

## Oh, I Just CAN Wait To Be King

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# Oh, I Just CAN Wait To Be King

by [LittleRocker](#)

## Summary

Previously posted on tumblr.

Robb and Theon's son is the heir to the North and the Iron Islands and he hates that.

## Notes

I love writing about these three ocs so I'm gonna start a series with parents!throbb and no one can stop me! Enjoy!

“House Mormont?” Robb stared at his daughter as she chewed on her applecake, her brown eyes looking uncertain and somehow guilty.

Robb snorted - he was about to reproach her, when his husband rolled his eyes, as he dragged their youngest baby into his lap, and spoke up: “Oh come on, even I know the answer to that!”

Aris scoffed, and rolled her eyes as well: she looked so much like her father it almost hurt.

“My lesson with the Maester is in a few hours, I don’t need you to quiz me,” she said.

“And I know their sigil, it’s... a bear?” well, that definitely sounded more like a question than an answer, but at least she got it right. Although...

“Your aunt and uncle are lady and lord of Bear Island, how could you not know that?” Robb poured himself a glass of wine: it was early in the morning but sometimes his kids exhausted him, especially his twelve year old daughter, since she resembled way too much of her other father’s antics.

“I do know that!” Aris exclaimed, violently sticking another piece of applecake with her fork.

“But it’s not like it would have been a big deal if I didn’t, I mean, I’m not the heir of The North,” she mumbled.

“The North *and* the Iron Island darling, do not forget that,” Theon added, pointing a finger at her. Aris literally stabbed her applecake with the fork, staring at her father as if to say ‘not you too’, which was understandable: Theon never really cared less about his kids (nor himself) learning house sigils and mottos. Though this time, his native lands were involved, and he had to point that out, he had to remind his kids (and *himself*, most of all) how he managed to get to rule the Islands, no matter what his father had always thought of him.

Rowan, their youngest, a little redhead who barely turned one, laughed at his sister’s face and clapped his hands. Aris just grunted, and turned around the moment she heard the echoes of footsteps coming into the hall, her black braids flying around like a whip.

“There he is, our heir! Dad, why don’t you ask him what’s House Tyrell’s motto?” she exclaimed, welcoming her older brother with a wide sarcastic smile on her face.

Robb could swear he could read his fifteen year old son’s thoughts, only by the expression on his face: he would have gladly thrown a sausage at his sister’s head but he was quite aware that if he dared doing so, his dad would have grounded his ass until the day he would have had to sit on the throne.

“It’s ‘Growing Strong’, sweet sister” he said simply, sitting down next to her.

“And who knows, maybe I’ll die young and you’ll have to take my place,”

Robb risked choking on his wine at that. He started coughing and his face turned as red as his hair. Still trying to go back to breathing in a normal way, he stared at his husband, silently asking him for help.

Theon just rolled his eyes, and stared at his firstborn in exasperation: “You’re not going to die young, Arrow, do not say that: your father might have a heart attack and you’ll have to sit on your beloved throne sooner than you’d wish” he replied.

Arrow just shrugged, a few lock of his black curls falling on his forehead, right above his blue eyes: “Well, you never know, someone might want to try and kill the heir to the North and the Iron Islands and...”

“They’ll have to go through me, first,” Robb claimed, his voice still a little raspy, as he poured himself a glass of water, leaving the wine aside, no matter how much he would have wanted to drink another glass (or a whole bottle): the thought of someone trying to hurt his kids got him mad, most of the times. He would have gone through the Seven Hells and back as long as he could keep his children safe and pretty much everyone in his kingdom knew that: that was why they better think twice before trying to kill his son.

“And me,” Aris said, folding her arms. Theon stared at her in adoration, as he did most of the times. Rowan clapped his tiny chubby hands once again. Arrow just rubbed his index fingers over his temples: “First thing I’m doing as a King will be abdicating and making Aris my heir”

Theon chuckled: “It’s not that easy, sweet thing: otherwise we would have been under Queen Sansa’s reign by now”

“Well, she’s still your Hand” Aris pointed out.

Arrow smirked: “Plus, we all know dad accepted to be King so that he could come up with a law that allowed you both to get married.”

Theon raised his index finger, but it took him a moment before he started talking: “Fair point. But we could have just asked Sansa and she would have made that law for us,”

Robb smiled lightly: his decision to allow any kind of wedding had been delightfully appreciated by most of their people: Robb had no idea there were so many other people like he and Theon, people who had fallen in love with the ‘wrong’ person. That rule had made their kingdom happier, stronger, surrounded by peace and harmony. Robb was sure his son would have made sure it stayed that way. Being a King, especially at a young age, wasn’t easy, and the gods only knew how much Robb was aware of that. But with Arrow it would have been different: Robb would have taught him all he had learnt during all those years, he wanted to make sure his kid never found himself ruling a kingdom all of sudden, with no idea what to do, as it had happened to him.

He went back focusing his attention on his son’s words: “Please, we all know you wanted to brag about you and dad being the first King & King in history,” he said.

“But guess what, I couldn’t care less about being King, just let Aris be the heir already”

Aris stomped her foot behind the table: “I do not want to be Queen, I want to be captain of the guard like aunt Arya or master of ships like aunt Asha!” she cried out.

Arrow rolled his blue eyes, the same shade as Robb’s, and filled his plate with sausages: “Yeah of course. It’s easy for you. You’re not the firstborn, and you’re still too young to understand what it’s like. Wait until Maester Luwin starts bothering the hell out of you about *marriage*,”

That word made the young girl blush violently. The shade of red on her cheeks was so bright her tanned skin looked pale, compared to it. She dropped her fork, it landed on the plate, above the applecake, and tiny little pieces of apple spread all around. Aris stood up from her chair, not even bothering to ask to be excused (*these are all Theon’s genes, mother would have skinned me if I dared acting like that*, Robb thought).

“I think I’ll go... to the godswood. Yeah, I think I’ll go praying” she said.

Arrow’s lips turned into a smirk that could have easily competed with Theon’s: “Yeah sure, or are you gonna go meet the stableman’s son? You two seem to be good friends”

Robb thought his kid got to be kidding, but when Aris’ blush deepened, he frowned so hard he almost hurt himself: “Wait what?” he snapped, staring at his kids in shock.

“As I said” Aris mumbled, avoiding looking into her parents’ eyes. “The godswood. I’m going. Bye, see you later,”

Theon’s laughter echoed all over the room. Robb would have gladly smacked his head on the table, but he still had to calm down from the shock knowing his little girl could already have a love interest caused him.

“Grandma’s probably praying by the godswood right now, I wouldn’t go there, if you don’t want her to ask you about houses’ mottos too,” Theon told their daughter, loud enough for her to hear him even from the other side of the room. Aris didn’t turn to answer, but she gestured nervously: “Yeah, I’ll just go training then”

Robb saw Theon’s face lighting up and one second later, little Rowan was sitting on his lap.

“Wait for me, I can help you, you still don’t know how to hold the bow the right way!” Theon got up with such urge he almost flipped his chair and stumbled three times in a row.

Aris gasped dramatically: “How dare you!” she yelled.

Robb and Arrow exchanged an exasperated look, as they both shook their heads. They were alone now. Well, Rowan was there too, his curly little red head turning around, his eyes staring curiously at everything and his tiny little body staying still only thanks to Robb’s firm hand wrapped around his chubby hips. But he was still far too young to understand what they were saying.

Robb extended a hand over the table for his oldest kid to hold. Once he did, he squeezed it lovingly: “You’re gonna be a good king,” he told him.

Arrow smirked sadly: “Do I really have to be the King, though?”

Robb sighed, and squeezed his hand a little harder: “You won’t have to worry about sitting on the throne for a long time, sweet child of mine. Just take it easy, okay? When the moment comes, it’s going to be up to you to decide what to do. But until then, I’ll teach you all I’ve learnt.”

Arrow’s muscles relaxed a bit, his smile softened, his blue eyes sparkling with happiness.

Robb smiled as well. He stood up, carrying little Rowan on his hips, and walked to the other side of the table, so that he could reach out and squeeze his son’s shoulder: “Make sure you finish your breakfast soon: uncle Jon is coming in a few, and he wants to train you with the sword.”

Arrow snorted, and covered his face between his hands: “Damn, he’s gonna kick my ass”

Robb laughed heartedly, and ruffled his oldest son’s hair. Yes, Jon would have definitely kicked his ass. And he would have attended the whole show, Rowan still in his arms, Satin standing next to him, as he filled him in on how his and Jon’s lives were going, while Theon and Aris would have practiced with bow and arrows nearby, the young girl screaming happily at every time she hit the target, and Robbb’s huband’s laughter spreading all around their kingdom.

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