anything so she figured Lorsa did just fine. She was such a good-natured baby. Inadvertently she smiled, knowing as soon as Loras woke up he would be calling his Dad and obsessing over Lorsa's routine. At least through the night he kept his mind on other things; it was nice to have his full attention again.

Their night together was just what she needed. Loras has been so out of character but she enjoyed ever single wicked moment of it and she knew he did, too. He gave her everything she needed, exactly the way she wanted it, and she couldn't help but flush a little at the memory and giggle softly. She sighed and felt the soreness around her throat, recalling her placing his hands there and demanding he squeeze. He did as she asked, firmly but so sensuous that she came so easily. The climax she had when he fucked her madly while restricting her breath had been amazing, taking her to a higher plane, almost on par with the times he would delay her orgasms for literally hours. She knew he had marked her there and wondered if it would be gone by Christmas, along with the bruises and bite marks and hickies on the rest of her pale flesh. Well, she owned an unfashionable turtlenecked sweater to hide everything if she had to. Suddenly she felt sixteen again, wondering how to hide from her whole family the little love marks Robb had given her...

Robb.

She squeezed her eyes shut again.

The memory of Robb and their kisses in the parking lot had been banished for the night, but now it was morning and unfortunately Loras wasn’t awake to keep her thoughts at bay. It wasn't fair to Loras, she knew it, to be lying next to her husband, her best friend, the father to her child, and be replaying her brother's kisses in her mind. But she did and she hated herself for her weakness and infidelity. It made her feel unfaithful and wrong but at the same time her deceitful heart sang. Robb's kisses always made her feel as if they were the only two people in the world, as if everything could melt away like the snowflakes he had brushed from her hair last night. For a moment she had lost herself, had forgotten they were outside in a very open, public place, and it might have been their
undoing if it was anyone other than Loras and Margaery approaching them. What was it about Robb still, that made her willing to risk everything for a kiss? She had built a loving home with Loras and Lorsa and she was determined to nurture it so that it could grow and blossom into a happy life. Yet she still yearned for Robb's arms. It would never die, this need for him, but she needed to shove it further down than she had been lately.

Sansa sighed, throwing her arm across her eyes, as if that would banish Robb. The movement roused Loras a little and she heard him move. Gingerly she reached out her left hand to touch his back, running her fingers around his scratches. He had such a lovely back, slim yet toned, with broad shoulders and sexy ridges and more than a few scars from her nails. Loras always went on about how her body was a work of art but his was one as well. For a moment she marveled at the fact that Loras Tyrell was her husband. Handsome, fun-loving, popular, successful, famous Loras Tyrell. Sometimes this side of her life felt like a dream come true. She had reached fame with her acting career and even though she feared her star had faded, the offers were starting to come in again. She had the love of her best friend who was now her husband, and they were one of Hollywood's power couples. They had a beautiful daughter and a perfect life; well, near perfect. She couldn't deny Robb was the unspoken ghost between them even though Loras had known all along what she and Robb were to each other. Last night he said things, though, that evoked jealousy. Jealous over a kiss? Sansa could scarce believe it. Not of Loras.

Running after Robb was a mistake but she was irresistibly drawn to him. It was such a small indiscretion, wasn't it? Just a kiss or two, just a moment of being held. Yet is was enough to make her feel love and longing and guilt and shame. She couldn't even look at Loras in the car, didn't feel worthy enough to share his own bed for the night. Admittedly, in the shower her thoughts were only of Robb until Loras had stormed in and fucked her frantically up against the wall. She didn't know he had such a wild streak in him, at least not with her. It was intoxicating and wiped any thoughts of Robb right out of her head.

"Lor?" She whispered his name, not sure if he was falling back asleep. He had to be more worn out than she was. "Are you awake?"

"Mmmm."

She moved her arm away as he moved on to his back, then onto his right side, reaching down to pull the sheet up and over to his waist. She caught a glimpse of his semi-hard cock before it hid under the sheet, clearly defined, before meeting his eyes. She twitched a little between her legs. Even after climaxing a half dozen times last night she felt a need to peak once more. Her body should be ashamed of itself.

Loras pulled the pillow tighter underneath his head before lazily draping his left arm around her waist, caressing her hip in a feather-touch, careful to bypass her bruises. It made her skin quiver.

"Morning, Sunshine. " His tone was deep, groggy. "Did you sleep well?"

"Of course." She smiled and attempted to move onto her side to face him but before she was able to, Loras' touch became firm as he held her in place at the hip. "Lor?"

"Mmm. Just lie back, darling, and relax." He scooted in closer to her, propping his head up with his right hand, staring at her while a sexy smile formed on his lips. His hair was getting longer and the curls more loose. He would be dying them again soon, either blonde if his series got picked up for a second season, or auburn like her own if they decided to sign on for their movie version of their In Our Blood series.

"Lor, aren't you hungry? I thought maybe I could -"
"The only thing I hunger for is the sound of you reaching a climax," he murmured, his hand leaving her hip to snake down into the sheets. It took seconds for him to slide down between her legs which she willingly spread for him. His body wasn't touching hers and it reminded her of the first time he ever touched her intimately. Where he had been swift and almost perfunctory in relieving her frustration back then, now he was slow, taking his time, his long, tapered fingers reaching her folds to explore there as if it was the first time he touched her. He always had that ability, to make her feel as if each sensation was new, different.

She sighed in disappointment when he withdrew his hand from her but smiled and closed her eyes when he pulled the sheet away from her body, deliberately languid so she could feel the tickling sensation of it being peeled away to leave her exposed.

"I want to see you, Sansa. All of you." She felt his warm hand move in to cup her again, moving against her center light and lazy before tracing figure 8's along the insides of her thighs, then stroking her again. "I want to take in the sight of your folds swelling and glistening with pleasure. I want to look as you clench around my fingers. I want to see your lovely expression when you peak for me."

Moaning at his words and his touch, Sansa reached up to grab the sides of her pillow, needing to hold onto something. She wanted to burrow into his chest, press herself up against his long body, but to do so would spoil his view of her climaxing. His desires turned her on, made her a whimpering mess vocally and a sopping mess between her legs. She could feel herself becoming slick already and she couldn't help but cry out softly when he gently slid two fingers into her, his thumb caressing her clit.

Her eyes popped open to take in the view of him looking down at his twisting fingers, pulling them out nearly all the way before inserting them again. She couldn't resist bucking up into his hand. As used as her body was from the night before, Loras' gentle, thoughtful strokes were entreating an orgasm from her. She moved with his hand, begging for a faster rhythm as he flitted his eyes up her body to her face. His expression would have been smouldering if it weren't for his little cocky grin. She meant to say something but the words died in her throat as he leaned in to kiss and lick at her neck and nibbled on her earlobe before pulling away to study her face. He knew her weak spots only too well.

"Surrender to me, darling. Let my ears be filled with your sweet, sweet sounds. Let me behold your beautiful mouth opening with wanton pleasure while you chant my name and kiss my fingers with your other lovely set of full, pink lips." Always with the flowery words. Loras could make anything sound eloquent. Even cumming. He knew his sensual talk always pushed her over the edge, and this time was no exception.

"Lor. Loras. Ah -"

He kept his easy pace, his thumb methodically working her clit. It was taking her longer to reach her peak since he refused to rush, resisting picking up the movements. It was maddening and sweet at the same time, but moments later it mattered little as she threw her head back and clutched her pillow tighter, raising her hips up to rock against his hand.

"Loras! Lor!" Her affirmation was sharp as her orgasm crashed through her."Ah, Loras!" Through her own cries she heard his moan, and before she could come down from her high she felt his lips on her neck again, sucking yet another mark to the surface of her skin. He gave up the pretense of lounging on his right arm as he moved into her, withdrawing sticky fingers to pull her flush against him. She nestled into his chest, panting and sighing, listening to him as he sucked the taste of her off of his fingers. His heartbeat thrummed in his chest and his cock was hot and hard between them.

"You are beautiful, Sansa." He whispered into her hair and wrapped his arms around her, holding
her loosely but not letting go. "Even more so when it's my name you sing from your lips. If I could lie in bed all day and pleasure you, I would."

"Hmmm. Same." She wriggled a hand down between him to grasp his cock.

"Sansa, you don't have to. Besides, my darling, why can't it just be about you right now? The almighty penis is not the be-all end-all."

"You are probably the only man to say that," she teased, reluctantly pulling her hand away. "Have I worn you out?"

"Never. I want to give you some time...to relax. We didn't exactly take it slow last night, and it's been several months since we've done anything."

Loras reminded her of the rift that had formed between them since Lorsa's birth, but Sansa pushed it away. She didn't want to spoil this moment. Exhausted from her seventh orgasm in less than seven hours, she lazily traced her fingers along his arm up to his shoulder, feeling dried blood there. She had bitten him just as hard has he had into her neck. God, they were a mess of scratches and bruises and bites.

"Your Dad is keeping Lorsa all day, you know. I miss our little girl but I think I've been missing this, too."

"Really? I couldn't tell," he teased, pulling back away to look into her eyes. "Are you all right, Sunshine? I didn't hurt you with my...insistence, did I?" A hand reached out to caress her cheek and she leaned into it.

"I'm pleasantly sore. It's nothing I didn't want," she reassured him. "I love you, Loras. Thank you." He didn't need to ask her what she was thanking him for. He knew; it was all over his suddenly sad, understanding expression. She closed her eyes to avoid it.

"I think we both need to take a breather." His smile was gentle. "How about I attempt to make us some breakfast, maybe we can watch Mr. Smith Goes To Washington or His Girl Friday?"

Her favorite Jimmy Stewart and Carey Grant movies. They were the first two old movies they watched when she arrived in Los Angeles, effectively getting her hooked on them. Sansa smiled, reaching up to rub at his scruff.

"It sounds wonderful. We haven't been able to catch a movie from start to finish for awhile. Is it too early to share some wine?"

Loras leaned in to kiss her, feather-light and sweet. He still tasted like her from the night before and somehow it sent flutters down into her stomach.

"Wine with scrambled eggs and pancakes it is, then. Stay. Relax. Write, go back to sleep, take another shower, whatever you feel like doing. I'll come get you when I'm done."


Sansa closed her eyes and flopped over on her back again, hoping Loras didn't catch her face before she closed her eyes.

"Sounds lovely, Lor. You do all the work while I reap the benefits." Her voice wavered.
"Hmmm. I wouldn't call making you happy... work," he countered. "It's so very far from work."

She meant to say something but completely forgot what it was when he moved over her body, taking a nipple into his mouth to lick and suck gently, mindful of her tenderness. She meant to protest but he slid down, licking all the way until his mouth found his destination between her legs. She was a fool to think her body was so drained that it couldn't respond anymore. For a moment she considered fighting, telling him no, but it fell by the wayside when she felt his tongue. Instead she spread her legs as far apart as they would go and reached down to hold his head to her. Still so very sensitive, it took no time at all for him to bring her to another climax, this time her cries being reduced to whispered moans.

When Loras finally left her, creating a cooling effect over her exposed body, she instantly missed his warmth and his touch. She was drained beyond comprehension as she watched him slide off the bed and run his fingers through his unruly hair, his massive erection the focal point of his slim, graceful body.

"Are you going to cook naked?" Her inquiry was light, teasing, hiding her inner turmoil. "At least wear an apron, maybe?"

"Don't worry, I'll grab my lounge pants on the way down. We are in your room, remember?"

His tone was slightly accusatory and Sansa was suddenly ashamed. He knew her choice of room last night was no mistake. The elephant in the room had appeared once again. She felt contrite. Loras had never held a blaming tone with her before but she couldn't blame him for doing it now.

"Loras, can we talk about -"

"Later." He leaned down to kiss her temple. "I'm going to call Dad to check on Lorsa and then make us some breakfast."

Hungrily she reached up to pull him down to her by his neck for a long, satisfying kiss.

"Loras Tyrell, my Knight in Shining Armor, maker of love and breakfast," she murmured.

"Mmm. My Queen of Love and Beauty. I live to serve," he whispered back, sighing. "If I don't leave now I'll ravage you again and you'll need yet another shower."

She nodded and gave him a little push away. Smiling, he turned and walked out, leaving her cold and instantly lonely, empty. Turning on her side, she grabbed his pillow and buried her face into it, inhaling his scent, trying to keep the memory of Robb's lips at bay.

Of course it didn't work.

Nothing would beside Loras fucking her senseless.

Was she that messed up? Over just a few kisses?

Sighing, she snaked off the bed, her feet unsteady and her legs shaky, hobbling over to her dresser to pull out a pair of underwear and a pretty spaghetti-strapped white cotton chemise. No need to get fully dressed. If she had her way, they wouldn't make it halfway through the first movie. Her whole body seemed to tremble as she brushed her hair. A glance in the vanity shocked her, seeing all the purple and red marks. The only time she looked like this was the night of the blackmail video, but the circumstances couldn't be more different. In her own way it was another way to heal, to feel empowered about that night rather than degraded. She took what she wanted from it and demanded it of Loras; Loras knew what she had done, he had seen the physical damages, but yet he still took and gave at her behest.
Sansa closed her eyes, swaying slightly.

The doorbell startled her. They weren't expecting anyone, especially not on such a dismal day. The weather was terrible, everything freezing over yet again overnight. She padded out into the hallway and halfway down the wide staircase, a little wobbly. Maybe Mace decided to brave the roads to deliver Lorsa.

Dressed only in his favorite old maroon-colored lounge pants, Loras beat her to the door, so she stopped, hesitating just in case. She really didn't want her father-in-law to see her in her skimpy nightie. She could only imagine his reaction to all her markings - and Loras' as well - even though most of his were on his back, he still had some bites and scratches on his chest.

Loras creaked open the door and there Robb stood, his arms full of wrapped presents. He could barely see over the top of them all and Loras immediately helped him in, grabbing some off the top.

"Thanks. Is Sansa home? I thought I would drop off the Christmas presents for Lorsa and you two." Robb stepped into the foyer and walked to the left, into the den where their main Christmas tree stood. From her position she could lean over the rail and peer into the room. It was strange to see Robb and Loras working together on anything.

"Sansa's still in bed." She could hear the clipped tone in Loras' voice. "She wasn't expecting any company."

"Well, I tried to text and call but her phone is obviously off. This was sort of a last minute decision on my part. I wanted to talk her in person. There are things I need to talk to her about."

"Whatever it is you want to tell her, it can wait. I don't want her upset and I have a feeling you don't have good news to share."

"No, I suppose you don't want me talking to her, do you?"

"Thank you for the gifts, Robb, but -"

"I'm not leaving until I see Sansa."

"And I thought you would respect the fact that she is still sleeping."

Sansa floated down the rest of the stairs. She could hear the tension in both their voices and she didn't want to them to start arguing. Loras was no doubt thinking of the kissing in the parking lot and Robb no doubt had the same thing weighing on his mind. She couldn't bear it, the two men she loved not being able to be civil to each other beyond a few moments. It wasn't always like that. Before she was pregnant, they always managed to be congenial, even though Robb had always been jealous of Loras. Loras' nature was to not take it to heart and he treated Robb as if they were friends, albeit distant ones. Now marriage and a child had changed everything.

She rounded the corner and stepped into the room. Loras stood, his arms crossed in front of his bare chest (hiding some of his marks, she wondered), frowning. Robb, still in his coat, clenched his keys in his fist. They both turned to her when she walked in; her eyes floated first to meet Loras' gaze, his eyes suddenly changing from glaring to loving, and he managed a small smile. She dragged her eyes over to Robb, who stared at her in something like shock at first. She furrowed her brows in confusion, then realized she was only in her flimsy chemise. Nervously she flipped her hair over her
shoulder and lowered her eyes.

"Robb, I thought I heard you. You're bringing presents over early? I thought we decided Christmas Eve -"

"Sansa." Robb breathed, taking a step forward and tentatively reaching his arm out to her. "Sansa, what -" His eyes scanned over her body and she felt naked. For a moment she felt heat flush through her body and she meant to turn away to leave, put on something less revealing, then she realized in horror why he was staring. Instinctively her hands flew up to arrange her hair to hide her neck and shoulders, but it was too late.

"What the fuck did you do to her?" Robb stood rooted but his furious tone cut through Sansa's heart. Before she could say something, anything, Loras stepped closer to Robb, something like a smugness crossing his face as he leered.

"Nothing you haven't already done."

It took seconds for Robb to process it all, and Sansa couldn't react fast enough to prevent Robb's fist from meeting Loras' jaw.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you, sansafeels, for this Lorsa moodboard!
"Robb !"

It was a half-scream, half-gasp she squeaked out as the scene played in front of her; too fast for her to comprehend yet everything seemingly in slow motion. Sansa could only stand frozen in horror as Loras stumbled back, only to catch his footing and bum-rush Robb, knocking him to the fine Persian rug on the newly polished hardwood floor of the den. They crashed into the Christmas tree, knocking ornaments and presents everywhere and landed with a thud that matched the sinking in Sansa's stomach. Loras punched downward into Robb's face, the force of it resulting in a sickeningly pop and crunch noise that sounded a lot to Sansa like a nose breaking. Robb swung back, and they became a pile of punches and curses and the words coming out of their mouths were breathless, pained, and low blows themselves, seeking to damage the other one even more than the fists.

Sansa shut her ears to their curses but her eyes widened in sorrow and disbelief. She couldn't understand Loras' nasty taunt, couldn't understand Robb's accusation - what business was it of his - couldn't understand why the two men she loved most in the world were going at each other like two drunk assholes in a bar in her own home.

"Stop !" She knew it was ineffectual but she rasped it out anyway. "Stop it! Stop -"

Robb had Loras pinned, his hands around his head as he slammed him into the floor, and for a moment - just for a moment - Sansa recalled how it was said Robb had killed Rickon's thug friend. It was as if the blood left her body, a wave of dizziness flowing over her before she suddenly became unrooted to rush forward and down to Robb, her hands on his shoulders, to tug him away.

"Robb! Stop it!" Her voice strengthened into a scream. "Robb -"

Sansa received a jolt to her head as she caught Robb's elbow when he tried to shove her away. It happened so fast and everything was a mess of confusion, but when she cried out in pain, both men froze and looked at her in fear as she stumbled back from the impact and fell to the floor. It wasn't a far fall, since she was already hovering over Robb, but Sansa felt it, just as she felt Robb's elbow to her stinging, aching cheek. She pressed her hand there, struggling to her feet as Robb did to his. He was breathless, bleeding, and his face crumpled in guilt.

"Sansa -"

"Don't touch me!" She looked down at Loras, who seemed dazed as he struggled to a sitting position, trying to stand. "Loras?" Immediately she knelt down to look him over, touching his face and head, staring into his defeated, sorrowful eyes.

"I'm - I'm fine. Are - are you?" His words were deep, jagged as he reached up to touch her cheek. "Sansa."

"Sansa, I'm so sorry. Please, love, I didn't mean - it was an accident -" Robb faltered, stepping back, wiping at the blood on his nose with his jacket sleeve, then jamming his hands into fists at his sides. He watched with tear-filling eyes as Loras stood with help from Sansa.

"No, I suppose both of you didn't mean to do anything, but it happened." She couldn't look at Robb. Wouldn't. Instead she let go of Loras and focused on the plush rug, now with an added bloodstain on
it. "Robb, please just go."

"Sansa, your face, I -"

"I said go, Robb!" She found her way to the couch to crumple onto it, holding her cheek, and closed her eyes.

"I can't. Not until I know you are all right."

"Haven't you come into our home and done enough?" Loras walked over to Sansa to sit on the couch with her, an arm around her carefully but possessively. "Once again I need to clean up the mess you've made."

Sansa tensed, feeling the anger coming off of both men in waves. At least they were no longer using each other as punching bags. Yet she knew better than anyone how words could hurt much worse.

"Yes, because Loras Tyrell is the epitome of a perfect man." Robb was mocking, even as he stood ashamed. "Comforting your wife that you only got by questionable means."

"A man, yes. A man that will do whatever necessary to protect the woman he loves. You should try it sometime."

Sansa jumped up between the two as Robb advanced forward and Loras' whole body tensed, outstretching her arm to Robb's chest. Her eyes finally met his, pleading silently. He heeded the request as far as the physical went, but the verbal continued.

"I suppose begging you sister to seduce me is protection. Or ordering a man killed by someone else's hand. I guess your definition of a man is different than mine. But I should expect that, coming from a cocksucker -"

"Robb!" Sansa pushed at him in anger. "Just go! Go, goddamn you! No more! Either one of you!" Immediately she regretted shoving him, but Robb took a step back, hung his head, turned around and stormed out, down the hallway, and out the door; leaving her with Loras and suddenly a few unanswered questions she didn't want floating in her head.

"Sansa -"

"No." She pushed Loras away as well. "Leave me alone."

"I can explain what what Robb said, if you would just let me -"

"You told me you did not order Peter Baelish's killing. At Arya's wedding you assured me you had nothing to do with his death. You lied to me? Is Robb lying or are you? And Margaery? What is even going on?" She wanted to scream but her voice was barely above a whisper.

"The truth?" Loras sat back on the couch, running his fingers through his tousled locks. "I just nearly got the shit beat out of me. It's not how I expected this morning to go, really. You were elbowed in the face. Your breakfast is now cold in the kitchen now and I am literally a bloody mess and my head is throbbing."

"I don't give a damn about breakfast." Her cheek hurt in tune with her heart. "You two were behaving like animals. If I hadn't cut in -"

"Then maybe Robb would have pounded the life out of me. You'd be a respectable grieving widow for awhile and you can have your brother guilt-free in your bed at night."
"You are being dramatic. Robb would not have killed you." She pushed down the thought she had entertained when it was happening. "And don't try to change the subject. Lor, tell me. Did you truly have Baelish killed?"

"Yes." A simple admission, nothing long-winded or apologetic. He looked her straight in the eyes. "I told Varys any means necessary to bring him down and I knew what that meant."

Loras slid off the couch and tried to take her in his arms, but Sansa moved away. Peytr had been murdered on his command. No matter how she had wished for his death she could never imagine having him killed. Or maybe she could imagine it but she would never have gone through with it. Peytr's death solved nothing. If anything it made things worse because the sex video was released to the masses due to his will. Had that not happened, Rickon would still be alive. So many things could have turned out differently. Then again maybe it would have been worse with no end to the blackmail. There was no way of knowing.

Still, she looked at Loras warily.

"What about Margaery?" She swallowed, hoping he would deny it. "You had her...go after Robb?"

Loras looked down then, wiping at his bloodied lip. His answer was not coming as readily as his admission of advocating murder. Of course. Loras was always protective when it came to anything about Margaery. Sansa always chalked it up to the strong bond they had and Sansa rarely ever brought her up in conversation. She already knew about the voyeurism incident and strongly suspected their sexual explorations did not stop there. The Tyrell siblings were so open and free and Sansa's own experiences with her love for Robb made her understanding. It was of no consequence to her what they had done in the past at any point in time up to when she married him. Even now she could relate if they could not let go of the unusual bond they had. But this was different.

"I asked Margaery if she could give Robb special attention when he came back to Winterfell. Robb needed to heal and so did you. Part of that was for Robb to have a normal, healthy relationship."

"So you asked your sister to fuck my brother."

"I asked her to pursue a relationship with him. She ended up falling in love with him in the process. And if I assume things correctly, Robb wasn't raped. I think he loves her, too. Or at the very least, he cares deeply for her. Don't you want him to have what we have? Isn't it fair?"

"I think fair is something you haven't been. She glossed over the point he was making, not wanting to give any credence to it. "You've been hiding things from me. These aren't little things, either. You knew these things would hurt me. Make me angry at you."

"Yes. You are right. But if we want to cast stones, San, maybe you need to look at your own glass house. Or should I mention something about Benjen being yours and Robb's son? As a friend, even as your closest one, I could understand it. But as your husband? Those little lies, telling me how happy you were to be pregnant, how you always wanted children, how Lorsa was going to be the first of many. All the times you talked about it to me as if it was the first time you had a child. You could not even trust me enough to come clean."

"How - how did you know?" She had no defense. "Did Robb?"

"Varys. But I suspected long before that. Anyone not completely blind can see Benjen is the spitting image of Robb. Kid has your smile and nose but the rest is Robb. The older he's getting, the more obvious it is. Plus when I started making love to you, I noticed the very, very faint silver stretch mark scars on you. The downside of being an observant man, I suppose. I'm a fool, San, but I am not
stupid." He reached for her hand but she cringed. "Then again, maybe I am stupid. Marrying a woman who loves her brother more."

"Don't turn this on me. You married me knowing my relationship with Robb. You knew from all those years with me that I would never stop loving him, just as you know now that I take our life with Lorsa seriously. I would never betray -"

"Oh, but you have, Sansa. Every night you lay in my arms and wish it was Robb holding you. And I accepted it because I love you and tried to make you happy. A man always has his breaking point, and mine was reached last night. Set aside Robb's face-punching. Even without that, I've come to realize this won't work for you. It was nothing to do with what I asked Marg to do, nothing to do with a now-dead Baelish -"

"Didn't I beg you to marry me early, before Lorsa was born?" Sansa's voice was shrill, defensive. "Why would I do that if I didn't want to be with you?"

"I don't know, darling, and that's something only you can answer."

Sana said nothing. Everything in the past twenty-four hours was just too much. From her father begging for help in getting custody of Benjen and the revelation that he knew all along Robb was Benjen's father, to Robb's kisses in the parking lot, and then Loras' out-of-character rough sex, and Robb's fight with Loras, plus now the reveals of Loras' misdeeds - and him knowing about Benjen - it was just too much for her to handle. She wanted to angry at Loras but she was more angry with herself. Even now, she was thinking of Robb, the horror in his eyes after accidentally elbowed her, and the look he gave her before running out the door.

"I don't even know what to think about anything right now," she whispered. "I just don't. You look like you need stitches. And Robb was a mess -"

"Yes, he was. I am surprised you aren't running after him to make sure he is okay. The roads are bad, his face is a mess and he's pissed off. Aren't you concerned he might get in a wreck? Do something foolish?"

*Oh god, Robb.* She hadn't thought about it that way. Yes, she wanted to make sure he was all right but it didn't cross her mind about the potential for anything dangerous happening. Robb did have intense emotions, though; more volatile since Afghanistan and Baelish; and when Loras referenced that terrible night, it snapped something inside him -

Loras' sardonic laugh broke her thoughts.

"I wasn't serious, San, but the look on your face tells me enough."

She looked up at him and recoiled backwards, but he pulled her to him to kiss her on the top of her head.

"Anything I've done, I've done for you. But it's not enough and I understand that now. So, go to him. Be with him, since that is what you truly want. I believe Robb trumps me and even Lorsa. You want to self-destruct with him and as much as I want you to stay with me, I know you'll never give Robb up."

"Loras -"

He exhaled, stepping away from her, turning his back. His beautiful, scratched-up back. Had she done that just last night? It seemed like a lifetime ago now.
"Just go."

Sansa knew he was giving her a choice to make. It felt like a test; an unfair and sudden test that she had no time to prepare for. She had already chosen Loras and their little family.

Hadn't she? She had. But -

\textit{Robb.} It always came down to Robb. She would never stop loving him. \textit{Never.}

She sensed Loras was waiting on her to say something, but she was speechless. She closed her eyes, swaying to the emotions running through her head. When she opened them, Loras was still standing facing the fireplace.

Without words, she turned and fled out of the den and across the hallway to the closet to scramble for her boots and coat, deliberately not looking back.

If she had, she would have seen Loras' head bowed and shoulders sag as silent tears fell down his battered face.

\textbf{Chapter End Notes}

\begin{quote}
\textbf{sanafeels creates another wonderful mood board....}
\end{quote}
Don't Stop Swaying

His beautiful, scratched-up back

DON'T STOP SWAYING

Had she done that just last night?

CHAPTER 46 HOUSE OF GLASS

It seemed like a lifetime ago now.
The warm water felt good on Robb's face and his aching body. He looked down and sighed as blood washed off and turned pink while swirling down the drain as he stood, transfixed, his hands shaking and his nose hurting like hell. If he didn't know better he would have thought it was broke. Loras' martial arts and weight lifting training had obviously come in handy.

He closed his eyes to focus on the soft noise of the water and he thought he heard his cell go off. Probably Marg for the hundredth time this morning. For someone who claims she doesn't beg, she was sure eager to talk to him. After her impromptu blowjob last night she drove him home in silence and called a cab to take her to her father's house. He had completely disregarded her and headed for bed and amazingly she had not followed him. He ended up forgoing getting lit and crashed instead with the memory of Sansa's lips against his. It was much more compelling and moving than Marg's lips on his cock.

Deep down he knew he shouldn't have kissed her and maybe it was the four glasses of wine breaking down his resistance. Or seeing how beautiful she was. Even now she was a deterrent to his best-laid plans and he wondered if he would ever be free of their invisible bond, and wasn't quite sure he wanted to be. He already accepted he would never be able to love her just as a brother but he was managing it. Poorly managing it with kissing her but managing it all the same. Yet here he was stressing and dreaming over a kiss, ready to once again blow his life to pieces over the chance just to stay around her, a small spark of hope glowing inside of him. He was trying to forget this morning, even as the image of her standing in her skimpy chemise with her pale skin marked by Loras burned in his mind.

Robb sighed with a shudder. He was as bad as Sansa, standing under the shower head until the water turned cold. With some difficulty he creaked the handles to turn it off and stepped out, his legs shaking and his ribs aching. Loras fucked him up worse than he thought but he had no desire to drive to the hospital. The roads were worsening and he didn't want to be prodded by doctors and nurses or pay another overpriced medical bill. He had been in fights before and had felt this way physically. It wasn't his body that he was concerned about.

Slowly he pulled on his boxers and jeans before examining his arms and feeling his chest and ribs. Probably bruised and nothing more. At least his nose stopped bleeding.

Wiping away the steam from the mirror, he stared at his reflection and cursed. He would no doubt have a black eye and bruised nose, something he couldn't hide from the family when he went over for Christmas dinner in two days' time. Loras would probably have the same issue and Robb wondered how that was going to be explained.

Just something else to deal with, he supposed.

He knew it was wrong to go after Loras but he couldn't help himself. It wasn't just his out-of-character taunt but a culmination of resentment he had felt for the man since he realized he was Romeo to Sansa's Juliet in high school. All along Sansa had denied Loras had anything but platonic feelings for her, and vice-versa, yet now here they were married with a child. Even at that Robb could tolerate it and the reality of it all seemed a bit abstract until he had seen the evidence of their love on Sansa's body. It triggered memories of the night at Baelish's penthouse where surely he had left similar marks although he wasn't around to see them in full bloom. That Loras would degrade her
in such a way was an insult. The man should have known better since he was the one who had
witnessed the after-effects of that nightmare evening firsthand. Yet in his mind Loras had used her as
brutally of his own free will as Robb had been forced to do unwillingly and it sickened him, enraged
him.

For what was left of his sanity he had always tried to keep a part of his and Sansa's love locked safe
and deep inside him somewhere, a part that refused to be tainted from their rape -their rape of not just
body but of emotions - and it seemed to be ripped from him and torn to shreds as he realized another
man enjoyed Sansa in a way he could could not... and she had let him. Judging by the matched
markings on Loras, she had obviously enjoyed it, which made him all the more sick.

Robb tried to numb his thoughts when his head hummed and he opened the mirrored medicine
cabinet for some rubbing alcohol and cotton balls. He shut it with a small clank and nearly jumped
out of his skin when he saw Sansa in the reflection standing in the doorway, looking like an
apparition through the re-fogged mirror.

"Jesus Christ, Sansa." It came out as a whisper as he whipped around. "You scared the shit out of
me."

"You really need to change the locks so I'm not able to give you a heart attack." Her eyes swept
down to his bare chest and then flickered away. "I tried to call you on the way over here and you
didn't answer. You had me worried, Robb. I about fainted in relief when I saw your truck in the
driveway."

His heart hammered fast as she walked over to sit on the toilet cover. She still had her coat, hat, and
boots on. He could tell she had not taken the time to change as her bare knees were flushed pink
from the cold were exposed and a small piece of her white chemise peeked out from her coat. She
must have left Loras in a rush. He didn't know what to think about that as she pulled her hat off and
looked down at it, not meeting his eyes.

"Why are you here?" It came out bitter.

"I wanted to make sure you were okay."

Her voice was soft with concern and he was instantly ashamed of his attitude. She did brave the
worsening roads to see him. Another thought flashed in his head and he caught his breath for a
moment. He couldn't address it so he passed it over, instead focusing on her.

"Sansa, I am so sorry about your cheek. I didn't see you. It was an accident."

"I know it was." She sighed deeply. "It's not bad. Aches a little, is all." She scrunched up her face
and bowed her head a little. She looked small and vulnerable and it made him think back to when all
of this started, when she was sitting on the toilet cover in a towel and holding the nit comb. How
sweet and still innocent their love was then. How sometimes he wished he could go back and never
kiss her, and other times he wished he would kiss her more. He thought of all the times she initiated
the sexual part of their relationship but it all came back to the fact that he had made the first move. He
had kissed her first. He had started them on this path of love and agony and pure heaven and
absolute hell.

Robb dragged his eyes away, the bottle and cotton in his hands feeling like lead.

"Here, let me." She stood up and reached her hand out and he silently handed her everything. She
gestured for him to take her spot and he did so with a small groan. "You know this is going to sting."
"No worse than Loras' left hook."

Sansa’s reply to that was to douse the cotton ball and apply it to his face. He hissed a bit didn't move, sensing the tension coming off her in waves. She was so close to him and he breathed in her scent. She still used the lilac soap. Unfortunately she also smelled of Loras.

"Is Loras okay?" It was a concern he did not feel but he wanted to try for her sake. "I'm sorry for starting a fight, San. I only wanted to drop the Christmas presents off and talk to you about something."

"I think you said plenty before you left. Loras is fine. A split lip maybe, but fine."

He said nothing as she finished, tossing the cotton in the trash and setting the bottle on the counter. He watched her silently, drinking in every move. She wasn't her usual graceful self as she rummaged around for a large band-aid. Unwrapping it and facing him again to gently place it above his eyebrow, he looked up at her, staring into her averted eyes. Her touch was calming as she smoothed it into place.

"Sansa."

She concentrated on staring into his hair, her fingers combing through his wet locks. It seemed for a moment she wasn't even there, her eyes blank, her brow furrowed. She was overwhelming his senses and for a moment he forgot how battered he felt.

The moment was shattered when she yanked her damp hands away, wiping them on her still-buttoned coat, stepping back. She stared into his chest and he was acutely aware he needed a shirt. Odd how he felt exposed to her when he had been far more unclothed than this in the past.

"What did you want to talk to me about?" She muttered her words. "Loras putting a hit out on Baelish? Marg's planned seduction of you? Or was it something you didn't have a chance to say before you chose to try to break Loras' jaw?"

"What I said was the truth but it was cruel to you and I am sorry for that, San. I meant to talk to you about other things, one being Benjen."

"What about him?" She backed away even more when he stood up slowly, a little shaky. "Is he coming home for Christmas?"

"No. Not that I know of. I was going to ask you again to not intervene with Dad's divorce and custody battle. Our fragile house of cards seems always poised to fall at any time and I don't want to create a situation where Benjen could be hurt. Who knows, Dad may win custody anyway. If not, there are worse things than Benjen living with the only mother he's even known and loved."

"You're so willing to give up on our son?"

"It's not a question of giving up. It's more like an act of love."

Robb advanced toward her and she stepped aside. He had meant to hug her but instead walked past her and across the hall to his bedroom; his parents' old room, walked over to his bed where a t-shirt lay waiting for him. With a small grunt he pulled it over his head, aware of how much his ribs really hurt. Sansa drifted in after him but lingered by the door frame.

"I can never be a father to him and my feelings about it are irrelevant. Dad's feelings and Mel's feelings don't matter, either. What matters is Benjen's happiness." He waited for her to protest but was met with silence. "So I am asking you to let it go."
He moved to the foot of the bed and sat, reaching down to tug on a pair of sneakers, wincing. He needed some aspirin.

"Robb." Sansa cautiously walked into his room and sat on the bed next to him, leaving just the right amount of space between them so that they weren't touching. Fresh pain jolted through him. He remembered the last time they were in his room together, where they had kissed so sweetly before she dropped the bomb of her pregnancy onto him. "I am surprised you don't want me to fight for our son."

"He was never really ours, San, and he never will be."

"I am sorry for that, Robb. I wish I could go back in time and change how I handled everything. I would have told you right away. I would have given you the chance to be a father, somehow. It was wrong of me, what I did. There is no excuse except I was newly seventeen and scared and pregnant with my own brother's child. I didn't know what to do."

Robb sighed and reached over to clasp her right hand into his. It was as cold as ice and he squeezed it gently into his warm one.

"What is done is done. We can only try to move forward and there is no point in rehashing all of our past mistakes. After all, I could start in about my stupid idea to join the Marines to put some distance between us. We have both done nothing but apologize to each other for all the fuckups we've had."

"Do you remember the night after Mom died?" Her voice was soft and she looked down at her boots.

It was so out of left field that Robb hesitated before answering. Fresh pain surfaced. Not a day went by that he didn't miss Mom...and Rickon.

"Yes, I remember."

"Arya, Bran, and Ricky were asleep not even knowing yet. Dad was shut up in his room. We stayed on the couch and you let me cry myself to sleep in your arms. Even then I think I loved you more than I should. That was when it started even though I didn't understand it at the time. You were my comfort and you helped me heal. The way you loved me, the way you cared for our brothers and sister like they were your own children... I think that's why I fell in love with you when I shouldn't have. I thought no other man could love me like that, so unconditionally and patiently."

"Sansa." Her name sounds like disappointment on his lips as she yanked her hand away from his and stands up as if he tried to bite her. Confused with a wave of longing and desire which he knew he poorly concealed, he stared up at her. "Sansa, what is it?"

"I don't think I ever loved you enough." It was barely above a whisper as she finally looked at him in the eyes. "Not enough as a sister to leave you alone romantically and just love you as a brother, not enough as a lover to make sacrifices to be with you, like giving up an acting career to be able to live anonymously with you. I didn't love you enough to make the hard choices and just be with you like I had always dreamed of."

It felt like the wind was knocked out of him and his insides tightened. He tried to remain impassive and patient, letting her say what she felt like she needed to say, but his heart sank at her words even as something was bubbling underneath the surface.

"My love for you is a selfish love. I can't even think of a time where I had made a selfless decision where you are concerned. Maybe I could claim bearing Benjen was a selfless act; I could have had
an abortion, but he is something of you and I and I couldn't do it. But maybe in a way that was selfish, too; bringing an incestuous child in the world because I knew I would never handle the guilt if I had terminated the pregnancy. Then I didn't even tell you. If it wasn't for Baelish, you'd go your whole life without knowing you had a son. Where is the unconditional love in that?"

"You - like you said, you were young and scared." He reached out to her. "Sansa, I never once thought you didn't love me enough. I never -"

"Yes, you have. Think of how you felt finding out about Benjen. Think of me staying in an acting career, knowing fame would give us no fighting chance. Think of me wanting to bed Loras. Wanting his child and wanting to be his wife. How is any of that loving you enough?"

Sansa shuffled over and knelt in front of him, grappling for his hands she had tossed away moments before. She had tears in her beautiful blue eyes but they did not spill. He wanted to scream at her, kiss her, hug her, make love to her or maybe just hold her, but he did nothing. He couldn't even feel her hands.

"Robb, I am so sorry for everything. For Baelish, Benjen, Rickon, your career, your reputation, all of it. I love you, gods know I love you so much but it's not enough. I still dream of you at night, wish I could lie in your arms as a wife but it's a dream that will never be. I will never stop loving you but there is something I realized when I walked through that door. Something I was so blind and stupid and once again so selfish not to acknowledge and it is probably too late."

Her tears spilled over now, trickling down her cheeks and landing on her camel colored coat, darkening it.

"I love you and always will, Robb. But I love Loras and my life is with him."

Chapter End Notes

By the lovely sansafeels...
Sansa looked up at Robb's handsome face, a face she had loved as long as she could remember; as a brother, as a lover, a confidant and friend. His blue eyes - so much like her own - stared down at her and she observed through watery eyes of her own that he was slowly processing her words. His full, sensual mouth was slack and she noticed his jaw clenching.
The drive over here was tense enough due to the slippery roads and cold, let alone having to parse out her feelings on the way. She had left Loras in shock, not just from the fight between the only two men she had ever loved but from Loras' confessions and his insistence she go to Robb. She expected - hoped - to see Loras rush out after her, plead with her to stay, maybe even take her in his arms and kiss her and tell her he loved her, but even as she looked in the rearview mirror she saw nothing behind her but a winding drive and their cozy country home fading from her eyes. Part of her wanted to stop, turn around, and go back but the other part of her needed to see Robb. It split her in two and she had started to cry, and with her tears she realized with horror that Robb' love had become an addiction to her, a selfish desire, and that she had taken Loras' love for granted. Could she truly love anyone with an unselfish heart? Yes, she could. Lorsa. Her little girl. Lorsa was all that mattered. She deserved a good mother and a great father and Sansa was determined to give her the world. Her obsession for Robb needed to stop, somehow. Her life was with her baby girl and the father of her child.

Now staring at Robb, she faltered with her pretty speech. She meant to be more scathing, more honest and straightforward, but it was so much easier to stick to her guns when she wasn't in front of him, touching him, always damned to feel so drawn to him. This was Robb, not just her brother but her first lover and first love. Their connection transcended the blood they shared that cursed them to never be together. Once upon a time when she was sixteen she had all the determination in the world that they would be able to find a way to be together forever, happy Robb and happy Sansa, living secretly as husband and wife and thumbing their noses at a world that would never understand. Now, with their tragedies wearing her down and destroying her hopes, she needed to come to terms with all of her broken dreams . All she ever wanted was sitting on the bed in front of her but no matter how much she wanted him, the price was too high for her to willingly pay, now that she had more than just Robb to consider. Others had suffered enough.

She loved Loras. She always had. First as a friend, of course, her best friend and closest confidant aside from Robb. If not for Robb and Renly, perhaps they would have been more sooner. It wasn't the tumultuous fire she felt with Robb but it was an honest love and also desire as well. She had wanted to bed him, she chose to have his child, and she chose to marry him. She could no more deny her love for Loras than she could her love for Robb. The difference was that Loras' love brought no pain, no tragedy, and with an infant child relying on her for a stable, happy life, it made all the difference to her now. She had given up Benjen in order for him to have a good, healthy life; now, she was determined to keep Lorsa in a home where she was also loved.

But looking at Robb, she felt her resolve weakening.

"Robb?" She searched his face for animation. He was as still as a statue and his eyes closed for a moment. He did not return her hands' grip on his. "Robb, please say something."

"What would you like me to say, San?" She could tell the tone in his voice. It was even and soft but it held restraint. His gorgeous cerulean eyes opened and stared into her. "Haven't we been trying to get along as siblings? Haven't we been doing a decent job of it, aside from you kissing me before you went into labor and - of course - last night?"

Just with his eyes delving into hers she felt the spark, that undeniable current between them. The reason they could never be alone together. The cause for the way they had been when she went into labor and then in the abandoned parking lot...and the way they were now. She didn't miss the accusatory tone in his voice and she knew he was inferring that those times were her fault for instigating the kissing. It was true. She had started it.

She snatched her hands away and stood up, turning defensive. It was her way to deliberately distract from the feelings. She couldn't lose her resolve now.
"A decent job of it? You went after my husband in his own home, Robb. How is that decent?"

Robb winced when she said the word *husband* but did not look away from her. She wished he would because she found she could not.

"He was cruel, San, making a comment about that night."

"Words are just words, Robb. You could have been the better man and let it go. He would not have said it had you not been sticking your nose where it doesn't belong."

"Doesn't belong? Have you looked at yourself in the mirror?" Robb's voice faltered. "How was I supposed to react? It looks like."

"Like what, Robb? Like I had something more than vanilla sex last night? Well forgive me for that, why don't you? How dare I have kinky sex with my husband. Don't get all sanctimonious when I've seen similar markings on Margaery. I don't think she even tried to hide them. No doubt it was on purpose."

"Marg has nothing to do with this, so keep her name off your lips." Robb had his hands in fists, jamming them down into the mattress. "Marg was not forced to do any of those things."

"Neither was I. I *wanted* Loras to do it."

She knew what his statement was really about but she ignored it. Maybe she hadn't meant the words to hurt but she saw his eyes close and his lips jam together in a thin line and she knew he was praying for patience. She knew him too well. It just stung her, to hear him be so quick to defend Margaery. Just like Loras always did. She knew Robb cared for Marg and it hurt in deep down her hypocritical heart. Margaery was a ruse, a ploy to distract him from her that turned into honest feelings.

"Sansa. Why?" He swallowed and opened his eyes again to stare into her face. "After what we went through, after what I had to do to you. After what you had to let me do to you."

"It isn't about you, Robb. It's about me and Loras. It's about what we do in our own bedroom and it's none of your business."

"Not about me? Jesus Christ, Sansa." He stood, his hand skimming over his ribs as he did so. "Is this the real reason you came over? To taunt me about letting Loras use you like a goddamn debased piece of trash and you liking it?"

"Is - is that what how you - how you see what you did to me?" Sansa felt as if the wind was knocked out of her. "Robb -"

"Tell me, Sansa. I want to know." His voice was oddly so soft as he sighed. "You come over here under the guise of concern for me to tell me your life is with Loras. I get it, I really do. You've said it to me before. Since you were pregnant with Lorsa I completely got your reasoning. I accepted it. You know, I moved back here to get my shit together. And what do you do? You fucking follow and splinter any progress."

"I came back to be near family for Lorsa."

"Bullshit. It's bullshit and you *know* it." He advanced and she took a step back. "You let Loras fuck the shit out of you last night because we kissed. He can't fuck the truth away and neither can Marg. We will never escape what we are and what we can never be."
Robb was so deadly calm, so quiet. His words were ones meant to be ones to cut, hurt, drive home some realizations that she knew but couldn't express, and they should have been shouted at her in anger. She wanted to jerk away when he reached out to cup her cheek in his hand but found she could not. Even in conflict his hand was soothing. Gentle in contrast to the fire and pain in his eyes.

"A part of me died that night. We resolved to not let Baelish destroy the love we have but I know I let him. I think of it all the time, the first time I kissed you. The sweetness of it, the pleasure and innocence of it. It was the best moment of my life even though it set so much pain in motion. I carry that kiss with me, San, to cherish. I don't want to carry that night with me. But I do. It's my shame. My anger. I don't understand how you could want - how you could like - how you - that night was a nightmare to me. Seeing you with marks around your neck - your shoulders and even lower - I don't care if you wanted him to do it. It hurt to see -"

"Robb." She struggled to not let the tears she felt stinging behind her eyes fall. "That night. I - I see it differently. I am haunted too. What happened was vile. But it was you and me. It was you, Robb, and I - I don't know. I just - you have always been my comfort even when loving you caused me pain. That night even through it all I knew some parts weren't you. You tried as much as you could to help me through even though you were angry. That is what I remember and god help me I - I took more than just comfort from it. Maybe that makes me a bad person. Maybe instead I should have wanted to die from shame. I - if it was with anyone else I would have died. I would have wanted to die."

Without warning she tucked her head into his chest, her arms flinging around his neck. Even through her coat she could feel his heart hammering against her; the familiar, soothing heartbeat that had always lulled her to sleep, even as a little girl. This part of them could never be destroyed not with a thousand blackmails. This was a bond from the start and even if their sexual and romantic relationship was forced to end, they still had this. She smiled into his t-shirt when she felt his arms surrounding her, holding her close, his cheek pressed onto the side of her head.

"Ah, Starshine. I'm sorry. So sorry for everything, my love." He muttered against her hair, kissing her softly on her temple. "I've hurt you so much."

"And I you." She tilted her head up to his then, to look at him. His mouth was trembling and the next thing she knew she pressed her lips to his to stop the shaking. Her kiss was shy and feather-light. Must it always burn her to touch him? Robb responded to her more insistently and before she knew it, he broke away to unzip her coat, tugging, and somehow her arms left his neck so it could be pulled off, falling to the floor soundlessly. She stood only in her chemise and boots but it didn't matter when he pulled her back to him, no thick barrier now between them. His hands were in her hair, firm but gentle, and he lowered his head again and she greedily took what he offered as they kissed slowly, cautiously.

Their kisses didn't seem to be made in passion, even as the spark grew and her senses sharpened. It was solace, she realized - or tried to rationalize - and she clung to him, her hands reaching to entwine in his hair. He pulled her flush up against him and she felt he was already aroused. It was reassuring somehow to her. Somewhere in her mind she wanted to protest but the urge died before it reached her mouth, swallowed up by each and every sweet kiss between them. She sighed into his mouth. This was Robb.

He groaned and then grunted in pain as he swept her up and around, depositing her on the bed, her boots still on. She felt dizzy, like she was floating down into the mattress. Dim panic surfaced in her as well as pleasure as she felt wet, tender kisses along her aching cheek in a wordless apology; kisses that soon found the arch in her neck as her fingers tightened in his hair. She didn't want it to stop yet she thought of Loras. She had chosen him. She couldn't do this, she couldn't. Even though Loras had
told her to go to him, she could not - and would not - be unfaithful to her husband, no matter if she had his permission to do so. Could she so easily betray him?

"Oh, but you have, Sansa. Every night you lay in my arms and wish it was Robb holding you...You want to self-destruct with him and as much as I want you to stay with me, I know you'll never give Robb up. Just go..." Loras' voice seemed to be whispering in her ear, in her head. She screwed her eyes shut.

"Sansa." Robb choked her name out as his hands skimmed down her body, reaching underneath her skimpy chemise to caress her thighs, his lips brushing against her tired, bruised skin just above her cleavage. "I love you -"  

Her eyes fluttered open then and she turned her head to the side, refusing to look down; she knew - oh, she knew he was staring at her with emotions of love and desire and need, and she knew she would give herself over completely if she met his gaze. Already her body was responding and she felt damp between her legs. His hands still gently grazed her thighs as if they had all the time in the world. He was asking permission with no words, in suspension, hanging on a thread. All she needed to do - but Loras -

Something caught her eye as her eyes scanned the left side of the room. By the dresser she saw it; three stacked grey suitcases and a bag packed full of something. The top suitcase was unzipped. Clothes were peeking out from it. Confusion set in and she involuntarily bucked up into Robb, which he took as acceptance as he glided a hand in between her legs and under her panties. She moaned at his touch - she was already so tender down there, so sensitive, and his knowing fingers found their assured place - and instantly she pushed his head down. He thought she meant one thing but she meant quite another as she struggled to shimmy up and away from him. She accidentally kicked him in the ribs in the process and he growled, sitting up, panting half in desire and half in pain.

"Robb - Robb, stop!" She modestly arranged her chemise, pulling it down and pointing to the packed suitcases. "Robb- what is this?"

"Sansa."

"Extended trip? It is almost Christmas. Where -"

Robb sighed and she thought it sounded like defeat. Dread. She stared at him, his hair a mess and a seemingly guilty look on his face. Her heart sank as he ran his fingers through his locks.

"Sansa, I came over to your place this morning to talk to you about that. It's the reason I brought the presents over early."

She waited and he said nothing. The pleasure ebbed away from her body and her head was more level now.

"Well? What is it?"

"I - I received a job offer from Karstark's Logging Company in Montana. I had asked my old Marine buddy to keep me on the list if there was ever an opening. Turns out, there is one now. He offered it and I dwelled on it for awhile. I called him this morning to tell him I'd take it."

Montana.

"What?" Like lightning she was off the bed, stumbling a little in her boots. She whipped around the length of the bed to get as far away as she could from those symbols of him leaving. "You're leaving Winterfell? For...good?"

Robb's sigh reverberated through the whole bedroom as he slid off the bed, clutching his ribs. He advanced toward her but she shrank back to pick up her discarded coat.

"Sansa, my love. I meant to tell you when I dropped the presents off. Intentions got a little sidetracked, you know, when I got the shit beat out of me -"

"Why?" Her voice was becoming shrill, all thoughts and feelings of pleasure and guilt gone. "Why - oh god, Robb. You were going to do it to me again! Fuck me and leave me!"

"What? Sansa, no." He reached out to her and she moved away again. "No, Love, I - you came over here, remember? I had no intention -"

"Stop it. Just stop! I don't want to hear it, I don't. Robb, how could you do this? We almost made love. What, you were going to wait until after we fucked to spring it on me? Or not say anything at all, just get your fill and just leave with your tail tucked between your legs? Either way, you still intend on leaving me!"

"Leaving you? Sansa, you told me when you walked through that door that you choose Loras. With me gone you can concentrate on your life with Loras and Lorsa without the uncomfortable reminder of the brother you loved incestuously roaming around town."

"But you - you didn't accept the job until this morning." She yanked on her coat, fumbling with the zipper and grappling for her keys in the left pocket, making sure her phone was in the right. Tears were starting to spill and she felt numb. He was leaving her. Again. "He was leaving her. Again. "Admit it. You weren't sure of the job until we kissed last night! You're running away from us again. You are always running away. The Marines, Baelish, now this -always leaving me. Never asking how I feel -"

"You are married with a child, San. I love you but you have your own life to live and so do I. You said yourself you don't love me enough to make the sacrifices to be with me. You want Loras. What does it matter if I leave Winterfell for a job? A job that lets me be closer to Benjen if Mel gets custody. If I play my cards right, she will let me see him more than I could if I stayed in Maine."

"So what was this going to be? A goodbye fuck?"

"Never a fuck, Sansa. I love you."

"You have a shitty way of showing your love, Robb." The tears were streaming down her face now; she couldn't help it. He reached out to grab her arm but she wrenched free, anger bubbling with the sorrow. "You know what, Robb? *Fuck you.* I want you to know how it feels to be left for a change. I won't say goodbye, either, so you can feel exactly what I've felt every time you've deserted me!"

Sansa pivoted around, clutching her keys, nearly blinded by tears and rage. Robb was fast on her heels, his sneakers clumsy on the hardwood floors, until she stopped to elbow him in his tender rib cage. He stumbled back and she ran downstairs and for the front door, flinging it open, running past Robb's truck in the driveway to her car. She almost made it to the driver's side when he caught up with her, turning her around and shoving her up against the door. It was cold and he had no coat. He was crying, too, his eyes red around the edge and misty.

"Listen to me, Sansa! I love you! This is why I am doing this. Same reason why I joined the Marines. Same reason why I stayed away from you after that night. Same reason I left Highgarden
for Jon's. I have to do it. I have to! It's for you, all of it was for your sake. Without me here you and Loras - with Lorsa - have a chance. And I won't have to suffer seeing you two together, knowing you are in his bed every night and he's enjoying you in a way I never can. I need to heal, too, San!"

"Get away from me! I - I hate you!" She didn't, she couldn't, but it came out. All her agony, all her despair expressed in a declaration that was false. She needed to correct it, show him she didn't mean it - oh, the look on his face. She might as well have stabbed him in the heart. "Oh- Robb -"

Impulsively she grabbed his head and pulled him forward, kissing him with all the love and passion and desperation she was feeling. He matched her fiercely and she felt his tongue against hers while they clung to each other for a few moments in a frenzy of kisses, before he pulled away, pinning her to the car.

"No. Sansa. Starshine." He leaned into her neck, kissing her above the neckline of her coat. He started sobbing into her hair. "Let me go. Please, Sansa, just let me go -"

Just then, Sansa heard something beyond the front yard; a neighbor's dog barking. She shoved Robb away and turned to look around. The street was otherwise quiet and there was no one on their porch or on the sidewalk. Then her eye caught two dark blue plain vans slightly about a half a block down. The dog barked louder and Sansa swore she saw movement behind their next door neighbor's thick tree. The one Dad always hated because of how massive it was and its branches always spilled over onto their property. Mom always defended it, saying it was so pretty in the summer. Mom.

"Robb." It came out a whisper and her blood turned cold. "Oh my god -"

Robb turned around, shielding her with his body, scanning the area.

"Sansa, get in the car."

"Robb -"

"I said, get in the fucking car. Now."

She fumbled with her keys, dropping them. Robb picked them up and opened the door for her. She wanted to tell him not to do that but she shakily slid into her sport sedan.

"Scoot over. You can't drive for shit."

She did as she was told, too scared to argue over his true insult, and Robb slid into the driver's seat, shutting the door. For a moment he gripped the wheel, his face unreadable. Sansa shivered with nerves while meekly sitting in the passenger seat.

"What - what do we do now, Robb? What - who is that? Is that a - is that a photographer behind the tree? Can you see someone? I think I saw someone. Robb -"

"Fucking paparazzi."

Words to strike fear and terror into the heart of any actor who was caught in a compromising situation. Or not even any situation at all. Made all the more terrifying considering Sansa Stark just kissed her brother in a far from sisterly way. The two vans. Zoom lenses can pick up so much -

"No one knows I'm here. No one knows Loras and I bought that house, it's not even in our names! How? Robb. What do we do? We go back inside and they will swarm us. Or wait us out. There will be more. Robb, do you think they - do you think they saw us -"
Rob turned to her then and she knew he was going to reassure her by touching her but she shook her head.

"Don't. They have cameras and will photograph any move you make."

"Police station. Best thing I can think of. Once they see where we are headed they will bail. Then we can file a stalking report. Catch the license plate numbers when we drive by. We leave nice and slow, like nothing is wrong. See if they follow us."

"Robb." It was a whisper as Robb turned on the ignition and backed out of the driveway. The roads were slightly snow covered and a little slick. They drive past the neighbor's house and for a moment Sansa saw a figure moving around the tree, trying to hide. She slid down in her seat, pushing her hair forward and turning to Robb.

"Sansa, get your phone out. Type down these numbers."

He was driving slow, coming up on the vans, and Sansa tried to remain calm enough to type the license plate numbers in to save before turning her camera on. Robb grabbed it from her hand and proceeded to take some quick shots while she cowered down into the seat. Praying to whatever god there was that the paparazzi didn't get a good shot of them up against her car. It would mean their lives would be destroyed. There was no hiding it or explaining it away this time.

_Loras._

"Here. We now have something to give the cops."

Sansa took her phone only to drop it before crying softly. Frantically she fished it up off the floorboard and clung to it. _Was this really happening?_

"Sansa, don't cry. I will take care of this, I promise. This time, I will take care of this. I am here for you. Don't be scared."

His voice soothed her for a moment and she resisted reaching for his hand, looking at him with his steel determination and outward calm. Maybe it was the military in him keeping him focused. Because she was an absolute mess.

Her worst fears were confirmed when both vans pulled out behind them. Not very discreet they drove one behind the other on the narrow two-lane road. Sansa's knees began to shake uncontrollably. The true test would be after Robb made his first right turn onto a four lane road. She closed her eyes for a moment but the panic set it when he turned and the vans did as well...with one swerving beside them in a not-so-covert move. Sansa left her hat at the house and Robb had nothing, not even a coat to shield his face.

"Don't look, Sansa. Turn and look at me, or put your head down. Once get past these stop lights, I can try to lose them for a stretch."

She stared at Robb for a moment. Always so handsome, with his soft curls and well-groomed beard, eyes a sparkling blue. Even under duress he was a fine looking man with a heart to match. She noticed the grey in his hair and the wrinkles around his eyes and mouth now, setting in so soon before turning thirty but she knew he would be a handsome older man. Probably a full head of grey hair before fifty, but he could pull it off. His eyes would never change, though. Eyes that always looked upon her with love, even when he was frustrated with her -

_Loras._
She looked at her phone. She needed to call Loras. He would know what to do. He always knew what to do. How would he react when she told him she and Robb were caught kissing? She wished she was home with him, and Lorsa. She almost told Robb to drive to Mace's but she didn't want the paparazzi around her little girl. Shaking, she hit Loras' name. Straight to voicemail. She couldn't leave a message; she didn't trust her voice.

The last light for awhile was passed and Robb increased his speed. So did the vans. Sansa refused to look anymore, opting to glance at Robb again.

"Robb, don't try to outrun them. The roads aren't too great. Just get us to the police station in once piece and let the cops shoo them off."

"Fucking leeches." As soon as he said the words, Sansa looked around and noticed two more vehicles with tinted windows coming up on them. *Four now. Were there more coming?*

"Robb?"

"Fucking goddamn it." Robb accelerated. "Buckle up, San, it's the law."

"Robb. I love you, and I am really scared right now -"

"It is going to be all right, Starshine. I promise."

Robb reached over and took her hand, seemingly not caring if they were being photographed. She was shocked when he turned to look at her and plant a small kiss on her knuckles. The soothing feeling did not come to her but a scream did, with a shout of Robb saying her name, filling the car and echoing through her ears. Her last thought before everything went dark was one thing: *Loras.*

Chapter End Notes

Moodboard by Twisty88! Many thanks!
Don't Stop Swaying
By SoHereWeAre

"Let me go. Please. Sansa, just let me go."

Chapter 48
When The Sun Goes Down
(And I'm Next To You)

"We will never escape what we are and what we can never be."
"Loras."

For a moment his eyes closed, focusing on his spoken name wrapping silkily around his mind in a husky, low tone. It seemed so caressing to his ear, as close as it could be when she would wrap her legs around his waist and moan in pleasure, her cheek pressed against his in the sweetest entreaty. He could taste his name, smell it, feel it, savor the sweetness. Coming from the most beautiful pair of lips he had ever known. Sansa.

Opening heavy eyelids, Loras stared dimly out the window. Even through the light rainfall he could survey the beautiful rose gardens from his overstuffed rocking chair. Even in January it was warm in Highgarden. The rain should have been a welcoming change to the snow and ice of Winterfell, but there was not much consolation in it now, aside from the isolation and quiet. The stillness was a comfort to the only peace he now knew: their daughter lying in his arms.

Loras lovingly gazed down on Lorsa, bundled tight and fast asleep. Even at only three months old she looked so much like her mother, save for the chocolate brown, downy soft hair. He allowed himself a small smile even as he tensed, sensing soft yet cautious footsteps approaching.

"It's Lorsa's bedtime, Loras. You cannot hold her all night."

She was right; she was always right, even when he refused to admit it. Loras had no fight in him to argue. His smile faded as he allowed Lorsa to be taken from him, but not before he could plant a small kiss on her smooth forehead. Even in her slumber she acknowledged his touch with a tiny squeak. His sense of loss was acute when she was carried out, leaving him alone in the semi-darkness. Lorsa had been warm in his arms and he suddenly felt a chill as his body cooled. He stared out again at the flecks of blurred pink and blues surrounded by other colors of roses that Loras couldn't care less about. It was the pink and blue that commanded his attention, made him feel cut to the core. Sansa's favorite colors. Pink and blue roses everywhere, beautifully displayed around half the room at Sansa's memorial service. The other half scattered in red and white for Robb. He didn't want to remember the red and white but he did. It was his doing, the memorial service for them together, with their ashes joined together in death as they were not allowed to be in the flesh of life.

Sansa.

Immediately after the memorial he left for Highgarden. He couldn't stay in Winterfell, not with the paparazzi stalking the house. It was the same reason his New York apartment and his home in Long Beach were out of the question. At least here he had anonymity and quiet. It was good for him, good for Lorsa. He'd be damned if he'd let the media have a chance to ruin Lorsa's life as they ruined Sansa's. It took no time at all for the pictures and video to go viral of Robb and Sansa kissing passionately in front of her car and also of the car chase and accident, just as it took no time for Loras to enlist Varys' talents once again to track down the culprits. Varys did not ask what he wanted the end results to be and Loras did not specify. Sansa's phone has provided license plate numbers and pictures. Plus Loras was able to find out the name of the server who had recognized them at the Hilton and Varys had more than enough starting information to work his own brand of justice. Loras had hardened his heart and opened his bank account to make it worth Varys' time and effort. Not only did the paparazzi take away his wife, they took his daughter's mother. His baby girl, motherless before three months old.

It wasn't just all about him. Or Lorsa. Margaery was a mess. She had truly fallen in love with Robb and being on bad terms with him before his death had rendered her nearly inconsolable. Ned was
near suicidal and incoherent and clung to Benjen. Mel had returned to Winterfell with Benjen and Loras could sense a reconciliation might be happening between her and Ned but he really didn't care. Benjen tore at his heart, how he cried for Robb yet ignored Sansa as if she never existed in the first place. Vaguely he recalled Benjen visiting Arya and Gendry's place - where Loras was able to hide out for a few days undetected by the media - and doting over Lorsa. It cut his heart to see brother holding sister and not knowing. It cut his heart to know Benjen grieved over his father without knowing who he truly was, either. Bran and Arya were almost zombie-like and stunned. Jon and Theon were somber, and Loras knew from their silent and calm demeanor that they knew about Robb and Sansa's true relationship.

So many secrets and so much deception. Maybe now all of it could be laid to rest. Just like Robb and Sansa were now at peace; maybe, just maybe everyone else can be at peace as well.

Except himself.

He would forever feel the guilt of sending Sansa straight to Robb's arms and straight to her death. The guilt deepened with the knowledge she tried to call him before the crash. He had been in the shower washing away the stain of the fight when his phone had gone off and now he desperately wished he would have waited; not just to be able to help her, but to leave her scent on him after she had gone. Worse still was his initial anger at thinking Sansa chose Robb over him and their little girl. That was before.

Before he discovered what was on her laptop.

He knew she was writing. It was her own therapy after what happened with Baelish and he encouraged her to do it. He surmised she was typing out her own story of her and Robb's relationship as a way to heal. He never asked to read anything, not even a small excerpt, because he didn't want to know. Yet he found himself calling the Geek Squad to break the security on her laptop to read for himself what she so fervently worked on, sometimes even choosing that outlet over him. What he read made him break down and cry and rage and throw the laptop to the floor, only to retrieve it, to find it surprisingly unharmned.

It was an account of their life together, starting with her arrival in Los Angeles. It was all there, from the first bottle of wine and movie they shared up to the day before Theon's wedding. He caught an innermost glance of what she felt, what she thought, and how she perceived him, and it was bittersweet. She loved him. She chose him over Robb.

He had denied her, told her to go to her brother. To her death.

If he had only listened to his heart, she would still be alive. Robb would be alive, too.

Sansa.

His eyes closed again, trying to find some solace in his memories. He could sense her gracefully walking up behind him, skimming her hands over his slumped shoulders, leaning over the rocking chair, her lips ghosting near his ear. Her hair falls like a curtain of soft red waves around him and he leans his head back. Her lilac scent overwhelms his nostrils; she is fresh from her shower and he wonders if she took such a long one that her fingertips are wrinkled. He almost smiles then. Typical Sansa. He remembers all the times he would kiss her puckered fingertips, one at a time, before carrying her to bed. To bed. He tries to bury his face in her hair but she pulls back, even as he reaches up to touch the spaghetti strap of her nightgown.

"Come to bed."
She drifts away and he is left aching, empty. His eyes open and it is dark now, almost pitch black in his room. He thinks he would like to live in this world forever, somewhere drifting between fantasy and reality; closer to one and further away from the other. But Lorsa needs him, and he cannot allow himself to give in to a permanent abyss; but he can at least accept this temporary escape.

Loras stands up and hesitantly walks to his bed. He cannot stand the thought of a cold, hollow sleep but as he lies down on his side she is there, moving up against his back, spooning into him and reaching up to snake her fingers through his hair before setting around his bare chest, pulling him close. Her scent is even stronger now and he breathes her in, his hand reaching down to hers, pressing it harder into his chest. *He needs to feel her.* He needs reassured and he is rewarded when she plants kisses on his shoulder.

He closes his eyes and sighs.

*Sansa.*

"Sleep," she whispers. "Sleep, my love."

And he does.
"You are absolutely beautiful, Lorsa Catelyn Tyrell. Do you know that?"

Lorsa rolled her eyes without a reply while opening another box. It was stuffy in the attic, dank and warm and nothing like she was used to. She was clad in a pair of old yoga pants and a blue shelf-bra tank top, her long, wavy, chocolate tresses held back from her face with a rainbow bandanna. It was a thankless task, going through all the stuff in storage, but with the passing of Grandpa Stark, it needed to be done. Aunt Arya and Uncle Bran weren't feeling up to the task so she had volunteered and regretted it the moment she climbed up the stairs.

Gramps was obviously an avid pack rat. He kept everything. She even found a box of grade school papers from her mother and her deceased uncle. She had stared at her mother's papers as if she could absorb some sense of who she was as a little girl. It saddened her. The more boxes she went through the more she was finding of her mother, whom she never knew. She had died twenty-one years ago when she was only a couple of months old.

Aunt Margie was her mother; at least, she was always there as a mother figure through her whole life. She never married or had any children of her own, so she filled the gap for a motherless child just as Lorsa filled the gap for a single, childless woman. Aunt Margie always insisted she was not a marrying woman, and her desire for a child had already been met in helping to raise her. Lorsa didn't mind; she adored her Aunt and even called her Mom. She always lived only a few houses away from Daddy.

She sat back on her haunches and sighed. They had only been at it for two hours and she was emotionally drained.

"Tired already? I would think you would still be on a high from your brilliant victory."

Lorsa smiled what everyone called the Tyrell smile before continuing her drudgery. Just last week she and Daddy won Oscars for Best Actor and Best Supporting Actress for their roles in their critically acclaimed indie movie "Down The Deceptive Road". It was almost art imitates life as she snagged the role of the main character's daughter as an adult, and Daddy played a struggling actor hiding his sexual orientation from the world of Hollywood. Her part was a messed-up drug-addled problem child who changes her ways to help her dad accept who he is. It was a meaty role and proved her acting chops to the world and staged a comeback for her father as well, who had hid from the public for most of Lorsa's life. He had thanked not just her and Aunt Margie and Renly - his husband of ten years - but he also thanked his beloved wife Sansa, in a touching acceptance speech that made everyone cry. Lorsa's Oscar was going up on her mantle in the study of her new house, below the photo shoot pictures of her as as an infant with Mom and Dad.

"I wouldn't be so tired if you hadn't kept me up all night."

"I couldn't help it. We see so little of each other."

"You would think being thirty, your libido would be calming down some," she teased, lifting some papers in a folder out of a box."Anyway, now that I'm on a break from any acting gigs, I'll be able to spend some time in Winterfell. Maybe catch up on all the family gossip."
She looked at the folder and frowned. It looked like important documents. She flipped it open to
discover it was a slew of legal documents. She started to thumb through them when she caught
Benjen Stark's name on them. They must be his adoption records? But why were they shoved up
here in a dusty attic?

"Hey. I think you just called me an old man!"

Lorsa squealed in surprise as she was pounced on and pushed to the floor. The wood floor wasn't
very comfortable but she didn't care much when thick, sensuous, familiar lips assaulted hers in a
hungry kiss. Her hands immediately sought out dark auburn tresses, wavy and smooth against her
fingers.

"Benjen." She murmured against his lips. "Don't start."

"Lorsa, there's no one here in Dad's house but us." He tugged off her bandanna to run his fingers
through her sweaty, tangled hair.

He knew she couldn't say no, wouldn't say no to him. How could she? Ever since she and Daddy
had moved back to Winterfell when she was sixteen, they reconnected and had been inseparable.
She couldn't explain it but their attraction and affection had always been there. At first there was guilt
but Benjen absolved her of that when he waited until she was eighteen to make love to her. Besides,
Grandpa and Grandma Stark had adopted him when he was an infant. He never felt like an uncle to
her anyway, even an adoptive one. He didn't look like one, either, not with his smoking hot body,
deep blue eyes and a face girls swooned over. If anything she thought the nine years between them
would cause complications, but at the end of the day the only hurdle in their relationship was Daddy.
He would have a cow if he knew his little girl was being fucked by a thirty year old, even if he did
like Benjen.

Maybe he would warm up once he knew Benjen had proposed to her and she had said yes. That
Benjen always treated her honorably. Well, except while trying to get into her pants at her deceased
grandfather's house. But she could forgive him since she wanted it as much as he did.

She arched her neck for his kisses; he knew only too well her most sensitive spot.

"Damn necklace, always in the way," he muttered, his tongue flicking around her chain.

"Shut up and deal with it."

She struggled to rid him of his shirt as he did as he was told. It wasn't long before they were naked
and he had her gasping in pleasure. He had shoved his clothes underneath her to help buffer the
wood floor. Benjen was a thoughtful lover, always placing her needs ahead of his own, and she
loved him all the more for it. He could make even a quickie on a dusty attic floor seem loving and
sensual, even if the dust threatened to choke them both and left a filmy sheen to their skin.

Moaning against his chest she felt her peak as his hips swayed rhythmically, tempering his thrusts
with love and care. This was love. This was her Benjen, and they would find a way. Their way.

"My Lorsa, my love -" His molten words of endearment pushed her to the edge. "I love you, always
-"

"I love you, Benjen. Don't stop -" She smiled up at him, looking into his beautiful blue eyes. "Please
don't ever stop. Don't stop swaying -"
So there it is, finally, after ten months. Thank you so much to everyone who has left comments and kudos, and thank you to those who have encouraged me along the way. :) I really appreciate it and am humbled at the response I've received. I've loved writing this one and wished I could have kept going, but all stories must end.

Thank you!! :)